The first sense of desire
by Christine Yurick

Data remembered the first time a man looked at her. Really looked at her. She could read his thoughts as clearly in his eyes as if he had pronounced them aloud. They said: "I want you. I want you in such an indecent way, it should be wrong to even allow myself to look at you, one should not have these primitive, animal thoughts in the presence of other people. I do not know you. I do not want to know you; I see your flesh, and I need not know anything more; I see your eyes and everything they reveal, I need not know anymore; I see your decadent hands, and I can easily imagine what they are capable of, I need not know anymore; I see your lips that are red with the tenderness of youth, I need not know anymore. I do not care what your name is, or who you are. I never want to see you again, and if I were to pass you by afterwards, I would not even have to pretend that I did not know you, the memory of your face would be completely wiped from my memory, the memory of what we could do to each other, would not. My only desire is to take you now, for as long as I want, to take possession of that body which can only ever be yours. I want to own you, even if it is only for a few moments or a few hours, but it will not be worth it unless for that brief span of time I know that the only purpose of your existence is to be a woman whom I own. I want you, and I will have you. I want to take you, even if it is against your will because that will that you have which is so strong will give in at the first sense of desire. I want to take that confident, mocking look that is on your face and reduce you to my slave, to a body whose only meaning is to give me pleasure. Yes. That's right. I just saw that flash in your eyes that you are now trying desperately to hide, yes, you just told me you want it too."