

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Prologue

I wish to thank and dedicate this effort to readers who have been so encouraging of me to create stories. The idea for this story derived from my intention to continue with new ideas, characters, and story-lines. This effort is another attempt at story diversity, while developing into a sexual, and, obviously, bestial vent.

The setting for the story is modern day somewhere in the Midwest, however, it could well be wherever people have good internet connection and the freedom to pursue that interest as they wish.

This is the story of a 50 year old woman who struggles with herself, her sexuality, and her feeling of belonging, even several years after her husband's death. She finds herself going through a series of experiences that make it difficult for her to fully believe and accept, but are real enough and satisfying enough that they cannot be ignored. After a process of discovery, which leads her to a new reality about herself, things happen that could never be fully expected.

She mentally awakens from a recent existence of numbing and aimless sexual wandering, searching, and trial. Those experiences, however, are entirely cerebral; those recent experiences have been only cyber-sex. Her awakening is from what she descriptively terms 'pedestrian cyber-sex' that exists for the casual observer, the voyeur of other people's sexual lives. She is wanting something more. She is needing something more. But, she's tried the real world. If 'pedestrian cyber-sex' isn't what she needs, what is it that she needs? And, is it possible to find? Her journey starts with deciding what she is missing; what she thinks she wants; and how does she pursue it?

The real world can be an intimidating and surreal place to explore on your own, especially after a long, loving relationship.

The cyber-world, though, once enticed to enter it fully, may be more than she expects. Can the cyber-world be more than pedestrian? If it could be ... would you want it?

Ikeman

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## CHAPTER ONE

Here I sit ... again. And not just again, but again, again. It seems that this is becoming all too familiar a scene for me. I wondering why, too. Why am I here? Why do I continue to come back? 'Here' could be any number of places on the internet ... and, truthfully, it has been any number of such places. There is no possible way I could come up with the number of different sites I have been visiting. What is 'here' in general? Porn sites.

Even the basic question of 'why' could escape me on first consideration. Of course, my first consideration wouldn't even take the question seriously. That's how I find myself tonight. The question is burning in the background of my brain, demanding some attention, some consideration. It isn't like I am hurting anyone or causing any harm in any way. Okay, I know the arguments about porn and, as a woman, I certainly sympathized with those arguments. Porn is full of situations where women have been abused, manipulated, and victimized, at a minimum. Maybe that is how I ended up where I am for several months now. Where is 'here' currently; where do I find myself tonight, like nights before? A site called "Beast Forum". Compared to the sites I have often been to, this one feels better to me. It is a forum, as the name implies. It is members posting their own material, or supposedly. I know there is a section of videos that are supposed to be member submittals. I haven't

been there except for a few exploratory ventures. So, at least from the perspective of exploitation, I feel better about this site.

I came to it in a search for something different. The problem with porn, of course, is that eventually, what you watch and see becomes less new, less stimulating as you watch it. The reflex is to seek out more explicit, taboo, and more strange behavior. From scenes of fucking, to anal, to double penetration, to triple penetration, to gangbangs, to public humiliation, and BDSM. Once you are into BDSM to get your thrills you know you are in trouble. I had to remind myself that these were women just like me. Did they agree to do it or were they drugged? Does it really matter? I finally came to my senses with that startling revelation. If the women are doing it willingly, they must be sick ... at some level. Pain and abuse for a sexual high? Maybe, but to me it is sick. If they are being manipulated, the others are sick. Doesn't my watching it begin to make me sick, then?

That's how I found myself at the current 'here'. I came for the stories. Animal sex ... now there is a taboo. I joined as a member, which gave me the ability to interact with others but what was there to interact with? I 'thanked' some writers of stories I really liked. I noticed who were regular with writers, thanking and interacting. I noticed that some readers seemed to develop some kind of relationship, deeper than the common "thanks for posting" and come-ons. The stories were wide ranging and diverse and that is what attracted me originally. I found myself tending toward a certain type after some reading. I found that I like the softer, more romantic stories. There were certainly plenty of the slave, abuse, and instant slut stories.

Was that what I wanted? Was that all that I wanted? Was that why I sat here at my desk in front of my computer, stripped of my clothes? Hoping for another hot story or segment that I could masturbate to? My favorite writer posted once a week, regular as clockwork, but why was I continuing to spend time here?

I had noticed something interesting about my favorite writer. His avatar changed. His postings were still on schedule, but he commented about struggling to get them completed. I also noticed his posting total increasing significantly. I noticed first because his status changed. That made me notice his posting total. I checked his Profile and found an interesting thing. He seemed real. His profile was about a regular guy, not some BS about wanting to watch or meet women and couples. He was a professional, liked to work-out, and liked to garden. Who puts that on their profile? That is definitely not sexy for a site like this.

So, what was this guy who wrote sexy stories and seemed by his profile to be just a plain guy? More important, where was he spending his time on the site? I became something of a Nancy Drew and maybe that was giving away something of my age from the TV series in the 70's. I found that he was older than I was. I thought I was an old woman. I was about 10 years old when I watched those shows and that made me very nearly 50 now. And, here I was working my way through a porn site ... even worse, trying to follow the tracks of a member I didn't know and would certainly never have the chance. And, who might find it weird that I was doing it.

I was caught on something, though. Now, I was curious if the site could provide more if you tried to use it. Could you find more than what I called pedestrian cyber-sex? I felt that was what I had been doing and had found some initial satisfaction, but increasingly was wanting more. Just like all the other sites and times, I would be moving onto another site to try something else. But, I was tired of that, tired of roaming around the internet hoping to find whatever it was that proved so elusive. Pedestrian cyber-sex: it seemed to be a good term the more I used it in my thinking.

I went back to my own Profile Page and looked at it with the same interest that I had shown that writer's. I had pretty much just skimmed right over it when I became a member, not sure how much

to say and how much to offer about myself. I wondered if he had worried about that. I opened another window in my browser and opened his, now being able to move from his to mine. As much as he shared, I didn't see that he gave away enough to reveal his identity. I suppose someone really good could possibly piece it all together, but they would probably have to already know him pretty well and then both people would be revealed, if anything came of it. I pondered mine with renewed interest. What was I intending and did my profile help someone? If people were interested in further communication, would they know enough? Sure, all kinds of guys might try hitting on any females, but was that what I wanted? And, was I interested in guys just hitting me?

I had already done the bar scene with my divorced and widowed friends and it was a disaster. There was something seriously wrong with women letting guys hit on them when they were the ages of your own children. On-line dating was marginally better. At least there, I felt like I had more control of who I met. The problem was that I ended up thinking all the advertising about meeting worthwhile people on these sites was a farce. My friends were no better. The men they set me up with were certainly nice, but they just weren't my type.

Ever since my husband of 23 years had died of cancer a couple years ago, it has been a struggle to be with anyone. Maybe, when you have been married to a wonderful man for that long ... and he was truly wonderful ... the comparisons for any other man is just not fair, but the comparisons were inevitable. Maybe that has been my problem all along. Nobody is perfect, but they can be nearly so for you. And, I think that is what I had. A nearly perfect situation. And, now I was going to replace that as if I have a clean slate to use? Not possible.

He fit me nearly perfectly. Not to say he didn't have his quirks and idiosyncrasies. One of them was his sense of humor. Our daughter called him a 'dork', but laughed just as hard while shaking her head at him. When he died and we sat drinking wine and telling stories, she would burst into fits of crying. One of the things that she knew she was going to miss now was having her own daughter, our first grandchild, experience his 'dorky' humor for herself. Teasing him about it was one of her fond memories.

Sexually ... it was almost like heavenly. Sure, he was average in every way, physically. And, I don't know about 'how you use it' kind of sayings. I had really only known him ... that way. I didn't have anything to compare it to. All I knew for sure was that when we were together, he made me feel I was the sexiest woman on all the earth. And, I think that was the difference. He loved me completely and in every way. He was willing and eager for anything that I was interested in trying, even if it was unknown even to me, but something we read or heard about.

He would spend seemingly endless time licking and sucking on my pussy, bringing me to multiple orgasms before letting us finish with a gratifying fuck. And, sucking him was one of my favorites, too. Either one of us could work miracles on the other by the use of our mouths. The thing was that it was never contrived, something used as just a diversion from whatever might be troubling us. We both had found that certain way to give the other person the freedom and security to talk out problems or troubles, all the while being enraptured, sympathetic, and caring. But, in the end, the soothing cuddling that happened along the way could easily end up in loving, and it seemed to somehow be fitting that the troubled person was sitting back on the couch while the other lavished attention on them. Somehow, it became our way. We both loved that it was genuine and real.

We got a copy of "The Joy of Sex" through Amazon and worked our way through the positions and techniques. Some, obviously, were favorites, but others we returned to many times. I can't say that he was a big fan of having one of my dildos in his ass. But, the dear man tried it with only the faintest look of fear on his face. I remember suggesting that perhaps he just needed to try it a few more times for that hole to get used to it. I laughed. He didn't. I later found that page with a big,

bold 'X' drawn through it with a wide tipped permanent marker.

Even now, I was getting moist thinking about all of that. So, how was anyone to compete with that memory? My friends were a problem and insisted that it could be right, give it time. Time takes care of everything. Unfortunately, most of my friends were divorced and were very eager and ready for anyone new.

All of this had taken a decided turn to the clinical. It was certainly not sexy or erotic. I pushed the rolling desk chair back away from the desk and my computer and stood up. I walked across the upstairs hall to the bedroom and took my robe off the hook on the back of the door. I put the robe on but left it untied as I descended the stairs, which ended directly at the front door. It was closed and locked, but the window in the door was two feet wide by three feet high without any curtains or covering. Every time I did this, it gave me a thrill, knowing that anyone who just happened to be outside on the sidewalk and just happened to look up at that moment could get quite a look. Even at 50 years, I was still in pretty good shape, thanks to four days a week in the gym.

With only the hall light on, I entered the living room and stopped in front of the big window. In the frame of mind I had gotten myself into with my thinking, I was taking a few more risks than normal, but the room was dark and even the street light on the property line didn't cast light directly into the room. I was quite secure, but it felt otherwise.

I went to the kitchen, turning lights on as I went. I took the opened bottle of white wine from the refrigerator, poured myself a glass, and retreated to the darkened family room where I considered where to sit. I chose Jerry's favorite easy chair. I smiled as I settle down into the massive chair, my right leg tucked underneath me. I doubt that I could really still smell him in his chair or his clothes, but it didn't stop my mind and senses from thinking that I could. It was the reason why his favorite chair had become mine during times like this, when I seemed to miss him being around me, when I needed something of him, to settle into and become enveloped within. It was the reason I still had a bunch of his shirts and tee-shirts, especially the ones he worked around the house and yard in, the ones that his musk had fully penetrated and become a part of.

I pulled the robe around me, wishing it was him that encircled me, instead.

I was sipping wine and musing ... but the musing was no longer on the internet or the site and what I want from it. My musing was simply on Jerry, our time, our fun, our life, and ... our sexing. It was absent-minded musing, not focused musing. And the term sexing seemed appropriate. Sure, we had and enjoyed active and deliberate sex ... we enjoyed it a lot. But, there was also something quite different and sometimes even more enjoyable and that is what we called sexing. It was the casual, unhurried, free-flowing, and spontaneous sexual movements between two finely tuned people. The need to be in contact with each other, the soft touches while sitting together watching TV, the idle touching and stroking as we lay in bed reading, and the nuzzling as we sat next to each other talking or watching the sunset out the wide patio window. It often led to more, but in the sexing mode, it was unhurried. It flowed easily and freely from one thing to incorporate to another, then another, and another. It might have taken an hour to get a hand inside our clothes, another to be naked and pressing ourselves into each other. But, even then, it was slow and easy. One or the other would focus intimate and soft kisses, licking, and touches to the other, driving their arousal steadily higher and higher, only to be stopped when the active one would suddenly become the target of arousal and the cycle would begin anew.

My wine was gone, the glass on the side table, and I was hugging myself tightly with one hand inside my robe fondling a breast and nipple. Ohhhhh ... how we could love each other ... seemingly forever and ever and never tiring of it. The soft times and the hard, driving sex. It made no difference to us,

we did it all. We seemed a perfect fit ... we seemed to be perfectly matched. When the kids were growing up and they caught us giving each other what we thought were discrete feels, touches, pats, or kisses, we received a chorus of "eeewww". Later, as they grew up and they understood more, there was a look of wonder in their eyes that mom and dad could still be in such love to want to be forever close.

I thought it was just in my head, but my ears picked up the sound, too. "Oh, Jerry ... why did you have to leave me? No .... No, I'm sorry, dear ... I know you didn't leave me ... you were taken from me and I from you ... but, Jerry, dear ... I miss you so much."

And I had the most wonderful dream ... with Jerry, again ... loving me ... and me loving him. I could feel his hands and fingers at my pussy and at a nipple. My body was stretched out, my legs opened wide and he was loving me, using those talented hands and fingers on me, again. It felt so real ... and I needed it so badly ... so wonderfully badly.

I awoke, of course, to the faint image of the family room with the hall light as the only filtered light around me. Still sitting in Jerry's chair, my own hand at my pussy, my own fingers still inserted between the lips, and the hand that had been at my breast was resting in my lap. My robe was cast out to the sides, completely exposing my body. I groaned my frustration and muttered, "Jerry ... what am I going to do? You've spoiled me, my darling. No man can compete with my memory of you. Only a dream ... a fantasy might stand up to you."

I sighed as I leaned forward to get out of the chair. Taking up the glass, I deposited it in the kitchen sink and made my way back upstairs. I entered my bedroom, removing the robe as I did, only to remember that the computer was still on. I crossed the hall and sat down in front of the computer, again. My profile page was still up on the screen. My member name was feminine enough, 'Lady065'. It was how I felt that day, like a lady entering a taboo world. The '065' designating my birth year. Even then, I wasn't completely afraid to let out my age, but I didn't put it up on the information. I noticed I didn't put much information at all there. So, I added my birthdate, identified my location as generally Midwest, added my state, and then considered my interests. I had listed nothing. Surely, I have interests ... so I started listing some: going to the gym, reading, gardening, and general erotica. I thought the last one should be obvious since being on the site, but ...

I switched tabs, looked at my writer's profile, and could not help smiling ... we seemed to have similar interests. I took some pleasure that I was younger than he was and he certainly related to the site and others to him. And, I like his current avatar. It seemed it had recently changed but I couldn't quite place what it had been before but it was something more striking, in-your-face. This one was subtler, but still telling. It seemed to indicate he felt in-touch, connected in his life.

I wondered ... it seemed that many members didn't have an avatar, at least for a while and that seemed to leave a question in your mind when you saw them post. A few had an avatar, they were crude, rude, or aggressive, and that might be telling of them, also. I found I was wary of those. Others messed with my mind. I discovered that some feminine avatars were really males.

I wondered about my own. What would be telling about what I wanted or felt? I remembered a picture Jerry had found and sent it to me saying it spoke to him. I remember he was traveling on business but he was still sending me erotica. It caught my eye, too. I searched my 'Erotica' folder.

I found it quickly and as I leaned back into the chair to consider it, I liked it more and more. It was a naked couple standing on the ocean shore at sunrise or sunset, the sky behind them was red, and everything else was black. You only knew they were naked because you could see the man's cock in silhouette. I remembered the feeling I originally had: a couple in love at sunrise with the wonderful

new day to be explored and shared. That was how I felt then and it was still true. That picture spoke to me ... and, if I was going to pursue something different at this site than the others, it would set me apart just by seeing the avatar. I added it as my avatar and went to look at a recent reply of mine ... I loved it. (Below)

Now, I could go to sleep. Curling into that big bed, hugging a pillow to me, I murmur, "Thank you, Jerry. You're still looking out after your naughty wife ..."

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CHAPTER TWO

I woke the next morning to the alarm and an immediate long, full-bodied stretch. I was naked, of course, since that was the way I went to bed and I realized how much I like the feeling. I turned on the bedside lamp and sit on the edge of the bed, glancing out the window at my side. With the lamp on, I could distinguish nearly nothing outside where it was dark. I had the bed situated in the bedroom so it was between the two windows overlooking the back yard. I had left the curtains and blinds open last night, so as I stood and stretched yet again, I was aware of another thought of my possible exposure. I pushed that out of my mind, though.

I moved to the door, flipping on the overhead light as I made my way downstairs to the kitchen. I am normally in a nightgown of some kind and even my shortest ones cover me adequately in case someone might be going by, no matter how unlikely that might be. I wake up early. Let's say, very early. I use the hall light to make my way to the cupboard and then to the coffee pot that I have programmed so dark, black coffee is ready when I get up. I take my coffee, check the outside temperature on the wall gage located just inside the door, and walk out onto the deck, once again forgetting my current state of dress, or undress.

I quickly glance around the perimeter of the yard and scurry to one of the deck chairs where I sit and breathe more comfortably. The reality is that the deck is fairly private at this time of the day. We all have six-foot semi-privacy fences and I have a lot of taller bushes and shrubbery and a couple of strategically place trees that block out most of the view into the yard. During the day, it is certainly not private, but in the dark, it is good enough. Good enough, in fact, that Jerry and I came out here several times in warm weather to make love on the deck or on the lawn in back.

The house in back had the easiest view, but an old guy who I rarely saw occupied it. His hours were very strange and might be the effects of living alone and having nothing specific to require a schedule of any kind. I could usually find lights on in his house at night, usually in the downstairs family room where he was probably watching TV. It was my theory that the TV was his only connection with the outside world. Our neighborhood was an odd collection of house styles. Most, like ours ... mine, were two story homes with 2,500 to 3,000 square feet of living space. There were also some ranch styles and a few like his. His house was a tuck-under so that the garage was under a part of the house and usually the bedrooms. The main living areas (bedrooms, kitchen, and living room) were up a set of stairs. A family room was underneath the kitchen and living room and that is where I normally saw any lights. Even though he was there, he wasn't there.

The houses on either side were occupied by a couple my age on the one side and a younger family on the other. Neither of them were early risers and as long as I didn't roam over the deck so the light from inside would show me, I felt I was safe. For me, that was a lot of thinking for so early in the morning. I am not a morning person, I prefer being awake at night, but my schedule demands otherwise.

In a few minutes, I will start moving quicker. My work as a materials buyer at a medium-sized regional construction company is harried and hectic. Although my job is to purchase product for various projects, I seem to end up being something of a project manager, also. That is a major headache I wish management would take care of. The project manager I work with mainly is a nice guy ... have you ever noticed that when you or someone is referring to someone and the term "is a nice guy" comes out, that it is covering up not expressing how inadequate the guy really is. So, I can leave it at that ... he's a nice guy, but ...

As a result, by the time I leave work, I am too tired and unmotivated to go to the gym and workout the way I want and need to. Therefore, I go in the morning before work. That is why I am up at 5:00 AM. If I can be at the gym by 5:45, I can get my workout in and to work and I feel energized for the day. During the week I still rely on the alarm to be sure I get up, but it has become such a routine now after a decade plus of doing it, that even on the weekends I find myself waking early. Just not that early.

With my coffee gone, I stand and look around the darkened yard. I sigh, go back inside and check the clock on the microwave. I was surprised by how much I was enjoying the feeling of being naked and being outside, even just moving around the house. I was sorely tempted to take another mug outside, but knew that would make me frustrated later as my routine would be screwed. Discipline had been primary in my dealing with the loss of Jerry in my life, to keep me focused, and productive.

But, that feeling from last night and the feeling this morning is nagging at me in the back part of my brain all day. My workout was extremely focused and being a cardio day, I had the stair-master set to one speed level higher than normal for half the 45-minute session. Work went great and I didn't even mind jumping into a new problem at the site. It made the day fly by. On the way home, I admitted that my motivation for today had been to get back home. I wanted to get back onto the site; I wanted to see what I could discover about it; I wanted to explore how it could be used. It was very much different from the others I had been spending time on. I was very curious.

The other sites seemed to be constructed specifically for a minor amount of interaction. There are always places to leave a comment, but not designed to interaction. This Forum seemed designed differently, to be intended to interaction. I saw it on the stories, first. Most of the stories, except for the very short ones, are posted in segments and often with a week or much longer between the segments. Clearly, the writers were developing the stories as they went and many of the readers seemed to be not only thanking them for the posting but also encouraging more postings. I had seen that there were many more parts to the Forum, even if I had not investigated them except for some of the pictures and videos. Pedestrian participation.

That was my intention when I got home. I had made another decision, though, too. I would not turn into a porn site junkie. Jerry and I had little need for porn. It wasn't that we were offended or thought it disgusting or gross or anything. We just never felt the need, at least for the most part. We searched around for ideas and teases for each other, like the time he came to me with the idea of going to a clothing optional resort for a vacation. That was followed by a vacation to another resort, but that one was more sexually themed ... very sexually themed, and we had a great time. He also challenged me for some exhibitionism, but we never got too far with that. There was that responsible citizen fear of being caught and ruining our careers and relationships with family and friends. As my interest in porn grew after Jerry died, I became increasingly concerned about the time it could take up. I sought out some studies on the internet about porn and porn addiction and was surprised by some of the finding. On the other hand, the findings made perfect sense just based on my own experience. They said that porn could generate a chemical reaction in the brain that is very much like what a stimulation drug might produce. It is the reason the mind seeks more of it and why the body reacts to it. It is also why our systems can react to it just like with drugs and alcohol. An

addiction can be developed. Although I wasn't particularly worried about that at the point I was using it, I had to maintain a quality of life outside of work and the internet. Another reason for the morning workout to be sacred. Another reason to eat well. So, as I cooked a dinner for myself (assuring some leftovers for later in the week), I went over the new mail and skimmed the newspaper. I increasingly found the news filled with things that just frustrated me or upset me, but it was the current state of conflict in government and policy affairs.

After dinner, I changed into shorts and a tee shirt. I walked the yard, picked at a few weeds in the flowerbeds, and checked the growth in the small vegetable garden along the side of the house where it got the ideal sun. Then, I closed up the house and went for a walk around the neighborhood, stopping frequently to talk to others I knew and who were outside, many of them just watching their kids playing. The neighborhood was a wonderful mix of age and family groups. Despite the diversity, though, it was very open and friendly. When Jerry had died, I received an outpouring of concern and support just from the neighborhood. People stopped by and brought enough food to feed a growing family. And, there was only me. I was lucky to be here and I didn't want to forget that.

But, I was still anxious to get back home and upstairs. I resisted for quite a while, but the thinking didn't stop. I was settling into the thought of what I had been fussing over the previous night. I wanted the sexual stimulation and release; I needed that. But, I also wanted some personal interaction to go with it. I would obviously continue to pursue real person contact and relationship, but that had not been going well and at my aged, the odds might depend more on lucky contact than a willingness to have it.

I decided on wandering the site but to continue to read the stories and especially focused on the types of stories I was interested in, the loving relationships even if the loving relationship was between a woman and an animal. Just the thought of it caused a stirring. A relationship and sexual contact with a man was known to me and easy to connect with. The idea of having a similar relationship with a dog ... that jumped into the taboo realm. I found it to be striking that I had been reading the stories, getting stimulated by them, but had somehow truly resisted subconsciously the real consideration of what that would be like. I had used my known concepts of being fucked and licked, but now over the following weeks, I allowed my mind to pursue it further.

I also allowed my sense of flirtation and teasing to become active. On other parts of the site, away from the stories, pictures, videos, and artwork, I found the interaction between people. There were many threads meant for playing games, a lot of word association and 'counting' games. I was not quite sure what the purpose of the counting threads were except to perhaps give a sense of recognition to the person it was named after. To me though it seemed to identify members who had formed something of relationships within the site. A common meeting place of sorts, I suppose. The same seemed to be true in the flirting thread. Certain members seemed to be waiting for another to appear. Others were just flirtatious in general. There were threads that were teasing and many of the responses seemed to verify that. If I wanted to make contact with someone I wanted to interact with, this was going to be where it would happen. I suspected that a writer might get more attention from a wider range of members by the interaction with readers. I wasn't in that position, but I had been actively responding to the stories and had noticed that many seemed responsive.

My attention kept being drawn to that writer. His stories were the kind I truly enjoyed and he was responsive and appreciative of comments. It seemed to create a connection just from that. He talked a lot in his responses about the support replies gave writers and I was feeling it. My comfort zone on the site was the stories, but I was more and more curious about what might be more. I made a deliberate effort to wander the other areas, explore, and watch.

Over the weeks that followed, I saw similar names among many of the threads and there seemed to

be a general playfulness. Some, though, had a sense of flirtatious undertone to them as if there was an expectation of further activity. It wasn't hard for me to attract some attention, though. It would be curious to know some statistics on the members of the site regarding male and female, but it certainly seemed that the males greatly outnumbered the females and the active members seemed to be even more lopsided. As a result, I was quickly getting recognition on various threads from a wide number of members. The teasing, flirting continued, and I gained confidence despite my much lower posting standing on the site.

When I got some attention from the writer, I responded and he responded. Soon, there was more comfort in the interaction and I gambled on a personal message to him. It started with comments about stories and ideas for a new story. He was very receptive and that encouraged me to pursue the contact further. He seemed considerate in his responses, not pushy or blatant. It almost seemed strange given the nature of the site, but I realized that our participation on the site would undoubtedly also reflect our personalities, if we were honest to ourselves. But, I knew from other internet interaction that a number of people take on a different persona on the internet. They take on a brashness and aggressive reaction that might not be present in a real person-to-person interaction. That was an ever-present danger, one that many participants felt, and it contributed to many bad situations. Common teasing in a written form can be taken by some much harsher than justified simply by the emotions, insecurities, and fears they bring into it. I wanted to avoid that, but a gamble and trust was required so it would take the right people to connect with to make it work.

I knew it was something that could not be forced or rushed. A connection takes two or more people and what they bring to it is as equally important as what I bring to it. There was evidence of people having become 'couples' on the site. What kind of couples was a question, certainly, but at least on the site they found someone that they could relate to and seemingly relax with. Some professed to be lovers to the heart; others might appear to be more casual, but connected; I suspected that for any that were identified, there could be many more that had privately formed their connection and felt it none of anyone's business. I could see that some members had found more on the site, what it was and what they had done with it, was a very big unknown. An unknown that was none of my business except that it gave me hope of maybe, just maybe, I might find something of a connection that took me beyond the pedestrian enjoyment of porn. A something that provided an additional spark of thrill and personal involvement that made the rest more, better.

Was that silly? Was that just blind wishing for a connection on-line that I couldn't seem to find in life? Was it even stupid of me to think that an anonymous relationship on-line where normal accountabilities, responsibilities, and facial and behavior indicators would be tests of sincerity? Probably to all of them, but I was willing to take the chance. Not without some safeguards, however. My personal identity and location would have to remain private and protected. That I would have to make a rule and stay by it. I had a 'throw-away' email on Yahoo for this site, if it came to leaving PM for something more that would have to the restriction.

I was patient and I was careful. I went into thread discussions and postings, dropped answers or whatever, but mostly getting my site name and avatar recognized. I started frequenting specific fan pages. Yes, I was targeting specific members after several weeks ... and hoping. But, I had a good feeling. So ... I gambled, again.

Not waiting for someone to approach me, I PM'd 'my' writer. We had several pleasant exchanges on his fan page, on his story postings, several of the interaction threads, and a quick exchange on the flirt thread that didn't go anywhere. I felt like I could possibly come across as aggressive, I didn't know how many PM's between people there might be. I had received a number of them myself and I didn't want to give him that same impression. Nearly all the PM's I got were sexually aggressive, asking for pictures, my chat ID, and even "do you want a master who has a dominant dog?" That was

the fear part, the aggressive part, the part of the internet that can be so crazy. That was the part I wanted to avoid.

My PM was simple. I asked him about the flirt thread, that it seemed awkward and cumbersome. I didn't mention that I saw some of his flirting in some old posts of weeks before. They were interesting, promising even, and the woman was receptive and responsive, but it died off after only a few posts each. He was on-line because his response came almost immediately:

Writer:

"Thank you, Lady065! It is pleasing to see people becoming active on the site. I hope you are enjoying it. You asked an interesting question. I think the flirt thread was set up a while ago just because people seemed to want to flirt with each other and it was happening all over the site. At least, that is my perception. Real flirting isn't really possible, but it can indicate how two members might be receptive to it."

I typed a response right back to him, staying on the PM page:

"I hope I'm not bothering you. I am new to this. Is it okay if I start this into a dialog? You are very open, so ... What do you mean by, 'can indicate how two members might be receptive'? Receptive to what?"

Writer:

"I don't mind at all. I enjoy the interaction. The few posts I have seen from you have been ... what? ... intriguing.

And, you have been very positive about my stories. How could I not make time for you?

What I mean by 'receptive' is being receptive to continuing off the thread ... possibly ... moving it to a PM ... like this."

Me:

"Not on the flirt or similar thread? I thought that was what it was for?"

Writer:

"It is, but it has severe limitations. I have tried to take it further in the thread. There is an element of potential embarrassment to the other person in front of the entire site. But, invariably, you are interrupted ... by your life, by others on the thread ... it is hard to keep your focus when several other members are posting their own comments."

Me:

"So, it moves to PM's ... to be continued ..."

Writer:

"There are advantages. Like this dialog, we could come back tomorrow and pick up on it; it doesn't have to die because there are a dozen other posts in-between."

Me:

"Is this done often? Is there a lot of this going on? Members move to PM for continuing something that sparked on the site? How would anyone know about this stuff? It sounds like a dance?"

Writer:

"I have no idea about anyone else. But ... let's focus on your last comment, about dancing. Do you like to dance? What kind of dancing do you like? I mean ... clubs with wild music and lots of people? Small, intimate places with soft music? What do you like?"

After a pause as I thought about the change in direction. It was subtle. I just mentioned dance and he asked me a question. I think the first question he has asked me.

Me:

"Dancing ... uhmmm ... it has been so long. At least it seems so long ... I think it would have to be slow dances, soft music. Yes, a small place where I am not feeling like I am being compared."

Writer:

"I know the perfect place, Lady. I know you will like. The music is good, but the acoustics in the place is even better. I don't know how they did it, but you can actually talk in there with the band playing. We can talk, have a few drinks, dance some ... I would like to very much, Lady. How about you?"

This isn't real ... but it sounds so real.

Me:

"That does sound perfect, but ... "

Writer:

"This isn't real ... that's what you were going to say, isn't it? Does it feel good? Does it feel right? You were sounding like you thought it was ... then, you let reality in. What if it was real, Lady? Would you come?"

But, this isn't real. I know it isn't real, we are typing our responses; we might both be middle America, but we are not neighbors or even in the same city, much less the same state. Isn't this just a game between two people?

Me:

"But ... it isn't real. We're just talking about if we went dancing."

Writer:

"Isn't that what flirting is, though? Just talking ... talking until it becomes more? Do you know how the brain reacts to porn, erotica?"

Me:

"Yes, I just read that ... it reacts by sending out endorphins similar to some drugs. That's why it can be addictive ... it can take on a life of its own."

Writer:

"Yes, exactly ... a life of its own ... like it becomes part of your life or becomes your life in the worst case. But, what if there was an in-between where it wasn't a 'worst', but a good? What if it felt as real as real ... what then?"

Was he mad? Something written could feel real ... actually real like he was here? He has to be mad ... but, what a thought. Endorphins or not, can that be possible? I think this is enough for one exploration. Or, he is enough for one exploration. Regardless ...

Me:

"I have to be up very early, sorry. Good night."

I was ready to immediately sign-off and turn off the computer. Before I could, though, there was another PM ... from him.

Writer:

"I understand. Before you do, though. Go to my fan page, you know it because you have posted there. I am going to post a picture ... a picture of how we will be dancing together sometime in the near future."

He's sure of himself, I'll give him that. But, it is all up to me. If I don't respond to him, it ends. I have control over this. I was feeling a little shaken already by the turn of events. How smoothly the transition had been. I was tempted to just go to bed and not think about it until tomorrow night. I didn't, though. I went to his fan page and saw the picture he posted. My mouth dropped open. He sees us that way? We've hardly begun communicating and he already sees us dancing like that? (picture below)

I remind myself that this is just all in my mind. This isn't real, that can't actually happen. Even as I close out the open programs and turn off the computer, though, I can't get over the feeling he created in me so quickly.

I strip off my clothes and climb into bed naked, my new standard for sleeping. I don't immediately fall asleep, though. I am always slightly sleep deprived, an unfortunate result of literally burning the candle that is my day from both ends. But, I can't sleep. I toss and I turn, but all I can feel is my body, my skin feels alive. No matter how I turn or how I lay, I can feel how my body is pressed into the bed, how the covers drape over my bare skin. But even more than that is the mental images that are persisting in my mind, images of me dancing with an unknown man in a quiet, little bar. However, even more dominating, even more insistent in my mind, is the overwhelming image and feelings of dancing with that same unknown man naked. I don't know where, I don't know how, but the sense of it happening seems real.

I know it is going to be a long night. I turn in my bed, again. I see the moonlight streaming in the window next to me and consider closing the blinds. But, I don't. Jerry often insisted that the moonlight was magical, mystical in its powers, and he would hold me, embrace me, and love me in its light as often as he could. He wasn't a superstitious or mystical man normally, but that became a playful part of our life, something that was special and ours. The memory settled me and, though the images remained in my mind, the images became softer and somehow comfortable. It was almost as if Jerry was encouraging me, supporting me to experience this new thing.

Filled with continuing images, feelings, and emotions, sleep did come...

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

It would be nice if I could report that in the morning, in the light of day, or after a day of reflection, that all that activity that night made sense. But, it didn't.

In fact, nearly a week later, I was no closer to understanding the events of that or my emotional and physical reaction to them. The intense way I responded to his messages were still baffling to me. I don't respond like that to people I don't know. Obviously, since after two years since Jerry's death, I was still without a man that I felt nearly that way with in person. What might also not have helped was that further contact with the writer was sporadic to none.

I saw him in several of the threads and even noticed him in the flirt thread on occasion, but by the time I got there, he was gone. What I noticed is that the threads are often populated by people posting, maybe for posting's sake, and just having fun by throwing teases at each other. But, when you are hoping for a flirting situation, a serious flirt that might lead to an off-line something ... then

the others get frustrating. Of course, I could have initiated one at any time with a PM to him. That happened last time. There was much more in the PM's. In fact, my simple questions were taken by him as opportunity for a flirt. But ... and here is the ego damaging part ... maybe there was no connection. Maybe, he was just demonstrating to me how it might happen. Maybe, he did his public service duty and went on his way ...

It didn't seem like it, though. It rather seemed that he didn't push himself on others, particularly on women. He took advantage of the situation when I contacted him, but he didn't seem to be one to aggressively go after a woman. It also seemed to set himself apart from some. There were others like that, too. He wasn't the only one. In fact, there seemed to be a group that were similar, but there were many guys on the site that were quite aggressive in their approach and requests. I am sure that the more sensitive guys found that to be an added barrier to connecting. The longer I watched interactions and the few short interactions I had, it seemed that the approach was to take things slowly and build a comfort, much like might happen in real life. It was a polar difference to many guys who seemed to have no problem sending a PM requesting a selfie of my "cunt". Yeah ... I wondered who that might work on ...

That was a decision point for me. Mulling it over and interacting on the site, gaining comfort in the processes, the play that went on, the threads that he seemed to participate in, and the way he played with words and who responded to them, I made the decision to show that I was interested. I started targeting him more, becoming in my posts more aggressive in the blatant willingness to 'hug', 'kiss', and 'fuck' the avatar above ... or not. He began to recognize my participation and sometimes responded quickly to my presence. Clearly, this whole game was predicated on people being on the site and aware of postings at the same time. Undoubtedly, that was why he indicated that night that PM's could take over at a point. It was much more direct, though the timing isn't instant until you both find yourselves with the time to spend on PM verses the thread part of the site.

That was the route I decide to pursue. While in general I still participated in the site, for more interaction, I purposely chose to initiate PM with him and see what his interest might be. Was I someone he was interested in?

And he was. I sent another PM to him about something in one of his older stories, some obscure detail in a portion when the character went to The Netherlands and was the prize for some of the champion dogs at an International Dog Show in Rotterdam. I asked why he chose Rotterdam for the scene. His response came hours later. Although he clearly spent time on the site, his on-line time was hit-and-miss, jumping on and then off, again.

His explanation was forthright when it came. One of his readers was from The Netherlands and their interaction in replies on the story and separate PM's led his questions about Rotterdam and The Netherlands. He became curious enough to use Google Earth to visualize some of what she described, which led to more discussion and questions. Then, the fact that Amsterdam and all of its notoriety was just a train ride away just added to the opportunity. Before he knew it, he had a story line for a European trip for the character.

Along the way in the PM discussion, he asked personal questions. Not personal-personal questions, but how my day was, what was happening, what things did I like to do, etc., etc. Soon, we were following up with each other on events in our lives. Our, or my, comfort increased and it became easier to slip into references that were more intimate. By now, I was convinced that he was just a gentleman, old fashioned, perhaps. Checking his profile page, again, it almost seemed to fit. I then remembered that he was older than I was. I thought he was married, at least from discussion, and I debated about asking why he was here on this type of site. That, I decided, would have to wait until I was ready to offer my own story. If I wasn't ready to share my own story with someone, how could I

ask for his story?

I broke the ice, finally, and brought up dancing, again. I even referred to the picture he posted on his page ... the one of the naked couple dancing ... slowly and intimately. Then, I waited. I was sure by now that he was interested in my interaction. The question was just how interested was he and did he desire to become more intimate. His response was more than several hours. The lapse suggested more than just not being on-line, but that perhaps there was also time for consideration of his response and approach. When it did come, though, it was satisfying.

He asked some questions along the way of suggesting a bar scene and music type. Questions like my height but avoiding anything about my body and it jumped out at me. This was all imaginary and many people on the site were undoubtedly more attractive in our minds from avatar and profile picture selection than they might be in reality. Too much detail can disrupt the impression, possibly change the interaction of teasing and sexual interest.

The decisive PM came and it was long. He had devised an interaction and presented the scene and early play to me. He had me by the hand as we walked the sideway in the early evening. It was busy in that district of the city (what city, I had no idea). When he opened the door to the bar and placed his hand on the small of my back to guide me in, he described it that I hesitated slightly. Rather than a hesitant reaction to being touched, however, my body seemed to want the physical contact and the slight hesitation was to feel the contact more firmly. As I read that part of it, I stopped, sat back in the desk chair, and gazed at the screen. I wasn't studying the screen; all I had to do was read it. I was thinking about what was happening now. We had laid the groundwork over the past interactions; he was now confident in our desire for more in these interactions and he was taking it further. He knew, I knew, that my reaction would decide what, if anything, would result going forward.

My reaction was always clear to me. I got up from the desk, turned to the door and went to the kitchen. I opened a chilled bottle of white wine, pour a glass, and locked up the house on my way back to the room I used for an office. I placed the glass of wine (a very full glass of wine) on the desk next to the mouse pad, turned, and went into the bedroom. I undressed before returning to the computer. Entering the office room, I turned off the overhead light and turned on a small lamp by the chair I used for reading. It cast enough light to function but left it subdued.

I returned to the computer and sat down in my desk chair. I took a sip of my wine as I gazed at the screen, not reading, just gazing, as if there might be something there between the words. I took another sip of wine ... okay, a gulp ... went back to the beginning and started reading:

Walking the short couple of blocks down the street to this little bar, I am holding your hand. I squeeze it periodically, as though reminding myself that I really do have you in my hand. After all this time, all this awkward communication, all this tentative exploring of what is acceptable ... I am finally holding your hand.

It is almost magical. Silly, maybe. I am just holding your hand ... but I am holding your hand. There is a casual comfort in your stride as we make our way down the street. It is only a few blocks and we are in no particular hurry. In fact, I am in no hurry at all. I point out a little art gallery I have enjoyed and you nod. We stop for only a moment to gaze into the window at the works on display there and I see you are drawn to some of the same sculpture pieces that I am. I point to one, a free-form piece lacking in specific detail.

"I have always thought that piece represents a mother with her very young child, holding her high in the air over her head as if sharing her miracle with someone or something above."

You turn your head, a look of curious wonder on your face. I am instantly embarrassed. Was that a stupid thing to admit? Do you prefer your men stronger than that admission indicated? But, that isn't it at all, in fact, quite the opposite.

"I had a similar feeling, but I wasn't able to form the thought well enough. Yours defines it perfectly." You looked back at the piece and quietly add, "You've been here before."

"This is my favorite district in the old part of town." I turn you by your shoulders to face me. There is a slight tension in the air as we look into each other's eyes, you wondering what I am thinking, me wondering if I have the nerve. I don't. I don't have the nerve to give you the kiss I desperately wanted to give at that moment. Instead, I give you a smile, "This is now my absolute favorite location now that I know you frequent it, also."

Before the moment can become any more awkward, I turn us and retake your hand. We are at the bar in only moments and I take in a deep breath as I reach for the door. Holding it open, I place my hand on the small of your back to guide you in, an unnecessary action, but a comforting one. When I touch you and press my hand into your back as you come alongside me, you hesitate very slightly and your head lowers and looks up at me in a glance. The hesitation is accompanied by a slight resistance to moving and I see the contentment on your face. My mind whirls in recognition that the resistance wasn't reluctance or displeasure at the touch, but it was to feel the touch a little more firmly.

Inside, now reinforced by your action, I put my arm around your waist and pull you slightly against me as we wait. I can see that it is still early enough that the booths are not all taken. I have no reservation but I have been here many times before and I am hopeful of getting one of the booths furthest from the band.

We get a booth that will allow us the opportunity to watch, but also to be able to talk. The talk starts slowly and with some hesitancy, again. I stand, choosing instead to relax you/me with some dancing. I know that 70% of the music played here is slow. My sister's band has played here many times and I come to support her. We have been very close since even before our parents died. I am telling you this while we dance and I don't know why, it is just coming out and it is comfortable.

"I am sorry; you don't need to know about my family now. I just feel so comfortable and ...", I create a little separation to look into her eyes, "... I wanted you to know why I am so familiar with this place. It suddenly occurred to me how intimate it feels and ... I ..."

But, before I could ramble on, only increasing the awkwardness I was trying to dispel, you put a finger to my lips. Our feet have stopped moving and our bodies are simply staying in beat to the music by swaying, our bodies pressed together and moving as one. You put a hand behind my head and pull it to yours. You kiss me, the kiss I didn't give you outside the gallery. It is soft and delicate, but not a peck, either. When you break the kiss, there seems no embarrassment by your action. There is also no smile or negative reaction. You are only watching my face and mouth, gaging my reaction. My reaction is simple and confident, now. I raise my hands to the sides of your face and kiss you in return. My kiss, however, is more intense, more passionate than you gave me. And, it is received freely by you. Even our swaying to the music has now stopped as we stand on the dancefloor lost in our kiss.

When we realize what happened, however, we both glance around nervously, aware of the attention we have drawn. The attention, however, is positive. The other dancers and those watching are smiling, soft comments being shared. As we turn to return to our booth, you are hugging my arm to you and your face is lit up in a smile.



Arriving at our booth, I expect you to sit on the opposite side of the table as before, but you don't. Instead, you slide in on the same side I had been sitting, which leaves me wondering if it was intentional or you just sat in the closest side. I am standing for a moment and you don't miss a beat, you pat the bench seat for me to join you. I reach for your drink and slide it over to you as I retake my seat, only this time next to you.

Suddenly, the evening is far more relaxed and comfortable. The kiss on the dance floor seems to have cut through the remaining uncertainty. The rest of the evening goes in the same way but the intensity increases as the hours pass. And the hours do pass. We continue to talk, to dance, and to kiss. I find myself enamored by you. I am not sure when I have felt this so quickly, but those thoughts are pushed away to be considered later, after we have parted for the evening. For now, though, our kissing intensifies and we spend long minutes embraced in the booth. The attraction meter is off the chart and it feels like I am kissing a woman I have come to be intimately familiar and close to, a closeness that would normally require months or years. My temptation is to touch you intimately, to hold your breast, stroke our thigh, and perhaps slide my hand under your skirt.

It all seems so real and possible, yet I know it has to be too soon. It is nearly painful to control these desires that seem so natural and proper. But, I know it is too soon, that I could possibly ruin this by moving too quickly. You have shared with me and I know some of what and who you are, but not that much, not really. So, I call the night to an end. Not once did I see you check the delicate watch on your wrist, yet I know you have work in the morning, and your workout is even earlier.

I walk you to your car, again holding your hand. At your car, we kiss again. The kiss is long, it is passionate, and it tells chapters of a continuing story for us. At least, it feels that way to me. I wait at the side of your car until you have started it and headed for the exit of the parking lot. I see you stop at the sidewalk as a line of cars is approaching your position. I run to the side of your car and tap on your window. I see you jump inside, before your face turns to recognition and you smile as the window lowers.

"You scared me."

"I am sorry, but .... Did you enjoy tonight? Can we do this again?"

You only smile for a moment. I see your eyes watching the traffic on the street. As you move to merge onto the street, you turn back, smile, and, "Yes! Yes to both!"

My eyes are still gazing at the screen, minutes after I have read those last words, "Yes to both!" I uttered those exact words to myself after reading the question. The wine sitting hardly touched since I started reading. I was slumped in the chair, my legs spread as far as they could be before bumping into the arm rests. My left hand was between those legs, my two fingers buried in my pussy, not moving now, but I was happy to leave them where they were. The feeling of something inside me was ... somehow satisfying and right.

I quickly hit reply and sent three emoticons: a smile, a blush, and a kiss.

I was about to get up, push myself back from the computer, when I saw another PM arrive. I smiled and the fingers that had just left my pussy, returned to stroking the outside in anticipation. In reality, the PM could have been from a number of different people that I correspond with ... but I knew who it was from.

"Thank you for letting me share part of your evening with you.

I want to leave you with the same two questions: Did you enjoy tonight? Can we do this again?"

We? All I did was read what he created. But ... no ... there was more to this. He may have created this and I may have only read it, but ... it felt so entirely different. This wasn't like reading any story I had read before, not even his. This felt like it was him and me. This didn't feel fictional. This felt real. Not physical real, but real ... psychologically, it felt real. For those moments, anyway, it felt real. The reply was quick and obvious.

"Sweet Man! I leave you with the same two responses: Yes! Yes to both!"

I gulped the last of the wine and turned off the computer. Once in bed, I lay on my back, one hand behind my head and the other ... back between my legs.

Our game of teasing and flirting continued both on the site in a number of threads and off the site in PM's. Maybe, things began shifting to off the site for the most interesting, intense, and intimate teasing. Along the way, the communication also shifted to just talking, sharing things, asking things, and learning things about the other. But, in the background, never far from the surface, was the constant potential of sexual reference, which would inevitably lead to more. Our messages began containing numerous emoticons, very often blushes and kisses. I started my messages with a kiss and his name. I ended my messages with a kiss and another kiss. He was never far behind.

Things progressed wonderfully. We were sharing two, three, four, and sometimes more PM's a day. There was an increasing pattern of directness in our use of words. But, he was always careful whenever he moved the intensity up a little, the words becoming more graphic, the references more personal. Each time it moved another step, he checked back, worrying if it was now too much or too graphic. He was very considerate, to the point where I needed to finally reassure him regarding where our communication was going.

"My Dear Man! Everything we have done has been special and with mutual understanding and respect. Yes, we are going into new and, for us, unexplored areas of relationship. And, yes, we are still learning about each other, but that is also the way of understanding and knowing someone. You are doing fine, no wonderfully, with what you are doing, and I don't want it to change ... not in the slightest. I want to know and continue with what we have created here. This feels like so much more, so special, and so intimate. Please, I love what we are doing, what you are doing. You have my permission to present whatever your devious mind conjures up for us. You have my promise to be honest and forthright with you if I begin to be intimidated or offended. But, honestly ... I can't imagine it happening."

I could tell almost instantly a relaxing in our back and forth. He was less concerned and spoke freely. Oh, he was still the gentleman, he was still respectful and considerate. But, there was a freedom, easiness in his tone and presentation. We moved forward quickly. Our references became loving, sharing, hugs, and kisses.

Then, one night, there was a big jump and I initiated it. He asked me where I was usually when I was on-line. Was I at a computer on a desk? Was I in bed with a laptop or tablet? It seemed so innocent. A simple back and forth, again.

"If I anticipate doing much typing in replies, I will be at the computer. A full size keyboard is just so much easier. But, if I am planning on reading or surfing, I may be on my tablet and then I might be on the bed. That is more comfortable. Why? Was there a reason for your question?"

Writer:

"Well ... I am thinking about something and that became a curiosity for me."

Me:

"What about you? Desk computer? That's what I have always imagined."

Writer:

"LOL. Well you imagine right. The only one I use for this is my desktop. My laptop is just for work. Now, I am going to ask you. LOL. Fair is fair. You just curious, too?"

We had been going back and forth briskly and I was sure he was wondering why everything slowed down. However, it could be almost anything, the phone, someone stopping by, needing a drink, anything ... He was patient. He knew that sometimes life got in the way. He also knew that sometimes my response, especially if it was heavily sexual in reference, sometimes meant I delayed and considered my words. He told me repeatedly that I didn't have to, that I should just express myself. He told me the same thing I was telling him. He accepted it easier than I did.

I closed my eyes and told myself to stop debating the response, just do it.

Me:

"I like that you sit at a desk doing this. I can imagine myself underneath your desk ... and I know what I would be doing while you work. I've come to a realization. I am just flat out turned on by you. And, I think the same is true for you. It's not even reading the words, anymore. Before I even read the words I am getting turned on."

Writer:

"Wow, Lady! I love that you initiated that. Thank you. And, before you ask, it is the same for me. The feelings can be so intense sometimes, just the anticipation of a response, just seeing that I have a PM from you. Thank you. I have a request. Tomorrow night, I am going to send you a PM. It will have a question in it. Depending on your response, there may or may not be another. In anticipation of an affirmative response from you, before opening the PM would you be in bed with your tablet ... and naked?"

Me:

"I will be waiting. I will be naked. Can I touch myself?"

Writer:

"LOL. You're asking me? You never seemed like the submissive type. If you don't want to touch yourself, the message will be a flop! LOL. Tomorrow night."

No, I am very definitely not the submissive type. I don't know where that came from. It just seemed like he had things planned out and .... Now I have to wait another day. What was his devious mind up to this time? Was he planning another flirt? Another tease? More questions? And, why did he want me naked? Maybe he just wanted to see if I would follow his suggestion to that point of admitting that I was reading his message and was naked as he requested. Tomorrow night now seemed a long time from now.

The waiting for the next night was and wasn't a long time. Parts of the day seemed long, but those were the very few moments that I had to think about it. Thankfully, the day was incredibly miserable. One of those days when it was just one emergency and phone call after the other. Almost before I knew it, I left my office to scan a document for emailing and discovered a nearly empty office. The late afternoon was early evening. I had become so wrapped up in my emergencies and call backs that everything else blurred from my awareness. I sent the last email with the scanned attachment, sat back in my chair and stared at my computer screen ... and sighed. I smiled, too. Not a single unattended to email. My phone didn't have any messages blinking at me. Amazingly, my desk was clean for the weekend. I searched my desktop and found nothing that needed my attention

over the weekend.

That elicited a long sigh as I realized I had my first completely free weekend in months. I stared at my computer screens, not for something to do, but because it was the most obvious thing in front of me. And ... I felt a stirring, just an indication. I sat up straight in my chair and check the clock on the screen, 6:13. Stop and get some wine, then some take-out Chinese, and I can be home by 7:30. Now it was more than a stirring, now the implication, the promise, of tonight was charging into my consciousness. I was out of the door in minutes.

At home was worse. I had been so busy all day that the time was never a factor. Now, sipping some white wine and picking at my take-out dinner, I was very conscious of just how slow time can pass. Of course, I had no idea what I was waiting for or when it might come across my computer. I believed, though, that it would something like 9:00 or slightly later. That was my target, anyway.

I made my way upstairs after cleaning up from dinner, locking the doors, and turning off the lights. Once upstairs I was planning to stay there. The only allowance I made was my wine glass and the wine bottle.

I went directly to my bedroom and got undressed, put on a robe, and proceeded to my desk in the room across the hall. Why I put on a robe, I wasn't sure. He wanted me naked. He wanted me naked? How odd ... he asked if I would be naked. It seemed like my being naked had some significance to whatever he was planning. But, he was probably writing something for me ... what difference would my state of dress make? Nonetheless, I had the robe on. It almost seemed important to me, subconsciously, to have something on to take off when the PM arrived. Psychological ... all these mind manipulations, they were having an effect on me.

I went to my computer and took care of some personal emails. I followed a couple links from my Facebook page and commented on several posts from friends. Then, I took a breath and looked at the clock on my screen: 9:07. It may as well have been a blinking neon light, it wouldn't have made a bigger impression. Time. Time to check. I logged into the site. Nothing is automatic, of course. With the potential of grandchildren wanting to log onto PBSKids.com or something, I keep my computer clean and only use incognito web use for this site and others. That means nothing is saved.

Once logged in, it is another neon light telling me that I have a PM waiting. Do I go to the bed now? No. He said he would have something for me, but it would depend on my response to a question. I click on the link at the top of the page and it takes me to my Inbox. Yes, it is from him. I take a sip from my wine ... no, it was a gulp. I had no idea what was coming, but my experience with him told me it was likely to be good ... good? ... stimulating, erotic, arousing, and sometimes breathtaking ... sometimes nasty ... yes, good! Also, bad, but in that good bad way.

This is what I read:

Writer:

"I have had you in my mind, you have been an anchor of sorts for my connection to the site, lately. Interesting isn't it, I was on the site first, established and you became a connection to the site. While writing my responses, you were obviously at the forefront of my mind. While working out recent frustration, I turned to you to rant, believing that you would accept it for what it was. While I was mowing the lawn (95 degrees and high humidity) and the sweat was running down my half naked body, I thought of you. You see, I was not wearing underwear, again. The sweat, running down my chest, over my stomach and onto the waist of my cargo shorts, it found its way under and down my lower abdomen and into my pubic hair. That feeling, the tiny rivulets of sweat making its way through my pubic hair and occasionally onto my cock. It occurred to me that if it happen very much,

it might cause an interesting wet spot on my shorts.

"It was your fault, you know, that I wasn't wearing underwear, again. I was anticipating you, anticipating our communication, and you know what that does to me. You have had that kind of effect on me, My Sexy Dear! And ... I love it!

"Now, it has occurred to me, as a lot of things do, while I am busy with mindless activity (like mowing, gardening, on the Stair Stepper), that we have been sharing a lot of kisses and if there was an emoticon for 'touching', that would be shared, too. But, what kinds of kisses are they? Where are they placed and where would they be accepted? Are they demure, light kisses on the cheeks? I don't think so. Are they mere friendly, quick, greeting kisses? I don't think so.

"Then, if they are more ... and they are ... how are they given and, perhaps more interesting, where are they placed. And, are they accepted is now out the window. A kiss like that is already accepted before it is given. It is part of what makes it a kiss like that. It is given and received with the same intensity and passion.

"It might be assumed that they are kisses shared on the lips, sometimes nice, sometimes passionate, sometimes even more. And, all of those would be true. They would be a variety, but all full, meaningful, and heartfelt. But ... where?

"And ... that has been some of what has occupied my mind, my dream, my imagination ... my desire. At different times, I am sure the response would be different. But, this is now. So, what is my placement of kisses now? Not before, not sometime in the future with unknown motivation or intention. Now!

"And, I have my answer for you ... if you are interested. You know me, I won't force myself on you ... even if that is what you want me to do.

"I am giving you kisses, my Dear Sexy Lady. Do you want to know where they are placed? How I place them? What I want to do to you with my lips? With my tongue? Maybe ... even my fingers? Maybe ... even more?"

OH ... MY ... GOD! And that was the response I typed without my mind fully engaged ... this wasn't about my mind, any longer. I wanted this more than anything we have done to this point.

Me:

"YES ... YES ... OMG, YES!" I turned off my computer and took my tablet to my bed. I dropped the robe on the floor, stripped the covers to the foot of the bed and piled the pillows behind me. Naked and anxious, I opened his follow-up PM as if it was already typed and ready for sending. And, when I opened it, I knew for certain ... he had this all planned and he was confident of my response.

Writer (and, I could almost see the satisfied smile on his face ... if I knew what his face even looked like):

"All those times of sending kisses to you ...

"All those times of receiving kisses from you ...

"All of them seeming to pile on top of each other over time, over thoughts, over remembrances, and over imagination ...

"All of them building inside me ... are they building inside you? Do you feel the pressure, the volume, the need, from the accumulation? Are these feelings imaginary, games played by our minds and only

seeming to be transferred to our other senses? Is it real? Or, is it like a ghost that somehow manages to stimulate us, tease us ... somehow without the true ability of physical? Is such a thing even possible?

"The scientist that is me says a firm, 'NO! Of course, it is not possible'.

"The dreamer that is me says, whispered and prayerful, 'Yes! I feel it so it must be true.'

"What of you? Is it your brain that tells you conclusively? Or, is it your heart and soul that guides you to the sensations of your body?

"I believe, beautiful Lady! I do! And ... I believe you believe. I believe you experience the same thing, the same way. Why? I can see you ... I can almost touch you. Sure, we are physically separated by some unknown distance. Our computer screens are connected only by fleeting electrons passed through the internet. Our only connection seemingly so fragile and ... distant. But, it is not. I tell you ... I can see you.

"I can see you, Dear ... not an imagination ... I can see you. Do you believe me? Do you believe me?

"I don't know how ... I don't know why ... the scientist in me knows this is impossible ... but, the dreamer is in charge now, the scientist is pushed to the side, trapped away so he cannot interfere ... cannot break our connection. Do you believe, Dear? Do you believe?

"Who are you now? Are you My Lady? Are you my SEXY DEAR? Does it even matter? Are you all accepting? Do you all believe? Come to me as the believer ... I know My Lady and my SEXY DEAR will believe ... won't you? Do you?

"I DO!! I WANT YOU TO JOIN ME!!

"I am almost on fire, Dear. My Passion has been ignited for some time. Has yours?

"As I said ... I can see you. You are in your bed. You are reading this, you seem bothered, agitated ... but, not badly ... it is your body ... yes ... you do believe ... Dear, I am so please ... and relieved ... Now, finally, now ... I can do what your mind should reject ... it should reject, but it won't ... I know it won't ... because you believe ... because you know, in your heart ... hell, in your soul ... that distance and electrons are no match for what is ... what has to be ... what will be because it is ... because no physical reality has a chance against us!

"I know you believe ... I believe ... we believe ... and, MY DEAR, SEXY, LADY ... that is the difference ...

"Later ... after ... you will doubt this, reject this ... it couldn't happen. But, later, when those doubts come, remember ... just remember ... remember how it felt ... what you felt ... could that be ANYTHING but real? But, reality, the cold examination in the harsh light of the day, is very convincing. After all, how could I possibly come through my PC screen and through yours? How could I physically touch you? Your mind will say, no. But, remember ... remember with your heart, your soul.

"I press send on my message. To the site's system it is only another PM being sent via the internet to another site member. The system is a non-believer. It is programming language, servers, wires, and connections. It has no idea what just happened. Nobody would believe what just happened ...

"You are in your bedroom. You have been anticipating this message. You are in bed, as planned,

especially now, anticipating this response. I had teased you so ... what would come next. Your sexy and erotic mind went one step further, though ... you followed my suggestion and stripped off your clothes. You might only tell yourself that you are getting comfortable, but you know you were thinking it would be easier to finger yourself, if I presented something good, something exciting.

"And I see you. God, woman! I am looking at you ... just on the inside of your screen, hidden, but there. I would be sorry for staring, but ... only a fool wouldn't. And, I can assure you that my mother raised no fool.

"Your hands are busy with the screen, paging down and whatever. I am staring right at your breasts. Sorry, dear, but they are right there! I could close my eyes but I would still be seeing them! That is the impression they immediately had on me. The screen is in your lap and your legs are comfortably crossed making your pussy out of sight. No problem ... I will solve that later. Right now, though, I watch you. Okay, my eyes keeping drifting down to your breasts and nipples. Do you know how much I love nipples? You will!

"When one hand goes to your breast and nipple (yeah, I love nipples), I know you have connected. You are beginning to go between your mind and your heart. Impossible versus believe. I see a struggle ... but I have faith ... I know you ... you are like me ... I know it!

"I think you are there ... I think you believe ... I start, I touch you ... I am in your lap ... I touch you! You look surprised, you look at the screen and shake your head, you lift the screen ... your brain is still too engaged. You read more and your legs separate, your eyes are reading but there is a different look ... I touch you and you gasp.

"Now is the time.

"I touch you and I am with you. Your eyes are a glaze ... they are seeing but not yet fully accepting, not fully believing. But, my lips are on yours. The first is just a kiss, an awareness kiss, a kiss to say I am here and real ... and I want you! The second kiss brings your arms around me and you hold me tightly to you. You still haven't accepted this completely but you are holding me. And soon it would take a full defensive line to separate us.

"My kisses are focused on your lips. I find I love the feel and taste of your lips. Then again, I would find that to be true no matter where I kissed you. My kisses move to your neck and ears, I whisper my love, my devotion, I feel you shiver in response.

"I move down, from your neck to your shoulders and chest, then to your breasts and finally to your nipples. I suck on one immediately. I love sucking nipples. What must it feel like to take in milk? I have never known. Maybe that is why I love nipples. I suck yours. I kiss them. I take them between my lips and clamp down. I take them between my teeth and gently bite and pull.

"I move down your body, maybe a little reluctantly ... did I mention that I liked your nipples?

"I continue to give you kisses as I move down your body. I come to your belly button and drive my tongue into it. How odd that the belly button seems to be a conduit to our very insides, and your reaction shows that you feel it in your core.

"Finally, though, my kisses are in your pubic hair. I rub my nose in it, reveling in the texture and the essence. I continue further down. I want your pussy. I'll be blunt, as much as I like nipples ... I love pussy and yours is wonderful. As soon as I am near it, the scent is enticing, driving me to the source.

"I am driven now. This isn't me. This is you! I have your scent, I am right there and now I will not be

denied. I am now like a dog on his bitch. I have to have you. My lips find your lips and I suck one lip into my mouth. My tongue then sliding along and then between your lips. Your pussy is wet ... no ... not wet ... dripping! It seems I could drink from your pussy you are so wet. My tongue flicks your clit as I insert a finger into your hole. The combination causes you to raise your hips off your bed. You are gasping and moaning, you are oblivious to all else.

"I drive my tongue into your hole, sucking on your intoxicating nectar. I move my mouth to your clit. I put my teeth on it, bite down ... and you cum ... you explode with my mouth over your pussy, sucking out your cum juice.

"When you are able ... many moments later ... to focus ... your screen is in sleep mode ... completely blank. Your mind says you dreamed. Your body protests.

"Do you believe?"

Those were the words. The last words, though, I never read until after ... long after. Never have I reacted like this. Never has my mind so completely taken over my body, senses, and rationality. And in the years since Jerry died, and for the years before that we fought his sickness, in all that time have I climaxed like this.

My tablet screen wasn't in sleep mode, however, it was dead. The battery run out at some point while I slept. When I awoke during the night, the tablet lay next to me, the bedside lamp was still on, and I was curled on my side clutching a pillow to my front like I was spooning a lover. A lover who was never there ... was he?

*Not concluded by author.*