



Selena Kitt

The
FLINTSTONE
Experiment

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By Selena Kitt

If this didn't work, Laura knew she was going to leave him. She sat, making herself even smaller in the narrow space of an airplane seat, looking out at the clearest water she had ever seen as they made their approach. It wasn't anything like the small Midwestern town where she grew up. She knew she should have been excited, but it was fear she felt curled up in a ball in the pit of her belly, and she put her hand there, as if rubbing it could make it go away.

"Are you cold?" Rick leaned over and tucked the blue blanket around her thighs. She smiled at him, not saying anything as she turned back to the window. As they neared the island, she could make out the coastline. She leaned over and started packing things back into her carry-on—a paperback book, a pair of headphones, the uneaten bag of peanuts.

"Here." She handed their tickets to him. "We'd better start getting ready."

Rick took the tickets and stared at them for a moment. "Maybe you should keep them? In your purse?"

Laura sighed, took them back and tucked them neatly into her handbag. "Do you even know the name of the place we're staying?"

He shrugged, putting the Gameboy he'd been playing into his carry-on bag. "You're the one who planned this whole thing."

"Yeah." Laura sighed again, curling toward the window and watching the ground swell, as if it were rising to meet them. They were over land completely now, and she had a brief desire to be swallowed up by it. A crash wouldn't be like that, of course, but that was the image—the plane just continuing its descent, plunging into the earth below until just its tail emerged and the passengers inside

were all buried alive.

What's the difference? I feel buried alive now.

The dry, stale air of the plane made her feel like she was suffocating.

"Are you all right?" Rick touched her shoulder.

She gave him another half-hearted smile. "I'm fine... Just fine."

* * * *

"This guy is an asshole," Rick reiterated, swallowing his orange juice in three huge gulps and signaling the waitress.

Laura pierced a grape with her fork, watching him spread butter on his toast. Then it was on to the jelly. He ordered another orange juice, and she watched him squirt ketchup onto his ten dollar omelet. Lunch and dinner main courses were included in their retreat package, but breakfast and any extras were on their own.

"You know, orange juice is three dollars." She crushed the grape between her teeth and made it squirt into her mouth. It was a bitter one, and she thought that was just about right. "Each."

"So?" Rick shrugged, smiling at the waitress and thanking her when she set the juice in front of him. "We're on vacation, right? Why shouldn't we have what we want?"

"Do you need anything else?" The waitress smiled at Rick. She was a tall girl, with short, stylish blonde hair tucked behind her ears. Laura grimaced at the girl's clothes—a colorful blue sarong that matched her eyes, and a solid blue bikini top that barely contained the flesh spilling out of it. Clearly island-wear.

“Could you possibly bring me a lemon wedge?” He held up his water glass, as if that explained his request.

“Sure.” The blonde reached for Laura’s empty plate. She had been through her egg-white omelet before Rick had even started.

She looked over the railing and down at the beach—clear water, like blue glass, with a white sandy edge that looked as if it belonged on a postcard. Probably was, somewhere downstairs in the gift shop, with the words “Welcome to Elysium!” on the front. She felt far from paradise.

“So why is he an asshole?” Laura pierced a piece of cantaloupe.

Rick, pouring syrup over his pecan pancakes, answered through a mouth full of eggs. “Because he is. I’m surprised you like him. He wants to send women back to the stone age. Is that what you want? You wanna be my Wilma? So I can be your Fred.”

She remembered the facilitator who had started the workshop last night. He wasn’t an exceptionally good-looking man—in fact, he was balding, and she thought he was rather scrawny. Still, there was something about him. When he looked at her, she felt like she was being seen into, seen through.

“It doesn’t have to be the Flintstones.” She sipped her water. “And yes... if men who live that way are like the guy who lectured last night... it is what I want.”

“Thanks.” Rick smiled up at the waitress as she set a plate of lemon wedges next to his glass.

The blonde smiled. “No problem—I’ll take this up when you’re ready.” The waitress slipped the leather case containing the bill in front of Laura who looked

at it with her lips pursed.

“I thought this was what feminism tried so hard to fight against?” Rick squeezed a lemon into his water. “Men in control, women being subservient. You really want to be subservient to me?”

She sighed and pushed her chair back from the table. “I have to pee.”

Rick was signaling the waitress again for something as Laura made her way to the bathroom. She closed the stall door and swallowed a scream. Her face felt hot and dry, her throat constricted and her whole body felt like one big clenched muscle. How could he not understand what it was that she wanted from him? How could he be so blind?

When she left of the stall, she washed her hands, glancing at her reflection in the mirror as she held them under a dryer. The air was blowing her long dark hair over her shoulder. There were two rosy spots on her cheeks, the glow that always crept in whenever she was angry or upset. Straightening her blouse and tucking it into the waistband of her long flowered skirt, she wondered if this was just as good as it ever got. Maybe it was.

The check was still sitting there at the table, untouched. Rick was using his last sausage to clean the syrup from his plate. He smiled up at her and winked. On a whim, she pulled her chair around and sat next to him, her thigh rubbing up against his under the table.

“Hey, there’s my girl.” He put his arm around her and leaned back with a little groan, his hand covering his belly. “That was a good breakfast. You ready for another day in Bedrock? Maybe the Great Gazoo will be able to help us,

huh?”

Laura laughed in spite of herself, letting her body relax against his side. Maybe good enough just was—good enough.

* * * *

“Why are you here?” The question stopped Laura, and she felt herself recoiling from it. She stared into the dark, penetrating gaze of the facilitator that Rick called “The Great Gazoo,” and found that she couldn’t keep the truth from him, as much as her rational mind tried to stop her. *Not in front of all these people! What are you thinking?*

“He doesn’t know this...” She glanced guiltily over at Rick. “But I told myself that if this workshop didn’t change things between us, I was going to leave.”

“So is this your ultimatum?” Gazoo asked. Laura couldn’t help thinking of him as Gazoo, now—especially since they had to choose “fake names” for themselves, and Rick had dubbed them “Wilma” and “Fred.”

“The Great Gazoo” looked down at Rick. Laura could feel the eyes of the entire room on them; a thousand people were here, all watching.

“I guess.” Laura shrugged, talking into the cordless microphone he had given her. “I just don’t know how to get him to change. I try—I’ve tried giving him things to do, putting him in charge of things around the house...”

“Whoa!” Gazoo’s were bright as he held his hand up to stop her. He looked at Rick, raising his eyebrows. “Is that true? Has she put you in charge of things around the house?”

“Uh...” Rick’s eyes slanted over to his wife as Gazoo gave him the

microphone. “Yeah. I guess. I was in charge of the bills for a while—but then she took it all back.”

“Well, after four hundred dollars in bounced check fees...” Laura started, but stopped when Gazoo held up his hand again.

“Does she ever tell you how she’s feeling?” he asked Rick. “Does she ever express her emotion spontaneously in the moment? The feminine is like water—she flows, all the time. One minute, she’s up, the next she’s down. She’s all over the place. Does that describe your wife?”

Rick swallowed. “Uh... no.”

“You don’t trust this man.” Laura winced when Gazoo turned back to her.

“Yes, I do.” She put her hand on Rick’s arm. “Of course I do, he’s my husband.”

“You say you do.” Gazoo shook his head. “Look, you say you want him to be the masculine energy in your relationship, yes? You’re tired of being the one in charge, and you want to be able to relax into your feminine flow, right? Isn’t that why you’re here?”

Laura nodded, in spite of the fact that she didn’t like the way this sounded.

“But how can you expect a man to take charge, to be your direction and guidance, if you don’t trust him to lead you?”

Laura shook her head, but she had tears in her eyes.

“I have a practice for you, if you’re willing to do it.”

“A practice?” Rick sounded unsure.

“For the next twenty-four hours,” Gazoo went on. “I don’t want your wife to

do anything without your guidance and direction. And I mean anything. She can't even pee without you feeling into what she needs and wants."

"Can I talk?" Laura's eyes widened.

"You can talk if he says you can," Gazoo replied. "But I suggest that it be a non-verbal practice. And if it is... how are you going to tell him what you need or want?"

Laura bit her lip, her eyes falling to the auditorium floor.

"Do you think you can do that?" he asked them. Laura and Rick looked at each other, doubtful. "Let me just get a show of hands. Who else thinks that this a good practice for these two?"

Laura stared around in wonder as a thousand hands shot into the air. She didn't like the idea—it scared the hell out of her—but she had told herself that she would do anything to change things between them. Was she willing?

"What do you say?" Gazoo asked. "It's up to you—it's not a mandate. Just a practice. Twenty-four hours of your life."

Laura grabbed the microphone from Rick, blurting, "Yes! We'll do it."

Her response had the whole auditorium laughing as Rick sat there, dumbstruck.

Gazoo chuckled, too, his dark eyes settling on Rick. "You've got your work cut out for you, man. Is she always like this?"

Rick grimaced and nodded. "Yeah."

"Not always..." Laura interjected, sitting forward. Gazoo held up his hand to her again, shaking his head.

“Did he tell you to speak?” The man raised his eyebrows. Laura’s mouth dropped open as he took the microphone from her. “Consider the practice started.”

Rick’s eyes widened and he looked bemused as he glanced over at Laura. Gazoo appeared satisfied and moved on to another couple. She crossed her arms and sat back in her seat, feeling her face beginning to flush.

Maybe this whole thing was like some strange time warp—she felt stifled and put into her place. That wasn’t what at all how she imagined this would feel. She swallowed and glanced back over at “The Great Gazoo,” working his magic on another couple—if magic is what it was. I wish it was that easy, she thought and gave a deep sigh. Rick didn’t seem to notice.

* * * *

Rick had to come back for her at dinner time. She didn’t know how far he’d made it before he realized she wasn’t with him, but the auditorium was nearly empty and her stomach was growling. She saw Gazoo watching her, his eyebrows raised. She just sat there, in her chair, her arms crossed, waiting and fuming. She knew that those rosy patches were appearing on her cheeks—she could never stop that.

She glared at Gazoo as he shuffled through papers on the podium. This was what she was supposed to do, right? Wait for Rick to tell her what to do? She imagined she had laser beams for eyes to cut Gazoo in two for suggesting this little “practice” in the first place. Her jaw clenched and unclenched. She was so hungry now that she was getting shaky.

“You know...” Gazoo stopped by her on the way out, speaking softly. “There are nonverbal ways to communicate your feelings. Have you considered that?”

She looked up at him, opening her mouth to speak and then remembering that she couldn’t, without Rick’s permission. She whirled to look for him, but he was still nowhere to be found. She turned back to Gazoo, sticking out her tongue at him.

“Yes!” He gave a little laugh. “Good! Gimme some more of that!”

She felt her anger welling, bubbling to the surface. She gave him the finger, her eyes blazing.

“Yeah!” His voice moved lower. “That’s what I’m talking about. Give your man some more of that. He not only wants it—he needs it. Trust me.”

She glowered at him, reaching out and shoving her hand against his hip. He didn’t move, but she saw his eyes were brighter, wider, with that same look she’d seen before, as if he was looking right into her.

“Trust him,” Gazoo grabbed her hand as she reached out to shove him again. “Just keep giving it to him, whatever it is—whatever you’re feeling. You’re doing great.”

His praise made her stop, and she turned as she heard Rick puffing down the aisle as he jogged toward them. “I’m sorry.” He held a hand out to her. “I forgot. I’m sorry.”

She stood, putting her hands on his chest and pushing hard. He didn’t expect it, and he stumbled, catching himself on the back of a chair.

“Hey!” Rick’s brow wrinkled. “I said I was sorry.”

“Word of advice.” Gazoo walked around them. “Stop apologizing.”

Rick snapped his mouth shut, frowning.

“She doesn’t care what you did a minute ago, or a year ago,” Gazoo continued, saying it over his shoulder as he walked past. “She cares about what you’re doing now. Right now. Good luck, you two.”

Laura was standing with her arms crossed, her mouth drawn, feeling faint from hunger, her bladder full to bursting. They stood there, looking at each other, neither sure how to proceed.

“Are you hungry?” he asked. Laura nodded, fast and furious, taking his outstretched hand. He pulled her to him in the nearly empty auditorium.

“I don’t want you to leave,” he said into her hair, holding her so close that she could barely breathe. “I’ll do whatever it is I have to do, whatever you want...”

Laura growled, wiggling and writhing against him.

“What?” He let her go and shook his head. “What did I say?”

She smacked her forehead, rolling her eyes.

Rick sighed. “Come on, let’s go eat.” He was nearly to the door again before he realized she wasn’t following, and he had to go back and grab her hand to pull her along.

Dinner was a disaster. They were all supposed to eat dinner together in the island retreat center’s cafeteria, and she felt as if everyone’s eyes were on them as they made their way through the line. Rick kept asking if she wanted this, or this, or this—and she just kept shaking her head. She watched his tray fill up with

food, while hers stayed empty. They got to the end of the line, and Rick realized that all their money was in her purse.

“Are you sure you don’t want anything?” Rick unslung her purse from her shoulder and looked for her wallet. He handed a twenty over to the cashier to cover their drinks, which were not included. “I thought you were hungry?”

Laura grabbed her empty tray and threw it on the floor. She threw it so hard that the orange surface cracked as it skidded across the tile. Everyone was definitely looking at them now!

“Hey!” The cashier frowned. “What the hell?”

Laura stomped her foot, her arms crossed over her chest. She could feel her cheeks burning with color, and tears pricked her eyes. Her stomach was protesting—it was nearly seven o’clock and she hadn’t eaten since noon.

Rick was standing with her purse in his hands and his mouth hanging open. The look on his face infuriated her, and she screamed. It was something primal, rising from deep in her belly.

For the first time in days, weeks, months, perhaps years, her throat felt unconstricted. She screamed and stomped her feet, jumping up and down on the tray. She nearly fell, catching herself on the tray rails, and she shook those, too, for good measure, although they didn’t move.

“Uh, Laura...?” Rick was blinking fast, looking around them, his face turning red.

She screamed again, long and sustained, grabbed his tray and swung around, threw it like a discus over her shoulder.. The woman behind them in line

screamed in surprise, taking an instinctive step backwards. It sailed through the air, spilling packaged rolls and fruit cups and salad as it went.

Laura was breathing hard, her hands clenched into tight fists. Rick's jaw was tight, and she saw the line on his forehead appear, the one that showed up when he was really angry.

"All right, Helen Keller..." He grabbed her arm before she could throw anything else. Laura gasped at the tightness of his grip.

"I'm sorry about that," he apologized to the cashier. "Do you need me to clean it?"

The woman shook her head, waving him away. "Just... why don't you have her go lie down or something?"

"Or something," Rick repeated with a grimace, yanking Laura's arm nearly out of its socket as he headed toward the exit. She stumbled behind him, glad that her hair was hiding her face. She could feel the eyes on them as they made their way out of the cafeteria.

Rick was silent on the elevator, but she knew his angry silences well enough. She tucked herself into the corner, spent, and watched the number lights counting up to their floor. When the doors opened, he remembered to grab her arm, pulling her along the corridor to their room.

He found the key card and opened the door, yanking and shoving her in front of him into the room as he turned on the light. He slammed the door and Laura sat on the edge of the bed, wincing when he threw her purse into a corner.

"What in the fuck was that?" he demanded. "I asked you, 'Do you want

spaghetti?'... 'Do you want salad?'... 'Do you want a banana?'... Did 'no' suddenly become 'yes' in your fucked-up version of reality?"

Laura sank to the floor, tears coming now. She wanted to speak, but realized she couldn't, at least in terms of the practice.

"You tell me you want me to take the lead," he went on, watching her slide down the side of the bed. "But 'The Great Gazoo' must have a fucking crystal ball, because he's right—you don't trust me to do it for a minute."

She felt her whole body clenching again, and she pulled her knees up to her chest, hiding her feet under her skirt.

"*You* decide we should come here." He was pacing now, his hands behind his back. "*You* decide that this relationship guru is the next magic thing." She watched his jaw clenching and unclenching. "*You* decide that we're going to do this stupid practice."

"What's next?" He stopped pacing, breathing hard. "*You* decide you want to end our marriage? Is that the next decision on your checklist?"

Laura shook her head, sobbing and wiping tears away with her palms. This wasn't how this was supposed to go at all.

"When do *I* get to decide?" His voice was trembling and quiet. "When are you ever going to trust *me* to make a decision?"

Laura screamed. It wasn't a planned thing—it just came out of her. She grabbed her shoe and threw it at him. He dodged and it hit the wall behind him.

“I wanted you to make a decision!” she screamed, her voice hoarse from strain. “You spent that whole time asking me what I wanted—and all I wanted was for *you to decide!*”

“That’s great.” Rick snorted, shaking his head. “Except I’m not the Great Fucking Gazoo, ya know? I’m Fred Flintstone, babe. I ain’t got a damned clue what you want—*unless you tell me!*”

He sat on the chair near the desk with a sigh, leaning his forehead against his palm. “It’s like you either want to make all the decisions, fuck me and what I want—or you want me to make them all, but you don’t want to tell me how you feel about my choices.”

She swallowed hard and her lip was trembling. She knew he was right but she didn’t understand it.

“Sometimes I think you pull stuff like that little Helen Keller incident downstairs just to sabotage me.” Rick rubbed his eyes with his thumbs. “What I really think is that you just want to find a way to blame it all on me when it’s fucked up.”

“Oh, Rick...” Laura felt something break open in her chest. It was like an iceberg dislodging from a glacier. “Oh my god...”

“And we’re failing right now.” He looked sad. “We were supposed to do this practice, and here I thought it would bring us closer. I’d finally get to hear what you want... and what happens?”

“I’m sorry,” she whispered with a sniff.

“You know how often I’ve heard you say that over the years?” he asked as

he sat forward in the chair, his hands laced together between his knees. "I think I can count the times on one hand."

She didn't look up at him. She couldn't.

"I think I deserve that apology," he said. "In fact, I think the entire cafeteria deserves that apology."

"What?" she whispered, her eyes wide.

"Come on." He held out his hand to her. She shook her head, but she let him help her up.

"My shoe," she said, limping along.

"Forget it," he replied, and she sighed, kicking off her other one and following him barefoot. "And you can stop talking. We're still doing this practice."

She swallowed, watching as he hit the elevator button a few times while they waited. The trip down seemed to go much faster than the one up. Rick was leading her back to the cafeteria; she could hear the low rumble of talking and the clinking of glasses and silverware.

"I can't do this," she whispered, imagining how humiliating it would be to face everyone who had seen her childish tantrum.

"I said stop talking." Rick pushed her in front of him as they went through the double doors. "It's just two words, Laura. I think you can manage."

She felt faint, and she knew it wasn't from hunger. The thought of making a public apology made her dizzy with fear and shame. She hung back by the doors as Rick went over to "The Great Gazoo's" table. She saw them talking for a moment, and then Gazoo said something to the blonde man next to him, who

took off.

Pacing, she watched them talking, Rick squatting down next to Gazoo's chair now, listening to what the facilitator had to say. He was doing a lot of nodding. She glanced back at the doors, considering going back up to their room. Lost in the fantasy of escape, she imagined packing her suitcase, checking out, taking a taxi to the airport, changing the tickets.

Rick was striding back toward her and he pulled her with him as he turned and led her toward the other end of the cafeteria. She saw the tall, blonde man that Gazoo had spoken with standing there, and with dawning horror, she recognized the thing he was carrying: a cordless microphone.

"No," she whispered.

Rick looked back at her. "Not another word, Laura," he said. "I swear to God."

The blonde guy handed the microphone to Rick and he took it. "Is it on?"

"This button," he said, showing him.

Rick turned it on and there was a brief sound of feedback that seemed to get everyone's attention. He cleared his throat and put the mic to his mouth.

"Excuse me." He pulled his wife forward as she began to shrink behind him. "Most of you probably witnessed what happened here earlier, when my wife threw her dinner tray."

Laura was staring at the tiles, biting the inside of her cheek so hard she could taste blood.

Rick was leaning toward her with the mic as he spoke. "She'd like to say

something to all of you.”

“Two words,” Rick whispered, holding the microphone up to her mouth.

Laura didn’t look up. She could feel everyone’s eyes on her. If she had anything in her stomach, she knew she would have thrown it up. She almost wished that were the case—maybe it would get her out of this humiliating scene. *Why don’t you just leave?* That voice in her head was nagging her. *You don’t have to put up with this!*

When she met her husband’s eyes, she saw that they weren’t angry, or spiteful, or even gloating. It was as if he could see right into her in that moment, like he knew just what she was thinking and feeling, and it didn’t matter—he loved her. He was making her do this terrible, awful, horrible thing, but he loved her. There was something in that. Her eyes fell on Gazoo in the corner, and she remembered his words: “Trust him.”

With that thought in her mind, she opened her mouth and choked out, “I—I’m... sorry.”

He gave a satisfied nod, flipped off the microphone and handed it over to the blonde guy. Rick had her by the hand and was heading back toward the exit. Laura stumbled when she heard the first wave of clapping start, turning to look back at the crowd of workshop participants. Some were even standing in their seats and applauding!

She looked up at her husband and saw that he heard, too. She had a brief moment of flushed pride but then she wondered—were they clapping because she had apologized, or because Rick had made her? The applause died down

and Rick stopped at the cafeteria line.

“Can I get some fruit?” Rick asked the woman behind the counter. She was a heavysset redhead, and she was staring at Laura.

“There’s a bowl of it down there,” the redhead directed, pointing, still staring. Laura shuffled after her husband and he stood there for a moment, pondering the bowl of fruit.

“I’m going to ask you some questions, and all you have to do is nod ‘yes’ or shake your head ‘no.’ Is that clear?” He slipped an apple and two bananas into his jacket pockets.

Laura nodded a vigorous “yes.” For some reason, her apology had given her a thrill. It hadn’t been as awful as she had thought it would be—in fact, quite the opposite. Being humbled was exhilarating. How could that be?

“Do you want an apple?” he asked.

She shook her head no.

“Do you want a banana?”

She nodded, smiling at him. He took another banana and put it into his pocket.

“An orange?”

She shook her head.

“A peach?”

She nodded, and he put it into one of his now bulging pockets.

“Is there any other fruit you want?”

A vigorous “no.”

Rick looked over the counter at the redhead, who was still watching them.

“How can I pay for these?”

“Just go ahead.” She waved him away. The cashier was nowhere to be seen.

“Thanks.” He took Laura’s hand and led her back out of the cafeteria. They made the same trip up the elevator to their room, although this time, Laura noticed she felt much, much lighter than she had the last time.

Rick emptied his pockets, creating a fruit line-up across the dresser. Laura sat on the edge of the bed watching him. Her stomach was rumbling again, reminding her how long it had been since she had eaten, but the ache in her bladder was worse. She had been temporarily distracted from those sensations for a while, but they were back now, with a vengeance.

She reached over and tugged at his suit jacket as he slipped it off. He looked at her, his face a question. She made a small noise in her throat, pointing to the bathroom. Unfortunately, the bathroom was also the same direction as the exit.

“What?” He shook his head. “You want to go back out?”

Laura sighed, pointing between her legs and then back to the bathroom. He shook his head again, confused. She stood and crossed her legs, making little noises while doing what she used to call “the pee-pee dance.”

“Oh!” Rick’s eyes widened. “Right. Just pee?”

She raised her eyebrows, but nodded.

“Ok, you can go.” He waved her toward the bathroom.

She shut the door behind her, sighing in relief as she emptied her bladder. She could hear him moving around out there, and now that the physical complaint had eased, all she could think about was the fruit on the dresser. She was starving! She washed her hands in a hurry, barely drying them. She noticed a banana peel in the garbage, and knew he must have eaten his.

“What are you doing?” Rick asked from the bed as she picked up a banana and started to peel it.

Oh, hell. She put it back down with a frown, her hands actually shaking with hunger now. When she turned to him, she saw that he was naked from the waist down, his white button-down shirt undone at the collar, his tie tossed over his pants on the chair. The shock must have shown on her face, because he chuckled.

“Come here,” he said. “And bring that banana.”

She came to sit next to him on the bed, handing over the yellow fruit with a wistful sigh. He took it and laid it on the other side of him, leaning back on a pillow and looking at her.

“One of the things that I’ve always loved about you...” He stroked the hand that she was using to prop herself up. “Is how proud you are. So proud of yourself—and proud of me.”

She smiled at him, wrinkling her nose.

“But sometimes I think it gets in the way...” He circled her wrist with his finger and thumb. She had small wrists and delicate hands. “Don’t you?”

She sighed and nodded. Her eyes skipped over him to the banana, her

stomach growling loudly now. It was loud enough that they could both hear it.

"I know you're hungry," he said, acknowledging that he had heard the noise emanating from her middle. "And I'm going to feed you, if you're a good girl."

Her eyes snapped up to meet his, blazing at him.

"There it is. That's what I'm talking about." He nodded, still smiling. "I think it's time you swallowed some of that pride."

"Here." He pulled up his shirt tails, and held his cock, which flopped limply over his fingers. "Suck."

She stared at him, open-mouthed. *What? No way!* She shook her head, her mouth set in an angry, thin line, glaring at him.

"Yes." He sat up enough that he could grasp her by the hair, pulling her toward his crotch. She could have resisted, but it would have hurt her to jerk away. "Sometimes you don't know what's good for you. Trust that I do."

She snorted, rolling her eyes. *Good for me?* She thought. *A blowjob for him is good for me? What kind of twisted logic is this?*

Looking at the banana on the other side of his hip, she took his flaccid length into her mouth. She'd been doing this, or some variation of this, to him for ten years and she knew exactly how to get him hard. Her tongue worked back and forth over the frenulum as she made a circle with her thumb and forefinger around him. When his cock began to swell, she started taking him in from base to tip in long, cheek-hollowing sucks, doing it again and again until he was fully erect.

"Look at me." He moved her hair out of her eyes. She didn't take his cock

out of her mouth, she just tilted her eyes up to him. “I love you. Do you know that?”

She pulled her head off his cock, opening and then closing her mouth.

“Just nod, yes or no.” He smiled, sliding her head back down onto him.

Laura could feel her throat beginning to close with tears. She nodded, feeling his cock pulsing against her tongue. She had heard the words a thousand times from him, but this was different somehow. Something had changed, and she didn’t know what it was.

“Do you love me?” He caught one of her tears with his thumb as it fell. She nodded again, unable to stop the tears. She had never felt it so fully and completely as she did right now. He nodded, watching her tears falling.

“Suck.” He pressed his hand against the back of her head. She took him into her mouth again, as far as she could. She had never been very good at deep-throating him—Rick wasn’t a small man, anywhere—but she tried, gagging a little, and it made her eyes water until she wasn’t sure why tears were running down her cheeks.

“Deeper,” he said, and she could feel him pressing in. Her throat constricted and she choked, gasping for breath.

“Just open.”

She found that when she relaxed her throat muscles, she could take much more of him, so she did, breathing through her nose as he thrust slowly in and out of her mouth. The longer she sucked him, the more open her throat seemed to become. When she looked up into his eyes, she felt completely connected to

him, as if the cock in her mouth completed a circuit between them.

“Ok.” He eased his cock out of her mouth. The empty feeling she had when he took it away surprised her. His thumb was wiping at her wet cheek again.

“Hungry?” he asked. She nodded, eager, and he smiled, reaching for the banana. He peeled it back a quarter of the way and offered it to her. She took a bite, moaning as she mashed the sweetness against the roof of her mouth. Her throat felt raw and tender as she swallowed.

“More?” he asked. She nodded and opened her mouth. He fed her another short length, and she moaned again as she swallowed it, her stomach clamoring. A banana had never tasted so good. She opened her mouth once more, waiting as he peeled it further, feeding her bit by glorious bit.

When it was gone, she made a happy, satisfied sound, practically a purr, and then watched him toss the peel on the night table. She stretched out beside him, smiling. He stroked her hair and kissed the top of her head. His cock had fallen to half-mast but it was still pulsing and slick with her saliva.

“Are you still hungry?” he asked and she nodded against his chest. Her stomach was happy with the banana, but she was nowhere near satisfied. “Go get the peach.”

She leapt off the bed and went to the dresser, getting the soft, ripe peach and bringing it to him. He took it from her, laying it on the other side of him again where the banana had been.

“I want you to undress,” he told her. She raised her eyebrows but started unbuttoning her blouse from top to bottom, pulling it out of her skirt so she could

undo the lower buttons. Her hands were trembling, and she told herself it was because she was hungry as she peeled her blouse off her pale shoulders, letting it fall to the floor.

Her bra was a front-hook, and she unclasped it, dropping it next to her blouse. Her flowered skirt unzipped in the back, and Rick watched as she struggled with it, finally getting it far enough down so she could wiggle it past her hips.

Last were her panties, and she hooked her thumbs under the elastic to peel them off. She couldn't remember the last time she had stood in front of him like this, completely exposed. His cock was hard again, pulsing skyward.

"Put your arms above your head." He watched her breasts lifting as she did. They were sweetly pear-shaped with dark brown nipples that ripened into fat buds when they were sucked.

Rick got up from the bed, grabbing his tie off the chair. His wife would have been a small woman next to any man, but next to him she seemed almost doll-like. He could easily grasp her wrists in one hand, and he did, wrapping the tie around them. He made a knot, wrapping some more and then making another.

"Does that hurt?" he asked. She shook her head, her eyes wide. "Good. Can you lower your arms?" She tried, finding that she could, leaving her wrists crossed in front of her navel.

He sat on the edge of the bed, reaching back for the peach.

"Kneel." He tossed a pillow on the floor in front of him. Laura struggled to her knees, finding it harder than she thought it would be without the use of her

hands. "Look at me."

"Bite." He offered her the peach. His hand brushed her hair out of her eyes, flipping it back over her shoulders and out of the way as she sank her teeth into the fruit, tearing off a piece and moaning at its sweetness. The juices ran down her chin and although she tried catching them with her tongue, it was impossible.

"Suck." He pulled his shirt tails back to expose his hard cock. She chewed the rest of the peach flesh, swallowing before taking him between her lips. Her mouth was cool and sticky from the fruit as she ran her tongue up and down his shaft. Rick watched, his eyes never leaving hers.

"Bite." He offered her the peach again, and she took her mouth off him to take a large bite, juice flowing down her chin this time, running in rivulets between her breasts. She chewed happily, her eyes on him, flickering from his face to his cock. Her hands, crossed over her belly, longed to slide further down. She could feel the heat of her pussy, growing wet and swollen between her legs.

Her face was full of juice now, and he watched her swallow the peach flesh and lick her lips before saying, "Suck," again. She obeyed, leaning in to take his cock between her sticky lips. He tasted like peaches now, and she moaned around him as she tried to take it all, working her head up and down his shaft.

"Yeah," he murmured, the hand not holding the peach going to her hair, pulling her in tight. She heard him groan when she opened her throat to take nearly all of his shaft, much more than she'd ever gotten into her mouth before. He pulled her head back slowly, looking down at her open mouth and eyes looking up at him as if she could devour him. That was just how she felt.

He took a bite of the peach in his hand, making an “mmm” sound as he chewed. She watched him, waiting.

“Almost as good as your little peach.” He grinned as he took another bite, making that same “mmm” sound. “Here. Bite.”

She sank her teeth in, once, twice, digging deep through the fuzzy surface to the slippery, succulent fruit underneath. Her face and chin and chest were soaked in peach juice. She watched Rick finish the last of the peach flesh.

“Come here.” He helped her stand. Turning her with his body, he pushed her so she was lying on her back on the bed. “Arms over your head.”

She did as she was told, feeling vulnerable and a little scared as she watched him standing above her, unbuttoning his shirt. His eyes never left hers, and she had never felt so naked, or so seen by him. It made her want to squirm and she willed herself to stay still.

“Now, you’re going to learn how to tell me what you want.” He put one knee between her legs on the bed. She felt the breath leave her body, and for a moment couldn’t find it again. “And you’re going to do it with just your body movement and sounds. No words.”

She stared at him, feeling helpless. She had discovered today in a short period of time that she could follow his lead, but what he was asking now felt impossible. Sex was often the one place she just couldn’t say what she wanted, and he knew it.

“Make a ‘yes’ sound.” He stroked her inner thigh gently with his hand in the way he knew she loved. Laura moaned, making a sound in her throat that

sounded a like “mmmm.”

“Good.” He reached up toward her breast. “Now make a ‘no’ sound.” He squeezed and twisted her nipple hard and she squealed, a pained “nuh-uh” coming from her throat.

The look in her eyes was hurt, as if he had betrayed her. He whispered a “shhh,” stroking her breast now, petting her, calming her.

“That was perfect.” He thumbed her nipples. She gave a low moan, arching her back. He smiled. “You’re perfect.”

He knelt on the pillow, grabbed her legs and pulled her so that her feet were dangling off the edge. His breath was warm on her thighs and his hands pressed her legs open wide, fully exposing her.

“Now this is a ripe little peach,” he breathed. She had a bikini wax just before they left, thinking she would use the retreat pool, if not go swimming in the ocean; her skin was still completely smooth. He feathered kisses on her inner thighs, moving upward from each knee, back and forth.

“Do you want my tongue?” he asked, when he had reached her mound, kissing the silky skin there, too. “Make a yes sound.”

She wiggled and whimpered, finally moaning and made the “mmmm” sound in her throat. He rewarded her with his tongue, slipping it between her bare lips and finding her clit. She made the sound again, rolling her hips slightly as he licked her, moving his tongue slowly back and forth.

“More?” His breath was hot over her pussy. She made the sound in her throat, pushing her hips up toward his mouth. His tongue found her again,

teasing the swollen bud between her lips, making light, barely-there strokes with the tip of his tongue. He slowly increased the pressure, making her moan and respond with several “mmmm’s!” in a row.

He slipped a finger through her wetness, sliding it slowly into her. She spread her legs wider, moaning as he moved his finger in and out, his tongue making wet circles over her mound. He slid another finger in, and she again gave him the “yes” sound, her hands gripping the covers above her head.

Pumping two fingers in her now, he covered her whole pussy with his mouth, making his tongue flat and sweeping over her clit, back and forth. She groaned, her hips moving back against him as he fingered her. When he edged a third finger into her, she gasped, making the “Nuh-uh!” sound; her legs closed slightly.

“Too much?” he murmured, slipping it back out and twisted two fingers inside of her. “What about this?” He followed her slit down to her pink, puckered asshole and rubbed a wet finger there.

“Nuh-uh!” She jumped so much that his fingers slipped out of her pussy.

Rick moved up next to her on the bed, stretching out and tracing a lazy, wet finger around her nipple. She made the “yes” noise, her eyes half-closing. He traced the other nipple, making her moan, her hips wiggling in response.

“Taste.” He put his fingers, still wet with her juices, up to her mouth.

“Nuh-uh,” she said, her eyes wide. She shook her head for emphasis.

“Yes.” He rubbed her juices over her lips like gloss, making them shine.

“Suck.”

She sighed, opening her mouth and letting him slide his fingers in. Surprised by the taste, she sucked on his fingers, her eyes on his. He was watching them go in and out of her mouth.

“Do you like how you taste?” He rubbed his fingers over her now-eager tongue.

“Mmmm!” she responded, licking between his fingers, too.

“I’m going to fuck you.” He used his wet fingers to rub her nipples again. She groaned, spreading her thighs for him, and he smiled. “Not like that. Roll over.”

Laura moved, a little awkward, rolling to her belly on the bed. She felt his hand move over her back, up over the curve of her ass, and dip between her thighs. His fingers probed there, opening her lips, slipping inside.

“Mmmmmmm.” She arched her back, raising her bottom even higher in the air, letting him slide his fingers in a little deeper. They weren’t anywhere near enough now—she wanted his cock. Her whole body was aching with the need to be filled.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” he asked. She met his eyes, swallowing hard. Why was it so hard to say yes? It was exactly what she wanted... and yet her throat didn’t seem to want to work. “Tell me, Laura. Show me.”

She went up to her elbows, the tie around her wrists making it impossible for her to get fully up on her hands and knees. Making a deep, “mmmmmmmm” sound, she spread her thighs for him, rocking her hips and tilting her bottom up in the air.

“Good girl.” He stroked her ass with his hand as he slid behind her, positioning himself on the bed. She felt the head of his cock slipping between her wet lips, easing into her pussy by degrees. His hands gripped her hips, making it a slow, steady thing.

He stopped when he was about halfway into her and began to make slow, half-strokes. She wiggled back against him but his hands on her hips prevented her from getting her way. He continued to fuck her like that, only giving her half of his length, while she wiggled and squirmed beneath him, wanting more.

“Do you want more?” He teased her with a little bit more length.

“Mmmm!” She moaned, nodding against the bedspread as she dangled her head between her bound wrists. Pressing back against him, her hips rocked in his hands, begging him for more. He gave it to her, slipping his cock further between her smooth, swollen lips, driving as deep as he could go.

“Ahhh!” She squeezed all of her muscles around the length of him. Her pussy was throbbing for release, and the feel of him filling her was delicious. She rocked back on his cock, but he held her tight, his fingers gripping her hipbones like handles, using them to pull her back into the saddle of his hips.

She moaned and twisted in his hands, her pussy aching for release. Her clit was humming with her lust, begging to be touched. She didn’t know how to tell him what she wanted without words and she whimpered her frustration, trying to arch against him, feeling the weight of his balls against her mound. There just wasn’t quite enough friction to take her over, and she buried her flushed face into her arms, almost sobbing in her dilemma.

He was making little grunting noises as he fucked her, his cock sliding between her legs. The sound filled the room, a rhythmic slapping of heated flesh, and she knew that his easing off, his deeper breaths, meant that he was getting close and trying to hold off for her. She gripped the covers in her hands, twisting and pulling at them.

Then—*oh, thank god!* She felt his fingers sliding underneath her, searching through her wetness for her pulsing, aching center, and she sighed in grateful relief, moving a little to help him. *There... right there...* his fingers moving back and forth over her clit.

“Mmmmmmm!” She moaned, squeezing his cock hard, making him gasp and thrust deep into her pussy. She made the noise again, a constant hum now in her throat, her breath coming faster as he fucked her, the motion of his fingers creating the perfect amount of friction to send her over the edge.

“Oooooooooohhh!” She shuddered underneath him as she came, the quick spasms of her pussy making him groan and grab at her, driving in so deep that he collapsed her onto the bed as he came, filling her convulsing wet channel with his cum. His cock erupted with sudden, violent force, surging white heat deep inside of her.

“God,” he gasped as he rolled off her onto the bed, throwing his arm over his forehead and staring at the ceiling.

Laura pressed her flushed, hot cheek against the covers, searching for a cool spot. She looked at him through half-closed eyes, feeling the thick heat of his cum beginning to slip out of her, as if there were too much for her to contain.

Watching his breath returning to normal, she found herself wanting him, to be next to him, to keep him with her.

As if he sensed her desire, he turned toward her, reaching for her hands. He slowly worked the knots out of his tie, freeing her wrists. Rubbing them, she met his eyes, seeing something there that she didn't quite recognize.

"Come here, Wilma." He held his arms out to her. She went to him, nestling her cheek against him, feeling something swelling in her chest. It almost felt like she was about to cry, but she wasn't sad. She wasn't sad at all.

"Fred needs a nap," he murmured, kissing the top of her head. She laughed, a bright sound, as she closed her eyes, listening to him breathe as they both drifted off.

* * * *

"She'll have the egg white omelet, no onion, a small orange juice, and a side of fruit," Rick smiled up at the waitress. He glanced over at Laura, who was resting her chin in her hand and looking dreamily over the railing at the clear water below. She lifted her face to the breeze, taking a deep breath and closing her eyes for a moment.

"Do you want coffee, baby?"

"Nuh-uh." She opened her eyes to him with a bright smile.

"Did you want water with lemon?" the waitress asked him. It was the same blonde girl from yesterday, wearing yellow today, a sarong and matching top.

"Sure, thanks," he said, his eyes on his wife. The girl took their menus and left. Rick slid his hand across the table and he took Laura's hand.

“How’d you like to go for a walk on the beach after breakfast?” He turned her hand over and traced the lines on her palm. “I think we’ve got time before we’ve gotta be back in Bedrock.”

“Mmmm,” she said with a little laugh at his Flintstone reference.

“Are you cold?” His eyes moving over her outfit—red bikini top and red flowered sarong. She looked like the girls down on the beach.

“Nuh-uh.” She shook her head, squeezing his hand and feeling flushed as she remembered his hands on her last night, the things he did when he touched her...

“You’re beautiful.” He squeezed her back.

She just smiled, turning her eyes back out to the beach that they were going to be strolling along after a leisurely breakfast. She couldn’t believe the difference twenty-four hours had made.

* * * *

“So, what kind of difference did twenty-four hours make?” Gazoo asked, holding the microphone out toward them.

“It was amazing.” Rick took it without hesitation. “It took us... me... a little while to get the hang of it. After I made her apologize yesterday at dinner...”

The audience around them started clapping and cheering again at that. Laura flushed, but she was smiling.

“We had some practice in our room that went... pretty well, I think.”

Gazoo looked at Laura. “Did he take care of you?”

She nodded.

“Did he let you go hungry, or walk in front of a bus?”

She laughed and shook her head.

“Do you trust him to make a solid decision with your best interests at heart?”

Laura felt tears coming to her eyes. She looked over at Rick, and he saw the expression on her face as she nodded and put her hand in his. He looked like he felt ten feet tall.

Gazoo was nodding at them, looking satisfied. “I think that look said it all. Sounds like your practice was a success. Give them a hand, folks. It isn’t an easy exercise.”

The sound of applause made Laura flush again as The Great Gazoo moved on to another couple who had undertaken a practice yesterday.

Laura leaned in and whispered in Rick’s ear, “So, Fred... do you still think he’s an asshole?”

He chuckled, shaking his head. He turned his mouth to her ear and whispered, “No, Wilma. He’s no dumb-dumb.”

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company (www.excessica.com) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals four kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of “exceptional literary quality,” out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read “blind” (without author's name available.) She has also been an EPIC Award Finalist two years in a row (2008 and 2009) with [EcoErotica](#) and [The Real Mother Goose](#).

She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com.

If you liked [THE FLINTSTONE EXPERIMENT](#), try:



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about--but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets--not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world--and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and really hot sex.

EXCERPT from PAPERBACK ROMANCE:

She heard him come in, and she found herself hesitating to go back out, staring at herself in the mirror. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, and her whole body tingling, like a limb that had gone to sleep and was just waking up.

What was happening seemed so out of character for both of them—it seemed too fantastic to be real. Was she really sitting in her Ancient History class right now,

looking out the window, chewing on a pen cap, and dreaming all of this? Part of her thought that must be the case. When she opened the door, he was standing by the open window, looking out at the lake. He smiled at her and held out a hand. She took it, still marveling at his touch, and joined him. The sun was brilliant on the water as it rippled toward shore.

“Look.” He pointed toward the mallards that were paddling toward the reeds. As she watched, she saw a mother duck leading her little downy ducklings all in a row for a swim out on the lake.

She watched them in wonder, all too aware of James’ body, his hip against her hip, his hand moving around her waist. “I wonder which one is going to grow up to be a swan?”

He smiled down at her, his attention shifting, his eyes falling to her mouth. “This one.” He tilted her chin up and kissed her. This wasn’t like the tentative kiss in the car. This one was full of passion and an eager longing that matched her own. She whimpered against his lips, seeking his center with her tongue.

He breathed her in—she could feel the expanding of his chest as he pulled her in tight, his hands seeking the bare skin of her back under her t-shirt. The bed seemed miles away as they kissed and touched their way towards it, peeling off clothes and exploring each other as they went. His mouth seemed to want to devour her and she met him like a lifetime of pent-up breath until they were gasping, collapsed, his body pressing her to the floor still five feet short of the bed.

Her t-shirt was pulled up, his jacket off, shirt unbuttoned, and they were pressed belly to belly, but it made the thickness of her jeans too much—she couldn’t feel the

heat of him like she wanted. Her fingers fumbled with the snap and zipper, wiggling out, and the writhing of her under him as she exposed her panties and bare thighs brought a growl from his throat that sent a shiver through her.

She toed her jeans the rest of the way off, wrapping her legs around him when they were free, digging her heels into his lower back and arching. He fumbled with the front hook of her bra and she brushed his hands away, impatient, rolling on top of him and sitting. His eyes were full of lust as he looked up at her peeling off her t-shirt, unhooking her bra and letting her breasts spill out into his hands as she leaned forward to kiss him, her mouth hungry.

She rocked her hips, her thin panties rubbing against the material of his trousers, the bite of his belt a shock as he grabbed her sides and slid her up so he could lick and suck at her nipples like a man who had never tasted flesh before. The eagerness of his mouth made her hips rock hard and she wanted more still. She slid up his belly and sat on his chest, pulling her panties aside to show him the red fuzz between her legs. The groan that elicited was so gratifying that she gave him a little more pink, spreading her lips open so she could rub her clit...

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