

*Robin
Wild*



Sex Scam

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By Robin Wild

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Sparkling swirls of colour filled the window. The commander yawned. "What have we got here, Sam, anything interesting?"

"It is a spiral galaxy similar to our own, Commander. Several million of the suns have planetary systems. 263956 of the planets are inhabited by intelligent organisms. 93678 of those pose no threat to our safety should you wish to make a closer study."

"What about life forms, any that resemble us?"

"Yes, several hundred."

"Good. After studying the Wygups it would be refreshing to investigate creatures that wear their intestines on the inside, don't you think?"

Sam released a melodious chuckle. "Perhaps the ones that call themselves Human would be worthy of observation. Humans consider themselves the dominant species on the planet they call Earth."

"How long for a full analysis of the human time spectrum?"

"0.01923 cycles."

"And our best time to Earth orbit?"

"In their timescape, 3 days, 1 hour, 13 minutes and 2.57 seconds."

"Plain language please."

"Precisely 2.81606 cycles."

"Earth it is then. Full speed ahead and don't spare the horses. When the analysis is done project the relevant report to each of the department chiefs."

"As you wish, Commander."

Commander Eviaba-Vang went to her private suite. She ate a light supper with her three male playmates, then, after brief but intense sex, curled up between them on the bed.

"Rise and shine." The musical female whisper was directed at Zfen's left ear. He did not open his eyes.

"Wakie, wakie, sexy one." A warm teasing breath accompanied the second whisper.

"Shhh! Go away."

"Hands off cocks and onto socks."

"Sam, who tampered with my wake-up call?"

"Your female students, Professor."

"Rascals! Those frisky nymphs have earned themselves a one thousand word essay on Wygupsian sexual politics. And

why are you not watering your tomatoes or something."

"They are watered. Wakie, wakie, sexy one. Hands off cocks and -"

"Erase!"

"Message erased. The report is ready, Professor."

"So?" Zfen opened one eye. "Have you forgotten how to tell the time? It is still much too early."

"Negative. It is now 0.31775 and Commander Vang wants everyone thoroughly briefed before the field study. We enter Earth orbit in 2 days, 16 hours, 31 minutes and 54.48 seconds."

"Convert."

"Two sleeps; we arrive within your third."

"What! Oh, very well. Always, with Eviaba it is hurry, hurry, hurry! I will view the report in the library. And please do not wake my lovelies."

Zfen removed his ancient but lithe body from the bed carefully so as not to disturb the women. One was his own age, the other her young protégé. He gazed at their bodies: a pleasing arrangement of curvaceous limbs and long black hair. Their heads lay at opposite ends of the bed, their thighs entwined, their vulvas lightly touching and linked by the twin-fucker which purred smoothly, expanding rhythmically to twice its relaxed breadth and length with each pulse.

Although they had left him blissfully sated, Zfen remembered feeling envious as he dropped off to sleep with the women still grunting and sighing. These two often attained a level of ecstasy approaching delirium. What was it like, this perpetual pleasure? To experience it cerebrally with the telepathic empathiser was one thing, but, alas, physically a man could never know.

Zfen picked up the remote control and set the double phallus thrusting at the lowest speed. The women stirred but did not wake. He turned on the probes. The ticklers extended, tucked themselves beneath the women's prepuces, and buzzed. Zfen watched the soft folds coming to life, colouring and firming. The women's bodies began undulating pleasantly on the rubbery shaft. He brought his eyes closer to watch the hoods rising, the sparkling buds expanding. His fingertips slid along the probe and touched each clitoris tenderly.

"So sweet. This will be a welcome treat for them, Sam, when they awake."

"Indeed, Professor."

He sighed ruefully. "And they were planning a morning delight for Zfen. But never mind. Whip me up some of your finest muesli. And do not be miserly with the sultanas. Yes, and some toast and tea, please. But first you will permit me five

tickity-tocks to freshen up. Tell me, my silicon sweetheart, how many heads does this Earth species have?"

"Just one, like us."

"Ah, that is good, that is good. And where do they like to keep their lungs and livers?"

"On the inside, Professor."

"Thank goodness." He stepped into the shower. Sam already had the water running and adjusted to the perfect temperature.

Zfen took a moment to ponder the wonder of Sam, the Systems Assimilated Mind. Unseen and yet everywhere, Sam was integrated into every atom of the research station. Sam was the station. Every piece of equipment from the light bulbs to the time-skimmer power unit was Sam. She controlled everything from food production to climate control to telemetry. At the same time as she communicated with Zfen and others throughout the

station, Sam recycled, reconstituted and manufactured wastes into everyday commodities. She mined the asteroid they had in tow, extracted oxygen and other elements needed for survival, and utilised the remainder as reaction mass for sub-light speed manoeuvring. She analysed the actions and motivations of billions of species on billions of worlds; and she attended to a billion and one other chores essential to the welfare of the three hundred specialists and their families on board. There was no crew. Sam was the station and Sam was the crew.

Zfen pulled on his white cloak and ran a comb through his long grey hair. He gathered it together at the back and slipped on the band. The face looking back at him from the mirror was strong but not harsh, the cheekbones and chin prominent, the forehead broad and un wrinkled, the dark eyes warm but intense. He gave himself a wink; for a

man of 21241 cycles, time had not treated him badly. True, sex was his chosen field of expertise. Perhaps the nymphs found some fascination in that, but when young females, not yet 3000, eagerly rode on your penis, what did a man have to complain of?

When he was ready to view the report, he went to the library and nursing his second cup of tea in both hands, made himself comfortable in his favourite red lounge chair. "Okey-dokey, Sam, let us get on with it."

A three dimensional image of Earth appeared in the centre of the room. Sam used clips from the human time spectrum to illustrate the various continental structures and the cultural, religious and ideological groupings. She explained the history behind them and the current state of affairs.

"Hold it there, Sam."

Two humans stood frozen before Zfen. The one named Madonna had her pelvis thrust forward and clawed fingers clutching her crotch. The one named Michael Jackson was doing the same.

"Hm, so this is an example of contemporary entertainment. They appear to be masturbating for their audience and yet they are sexually repressed, you say? I take it their genitals are kept between their legs?"

"Yes, Professor, physiologically the humans are almost identical to us. Psychologically, however, they are a remarkably contradictory species. Their media is full of eroticism and yet deep down in their psyches they are controlled by the repressive seeds planted centuries ago by their patriarchal ancestors."

"And, my eloquent electronic whiz kiddie, is this true from culture to culture all over the planet?"

"It is the common thread. Shall I proceed?"

"If you must." Zfen sighed and glanced wistfully towards the bedroom where the women could be heard stirring and purring.

Madonna and Jackson dissolved. In their place appeared a huddle of robed men with long beards. Sam explained that human patriarchy had taken centuries to evolve. What she was about to show was a simulated and condensed reconstruction.

Waving their hands about excitedly, the four robed men all spoke at once. The tall one tried to calm them. "Friends, shouting at each other serves no purpose. We all know his Majesty is not happy, not happy at all. But how can our soldiers keep their minds on the fighting while

they wonder who is bedding their women?"

The bald one nodded gravely. "And for the same reason, what man can devote his full attention to tending the crops and shepherding the flocks so that he might pay the king's taxes?"

The fat one patted his stomach. "Nor is it reasonable to expect the women to remain faithful while their men are away plundering and raping. But something must be done. The sweet things have such an appetite for sex, they can find little time to cook our meals and sew our robes and raise our children."

"And what an appetite it is!" The tall one spread his hands then clasped them in front. "Now that they understand their cycles and have discovered which herbs suppress fertility."

The wise men scratched their heads and tugged at their beards. After a suitable period of contemplation they began to

discuss the problem at length. What concerned men most of all was how to keep tabs on their offspring. How could a man be sure a child really belonged to him and was therefore worthy of carrying on the family name, consolidating and increasing the family holdings, and most importantly, bearing the title 'Chosen one'? What honour and power came from being one of the Gods' chosen people if every infant to pop out of a womb could also lay claim to that title?

The old men agreed unanimously that female sexuality must be controlled. A woman had to remain a virgin until marriage and receive no penis other than her husband's, ever after - and that was that!

But by what means could such control be implemented? Harems were not uncommon, however one never knew for certain that a rotten scoundrel had not broken in. There were plenty willing to

risk their life for one night of fornication with twenty women. Chastity belts were not the answer. There would always be locksmiths keen to prove their skills for nothing more in way of payment than the prize beneath the lock. Cutting off clitorises and stitching up labias had been tried. It ruined a woman's pleasure but not always her desire.

Suddenly, the one they called Prophet gazed at the heavens with clenched eyes. "Be silent! The Gods speak. They send me a vision."

The men dared not move.

The prophet's body became as limp as camel's liver and collapsed in the sand. After a short time he raised a feeble fist. "I have seen the solution! Praise the Gods!"

With much whooping and wailing the wise men did praise the Gods, then, beseeching him to share his revelation, they helped the prophet to his feet.

He smiled slyly. "First, my friends, there is the small matter of compensation. The Gods must be honoured. I shall need to purchase many lambs for sacrifice. I shall need to employ many scribes to pen the scrolls. I shall need fine robes, many camels, lavish temples and much power in the land to impress the king so that he will commission me to enforce God's laws."

The bald one cocked an eyebrow in quite a menacing manner. "God's? Which God might that be, and what of all the other Gods? This better not be another of your scams."

"Of course it's a fucking scam! I am the master of scams. Have you forgotten that it was I who convinced the last king he could, indeed, take his gold with him to the next life?"

"Ah, and what a pretty piece of work it was." The fat one grinned with a sarcastic curl of the lip. "And such sad misfortune

that his successor robbed the tomb before you."

With a wave of his hand the prophet dismissed that trifling fact. "A regrettable oversight. This idea will work, and the new king will pay most handsomely."

The old men agreed to the prophet's demands. They reached into their robes and gave him handfuls of gold coins as a down payment, then they fell silent and watched him expectantly. The prophet waited a few moments for dramatic effect.

"The solution, as always, my good friends is - sin."

Three wise faces loomed closer. Three wise faces glared furiously.

"Sin?"

"Sin?"

"SIN!"

"Yes, sin."

The tall one's ruddy face turned pallid. "You would make a sin of sex?"

The fat one looked as though he had swallowed a bad olive. "You've got to be jesting! What kind of Gods would give man the means to such glorious pleasure only to snatch it away?"

His eyes flashing fiercely, the prophet rose to the balls of his feet to tower over the fat one. "God! Henceforth there will be but one God. It is simpler, neater. And what God giveth, God can taketh away! So it shall be written. So it has always been. So it shall ever be! And besides, sin sells."

No-one challenged that.

"One God, eh?" The bald one tapped his jowl. "You might just be onto something, Prophet, but what of us?"

The fat one sneered. "He would have us all become eunuchs!"

"Please, my friends." Raising his hands in a soothing gesture, the prophet continued calmly: "We get them while they're young. We teach them their

genitals are dirty, smelly, yucky, naughty, awful, sinful things -"

"Have you lost your fucking marbles!" The tall one spat the words. "Everyone knows genitals are instruments of great beauty and exquisite pleasure."

"Let me finish! It'll work like a charm. We convince everyone that sex is for making babies, full stop, period, nothing else. God made it pleasurable for that purpose alone - that we might multiply and not die out. Any other type of sex is sinful. To waste a man's semen is to threaten our very existence. Therefore, to enjoy sex for its own sake is a one-way ticket to the fires of hell. But we need something more - Hm, a sweetener -"

He touched his temple then spoke swiftly, as though thinking aloud. "Love! Love never fails. It's almost as good as sin. Yea! Sex without love is sin. That has a ring to it, don't you think? Love is forever! And so marriage is forever! Sex

is love! Therefore, to have sex with someone is to make a lifelong commitment - I think that just about covers it gentlemen."

His eyes skipped from face to face. But the faces wore the expressions of men waiting for more. "Trust me, my friends. When I'm through, everyone will be terrified to touch themselves even while they pee. They will despise their own hands, especially the women. Anything that inflames desire outside the confines of love and marriage, yea, even within it except for the purpose of making babies, will be a big no-no: masturbation, sexy thoughts, sexy talk. And the biggest sin of all will be getting up to hanky panky with any other than one's spouse."

Again, the old men tugged at their beards. They shuffled their feet and studied the ground. They kicked at the sand then they glanced at each other.

The bald one grinned. "You know, it might just work."

The fat one sneered. "Work, my fat arse! What about us?"

"And what of our women?" The tall one's face remained whiter than his robe. "They are now so lusty and eager. You would make them sexless and boring."

"Pree-cisely!" The prophet's eyes flashed madly. "And the king's men can kill and ravage and sow and reap with easy minds. Think of the booty! Think of the taxes! The king will thank God and make sure that we, the chosen sons of God, will prosper. Now, here's the brilliant part: some women won't fall for this religious stuff. They will remain lusty and eager. They will be despised by the others and it is they who will satisfy our needs."

Frowning, the fat one nodded slowly. Suddenly, his eyes gleamed. "I see it! Yea, now I see it! We men will have

whores and mistresses on the side while the little woman minds house and keeps her legs closed. Yea. I think I like it."

"There is one thing more." The prophet's voice adopted a portentous tone. "We must justify this obvious inequity or the women will surely revolt. Therefore a man's transgressions must be seen to be less sinful than a woman's. He will be forgiven for spilling a little semen here and there, lauded for ravaging the enemy's maidens, but a woman will be hated for sucking any but her husband dry. In other words, we must make everyone believe that men have a greater need."

The tall one regained some colour. "Poor things cannot help themselves."

The fat one caressed his stomach. "An overpowering urge; a primeval hunger."

"The bald one grinned. "Blame it on testosterone."

"That's the spirit." Beaming broadly, the prophet slapped the others' backs.

"Hm." The bald one tapped his jowl. "What we need is another catchy slogan." He stroked his chin. "Yea! What about something like: 'Boys will be boys'?"

"Excellent!" The prophet clasped his hands victoriously. "And the best part of all is that the women themselves will sell the scam. It is the women who have the most power over children during their formative years. It will be the mother who pulls the infant's fondling fingers away from its genitals and so plants the seed."

The tall one regarded the others with a cold smile. "Yea, but not wanting her to grow up despised as a harlot, she will smite more vigorously the hand of the girl child. And when that girl child is a mother she will smite the hand of her daughter, and so on for perpetuity."

Throwing back his head, the prophet thrust his arms at the heavens. His eyes blazed. His voice rose to a thunderous crescendo. "And so it shall be written.

And so it shall be done, forever and ever.
For this is the will of the Gods! - er God."

"Amen!"

The huddle of old men disappeared. Zfen leant back in his chair and released a deep sigh. "I am reminded of that pretty little green world in the Spider Nebula, Sam."

"Very similar, Professor, but you will recall there it was the women who pulled the scam."

"Ah, yes. So it was."

Zfen glanced again towards the bedroom from whence there came sounds of orgiastic groaning and gasping. He exhaled heavily as a tent shape formed in the lap of his cloak.

Sam next showed historical time clips illustrating the development of the human split sexual personality which allowed

them to idolise sex on one level while despising it on another. The whore and the Madonna; the striptease and the chastity belt; erotic works of art and genital mutilation; media sex symbols and sex-in-the-dark marriages; clothing and cosmetics designed to arouse sexual interest, and disdain for those who became too interested.

Zfen's two playmates emerged from the bedroom. Both wore nothing but broad smiles. Shilga-Tsur, the older one, clasped the twin-fucker affectionately. Her young protégé, Kwim-Niqu, came over to Zfen.

"That was a lovely wake-up call, Prof." She kissed him while fingering the bulge bobbing in his cloak, then uncovered it reverently.

While Niqu bent to suck Zfen's penis, Tsur held one of the vibrating ticklers against the shaft. He came quickly, ejaculating into Niqu's mouth.

As the women left Zfen's quarters for their assignments aboard the station, Sam coughed politely. "If you are quite ready now, Professor, I have selected two human specimens for closer study. Shall I proceed?"

"Go ahead."

A young male and female appeared in the room. Both remained unaware of each other and of Zfen. The female was lying in a bath; the male on a bed. Both were blonde, both were naked and both were masturbating.

Sam began: "This specimen is called Cheryl; the other is Ryan. By a tender age in Earth years, when the basic lifelong moral values and character traits are entrenched in the psyches of this species, Cheryl's and Ryan's fingers had been removed from their genitals more than

500 times. On at least 400 occasions this was accompanied by a smack and the words 'bad girl' or 'bad boy'. Their unconscious memory records more than 4000 grimaces, frowns, scowls and sighs which they have interpreted as disapproval of their sexuality. Both have heard the slogan 'Boys will be boys' approximately 350 times. Just as the prophet predicted, the disapproval of Cheryl's sexuality has been more harshly and more often expressed than Ryan's - by a factor of 20.035%"

While Cheryl's fingers stroked the delicate folds of her vulva, Sam described the human's thoughts and feelings. "She experiences intense arousal and pleasure, but she has not yet discovered that her clitoris is the source of this pleasure and that localised stimulation will lead to the ultimate physical ecstasy."

The boy, Ryan, appeared to be very close to orgasm. His fingers, wrapped

firmly about his penis, moved rapidly back and forth.

"As we can see, Professor, the male is restrained by far fewer inhibitions than the female. The source of Ryan's pleasure is quite obvious. He experiences intense excitement and anticipation because he knows the ecstasy of orgasm.

"Cheryl feels guilt for doing what nice girls do not do, and an unconscious infantile fear of her mother's withdrawal of love. Her body is the same as her mother's. There is nothing to show that she is different and separate; nothing to show that her mother is not still in charge of her genitals. Cheryl is an extension of her mother. Her sexuality is not her own.

"Ryan also feels guilt for doing what good boys do not do, and the same unconscious infantile fear of his mother's withdrawal of love. But his penis is visible and undeniable evidence that he is different from and separate from his

mother. It is his penis, and masturbation is a defiant assertion of this fact. He has declared his sexual independence and found that his mother has not withdrawn her love.

"Cheryl feels shame because her vagina has become known to her as naughty. It is just another orifice within the continuation of the crease that encloses both her anus and urethra. Unconsciously, she regards everything between her legs as the sewer of her body. And now there is menstruation too, and cramps, and the dark fear of unwanted pregnancy. Yet more evidence that her vulva is indeed a bad place.

"Ryan, too, feels shame, for his genitals have also become known to him as naughty, but the shame is balanced by pride. His visibly responsive penis is proof of his developing masculinity. Although it contains his urethra, his penis is quite separate and different from his

anus, therefore, unlike Cheryl, he does not regard it as a part of the sewer of his body. Nor does he share her concerns about menstruation and pregnancy.

"Cheryl feels dependent. She imagines the fingers are not her own. She fantasises of romance or coercion. In this way she shifts the responsibility and some of the guilt so that she can remain a good girl. The pleasure she feels is not her 'fault'."

"In contrast, Ryan feels independent. The fingers are his own and if he fantasises, it is not to lessen the guilt and shift the responsibility, but to enhance the pleasure. His ability to direct his urine or semen wherever he pleases is more evidence that he is in control of his sexuality."

Zfen interrupted. "You have made little mention of the fathers. What of them?"

"Cheryl's father, has reinforced her feelings of dependence. Cheryl feels insecure and incomplete without the

unrestrained hugs and kisses he showered on her when she was younger. She does not fully understand that some humans might now interpret his physical displays of affection as abuse.

"In Ryan's case, however, his father's masculine empathy has enhanced the boy's sexual independence. The reduction of physical affection from his father is not as confusing and painful as it is for Cheryl. In fact it has served to reinforce Ryan's feelings of manliness."

Cheryl gave a whimpering sigh. She stepped out of the bath and dried herself, paying special attention to the small mounds of her breasts.

"Sewer associations, hm, I see." Zfen exhaled heavily. "These are particularly insidious things."

"Indeed. And so easily implanted when the child is young."

"And the father's distancing, very, very sad. Do the human mothers also distance themselves in this way?"

"No. The mothers have little fear of their affections being misinterpreted. Here is an example: Most humans would think nothing of a mother lovingly touching or kissing her baby anywhere on its body. However, a father could be despised, even imprisoned for the same thing. The mother's motivations would be considered affectionate, innocent and harmless; the father's perverted, lustful and dangerous.

"Of course, kissing a baby is harmless. What is confusing to the baby, and therefore harmful, is the adoration of its body in the one instance and disapproval in the other, as when the child is scolded for fondling its genitals.

"Another example with older children of either sex is a parent sharing a bed or bath. Human society would judge the father's motivations far more harshly than

the mother's. This is due to the human perception of women as nurturing and loving, and of men as aggressive and sexual."

Ryan came. His semen shot more than a metre across the room. Zfen ducked instinctively, forgetting for a moment that the pearly jets were nothing but a hologram.

Sam chuckled melodiously.

"Sam! You did that on purpose. Stop fooling around. So, what we have here are the females reaching puberty before they have cut the symbiotic umbilical with their mothers?"

"True, Professor, and most of them never do. Consequently a woman's sexuality is possessed forever by her mother and the 'Mother' image represented by society. The infantile fear that sexual self pleasuring will cause disapproval and abandonment is ever present. It is safer to depend on a male

partner to unlock her passion and to orchestrate her pleasure.

"And this dependence is not only sexual, female humans are frequently heard saying: 'He may not be handsome but he is dependable.' Most human women feel emotionally incomplete and insecure without a man to trust and depend upon; someone to love, protect and provide for them as their mother did. This remains true even when, in material terms, they can and do take care of themselves.

"However, as we observed with Ryan, he has already severed the symbiotic umbilical with his mother. Each time he masturbates, the infantile belief that his sexual self pleasuring will cause abandonment is disproved and his sexual independence is reinforced. Long before the young males have sex with a female they know from experience that they do

not need to depend on a woman to awaken them sexually."

"Interesting, Sam, so what you are saying is that for the females it is with sex that this dependence begins, and even after reaching adulthood most of the females do not assume responsibility for their own sexual pleasure. To light their fire and quench it, so to speak, they depend on the human male. Sex is something that 'happens to' them?"

"Exactly. But as we shall soon see, usually it only happens on their terms. Shall I continue with the projection, Professor?"

"Please do."

The blue hue of moonlight filled the room. Cheryl and Ryan embraced and kissed under the stars.

"They are both a few Earth years older now, Professor. Here are their thoughts and feelings: Cheryl feels a wonderful warmth and closeness reminiscent of the feeling of oneness she experienced as an infant with her mother. It is the same cosy feeling she enjoyed as a young girl with her friends sleeping over, brushing each others hair, dressing up, dancing together. There is sexual arousal too, as there was then, but it is indefinable from the overall sensation. It is this mixture of affection, oneness and arousal which she identifies as love. She wants it to go on forever.

"Ryan is experiencing the same feelings as Cheryl, and they too are reminiscent of the feelings he experienced as an infant with his mother and with his young friends, camping out, wrestling and playing. He, too, is sexually aroused, as he was then, but due to his sexual independence and his more extensive masturbatory experience, his genital

arousal is clearly separate from the overall sensation. It is only the mixture of affection and oneness which he identifies as love.

"Cheryl has discovered her clitoris. She now knows the ecstasy of orgasm and knows, too, at a conscious level, that sexual pleasure, including masturbation, is natural and healthy. But she is still inhibited by the feelings of guilt and shame implanted during her childhood and continues to shift responsibility for the pleasure by creating fantasies of love or coercion. She has been led to believe that enjoying sex without love is wrong. Her unconscious mind still believes that nice girls do not masturbate and she is too embarrassed to admit that she does.

"For the same reasons as Cheryl, Ryan also is embarrassed to admit that he masturbates, but he knows that everybody knows, because 'Boys will be boys.' Watch what happens next, Professor. This

is extremely interesting. Keep in mind that the subjects are not consciously aware of most of the thought processes involved."

Ryan's hand fell to Cheryl's thigh and slipped under her skirt. She pulled away angrily. Ryan looked bewildered.

Zfen noticed that the boy's fingertips were wet. "Freeze it there. What is that all about?"

"Ryan assumes that Cheryl wants to have sex as badly as he does."

"And she does not?"

"She does. But she also fears he will abandon her if he thinks she is not a nice girl. And she cannot live without him - or so she thinks."

"Ah! So, she has transferred the infantile 'abandonment by Mother' fear to him. What a confusing ritual. Do they ever get on with it?"

"Eventually, but first Cheryl must be convinced that Ryan will not leave her after she gives herself to him."

"Gives herself?"

"Yes, or more accurately, allows herself to be taken."

"Taken?"

"Gently coerced, Professor, to the stage where she is swept away by love. When she is swept away, sex can happen 'to' her. It will be within her concept of love but beyond her control, and so Cheryl will remain innocent."

Zfen nodded.

"But, Professor, it is not so simple. If she gave herself now it might mean she has chosen sexual release regardless of what Ryan and 'Mother' think, or it might mean she is feeling charitable, or it might mean she is using sex to win the boy's love, or it might mean the mothering instinct has taken hold and unconsciously she wants to become impregnated."

Zfen felt confused, but only for a moment. "Are you saying that all but the last would be conscious decisions, indicating she has reached a higher level of sexual freedom?"

"Correct, but in this case the original analysis is accurate and is by far the most common. Cheryl does not feel secure enough to give herself.

"Cheryl and Ryan are also negotiating the power structure of the relationship. Cheryl knows her power lies in withholding sex. This, she has learned unconsciously from the role model of her mother. It gives back to human females some of the power they lost to patriarchy."

"And who can blame them for that, hm? So, Sam, the deal from Cheryl's perspective is - no loving, no fucking?"

"Yes. It is an unspoken rule. However, we must remember that regardless of everything we have observed so far, the

female humans want to have sex as much as the males do, therefore they can find themselves swept away quite by surprise. Humans call this 'love at first sight'. More often than not it is actually lust at first sight.

"On the other hand, Ryan knows his power lies in withholding love or emotional intimacy. He too has learned this unconsciously from the role model of his father."

Zfen understood. "She depends on Ryan for the secure, warm feelings of closeness and oneness she received as an infant from her mother. So from Ryan's perspective the deal is - no fucking, no loving."

"Correct, Professor, and again it is unspoken. Now, when Ryan severed the controlling mother-infant link, he did it with his penis. It was through masturbation that he declared his sexual independence. So naturally, it is through

sexual closeness with his female partner that he seeks to recapture the emotional intimacy, the security, closeness and oneness which he identifies as love. To be nurtured sexually makes him feel wanted and loved, therefore, although Ryan is capable of enjoying sex quite independently of love, he finds it impossible to remain 'in love' independently of sex. This is the cause of much confusion among humans and the origin of another often repeated slogan: 'All men want is sex.'

"Hm. So, the male also depends on his partner for the emotional intimacy and security which, as an infant, he received from his mother?"

"Yes. The human male wants love as much as the female does. He can find himself 'falling in love' quite by surprise when all he thought he wanted was sex."

"Very interesting, Sam. Let us summarise to make sure I have got it

right. The males and females both want the same thing: to be loved and wanted emotionally and sexually. For females the road to sexual attraction and gratification begins with love, whereas for males the road to love begins with sexual attraction and gratification."

"Exactly. However, we must not forget that this is a generalisation. We must remember, too, that it is all psychological and directly traceable to the patriarchal sex scam. Physically speaking, a human female can have an orgasm within minutes of meeting a total stranger, as can a human male."

"Hm. Yes I see. These humans insist on confusing sex with love. Please proceed."

"Often the roles are reversed. It depends largely on parental and societal attitudes to genitals and masturbation. A girl who is encouraged to love her genitals will discover and enjoy her

clitoris at an early age. Then just as Ryan declared his separation from mother and his sexual independence by masturbation, so will she. Such women have no problem enjoying sex independently of love. Conversely, the boy who is encouraged to hate his genitals will always be owned sexually by his mother and the 'Mother' image represented by society."

"You make Mother seem like an ogre, Sam. What about Father?"

"Everything begins with the mother-infant relationship, Professor, but 'Mother' is also a metaphor which includes Father, family, friends, teachers, literature, film, the media, religion, the legislators. These are the forces in human society which can either reinforce sexual repression or overcome it. The inhibiting side of the coin is best illustrated by the mother pulling the child's fingers away from its genitals. Individual mothers and fathers

mean well and are all victims of the patriarchal sex scam."

"Okey-dokey, Sam. Now permit me to digress a little further. You have said that, generally speaking, a human male must assume responsibility for the female's pleasure so that she can remain innocent. No?"

"Yes."

"But how does the male know how to please the female?"

"He does not; he has learned only how to please himself."

"Does she inform him of what pleases her?"

"Seldom verbally. That would be an admission that she has pleased herself and is a bad girl. In many cases her sexual urges have been so suppressed that she, herself, does not know how."

Zfen shook his head.

"It is a very sad and clumsy affair, Professor."

"So I see. Let us continue. Unfreeze."
Cheryl and Ryan embraced and kissed again.

"What is young Ryan feeling now, Sam?"

"Confusion, because he knows Cheryl is as aroused as he is. He also feels resentful and bitter because he needs to have sex with her now."

"And what is young Cheryl feeling?"

"Anger and disappointment that Ryan would think she was 'easy'. She is not yet ready to be swept away, hence she thinks all he wants is sex. She has heard the slogan 'All men want is sex' and variations of it thousands of times."

"But now, they whisper to each other of their love."

"That is part of the ritual, Professor. Words of love legitimise the sex these two will eventually have. She forgives him because she believes in testosterone and the supposed stronger male sex urge.

He forgives her because he believes females are supposed to be mysterious and unfathomable. Tonight they will go home and masturbate alone. Only after each is confident the other understands the rules will they have sex together. Humans call this phase of the ritual courting, dating, going out. It can take several Earth years."

"My goodness me, years! But then they will enjoy each other sexually ever after?"

"Some will, Professor, but many go through life forgetting the rules and repeating this ritual. And then of course there is the work ethic."

"The what?"

"Most humans spend all of their energy just staying alive. There is much poverty. But those most dominant on the planet suffer from the opposite malady: materialism. We have observed it on other worlds; the urge to go on acquiring things long after the basic needs are met."

Zfen shuddered. He remembered the purple planet where the distractions of sex were seen as a threat to economic development and political stability. Masturbation was punishable by amputation of the penis or clitoris, and except when engaged in by those designated as 'breeders', coitus brought the death penalty.

Sam knew what he was thinking. "Earth is not so bad, Professor. But once the male and female humans start living together a remarkable amount of time and energy is devoted to survival in the case of the poor, and acquiring in the case of the rich. There is also child rearing, house keeping, entertainment, socialising and so on. Sex rates low on the list of priorities."

"Can they not spare even a few minutes?"

"It is not the sex that takes the time, Professor, but the preparatory rituals which are lengthy and tiring. Many

cannot be bothered; others forget the rules. The next time clip will demonstrate. Shall I proceed?"

"Shoot."

Cheryl and Ryan disappeared. Sam continued: "Those two did not stay together. Each found a new partner and married. That is their word for pairing. Cheryl is now twenty-nine Earth years and married to Ted who is thirty-two. This is their fifth year together."

Cheryl and Ted appeared in the room. They were cuddled up on their sides in bed. Ted looked remarkably like a grown-up version of Ryan. Cheryl looked so ripe and inviting that Zfen found his hand slipping inside his cloak.

Ted kissed Cheryl's throat and squeezed her breast. Cheryl pushed his hand away. "What a day! I'm pooped. Goodnight, darling."

Ted flopped onto his back, and glared at the ceiling.

Zfen interjected. "Pooped?"

"Superficially it simply means 'tired' Professor, but she also means that she does not want to have sex."

Ted exhaled angrily. "You're always pooped!"

Cheryl rolled as far away from Ted as she could and pulled most of the bedclothes with her. "And all you ever think about is sex!"

"Freeze." Zfen sighed. "Oh dear, explain please."

"You will note the similarity to the earlier ritual. Extrapolating from the thirty million human pairs I have examined to date, I conclude that this and similar rituals are repeated on the planet more than one billion times per day."

"My goodness me! And all this just because he wants to put his penis in her? That is an enormous amount of pent-up resentment and frustration. It is little wonder they are a warring species. So, let

us see - Cheryl is being a good girl and Ted has forgotten to sweep her up. No?"

"Sweep her away, Professor, however a closer study indicates that this is actually a quadruple ritual. There is the 'nice girl' ritual, the 'no love - no sex' ritual, the 'no sex - no love' ritual and also the 'too damn hard' ritual. They are all being played out concurrently and quite unconsciously."

"His penis is too damn hard for her?"

Sam released a melodious laugh. "Too damn soft now; the misunderstanding has quashed his desire. Apart from the fact that Ted has forgotten to prepare her with emotional intimacy, Cheryl is genuinely tired. She does not feel like sex."

"But is that not cruel? Would she let him go hungry or thirsty? Why not a little quickie?"

"She hungers too, Professor; she hungers for love and thinks he denies her. But yes, she could have a quickie. My

data from Cheryl's time clip indicates that on numerous occasions she has masturbated from an unaroused state to orgasm in less than one Earth minute. This is not uncommon among the female population. Ted can reach orgasm in about the same time. But like us, the more sexually advanced humans prefer to savour sexual excitement for as long as possible.

"However, even if they were to opt for a quickie, Professor, there is a problem, and it is the reason I have called this the 'too damn hard' ritual. Although Ted can stimulate himself to orgasm quite quickly in Cheryl's vagina, human women, like our own, do not achieve orgasm from vaginal stimulation unless the movements are such that the clitoris is also stimulated. Given adequate time, in some positions, Cheryl can achieve orgasm in this way, or from direct clitoral stimulation by his penis or pubic area. Alternatively, Ted

could use his fingers or mouth. Cheryl cannot bring herself to use her own fingers in Ted's presence because the nice-girl ritual does not permit it. And even if she did use her fingers she might not achieve orgasm due to shame and guilt, the distraction of Ted's penis inside her, and her reluctance to fantasise in his presence. To do so would seem disloyal."

"I see, Sam. Too damn hard. Mm, it is indeed a complex affair. But if she is too tired to spend the time necessary to reach an orgasm, could she not simply please Ted, being careful not to become too aroused herself?"

"Yes. Even if Cheryl does not want to become aroused she is quite capable of accommodating him without any physical discomfort; there is a tube of lubricating gel in the dresser drawer."

"So, Sam, if Cheryl had allowed Ted to have a quickie, they would now be ready for sleep. Instead, they are both so angry

they cannot sleep anyway." He sighed deeply. "Unfreeze. Proceed."

Ted continued to glare at the ceiling. Cheryl hugged the covers around her and pretended to sleep.

Sam explained the humans' feelings. "Ted feels rejected, hurt and resentful. He cannot understand how Cheryl can be so cruel. Recently, she has rejected him in this way many times. He is now doubting her love for him and he is losing his love for her."

"And Cheryl?"

"Cheryl feels angry, hurt and resentful. She cannot understand how he can be so cruel. Many times recently he has expected her to give her body to him when she was not in the mood. She is doubting his love for her and losing her love for him."

"Oh. My goodness me! This is sad, so very, very sad. Both think the other is being cruel. No? And yet as we have seen,

these conflicting perceptions of the problem are actually a legacy of their patriarchal history. It has resulted in the females thinking they need emotional intimacy to feel sexy while the males think they need sex to feel emotionally intimate."

"Correct. Apart from the anatomical difficulty of clitoral stimulation during coitus, none of this has anything to do with their physical differences, which in all but a reproductive sense are mostly superficial."

"Hm, their genitals do look remarkably like ours."

"Indeed, Professor. And like us, both sexes have the same desire for sexual satisfaction, both sexes have very similar phases and sensations of sexual arousal, both sets of genitals have the same volume of erectile tissue, both sexes describe the same exquisite sensations of pleasure and release during orgasm. The

only difference physiologically is the female's sustained arousal after orgasm and her capacity, almost immediately, for innumerable, subsequent and stronger orgasms."

"Are you saying that the human females, too, are virtually insatiable?"

"I am. But 'virtually' is the key word. Few humans realise this. Many females are disillusioned with sex because, whilst most achieve a level of satisfaction, many are not aware that they can go on - and quite quickly - to achieve higher and higher levels of pleasure and therefore deeper and deeper states of fulfilment."

"So, what is your prediction for these two?"

"Each will seek a partner who is more understanding. Ted will seek a more sexy woman; Cheryl will seek a more romantic man. But both will repeat the same rituals with their new partner. Neither one

realises the solution to their problem lies not with new partners."

Sam went on to analyse other aspects of human sexuality and by mid cycle the report was finished.

Sitting naked on the floor with his ankles crossed, Professor Yunious Zfen was masturbating when Commander Eviaba-Vang walked in. His penis pointed straight up and as their eyes met, his fingers continued stroking.

"Ah, Yunious, as I have always said, yours is a most attractive cock. May I watch?"

"Of course."

After a few minutes the commander let her blue cloak drop to the floor. She stepped forward and pressed her crotch to Zfen's mouth. With long sweeps of his tongue, he divided her vulva. Moaning

quietly, she splayed her knees and brought her fingertips low enough to toy with his penis.

"May I?"

"Help yourself."

Squatting over him, the commander eased herself down slowly. "So - mmmm - are you finished with the humans?"

"I am-mmm."

"Then we shall take lunch - mm - while you give me your - mm - recommendations."

"Always with you it is - mm - hurry, hurry, hurry. Might I suggest - mm - fucking first, then lunch, then - mmmmy - recommendations?"

"There is time only for a - mm-mm-mm - working lunch today. In half a decicycle I have to - mm-mm-mm - brief the department chiefs on our next assignment. Mm-mm-mm and don't forget, you must be there too."

"If I - mm-mm-must - And then I have a lecture to deliver. But I was - mm-mm-mm - so looking forward to stretching my legs on the planet Earth."

Commander Eviaba-Vang had decided that there was no purpose in landing on Earth. All that could be learned had been learned. Sam had set course for a fertile pink world whose most dominant inhabitants were duo-sexual; their bodies contained both male and female sex organs.

"Zfen sighed. "And this species that - mm-mm-mm - call themselves Duos, Sam, on such a lush planet why are they - mm-mm-mm - starving?"

"They spend all of their time fucking themselves."

"My goodness - mm-mm-mmme! But first things first. Now Eviaba, about the - mm-mm-mm - humans, there is much sexual misery. I therefore recommend intervention."

"I thought you would." Eviaba scooped a handful of blissberries from the bowl on the table and ate a few. She squashed the remaining berries against her breasts and clitoris, shuddering from the tingling heat. "Your - Ahh!-Mmm!-Ooh! - proposal?"

"I propose that two telepathic messages be implanted in the minds of the entire population. Mm-mm-mm - It is very similar to the green world project, and - mm-mm-mm - just within Sam's capacity. The first implant would be an - aah-aah-aah - awareness of the patriarchal sex scam; this will take several generations to take effect."

Eviaba took her weight on her knees and began moving her hips in a circular fashion. "Ann-nn - nnn-nn - nnn-nn - and?"

"A second telepathic implant. It will be - ahh-ah - ahh-ah - ahh-ah - automatically triggered when needed, giving the recipients a few seconds of - emm - mm -

mm - pathy for the opposite sex. That is all that is required. It will provide - imm - mm-mm - mmediate relief, and will have a beneficial effect on all aspects of human life."

"Implants. Mm-mm-mm - mm-mm-mm. Yes. A good idea." Eviaba leaned back, gripping the edge of the table and taking her weight on her hands. She rotated her pelvis slowly while Zfen crushed more blissberries against her clitoris.

"Ooh! - ahhh! - ahh! - Mm - I have already authorised similar intervention - ah-mmm-mm-mm - regarding cultural friction, self-destructive - nnn-nnn-nnn - nationalism, poverty and so on. It is within our charter, so Sam, let it be done."

"As you wish, Commander."

"And Sam, advise the department chiefs that the - mm - mm - mmmeeting is delayed by half a deci-cycle. And whip us

up another batch of - Mmm - blissberries
- triple - strength."

Cheryl opened her eyes and stared at the wall. She remembered how Ted used to be romantic as well as sexually exciting. In those days, they were so close that sex just happened naturally; he did not rush her or push her.

In most other ways he was still loving and caring, but when it came to sex he was so insensitive; as though any warm vagina would do. There was nothing romantic or arousing about being used! The more he persisted, the less attractive he became. How could he expect her to feel sexy when they seldom even talked intimately any more? Sex without closeness made her feel degraded and slutty, like a bad little girl.

Ted longed for the old days. He remembered how passionate and eager Cheryl used to be. In those days she could not get enough of him. Good sex made them closer emotionally, and the closer they became emotionally, the more she wanted him sexually. Somehow, that loving cycle had been broken.

How could he feel close when she was so insensitive? Just because she had lost interest in sex did not mean that he had. The more often she rejected him the less attractive she became. Did she want him to beg for it? He felt humiliated and degraded like a bad little boy.

Then, suddenly, a vivid feeling flashed into Ted's mind. For a few seconds he was Cheryl! Instantly, he realised her feelings were almost identical to his own.

He could tell that the same thing had happened to Cheryl.

They reached out together. Cheryl's fingers clasped Ted's penis. "It really means a lot to you, doesn't it, to be inside me, even for just a few minutes?"

Ted's lips brushed hers. "The way it used to be. Just knowing we were always ready to share ourselves, always wanted each other. That made me love you so much."

Cheryl's fingers stroked lovingly. "You know, I don't always have to feel sexy to enjoy your penis inside. But I do need to feel close."

"I see that now. It would be nice to be close like that again."

Cheryl smiled. "We haven't talked like this for a long time. Remember how we used to talk for hours?"

"What on Earth did we talk about?"

"Whatever came into our minds. That's what made us close. We didn't just share our bodies, you know."

"Okay. Let's go out tomorrow night and we'll talk our heads off. How about that nice little Chinese place?"

"Mm, lemon chicken, satay kebabs, riesling, candlelight, then home for lots of lovely sex."

"It's a date."

"Freeze, Sam."

Professor Yunious-Zfen was using clips of the holographic record of his research on humans to illustrate the lecture. He spun away from the image of Cheryl and Ted to glare at a dark-haired male student nodding off at the back of the auditorium. "Squan-Heogna!"

The youth snapped to attention.

"Is Zfen's lecture disturbing your sleep?"

Squan shook his head.

"Then do not let your sleep disturb my lecture. Please snore more quietly. This is the interesting bit. We are observing the remarkable power of empathy, which some of you may recall, is the topic of this lesson. Sam, proceed."

Cheryl felt closer to Ted than ever before. She reached into the bedside drawer, then turned onto her side and snuggled her buttocks into his lap. She pulled his erect penis between her thighs and smoothed lubricating gel all over it. She pressed the tip in and pushed back. Her vagina resisted, then suddenly yielded.

Soothed by Ted's gentle thrusting, Cheryl dozed off to sleep, but heard

herself murmuring, "Don't stop, darling.
This one's just for you."

END.