

## Look For: A Single Doctor between the ages of 28-48

By Lindsay C. Lightfoot

I'm a twenty-five year old woman from New Orleans. My friends call me a china doll because I'm pale and I don't sweat, even in the sweltering hot, humid nights of August. I'm short, about 5'2", but I can pull off five inch heels like I'm walking on air. I don't understand why other women complain about heels. I look and feel great in them. If I had to describe my look I'd say I have the coloring of Elizabeth Taylor in her youth—blue eyes and dark hair, but I'm more intense looking than her. My eyes are more piercing and intelligent, and my body is super fit.

I haven't had that many boyfriends because I don't like the type of guys who come on to me—big muscular jocks who grunt and lift weights at the gym all night and day. Guys who drink too much, drive big trucks, work blue collar jobs. I grew up around this type of male. I know them well, and some of them have good hearts. Their heads bore me though. I need an intelligent man. My father taught me to play chess at a young age. I'm schooled in art, and, of course, jazz and blues. I'm a nerdy girl, but you would only guess that when I wear my oversized red glasses. Even then, I look like a librarian about to get in on behind the bookshelves.

I'm very specific about wanting a doctor because the only time I've ever felt completely and utterly turned on when a man touches me has been during any kind of medical examination or during role play where he plays a doctor. I love being completely passive and touched. I love it when I'm at a doctor's office and he lingers a tad too long when listening to me breathe. His fingers brush against my back and they are warm. Many times, I notice how the doctor's breathing deepens as he is next to me.

I never go to female gynecologists. What's the point? I know gynecologists are trained to make small talk to distract the patient, but I wish they would shut up, slow down, and enjoy eyeing and touching me for those moments they get to touch me. I want the gynecologist to remember me for as long as possible, so he should have a few heartbeats where he simply takes me in.

I'm not a complete exhibitionist, but I did grow up in a town with Mardi Gras, so I have very few inhibitions about showing off my body. I prefer to catch people unaware rather than to expose myself in the expected way on Bourbon Street. Sometimes, when the women's restroom is full at a gas station, I'll use the men's room and not lock the door. I love the shock and embarrassment the men feel when they see me squatting over the toilet, but I also know they hesitate a moment to look at me as I lean over, shirt hanging down and exposing my firm breasts. I give them full view of my cunt as I pull up my underwear and then dart out of the restroom. I know they fuck their wives or girlfriends that night with a vision of my loveliness in their heads.

I want to date and marry a doctor for many reasons, certainly not just because doctors have lucrative careers. I do prefer being with a wealthy man because I like the finer things of life, and apparently, poverty gives me anxiety and panic attacks while gated communities,

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [2]:** I realize this manuscript is likely just the collection of stories, but in case not I want to suggest each story begin on a new page with a larger header. The Introduction likewise should have an introduction header. We can discuss further your ideas for format if you would like, but for the most part my focus is going to be on the storytelling / developing the text in any ways needed.

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**Comment [3]:** Get IT on?

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [4]:** This phrase throws me a bit because it feels like part of a transition from the previous paragraph, which isn't necessarily exhibitionism. You might want to consider writing a transition then moving into this so it's clear this is a change of topic.

Something to the effect of "You might think I'm an exhibitionist, but not quite. I grew up in a town with Mardi Gras, which means I have few inhibitions..."

(ALSO: see note at the end, re: moving this paragraph so that the prev / next paragraphs here would flow together smoother)

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**Comment [5]:** If you take my suggestion (see END NOTE) to move this to the end, then I think a paragraph after this could tie up all the pieces of the story in a satisfying conclusion, something like:

I know what I want and will get what I want even if it's not a doctor. I want a man who will play the part and fulfill my wildest fantasies. Until then, I'll keep looking.

(Just a note: sometimes I will do these "example" paragraphs just to give you a flavor of what I'm after, but it's by no means a suggestion for what you should write — only just to help you see how I'm thinking / make my point clearer.)

designer jeans, swimming pools, hot tubs, luxury vehicles, and trips to the Caribbean take these panic attacks away. Most of all, a good income would help us have the luxury of starting a family. I'd love to raise kids and be a stay at home mom full time. I have an art degree and have done some interior decorating part-time. I've taken tons of exotic cooking classes and love to entertain guests. I think I'd be the perfect wife, and our sex life would be the envy of all our friends.

Even if I can't find a doctor who is into giving me enemas or gently pushing a stool softener up my shaved, tight anus, I need a very smart man who will frequently engage in role play as a doctor. I've dated guys in the theatre who are willing to go to these places with me. I like a very, very slow breast exam and the kind of doctor who veers off track and tries unusual new techniques like searching for a breast tumor with his mouth or "accidentally" inserting a rather large tool in me that suddenly vibrates and makes us both laugh.

Maybe toward the end of the exam, he puts a sheet from a wire shielding my view of what he is doing while my feet are in the stirrups and tells me that I'm going to feel something warm and hard inserted into me. He will need to do this for a few minutes to get the right sample from inside me. I will feel his cock enter me, and I'll smile. He'll look into my eyes for a moment full of longing, and his face will flush a bit. He'll pull the sheet up so I can't see his face. He'll keep inserting himself and probing around inside me, breathlessly assuring me that the procedure will only take a few more moments. I'll feel him quiver and climax and hear the snap of the condom being taken off afterward.

He'll lightly touch my abdomen, help me up, brushing his hand against my breast. We'll both be fulfilled. He'll even be compassionate as he hears about some of the difficulties in my life. He will suggest that I come see him next week for a follow up. He'll ask if I can come at the end of the day so he can spend extra time with me and talk a bit more.

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [6]:** This switch in topic back to the topic of desiring a doctor makes the previous paragraph feel like a detour. Again, a transition might be helpful, be it a paragraph or a sentence or two here to show how the previous paragraph develops the overall topic, i.e. try not to make it feel like that paragraph was just an aside.

(SEE NOTE at END: this would be fine if you moved the paragraph before, about exhibitionism, to the end)

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**Comment [7]:** I'm particularly confused by "puts a sheet from a wire" – the best I can picture is the sheet that covers the body during lower body surgery where the patient is awake. If you're aiming for this, then you might want:

...he pulls a sheet across [ ], shielding

Where [ ] is what the device / apparatus is called. I did some quick research to try and find it but I'm not sure. Alternatively, you can think of a clearer way to describe it without using the actual name but which creates a clearer picture for the reader, i.e.

...he drapes a sheet on a wire frame across my belly, shielding my view of ...

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [8]:** A word like this helps separate the action, otherwise it blurs in with "quiver" and "climax" as though it's related to those actions.

Admin 2016-1-7 12:19 PM

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Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [9]:** I feel like you need a concluding paragraph here, because the above paragraph feels like it comes to a grinding halt.

I'm wondering if you want to put the paragraph above that felt like a detour (about exhibitionism) here, then use that to tie everything together?

Looking For: A Yoga Teacher/Whore

By Sean Rafain

What I'm looking for is women willing to combine a yoga lesson at my house with some good old fashioned paid for fucking. I'm a cool dude with limited time, so I'd like to get really turned on by your downward dogs and cat and cow positions, especially when there is a bit of nip slip going on or at least a really good view of your rack as you pulse into the poses. I will actually work out the first 20 to 40 minutes with you, maybe fondling you from time to time. I'll pay for an hour of your time. I have the occasional girlfriend, so I want you to be hot but not ridiculously hot enough to make it obvious that you are a professional.

I want to fuck you on your mat, so don't wear any expensive Lulu Lemon crap. Wear something you don't mind me cutting a hole in and fucking you through the hole in the material. Bring some shorts to cover up with when you leave. I want you to feel good and sodomized leaving my place sometimes, so be okay with an anal pounding from time to time. I would love to take you when you are in various poses like the downward dog and force you to stay in that pose as I bang you. Be balanced, baby. Sometimes, I'd like you to suck me off as I hold different poses or relax at the end of a really good power yoga session.

You need to be both an awesome yoga teacher who really knows her stuff and a gal who knows her way around a cock. I don't want a professional who hasn't had significant yoga training or a yoga teacher who isn't willing to get paid for sex and leave it at that. I want a woman willing to combine two of the oldest professions and do it well.

If \$250 works, ping me with pics at 303-972-\*\*\*\*.

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [10]:** I have very little to say about this story. It is short, but it reads like an ad one might see in a site like Craigslist. The voice is consistent and I very much get the feel I'm hearing the confident request of someone who knows exactly what he wants and isn't the slightest bit ashamed to ask for it.

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**Comment [11]:** Or, you could use "so I can fuck you through..."

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**Comment [12]:** This is optional, but as this shorter vignette feels much more like it could be a Craigslist ad, I think a separate paragraph will accentuate that presentation, as often ads end with a call to action such as this.

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## Looking For: A Man Who Resembles My One True Love

By Lindsay C. Lightfoot

I'm a gypsy soul. I only love once, giving everything of my body and soul completely, deeply, elementally. If I'm going to make love to you, you must remind me of him—the only man I ever loved with complete abandon. You will probably be a much better man than him, but I'll only want you because you have large brown eyes that remind me of his eyes or maybe laugh lines that fit my image of how his face would have changed through the years. Maybe you'll have a nose for business, a nose that makes you look a bit shrewd. He wasn't in business when I knew him, but I had a premonition that he would be someday. I knew that being a starving artist was a phase he would outgrow.

The moment I fell for him, my entire world turned to fire. The energy of the trees burned into my memory, his touch burned me, the earth beneath us where we fell to the ground and made love burned me. The clock tower chiming out the hours scorched me. It might've been impossible to live life at that level of intensity, but I wanted nothing more than to burn, burn out, and burn more for him. When I think of how he made me laugh, I cry knowing I'll never share that space with him again. The most intense love affair of my life took up the shortest amount of time of any of my love affairs—three months. That's it. That's all the time I had with him.

To be honest, he didn't last that long in bed, probably not more than a couple of minutes, but he was hung. Your cock isn't that important to me, but your confidence level is very important. He was an asshole with a great sense of humor. Smart. Loved Mozart's Magic Flute and Modigliani's nudes, though I'm sure his tastes have changed over the years. The music he played for me is seared into my brain, and the paintings he showed are a permanent collection of images in my mind. I'm stuck in a past of proclivities that aren't my own.

Staying true to the theme of opera, I tried to kill myself when he broke up with me. He didn't come back to rescue me. I swallowed the entire contents of bottles of pills and used a whiskey bottle as a chaser. I vomited, slept for thirty-six hours, woke up, told no one, and attended a New Year's Eve party where I drank too much, took mushrooms, and talked to a refrigerator part of the night. I stumbled outside and looked into the trees the other part of the night, hearing his voice and the occasional bird which reminded me of Papageno and how he made me laugh by darting around the room pretending to catch birds.

The incredibly good-looking host of the party, a beautiful surfer with a tanned, toned torso, came onto me despite or because of my wrecked state. He tied my naked body to a chair and groped me with abandon. He untied me, and led me to his bed. My thick hair was a jumbled mess. He set up a video camera and told me to say my name. I acted for the camera as if I was in my first audition for a major role in Hollywood. If I am going to do something, I do it well. After all, I might be floating out in cyberspace somewhere. Our bodies tangled together in various positions. He was unbelievably hot, but he was nothing but a distraction from death for me. I wanted to die without my one true love, and if you love me, you will have to realize that about me.

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [13]:** I love this! So far, the voice here is strong and pulls me in right away. Very authentic!

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**Comment [14]:** This might be fine, but at first it threw me off because of the strong spirit of nostalgia here. One one hand in the previous sentence, she's making it clear no one can compare to the man she wished she could have kept, but here she's conceding that this person is better. It's a subtle contradiction you may want to consider avoiding.

Suggestion:

You might be a great lover, perhaps an amazing lover, but I'll only want...

Or something similar that avoids the relative comparison.

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**Comment [15]:** In reading this, I'm feeling this sentence is tacked on and detours the narrative slightly. This sentence in a way is a continuation from the previous. I think perhaps some transitional language could avoid this, i.e.

...makes you look a bit shrewd, like him. Oh, he would have been great in business, if he outgrew that starving artist phase – I had a premonition he would do that.

(In this example, it's clearer she's linking the image of the business man to the image of her lover as she saw him, thus keeping the paragraph on topic.)

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**Comment [16]:** I feel this needs a transition too, i.e.

"You have no idea how great he was, how much you have to live up to. The moment I fell for ..."

This keeps with the convention of comparing to the lover she cannot let go of, while also switching directions to a reflective sort of flash-back passage.

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [17]:** I'm not convinced using "scorched" to avoid "burned" makes sense here. I'd consider keeping consistent with repeating "burned" to show your intention to repeat.

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**Comment [18]:** Transitional phrasing like this makes this smoother, I think.

If you like rescuing women and feeling needed, I'm perfect for you. I'm beautiful in a wispy, tragic kind of way. If you like women who crave pleasure to drown out their pain, I'm right up your alley. If you want to fuck in the most perverted of ways, I'm game. I'm looking for company at the end of my universe. I'm looking for someone to love me and hopefully not care much that my heart is a broken, ridiculous joke. My heart was a foolish young girl who chose one night of her life to open up so completely, so entirely that nothing could ever eclipse that moment.

To the man I fixated on, I might've been like a bull ride, like a tidal wave, a random adventure. Maybe now, I'm nothing but an annoying memory, like the ones I have of men who wanted me too much when I didn't want them. They looked nothing like my one true love. They were sweaty and insecure, while he cut through the air with coldness, precision, and confidence.

If you are attracted to me, please realize that our game won't work if you are a gypsy soul like me. If you've already met and lost your one true love, we'll be bored by each other. Our game will only launch us into the future if you haven't met your true love. You see, I can't love again like I loved him, but I've been granted a certain type of magic. He planted me, and I grew into a captivating woman. There's a chance I can make you burn like you've never burned before. I can take over your heart completely. I can make you love like you've never loved before. You'll feel my mouth around your cock as the greatest gift of your life. To you, I'll be your entire world. You'll build your life around me. You'll give everything to make me happy, but I'll never be happy.

What I will do is try not to leave you, recklessly thinking I could ever find him again or convince him to say more than a few words to me. I'm not foolish enough to think I could ever feel something more than I did with him. I'll stay with you, so that you don't have to lose the one you love. It's all I can do, since I can't have him and being alone doesn't distract me from my obsession. I'll feed your love with my touch and fidelity, but you'll never be fully satisfied. You'll see the distant look in my eye, intuiting my sadness. You'll take off my clothes and kiss every inch of me. You'll hug me many times throughout the day, worried that I might leave you. At night, you'll press your body to me, yearning to fill the void inside me. You'll fill me and cover me with your cum, you'll kiss me everywhere and promise me the world, but the void will remain.

I'm thirty-nine. I haven't seen his face in twenty-years. I don't care what age you are, as long as you remind me of him, even in the slightest of ways.

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [19]:** Not sure what's missing here. Could be "a", or could be something else, i.e. "My heart was that of a foolish young girl who..."

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [20]:** Overall, I LOVE this whole story, but I really, *really* love THIS!

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [21]:** I love this twist in the narrative.

Admin 2016-1-8 5:32 PM

**Comment [22]:** Another gem in this story!

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**Comment [23]:** This feels like such an isolated summary it belongs on its own, I think. Just as she is essentially alone in her nostalgia, this lonely paragraph structurally emphasizes that here, making it stand out also as a recapitulation.