



Alison
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The Feng Shui Fuck



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By Alison Tyler

Sheila said that my bed was in the wrong quadrant.

"The wrong *what*?"

"Quadrant," she repeated, shaking her fluffy blonde head back and forth so that her birch-white curls spiraled out as if they were hyped up on caffeine. Whenever she did that move—which she did a lot—she reminded me of an unhappy French poodle trying to rid itself of an annoying tick. And at times like those, with images of uptight canine bitches in my head, I'd forget why the fuck we were even dating in the first place.

What's wrong with you, man? I'd ask myself. *You dating a dog? Where's your self-respect, at the pound?*

"Your bedroom is a sacred place," she told me. "This means that you need to respect it."

All right, so now my bedroom had feelings.

"How?" I asked, playing along.

"Feng shui bedrooms like warm colors like pinks, yellows, and lavenders."

I looked at my bright red wall. "I'm not painting my room purple, no matter what it says," I told her.

"Bright, fierce colors represent yang energy."

"I am yang," I reminded her. "You're yin. *You* can paint your room whatever you like."

She continued, oblivious to my lack of focus, and ignoring my attempts at humor, "If you want better sex, you need to move your bed."

My inner voice continued right along with her: *Or change your girlfriend, that voice sneered. Want better sex? Get a better girl. A smarter girl. A sexier girl. No more of this poodle shit, man. What are you? A bulldog? Seriously. You're a better breed than her. You deserve a lady who doesn't have permed poodle ringlets, but more importantly, one who doesn't buy into that Cosmo fucking feng-shui shit.*

"Where should I move it?" I asked, trying my best to be a supportive, understanding boyfriend. Didn't hurt to attempt to understand where she was coming from, right?

"The bed should be against a solid wall, and it shouldn't face the door directly. You should never have your feet facing the door, because that's the way the dead are carried out."

Excuse me? that little voice said now. *The dead? What dead? What the fuck do you care about how you're carried out of here when you're dead? Come on, man. You want to do some things in here while you're alive, and they have little to do with where your fucking feet are facing.*

What I said out loud was that there was no other place to put my bed. I live in a tiny apartment. Unless I wanted to cut the bed in half, it would have to stay exactly where it was. Sheila gave me a look that told me I wasn't trying hard enough. So I said, "What else?"

"Get rid of the cartoon art." She pointed to my copy of a Lichtenstein from an exhibition I saw at MOMA. "It's juvenile."

My brow furrowed. I could feel the wrinkles. I love that print. Again, my voice low and steady, I asked, "What would I put instead?"

"Landscapes. Warm sunsets. Grassy fields. Or a picture of two cranes. They mate for life, you know. And they live to be over 100. They represent infinity."

"Didn't know that," I told her, thinking, *Yeah. Cranes. That's exactly what I'm putting up on my wall. Two fucking birds. What did I look like? A member of the ornithologists' society?* What she was describing sounded like a scene from a dentist's office.

"You should buy two red candles, to symbolize our love. Plus, you should get rid of the clutter under your bed, and add flesh-colored lampshades to make the room look naked."

I wanted to look naked, and I wanted her to look naked. I didn't give two shits about what my room looked like. What was it going to do? Get all dolled up and fuck the bathroom?

"At least, your bed has the headboard against the wall."

"That's good?" I asked, glad that I was finally hearing some positive news.

"Yes," she nodded. "A bed with the back to the wall is in a commanding position."

Oh, now I got it. My bedroom didn't want to be the subservient one. It wanted the control spot. I liked that. I had a dom bedroom—and a crazy fucking girlfriend.

"You can't have anything sharp or pokey in here," Sheila went on. "So you're going to have to lose the cactus."

Sharp and pokey, I thought. *How about hard and protruding? How about steel-like and forceful?* Did she want to soften me up, round me out? Rather than find out any more of her plans, I did what the little voice said. Dumped Sheila. And instantly, I felt worlds better. We'd been together haphazardly. Neither one of us was the right type for the other. Sheila needed a man who would patiently listen to her observations and then change every goddamn thing about himself that made him who he was. I needed a female who could be quiet for a half-a-fucking-second. Who wouldn't razz me about my messy apartment or casual dress style, or over-active libido.

Even though we were obviously mismatched, we'd been too lazy to split. Yet once she was gone, I found that the ghosts of her remained. I couldn't quiet her constant level of critique, even after she'd left the building. So, to my own complete chagrin, I would up moving the bed.

Quadrant, I reminded myself. *She said 'wrong quadrant.'*

All right, I said to myself, *What the fuck is a quadrant?*

As I pushed the bed across the rug to the far wall, the only other space it could possibly fit in, I tried to tell myself that I was spring cleaning. Fixing relationships. Fixing the bedroom. But really, I could hear her nasally whine in my head for days after we'd broken it off: want better sex—move the bed. And the thing of it was, I *did* want better sex. I wanted the sex that I'd always dreamed of. Raucous, bounding sex to the beat of some heavy metal band. Ripped-clothing sex. Slippery, sun tan oil-scented sex.

Who was I fooling? I'm thirty-eight. I don't get to fuck like a teenager anymore, 'cause I'm two decades past my eighteenth birthday. Can't get a girl by bragging about my collection of vinyl. Can't even pretend that I know who's hot on the radio these days. Blink 182? I thought that was a sleep-aid. Believe it or not, I'm a golden fuckin' oldie.

This was cruelly pointed out to me at my favorite bar. I'd chosen the songs I always do—some off of *Dark Side of the Moon*, some Zeppelin. My favorite Doors. A pretty young brunette down the bar from me said to her friend, "Who's deejaying the juke box tonight? Wolfman Jack?"

No way was I going to get laid by her or her redheaded girlfriend, so I left, off to try my luck at the bookstore around the corner. I had a throbbing sensation inside my gut, a need to find some sort of release quickly. Sheila had been gone for a week now, and even though I knew it was for the best, I was horny as hell. I wanted to fuck.

Rambling through the aisles in the meet market/bookstore, I found myself face-to-face with...feng shui. I couldn't resist. There were more books in this area than I would have guessed, more even than the chicken-soup-for-your-fill-in-the-blank. Feng Shui for your job. Feng Shui for your mother-in-law. Feng Shui for your car. I reached for the title that proclaimed itself to be the best-selling self-help Feng Shui—*Change your house. Change your life*—and I started paging through it.

Right away, I learned the correct pronunciation: “fung shway,” and I learned about baguas. Did you know that a *bagua* is not a small baguette? It's the equivalent of a feng shui road map. This was what Sheila was talking about. She said “quadrants,” but she should have said “baguas.” Baguas divide the home into nine sections that correspond to the nine main areas of your life.

All right, so fuck me. I couldn't come up with nine. If I turned the page, I knew they'd be all spread out for me, but I wanted to figure them out for myself. All I could think of was—work, eat, fuck. Three. OK, friends? Sure. Friends. Family. Eat probably would go under something like health, and fuck, where the fuck would fuck go?

“That really works,” I heard from behind me.

“*This shit?*” That's what my little voice said. What I said was— “Really? You think?” as I turned around to see the most beautiful goddess-like woman standing next to me. She was nearly my height, with silky hair the color of spun caramel, dark eyes behind cat-eye glasses, and a bitable, berry-slicked mouth.

“Oh, yeah,” she sighed. “Changed my whole life.”

Quickly, I glanced at her hand, wondering if she would continue waxing poetic about her new husband, or baby, or lover.

“How?” I asked, when I saw her naked ring finger and no signs of teething toddler nearby.

"I was mired down in this bad relationship," she said, coming even closer to me, so that I could smell her shampoo and her perfume and her skin.

"Bad how?" I asked, trying my best to sound patient and caring, like a radio psychologist.

"You know, just not right."

"So you feng-shuied him out of your life?"

"I made some changes," she said, nodding.

"With the position of your furniture?" That sounded more like me and less like the psychologist. Sarcastic. I tried to soften the question with a smile, but she didn't glare at me, like Sheila would have, or appear as if I'd offended her.

"I know this sounds crazy," she said, "but it's not all about putting a round-leafed plant in your friendship corner. It's about thinking about placement. The placement of your furniture, yes, but also of your priorities. If you want to change your life, you need to be concerned with deeper concepts than where your sofa is."

My priorities for the evening were simple. Get laid. If I kept talking like Mr. Nice Guy, would my feng-shui Karma kick in? Or were those two completely different philosophies that would cancel each other out?

"So why are *you* looking here?" she asked me.

"Someone suggested I needed a little shake-up," I told her. "I moved my bed, but I didn't know where to put it. Which quadrant. I mean," I continued, with a self-deprecating smile, "bagua."

"Simple," she said, reaching for the book in my hand and opening it up. She fanned the glossy pages until she'd found the section she was looking for. "If you want to encourage the concept of partnership, you need to change your habits. Not one

nightstand, but two. A way for both people to get onto the bed without one climbing over the other. If you're looking for a new situation—"

"Yes," I said, nodding while imagining her climbing over me.

"Well—" she scanned the text, "maybe I'd have to see the space first."

"My bed?"

"Bedroom. So I could really get a feel for the area."

Yes, I thought. Yes. You should see my bedroom. You should see my bed. You should see my mattress. And my sheets. And my cock—

"Would you like that?" I asked, surprised at how easily this was progressing. "I could fix you some...some tea, or something." Tea sounded good. Sounded feng-shui-y. Not that I had any in the cupboards, but I could fake it.

"Or wine—"

"Yeah," I said, nodding like a mother-fuck. "Wine." That, I had.

"My name's Lena," she said.

"Mike," I told her, worrying that I should have given her a false name. Was 'Mike' too pointy sounding? Too rough-edged? All M's and K's? *Lena* sounded soft and pleasant. But she didn't say anything about my name, she simply waited for me to give her directions, and then we walked out of the store together and to the parking lot.

She followed me to my house, and on the way, my mind did a triple-take, trying to remember what the status of my apartment was. I still had the juvenile Lichtenstein up on the wall, and there was definitely clutter under the bed, and probably a beer bottle or two, and the TV was out in plain view, and what else? *What else?*

I didn't have any time to clean, just let Lena in and hurried to get us both drinks. And then things got easier, and stranger, because she didn't seem to care much about feng-shuiing me, but she did seem very hot to talk sex. We cuddled up on my butter-

soft leather sofa together, sharing likes and dislikes, and she said nothing about my pointy cactus plants, or the fact that my lampshades were not flesh-colored, to make the room seem naked.

That didn't bother her, either, whether or not the room seemed naked. Whether or not my living room was going to get it up for the dining room. She only seemed concerned with canoodling on the sofa with me—she was on one end, and I was on the other, and we overlapped in the most intricate ways. Each time she shifted, I learned new things about her body. And each time I moved, even slightly, she gave me a wicked encouraging smile. Until finally I reached over and took her wine away, and then confiscated her cat-eye glasses, and began to unbutton her blouse.

She said nothing about the fact that I just threw her blouse to the floor, didn't pay attention to where her blouse wanted to be, or where my pants wanted to be. Soon she was naked. Just naked. Beautiful naked, and I was naked, and we were fucking. Right there, on my leather sofa. Her lovely skin shining in the light. Her hair long and loose, glasses off, pretty mouth on mine. I was so into her, hands roaming over her skin. Bodies pressed together. Moving her when I needed to get in her from behind, her ass against me, her breathing speeding up as I drove in deep.

She made noises, the type of noises that I love. Those hungry, husky sighs that some women make when they are really turned on. And she was so hot and wet and sweet. I bit into her sweet neck, under her hair, and she arched and moaned. God, what a sound, and I bit her harder to make her moan again.

"Jesus, Mike," she said, and I thought how hard her voice was, all those non-rounded consonants. She bit the words out. "Jesus, Mike, that feels good—" And I rolled her over again, onto her back, and her legs went over my shoulders as I fucked her. Perfectly fucked her. Really fucked her. Her pussy was tight and wet, and she

squeezed me in the most delicious way. So quick and so hard. I reached down and ran my fingertips over her clit. I saw the way she leaned her head back, saw the muscles tighten in her throat. She looked as if I'd brought her right up to the edge—but she also looked as if she wasn't quite ready to jump.

I stroked her clit again, this time with the ball of my thumb. She groaned and sucked her bottom lip between her teeth. Oh, man, she looked so hungry. I was getting closer by the second. I could feel the pressure building up inside of me. That didn't mean I was all in, though. I wanted her to come first, and I wanted this climax to last—to be one she'd remember later, when she was alone in bed, thinking of me. I pinched her clit between my thumb and forefinger, and I held on as I continued to fuck her steadily. In and out, pinching her clit hard, thrusting and strumming in some banging rhythm I'd just invented.

"Do you like that?" I asked her, even though I knew the answer. I wanted her to tell me. I wanted to hear her voice.

"Oh, fuck," she sighed, "oh, god, yes. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

I didn't stop. Someday, when we played a different sort of game, I might. But right then, I decided to give her exactly what she craved. I rubbed her clit, circled around, then pinched her again. This time, I saw that far-away look burn hot in her eyes, that glazed-pleasure look, and I was so proud to be the one to make her feel like that.

"I'm coming," she said, and I heard the way she clenched down on that "c," like she was hardly able to speak. "Oh, fucking hell, Mike. I'm coming."

Then I felt like that, too. Far away. Gone and again. And I was shooting, too, so fast, and she was holding onto me and riding it out. I can't remember when sex had felt like that before. The connection, the rawness of the pleasure. Maybe it never has been

like that for me before. I felt as if we'd been in some sort of fight, felt pulverized by the sheer gritty bliss of it.

Afterwards, as we wrapped ourselves up in my blanket and watched each other carefully, reading each other's faces and expressions, she said, "You know, it's just a load—"

"What is?"

"The whole thing. Just a load of crap to get women to feel they have some power over the universe. Some power to make Mr. Right fall in love with them."

"What is?" I asked again.

"That feng-shui shit. Put your potted plant here. Paint your walls this color. Don't leave your dirty laundry out. Laundry has stale energy—"

"But you said—"

"I know."

"And you sounded so into it."

"My best friend's into it. I just repeated everything she's told me. I don't believe one single thing."

"But why?"

"I was horny. And you were so cute..." she grinned at me, then reached for her glasses and put them back on, "and you're still cute. So I couldn't resist."

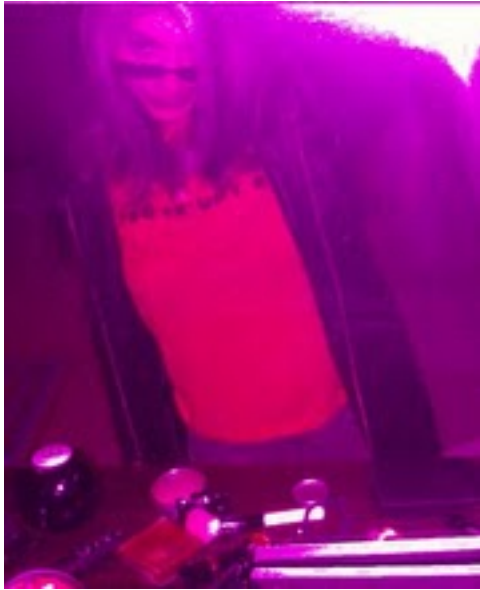
"And you really don't mind my taste in artwork, or my pointy plants, or my clutter—"

"You'll laugh when you see my place," she said, "it's even worse."

"But then it does work," I said, "it must—"

"What do you mean?"

“That was one hell of a feng-shui fuck,” I told her, and she wrapped herself up in my arms, and I realized for once my inner voice had stopped talking. And in the light of my non-flesh-colored lampshades, and on a sofa that faced the door full on, we curled up tight and fell asleep.



Called a “Trollop with a Laptop” by East Bay Express, a “Literary Siren” by Good Vibrations, and “over caffeinated” by her favorite local barista, [Alison Tyler](#) has made being naughty a full-time job. Her sultry short stories have appeared in more than 100 anthologies including *Sex for America*, *Liaisons*, and *Bedding Down*. In all things important, she remains faithful to her partner of 15 years, but she still can’t choose just one perfume. Find her 24/7 at alison Tyler.blogspot.com.