

# One of the R-Rated Bits

By Holly Lisle

Remember the “Master of your domain” episode from **Seinfeld**? (If you don’t, that’s okay.)

This little scene portion is my take on the same subject. I had a lot of fun writing it.

**This is an R-Rated scene. Do not click *more* link if underage or easily offended.**

[LATER NOTE: This scene was cut from the final version of the book.]

## Woman as Racecar Scene

First draft, from LAST GIRL DANCING. Not likely to make it into the book in this form, though it may appear in significantly altered form.

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And Hank lay studying her in the dark. “This is a horrible, crass question, but I want to know, so I’m going to ask. I thought women took longer than men to ... you know ... reach climax. But you beat me to the finish line every time, and that last time, I was ... um ... racing.”

Jess laughed out loud. “That was the one area where I never thought anyone would be competitive.” And then she giggled just a little, remembering. “Well, no, I guess even in that, people do get curious about just what’s possible, don’t they?”

He raised up on one elbow and looked down at her, studying her closely. “Do they?”

” My record is seven times in seven minutes, actually.”

He flopped back on the bed and groaned. "And who do you have to thank for that?"

" Me."

He was silent for a long time. Then, "You ... timed yourself?"

Jess grinned. "If you had a fast car with a great engine, wouldn't you want to take it out on the track and open it up? See exactly what it would do?"

" Of course."

" I realized one day that every woman comes with a fast car with a great engine. And most women never even learn to put the key in the ignition and drive the damned thing out of the garage. They just hand the whole thing over to the first guy who comes along and say, "Here, you drive." By which time the tires have dry rot, there's no gas in the tank, and the car's owner has no idea where the keys might be anyway. No surprise nothing works."

" That's a bizarre analogy."

" It's true."

Hank's voice curled along her synapses, deep and rich and just faintly tinged with amusement. "So when you were ..."

" Seventeen, I think."

" Okay. Seventeen. When you were seventeen you took your ... car ... out on the track and ran the hell out of it."

" Every night, there for quite a while. Even now, after a crappy day, I let off steam with a little midnight racing."

Hank made a funny little noise in the back of his throat. "That's just amazingly hot to think about. You, with a vibrator or something, all naked –"

" Nope. No toys. Fully dressed."

" What?"

" When you're seventeen and share a room with your sister, you learn to perform that particular trick through clothes, fully dressed, without moving or making a sound."

" Seven times in seven minutes?" He sounded a little like he was strangling."

She lifted up on one elbow and grinned down at him. "And that's why it's so easy for me now. When you learn to do it the hard way, everything else is easy."

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