

**THE COMPLETE IDIOT'S GUIDE  
TO HAVING CYBERSEX  
WITH OTHER COMPLETE IDIOTS**

**or**

**everything you always wanted to know  
about cybersex but were too busy typing  
with one hand to ask**



**by**

**THE AUTHOR  
(not his real screen name)**

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## dedication



To the one very special person in my life without whom this book could not have been written: *Steve Case, Chairman & CEO of America Online, Inc.*

**preface:*****why don't we do it in the information superhighway?***

The first question you're going to ask me is: Why are you wasting your time writing a book about cybersex? (At least that's the first question my mother's going to ask.)

So why would anyone actually endeavor to become good at typing sexually-explicit thoughts to complete strangers?

Well, despite my feelings about you and your vicious personal attacks upon my interests and hobbies, I can answer your question in one word: because.

That's right: *because*. Because I can't do this alone, people! If all of you don't start getting a lot better at this than you are now, I'll be forced to go back to lurking in the back rows of porno theaters. So before I have to dig my raincoat out of storage, I want a chance to present this primer to those of you who are interested in joining the Internet cybersex community, or maybe just tired of dry-cleaning your raincoat.

I don't know much of the history of the Internet. I don't know who originally thought up the whole idea. I've heard Al Gore took credit for it, but I'd sooner believe it was Larry Flynt. Sex and the Internet are marching hand-in-hairy-hand into the new Millennium. You can pass whatever laws you want...you can debate the moral decay of our society from any pulpit in the nation...but sex is a more permanent part of the Internet than the Microsoft logo.

The purpose of this instruction book is to teach you, the computer novice, some of the basics of engaging in the most popular form of sexual expression on the Internet, namely: "cybering" with fellow computer owners who have no idea what to do with their computer now that they've gone out and spent all that money on one. I believe this primer is necessary because, quite frankly, some of you idiots are wasting my limited time online with your lame-ass questions. Come with me now and I will show you all the methods of initiating a conversation with a sexually-uninhibited partner and cultivate a stimulating online romance that will last almost an entire week before boredom sets in and you go off to find someone else. (See, you knew these computers would save you time!)

There are a great many myths about the Internet that I will dispel in this manual; myths about the "chat rooms" that can be found there and about those who engage in the sexually-charged conversations within them. But if I accomplish nothing else with this book (and believe me, I won't) I want to at least debunk what I believe to be the biggest myth about cybersex: that it's just a bunch of balding, fat men pretending to be lesbians

chatting with other balding, fat men pretending to be lesbians. I admit those losers are out there,\* but it doesn't begin to address the real issue: they're not all balding.

But I kid the fat bastards. There really are women on the Internet, and they do engage in cybersex. They are your wives, your girlfriends, your sisters, and your mothers. (Not my mother, thank God, but I'm sure I've cybered once or twice with yours.) With that in mind, this manual is also designed to offer the women eager to join your mothers on the Internet pointers on how to make themselves more attractive to me...oops, I mean...to the men they'll meet online.

Whether you are a man or a woman, though (or just a man who prefers for people to think he's a woman), keep in mind the people you're going to cyber with are ordinary people like you and me. (Wow. I'm really stretching the definition of "ordinary" here, I know.) The people you're going to chat with are your neighbors. They are your male and female coworkers. Soccer moms and Little League coaches. Professional men and women. Fathers and mothers. Husbands and wives.

Now, I'm not saying you should believe everything someone tells you online, I'll discuss in future chapters how to hone your bullshit-detection skills, but you should not immediately assume everyone you're talking to is wearing their Star Trek uniforms while their mother calls to them through the locked basement door to wash up for dinner.

We're going to take this very slow. Feel free to take notes, if you wish. Don't be embarrassed to read this book, and please don't be too embarrassed to buy it, either! Remember: everyone who owns a computer has had cybersex at least once. Just think for a moment about all the people you know who recently brought home new computers. Well, they've all had cybersex. Every one of them. You're in good company. And for all those people who are shaking their heads right now, denying it, allow me to quote from A.A. Milne's classic children's tale Winnie The Pooh: "Tigger, please..."

Now if you bought this book because of the titillating title, well I have just this to say to you: sucker! I can't believe you fell for one of the oldest sales ploys in the publishing industry. Throw the word "sex" in the title and you've got a million-seller on your hands! Stephen King's been getting away with it for years!

If you bought this book thinking there would be a deep psychological study on the effects of cybersex on modern relationships, you're going to be bitterly disappointed. This author can barely spell "psychological," and always pronounces it with a hard "puh" sound. And if you bought this book thinking there would be a lot of lines and numbers and pictures of cats, then you were in the wrong aisle altogether. You wanted the calendar section, which was just behind the smutty book aisle.

Yes, this is an instructional book on the proper etiquette and methodology of initiating and maintaining a cybersexual relationship via the computer. It is a self-help book on self-abuse, I suppose you'd say (although I already said it first). Most people today look

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\* God knows they are the reason I no longer go into the lesbian chat rooms.

down on those of us who engage in cybersexual practice. And so it is this author's mission to bring a little honor to "cybersex," giving it the same respectability that phone sex now enjoys. And don't we all enjoy phone sex? Of course we do. But it costs a goddamn fortune, and my wife is starting to take closer looks at our credit card billing statements. So if we all pool together and do this thing right, it can really, really help me out of a jam. Thanks.

And now just a quick note on how this book is laid out. At various points in this book you will see little smiley faces like the ones at the beginning of this chapter. These will get extremely annoying after awhile. But so are the ones you see on the Internet. I'm using them to break up the text a little bit, and when I use them in the middle of a cyber chat, it's to let you know what I'm really thinking on the inside. For example:

**CYBERPUNK:** I want to be anally fisted.

;-) Okay, you're a lunatic.

**The Author:** Interesting! Tell me more!

One final thought: there is a lot of filthy language in this book. An awful fucking lot. It really is pretty raw; I gotta be up front about it. But it's a book about proper cybersex techniques, and that by definition means more foul language than a Tarantino Film Retrospective. So if you're a teenager who is reading this book in the bookstore's café, tittering at the naughty bits over your double-espresso, than I have just one question for you: what the hell is a teenager doing drinking a double-espresso?

## emoticons

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A colon and an end-parentheses placed close together in text are supposed to denote a sideways smiley face. It's known as an "emoticon," and is supposed to reassure you that the person on the other side of the computer screen is smiling back at you all warm and friendly-like. But I've worked in a lot of consumer comestibles convenience industries (read: fast-food joints) where we were berated if we didn't tell every single fucking customer to "Have a nice day." I said it a lot; I meant it almost never. I get that same sense when I see these sideways smiley bastards all over the Internet...

: )

And you know what? While I'm at it: spare me the little flourishes like the wink...

; )

...and the wiggly tongue...

: )~

...and the devil horns...

>: )~

...and the clown hat and big rubber nose!

\*<:O)

Actually, I kinda like that last one. Okay...the clown can stay.

# **PART ONE**



## **GETTING STARTED**

**or**

**you gotta get on before you can get off**

## chapter one: *the very boring bit about computers*



You're going to need a computer. There's just no getting around it. But what kind of computer, you ask? Well, first of all, stay away from the Palm Pilots...

For the average home computer buyer, the first question is whether to buy a new or used computer. They are, after all, buying it for "the kids." So "the kids" can do "research" for school. Yeah, right. If that's true, then buy "the kids" an "encyclopedia." But if you're really serious about your pornography...if you demand fast download times for your "research," then you gotta go with a new computer. It's true that there seems to be more used-computer stores opening up these days than Starbuck's coffee shops, but the prices for new computers have dropped so low, you'd be crazy not to go with a brand new one.

There's no reason to mention computer brand names, they're all pretty much the same. But there are a few things to look for, such as...

### ***modem speed***

A used computer would most likely have a built-in modem with a speed of at least 33.6 kps. All new computers will have what is considered the industry standard, which is "V.90/56 kps." Now you'll ask, of course, what does that mean? To which I would reply: "How the hell should I know?"

What I do know about modem speed is that trying to engage in cybersex with a modem speed under 33.6 kps is like trying to get an orgy going at a nursing home. You can do it, but very slowly.

Most cybersex is initiated using "Instant Message" programs\*. There are several to choose from, but most come as a standard part of your internet software. The most popular is America Online's Instant Messenger. It comes with the AOL software or can be downloaded as a separate program. If you're using a slow modem, though, what will actually happen is that you'll send a message to your prospective paramour, and by the time he/she receives your "Instant" Message, your lover has logged off, showered, and is slipping quietly into bed beside their snoozing spouse.

In cybersex, speed – not size – matters. You don't want to leave them with the impression that you're an inattentive lover. With all due respect to the Pointer Sisters, the Internet is no place for a lover with a slow hand.

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\* *Instant Message* is usually abbreviated "IM." It's even used as a verb, such as: "IM me anytime you see me online!"



## ***hard drive size***

This is almost a non-issue for the cybersex enthusiast. It only becomes a concern if you become a “collector,” that is, someone who spends a lot of time swapping dirty pictures like a kid trading Pokemon cards. It sounds like a stupid pursuit, but it can become addictive. Let's say you have a particular fetish that you thought no one else in the world shared...for example, Star Trek characters having sex\*...and someone you're talking to about it says they think they have a picture of one of the characters naked. They send it to you as an email attachment and you download it onto your hard drive. No problem. It's quite a find and it only takes up 24KB of hard drive space. But after a few weeks, you find yourself on an email list for Star Trek fetishists and soon you've got so much porn on your computer, even your floppy disks stay hard.

I'm not seeing many computers these days with less than six gigabyte hard drive (6GB HD),\*\* and that's plenty, even for the most hardcore fan of hardcore pornography.

## ***monitor size***

Again, this is hardly an issue for the cybersex aficionado, since you're mostly viewing typewritten words. But if you're a collector of dirty pictures, you might want to splurge on a screen larger than 14". And if you got the bucks, you should see how big your dicks and/or tits can be on a 19" monitor like I got! (It's like watching a porno at a drive-in.)

## ***memory size***

No book about computers would be complete without a lengthy discourse on the different types of RAM, and an explanation of each. That's why I didn't write a book about computers: because it would be incomplete. I see computers advertised as having 128MB 100MHz Sync DRAM; some of the more reasonably priced are advertised with 64MB 96MHz. Now, what does this all mean, you ask, to the hardcore cybersex enthusiast? The answer is simple: not a goddamn thing.

## ***processor speed***

The consumer electronics industry has made huge leaps in this area. When I first began to do “research” on my computer, I was using a Packard Bell with a 66MHz processor. This is the bare minimum required to be a “Pentium-speed processor.” Pentium is an Intel product that used to dominate the microchip processor market. But now you are more

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\* Oh yeah, buddy. That's out there. And it's gonna live long and prosper, believe you me.

\*\* See how long it takes to get a book published these days? When I started to write this manual, 4.3GB was pretty much the standard. But laptops now come with nothing less than a 20GB hard drive, and home computers are sold with at least a **40GB hard drive!**

likely to find new computers using other brands of processors. To the cybersex fan, it means only this: the higher the number, the better. The last laptop computer I bought boasted an Intel Celeron 466MHz processor. Who cares? Not me, that's for sure. And you shouldn't, either. Sixty-six worked fine; 466 works better. That's all you need to know.

### ***internet service providers***

Finally we must discuss "ISPs," an abbreviation for Internet Service Providers. Think of them as your friendly neighborhood virtual adult bookstore. They are there to provide a whole new world of virtual sex experiences. Choose them wisely!

There is a new trend these days to offer consumers an immediate \$400 discount on any computer as long as they sign a four-year contract with a certain ISP. Is this a good deal? No. Not really. It sounds good, because a \$400 "coupon" on any computer is a good deal. But the choices of Internet Service Providers usually aren't the best one, at least not for the cyberslut-in-training.

There are also local Internet providers in larger cities. I'm sure they're just fine for those who are actually using their computers for research (that is, research, with no quotes around it). But for those of us doing "research" with the quotation marks around it, there is only one name you need to remember: America Online!

God bless Steve Case and "AOL." When I log off my computer at night, totally shagged-out from hours and hours of solid "research," I say a little prayer for the continued good health of Steve Case and America Online. If I have one complaint about AOL, it is this: they weren't around 20 years ago when they could have helped with my puberty "research."

Yes, sir, America Online is without a doubt heroin to the cybersex addict. The ISP most friendly to sexual deviants hands down (or "hands on") would be America Onlust...I mean America Online. No other ISP understands your need to grasp your computer joystick quite like the fine folks at AOL. From the free CDs glued to the backs of magazines and handed out free at any bookstore checkout counter, to their poorly monitored chat rooms, to your ability to cloak yourself from stalking ex-cybersex partners — America Online is there to service you! Accept no substitute.

This book has been written (and updated) with America Online's latest version 7.0 in mind. But for those of you interested in what other ISPs are offering (or if you just got kicked off America Online for "Terms of Service" infractions), then flip forward to **Part Six: Alright, I'm Bored With AOL. Now What?**

The rest of you: come with me! (You know what I mean.)

There have been a few version updates to America Online since I first discovered the vast amounts of “research” materials available to me there. When I began, version 3.0 and AOL’s “monthly payment plan” had just been introduced. Previously, you were charged by the minute for your time. So you premature ejaculators would have made out all right, I suppose. But those of us devoted “researchers” were getting second mortgages on our homes.

AOL is now at version 7.0, but I think version 4.0 was my favorite, though, because it was the least intrusive. I found that version 5.0 was in too big a hurry to dominate my browser, and 6.0 and 7.0 are no different. But if you’re a computer novice, then maybe that’s not a bad option for you. Once you install it, your computer’s modem will automatically dial into America Online to get you on the Internet. This is handy if you ever really do decide to do research (with no quotation marks). And AOL versions 5.0 through 7.0 seem to play well with Internet Explorer. Previous versions forced me to use Netscape if I wanted to use AOL strictly for Internet access.

### ***virus protection***

You’re going to need protection. I wouldn’t let your wife near my lap without wearing a condom, why would I offer any less protection to my laptop?

The good news is that all new computers are sold with antivirus applications pre-installed. The bad news is that America Online enjoys a reputation within the cybersexual community as having the worst virus protection. I myself have always had a certain amount of healthy paranoia when it comes to opening email and downloading attachments (more on that later).

My best advice is the same that all ISPs offer: Never download attachments from people you don’t know! But knowing you as well as I think I already do (I mean, you’ve read this far, haven’t you), my second best recommendation is: just don’t download it at work, okay?

### ***web browsers***

A browser is a stupid name for something that is critical for getting on the Internet. Simply stated, if you think of your computer as a car on the Internet Autobahn, it is the windshield that allows you to see the road. There are two leaders in this field: Netscape Navigator (a favorite of computer dorks, the same ones that still debate Apple Computers’ dominance in the industry), and Microsoft Internet Explorer. They are both free applications, but Microsoft’s Internet Explorer is going to be pre-loaded onto your new computer. Here’s the good news: neither one matter for the purposes of this book (i.e. jerking off).

So to sum up, I would encourage you to invest in the current technologies. Buy a brand new computer. They can be snapped up for under a \$1000 these days – even the laptops! Don't concern yourself with what kind of programs are loaded onto it. Don't concern yourself with whether it's a Microsoft Windows platform or a Macintosh O/S (although Macs are still pricing themselves out of the consumer market, in my opinion). Just go out and get one! Now! Today, damn it. Your kids are depending on you! Do you have any idea how much "research" they could be doing right now?

## **chapter two:** ***remember when safe sex meant you didn't give her your real last name?***



Hey, even Superman didn't give out his real name. There's comfort in anonymity.

You're in a unique position here. You can recreate yourself, in your own image and likeness, minus the big ass. This is better than any daytime talk show "make-over." Better than plastic surgery. Because it only costs you \$24.95 a month to look like Pamela Anderson or Tom Cruise. Look how much it cost them to look that way and, doing the math for yourself, figure out why America Online has grown so quickly to become the single most popular Internet service provider today.

You can be anyone you want to be. You can look however you want to look. You can be from the most exotic places on Earth. You can have the biggest tits and dick (or BOTH!) on the block, all for \$24.95 a month.

God bless Steve Case and America Online!

And how is this possible? Because no one can see your fat, cellulite-ridden ass in the basement of your home, with the leaky toilet not four feet away, and two chubby fingers wrapped around that pathetic appendage you've come to know as your dick. Well, your wife could if you hadn't locked the door. (You did lock the door, right?) No one can see what you really look like, isn't that great? (Trust me, it is.) And though your cybersex partner may seem to care what you look like (because they ask a lot of questions about it), they really don't. And why not? Because they are too busy trying to keep up the pretense of being a compatible partner for you, you Tom-Cruise-doppelganger son-of-a-good-looking-bitch, you.

But we're getting ahead of ourselves here. We need to start with...

### ***your master screen name***

When you first sign up for service with America Online, you will be asked to provide a "master screen name." This will be your primary account; the one AOL will send email to regarding billing matters, and the one that has all the parental controls for any subsequent screen names you create. That is, if your kids can ever pry you away from your "research" to actually use the computer for research (no quotes).

Most AOL members attempt to use their real name for the primary account, but previous versions of America Online made that almost impossible by limiting you to only ten characters (and what a disappointment that was for Arnold Schwarzenegger, I'm sure). With the growing popularity of AOL, main screen names were soon assigned more

random numbers than a Powerball lottery. **BobSmith@aol.com** would have been a sweet primary account name for all you Robert Smiths out there, but **Bo98231482@aol.com** was the reality.

Because of the limitation, AOL users were forced to become creative. Go into any chat room on AOL and you'll find names based on the user's favorite fictional character, like: **WinniePooh**, or **JediKnight**. You'll also find names based on occupations, such as: **HSTeacher**, or **ERNurse**.

America Online now allows you 16 characters for your primary screen name, so the problem of getting your real name as an email address isn't as bad as it once was (although all of you Robert Smiths out there are still fucked...sorry). But the sooner you subscribe, the better your chances are at getting an easy-to-remember primary account name that you can actually share with "normal" people, (coworkers, supervisors, spouses, children, etc.).

Although you may be eager to join the cybersex community (and you must be...you've made it to Chapter Two already), it is absolutely vital that you have at least one normal account name. No one will take a stock broker seriously, for example, if his business card gives his email address as **TenInch4Real@aol.com**. Oh sure...you're going to get a ton of email...but very little business. At least very little stock brokerage business.

The last point I want to make about your primary account name is: never, ever, reveal it to any of your cybersex partners. Sounds devious, doesn't it? Suffice it to say for now that cybersex relationships are not built on trust. Trust me on this.

### ***your secret identity***

Now the fun stuff begins. You've got up to 16 characters to work with...what will you choose as your cyber handle? Here's where your creativity as a lover first comes into play. Remember: your main purpose here is not to find a significant other, but rather an "insignificant" other. That is, the Internet equivalent of the "one-night-stand." Sort of a "one-hand-stand," you might say, although I said it first.

Let's start with choosing a screen name if you're a woman seeking a man. If you're looking to attract men in the shortest time possible, any screen name with two capital letter D's in the title will do it. Even the screen name **ButtUglyDD** is going to get a positive male response in a chat room. Trust me. No sooner does **PhyllisDDiller** peer into a chat room than she is inundated with over a million Instant Messages that all say the same thing: "Nice screen name. Are they real?"

Now here are some more helpful tips and tricks for creating the perfect screen name...one that will attract a cyber partner in the shortest amount of time, while still allowing you to be true to yourself...

- If you're a woman seeking a man: relax...*they* will find *you*.
- If you're a man seeking another man: relax...*they* will find *you*.
- If you're a man seeking a woman: put the BlackM somewhere in your screen name. (Just trust me on this one, okay?)
- If you're a lesbian seeking another lesbian: well, then...you're probably not reading this book. You're probably just a man posing as a woman who is seeking a woman who is probably also just a man posing as a woman, but your both too stupid to know it, or too horny to care. Oh, and leave **BiF** out of your screen name, because you're not fooling anyone, dude.
- If you're a lesbian teenage girl seeking another lesbian teenage girl: leave **18F** out of your screen name, because — really, I mean it — you're not fooling anyone, dude.

Alright, now that you've created the perfect screen name, I need to give you this warning: Don't fall in love with it. Trust me. You'll wear it out in about a month's time. AOL knows and understands this. They don't advertise the fact that you can have up to seven different screen names because they think every family has five kids.

But there's no reason to give up hope of being creative in the meantime. Please don't make the mistake of exposing the temporary nature of your handle by allowing AOL (or any ISP you use) to add what looks like a serial number to the end. No one expects to see **User239809808** pop up on their Buddy List a week from today.

With that said, it's time now to learn how to make yourself more attractive INSTANTLY, simply by saying you are. (And Buddha-forbid you should actually join a gym, or Weight Watchers, right?) So slip on your waders and grab your shovel, it's time to learn...

### ***how to describe yourself***

Remember: a picture may paint a thousand words, but some people need at least that many to paint a picture. Even armed with an informative and concise profile, you will probably be asked questions that Steve Case at America Online never thought you'd be asked.

Cup-size, for instance.

I'm sorry, ladies, but men are idiots...and visually-stimulated idiots. They are drawing a mental picture of you, and they need your help, not your scorn or sarcasm. We can get that shit from our wives.

Here now are some examples of how various women I've met online (at least, I think they were women) described themselves to me. They were all responding to the same question: "What do you look like?"

I've asked my very understanding wife to help me crunch some of the numbers here, and her comments are shown along with mine. Remember: these are exact quotes; the typos are theirs, not mine.

**CyberSlut #1:** *I am 34. 5'10" 150lb short brown hair & ebony eyes*

- ☺ **The Author:** Nothing in that description excites me at all. Nothing.
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Ebony eyes? What is she, a shark?

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**CyberSlut #2:** *I'm 5'1, 120, 38b/29/37, brown eyes & hair & I wear glasses*

- ☺ **The Author:** 38B? She must have the broadest back in the world!
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** I think she should go ahead and type the word brown twice. It sounds like she's saying: "I have brown eyes and I'm not bald."
- ☺ **The Author:** Good point.

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**CyberSlut #3:** *4-10 98# 36b-24-33 lt br hair big br eyes*

- ☺ **The Author:** She's a Munchkin! I'm about to have cybersex with a member of The Lollipop Guild!
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** "I'd like to buy a vowel, please. Can I guess the puzzle, Pat? Is it: Light Brown Hair, Big Brown Eyes?" What's wrong with her keyboard?

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**CyberSlut #4:** *23 f, curly brown hair to my shoulders, brown eyes. 5'6 129lbs*

- ☺ **The Author:** Wow. Great curves.
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Don't you think it's significant that she didn't give her measurements?
- ☺ **The Author:** Maybe it means she has significant measurements...

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**The Author:** How old are you?

**CyberSlut #5:** 57

**The Author:** Sexy!



**CyberSlut #5:** *so i am told*

**The Author:** Tell me what you look like...

**CyberSlut #5:** *5' 7" 169 brn/brn*

**The Author:** You sound curvy...are you?

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**CyberSlut #5:** *am chunky, 40d/dd (depends on bra)-36-39*

☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Are you kidding me? Are these really the kind of people you talk to all night long?

☺ **The Author:** Look. Don't start with me. I told you: It's research!

☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Why did you say "sexy" when she said she was 57 years old?

☺ **The Author:** I always try to be complimentary. I didn't want to start off the conversation by asking her what it was like getting laid in a rumble seat.

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**CyberSlut #6:** *34-23-34, 5' 7', 120 #, short blonde/blue eyes, very good shape, run a lot, tight tummy I'm very proud of.*

☺ **The Author:** As opposed to a flabby 23-inch waist she's ashamed of?

☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** I think a real runner would call them "abs," not a "tummy," don't you think?

☺ **The Author:** Like I would know...

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**CyberSlut #7:** *5'4", 125, dark hair and eyes, DD tits*

☺ **The Author:** So if we extrapolate, I think we come up with a 40DD-12-20 figure.

☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Right. Basically a disembodied head in a jar.

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**CyberSlut #8:** *5' 33 22 33 100lbs f22*

☺ **The Author:** What is she? One of the Olsen Twins? Kerri Strug?

☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Shouldn't she be making toys at the North Pole? Or baking cookies in a hollow tree somewhere?

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**CyberSlut #9:** *i am 28, 5 11, 130# died blk hair blue eyes*

- ☺ **The Author:** Who the heck is dying their hair black at age 28?
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Why does she even mention it? Is that a turn-on for some people?
- ☺ **The Author:** Besides Elvis, you mean?
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**CyberSlut #10:** *5-3, strawberry blonde long curly hair, light brown*

- ☺ **The Author:** Ah, this might be a good time to mention this to our female readers. Ladies, men have no idea whatsoever what the color "strawberry blonde" looks like. They wouldn't know it if it were the jersey color of their favorite football team.
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** I don't think even women know what that means...
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**CyberSlut #11:** *I am 5'2", 140 lbs, 38DD/26/36, long brown hair to middle of back.*

- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** What a liar. Stephen Hawking couldn't crunch those numbers...
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**CyberSlut #12:** *5'7, blond hair, blue eyes, 36C bra size, not overweight, pistol grip ears with a flat head so you can rest a beer after a long stressful day at work.*

- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** What?!
- ☺ **The Author:** Don't ask.
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Are you supposed to be turned on by that description? By the fact that you can use her head as a beer cozy?
- ☺ **The Author:** See? And you thought I was having fun online. I'll give her points for originality, though.
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** Right. And thanks for stopping short of describing her "cup-holder ass" and "ashtray mouth."
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**CyberSlut #13:** *I'm 43, 5'9" 145lbs short dark hair big brown eyes...40d 29 39*

- ☺ **The Author:** I'm sorry...at 43, I'm not buying the 29 inch waist. Especially since this lady was claiming to be a housewife.
- ☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** How come you never see all these women running around with D-cups? How come I never run into them at the supermarket?
- ☺ **The Author:** Because they're all at home having cybersex?

☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** That's it. I'm canceling our AOL membership.

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**CyberSlut #14:** *I'm 5-4, 130, long brown hair in San Diego...love nude sunbathing, and watching guys go off and spurt in my face.*

☺ **The Author:** I hope this is a female talking.

☹ **The Author's Very Understanding Wife:** I have a question...how long is her hair in other cities? Not a lot of blondes, are there? They must be out of vogue these days.

My wife has a point. Not about canceling our America Online membership, but about the commonality of these descriptions. If I were an alien from another planet and researching humans online, I would deduce that the female of the human species generally stayed at a petite 5 foot 3 with light brown or blonde hair, until they reached maturity, at which time they're breasts swelled to 38DD and their hair turned black or dark brown.

So why ask at all?

Men are visual. Visual and stupid: we *have* to ask. We cannot help ourselves. Keep in mind when you are chatting with someone online, all of you women look alike to us men: you're all 10-point Arial. Why not just say: "Hi, My name is Arial, sometimes bold, sometimes colorful, but always very easy on the eyes."

Another thing you might have noticed in the descriptions and member profiles I've shown is that they lack real creativity. You might as well be reading the front of their driver's license. Why not just mention that you've got a Class C permit and are an organ donor. Just once I would like to hear the following description...

**MISSRIGHTNOW:** Remember that girl that sat behind you in Geometry class in high school? The one that your friends thought you were crazy for liking, but you never cared? The one that you always imagined being brave enough to ask out on a date, but never did? The one who, despite not seeing in over ten years, you still jerk off thinking about? Well, that's me...

Now *that* is someone I would cyber with. Especially if she had 2 capital D's in her screen name.

### ***creating your member profile***

No matter what Internet chat room you find yourself in, and no matter what ISP you use, you're going to be given an opportunity to post some very basic statistics about yourself.

Keep in mind the purpose of creating a Member Profile is to give people you've never met face-to-face a glimpse of the real you. So feel free to lie to them.

No matter what sex you are (or think you are), *lie*. It's okay to lie. Just don't lie a lot, because you'll get caught, and nothing is more embarrassing than getting caught in a lie by someone you've never met. Just try very hard to keep the bullshit to manageable levels, and you'll be fine.

For instance, don't ever tell your cyber-partner where you live or where you work. I recommend that you tell them instead the last city you lived in and/or the last place you worked. That way you can give answers to their specific questions, showing how much you "trust" them.

Something else to keep in mind, as long as you're lying anyway, the vocations most likely to attract prospective cybersex partners are (in order of preference): medical professional; flight attendant; personal secretary; and, oddly enough, the top two are attorney and (thanks to Mary Letourneau, I suppose) high school teacher.

When you're composing your profile, keep the following "Dos and Don'ts" in mind:

- **DO** lie. The truth may be out there, as they say on "The X-Files," but it ain't on the Internet. Trust me on this.
- **DO** tell the truth about whether or not you're married, especially if you're a woman. In fact, tell the men you want to chat with you are married with kids, even if you aren't. Nothing attracts a man like a woman who couldn't possibly expect him to commit to her.
- **DON'T** not have a profile. You know what I mean.
- **DoN't MiX yOuR uPpEr AnD lOwEr CaSe LeTtErS, LiKe ThIs. JuSt DoN't Do It, It GiVeS mE a HeAdAcHe. ReAlLy. I'm NoT jOkInG aBoUt ThIs.**
- **DON'T** let your profile look like the transcript of a Poetry Slam. ("I am the inner window to my own soul. I know whom I seek, and it is the wind!")
- **DON'T** clutter your profile with all that domination crap. I don't care if you're "collared by **MrBigDick**" and I couldn't really care less who your mistress is.
- **DO** leave out the following phrases: "collaring ceremony;" "r/t only;" "no IM's from men;" "men don't bother;" "no profile = no chat;" "pic for trade only;" and finally "check out me and my friends at my website."

The following Member Profiles have all been taken from America Online, but you'll find similar answers on other Internet Providers. Let's start with the most common profiles you're likely to run across, the first being "**The Undercover FBI Officer/Cheerleader Profile.**" Take a look at this Member Profile. Tell me if you don't think this is an old man pretending to be a young girl. (Keep in mind that I was looking at this only a week or so after their "eighteenth birthday.")

**Member Name:** Jennifer 04-01-82  
**Location:** Cincinnati, OH  
**Sex:** Female  
**Hobbies:** Sex, men, women, being submissive, fam luv.  
**Occupation:** Cashier.  
**Personal Quote:** I love role play and seeing hot pics.

By the way, the "fam luv" they're talking about here is nothing you've ever seen on "The Waltons" or "Family Ties," okay? The screen name for this profile might as well be **ViceSquad.** "She" should have listed her location as Quantico, Virginia.

But I hear you asking: "Hey, the last thing I need is a swarm of FBI officers dropping into my dark bedroom from a helicopter hovering over my house, especially with my pants around my ankles and my mother-in-law asleep in the next room...how can I be sure I'm not accidentally engaging in sexually-explicit chat with someone under the age of eighteen?"

Good question.

There really is no surefire method, except to ask your potential partner straight away how old they are. If they tell you flat out they are under eighteen, pick up the modem's telephone cord and bite through it. Or just wrap a length of it around your fist, and yank hard. Just don't go yanking anything else, okay, Mister?

Let's move on to the next most prevalent profile to be found on the Internet, the "**Ignorant Submissive Slut.**"

**Member Name:** Princess Christy  
**Location:** Southern California  
**Sex:** Female  
**Marital Status:** I found my one true love \*~\* SirLozer \*~\*  
**Hobbies:** Being a good subby to my Sir ~\*~ The collaring ceremony coming soon! ~\*~

Pathetic, don't you agree? This one is worse...

**Member Name:** Anne, 39 years old.  
**Location:** Seattle  
**Sex:** Female  
**Marital Status:** Collared slave, owned by MarcAntony.

**Hobbies:** Taking care of my kids, serving Master. I love to play, but only with Master's permission. I will ignore unsolicited IMs.

*Lucky kids*, is my first thought. Maybe I should explain some of the terminology these women are using. When they say "collared slave," they mean "idiot." When they say "collaring ceremony coming soon," they mean "being fitted for my dunce cap." When they say "I will ignore unsolicited IMs," they mean "Don't bother, dude. I'm a dude, too."

These next two scare me. They don't intrigue me as a member profile should. They just frighten me.

**Member Name:** Anna  
**Location:** Berlin  
**Sex:** Female  
**Marital Status:** Unfettered  
**Hobbies:** Bondage, humiliation, pain, fantasy role playing games.  
**Personal Quote:** Seize the night!

And in case you think insanity is a trait only found in the second X-chromosome...

**Member Name:** Eric  
**Location:** Dallas  
**Sex:** Male  
**Hobbies:** fetish, bondage & discipline, sado-masochism, Dominant/submissive, also role play transvestite & cross-dresser  
**Occupation:** Teaching and learning the lifestyle...seeker of the unusual.  
**Personal Quote:** Safety first.

Are you scared now? It gets worse. There is a section of the Internet reserved for recovering Dungeons & Dragons players. Or they just may be D&D players who could never find anyone to play with. (Can you imagine that? How repulsive would you have to be to turn off Dungeon dorks?) In any case, they appear to have banded together and have created a world that appears to be Middle Earth with nude hobbits. Anyone with a member profile like the one below should be avoided like a Kiddie Porn Police Auction.

**Member Name:** He steps slowly into view. An unnatural and unmistakable gait as  
**Location:** his heavy boots clunk against the ground irregularly. How could such a beast have remained hidden from your sight moments ago? His eyes glow as candles in a window...and they see right through you.  
**Sex:** Male.  
**Hobbies:** He towers over you now, clothed in black denim jeans, a black shirt, and a black trench coat.

- Computers:** In the glow of the street light you see the jeweled hilt of his blade which is always at his side.
- Occupation:** His long raven-black hair is tied, as you seem to be gazing into his eyes.
- Personal Quote:** You know that you must give yourself to him completely.

You know what tickles me most about that profile? I love how he completely ignores the suggested categories from America Online and instead fills the member profile with his "Beauty & The Beast" scenario...until it asks what sex he is! If I were a psychologist, I might suggest that perhaps only someone who is a tad oversensitive to their perceived masculinity would stop midstream to disclose their sex. (To be honest, I'm still wondering.)

I actually got a chance to talk to one of these *faerie fuckers*. She was trying very hard to get me suited up in bearskin and armor to join her for a gang bang in Middle Earth. She dropped into a chat room I was in and I took a look at her profile.

**The Author:** Interesting profile you've got there.

**HobbitHore:** Oh, you peeped my profile, huh

**The Author:** I did "peep" it. I just didn't "stood" it.

**HobbitHore:** :::giggles:::\* Okay, so maybe my blonde hair dye is getting to my brain.

**The Author:** Might be getting to mine, too.

;-)

*Here's a taste of what her profile said:*

*"I am controlled by the Demon...following his commands and yours...I succumb to you...I follow you into unseen realms...let me play in the dungeons of your mind...let her unleash the Demon Within Her!"*

**HobbitHore:** I guess you're not into character role play.

**The Author:** Well, if the characters were a cheerleader and the star quarterback, I might be. But the character in your profile appears to be "Frodo."

Or "Bilbo." I always get my hobbits mixed up.

I'll be honest: I don't understand a word of your profile. It sounds like the back cover of an Anne Rice novel.

---

\* The three colons in a row is used to denote an action being taken by the typist. For example:  
**:::unzipping pants and grinning::: Come here, you sexy submissive slut.**

**HobbitHore:** Well, I'm into character role play. I create a screen name, then a character name, then come up with a profile, then find a picture that matches it all...

**The Author:** Wow. Lotta work.

**HobbitHore:** It's a hobby.

**The Author:** Why not just keep ONE generic screen name, then change your fantasies at will?

**HobbitHore:** Well, right now I have three different characters that I play. There's one whose name is Mina, and she plays all types of roles. She's very mischievous...

Then there's Desdemona, an evil temptress of the heart...

Finally, there is Jewel, a sorceress...

Please tell me when you get bored of me rambling on and on.

**The Author:** You're not rambling. But it still sounds like Dungeons & Dragons to me.

**HobbitHore:** Yes, it's quite similar, I suppose. But it's a blast!

It starts by setting up a scene. Sometimes the screen name a person has, or their profile, can spark a pretty good role play.

**The Author:** So when do you introduce the wizards and evil dwarves...?

**HobbitHore:** Hmm. Actually, I go much deeper than that. Most role plays I'm involved in are more of an adventure.

**The Author:** Right. As I suspected: not so much "having cybersex" as playing "Strip Dungeons & Dragons." Evil horny wizards casting spells on beautiful virgin princesses.

**HobbitHore:** Right. Pirates, witches, thieves, maidens, temptresses.

**The Author:** It's just not for me. I just can't mix my Tolkein with my porn. Two great tastes that don't go great together...like chocolate-covered fish sticks.

**HobbitHore:** Are you sure I can't tempt you?

I used to write a lot of these kinds of adventures when I was in high school. Then I got away from it. Until now...



**The Author:** So what possessed you to back to writing "The Erotic Adventures of Dildo Baggins?"

**HobbitHore:** :::rolling on the floor::: You're too damn funny.

I guess the fact that it's simple escapism.

**The Author:** SIMPLE? Puh-lease. What I do is simple. What you're doing is creating a line of trading cards...

So remember that, even though your member profile seems to make perfect sense to you, it probably makes absolutely no sense to everyone else. That goes for your bad lesbian poetry and feminist anti-men rants, your cyber-addict abbreviations (MWF4Blk, S2R), chat room abbreviations (LOL, ROFL), computer jargon (URL, IRC), and unusual use of punctuation or bizarre use of type...

~\*~GÖ† İ†, ßÖnêhêÄd?~\*~

Strive for clarity in your profile. Instead of "No unsolicited IMs," say: "Don't send me an Instant Message. If I'm curious about you, I'll ask." Otherwise, expect to get a thousand messages from horny guys with new computer asking you:

**RichardHead:** Hey, baby! What do you mean by "unsolicited IMs?"

## chapter three: *don't be such a pic tease*



Thinking up a clever description for yourself sometimes just isn't enough. People will sometimes ask for proof of those "real" 44 double-D's. Again, a picture may paint a thousand words, but sometimes it just paints an ugly picture. If you don't send a pic of yourself when asked, it's going to be assumed that you were too ugly for your image to be captured on film.

"Pic" is short for "picture," in case you haven't already deduced that. Specifically: a digital or scanned photograph. Most people have at least one digital photograph that they attach and send out in e-mails when asked, and they are known online as "self-pics." This next chat is a nice introduction into our discussion of self-pics. I was in a chat room of my own creation called Tell Me Your Fantasy when this Instant Message popped up...

**PicTeaser:** I would like to see two straight guys exploring oral sex on each other without anyone knowing they are watching.

**The Author:** Interesting. Are you male or female?

**PicTeaser:** MWF/42\*

**The Author:** What do you look like? Do you have a pic online?

Hello? Still there?!

Echo...echo.

Crap.

Now, do you see where I screwed up a chance for an interesting exchange here? I normally wait longer before asking if they have a picture of themselves to send, if I ever ask at all. It tends to frighten people off for some reason...as if I were asking for their home address.

If you're asking the people you cyber with for pictures of themselves, keep the following in mind...

- Downloading e-mail attachments (in this case, pictures) is the only way to get viruses. Even downloading a picture "halfway" can introduce a virus onto your computer.

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\* That's shorthand for "married white female, 42 years old." Hey, we're busy people out here on the Internet. We've very little time for vowels!

- If someone tells you in their profile (or in an Instant Message) that they only send their picture out if you send yours first, they are lying. They won't send you anything. Ever.
- If someone seems VERY eager for you to see their picture and sends it before you even ask for it, delete the email without opening it.
- If someone sends you an email, asks you if you opened it yet, then disappears as soon as you say you did — congratulations — you got a virus.
- If someone tells you the only reason they're not sending you a pic is because they haven't bought a scanner yet, they are lying. Scanners are about a \$100 currently, and anyone can have their film developed onto a CD if they want for just a few dollars. If they wanted to get a pic online, they could. Think, man! There's a reason they don't want you to see them!
- If you're meeting someone in a chat room called "Rape Fantasy," why why why would you even ask them for a photo? Why why why would they send you one? Don't be such an idiot as to actually ask for one, or believe the one they sent is real or virus-free.

Use your own instincts to judge whether the pic is real or not. If you have a feeling that the person you're talking to is full of crap, then they probably are.

One final anecdote about sending and receiving self-pics: I was talking to someone once who swore to me they were a Swedish model. I wasn't buying it, of course, but they offered to send me a picture as proof. I was in a goofy mood, so I downloaded it (secure in the knowledge that I had an updated virus program capable of screening any harmful viruses). When the picture popped up I started laughing. It was a picture of Pita Wilson, the actress who starred in USA Network's La Femme Nikita. So, there were two possibilities: 1) I WAS REALLY HAVING CYBERSEX WITH PITA WILSON! WOW! WHAT A SCORE! or 2) the more likely possibility that I was talking to a complete idiot.

In response, I sent her a hyperlink\* to the La Femme Nikita website that had the exact same picture she just sent me. Then I logged off the Internet and immediately scanned my entire computer for viruses.

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\* A hyperlink is a shortcut to an Internet website. You click on some text (usually underlined and colored a navy blue) and your web browser is automatically be directed to a website you probably don't want to see. You'll get a lot of these hyperlinks in unsolicited (spam) email that says: [Click here to see my nude pics!](#) Do I even have to say that you should not waste a mouse-click on such crap? I didn't think so.

The following is a sample of all the excuses I've been given (and you're likely to hear yourself) for not having a picture to send...

- "I haven't figured out how to do that yet..."
- "I'm not comfortable with the idea of my pics being out there in Never Never Land..."
- "This is a new computer. I haven't transferred files from the old one yet..."
- "My husband doesn't want me to share them..."
- "My scanner is down right now ..."
- "I only have one of my feet..."
- "I don't own a scanner...besides, you'd want it nude right?"
- "I have some of what I want to look like..."
- "I'm in the process of buying new equipment..."
- "I put my pics somewhere and don't know where they are..."
- "I am new to the computer..."
- "I had one but the disk cracked..."
- "I am going to have my picture done this week. I don't know how long the photographer will take."
- And finally, my personal all-time favorite: "No pic, sorry...I gotta get one. Well, I definitely don't have any sexy ones. Oh, okay...wanna see them?"

On the other hand, you should also beware of people that seem overly anxious to send you their picture. Here are two examples of that phenomenon. See if you can pinpoint the exact moment they made me suspicious.

The first is a chat I had with a woman I'll call **OscarMeyer** (because she seemed very knowledgeable about baloney and wieners).

**The Author:** Hello. Have you come to share your fantasy?

- OscarMeyer:** Yes. I'm very embarrassed about it but I do want to tell. My fantasy concerns my roommate (also female).
- The Author:** Sounds pretty good so far. Please share!
- OscarMeyer:** I want her to "find" me all tied up on my bed when she comes back from her late class tomorrow night.
- The Author:** Nice. What do you look like?
- OscarMeyer:** You think? I think it might be fun! I have a picture of myself taken a few years ago if you'd like to see... It's kind of kinky though.
- The Author:** It's okay. Just describe yourself to me.
- OscarMeyer:** I'm 5'7, 122 -- why don't I just send you my picture. Hold on...
- The Author:** Alright, but I can't download it right away.
- OscarMeyer:** Afraid someone will see? Just download it quickly and minimize it. No one will see! PLEASE! We're having such fun!
- The Author:** Sorry. This isn't my computer.

;-) *And, to be candid, we're really not having so much fun.*

- OscarMeyer:** Come on. Please. I've just sent you a picture of me all tied up and you're NOT going to open it??????????
- The Author:** Okay, I give in...if you insist...there...just did... Ooh. Sexy!
- OscarMeyer:** Oh yeah? Describe the picture then! I don't think you looked at it.
- The Author:** Sexy slut all tied up!
- OscarMeyer:** What am I wearing?
- The Author:** A clown suit.
- OscarMeyer:** I thought so. You're a WIENER!
- The Author:** No, really. It looks like you're wearing a clown suit. The same thing it must look like I'm wearing right now if you think I'm going to download your picture after all that begging.

**OscarMeyer:** Why wouldn't you? I'm confused?

**The Author:** Can you see the dunce cap from all the way over there?

**OscarMeyer:** You will never look at it?

**The Author:** No way. You want reasons? Okay...  
1) It ain't you anyway...  
and 2) It's probably got a virus attached!

**OscarMeyer:** That's silly. Our discussion is over.

**The Author:** Agreed.

And here's an idiot who just doesn't seem to understand how the "miracle" of email works...

**UStoleMySoul:** I wanna be raped in a park

**The Author:** Really? Interesting! How old are you?

**UStoleMySoul:** 32. most women want it...just too embarrassed to say it

**The Author:** I've heard that theory. Not from any real rape victims...but I've heard the theory espoused by many men.

**UStoleMySoul:** its true

**The Author:** Raped by how many? White? Black? Mixed?

**UStoleMySoul:** 1...2, maybe. mixed

**The Author:** What are you wearing in this fantasy?

**UStoleMySoul:** mini skirt and a halter top, platforms heels

**The Author:** Oh nice! What do you look like?

**UStoleMySoul:** you got mail! LOL

;-)

*Alright, let's get this over with right now. The initials LOL are shorthand for "Laughing Out Loud." Back in the early days of the Internet, it was always spelled in capital letters, but because the vast majority of computer users are illiterate bastards who actually framed their G.E.D.'s, it is now being used with lower-case letters.*

*Let me suggest another meaning for it. Imagine that the L's are actually the curve of human buttocks. Given that, there can only be one interpretation for the "o." So let us just all agree that anyone using LOL to indicate that something struck them as funny is really communicating instead the following message: I'm an asshole!*

*The rest of us will just continue typing the letters "h" and "a."*

**The Author:** Oh! So I do.

**UStoleMySoul:** did you open it?

**The Author:** Thanks! I did! You're gorgeous!

**UStoleMySoul:** that was taken one month ago

**The Author:** So, you have a web cam, huh?

**UStoleMySoul:** no, those are fuckin cool, though...I need to get one of those.

**The Author:** I ask because the picture you sent looked like you had one already. It has that look to it...like you have a digital camera attached to your computer.

**UStoleMySoul:** my hubby would love it if we did

**The Author:** Have you ever told him about your rape fantasy?

Hello? Still there? Hmm...guess not.

She had logged off. Immediately, I logged off as well and ran a thorough virus scan on my computer. As it turned out, there was no virus, but she was definitely lying about the "web cam." The picture she sent was of a woman in a small home office or study sitting on a task chair with a computer keyboard in front of her. It is the typical headshot sent by owners of those "eyeball" digital cameras that sit on top of computer monitors. So why would she lie?

Dunno.

But I intended to ask the next time she logged on, so I put her on my Buddy List. The Buddy List is a method for tracking the people you meet (and cyber with) online. You add the screen name of your new online buddy, and whenever that buddy logs into AOL, you're alerted to their presence with the sound effect of a door creaking open.

A week or so after our first chat, I heard that creaking door when my good buddy **UStoleMySoul** logged on...

**The Author:** Hi there...doubt you'll even remember me...

**UStoleMySoul:** not really...please refresh my memory

**The Author:** We met in my chat room "Tell Me Your Fantasy." You shared with me your fantasy of being raped in a park...

**UStoleMySoul:** when?

**The Author:** Hmm. Awhile ago...but not too long ago. Not ringing any bells, huh?

**UStoleMySoul:** I don't remember

**The Author:** Hmm. Nothing personal, I'm sure. How have you been?

**UStoleMySoul:** My husband is here and he's fuckin pissed

**The Author:** Uh-oh. Nothing I did, I hope.

**UStoleMySoul:** You had better lose this e-mail address forever. Got it? See ya never!

**The Author:** Well...that's not strictly true, is it? I mean, you did send me your picture.

But look...there's no reason to get all weird about it. Just say "I'd prefer you didn't talk to me again."

**UStoleMySoul:** Send it back now!!!

**The Author:** Send it back? How do you propose I do that?

**UStoleMySoul:** The same way you got it

**The Author:** You're just being ridiculous now. Look...don't IM me. I won't IM you.

**UStoleMySoul:** Send it back. Or you'll be sorry.

**The Author:** Look, you screwball: it doesn't work that way. I'll delete it if you want, but I can only send you a COPY of it. Don't you understand how email works?

**UStoleMySoul:** Then do it.

**THE AUTHOR:** DONE!

DELETED!

SLEEP WELL WITH THE COMFORT THAT BRINGS!



**UStoleMySoul:** Trust me it will never happen. Send back the copy now!

So let me sum up my pictures lecture with this thought: If you are the type of person who is compelled to ask for photo ID, go get a job at 7-11.

And, uh...just between you and me...I didn't really delete it...tee-hee!

Oops! I mean: LOL.

**point/counterpoint:  
should cybersex be considered "cheating?"**

---



**The Author:**  
No.



**The Author's Very Understanding Wife:**  
Phppt! Right.



**The Author:**  
What the hell does that mean?



**The Author's Very Understanding Wife:**  
It means you're an idiot, that's what it means.



**The Author:**  
What?



**The Author's Very Understanding Wife:**  
Yes, you moron...it is cheating.



**The Author:**  
How can it be cheating?



**The Author's Very Understanding Wife:**  
Are you an idiot?



**The Author:**  
Look, can we table that issue for the time being?

## **PART TWO**



## **AMERICANS ONLINE**

**or**

**sgt. pecker's lonely hearts club band**

## chapter one: *women to avoid online*



Every time you log onto the Internet, you will be given an opportunity to meet new people from all walks of life. Interesting people who will stimulate you with their fresh outlook on life. Fascinating, vibrant individuals who will entice you with new ideas and philosophies. Unfortunately, the ones you're going to have cybersex with are most likely dangerous, unmedicated psychotics.

I'm kidding, of course. Some of them are medicated as a condition of their parole.

Before we get started with the really dirty parts of this instruction manual (and, man! Are they ever filthy!), I would be remiss if I didn't at least try to warn you about the greatest peril awaiting those who succumb to the technological temptress that is cybersex: idiots. (Second greatest peril: Carpal Tunnel Syndrome.)

There is, at the time of this writing (8:49 PM), no other method of engaging in cybersex apart from engaging the idiots who are also looking to engage idiots in cybersex. But at the risk of shortening your soon-to-be rapidly depleting sleep time, I would still encourage you to be selective. There are a great many idiot fish in the cyber-sea. The anonymity of the Internet has taken away the luxury of judging potential sex partners by sight. You must learn to develop and rely on other skills now.

In this chapter I will introduce you to some of the characters you are likely to run into during your "research," and why I think you should continue running into them until, at last, your rear axle hops over their lifeless corpse.

Get ready for your...*Mystery Date!*

### ***bachelorette #1: the cybore***

At what point in the upcoming chat would you have realized you had as much chance of "getting off" as a carousel horse?

I was surfing various chat rooms, and soon found myself intrigued by one about hypnosis. I "parked" myself in there while surfing the Internet. I completely forgot about the room until I got this Instant Message a few minutes later...

**SighBore:** hi. not many people in the chat room, is there?

; -) *I looked in the room. She was right. We were the only two.*

**The Author:** Yes, that's true. The crowd has thinned considerably...

**SighBore:** no kidding

**The Author:** Earlier there was as many as THREE PEOPLE in there!

What brings you to this room anyway? Trying to avoid crowds?

**SighBore:** Well, I saw a hypnosis show when i was in college

**The Author:** Have you ever been hypnotized?

**SighBore:** no i was just in the audience

**The Author:** Tell me about yourself?

**SighBore:** okay...blah blah blah

**The Author:** Oh...I LOVE the blahblahblah part...

**SighBore:** yea, that sums up my life

**The Author:** Really, though...what do you look like? Describe yourself.

**SighBore:** im cute

**The Author:** Okay. This is not a subject you're comfortable with. I see that now.

Your profile says you're from New Jersey. Whereabouts?

**SighBore:** North

**The Author:** Do they allow U-turns in that part of the state?

**SighBore:** now what does that mean?

**The Author:** I've been to Jersey before, and you have to damn near drive into New York before they allow a U-turn it seems.

**SighBore:** u mean at a red light? there are no left turns on red mister...unless there is a little green arrow

**The Author:** Thanks. Important safety tip. I'll write that one down.

So. The chat room name is Hypnotic Submission...but you've never been hypnotized. Are you at least submissive?

**SighBore:** well i dont know. i dont do weird stuff like that

**The Author:** Really...and what kind of weird stuff DO you do? I'm fascinated now.

**SighBore:** i work in a tiny accounting department. i'm boring mister.

; -) *Alright, that "mister" shit is getting right up my nose...*

**The Author:** Ironically, though, it's often the "boring" women that turn out to be the most interesting.

**SighBore:** well i wish i was more interesting

; -) *That makes two of us.*

**The Author:** What about fantasies? Do you have any secret fantasies? Something you've never told anyone before?

**SighBore:** oh like im going to tell u!

**The Author:** Why not? You should take advantage of the anonymity of the Internet?

**SighBore:** because i dont know u silly

**The Author:** Hence the anonymity.

**SighBore:** hence no im not telling u

**The Author:** You really like to open up, don't you?

**SighBore:** sorry im just always stressed

**The Author:** Well, it's alright. I'm not taking it personally. But you are making a strong case for "boring."

**SighBore:** told u

**The Author:** I was warned, yes.

**SighBore:** so there goes your theory about girls like me then. i hate being boring.

**The Author:** Well, I'd like to help you open up, but you're not giving either of us much of a chance.

**SighBore:** well what do u want me to do. im not going to tell you private things like that

**The Author:** Well, see...that's the problem.

**SighBore:** i dont care im not blabbing like that

**The Author:** Okay...but you know that chime you hear when you receive an Instant Message on AOL?

**SighBore:** yeah

**The Author:** Don't get used to it.

**SighBore:** well cant u wave your magic wand or something. you're the magic hypnotist not me mister.

**The Author:** Shit.

**SighBore:** the magic cursing hypnotist

**The Author:** I'd need an oyster shucker, not a magic wand.

**SighBore:** hey, whats that mean?

I stopped talking to her after that. I'm not normally so abrupt, but come on...she was creepier than a used tampon lying at the bottom of a urinal. You can see for yourself that I tried over and over to engage this woman in polite conversation. I asked only very generic questions...nothing about her bra size, the biggest cock she ever sucked, or if she ever did a black guy (although, I admit, it was probably only a matter of time before I did).

Not one of her responses gave me a chance to really connect with her. Hard to believe, considering we met in a chat room devoted to sexual submission. And she sent the first IM, remember. All the elements were there. So what went wrong, you ask? My considered reply would be: *are you fucking me?* She had all the sexual potential of an empty can of Reddi-Whip and a six-pack of Near-Beer.

## ***bachelorette #2: the bar rag***

Alcoholics are the number one cause of alcoholism in this country. They're a bloody bore at the corner bar, and not much better behind a keyboard. I think this next conversation illustrates the point very well. I will call this woman SouthernDumbBelle, for no particular reason whatsoever.

She found me hunched over in my cyber-lab "Tell Me Your Fantasy."

**SuthernDumBelle:** Hello. I'm 41 and married.

Sorry if I'm typing poorly. I'm kind of tipsy.\*

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\* I'm cleaning up her typos in the editing process. Here's what her last sentence really looked like:

*sorryi if Im typing poorly. Im kind of tipsy*

**The Author:** Hi there. Don't worry. I speak gibberish.

**SuthernDumBelle:** LOL

**The Author:** So what brings you to my side of the Internet.

**SuthernDumBelle:** I was browsing a little...thinking...fantasizing.

**The Author:** What about?

**SuthernDumBelle:** Well, it's a little strange, but I've had this fantasy for a long time...

I'm alone, and my car has broken down. I'm out in the country...in the woods. An old man stops to help me...he seems harmless...and he offers me a ride. I take it, and we drive for a long time.

Riding with him...I doze off. When I wake up, I know something's wrong. It's dark, and we have stopped in the woods.

**The Author:** Wow. I'm totally spooked.

**SuthernDumBelle:** He's gone. I'm alone. I can't see him anywhere. I honk the horn, but he's nowhere.

I see the road we came in on, so I begin to walk...but for some reason the road disappears...soon I'm lost in the woods.

I'm afraid...starting to panic.

;-) *I'm afraid I'm going to start to panic soon, too. What the hell is the fantasy here? That she finally sells a script to "The X Files?" Can you get to the point where your clothes are torn off by the thorny bushes, or something? I have to go to work in a few hours!*

**SuthernDumBelle:** I see a light ahead. I go to it.

;-) *Yes, please do. Maybe it's a nudie bar or adult bookstore.*

**SuthernDumBelle:** Its a fire in a cave...I go in

;-) *No such luck.*

**The Author:** Wow. That's all I can say. Go on.

**SuthernDumBelle:** Nobody is there. Then I hear a noise and rocks come crashing down. I'm trapped inside.



;-) *And I die a smothering death. The End. Thank you! Don't IM us. We'll IM you.*

**SuthernDumBelle:** Now I'm crying...panicking. The fire burns out...it's completely dark.

I don't know how long I've been there, but I begin to hear noises...then soft voices. Low voices...chanting voices. I'm scared and hopeful at the same time.

Then all of a sudden...torches light up.

I see them...they are standing around me.

**The Author:** How old are you in this fantasy, and what are you wearing?

**SuthernDumBelle:** I have a sundress on. I'm every age I've been since I was younger. I've had this fantasy since I was a girl.

;-) *I can't believe I'm still talking to this lunatic. It must have been a bad night for TV, or something.*

*And I'm very torn at this point: I'm starting to suspect that I'm talking to a man. I didn't think so at first, because a man generally gets to the point right away. (i.e.: I wake up in the woods, surrounded by naked men. They fuck me all at once.) But this idiot just keeps rambling on and on like the Old Testament.*

*The reason I'm starting to suspect that it's a man is because of one word: sundress. You should know that men know absolutely nothing about women's clothing. So if you're ever trying to determine if you're talking to a man who is pretending to be a woman, ask them what they are wearing. If they say, "t-shirt and panties," or "a sundress," it's probably a guy.*

*The flaw here is that most real women you cyber with are so unimaginative, they usually give the same answers.*

*And so we plod along...*

**SuthernDumBelle:** I can't see their faces...they have robes with hoods on. They close in on me. I scream and faint.

;-) *I know the feeling.*

**The Author:** Wow.

**SuthernDumBelle:** When I wake up, I'm bound at my wrists and ankles. I have a hood over my head. I'm tied to a pole, and they are carrying me in the dark.

I'm terrified.

**The Author:** Me, too.

**SuthernDumBelle:** I know they can see me...my dress has slid up my legs and hanging down around my waist as I'm carried. They stop...and I'm untied. I try and break free but the hands hold me...and lift me...and place me on a flat surface. I feel metal cuffs go around my wrists and ankles. Then a knife is cutting away my clothes...

;-) *You think I'm kidding, don't you? You think I'm making this up. I only wish I had this kind of an imagination. Oh the books I could write! Boring ones, to be sure, but still...*

**The Author:** Are you getting wet telling this story?

**SuthernDumBelle:** Yes!

**The Author:** Are you telling me that your pussy is getting soaked thinking about having your dress cut off your body?

**SuthernDumBelle:** Yes!

**The Author:** Interesting. Where's your husband?

**SuthernDumBelle:** He's traveling on business. He's away a lot.

**The Author:** I'm trying to figure out where your fantasy is leading. I'm guessing at some point you're going to be surrounded by hard naked men and fucked hard.

Just when was the last time you were fucked hard?

**SuthernDumBelle:** A long time ago. My husband is the gentle type.

**The Author:** When's the last time you were fucked hard by a big, thick cock?

**SuthernDumBelle:** Oh yessssss...too long...so very long ago...when I was raped.

**The Author:** You were raped? For real? When?

**SuthernDumBelle:** 22

**The Author:** Is that about the same time you started having this fantasy?

**SuthernDumBelle:** Yes.

**The Author:** But it must have been very traumatic for you. Do you think about it a lot?

**SuthernDumBelle:** In a way it was. Yes, I do. There were three of them. Three men. I was married at the time.

They awakened in me....a desire....to be taken. I don't know why. But I felt so helpless....so penetrated...by strangers...and I lost control...my own body betrayed me, and I surrendered.

They took me anally. The only ones ever to do it.

;-)

*Did they take you all the way back to the mother ship to do it?*

**SuthernDumBelle:** The things that I feel...that I felt...the dark fantasies I have now because of it. Raping my small body...

**The Author:** So where did it happen?

**SuthernDumBelle:** It started at a rest area on the highway. I was driving alone...traveling...and was tired. I stopped to wake up a little, but instead I fell asleep in my car.

They found me there...it was late at night, and nobody else was there.

I woke up as they were pulling me out of my car, and pushing me into their van.

**The Author:** What were you wearing?

**SuthernDumBelle:** A sundress.

;-)

*A sundress? Are you sure it wasn't a "t-shirt and panties?" Alright, that does it. I'm out of here. I don't care where this fantasy is going. I don't care if it ends at the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleader tryouts. I'm going to log off and watch the scrambled porn channel.*

**SuthernDumBelle:** At first it seemed like a nightmare...I couldn't believe it was happening...I had been asleep only a few minutes before. My whole world was changing.

**The Author:** Shoot. I gotta dash. Rain check?

So you can see that while the boozy married slut is the first one you would gravitate towards when looking for a quick lay in a bar,\* she is the last person you would ever want to cyber with.

### ***bachelorette #3: the unmedicated psychotic***

One of the pitfalls to be aware of when having cybersex is that you're partner may be, in fact, criminally insane. The fabulous thing about them being completely out of their minds (apart from the fact that they are apparently still able to operate a home computer) is that there are so many "tells."

I was hunched over my desk in my cyberlaboratory Tell Me Your Fantasy when I received the following message. Let's see if you can spot the exact moment where I discovered that he/she was nuttier than an elephant turd.

**No2HouseMouse:** hi

**The Author:** Hi there. Come to share your fantasy?

**No2HouseMouse:** I want to be raped and have my tits tortured.

**The Author:** Beg pardon?

**No2HouseMouse:** I want to be in a non stop anything goes beat on my tits fest and anyone or anything can rape me. I'd like to be raped by several men and dogs too and then I'd like to have my boobs nailed to a table and beat on as I was ass raped.

I even fantasize about the dog biting my boobs and ripping them open and it gets me hot.

**The Author:** Jesus.

**No2HouseMouse:** Am I too sick for you?

**The Author:** A bit. Nothing personal. You're probably very nice in person...

**No2HouseMouse:** Do you like the idea?

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\* Sorry. I'll try to leave your mother out of the rest of this book.

**The Author:** I think I'm going to throw up.

### ***bachelorette #4: the student body***

Be aware of kids online trying to play with your mind. Learn to see through their façades lest you become an unwilling participant in anyone's Sex Ed homework. Witness my own encounter with a juvenile delinquent.

**SatanSpawn:** Hi. I'm a woman, and I would love it if you would talk dirty to me.

**The Author:** Wow! SatanSpawn! That's quite a handle!

**SatanSpawn:** You like?

**The Author:** It's a bit intimidating, to be honest. And the fact that you have no profile doesn't help at all.

Makes me think terrible thoughts...

**SatanSpawn:** Really? Like what?

**The Author:** Like maybe it's past your bedtime, youngin'.

**SatanSpawn:** It's my boyfriend's screen name. And I'm 19. Does that help?

**The Author:** Gosh, not really. Nothing personal.

**SatanSpawn:** Okay. Your loss.

**The Author:** Yes, yes. My loss. Now I'll never know the joys of being investigated by the FBI. Thanks, I'll pass.

### ***bachelorette #5: the enlightened racist***

Get ready for a shock. There are a lot of stupid white people out there. African-Americans have been telling us this for years, but it's still a shock when I'm confronted with it head-on in Internet chat rooms.

When you hear about racism on the Internet, I suppose you envision Neo-Nazi and Ku Klux Klan websites. What you find instead is ignorant white stereotypes and ludicrous sexual fantasies. There are a lot of white men pretending to be black for a chance of cybering with white women wanting a dose of "jungle fever." There are a lot of fantasies involving "young white daughters and old black men" and "young black thugs and white married women." Just ignorant white trash fantasies. Case in point...

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** I have a kinky fantasy about a black man I work with.

**The Author:** What do you do for a living?

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** I work in a hospital. I've been married for 13 years. There's a black man at my job and I want to be with him.

He's very good looking, big and sexy. My friend was with him and she told me the details. And ever since I can't stop thinking about him.

**The Author:** She told you he was HUGE, right?

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** She said he was long and thick, yes.

I gave him my phone number a week ago and he's been calling me.

;-)

*One of the most annoying parts of a conversation like this is adjusting the sensitivity of my bullshit detector. Is this a fantasy? Because that's what I asked for. Is this reality? Because she's telling the story as if it were gospel. Watch: pretty soon she'll be using the past tense in her speech...they always do.*

**The Author:** Have you been having intimate conversations?

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** Yes. He has told me that he has wanted to be with me for a long time. I told him that I have wondered about his size.

I can't stop thinking about that big black cock.

I have never been with a black man. My friend said that he fucked very hard and she had several orgasms.

**The Author:** Is your husband small?

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** He's 7 inches. Average.

;-)

*"Yeah, right," he said shifting uncomfortably in his seat. "Average."*

**The Author:** How big is your coworker supposed to be?

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** Like 10" and very thick. My friend has been with him several times and she would not lie.

**The Author:** Does he wear scrubs? Is he a doctor, or male nurse?

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** No, he's a porter.

**The Author:** Oh.

;-) *Of course. How could I have possibly imagined him having a higher position. Now, are the porters the ones that bale hay, or pick cotton?*

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** I think I'm gonna do him tomorrow. I need to get this over with.

**The Author:** What do you look like?

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** I'm semi-full figured, very pretty face. Big tits and full ass.

**The Author:** Nice...

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** I hope its worth the chance I'm taking. My friend said he fucked her 4 times the first night. I want him to fuck me over and over. I want him to be rough with me like he was with her.

He talked to her while they fucked, too. Wild, huh?

;-) *Yeah...wild. Dirty talk, huh? Wow, he's quite the innovator.*

**ItsTwueItsTwue:** And when she met him the second time he fucked her asshole.

I've never had a black man before.

**The Author:** Yeah. You mentioned that.

Hey, I hate to run, but I'm missing the Image Awards on TV. Catch you later, okay?

### ***bachelorette #5: the pathological liar***

Once again I was in my laboratory Tell Me Your Fantasy, conducting some late-night "research," when I was sent this message...

**MyLittlePony:** Hi. I'm Tina. I want to love my horse.

**The Author:** Thanks for sharing. Can you see the IDIOT sign from all the way over there?

**MyLittlePony:** Sorry. Did I send this to the wrong person?

**The Author:** You sure did. You meant to send it to a friggin' idiot.

**MyLittlePony:** Did you ever want to see a woman make love to a horse?

**The Author:** NO.

**MyLittlePony** is going about this cybersex thing all wrong. I'm sure you've picked up on the fact that **MyLittlePony** is, in fact, an idiot. More to the point, "she" is a male idiot.

This is fine with me. I don't conduct physicals in my cyberlab; I was merely curious about fantasies people carry around in their heads and never share with anyone. If "**Pony**" had gone about this in an entirely different way, such as beginning with: "I'm a 49-year old male. I know this is going to sound crazy, but I've always fantasized about being a 16-year old girl who gets fucked by her horse..." I might still be talking to "her."

Here's another example. I was rinsing out test tubes and Petri dishes in my "research" lab when I received this message...

**PattyLogical:** daddy

**The Author:** Not until the test results come back! Wait...are you telling me the rabbit died?

**PattyLogical:** LOL

**The Author:** Oh, wait. I see. Are you telling me you have a "daddy/daughter" fetish?

;-)

*Before you read on, let me once again warn you that this book contains all sorts of dirty words. It is, after all, a sex manual. I just couldn't see editing these words out of the final version. In an early effort to mass-market this primer I tried inserting hyphens to suggest missing letters, but it created too much confusion...*

*For instance: Did "c--t" mean "clit" or "cunt?" I understand Margaret Mitchell faced these same obstacles.*

*It's fine to pepper a cyberchat with a few innocuous statements like "Would you like someone caressing your breasts right now?" if that's your style. With all due respect to Barbara Cartwright,\* euphemisms have their place in literature, but I'm here to teach you the finer points and proper methods of cybersex.*

*Trust me: you're not going to get far saying things like: "Wow. I'd really like to massage your genitals right now. I am engorged."*

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\* Which is very little, actually.



*Having said that, read on at your own mortal soul's peril, because I wrote it at mine.*

**\*<:O)**

***and now a special message for the pokemon demographic:***

Put the book **down** and go to bed **now**, dammit!

**PattyLogical:** its not just fantasy. I have had him orally. now I want him to fuck me.

**The Author:** Oh go on. Don't make me laugh. My lips are chapped.

**PattyLogical:** u dont believe me?  
god honest truth, believe it or not

**The Author:** Wanna guess which one I picked?

**PattyLogical:** it sounds crazy, but it's true

Well, she's half right. Points for that.

Come on. Let's get out of here. This place is giving me the creeps.

### ***bachelorette #6: sybil***

One of the advantages in cybersex we have already discussed is the ability to recreate yourself. There is a phenomenon in cybersex, however, where a person not only pretends to be someone else, but two "someone elses."

**2FacesOfEve:** HI CAN YOU MAKE ME CUM?

**The Author:** Uh, am I being timed?

**2FacesOfEve:** NO. BUT IF IT TAKES MORE THAN A DAY YES LOL

**;-)**

*I need to take a minute here and talk about typing in capital letters like this. You might think it makes little difference whether someone takes the time to discover where the CAPSLOCK key is located on their keyboard, but try spending a third of your life online and see if you don't want to choke every motherfucker who types in capital letters.*

*Back in the early days of AOL 3.0, you would log into the chat rooms and you would be immediately shuttled into a "Townhouse" chat room with about 15 other people. Without fail, some "newbie" would start typing and, as Mark Twain observed, "remove all doubt."*

**SKATERDUDE:** HEY WHERE ARE ALL THE CHICKS WITH BIG TITS?

*Of course this idiot would be immediately smacked upside his virtual head, and in between the hundreds of lines of text that read "Your Mom just left, Skater..." would be about a thousand requests to "Take your CAPSLOCK off!"*

*The remark that I thought was most interesting was: "STOP SHOUTING!" At first I thought it was a really stupid thing to say, given that we're all just reading text. But, dammit, after awhile it does become very disconcerting to the eye. (Of course, so does ten straight hours of viewing porn on your computer, but hey, you choose your battles.)*

*So as you read the rest of this chat, be aware of the difficulty in reading words typed in capital letters. It's fine for a telegram, but not for cybersex. Then I also want you to imagine after awhile that your having a face-to-face conversation with this person. After awhile, I promise, it really will seem like they are shouting at you. You can practically feel the spittle hitting your face.*

**The Author:** Tell me about yourself...

**2FacesOfEve:** CAN YOU MAKE ALL MY DREAMS CUM TRUE.  
READ MY PROFILE IF YOU WANT TO KNOW  
ABOUT ME

**The Author:** I did.

**2FacesOfEve:** I'M A VERY BAD GIRL

**The Author:** So what qualifies you as such a bad girl?

**2FacesOfEve:** EVERYTHING THAT MY MOTHER DOES NOT DO

**The Author:** But your mother does so much!

**2FacesOfEve:** YOU THINK SO? HAVE YOU MET HER?

**The Author:** Just teasing. Have you come to share a fantasy?

**2FacesOfEve:** NO I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME ONE

**The Author:** Just one?! You're really tying my hands here.

**2FacesOfEve:** IF YOU CAN NOT GIVE ME A FANTASY MAYBE  
YOU CAN GIVE MY MOTHER ONE

**The Author:** I like it when a woman shares a fantasy with me that she's never told anyone before. Not her husband...not her therapist...

**2FacesOfEve:** WELL WHAT GETS ME OFF IS A MAN WHO CAN MAKE ME CUM WITHOUT TOUCHING ME. I NEVER HAD CYBERSEX BEFORE

**The Author:** What? I thought you were a bad girl?

**2FacesOfEve:** YES I JUST STARTED THIS MORNING WHEN I HAD THIS FEELING CUM OVER ME TO TALK TO SOMEONE. BUT I'M BAD IN THE BED IN PERSON THAT IS

**The Author:** Bad like you're not good at it?

**2FacesOfEve:** YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO AND I'LL DO IT

**The Author:** Tell me what excites you..

**2FacesOfEve:** NO BAD LIKE THINGS GIRLS SHOULD NOT DO UNLESS WITH THEIR MATE. I LOVE TO GET MY PUSSY EAT OUT

;-) *She seems to be having a little trouble conjugating her verbs. That and the CAPSLOCK are starting to give me a headache.*

**The Author:** Okay. What else...?

**2FacesOfEve:** FIRST HOW OLD ARE YOU

**The Author:** 35

**2FacesOfEve:** OH YOUR YOUNG THAN MY MOTHER

**The Author:** How old are you?

**2FacesOfEve:** 22

I WOULD LIKE TO GO TO BED WITH SOMEONE THAT I DON'T KNOW , LIKE IF A GUY PICKED ME UP IN A BAR OR STARTED TO FEEL ME IN A MOVIE.

LIKE IF I WAS IN A BAR AND I WAS SITTING AT A TABLE AND I GUY CAME UP AND WENT UNDER THIS TABLE AND STARTED TO LICK AND SUCK MY PUSSY. WITHOUT ANYONE SEEING HIM.

**The Author:** I like the movie theater idea.

**2FacesOfEve:** OR IF I WAS AT A WASH HOUSE

**The Author:** A wash house? What the hell is a wash house?

**2FacesOfEve:** AND WASHING CLOTHES AND WE ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE THERE AND HE STARTS TO UNDRRESS ME

**The Author:** Oh. A laundromat.

**2FacesOfEve:** YES WHAT EVER IT'S CALLED.

; -) *A wash house?! Have you ever heard of a laundromat referred to as a wash house? What country is this chick from? What planet exactly? Maybe that explains the trouble she's having with the English language.*

**2FacesOfEve:** HE LAY ME ON THE WASHER AND HE FUCKS MY BRAINS OUT

**The Author:** With the washer on the spin cycle, of course.

**2FacesOfEve:** YES. OR HE RAPES ME. BUT NOT BAD BUT SO THAT I CAN GIVE IN CAUSE HE EATING MY PUSSY OUT. IT'S NOT REALLY RAPE BUT WHAT THE HELL. BUT MOST OF ALL I WANT PEOPLE AROUND US WHEN HE'S LICKING AND SUCKING MY PUSSY. ARE YOU STILL THERE. IF YOUR SO GOOD CALL ME AND MAKE ME CUM.

HELLO YOU STILL THERE

**The Author:** I am. Sorry. Was just checking out Lacey Chabert on Jay Leno. What a body on that minx.

**2FacesOfEve:** GREAT

; -) *Maybe this is a weird time to mention it, but when did Lacey Chabert, the little girl from FOX TV's "Party Of Five" become Neve Campbell's doppleganger? Did she eat her soul, or something? She looks EXACTLY like her. She talks like her, moves like her, dresses like her.*

*Yeah. Sorry. Weird time.*

**The Author:** You're very oral, aren't you?

When's the last time you had your pussy licked?

**2FacesOfEve:** NEVER

**The Author:** You've never had your pussy eaten?

**2FacesOfEve:** NO THAT'S WHY IT'S MY FANTASY

**The Author:** Are you a virgin?

**2FacesOfEve:** NO

**The Author:** You've given head, but no one's returned the favor?

**2FacesOfEve:** WHY IF IT'S NOT DONE ON ME WHY SHOULD I GIVE IT TO HIM. JUST THE MAN THAT I HAD WASN'T INTO IT

**The Author:** Wait. You've never given head, either? I am so confused. What qualifies you as a "bad girl" exactly?

**2FacesOfEve:** I CAN MADE A MAN CUM WITH JUST MY HANDS THAT'S HOW GOOD I AM. YOU LIVE IN LAS VEGAS. MY MOTHER GOING THERE NEXT WEEK. SHE SINGLE NOW AND LOOKING FOR A GOOD FUCK.

**The Author:** No thanks.

**2FacesOfEve:** SHE 36 BREASTS AND 38 OR 40 BIG BUTT. SHE'S BEEN WITHOUT A MAN FOR 2 YRS. MAYBE SO. WANT TO TALK TO HER?

**The Author:** How could I resist.

**2FacesOfEve:** THAT WOULD BE NICE BUT YOU CANN'T TELL HER I PUT YOU UP TO IT. MY MOTHER ONLY HAD ONE MAN AND HE'S GONE

**The Author:** You're not a very bad girl, you know. A lousy pimp, maybe...but a "bad girl?" Definitely not.

**2FacesOfEve:** NO I WAS LOOKING FOR SOME ONE TO MAKE MY FANASY COME TRUE. MY REAL FANTASY IS FOR MY MOTHER. TO HAVE HER PUSSY EATTEN. AND TOO HAVE AFFAIR WITH SOMEONE FOR A NIGHT.

NO BACK DOOR ACTION.

**The Author:** You want me to talk to her on the phone?

**2FacesOfEve:** YES I WANT YOU TO CALL SO SHE WOULD THINK IT WAS FOR HER

**The Author:** At 4am?\*

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\* Yes, *four a.m.* Look, don't start with me, alright?

**2FacesOfEve:** MAKE MY MOTHER FEEL LIKE A WOMAN. SAY THAT YOU MEET ON LINE A MONTH AGO. AND THAT YOU WANT TO MAKE HER HAPPY.

SHE WILL ANSWER BECAUSE THE PHONE IS NEXT TO HER

**The Author:** Sorry. I always like to help a woman in distress, but I can't call a woman I don't know and ask for phone sex. There are laws against such things.

**2FacesOfEve:** SHE THINK THAT SHE MEET YOU ON LINE LAST MONTH

**The Author:** I ain't calling. Sorry. I can't call a woman I don't know and ask for phone sex. I can't even call women I DO know for that...

**2FacesOfEve:** NO YOU GIVE HER THE PHONE SEX. AS SOON AS YOU HEAR HER VOICE YOU WOULD WANT TOO. ARE YOU THERE?

**The Author:** Not for long.

**2FacesOfEve:** WHY? SHE'S UP

**The Author:** Come on. Give me a break...

**2FacesOfEve:** I BRING HER TO THE COMPUTER RIGHT NOW.

OK?

**The Author:** Sure.

**2FacesOfEve:** HELLO CAN I HELP YOU

**The Author:** Hello. Is this [EVE'S MOM]?

**2FacesOfEve:** THIS IS SHE

**The Author:** I hope so. I've been talking to your daughter. She's been telling me all about you.

**2FacesOfEve:** HOW YOU KNOW MY NAME

**The Author:** Again. I've been talking to your daughter for quite awhile. She went on and on about you.

**2FacesOfEve:** BIG LAUGH. SHE IS ALWAYS TALKING TO SOMEONE ABOUT ME

**The Author:** Are you two always up this early?

- 2FacesOfEve:** I'M A NIGHT PERSON.
- The Author:** Your daughter suggested I call you...
- 2FacesOfEve:** THAT'S LIKE HER. SHE FEELS THAT I DON'T LOOK FOR MEN.
- I AM A 190LBS AND MEN DON'T LOOK AT ME. I NEVER HAD ANY KIND OF SEX IN A LONG TIME.
- The Author:** Well she shared with me that you're going to be visiting my hometown of Las Vegas soon. If you do come to Vegas, I hope you'll stay at one of our many fabulous resort hotels. And when you check in, be sure to open the top drawer of the nightstand.
- 2FacesOfEve:** WHAT FOR
- The Author:** Well, that's where they keep the Yellow Pages. Try to remember that "PSYCHIATRIST" is spelled with a "P," not an "S." And now I must go. Good morning to you all.
- 2FacesOfEve:** SO THAT MEANS THAT I DON'T GET TO MEET YOU
- The Author:** `Fraid not.

Here might be a good point to go into more detail about my philosophy of being polite to the people you meet online at all times. Mm. No. On second thought: not a good time at all.

But I think you can see as I did that it was the same moron I was talking to both times. *OR DID NOT YOU UNDERSTAND? LOOK I AM DAUGHTER! NO I AM MOTHER NOW! NOW DAUGHTER. NOW MOTHER.* Puh-lease. The point here is that one boring person is bad enough, but one boring person pretending to be two interesting people is just too much math for me.

Lest you think that was an isolated instance, observe this next conversation I had with a man who claimed to be an amateur hypnotist.\* I believe it further illustrates the consequences of selling computers to schizophrenics. I was rinsing out a beaker in my cyberlab Tell Me Your Fantasy, when I received the following Instant Message...

**MesmerEyes:** Hi there. Want to help me with an experiment?

---

\* There are many trends and fads in cybersex. One that has been around as long as I've been conducting "research" is the fantasy of hypnotic seduction.

**The Author:** That depends. What kind of an experiment?

**MesmerEyes:** I'm in a hotel on a business trip. I'm typing on my laptop. I'm talking to my wife at home. She's logged onto AOL from our home computer.

**The Author:** So what's the experiment?

**MesmerEyes:** I've been secretly hypnotizing her. I've been planting suggestions to test her.

**The Author:** What kind of suggestions?

**MesmerEyes:** Well for instance, just to test her, I told her to stop shaving under her arms. I've been checking to see if she has been. So far, so good.

**The Author:** You mean "So far, so hairy," don't you?

;-) *So your experiment is to turn your wife into a man. That should definitely win first prize at the Science Fair.*

**MesmerEyes:** I want you to try and seduce her. I'll give you the secret word I use that will hypnotize her immediately and put her in a trance. So you want to try?

**The Author:** Sure. I'm game.

**MesmerEyes:** She's online right now. I want you to send her an IM and pretend that you're a friend of mine.

**The Author:** Okey-dokey. What's her screen name?

**MesmerEyes:** "Hypnotease."

**The Author:** Alright. Hang on.

;-) *Man. I must have been bored out of my mind to even get started with this one. There is no way, of course, that any of this was true. Clearly this idiot had access to two computers and two AOL accounts. He was sending Instant Messages from both computers pretending to be his wife.*

*Now you must be asking yourself at this point: Why would a man set up this elaborate scheme of pretending to be his own wife who is hypnotized and seduced by another man, while sending messages of encouragement as himself to the other man? The reason you are asking this is because, of course, you're a woman.*

**The Author:** Hi there! Just a friend of your husband's here...



**HypnoTease:** Oh, hello.  
**The Author:** He thought I should say Howdy... So there ya go.  
**HypnoTease:** Oh well, howdy then.

---

**MesmerEyes:** Are you talking to her?  
**The Author:** Yeah. She's blowing me off.  
**MesmerEyes:** Did you say you know me?  
**The Author:** Yeah, but it doesn't appear to matter to her.  
**MesmerEyes:** Keep talking. Maybe she's just talking to someone else.  
**The Author:** What's your real name?  
**MesmerEyes:** Bob.

---

**The Author:** Missing Bob while he's gone?  
**HypnoTease:** Yes.  
**The Author:** He appears to be missing you as well.  
**HypnoTease:** Oh? What did he say?  
**The Author:** Just that he was lonely in his hotel room. He saw me in my Fantasy Room and he said his wife fulfilled all of his fantasies... I thought that was nice.

---

**MesmerEyes:** What's she saying?  
**The Author:** Nothing. I think I pissed her off.

;-)

*Now the real fun begins. There isn't enough time in the world for me to try and figure out what this guy is getting out of this fantasy. Thankfully, there is just enough time in the world for me to play with his mind.*

*I don't really care why he wants to pretend that he's two different people. But he is expecting for me to send filthy messages to "his wife," then report back to him in wide-eyed amazement: "It's working, dude! It's totally happening! Just like*

*you said it would!"*

*What a dick. I have no idea what he gets out of it, but I know enough about him now to know that he will completely short-circuit if I don't report back with the truth.*

**MesmerEyes:** What? What are you talking about?

**The Author:** She told me "Fuck off, you jerk."

**MesmerEyes:** No she didn't. She doesn't talk like that.

**The Author:** Well, not to you, probably. But she's being very rude to me. I'm a bit shocked, to be honest. I'm not used to that kind of language.

---

**HypnoTease:** *He did, did he? What kinds of fantasies did he tell you about exactly?*

**The Author:** *Well, he did have one...*

**HypnoTease:** *What was it?*

**The Author:** *He has a fantasy about you being with another man while he was away on business.*

**HypnoTease:** *LOL Nice try, bud. No way, no how, would he say that.*

---

**MesmerEyes:** Well...?

**The Author:** Oh, I'm sorry. Did you want me to try talking to her again? I guess I misunderstood.

**MesmerEyes:** Test to see if she goes under with the trigger!

**The Author:** What trigger?

**MesmerEyes:** "pixiedust"

**The Author:** What...just say "pixiedust" to her?

**MesmerEyes:** That's the way I explained it when she was under last weekend. But all you have to do is type that and she should slip under.

Would be interesting if it worked, huh?

;-) *Not really.*

**The Author:** *Well, I'll let you go. But before I do, Bob had one more message for you...*

**HypnoTease:** *What?*

**The Author:** *pixiedust*

---

**The Author:** *Hmm. Tried it.*

**MesmerEyes:** *You did? And?*

**The Author:** *She ain't IMing back. She quiet, boss.*

**MesmerEyes:** *Well if it did put her under she would only act on direct command or question then.*

**The Author:** *I see.*

;-) *I was wrong. This wasn't going to be as much fun as I thought. Too many rules...*

**The Author:** *Are you still there?*

**HypnoTease:** *yes*

**The Author:** *And you're still missing Bob?*

**HypnoTease:** *yes*

**The Author:** *You've been lonely without him, haven't you?*

**HypnoTease:** *yes*

**The Author:** *You've been so horny without him. You're horny now, aren't you?*

**HypnoTease:** *yes*

**The Author:** *What have you done about it?*

**HypnoTease:** *played with myself*

**The Author:** *How many times?*

**HypnoTease:** *8*

**The Author:** *What are you wearing now?*

**HypnoTease:** *tshirt and sweatpants*  
**The Author:** *You're so horny right now, aren't you?*  
**HypnoTease:** *yes*

---

**MesmerEyes:** *Anything?*  
**The Author:** *Not really...no.*

---

**The Author:** *Tell me your deepest, darkest secret.*  
**HypnoTease:** *my friend*  
**The Author:** *What does she look like?*  
**HypnoTease:** *she is portuguese really skinny with long dark brown hair*  
**The Author:** *You've seen her naked?*  
**HypnoTease:** *yes...we were roommates for a semester*  
**The Author:** *And you get wet thinking about her? Are you wet now?*  
**HypnoTease:** *yes*  
**The Author:** *Are you playing with yourself now, thinking about her?*  
**HypnoTease:** *no*  
**The Author:** *Do it.*  
**HypnoTease:** *yes*

---

**MesmerEyes:** *How about now?*  
**The Author:** *Nope.*  
**MesmerEyes:** *Oh well. So much for that, I guess. Well, I have to crash and be up early... You take care, okay?*

;-) *Crap. He was onto me. I mean, he knows I'm lying. But he's just as confused as to why I'm lying about hypnotizing his wife as I am confused about why he's lying to me about hypnotizing his wife.*

*I was dying to figure out where this would all lead, so I jerked the fishing line a bit...*

**The Author:** Hey now. This is fun.

**MesmerEyes:** You mean it's working?

**The Author:** Yeah, dude.

**MesmerEyes:** Oh cool.

**The Author:** You're a real kick in the pants, you know that?

**MesmerEyes:** Thanks. Now the way I left it you should be able to make her feel or believe anything...whether you change her looks, body or just describe something happening to her.

;-) *Hooked 'im! Reel him in slowly now...*

**MesmerEyes:** Try something.

---

**The Author:** *Take off your sweats and panties...*

**HypnoTease:** *yes*

*done*

;-) *By the way, there was almost no pause at all between "yes" and "done."*

**The Author:** *Stand up...spread your legs apart.*

*Run your hands over your tits. Squeeze them...*

---

**MesmerEyes:** Is she still responding?

**The Author:** Nope. Sorry. False alarm, I guess.

**MesmerEyes:** Are you talking to her still?

**The Author:** Yup. But she's not responding. Is she talking to you, maybe?

**MesmerEyes:** No, I'm not IMing her because too many IMs would confuse her and may bring her out of it.

---

**The Author:** *Pinch your nipples through the material until they harden...*

**HypnoTease:** yes

---

**MesmerEyes:** Are you sure she's not responding?

**The Author:** Yeah. Of course I'm sure.

---

**The Author:** *Run your hands down your stomach...*

**HypnoTease:** yes

**The Author:** *Now rub your stomach and pat your head.*

*Repeat after me: The sixth sheik's sixth sheep is sick.*

*Faster!*

*Say it FASTER, slut!*

---

**The Author:** Oh I can't go on. It was funny for awhile, but I'm getting a headache. It's really funny the way you set this up, by the way.

**MesmerEyes:** Tell me what's going on?

**The Author:** YOU tell ME what's going on. Normally I'd be willing to "go along" just to see where this all leads, but it's getting late. Kudos to you, though.

**MesmerEyes:** Ummm...okay?

**The Author:** Come on. Be serious for a sec because, like a shoplifter, I ain't buyin' any of this.

"Ummm...okay?"

So, what are you REALLY getting out of this?

“They” both logged off immediately after that. Maybe they were getting verrrry sleeeeeeepy.

Alright, let's move on, before we all start getting sleepy.

## chapter two: *the REAL meg ryan*



Alright, you've all seen the movie *You've Got Mail*, and apart from being a poor sequel to *Sleepless In Seattle*, it completely misrepresented all of us who devote our lives to pursuing online relationships. Not once did I see Tom Hanks reaching for a box of Kleenex or Meg Ryan throw one leg around her laptop.

This book is intended to give you a much more realistic portrayal of the people you'll be talking dirty to. Now I know you're psyched and eager to get started, but you can't just talk dirty to yourself\*...although God knows it'll seem that way sometimes. No, you're going to need a partner. So let's introduce the cast, the people that populate this world wide web you've heard so much about lately. We'll start in alphabetical order, and so we begin with: "Cunts."

Men: you work hard to support your family. You bring home a nice paycheck for your wife, or significant other. And I personally want to thank you for being such a good earner. Keep mining that salt, you stupid bastards, so your little lady can keep talking dirty to me on AOL!

Keep this next chapter in mind the next time you ask your significant other: "So, what did you do today while I was at work, dear?"

**FireDriller:** Hi. My fantasy is being gang-banged by more than two guys.

**The Author:** :::reading your profile:::  
Gang-banging a fireman's wife!

**FireDriller:** LOL. Hi there!

**The Author:** Are you really a fireman's wife?

**FireDriller:** Yes.

**The Author:** Doesn't that get lonely when he's at the station so many days in a row?

**FireDriller:** Very.

**The Author:** You poor thing.

**FireDriller:** :-(

---

\* Well, you can, but it's usually a symptom of "Tourette's Syndrome," and not very erotic.



**The Author:** What do you look like?

**FireDriller:** I'm 5'9," 145lbs, short dark hair, big brown eyes. 40D-29-39.

**The Author:** Wow! I feel like I hit the lottery with those numbers!

**FireDriller:** I hate them.

**The Author:** Why's that? Tired of men not looking you in the eye?

**FireDriller:** They're too big for me.

**The Author:** But they seem fine to me...

No wonder you need the attention of more than one man...

**FireDriller:** And I'm so horny for it, too...

**The Author:** Ever have phone fun?

**FireDriller:** Can't tonight. He's at home asleep.

**The Author:** Damn! The one night he's actually there...just my luck! LOL.

It wasn't an offer, by the way. I was just curious. Do you resort to phone fun from time to time?

**FireDriller:** Not a lot. We have a cordless phone and his scanner can pick it up

**The Author:** That sneaky bastard! Doesn't he trust his loving wife?

**FireDriller:** Tell me about it.

Here are a few more examples of what your *insignificant* others are up to while you're busting your hump on the hot asphalt with the rest of the road construction crew...

**HomeAlone:** hi there

**The Author:** Hi right back. Nice profile. Husband know you play online?

**HomeAlone:** no way

**The Author:** Really? He wouldn't understand?

**HomeAlone:** no

;-) *"My husband doesn't understand me?" That's a new one.*

**The Author:** Are you all alone tonight?

**HomeAlone:** yes

**The Author:** Where's hubby?

**HomeAlone:** overseas

**The Author:** Wow...I just realized how sexy that is. Husband away overseas and feeling horny as hell. Alone in the dark in front of the computer...talking to strange men about your sexual fantasies...

**HomeAlone:** yes

**The Author:** So you were alone in bed...having all these sexual thoughts...playing with your naughty little pussy...

**HomeAlone:** : )~

**The Author:** Maybe you even came...

But it still wasn't enough for you, was it?

**HomeAlone:** Well, I didn't bring myself to climax

**The Author:** What are you wearing right now?

**HomeAlone:** Lacy white French-cut panties...and a silk nightie that comes down just below my butt.

;-) *This is definitely a woman. No guy I ever met could fake that description. Unless of course, the guy just happened to be wearing lacy white French-cut panties and a silk nightie that came down just below his butt at the time.*

Yeesh!

**The Author:** So what started you on that path? What happened today that got you so horny?

**HomeAlone:** A guy I saw at the gym today.

**The Author:** What's he look like?

**HomeAlone:** Over 6 feet...and extremely muscular!

**The Author:** Blonde? Brown hair? White? Black?

**HomeAlone:** White, with blonde surfer hair...blonde from the sun or something.

**The Author:** You watched him lift weights?

**HomeAlone:** Yes...I was on the Stairmaster.

**The Author:** Your pussy got so wet just watching him, didn't it?

**HomeAlone:** A little...I was wearing a nice workout outfit...a one-piece bathing suit type outfit with pull up shorts that cover a bit more of the butt.

**The Author:** Sexy...

;-) *Who am I? Alexander Blackwell? Jane Fonda? What the hell do I care what she's working out in?*

**The Author:** You know he's been watching you from behind on the Stairmaster...

**HomeAlone:** I can see him in the mirrors on the wall.

**The Author:** Can you see he's trying to hide his growing bulge...?

**HomeAlone:** yes

I finish the Stairmaster and come walking by just then.

I smile and say hi very sweetly.

**The Author:** "You really showed that machine who's boss!" he says.

;-) *Alright...I didn't really want to get into this here, because I go into it in greater depth later in Part Four, Chapter Three, but there is a misconception in the public about just what "cybersex" is exactly.*

*Is it an intimate discussion of sexual fantasies between two strangers? Is it an improvisational role play of sexually-explicit scenarios? Is it a complete waste of time?*

*While this last argument is mostly my wife's, I will state briefly that cybersex is all of these things. Generally, it begins with titillating conversation and probing queries. One party will usually suggest a scene involving all of the previously discussed intimate elements, and place themselves within that diorama. They will*

*then move and speak within that character just as an actor would. An actor who has his pants around his ankles, that is.*

*That is why there's a weird transition in her narrative from past to present tense, and why I begin to use quotation marks. I'm demonstrating to HomeAlone my willingness to speak as that character in her fantasy. Very soon I'll drop the third-person pronouns, not to mention my pants.*

*At least, don't mention it to my wife.*

**HomeAlone:** I grin and laugh....well, its not like the bench.

**The Author:** "I'm sure you're great on the bench, too. I mean...you know what I mean."

**HomeAlone:** Well, I don't know... ::blushing:: I've never tried it like that.

**The Author:** "I'd like to show you how it feels sometime. Listen...I was just leaving. Would you like to leave together?"

**HomeAlone:** um...well...looking around...ok, I guess. Do you need a ride...wherever?

**The Author:** "I would LOVE a ride from you...wherever you want to take me!"

;-)

*Notice how I'm trying to move her storyline along here. I have no idea why she began her narrative when she did. She would have been better off to begin with: "I wish I had driven home with him from the gym..." That way I could have either had the "action" begin in the car in the gym parking lot, or leapt ahead to arriving at his/her home, you see?*

*I mean, even George Lucas waited twenty-five years to fill in the back story. It's just not very important to the main action.*

**HomeAlone:** I lead you to my car. "Well, would you like some Gatorade at my house? You look like you need some fluids."

**The Author:** "I'd love some of your fluids."

**HomeAlone:** I drive to my house and park in the garage. We go inside to the kitchen.

**The Author:** Nice home...

**HomeAlone:** "Thank you." I open the fridge and get out a jug, then glasses.

**The Author:** Watching your every movement. "You really have beautiful form, you know."

**HomeAlone:** I blush and smile over the glass as I sip. "Would you like more?"

;-)

*Hmm. Maybe she and I should just start the whole fantasy over again. I mean, she did leave out some pretty important details. For instance: what kind of Gatorade are we drinking? What kind of car she was she driving? How was her kitchen tiled?*

Idiot.

**The Author:** I move in close to you now. I push your arms to your sides.

**HomeAlone:** My hands go to your chest, pushing. "Wh-wh-what are you doing?"

**The Author:** "I'm getting some more, baby. What do you think I'm doing?"

**HomeAlone:** My protests mumbled into your mouth as you kiss me.

**The Author:** I push your gym shorts down...

;-)

*Notice my devotion to moving the action along remains fervent. You can thank me later.*

**HomeAlone:** My small hands pressing fruitlessly.

**The Author:** Letting them drop to the floor as my hands roam over your bathing suit.

Grabbing your breasts...feeling your nipples harden under my hands...

**HomeAlone:** Feeling your hands on my small pert boobs...

**The Author:** "Take this off!" I command.

**HomeAlone:** "No..." I whisper halfheartedly.

**The Author:** "Now!"

**HomeAlone:** I back up toward the wall...fear in my eyes...and something else, too.

;-) *Extreme boredom, maybe? That's what's in my eyes.*

*You will run across this type of cyberpartner every now and then...someone who is into "chase" fantasies.*

*ME: I grab you.*

*YOU: I break free.*

*ME: I grab you again.*

*YOU: I wrestle free and run.*

*ME: I shoot you dead.*

Boring!

**The Author:** "Come on, don't be a tease. You know you want it..."

**HomeAlone:** My nipples still hard. My eyes roving over you, staring at your bulge.

**The Author:** "You want that, don't you? You want to see my cock, slut?"

**HomeAlone:** I imperceptibly nod yes.

**The Author:** I lift my arms and strip off my t-shirt revealing massive chest muscles, hard pecs, and rippling abs.

:-( *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Wow. You really can write fiction, can't you?*

**HomeAlone:** You hear my breath catch in my throat.

**The Author:** I notice, even though you don't, that your hands are covering your breasts and pussy. I kick my shoes off and hitch my thumbs into my gym shorts. Pulling them slowly down...

**HomeAlone:** My eyes fix on you there...

**The Author:** Your eyes are locked onto the thick meat hanging there...it hardens as you stare.

:-( *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Are you still writing in the third-person here?*

;-) *The Author: Ha-fucking-ha. Go write your own book, would ya?*

**The Author:** Your hand is pressed hard against your pussy now...

**HomeAlone:** my eyes glaze over

**The Author:** So big...thick...and getting bigger...thicker. "Now show me yours!"

**HomeAlone:** "Please...I...can't..."

**The Author:** "You're going to." I step into you. Chest pressing you harder against the wall. My hands lift up to your shoulder straps...

**HomeAlone:** My eyes look up into yours.

**The Author:** Pushing them off your shoulders... My cock hardens against your pussy...

**HomeAlone:** I protest...meekly.

**The Author:** Your hand is still there...and now it's holding my cock...

**HomeAlone:** My fingers against it.

**The Author:** Slowly running your fingers over the head...the shaft. I push the bathing suit down your body...slowly exposing your tits. Your hard nipples...I bend over to suck them.

**HomeAlone:** My boobs coming into view. I shudder as your chest rubs against them.

:-) *The Author's Very Understanding Wife:* Her boobs come into view?!

;-) *The Author:* Uh, roger that, Houston. We've got her boobs coming into view over Tranquility Base...

**The Author:** My nipples harden as well. Your tongue comes out slowly. You lick them...suck them. The bathing suit is pulled down over your tight ass...

**HomeAlone:** Mmmm.

**The Author:** Down your thighs...to the floor.

**HomeAlone:** You see my trimmed brown fur.

;-) *And what a lovely mink stole it is.*

**The Author:** I reach down and lift one of your legs up and around me. I lift you, still pressing you against the wall, you feel my cock harden against your tight pussy...

**HomeAlone:** I moan softly at that.

**The Author:** You moan louder when you feel me guiding my cock into you...

**HomeAlone:** You feel my hot tight wetness envelope the tip of you. My nails dig into your shoulders...

**The Author:** I push my cock deeper into your soft brown bush. Deep into your wet pink flesh...

**HomeAlone:** oohhhh

**The Author:** Fucking you as I lift your other leg around me...holding you suspended in mid-air...hands cupping your ass...

**HomeAlone:** My athletic thighs wrapping around you.

**The Author:** Forcing you onto my cock...

**HomeAlone:** Feeling you fill me up.

**:-)** *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: I think you're both full of it. In fact, I think I'm getting my fill as well.*

**;-)** *The Author: Funny you should mention that...*

**HomeAlone:** I feel your tongue invading me now...

That darn AOL! Wouldn't you know it, they "booted" me accidentally, and just when I was getting a good game of Twister going with HomeAlone.

Sometimes, though, you're not the only one working the salt mines. Do you think the fact that your wife has a job prevents her from talking dirty to me? Really? Well...read on.

**MrsRobinson:** f/40

fantasy: young m enters apt and has his way with me

**The Author:** Do you know the young man? Or is it a stranger?

**MrsRobinson:** a stranger...



**The Author:** How old is he?

**MrsRobinson:** 19

**The Author:** Black? White?

**MrsRobinson:** white

**The Author:** So what do you look like?  
Describe yourself?

**MrsRobinson:** 5-9, 132, br/br  
I would be just coming home from work after a long day...  
Undressing...

**The Author:** You realize too late you forgot to lock the door...  
When you come back into the living room, he's there.

**MrsRobinson:** I cover myself up, sort of, and smile.

**The Author:** Do you recognize him from work?

**MrsRobinson:** Yes. He works in the mailroom.

;-) *The Author: Then he's not a "stranger," is he? Idiot.*

**MrsRobinson:** I brushed against him when he brought mail to my desk.

**The Author:** Must have been some "brush."

**MrsRobinson:** He knew I had no bra on today.

**The Author:** It must have been so cold in the office...  
Your nipples must have been cutting through your blouse...

**MrsRobinson:** I take his hand and put it on my chest.

**The Author:** At home?

**MrsRobinson:** Yes. I see the bulge in his pants.

**The Author:** You tell him: "Remember asking me at work if I was cold? Come feel how hot I am now."

;-) *Not bad, huh?*

**MrsRobinson:** I moan at his touch.

**The Author:** As he steps forward, you unbutton your blouse for him...letting it fall open...

He takes your breasts in his hands...bends down and sucks your hard nipples...

You feel the warmth of his face against your chilled skin...

**MrsRobinson:** Holding his head.

**The Author:** His hot breath at your breasts...

**MrsRobinson:** moannnnnnnn

**The Author:** (how big?)

**MrsRobinson:** 36c

**The Author:** Nice...

**MrsRobinson:** pink

;-) *Ooooooaaaaaaaaaaaaay. If you say so.*

**The Author:** He lifts his head to kiss you...

Long and deep...

You feel his hand at your waist...

His palm rubbing your pussy through your skirt...

**MrsRobinson:** Humping his hand.

He's on his knees now, sliding my panties down.

**The Author:** His hands running up the back of your legs...

Up your thighs...

**MrsRobinson:** pulling his head between my legs

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

Whoa! Stop shouting! There's more coming! *Damn.*

I was just showing you that it isn't just lonely, fat *hausfraus* populating the sex chat rooms. Sometimes there's lonely, fat *career* women in there, too.

Alright, you want more? Here you go! Geez...you're worse than the stabs I meet online.

**CumInMyOffice:** 19/f. I have a fantasy of my husband's boss.

**The Author:** What's he look like?

**CumInMyOffice:** 6 feet, dark eyes, dark hair, good build, very rich. I can tell he has a large penis, a very powerful man.

**The Author:** What do you look like?

**CumInMyOffice:** I'm about 5'4," golden-brown shoulder length hair, dark tan, hazel eyes, tight tummy 36b/c chest.

**The Author:** Is your husband's cock small?

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, very tiny. Seriously. Like 4 inches when hard.

; -) *EEK! A mouse!*

**The Author:** You're ready for some big hard cock, aren't you?

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, I am. His boss looks like he is huge. I can actually see the bulge through his pants.

**The Author:** I wonder if he's ever caught you staring...

**CumInMyOffice:** I hope so. I just want him to know that I am at least interested.

**The Author:** Does your husband know?

**CumInMyOffice:** No, he would get mad.

**The Author:** What's he do for a living?

**CumInMyOffice:** He's a lawyer.

**The Author:** Are you thinking about that big cock right now?

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmm. Yes.

**The Author:** Are you alone now?

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes. My husband is out of town.

**The Author:** What're you wearing now?

**CumInMyOffice:** Now? Short tight plaid boxers, and a tight white t-shirt.

What do you think I should do?

**The Author:** What do you wear when you see him?

**CumInMyOffice:** I try to dress hot. I wear really short skirts, and see-thru blouses.

**The Author:** But an important man like that...big fucking cock...he's going to be kinky. You know that, don't you?

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, but I don't care. I would do anything for that dick.

;-)

*Yeah, I've had jobs like that.*

**The Author:** How old is he?

**CumInMyOffice:** 40's-50's, I guess.

**The Author:** Is he married?

**CumInMyOffice:** No.

**The Author:** He would be so nasty to you.

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmm. You are getting me really horny.

**The Author:** He would treat you like such a whore.

**CumInMyOffice:** I don't even care. I would do anything.

**The Author:** Maybe even make you fuck him to keep him from firing your husband.

Call you both into his office...

Let you know that the firm can't afford to keep a fuck-up like your husband around just for laughs anymore.

Your husband would be on the verge of tears...

**CumInMyOffice:** Go on...

**The Author:** You ask, "Isn't there anything we can do to change your mind?"

"We?" he repeats. "No. But *you*...now that might be a different story."

Your husband sees the leer on his boss's face. He turns to you, expecting to see anger...

**CumInMyOffice:** "Anything, sir!"

Oh my God, I would get so horny if he said that to me!

; -)

*Now some of you might be wondering at this point about the ethics of cybersex...*

*Well, don't. There aren't any.*

*"But," you say, "what if in the course of exploring this woman's sexual desires, you present the scenario in such perfect detail in a consequence-free environment that she is then compelled to act on her dark urges in real life?"*

*I agree. That would be pretty cool.*

**The Author:** Instead he sees you smile.

**CumInMyOffice:** Keep going. Tell me your story. I am so hot right now

My husband's name is John, and his boss is Mr. Pierce.

**The Author:** You smile...

"I would do anything, Mr. Pierce."

He smiles back. "Call me, SIR."

John is dumbfounded. He cannot believe what he is seeing.

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmm. Go on...

**The Author:** "What the fuck is going on here?" John asks. "We're leaving!"

"Shut up, John!" you tell him.

"I'm going to keep your stubby dick employed!"

You stand up and step over to Pierce's desk.

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes!

**The Author:** "I'm ready, Sir." you tell him. "Ready to please you, SIR!"

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmm...you are making me hot!

**The Author:** "Bend over, slut," he tells you.

"Show me that ass!"

**CumInMyOffice:** I would do anything for him.

**The Author:** You turn around for him...bending over slowly...

Your short skirt riding up your ass cheeks...

**CumInMyOffice:** That's why I wear them.

**The Author:** Soon, your panties are showing...

"Take those panties off, slut."

"You're my new whore, do you understand?"

You nod.

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmm. I am getting wet thinking about his big dick.

;-)

*You might have noticed a slight disparity in the workload here. Her contributions so far have been small encouragements to me as a storyteller. Normally, I'd agree, but the story itself became so intriguing to me as a writer, that it didn't matter that she was hardly typing back, one-handed, or otherwise.*

**The Author:** You turn to face him...your skirt up around your waist...

You hitch your thumbs into your panties waistband and tug them slowly down...

slowly

Until they touch the floor.

**CumInMyOffice:** Keep going, please.

**The Author:** "Rub that tight pussy for me, bitch," Pierce says.

"JOHN!" he shouts. "Take your pants down!"

John unbelievably follows his orders.

**CumInMyOffice:** I would love this.

**The Author:** He is soon standing with no pants on...underwear to the floor.

**CumInMyOffice:** With that tiny little dick of his.

**The Author:** His small cock hangs there pathetically.

"You call that a cock?" Pierce asks, then stands up.

"Get on your knees," he orders you.

"Unzip me."

**CumInMyOffice:** I will.

**The Author:** You drop to your knees immediately. You want to please this new Master. Hoping to please him so he'll share his cock with you.

You reach up, hands trembling...

You start to unzip him...

"Pull it out, slut. Pull that monster cock out."

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmm. I am seriously fingering myself now.

;-) *You better be seriously doing something. 'Cus you're not really enhancing the storyline in any appreciable way.*

**The Author:** Pull his cock out for him...

**CumInMyOffice:** I am.

**The Author:** You reach in...

Your mouth opens in surprise...

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmm. It's so big...

**The Author:** You pull his thick...

fat

long

hardening cock out.

**CumInMyOffice:** oooooohh

**The Author:** It hangs there, spilling out of your hand...

You reach up with your other hand...

Still you cannot hold it all.

**CumInMyOffice:** ooh

**The Author:** Pierce turns to John. "Now...THAT is a cock, you faggot!"

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmm...it's so much bigger than John's.

**The Author:** You look into Pierce's eyes. "May I suck your beautiful cock, Sir?"

He nods.

"Suck it good, slut. Suck it good, and I may let you fuck it!"

You immediately drop your head and open your mouth...

**CumInMyOffice:** I would do anything to fuck him.

**The Author:** You lick the head of his fat cock...then suck the swollen head into your warm mouth.

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmm...it's so fucking big.

**The Author:** You turn to look at John.

His little cock is hard now...and he starts to stroke it.

You push that fat cock deeper into your mouth...

Too big to take inside you...but you try.

You start to gag.

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmm...I swear I would, and John would be beating off too.

**The Author:** Pierce raises his hand and slaps your mouth...

**CumInMyOffice:** He can do anything he wants.



**The Author:** "Don't gag, bitch."

"Take it all in. Or you and your fag husband can hit the streets."

;-) *No, I'm not homophobic. It just seemed like something a lawyer with an enormous cock might say to his employee. In fact, I think I subconsciously lifted the dialogue from an L.A. Law episode.*

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, sir.

**The Author:** You nod.

You open your mouth again...wide...

You lick his shaft up and down...

Licking his big balls...

Then you begin to take him inside you again...

Deeper this time...

**CumInMyOffice:** mmmm...

**The Author:** He puts his hand on the back of your head...forcing you down deeper.

**CumInMyOffice:** I am not going to type anything. I just want to play with myself. Keep getting me hot...

Please...

;-) *Okay, it's decision time. She's telling me I shouldn't expect any more responses from her. I made her so insatiably wet and horny that she can no longer play with herself one-handed, let alone type that way.*

*Experience tells me I shouldn't. Experience tells me this slut will never say goodbye....that I will keep typing away merrily with two hands until I get an error message telling me she's no longer logged on.*

*But I really like the story...*

*Hmm...*

**The Author:** "Please...SIR!"

**CumInMyOffice:** Sorry, sir. Please, sir?

;-) *Aw, what the heck. She did say please.*

**The Author:** You take that cock deeper inside you...  
Deep-throating his cock...  
"Show me your tits, slut!"  
Still sucking his cock, you start to unbutton your see-through blouse...  
You peel your top off...unhook your bra...  
You cup your breasts...holding them up for me...

;-)

*Notice the pronoun change?*

Tee-hee!

**The Author:** "Pinch your nipples."  
You do it. Pierce's little whore.  
You turn and see John masturbating faster and faster...  
You reach up again and stroke my cock....  
"Show me where that faggot fucks you, slut."  
You pull my cock from your mouth.  
You stand up and sit on my desk.  
Your skirt is up around your waist.  
My precum and your saliva drip from your mouth...  
You bring your hands to your pussy....  
You spread your pussy lips wide open for me...  
"Here, SIR. He fucks me here."  
(Are you fingering your pussy? Thinking about that big cock?)

;-)

*Notice the use of parentheses to change from role play to real-time.*

*At this point I need some assurance that she hasn't gone to the toilet. Or the movies.*

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, sir.

I am so horny, but just keep going...I don't want to type.

**The Author:** Do you want to cum, slut?

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, sir.

**The Author:** Pierce stands before you...

The swollen head touches your pussy lips and your body shudders...

You want that cock so bad...

You lean back and spread your legs.

Your back rests against his desk.

"Fuck me, Master." you say breathlessly.

"Fuck me with your big beautiful cock."

Pierce smiles...

"John. Get over here."

John stops jacking off...

He walks over to Pierce.

"Get my cock nice and hard for this piece of pussy."

John is stunned.

"Ex-excuse m-me?"

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmm...still fingering.

;-) *How nice of you to join us.*

**The Author:** "Suck my cock, John." Pierce says.

"Get it hard so I can fuck your slut wife."

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmm...keep going. Humiliate him.

**The Author:** John does as I tell him.

He drops to his knees...

**CumInMyOffice:** Describe everything!

;-) *Did you just walk into the middle of the movie, hun? Scroll back. What the fuck do you think I've been doing for the last fifteen minutes?*

**CumInMyOffice:** I am soooo horny right now

**The Author:** He can see you fingering your wet pussy on the desktop...

He holds my cock with one hand...then two....

**CumInMyOffice:** JUST SUCK IT JOHN I WANT HIS COCK INSIDE OF ME!

**The Author:** He opens his mouth...

Then takes me in...

Sucking...

I am of course hard already...

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife:* You are?!

;-)  
*The Author:* Jesus Christ! Where did you come from?! Didn't I lock the door? I should put a bell around your neck...

**The Author:** But I like to humiliate this little-dicked piece of shit.

**CumInMyOffice:** Seeing how you can control anyone gets me sooo horny. Humiliate my husband.

**The Author:** I look down at you. I raise my hand and slap your cunt.

"Keep fingering that pussy, bitch!"

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, SIR!

**The Author:** John continues to suck.

"Get it nice and wet!" I tell him.

**CumInMyOffice:** YOU BETTER GET HIM NICE AND HARD JOHN!!

**The Author:** "You DO want me to fuck your little whore, don't you, John?" I smile down at him.

He nods with my cock in his mouth.

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmm... PLEASE keep going.

PLEASE DON'T STOP!

You are amazing at this.

**The Author:** You like the way I treat John like a woman...

**CumInMyOffice:** yes sir - PLEASE KEEP GOING!!!

**The Author:** I pull out of John's mouth.

**CumInMyOffice:** mmmmm.....

**The Author:** "Tell me to fuck your whore, John." I say to him.

**CumInMyOffice:** mmmmm.....

**The Author:** "Fuck her, SIR" he says.

His head drops. "Fuck her like I never could."

"Guide me in," I say.

He holds my cock...

He pushes the head against your wet cunt..

You are dripping all over my desk.

Your pussy is on FIRE!

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmm...finally that powerful cock.

**The Author:** Pushing your little lips apart...

Tearing your pussy wide open...

Further...

Deeper...

I take my coat off.

My shirt.

My slacks fall and I step out of them...

You urge me on...beg me to fuck you.

But instead I just hold it there...

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmm...humiliate John more...treat me like the whore I am.

PLEASE MASTER pump your cock into me!!  
PLEASE!

**The Author:** I do.

I push my hard cock into you...

John looks on...

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmmm...

**The Author:** My cum around his mouth...

Pushing deeper into you...

Fucking your tiny little cunt...

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmm...you are my Master!

**The Author:** "John" I say, still fucking you. "What do you think?"

"Has she had enough?"

"Or should I continue fucking her pussy?"

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmmm...

**The Author:** "Please, SIR...please fuck that whore 'til she cums."

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmmm...You are so powerful, sir.

Master, I want you to beat on John.

**The Author:** Slap him around...?

Would that make you cum, whore?

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, please master

;-) *Jesus. Thank God. I was wondering what it was going to take...*

**CumInMyOffice:** I would cum seeing how powerful you are.  
PLEASE, Master, show him that you are the boss.

**The Author:** Should I fuck him?

;-) *Or hand him my business card?*

**CumInMyOffice:** No, sir. I only want your dick for me, but beat him, and wipe your hard dick over his face.

PLEASE, Master!

**The Author:** That will make you cum, slut?

**CumInMyOffice:** Yes, master.

**The Author:** I reach around and pull John by the hair.

I throw him to the floor.

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmmm. You are so powerful!

**The Author:** "You little shit!" I yell. "You let this fine piece of ass go to waste!"

I slap him hard across the mouth..

He stands up and tries to defend himself...

**CumInMyOffice:** You make me so wet, Master!

**The Author:** I punch him in the stomach...he folds...

I kick him to the ground and hold my foot to his chest...

I stand naked above him...

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmm. Master, you control everyone.

**The Author:** Of course.

I slap your pussy again.

"Cum for me you whore!"

"Cum for your Master!"

;-) *Cum on already, so I can get some fucking sleep!*

**CumInMyOffice:** Master, wipe your dick on his face. Teach him to please me. I can't cum and you get upset..

**The Author:** "Look what you did, John! You ruined this little bitch!"

I drop onto his chest...

I rub my cock over his mouth..

Over his face...

"Taste that pussy!"

"That sweet little cunt!"

**CumInMyOffice:** Mmmmm. Master, you are so good.

**The Author:** I turn to you now. "CUM YOU SLUT!"

**CumInMyOffice:** I can't, Master. I don't know why.

I'm trying to cum but it won't come out. I finger myself and moan, but nothing cums out.

Master...

Piss on John's face!

**The Author:** John tastes you on my cock...

He can taste my cum...your pussy...

He fights it...but my cock slides into his open mouth...over and over.

I stand up again...

I hold my cock firmly in my hands...

I release and let an arc of piss soak John's shirt.

Isn't it interesting how many cybersex fantasies revolve around having your partner violated, humiliated, raped? Why is that, do you think? This is the person you promised to love above all others, to honor and obey, 'til death do you part. And yet you're telling me to rape them while you jack off, or piss on their chest while you play with your pussy.

Fascinating.

Although — Monday-morning-quarterbacking here — I betcha I was talking to John. Kinda makes me want to pee on him again.



## chapter three: *the REAL tom hanks*



Now you'll finally see, ladies, what your husband is up to when you're fast asleep. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you: he wasn't up late working on an Excel spreadsheet or a proposal for "the big meeting" the next day. No, your husband was, in fact, *hitting on me!*

This, to me, is the most interesting phenomenon in the Internet sex chat rooms: married men exploring their latent homosexual urges. I'm told every man has at least one homosexual fantasy. At least, that's what this one guy told me at dinner this one time...and whether or not I believed him because it made sense, or because of the wine, candles, and violin music is another matter entirely.

Uh...where was I? Oh, right!

The men who engage in these experimentations are easy to spot. Believe me...*THEY* will find *YOU!* If a man sends another man a private invitation to chat, he's doing so for ONE reason, so don't expect to develop any deep, long-term commitment. Men are notorious for their wham-bam-thank-you-Sam cyber/homosexual relationships. They come and go like sitcoms on the WB Network.

Another thing I've noticed is that they will always offer their wife as a bribe. It's an interesting way to make a pass. They're saying: "Hey, look...you're a REAL man, I can see that. Nothing gay about you, that's for sure. In fact, you're so much of a man, I better just hand my wife over to you without a fight. I'm that much of a sissy, and you're that much of a REAL man that I better just hand her over to you to do with as you please. Yes sir, I'm a sissy all right. In fact, I'm such a sissy, and you're such a REAL man, you should probably just have your way with the both of us..."

Here's an example. I was working in my cyberlab when this man sent me an Instant Message. Let's call him **KenBGay**, for no particular reason whatsoever.

**KenBGay:** My fantasy is to watch some guy with a huge cock fuck my wife.

She is Italian, 43, 5', 120, 36c, with long, brown hair. We have discussed swinging, but have not tried it yet.

;-)

*I wonder which one of them makes the determination of how huge is "huge?" Can you just imagine the two of them looking down at a naked man, staring at his genitals like jewelry appraisers?*

**HIM:** "Well, what do you think, honeybunch? Is that gonna work for you?"

**HER:** "Well, I don't know. I wouldn't call it 'huge' exactly, would you?"

**HIM:** "Well, it's bigger than mine."

**HER:** "Whose isn't?"

**The Author:** She sounds hot.

**KenBGay:** She wants more sex than I can give her.

;-) *Which is probably more than she wants from you at all.*

**The Author:** She ever do anything about it?

**KenBGay:** She has nice tits, nice nipples...really big and dark. She went out recently and got picked up at a bar. The guy took her to a hotel and fucked her twice.

**The Author:** I thought you said you weren't swinging yet?

**KenBGay:** I want to join in.

**The Author:** Oooh.

;-) *I wonder if he can see my dunce cap through his monitor. If he thinks I'm so stupid as to believe this bullshit, how does he think I'm able to operate a computer at all?*

*It's not that I'm being judgmental. I don't have a problem with people having fantasies, but why go to all the trouble to create them? You see it all the time online. Statements like: "I sleep with my dad." "I watch my son shower." "I made my wife fuck my dog." Strange and bizarre lies that are being spun, and you have no idea if it's for their amusement or yours. If you have a peculiar fantasy that excites you, by all means, share it. You fantasize about your wife taking two men to a hotel, fine. Hey, the irony is she probably already does...only behind your back. But why go online and state it as if it were fact?*

*And if you try to call people on it, they'll never EVER admit to it. They'll go on lying and lying until you log off in disgust, filled with contempt for planet Earth.*

**The Author:** She tell you all about it.

**KenBGay:** She told me every detail. You into any of that?

**The Author:** Of course.

**KenBGay:** She is really a slut. Can't get enough. Horny all the time.

**The Author:** You want to jack off while watching?

**KenBGay:** Oh, yes. I'd like to lick her cunt while you fucked her.

**The Author:** Where is she now?

**KenBGay:** In bed.

**The Author:** What's she wearing?

**KenBGay:** Sheer nightie, no panties. She has a very hairy pussy. All Italian. She gets very loud when she cums. You hairy?

**The Author:** Hairy chest. Yeah.

**KenBGay:** That is a turn on for my wife. How big is your cock?

**The Author:** Big enough for everything I use it for.

**KenBGay:** I am so hard now. She would love your big cock in her pussy. Would you be willing to let me suck your cock too in front of my wife?

**The Author:** While she masturbates? Sure.

;-) *I always try to be accommodating.*

**KenBGay:** I would be your slave while you humiliated me in front of her. Or humiliated her too.

**The Author:** You should both be my submissive slaves.

**KenBGay:** I love it.

;-) *I claim no deep understanding of domination and sado-masochism. I understand it even less online. If you think it's odd to type out statements like, "Ooh, yeah, baby...I'm cumming!" Try typing out something like: "I'm spanking you now. SLAP! SLAP!"*

**The Author:** What would your wife wear to please me?

**KenBGay:** Whatever you say. What should I wear?

**The Author:** You tell me. I know what you'll END UP wearing. My cum!

**KenBGay:** Oh yeah! All over my face.

**The Author:** Make your wife lick it off.

**KenBGay:** I'd love to lick your hairy chest and even lick your asshole while my wife watched.

Can you believe it? Those AOL bastards booted me at this point. Funny how they waited until the precise instant when I could no longer stand talking to this guy.

Again, I make no judgments on people. I think you're all crazy. I know; I've cybered with all of you. But the things you make me do sometimes...I swear.

**IWannaWatch:** My fantasy is to see my wife and her cousin raped. My wife is pretty, but they'd really like her cousin...

**The Author:** How so?

**IWannaWatch:** Her cousin was almost raped walking to her car outside a mall. It was night and two guys grabbed her, but ran when they saw a car coming.

**The Author:** Right. Rapists look for women with some prior experience. I've heard that.

**IWannaWatch:** Tell me what you would do to them. You're getting me excited.

**The Author:** Really? Oops. Unintentionally, I assure you.

**IWannaWatch:** What do you mean?

Hello?

Still there?

That darn AOL. Wouldn't you know that it dropped my connection just as I was getting this guy all hot and heavy. Boy, I hate it when that happens.

Now, how funny is this? Usually you're cybering with a woman and wondering deep-down if you're really talking to a guy. This guy wants you to cyber with him knowing that he is a man pretending to be a woman cybering with a guy. It gives me a headache just thinking about it.

**DesertFox:** My fantasy is to somehow find a guy that'll admit to having sex with my wife in her past and him not know it's me he's talking to.

**The Author:** That's different. You want to hear him tell you all the things he did to her...

**DesertFox:** Yes, but original, though, don't you think?

**The Author:** What's she look like? How old are you both?

**DesertFox:** 51 and 50

I'll write u a note if you wanna think on this to make it realistic

**The Author:** A note? Whatcha mean?

**DesertFox:** maybe u could catch me online then and think it's June and start talking to me and spill the beans to me

**The Author:** Oh oh oh. I see the fantasy...you mean, someone talking to your "wife" online?

**DesertFox:** yes that's it

**The Author:** Sending "her" an IM and talking about what a great lay she was. Interesting. Not sure I can help you with it...but it's definitely interesting.

**DesertFox:** yes and I could give u some details of making it real to me

**The Author:** Well...what I meant was: "Not sure I *WANT* to help you with that one..."

I have nothing against men sending me Instant Messages. Perhaps it's the voyeur in me, but I'm always interested in hearing from anyone with an interesting viewpoint or story to tell. Or maybe I'm just a great big fag.

I've noticed too that the private messages I've received from other men are usually very creative, usually more creative than the ones I hear from women. The only criticism I have for them, apart from the fact that they are great big fags, is that they seem to lack basic storytelling skills. As crazy as it might sound, it's almost as if men universally lack the ability to pay attention to the needs of their sex partners.

**KenIWatchHuh:** I would like to watch my wife get fucked. : )

**The Author:** What's she look like?

**KenIWatchHuh:** 5'7" blonde...130...36D.

**The Author:** She sounds hot. Who would you like to see fucking her? Anyone in particular?

**KenIWatchHuh:** Not really. Some young stud we didn't know. Maybe watch her put moves on him in a bar.

**The Author:** She ever fuck anyone besides you?

**KenIWatchHuh:** She fucked my best man before we were married.

**The Author:** Maybe even AFTER?

**KenIWatchHuh:** Maybe. I think she fucked this one guy in California, but I dont know for sure. She was fucking a lot back in her partying days.

**The Author:** And you're SURE she's not still partying? Maybe taking a night out alone to go to the clubs?

**KenIWatchHuh:** Maybe.

**The Author:** Maybe going to the gym and sneaking into the men's locker room? Maybe she's on her knees right now blowing her coworkers...!

**KenIWatchHuh:** I ate her once a few years ago and am pretty sure I could taste cum.

;-)

*"And I also found some chewing gum and a lit cigarette. What do you think that means?"*

**The Author:** Where had she been that night?

**KenIWatchHuh:** Working late.

**The Author:** What's she do for a living?

**KenIWatchHuh:** She sold real estate and met with a lot of people.

**The Author:** Oh, yeah...and those model homes are almost always furnished. She could easily have been fucking some guy. Maybe even fucking him while his wife watched!

**KenIWatchHuh:** Yes. She had the hots for this one builder for awhile.

**The Author:** Shit...gotta run!

Alright. I know you think I was lying...but I really did have to go. Although I probably would have bailed out on this guy soon anyway. He just lacked the ability to form declarative sentences. He would have been better off peppering his speech with some tantalizing comments like these...

### **what he said:**

She fucked my best man before we were married.

**what he could have said to *MAYBE* hold my interest:**

I wish I could have seen her do it. Maybe even caught them alone during the reception...watching her go down on him in her wedding gown...

---

**what he said:**

I ate her once a few years ago and am pretty sure I could taste cum

**what he could have said to *MAYBE* hold my interest:**

And you know what? I loved it. I've thought about it ever since then, how great it would be to watch another man fuck her, cum inside her, then for me to eat her out...

Not that either of those are fantasies I'd like to share, especially with another man, but it serves to show that having good cybersex demands more than having a slut for a wife. Although it doesn't hurt.

:-( *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Hey, watch it, buddy.*

***and now, here's one for my homo homies...***

I'll let this next gentleman have the last word and illustrate my point about how creative men can be as lovers (when they want to be).

**BrownEyeIsBlue:** hi

**The Author:** hiya

**BrownEyeIsBlue:** whats your fantasy

**The Author:** I got tons!

**BrownEyeIsBlue:** tell me the dirtiest sickest one

**The Author:** How old are you?

**BrownEyeIsBlue:** 18

**The Author:** Well...nothing sick or twisted. Besides, I was more in a listening mode anyway.

**BrownEyeIsBlue:** o well I would like to be cross dressed and fisted in my ass

**The Author:** There ya go! That was mine!

**BrownEyeIsBlue:** no it wasnt

**The Author:** No. Really.

I've spent some time in this book discussing the different ways to tell if you as a man are cybering with another man. Now let me blow your minds (but nothing else) with this statement: sometimes you won't care.

**Way2Gay4Me:** to see my sweet innocent shy wife slowly seduced

**The Author:** Let me see your shy wife.

**Way2Gay4Me:** SENT

**The Author:** Nice. Who do you imagine seducing her?

**Way2Gay4Me:** have thought of both younger and older

**The Author:** Of course!

**Way2Gay4Me:** I'm 37 shes 32

**The Author:** No one in particular in mind for the seduction?

**Way2Gay4Me:** no

**The Author:** Coworker...brother...boss...

**Way2Gay4Me:** co-worker, maybe

**The Author:** Yours? Or hers?

**Way2Gay4Me:** IT DOSENT MATTER

**The Author:** Oh. Thought you had someone in mind.

**Way2Gay4Me:** DOESNT MATTER

;-) *So, what you're saying is that it doesn't matter? Kind of like you're spelling?*

**The Author:** Does she know that's your fantasy?

**Way2Gay4Me:** no

**The Author:** Would you want to watch her get fucked?

**Way2Gay4Me:** YES

**The Author:** Forced to watch?

**Way2Gay4Me:** yes, forced



**The Author:** Is she forced as well?

**Way2Gay4Me:** no...she will eventually give in...

**The Author:** And you're watching the WHOLE time. Right next to her, in a bar perhaps.

**Way2Gay4Me:** begging you to stop

**The Author:** Begging the seducer to stop?

**Way2Gay4Me:** yes

**The Author:** But you can see she is very attracted to me. You can tell she's thinking about it.

**Way2Gay4Me:** please you shouldnt be touching her that way

**The Author:** Relax! I'm just stroking her thigh. She has such beautiful legs. And she doesn't mind...

**Way2Gay4Me:** I know but...

**The Author:** See...

**Way2Gay4Me:** oh god...

**The Author:** She uncrossed them and is even spreading them open a little bit for me...letting me slide my hand even further up her skirt.

**Way2Gay4Me:** NOOOOOOO

**The Author:** See? She's licking her lips. She's REALLY getting turned on, isn't she?

**Way2Gay4Me:** (ARE YOU HARD?)

**The Author:** She's certainly turning me on...

**Way2Gay4Me:** (STROKING?)

**The Author:** Maybe if she puts her hand on my lap...maybe I'd get totally hard...

**Way2Gay4Me:** OFFLINE?

**The Author:** Gee, I really enjoy phone fun, but since I've already got a cock of my own, you're overqualified.

**Way2Gay4Me:** SHIT

**The Author:** You love listening to men talk about your wife, don't you?

**Way2Gay4Me:** YES

**The Author:** Love listening to them tell you what they want to do to her. What they want her to do to them while you watch, helpless to stop her...

**Way2Gay4Me:** STROKING HERE

**The Author:** At home?

**Way2Gay4Me:** OFFICE BUT ALONE

**The Author:** Where is that sexy whore of yours?

**Way2Gay4Me:** work

**The Author:** What's she do for a paycheck? What does she wear when she's there?

**Way2Gay4Me:** uniform shes a nurse

**The Author:** Scrubs, huh?

**Way2Gay4Me:** yes

**The Author:** She call you from work sometimes?

**Way2Gay4Me:** rarely

**The Author:** Can you imagine her calling you on the phone and HEARING one of the doctors put the moves on her?

**Way2Gay4Me:** oh god no

**The Author:** Listening to her try to cover the phone with her hand, telling the doctor "Please! Stop! I told you not to touch me there!"

Then she continues talking to you about nothing in particular...

**Way2Gay4Me:** where is your hand?

**The Author:** Suddenly, she moans...

"Doctor, please," she says, but less forcefully this time.

You hear unzipping in the background. "What the fuck is going on over there?" you demand. "Are you eating something?"

**Way2Gay4Me:** please no

**The Author:** It sure sounds like sucking noises, doesn't it?

**Way2Gay4Me:** your making me nuts! call me !

**The Author:** Or do you like the bar scenario better?

**Way2Gay4Me:** yes

**The Author:** So you can watch it unfold.

**Way2Gay4Me:** yes

**The Author:** We're sitting at a booth. You, your wife, and me...one of the male nurses from the hospital. You keep telling me to move my hand off her thigh. And I do...but I keep putting it back. She sits between us. What is she wearing?

**Way2Gay4Me:** mid-thigh skirt and button blouse

**The Author:** She spills a little of the wine she's been drinking. I reach up with my napkin and help her wipe it off her blouse. My hand stays there just a little too long...

**Way2Gay4Me:** I tell you to move it

**The Author:** I move it...

**Way2Gay4Me:** good

**The Author:** But when I do...a few more buttons on her blouse have been undone. She is now showing a lot of cleavage, and her nipples are hardening.

**Way2Gay4Me:** honey your blouse...I say

**The Author:** She looks embarrassed, but I speak up: "Relax, she looks fine...REAL fine."

Her face reddens at the compliment.

**Way2Gay4Me:** button it

**The Author:** Her hand goes up, but I place my hand on top of hers. "Really...don't. You look gorgeous." My

hand stays there too long....and you're sure that I'm squeezing her tit ever so slightly.

**Way2Gay4Me:** thats enough

**The Author:** You glare at me, so I drop my hand again. But it drops to her lap. I turn in the booth to face her more...

**Way2Gay4Me:** what are you doing???

**The Author:** We start to talk about work, leaving you to stew....we share a laugh, and my hand comes up, then back down again....a little further up her thigh this time. She is embarrassed at your reaction. "Ignore him," I tell her. "Just focus on me. Look into my eyes. Just pretend we're all alone."

**Way2Gay4Me:** hard to see what going on

**The Author:** "No one else around..." You sit up a little and you see that I'm stroking her inner thigh...one hand on the outside of her leg, the other rubbing her inner thigh up and down...up and down...

**Way2Gay4Me:** hey!! what the fuck are you doing stop that... what the hell is wrong with you?

**The Author:** She turns away from you to face me...ignoring you. I reach up and put a finger under her chin. I lean forward and kiss her lightly on the lips.

**Way2Gay4Me:** nooooooooooooooooooooo

**The Author:** Then I lean in closer, and kiss her full on the lips. Open-mouthed.

**Way2Gay4Me:** I grab her...pulling her from you

**The Author:** All you've accomplished, though, is that she is now leaning back in the booth. You have an arm around her shoulders...

**Way2Gay4Me:** we're leaving

**The Author:** But her skirt is lifted up high around her waist. Her panties are exposed...and they're wet!

**Way2Gay4Me:** fix yourself!

**The Author:** I reach up and rub at her pussy with my hand while you continue to try and pull her out of the booth.

**Way2Gay4Me:** ah stop that

**The Author:** I pull at the waistband...pulling her panties down...

**Way2Gay4Me:** oh my god...I cant get her out of the booth

**The Author:** I keep pulling her panties down. I finally let go when they are pulled off. I lean forward in the booth, my face over her blonde bush. She can feel my warm breath on her pussy hairs...feel the warmth of my face against her thighs...and then the warmth of my mouth as I start to lick at her pussy.

**Way2Gay4Me:** nooooooooooooooooooooo

**The Author:** Circling my tongue around her clit. Pushing her pussy lips apart with my tongue. Listening to her moan. Her chest starts to heave as her breath gets short and hard.

**Way2Gay4Me:** honey, please! please stop him!

**The Author:** Her only response is to lift her legs up onto the leather booth seat and spread wide for me. Her slender hands go down to the back of my head.

**Way2Gay4Me:** watching my sweet wife opening wide for another man

**The Author:** Running her fingers through my hair...pushing me harder against her pussy.

**Way2Gay4Me:** totally humiliated

**The Author:** Shit. Hang on...phone. I think it's my heterosexuality calling. I need to take this. Catch you later!

## chapter four: *ebony & ivory*



This next chapter covers the very sensitive topic of racial mixtures, and attempts to finally answer the hotly-debated issue on most American minds in this post-OJ-verdict era, namely: once you *have* gone black, will you ever truly go back?

I know what you're saying: cybersex is only words! Just typewritten words! How can race possibly play a role in the written exchange of sexual thought?

*Boy, I respond, are you an idiot.*

Not only that, but you're an idiot who's only chance of getting fucked online is by replying to your spammed email.

One of the first lessons I learned is that, in Cyber Land, everyone you meet is extremely eager to taste forbidden fruits. You will quickly learn there is nothing that excites a white woman more than the thought of (as Salt 'N Pepa so eloquently put it) "a body like Arnold with a Denzel face." Especially if he's hung like Mister Ed.

The following is a small sampling of women I've talked to who were actually so desperate to explore their fantasies of black men I didn't even have to pretend I was one to get them to talk to me.

Kidding, of course. I would never purport to be something I'm not. I'm sure that goes for you, too, right? In case it doesn't, though, I would like to encourage all white men reading this manual to resist with all your human might the overwhelming urge you will have to pretend to be black. It has nothing to do with ethnic cleansing and everything to do with the fact that you'll end up embarrassing both races.\*

As with any other area of cybersex, you're going to run across very creative people with deviant sexual minds, and sometimes you're going to just run into deviant minds. Like this one...

**DarkCrystal:** My fantasy is to be raped by three big black men.  
Sick, huh?

**The Author:** No, not really.

I don't know that you'll win any Image Awards with it, but...

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\* Trust me, dude. You're gonna get caught. Mostly because of your imprudent use of the terms "ho" and "bitch."

**DarkCrystal:** Do you think they would hurt me? What would they do?

I'd be so scared, but so turned on...I want to see their big cocks. I'm such a fucking white whore!

Now maybe she was for real...maybe not. In either case, it would have been very easy to play along with this idiot if I had succumbed to the temptation to start typing in "Ebonics."

**The Author:** *Das right, bi-otch. You's mine now. I's be all ova dat sweet white ass. I's be yo pimp, fo' sho'.*

But you can see that, besides the fact that I'm very bad at it, it's just too hard to get the placement of the apostrophes just right. You can always tell a white man pretending to be black, because they sound like Amos & Andy. Real black men prefer to stick to the rather rigid rules of English grammar and punctuation. They're funny that way.

Trust me, it just isn't necessary to fake it, no matter what my wife says. I offer this next conversation as evidence...

**SpinCyclist:** My fantasy is to be fucked and sucked by three black men.

**The Author:** You're male?

**SpinCyclist:** No. Female.

**The Author:** Ah! Just checking.

**SpinCyclist:** I want one in my ass, one in my pussy, and one in my mouth.

**The Author:** Tell me more!

What do you look like?

**SpinCyclist:** I'm blonde, 5'4, 115 lbs, 38DD tits, shaved pussy.

**The Author:** Oh my. They're gonna eat you alive!

**SpinCyclist:** I might like that.

**The Author:** So where do you meet them?

**SpinCyclist:** Well, I just came back from the laundromat and there was three there. I just got so horny thinking of them fucking me.

One was wearing sweats. I could see his shit just hanging there so big. I had on biker shorts, no underwear except and a sports bra.

God, I am so wet just thinking about them raping and fucking me.

**The Author:** Forcing themselves on you...

**SpinCyclist:** Yes! Hands and cocks everywhere...

;-)

*One of the newest features on AOL is the ability to check a Member's Public Profile with a simple click of the mouse. I clicked the PROFILE button and read up on SpinCyclist. I seem to recall doing a "spit take" with my Diet Coke.*

**The Author:** Oh my God! You're a TEACHER?

**SpinCyclist:** Yes. LOL

**The Author:** What grade?

**SpinCyclist:** Kindergarten.

**The Author:** Wow. I bet you're their favorite.

**SpinCyclist:** LOL. I am, as a matter of fact.

**The Author:** No reflection on the conversation, but I have to leave now. I have to re-enroll into kindergarten. Where did you say you were from?

**SpinCyclist:** LOL

I actually did have to leave, so I never got to finish the chat. But you see that it wasn't necessary for me to take on the role of the three black men, like a one-man minstrel show.

**WhiteF4Black:** Hi there.

**The Author:** Hello. Hmm. Let me see if I can guess your fantasy...

**WhiteF4Black:** lol

**The Author:** How old are you?

**WhiteF4Black:** 48

**The Author:** So what's on your mind tonight?

**WhiteF4Black:** I'm thinking of the time I did it with a black man.



**The Author:** Only once?

**WhiteF4Black:** Yes.

**The Author:** When was that?

**WhiteF4Black:** 2 weeks ago.

**The Author:** Where did it happen? Where'd you meet him?

**WhiteF4Black:** At a bar. My husband asked me to wear a short skirt with no panties, so I did.

**The Author:** What do you look like?

**WhiteF4Black:** 5' 3 125 brn hair and eyes 38 27 37

**The Author:** So, come on...you're dying to tell me, I know...how big was he?

**WhiteF4Black:** About 9 inches. But very thick.

;-) *Oh well, if he's THICK, I guess we'll cut him a break. But normally, nine inches, you know, just wouldn't be worth the effort.*

**WhiteF4Black:** Do you want to hear about it?

**The Author:** Sure.

**WhiteF4Black:** We sat at the bar and he was at the end next to the wall. I told my husband I wanted to flash him, and he said okay.

So I moved to the side to get up to go to the bathroom and opened my legs wide when I did.

;-) *Did the bartender start to get complaints from the seafood restaurant next door?*

**The Author:** I bet that got a rise out of him.

**WhiteF4Black:** I could see that it did.

;-) *Really? Why, what was he wearing? Spandex biker shorts?*

**The Author:** So what happened next?

**WhiteF4Black:** He came over and told my husband he thought he knew him from somewhere. It was just a line to get closer.

He sat close, but not too close.

**The Author:** Wait. I'm confused now. Was he trying to hit on your husband?

**WhiteF4Black:** NO! LOL

Every time he talked to me I would turn and open my legs and give him a peek.

**The Author:** Did he put his hand on your thigh? Start to move it slowly up your thigh right there in front of your husband?

**WhiteF4Black:** No. My husband went to the bathroom and left me alone with the black man. And when he started talking to me, I turned and opened my legs real wide and he put his hand on my pussy.

I got a little scared. When my husband came back, I asked him if we could leave and he said okay.

We went out to the car, but the guy came out and followed us. He came over to my side of the car, but we were already sitting inside.

**The Author:** Go on...

**WhiteF4Black:** I let the window down and he asked if he could get one nice look. I was so horny from before, so I said yes and opened my legs wide and lifted my skirt.

**The Author:** Did you unbutton your blouse?

**WhiteF4Black:** No, he just reached in and started feeling me up.

But my husband opened my blouse and felt my tits, then he joined in starting to rub my clit and I was getting real wet.

Watching his black hands on my pussy.

He put his fingers in me.

I started cumming so hard I couldn't believe it.

I just wanted his big cock in me so much...

I got in the back seat and told him to fuck me.

;-) *What? Without asking your husband's permission first? You've been playing Mother May I with him on everything else, but when it comes to fucking other men, suddenly you've got "an understanding."*

**The Author:** What did your husband say?

**WhiteF4Black:** He just watched.

The black guy said he wanted me to blow him first.

**The Author:** Of course...so would I!

**WhiteF4Black:** He was a little soft at first. I guess because my husband was there.

;-) *Yes. He's quite the coquette, isn't he?*

**WhiteF4Black:** So I took his cock in my mouth and started sucking on it. Even though it was soft it was big and thick.

**The Author:** Soft? But not for long, right?

**WhiteF4Black:** It felt so good, I sucked him all the way down my throat. I could feel his balls on my chin.

But he started getting really hard and he got too big for my throat, so I told him to fuck me.

I laid down and pulled my skirt up, I opened my legs and he slowly put his cock inside me.

He stretched me really wide, but it just kept feeling better and better.

**The Author:** How big is your husband?

**WhiteF4Black:** He's about 9 inches, too, but he isn't as thick as the black guy was.

;-) *Nine inches and thin? Anyone else picturing a Slim Jim? Just curious.*

**The Author:** That thick cock must have felt so good inside you...

**WhiteF4Black:** Oh God, yes. He was really thick.

;-) *Rich and thick and chocolate? Maybe she was banging the Nestlé's Quik Rabbit.*

**The Author:** You must have felt so sexy...like such a dirty little slut getting fucked so good in that car...

**WhiteF4Black:** Yes, I did...

**The Author:** Did he cum inside you?

Or on you?

**WhiteF4Black:** I watched his big black cock go in and out of me and I just kept cumming and cumming.

It felt sooo good.

I figured I went this far, I might as well go all the way...

**The Author:** And?

**WhiteF4Black:** I told him I wanted to blow him again. So I sucked him until he came...

**The Author:** You swallow it all? Or let him explode all over your face and tits?

**WhiteF4Black:** I tried. I just couldn't.

But I did suck most of it down.

Then he got out of the car and my husband and I went home and fucked all night long.

**The Author:** Did you ever see him again?

**WhiteF4Black:** No. We haven't gone back to the bar since.

**The Author:** Afraid there's a line forming in the parking lot?

**WhiteF4Black:** LOL. Maybe.

And that's where we ended. No heavy panting. No typing the letter "m" over and over. Not really cybersex per se, but a pretty interesting story.

So let's leave her in the confessional booth and move onto someone with a little more imagination...

I spoke before about the overabundance of white men pretending to be black. What is interesting to note is that you will never run into any white women who are pretending to be black. I've never seen it. Never heard about it. Never even suspected someone of it. But white guys? They'll change colors faster than a chameleon on a paisley shirt.

More fascinating to me than all the millions of white women I've talked to on AOL, though, are the handful of black women I've come across. One of the misconceptions of cybersex is that it's all a bunch of horny white people typing one-handed. I'm not sure where that notion comes from, but it's so enmeshed in my psyche that it always knocks me off my office task chair when I find myself cybering with an African-American woman.

Maybe it's just my upbringing, but...I thought they were above all that.

**BlackTeddy:** I fantasize about a foursome where I am being fucked by two men at the same time while I'm orally pleasing another...I get hot just thinking about it. That's my fantasy.

**The Author:** Nice one...  
What do you look like?

**BlackTeddy:** Why?

**The Author:** Just developing a mental Polaroid, that's all.

**BlackTeddy:** Oh. Okay.  
I'm black, f/5'9"/long legs, round behind and full breasts, honey brown complexion.

;-) *She sounds hot, doesn't she?*

*I'm not sure why, but I never doubt the measurements and body descriptions a black woman gives me. Again, it might just be the way I was raised, but I've always assumed black people don't lie.*

**The Author:** You sound gorgeous!  
Lucky bastards!  
Is there anything more to the fantasy? Do you know these men?

**BlackTeddy:** No, they're just strangers. They just make me feel so sexy...

**The Author:** Are they all well hung?

**BlackTeddy:** Mmmm. Yes, they are.

;-) *I guess that was really more of a rhetorical question, wasn't it?*

**The Author:** Where do you imagine meeting them?

**BlackTeddy:** I see them in my bedroom, they come in and they begin to undress me and I just submit to them.

**The Author:** Did you invite them? Or did they break in after following you home?

**BlackTeddy:** It's hard to explain...they just make there way in, its like they always have access to me and I just have to play with them.

They just do what they want with me and I don't ask questions or fight...

**The Author:** What are you wearing when they come into your room?

**BlackTeddy:** I'm wearing a teddy without the bottoms, and lace red thong underwear.

;-)

*Alright, ladies...remember: you're going to be cybering with men (well, at least some of the time) and men have no idea what a "teddy without the bottoms" means. When you say that, we're either imaging a corset, or a stuffed animal cut in half.*

**The Author:** So...they're standing in your room...

Black and white...

All well-muscled, big men...

Do you kneel before them?

**BlackTeddy:** No. I'm on my bed. The room is moon lit but bright so that I can see them. I feel very small in their view, they seem to tower over me.

I kind of sit up and try to cover myself, but they see through me. I'm exposed.

**The Author:** You know you must submit to them.

**BlackTeddy:** Yes. I like their control over me.

**The Author:** They pull your covers off you.

**BlackTeddy:** yes

**The Author:** You feel their hands on you...

Their fingers exploring you...

Sliding your nightie up your thighs...

You know they are going to control you...

**BlackTeddy:** Yes. Their hands are reaching underneath my top and moving between my legs.

**The Author:** You know you must please them all.

**BlackTeddy:** And I want to...all of them.

**The Author:** They're cupping your breasts...

Rubbing your pussy...

You reach up and run your hands over their bodies...

**BlackTeddy:** No, they won't let me touch them.

**The Author:** You want desperately to touch them...you try to seduce them...

Showing your big tits to them...your pussy...your sweet, round ass.

Spreading your legs wide open...

Beg them to love you...

Beg them to share their cocks...

**BlackTeddy:** Pleeese...

I moan softly, my whole body shaking. My hands are between my long legs, rubbing my wet clit.

I want to taste them so badly. I'm licking my lips, anticipating.

**The Author:** Strip for them.

Take your teddy off...

;-)

*Because, even though I have no idea know what the hell it is, I'm sure it's in my way.*

**The Author:** Slowly pull your thongs down those long brown legs.

They decide to let you kiss their cocks through their pants.

You move across the bed to where they stand.

**BlackTeddy:** Mmmm...

**The Author:** You lick the front of their pants...

Licking their huge bulges...

You lick...

You kiss...

You moan...

Fingering your pussy for them...

Rolling your nipples between your fingers...

Making them hard...

Sticking your ass out for them...begging for them to fuck your sweet ass...

**BlackTeddy:** One of the men moves behind me...

I feel hands on my ass, spreading my cheeks.

**The Author:** Push your sweet brown ass out for him...

**BlackTeddy:** Mmmm... I know what's going to happen. I close my eyes and moan with anticipation.

**The Author:** And then you hear that long slow unzipping sound.

And then the feel of his hard cock against your skin...

**BlackTeddy:** He's teasing me...rubbing his dick up and down, sliding his rod between my ass...

Rubbing my asshole with his head...

I'm guessing she means "rubbing my asshole with the head of his dick," because the alternative is just too hard an image to conjure up. Not and stay horny, anyway.

**The Author:** Just barely touching your pussy lips with the head of his huge cock.



Pushing it lightly against your asshole.

Another long slow unzipping sound...

An even larger cock is being rubbed over your soft warm lips...

You try to take it into your mouth...but he pulls it back...slapping your tongue with it.

Will you beg him for his cock?

Let him know you want him...

**BlackTeddy:** Please...baby...I want to taste it! I need to feel you deep.

I kiss his rod, looking up at him with pleading eyes...please let me...

Licking his balls, taking them into my mouth slow...

Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. It just kinda went on from there. You get the point.

Hey! Quit shouting! There's plenty more dirty stuff on the way.

The reason I didn't supply the ending to that one is that I was only using it to illustrate my point: there is no difference between cybering with a white man or woman and a black man or woman. It's just like the Three Dog Night song: "The ink is black, the page is slate...together we learn to masturbate..."

Or something like that.

**LtYooHooora:** Hi. Wanna hear my fantasy?

**The Author:** Of course!

**LtYooHooora:** Well, I would love to be invited to your house when it's full of people...during a party, maybe.

I could wear my slinky red dress with high heels. It's short, so it would show off my long legs.

**The Author:** Do you mind my asking what you look like?

**LtYooHooora:** Well, you would walk into the room and see this 5'9 black, 35-year old woman with long legs and shoulder length hair.

She would come over to you and whisper: "I don't know you, and you don't know me, but I think you are the sexiest man I've seen in a long time."

**The Author:** And "she" would be you?

**LtYooHooraa:** Yes.

I would also tell you that I'm here at this party just for you. I know that you don't know me, but I would love to serve you.

**The Author:** Are you really African American?

**LtYooHooraa:** Yes. Is that okay?

**The Author:** Okay?!

IT'S FANASTIC!

**LtYooHooraa:** Good.

I whisper to you that I'm not wearing anything under my dress and would love for you to touch me all over.

**The Author:** What are your measurements? Are you tall and thin?

**LtYooHooraa:** I tell you how much I want to rub my 34C breasts over your body.

I want you to take my 5'9, 140 body in a dark room and let me please you.

;-)

*Isn't she great? I'm totally interrupting the flow of her narrative with my inane queries, and she just goes right on ahead, weaving her responses into the storyline.*

*Wow. What a woman.*

**The Author:** I would LOVE that!

**LtYooHooraa:** The room is really crowded, so I move behind you and whisper in your ear: "I want you baby...I want you now!" I start to rub my nipples against your back.

**The Author:** You want to service me?

**LtYooHooora:** You are the man for me, baby. Come show me your house. I want to see all of the rooms.

**The Author:** I take your hand and lead you away from all the others. I'm impatient, so I lead you to the nearest empty room.

**LtYooHooora:** "Show me the way."

**The Author:** The bathroom...

Backing you up against the sink as we kiss...

**LtYooHooora:** Mmmmmm. "Yes, Master," I say.

;-)

*Yes, Master? Yes, MASTER?! A black woman just said "Yes, Master" to a white man...even better: to ME!*

*That is just so wrong, you know. I don't know what kind of twisted game this woman is playing, but...well, quite frankly, I'm willing to find out.*

**The Author:** Running my hands over your body...

**LtYooHooora:** But I would love to let other's see you pleasure me.

**The Author:** Oh...you want to put on a show, huh?

**LtYooHooora:** I want what you want...I'm at your service.

**The Author:** You're submissive?

**LtYooHooora:** Pull me in a stall or sit me on the counter. I just want to please you.

**The Author:** You want to serve your new Master?

**LtYooHooora:** Very much.

**The Author:** You like to be of service...

**LtYooHooora:** Yes!

**The Author:** You like to be used...

**LtYooHooora:** Wouldn't you like having a submissive black Master?

A slave girl for your pleasure?

**The Author:** You know, I'm beginning to believe I would...

**LtYooHoora:** I'm yours.

**The Author:** You in your gorgeous tight red dress...

**LtYooHoora:** A party favor for you and your friends. Your friends, or just you.

Make me get on top of the dinner table and let them jack off on me.

**The Author:** Everyone gets a turn at you...

**LtYooHoora:** Ohhhh, yesss, Master.

Let me be a toy for all the boys.

**The Author:** Lie on the table...

**LtYooHoora:** Getting on table.

**The Author:** Lift your dress up and spread your legs, whore...

;-)

*See how I'm testing the waters here? I know she's submissive, but you can't just assume that means she wants to be called a "whore," or "slut," or "bitch," or whatever.*

*In fact, one of the most amazing things I discovered is that many submissives have triggers. You'll be cybering along nicely and calling them every filthy name you can think of, and then suddenly they type this message:*

**YOU:** "I don't like being called a slut."

**ME:** "Oh. I'm sorry. I thought since you liked being called a cocksucking white trash bitch, that it would be okay to say slut."

**YOU:** "I don't like being called a slut."

**ME:** "Oh, okay. No problem...won't happen again. Now then, my cock was in your mouth and..."

**YOU:** "I gotta go. Bye."

*So, the lesson here is: don't assume that "jus' because she a bitch, she a ho'."*

**LtYooHoora:** Yes, Master.

**The Author:** Those gorgeous long legs...

Push your dress up all the way around your waist for my guests to see...

Let everyone see that sexy black bush...

Spread those pink lips apart, slut...

**LtYooHooora:** Rubbing myself as I do.

**The Author:** Finger your clit while we all get hard again...

Tell us what you want, slut...

**LtYooHooora:** Mmmmmm...watch me, boys.

**The Author:** You like to be called names, whore?

;-) *At this point, I'm too afraid of losing her to continue guessing, so I just ask.*

**LtYooHooora:** Watch me, and call me your little slut.

Tell me what you want to do to your little whore.

;-) *Okay, so we're up to "slut" and "whore." Not quite the full sado-masochistic lexicon, but it's a start.*

**The Author:** We stroke our cocks...

**LtYooHooora:** Watch me playing with my clit and tell me where you are going to put your cocks...

**The Author:** Pull down the top of your dress...

**LtYooHooora:** Yes, Master.

**The Author:** Show us those beautiful black tits, bitch...

**LtYooHooora:** Mmmmm...yes.

;-) *Slut. Whore. Bitch. That's three.*

**The Author:** Show us those dark, hard nipples...

**LtYooHooora:** I want you to watch me.

**The Author:** Lick your lips, cunt...

**LtYooHooora:** Squeezing my tits and tweaking my nipples.

;-) *Slut. Whore. Bitch. Cunt. That's enough...*

*Trust me, if she's still talking to you after calling her a cunt, it's pretty much "no holds barred." It's kind of like the Jerry Springer Show: there's precious little left to be offended by.*

**The Author:** Show us how much you want our cocks...

**LtYooHooora:** Begging for a cock.

**The Author:** Push a finger into your cunt, then slide it deep into your warm mouth...

Show us how sweet you taste...

I get up on the table with you...

**LtYooHooora:** Telling you all how much I want one in my mouth.

**The Author:** I kneel above your head...

**LtYooHooora:** Watch me taste my cum.

**The Author:** Jacking off over your open mouth...

**LtYooHooora:** Fuck my face, Master.

**The Author:** Beg me...

**LtYooHooora:** Put it in my mouth...

Please, Master.

Don't rub it in my face, put it in my mouth!

I want to taste your balls!

Ohhh, Master...

**The Author:** I like to hear you beg, whore...

**LtYooHooora:** Please, Master. I need you...

**The Author:** I reach down and grab a handful of your hair...

**LtYooHooora:** Fuck your whore.

**The Author:** I force my cock into your warm mouth...

Fucking your face while they all watch...

**LtYooHooora:** That's it, Master. Let them see how a real man fucks.

; -) *Oh. Really? You think I should? Hmm. Gee, I don't even know if I can remember where I put those John Holmes videos...*

**LtYooHooora:** You like having your black bitch suck your white cock?

**The Author:** You know I do...

**LtYooHooora:** Seeing my ebony lips on you...

Let me serve you.

**The Author:** I want to fuck you while they watch...

**LtYooHooora:** Oohhh, Master!

**The Author:** I step off the table...

I slide you off as well and bend you far over...

I pull at your dress, tearing it wide open in the back...splitting the seams...

**LtYooHooora:** Putting my ass up in air for you and spreading ass cheeks.

Feed me your white cock, Master.

**The Author:** Pushing it hard inside you...

Fucking your ass...

**LtYooHooora:** Ohhhh, yessss, it's so tight.

;-)

*Alright, maybe I got a little carried away here.*

*It's ironic, too, because I just am not into anal sex at all. In fact, the last time I tried it, I couldn't sit down for days.*

**LtYooHooora:** Fuck me, Master, fuck your slut!

**The Author:** Take a cock into each hand while I rape my bitch...

Pump those dicks...

**LtYooHooora:** Mmmmmm, I love it, baby.

**The Author:** Let them cum all over your face...

**LtYooHooora:** Let me pump them off.

**The Author:** All over your big beautiful tits...

**LtYooHooora:** Oh, yessss.

**The Author:** I want to see you covered with cum...  
All that hot white cum against your dark skin...  
I want you to look like the whore that you are...  
Pushing your ass wide open with my big white cock...  
Fucking you...  
Harder...

**LtYooHooora:** I'm your whore, Master. Fuck me!

**The Author:** Harder...

**LtYooHooora:** I want to feel your balls on my cunt!

**The Author:** My big balls slapping against you...  
Listening to my black whore moan like the cum slut she is...  
Watching as you open your mouth to all those spurting white cocks...  
Watching the cum drip off your slutty face...

**LtYooHooora:** Give to me, Master! Unload it all over me!

**The Author:** Your tongue licking every drop...

**LtYooHooora:** I want to rub your cum all over my body!

**The Author:** "Are you gonna cum for me, slut?"

**LtYooHooora:** Fuck me hard and unload your cum...

**The Author:** "Are you gonna cum like the whore you are?"

**LtYooHooora:** Yes, Master!

**The Author:** My cock explodes in your ass...

**LtYooHooora:** Ohhhhhhhh yesssssssss  
yesssssssss  
Yesssss!

**The Author:** Cum for me...



**LtYooHooora:** ohhhhh Daddy yessss

;-) *Sound effect: a door creaking open slowly.  
"Daddy," she says...hmm. Mental note.*

**LtYooHooora:** Oh, baby...I came so hard for you.

**The Author:** So, what are some of your OTHER fantasies?

**LtYooHooora:** I just love sex and pleasing my mate.

**The Author:** I have no doubt you can do that...

It's funny, though...in all the years I've been on AOL...and that's been since the days of version 2.5...

**LtYooHooora:** Yes...?

**The Author:** You're only the third African American woman I've ever cybered with...

;-) *Oh, sure, now it's back to "African-American." Gee, Author, you're so "P.C."*

**LtYooHooora:** Why is that? Not your preference?

**The Author:** No!

**LtYooHooora:** Do we cyber different?

**The Author:** You misunderstand...

**LtYooHooora:** LOL

**The Author:** I was lamenting the situation.

**LtYooHooora:** I love being a slave to white masters...it's a real turn on for me.

**The Author:** And offline as well?

**LtYooHooora:** Yes. I've been with a white man before, but it's been a while.

I would definitely do it again.

**The Author:** Have you ever taken on the Dominant role?

**LtYooHooora:** No. I love being a sub...being a slave is wonderful...I'm a natural sub.

**The Author:** Interesting.

**LtYooHooora:** Why "interesting?"

**The Author:** Interesting in that my cock is pushing a hole through my denim jeans...

I just love your attitude.

**LtYooHooora:** LOL

Am I unusual? I assumed most women are like me.

**The Author:** I doubt that.

**LtYooHooora:** Remember during slave times how the wench and master would fuck right there in the master's room while the wife slept? I LOVE THAT FANTASY!

;-) *Did I miss that episode of "Roots?"*

**The Author:** Fascinating.

**LtYooHooora:** I fascinate you? Why?

**The Author:** You're kidding, right?

A submissive black woman with 34C tits and long legs who fantasizes about being a slave to a white plantation owner.

Why do YOU think?

**LtYooHooora:** So tell me your fantasy.

**The Author:** I thought they were so fucking outrageous...but they're going to sound like dirty limericks compared to yours. You definitely got me beat.

**LtYooHooora:** I always thought it was a fantasy most white men have and one that no black woman would ever admit to.

I just don't mind admitting to it!

Just thinking about it turns me on.

**The Author:** It's just so wrong, you know?

**LtYooHooraa:** So what fantasies do you have about black women?

**The Author:** Oh...nothing specific, I suppose. There's always the one about Captain Kirk having his way with Lt. Uhura.

**LtYooHooraa:** Ohhhh yesss!! A trekkie fantasy!  
I've had that one!

**The Author:** Forcing her to please the crew on the bridge while he watches and orders her around.

**LtYooHooraa:** Lucky Uhura...  
and Spock, not to mention "Bones."

**The Author:** Sulu and Chekov...  
And Nurse Chapel...  
And Yeoman Rand...  
That black skin against their white blonde bodies...

**LtYooHooraa:** Ohhhh, Captain...

It was at this point that I proposed marriage to her...

:-( *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: You are such a jerk, do you know that?*

### **some generalizations about women who cyber...**

- You've got at least one more kid than you have husbands.
  - Your name is Anne or Denise.
  - You're from Ohio or Arizona.
  - You're overweight.
  - You need to have a really long talk with your husband about what turns you on.
- 

### **some generalizations about men who cyber...**

- You're a man.
- You're overweight.
- You need to have a really long talk with your wife about what turns you on.

## **PART THREE**



## **TECHNIQUES FOR INITIATING CYBERSEX**

**or**

**“what’s a nice screen name like you doing  
in a chat room like this?”**

## chapter one: *gooder english and more better punctuation!!!!*



I was in my virtual duck blind *Tell Me Your Fantasy* when I received this Instant Message...

**PregnantPause:** Well, I'm blonde and 5'1", petite by most standards, and have blue eyes.

Some people I've talked to about my fantasy have said it wouldn't take much to make a girl like me hugely pregnant!

Do you think it's weird at all?

**The Author:** Hmm. I'm not one to judge. Trust me.

How do you imagine it happening?

**PregnantPause:** Well, maybe by supernatural or scientific means, and then placed in "natural surroundings" and apartment or house I can't leave. I'd have a caretaker to make sure that everything went according to plan for my hugely swollen and pregnant body.

Of course, I'd look normal except for my tummy and breasts.

**The Author:** And what happens when you become hugely pregnant?

**PregnantPause:** Huh? I don't really get your meaning...

**The Author:** Well, is there more to the fantasy than being pregnant?

**PregnantPause:** Umm...not really. I guess trying, ineffectually to escape, and being easily thwarted.

**The Author:** I see.

**PregnantPause:** Oh, lots of massaging.

**The Author:** I somehow thought of it more as a sexual fantasy.

You're creating an erotic adventure...

**PregnantPause:** Yup! That's exactly what it is.

Ah, you're so wise in these things...

**The Author:** LOL

Don't know about that, but thanks.

**PregnantPause:** Not only that, but you use complete sentences with capitalization and grammar! I'm in love! You must be the one man on AOL who can, you know.

### ***repeating characters***

Do you see that good writing skills go a long way to helping communicate with your partner? But at three in the morning, your last cigarette in your mouth and a dwindling erection in your hand, I realize that it's difficult to maintain that level of commitment. At moments like that I understand the temptation to become somewhat lax in your grammar. But I urge you to resist trying to pass off your keyboard's character-repeat feature as a meaningful emotional exchange.

**Shopaholic:** Hi.

**The Author:** Hey there...

**Shopaholic:** I like your chat room name. "Tell Me Your Fantasy." Makes me blush.

**The Author:** Really? You blush easily.

**Shopaholic:** Yessssssssssssssssssss.

Want to know my fantasy?

Sucking other men with my hubby watching.  
Sometimes not watching.

**The Author:** Very nice. So this is just a fantasy?

Never done it in real life?

**Shopaholic:** In front of hubby, yes...and I love it.

**The Author:** How did you start with your husband? How did you talk him into letting you suck a cock not his own? Because for me, that would be a tough sell.





**The Author:** How long ago was this?

**Shopaholic:** About three weeks ago.

**The Author:** Where'd you run into them? Food court?

**Shopaholic:** No, I followed them there. Just watching them.

**The Author:** Oh, you slut! Did they make a move first? Or did you?

**Shopaholic:** Nothing happened.

**The Author:** Oh.

**Shopaholic:** i just wanted to do them.

;-)

*Alright. I'm a little mad right now. She appears to be very content to waste my time. Let me summarize the conversation so far...*

*Me: So tell me your fantasy.*

*Her: Sucking guys off in front of my husband.*

*Me: Is this just a fantasy?*

*Her: Yes.*

*Me: You've never done this in front of your husband?*

*Her: No, I have. But he wasn't there. One time I sucked off four guys at a mall.*

*Me: When was that?*

*Her: Three weeks ago.*

*Me: How was it?*

*Her: Oh, I didn't actually do it...it's just my fantasy.*

*Do me a favor, genius...look on the back of your computer and, you see that switch labeled "O-N?" Move it to the "O-F-F" position...*

**The Author:** Just a fantasy, then. Okay. How old were they?

**Shopaholic:** In their 20's, I think.

**The Author:** Sitting down across from them in the food court... Spreading your legs open for them... Teasing them as you sip your soda...

**Shopaholic:** LOL

**The Author:** Acting like the straw is a cock...

**Shopaholic:** Yessssssssssssss.

**The Author:** Flicking the straw with your sweet pink tongue...

**Shopaholic:** You're making me hot. I love it.

**The Author:** Lift your skirt up for them...show them that sweet little pussy. Watch as they shift positions in their seats as their cocks harden...

**Shopaholic:** Lifting it. Mmm. One of them rubs his cock.

**The Author:** One looks around...then starts to unzip his pants...

**Shopaholic:** Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.

**The Author:** He pulls a big fat cock out of his pants for you...

**Shopaholic:** I gasp. Then lick my lips.

**The Author:** It hangs heavy in his hands... Unbutton your blouse...show them your big tits...

**Shopaholic:** Unbuttoning...letting them see me. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

**The Author:** Pull your nipple out of your bra... pinch it for them...

**Shopaholic:** My hand drops in my crotch... I am wet. Pinchhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Owwwwwwwwwwww.

**The Author:** Run your finger between your pussy lips. Then push your finger into your mouth and suck it, tasting yourself...

**Shopaholic:** Yessssssss. Slipping my finger inside my panties.

**The Author:** Stand up.

**Shopaholic:** Tasting. Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. I stand...my legs a bit wobbly.

**The Author:** It's early on a weekday and the mall is damn near empty.

**Shopaholic:** mmmmmmmmm

;-) *Look, readers, I know how handy it is that your keyboard keeps typing the letter over and over as long as you keep pressing the key. But when you abuse this technique, you make it very difficult to edit this book.*

*No, I mean, you're putting the burden on your partner to use the other 127 keys on the keyboard to carry on the narrative of the story. Example...*

**Me:** *You take his cock in your hands...stroking it...pumping it...*

**You:** *mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm*

**Me:** *You open your mouth and take him inside...*

**You:** *mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm*

**Me:** *You feel him hardening in your warm mouth...*

**You:** *mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm*

*Is it me, or does it look like someone spilled a bag of M&M's on the screen?*

*Let me give you a different analogy to help make my point: Ever bang one of those dippy chicks that like to purr or bark during sex?*

*You have?*

*Really?*

*What's that like?*

**The Author:** You walk towards them...

**Shopaholic:** My breasts bouncing.

**The Author:** You stand in front of them...very close... You lean far over...

**Shopaholic:** Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Showing my nipples.

**The Author:** The one with his cock out pushes his face between your tits...

**Shopaholic:** They are hard as stones. I moan.

**The Author:** Shake your big tits in his face...

**Shopaholic:** Shaking. Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

**The Author:** Bend far over at the waist...

**Shopaholic:** Bending.

**The Author:** Take that enormous cock into your hot mouth. Suck that young hard dick...

**Shopaholic:** I suck it deep. Moaning...whimpering. Suckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk. Taking it deeper

**The Author:** Reaching over to the boys next to him...



**The Author:** You switch off to another cock as you feel that tongue flicking against your asshole...

**Shopaholic:** i gasp as i move to suck the other cock

**The Author:** Pumping two cocks in your hands...the other with your warm wet mouth...

**Shopaholic:** yess

**The Author:** That tongue is now fucking your asshole...

**Shopaholic:** my asshole ohhhhh god

**The Author:** Feel him wiggling in there... Tasting your ass... A moan escapes your lips...

**Shopaholic:** i try to scream

**The Author:** You start to pant as he tongues you deep...  
His hands pull at your waist...pulling you down on top of his cock...

**Shopaholic:** yess

Noooooooooooooo! I couldn't take it anymore. Soooooo I logggggggged offffffff, jerkkkkkkkkkkkked offffffff, thennnnnnnnnn noddddddd offffffff.

Here's another woman I talked to who made me wonder if she was falling asleep on her keyboard...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** This is a fantasy my husband has.....he would love to catch me masturbating.....all alone.....talking dirty with someone online.....

**The Author:** And what does he do about it?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** he watches me.....sometimes lets a friend watch

**The Author:** Has it happened?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** twice.....

**The Author:** You enjoyed it, didn't you?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssss.....

**The Author:** Especially when his friend watched...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssss.....I love it

**The Author:** So who else has caught you playing with your pussy?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** mmmmm.....our neighbor.....he's 16.....

**The Author:** Watched you through a window? You feel so good being on display like that, don't you? Makes you feel so dirty... Makes you feel like a dirty little whore...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssss.....I love the way it feels.....I think hes watching me now..... my husband loves for me to tease him.....

**The Author:** What do you wear to work normally?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** business clothes.....I'm an office manager

**The Author:** Oh nice...Tell me more.

**TalkDirty2Meee:** my husband likes to make me wear lingerie under my clothes sometimes....

**The Author:** So what do you wear? Skirt and business jacket? Dress?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** garter belts.....nylons.....very pretty bras.....both and no panties

**The Author:** You play with your pussy at work, don't you?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssssssss I'm very wet right now

**The Author:** Nobody knows what a slut you are underneath...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** nooooooo.....

**The Author:** Dressed for corporate America... But a little whore underneath it all.

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssssssssssssssssssssss

**The Author:** You have them all fooled. All of them, except me.

**TalkDirty2Meee:** mmmmmmmmm..... I let our janitor watch me once.....

**The Author:** Black guy?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** noooo.....

**The Author:** Older white guy? Or young?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** older.....

**The Author:** Did you see him get hard? Did you let him take his cock out?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssss.....

;-)

*Alright. We've talked about "repeating characters," now it's time to talk about the proper use of "ellipses," those three little dots that indicate an unfinished thought or pause in conversation. Only three dots are needed, okay? Not a minimum of fifteen, as this young lady seems to prefer. When you use that many, your speech becomes very fey, like you're communicating with the "spirit world."*

*Me: Can you tell me my future?*

*You: yessssssss.....*

*Me: Will I be a successful author?*

*You: not with this filthhhhhhhhh.....*

*So are we clear on this, Madame Zorba? Just three.*

**The Author:** You just lifted your skirt and spread that tight pussy for him...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** I was alone.....I thought

**The Author:** One leg over your chair...or on your desk?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** standing at the computer...

**The Author:** Were you looking at porn?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** nooooo.....writing my husband an e-mail

**The Author:** You wanted so much for that janitor to take you, didn't you?

**TalkDirty2Meee:** mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.....

**The Author:** For him to drop his cock in front of your mouth and make you suck him.

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssssssssssss

**The Author:** Grabbing your hair... Forcing his cock deep in your mouth...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** we have never said a word about it.....

yessssssssssssssssss

**The Author:** Tearing open your business jacket and blouse. Bending over to suck and pinch those nipples. Rubbing his cock all over your nipples...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** very close to making me cummmmmm

**The Author:** Tit-fucking his new whore...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss

**The Author:** Lifting you up and bending you over your desk... He lifts your skirt up around your waist...slapping your ass... Spanking his naughty little girl..

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssssss.....fuck meeeeeeeeeee

**The Author:** And that's when you feel his fingers inside your pussy... Finger-fucking you... Feeling how wet he makes you...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssss.....pleaseeeeeeee

**The Author:** Sucking his fingers...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** fucking his hand

**The Author:** Finally pushing that big fat cock against your cunt... Forcing it all the way in at once...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Taking you there at your desk... Calling you names...

**TalkDirty2Meee:** so good

**The Author:** "That's right, take that cock, you bitch!"

**TalkDirty2Meee:** nasty

**The Author:** "You stuck-up little whore."

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssssssss

**The Author:** "Fuck that cock, slut. Beg me for my cock, cunt!"

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssssssss.....anything pleaseeeeeeeeeeeeeee

**The Author:** "Dirty little whore! Playing with your cunt in a business office! Fucking whore!"



**TalkDirty2Meee:** fuck meeeeeee.....look at meeeeeeee watch meeeeeeee

**The Author:** He pulls out...spins you around... "Sit on that desk, cunt."

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yesssssssssssssssssssss

**The Author:** "I'm gonna watch you finger that cunt for me...."

**TalkDirty2Meee:** ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

**The Author:** "Finger it good and I might even cum on you."

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssssss.....watch meeeeeeee

**The Author:** "You like being watched, slut? Like being the center of attention..."

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yesssssssssssssssssssss

**The Author:** "Daddy's little girl playing with her little pussy? Let's hear you moan, bitch! Show me how good that pussy feels..."

**TalkDirty2Meee:** yessssssss.....look at meeeeeee...  
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** "Cum for me, slut..."

**TalkDirty2Meee:** so good

**The Author:** "Cum for me while I jack off and watch..."

**TalkDirty2Meee:** close  
cumminggggggggggggggggggggggg

**The Author:** Whore. Slut.

**TalkDirty2Meee:** look at meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

**The Author:** Showing off your little pussy!

**TalkDirty2Meee:** fingers in meeeeeee

**The Author:** You want to cum NOW!

**TalkDirty2Meee:** thank you.....I did!!!! twice!!!!

**The Author:** good

**TalkDirty2Meee:** thank you for helping meeeee

**The Author:** Goodnight, slut.

**TalkDirty2Meee:** night.....

I think you're starting to see how irritating it can be when you're giving your lover your absolute attention... pulling out every sexual trick in the book to give them an intense, powerful orgasm... trying desperately to connect with them on some deeper, emotional level...only to be given superficial consideration in return.

Hmm.

No wonder my wife's always so pissed off.

## chapter two: *skipping foreplay*



Foreplay is nice, so I've heard, but there is little room for it in cybersex. Keep in mind that you are relying on the short attention span of Gen-Xers to log-on-get-off-log-off in the shortest time possible. (Remember that big meeting tomorrow? Think, man! You're gonna need your rest!) You need to learn how to hook your reader right away (preferably just before their next hit of Ritalin).

On a real first date, you might put your arm around your partner's shoulders, then lean over and kiss their neck, checking for a positive response. If a bit unsure, you might timidly ask: "Do you like to be kissed here?" Maybe you'd be bold enough to unbutton their shirt and kiss their chest. "How about when I do this?" Which soon develops into "And when I touch you here...?"

In cybersex, this is not only a waste of your valuable time, it is an open invitation to Carpal Tunnel Syndrome.

Here's an example of the timid foreplay described above and how it only serves to frustrate your potential partner, leading to the scourge of the Internet: Really Bad Cybersex. I call this next woman **DancePartner**, for no particular reason whatsoever. Once again, we find me in the chat room of my own creation: Tell Me Your Fantasy,\* when I noticed I wasn't alone in the room.

**The Author:** Hi there. Have you come to share a fantasy?

**DancePartner:** Well I dont have any really...

**The Author:** What? None at all? What brings you to my neck of the Internet then?

**DancePartner:** I was surfing the chat rooms and reading profiles. I just liked yours. You sound sexy.\*\*

I'll bet you're very horny right now, aren't you?

**The Author:** All the time. LOL. A male nymphomaniac.

**DancePartner:** I haven't met a man yet that isn't.

---

\* At this point you might be asking: Damn, what's the deal with that chat room name? *Tell Me Your Fantasy* may get a little tiring in the course of this manual, but I've found it to be the perfect laboratory for my "research." Let me know if you think of anything better.

\*\* Wouldn't you just *love* to know what my profile said. Right. Like I'm going to give away **all** my secrets in this book...

- The Author:** We're all sluts, it's true.
- DancePartner:** It's okay for a man to want sex but when a woman wants sex we are just plain whores.
- The Author:** If we're lucky, you are. So what is your fantasy?
- DancePartner:** Well, I've thought about catching two guys together and watching them without them knowing.
- The Author:** Watching two men pleasure each other. Interesting.
- DancePartner:** Have you ever thought about that?
- The Author:** Oh, I've thought about EVERYTHING at one time or another. But I don't recall running across that particular one...
- DancePartner:** So...you're married. Happily?
- The Author:** "Yes," he said with conviction.
- DancePartner:** Hmmm. Has she ever tried bi?
- The Author:** "No," he said with conviction.
- DancePartner:** Really now. Maybe you should set that up for her. Find someone for your wife so you can watch. You could ease her into it.
- The Author:** "No," he said with even greater conviction.
- DancePartner:** What about bondage fantasies?
- The Author:** I'm too much of a control freak to ever be submissive. You?
- DancePartner:** I have been a sub a few times, but I meant bondage fantasies with you as a Dom.
- The Author:** What are your limits?
- DancePartner:** Nothing extreme... No hot wax or gag balls. Not a mask either...not into that. I like blindfolds.
- The Author:** Spanking? Humiliation?
- DancePartner:** I love spankings. Humiliation...depends...
- The Author:** Being called names? Slut? Whore?

**DancePartner:** Hmmmm. That would be okay in role playing, I guess.

**The Author:** And what would your favorite role play be?

**DancePartner:** Well, I'm not sure. Have you ever been a Dom for real?

**The Author:** Not sexually, no.

**DancePartner:** A nonsexual Dom? Interesting.

**The Author:** Unfortunately, being a "nonsexual Dom" probably just means being an "arrogant asshole."

**DancePartner:** LOL. You like being in control, I see.

**The Author:** Control-freak 'til I die. Yeah. It's that obvious, huh?

**DancePartner:** Wouldn't you enjoy having two women to control. Telling one of them to do things to the other? Both of them under your control?

**The Author:** Of course...\*

**DancePartner:** Do you like lingerie?

**The Author:** A little. It's so hard to find anything in my size, though...

**DancePartner:** LOL. Hmmmmm. Okay, what about nipple clamps?

**The Author:** No, thank you.

**DancePartner:** I don't really do the lingerie thing either. Just some thongs. Some leather thongs, too.

**The Author:** Leather?

**DancePartner:** I have black and hot pink leather thongs, yes.

**The Author:** Wow. Now that seems like a disposable item if I ever heard of one. Do you take those to a dry cleaner to be washed, or to a tannery?

**DancePartner:** LOL. You are a "nonsexual Dom," aren't you?

**The Author:** Ouch!

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\* Apparently I would. See *Part Six, Chapter One: MSN*.

So, what leather outfits do you have?

**DancePartner:** Leather?

Well, I have black leather thongs and hot pink pair. I have black chaps with black leather slip lace that goes just around the nipples.

**The Author:** And boots?

**DancePartner:** Oh yes...of course, that lace up to the knees with a wedge heel that is high.

**The Author:** Wow. You are a naughty little girl, aren't you? You DO deserve a spanking.

**DancePartner:** LOL. I really, really deserve a spanking, huh?

**The Author:** Yes, you do. You naughty girls always do. A firm slap on your behind...

**DancePartner:** LOL. You would have your hands full. I'm a fireball.

**The Author:** A hellcat, huh? You earn your punishment, I see.

**DancePartner:** LOL. I am a stubborn one. I like to test you.

**The Author:** Make sure I care enough to discipline you, huh?

**DancePartner:** :::giggling:::

Hmmm, maybe. Or just to tease you into wanting to spank me.

**The Author:** Something tells me I'd really want to... So what are you up to tonight?

**DancePartner:** Nothing much... just playing with my toys...getting ready to take a bath.

**The Author:** I guess a naughty girl would have toys, wouldn't she?

**DancePartner:** Oh yes. All kinds, too. Listen, sweetie...I really need to get into the bath. I hate to dash but I have to get up very early.

**The Author:** Well, thanks for the chat. It was a pleasure meeting you.

**DancePartner:** You're so very welcome. Night now!

Alright. I let that entire chat go through without any interruption to illustrate a point: in cybersex, someone needs to make the first overt gesture.

When you get an Instant Message from a woman, it's a bit like having one come up to you in a singles bar and asking: "So what do you have at home to eat for breakfast?" If that happened, you would feel confident your chances at getting laid were pretty much on par with Hugh Hefner's. I want you to feel that same self-assurance when a woman sends you an Instant Message. Remember: all the normal rules of dating no longer apply. This is Cyber Land! Population: you & this slut.

You may think that the conversation I had with DancePartner was a complete bore from beginning to end, that even though we talked about sex, there was no "cybersex." But there was plenty of opportunities to practice my one-handed typing, and I hope by now that you've recognized a few of them.

So what went wrong, you ask. Truthfully, I just wasn't in the mood. But for the purposes of instructing you, the cyber virgin, in the art of flirting, I present you with the following Instant Replay...

**here's what she said:**

I've thought about catching two guys together and watching them without them knowing.

**here's what I should've said to get her hot and bothered enough to break out her favorite dildo:**

Right. Maybe you come home early and find your boyfriend in the living room on his knees. His best friend is sitting in front of him with his legs spread open. You watch in stunned silence as your boyfriend unzips him and takes his best friend's cock in his mouth...

**so why didn't I say that?**

Because while I support the bisexual lifestyle as a viable alternative to masturbating alone on a Friday night, I really ain't into it.

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**here's what she said:**

Find someone for your wife so you can watch.

**here's what I should've said to get her hot and bothered enough to break out her favorite dildo:**

Maybe even you? Maybe you're a coworker of mine. You and I have been flirting for months now and the sexual tensions are driving us wild. We hatch a plan, and that night I take you home with me. You wait outside while I begin to kiss my wife passionately. I lead her to the bedroom and

lie her down across the mattress. I take a scarf from the dresser and blindfold you. I take nylons from the same drawer and tie her wrists to the headboard. I dash to the front door and motion you in...

### **so why didn't I say that?**

Because she's my *wife*, you sick-o! And I'll thank you to leave her out of your "research!"

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### **here's what she said:**

I like blindfolds.

### **here's what I should've said to get her hot and bothered enough to break out her favorite dildo:**

It's not the blindfold so much, is it? It's more that someone is touching you, caressing you, and you can't see their face. You are in absolute darkness...a stuck elevator...a movie theater...somewhere. You can feel his strong hands all over you...and you stop just short of crying out. You don't want him to stop, even as his hands move across the front of your body...

### **so why didn't I say any of that?**

It's just so exhausting sometimes to try and guess what the perfect scenario is for your partner. If she had said "I like blindfolds...I often fantasize about being kidnapped and taken away to a strange place...tied and blindfolded" then it would have been easier to help explore her fantasies. But a blindfold? How many times in your life have you ever been blindfolded? Honestly. Unless you're a professional magician's assistant or Patty Hearst, I'm guessing it numbers in the single digits.

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### **here's what she said:**

I love spankings.

### **here's what I should've said to get her hot and bothered enough to break out her favorite dildo:**

That's because your Daddy's Bad Little Girl, aren't you? Have you been very naughty today? Teasing all those strange men on the Internet?

### **so why didn't I say that?**

It's just not my bag, baby. Plus it's another instance of me having to rack my brain thinking up various "spanking scenarios." Daddy/Daughter. Principal/Student. Priest/Altar Boy. (Oops! How did that get in there?)



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**here's what she said:**

Nothing much... just playing with my toys...getting ready to take a bath.

**here's what I should've said to get her hot and bothered enough to break out her favorite dildo:**

Oh. Wait a minute. She already had her dildo! Dammit! I blew this one big time.

The point I'm making here is that there were several moments when I could have taken the ball and played with it (I mean, "run with it"), but it's just so draining to have a sex partner who expects you to do all the work. At least that's what my wife says.

I could have turned the conversation I had with DancePartner into a steaming cybersex conversation at any point, and here's how...I'll tell you the secret...and it's a pretty good secret, too...really...worth the cost of this book alone, this secret is...so here it is...the secret, I mean... Well, it's not really a secret so much...more like advice...

Sorry. What were we talking about?

Oh right! Sorry. Lost my train of thought for a moment there.

The secret to steering a woman who just sent you an Instant Message in a sex chat room into a private conversation devoted to topics of a sexual nature is: **TALK DIRTY TO HER!**

See? It's not really a secret, is it? I mean, that's sort of the definition of "cybersex," isn't it? "Talkin' dirty." But it's so easy to forget sometimes. Men are trained early on by their fathers and society to be sensitive, caring beings devoted solely to the sexual gratification of their mates. Oh sure, not the pigs you go out with...but all the men I've dated were very caring and sensitive.

So put away the loofa, bath beads, and scented massage oils, fellas. They'll only go to waste. These are modern women we're dealing with here. They're leading full, rich lives. They're career women with husbands and children and partnerships in law firms. These wet, horny bitches need to get fucked, fucked hard, and right fucking now!

Flex those creative muscles, men, which like your abdominals, have gone flabby from nonuse. To score with women in the digital age you need to have a quick wit and sparkling personality. I know: bad news for you; if you had a personality you wouldn't be having cybersex.

So, you're asking me, what do I say to make a woman want to talk to me?

I'm glad you asked. I'm here to help. I'm always here to help. Except when I'm doing "research."

**The Author:** Hi there, random AOL user. I'm looking to get a female perspective tonight. Mind if I ask you a question or two?

**Get2DaPoint:** Sure. Go right ahead.

**The Author:** Do you prefer to IM a man, or to be IMed?

**Get2DaPoint:** I like receiving Instant Messages.

**The Author:** That's interesting. My experience is that most women don't want to be bothered...

**Get2DaPoint:** No bother here!

**The Author:** What can a man say to you in a private message that would make you want to cyber with him?

**Get2DaPoint:** Hmm. In his first message?

**The Author:** Yeah. I know some men can be very uncreative...

**Get2DaPoint:** They can start off with their age/sex and a full description of their body.

**The Author:** Really?

"24/m 10-inch for real looking for slut. wanna play?"

That kind of crap. Really?

**Get2DaPoint:** Yeah. Maybe not the "looking for slut" part. But I do like a description.

**The Author:** When you surf the AOL chat rooms, what rooms do you usually peek into?\*

**Get2DaPoint:** Oh I'm all over the place. Just browsing mostly.

**The Author:** And how often do you browse AOL?

**Get2DaPoint:** Mostly late at night.

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\* AOL lists their chat rooms by various categories. Most members will drop into a room with an interesting name or topic, then drop out to find another room. It's just like a slightly bored TV viewer flipping channels; you "surf" the chat rooms.

- The Author:** When you're feeling frisky? Horny? Looking for a little release?
- Get2DaPoint:** Yup.
- The Author:** What qualities do you look for when a man IMs you?
- Get2DaPoint:** Late at night? A man interested in pleasuring me. Mid-day? I'm usually just into chat only.
- The Author:** Gotcha. At night it's time to get down to business.
- Get2DaPoint:** Yup.
- The Author:** Has any cyberlover ever intrigued you enough to keep looking for them again and again, keeping them on your Buddy List?
- Get2DaPoint:** No, not really. Mostly just one night things.
- The Author:** Do you like fantasies and role play? Or hearing about what the man looks like and what he'd do to you if you were there?
- Get2DaPoint:** All of the above. At night, that is.

Isn't that interesting? It's not? Oh, really...and how's your "great American novel" coming along, Mr. Salinger?

Anyway, what I find interesting is this woman knowing what she wants and (more importantly) when she wants it. This is fabulous knowledge. It tells you that all of you out there working the graveyard shifts trying to have cybersex during the day are screwed! And not the way you were hoping for...

- The Author:** Hi there...mind if I ask you a few questions?
- How long have you been on AOL?
- IMHO:** Quite awhile, why?
- The Author:** Do you prefer to IM a guy or to be IMed?
- IMHO:** I prefer to send the Instant Message. Then I'm a little better prepared for what I am getting myself into.
- The Author:** I imagine women can get "IMed" to death sometimes, depending on what chat room they happen to be in at the time, right?

- IMHO:** Yes, exactly.
- The Author:** For instance, if you stay too long in a chat room called Pee On Me I Love It. You're bound to attract attention just by being the only woman there, right?
- IMHO:** Right. Sometimes if there is a specific thing in your profile, like the state you live in. Men search for that and send you an IM no matter where you're at.
- The Author:** Any pet peeves?
- IMHO:** Messages where the first question is: "got a pic?" I hate that.
- The Author:** Well, you have to give us a little leeway on that one. Not only is the male of the species very visual, but we're also hard-wired for stupidity.
- IMHO:** LOL. Oh, I realize that. Believe me.
- The Author:** But I'm sure you've found yourself chatting for an extended period with someone who IMed you first...
- IMHO:** Every once in awhile.
- The Author:** What opening line of theirs intrigued you?
- IMHO:** It's not usually the opening line. More, it's what isn't in the opening line. LOL.
- The Author:** Ah. Can you give me an example of something you would find interesting? A funny line? A joke?
- How about: "What's a nice screen name like you doing in a chat room like this?"
- IMHO:** In a first IM, you mean? I really can't be specific. I'll just say that personality is a big plus. That comes across even online.
- The Author:** So brutish comments like "Looking for a new Master, slut?" are a turnoff...
- IMHO:** For sure. Or even the "hey baby" kind of stuff.
- The Author:** Or "What's your bra size?"
- IMHO:** Right. Yuck. Or when they give or ask for "stats." You know: "age/sex? 52/m/new york."

**The Author:** I agree. I hate that crap, too. It feels like an interrogation. Or a job application.

Although I do like to ask their age. Especially when they start telling me about their Britney Spears sex fantasies.

**IMHO:** Worse is when I get all the details about how built they are in the first IM.

How long, how big...and whether they are "cut," like I care.

**The Author:** Wait. Have to think now...did I do any of that when I met you?

**IMHO:** No, and you still haven't.

**The Author:** Well, I like to think I'm a bit more creative than all that.

**IMHO:** Yes, you are. :-)

**The Author:** In fact, you IMed me first. So what was it that intrigued you?

**IMHO:** i just liked your sense of humor in your profile. That goes a long way with me.

**The Author:** What chat have you had in the past that stands out in your mind as the best?

**IMHO:** Hmm. There have been a few times where the chat has gotten me very aroused and I get off really hard...but I can't really give you specifics on what was said. I think it relies on the personality of the guy I am talking to...their cyber technique, I guess.

I suppose that's true in real life: some guys have it, and some guys don't. Some girls have it, too, by the way. Or do I reveal too much? LOL.

Your turn. Let's get a man's perspective: what turns you on?

**The Author:** I just love the fact that humans walk around all day bumping into each other trying to look professional and act "normal" around other people, then run home and have these wild, uninhibited sex chats when they're all alone.

**IMHO:** LOL. Yeah, very true.

**The Author:** I just think it would be really cool if you could just go through your day saying, "Hi, my name is Cindy. I have a Daddy fetish." "Hi! I'm Bob. I like to wear women's clothing."

Wouldn't that be wonderful?

**IMHO:** Ha ha! I love it.

Okay, then: introduce yourself.

**The Author:** "Hi! I'm Bob. I like to wear women's clothing."

**IMHO:** LOL. I knew you were going to say that!

So you can see I've conducted exhaustive research (without quotes) in this area. I've interviewed as many as two separate women. The results were mixed, but I can make a few generalizations based on the data. I can do that because it's my goddamn book.

First of all, if you're one of those bizarre people who are always shocked by Instant Messages with sexual content in them, reporting them immediately to AOL, try to keep to the daylight hours. Being an AOL member is like being a resident of Transylvania: all bets are off when the sun goes down.

Second, some women are going to respond to your Instant Message, and some aren't. You're not going to know until you send it. A good rule of thumb is to try for "witty." Most women respond favorably to a man with a sense of humor, but there are some exceptions. For instance, never in the seven years that I've been on America Online has a woman ever responded to my opening line: "What's a nice screen name like you doing in a chat room like this?" I don't know if they get it. Or maybe they get it, but they just don't want it. It frustrates me utterly, because I think it's a pretty good joke.

Of course, the caveat to all this is: know your audience. Hopefully, you would know enough to send a different sort of greeting to the woman you see in a chat room called **Mom Submits To Son** than you did to the woman you saw in **Born Again Online** or **Friends Of Bill W**. Investigate a chat room before you start sending random messages to the users inside, by the way. Sit and listen in for awhile...check out the **Member Profiles**. You might make some hasty judgments otherwise.

For instance, a chat room with the name **Flight Attendants**, or something similar, might seem like it would be devoted to stewardess fantasies. My experience has been that, frankly, they ain't. They are in fact serious-minded chat rooms populated by actual flight attendants.

By the way, trust me on this: if you happen to find yourself in one of these rooms, don't — just don't — send the following greeting to the chat room occupants:

**MrInappropriate:** Excuse me, stewardess? Could I have another blowjob, please?

Just trust me on this.

## chapter three: *invest in reliable equipment*



We discussed at the beginning of the book about the advantages of buying a new computer instead of used. I think this next chat demonstrates very well what might happen to your cyber sex life if you try, like Arsenio Hall, to “save a buck or two.”\*

**ICantDoThatDave:** Hi there. I have a fantasy about having a man other than my husband seduce me in a hotel bar...

**The Author:** Oh, that's a good one. Has it ever happened?

**ICantDoThatDave:** Well, it's almost happened. Sometimes I travel with my husband, sometimes alone.

**The Author:** What do you look like? Your profile doesn't say. In fact, it only says what your computer looks like.

What exactly is a “hodge podge” computer anyway?

**ICantDoThatDave:** An IBM monitor...some kind of hard drive I have no clue what...lol.

External modem...

No sound card...

**The Author:** Wow. Hodge-podge, is right.

**ICantDoThatDave:** Hey, it works! LOL

**The Author:** Not so much an “IBM clone” as an “IBM zombie,” huh?

**ICantDoThatDave:** Pretty much, yeah. It gets me online, though.

**The Author:** As long as it gets you “off” online, that's all that's important.

**ICantDoThatDave:** Oh...and it does...believe me it does!

**The Author:** So, to paraphrase Microsoft: “Where do you want to get off today?”

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\* This Quentin Tarantino-like pop-culture reference is in no way meant to suggest that Arsenio Hall engages in cybersex. Although I probably cybered with his mother a few times.



Hello?

**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:**  
**IcantDoThatDave** is not currently signed on.

**ICantDoThatDave:** Sorry. Got booted.\* I'm back.

Where were we?

**The Author:** Well, we were talking about fantasies. So now that I'm intimate with your computer, what do you look like?

**ICantDoThatDave:** I'm 5'4", 115, with long black hair.

**The Author:** How old are you?

**ICantDoThatDave:** I'm 31.

**The Author:** And when you travel, do you find yourself at the hotel bar?

**ICantDoThatDave:** I go down there sometimes, yes.

**The Author:** Even though you don't actually cheat on your husband, do you find yourself there just for the titillation factor?

**ICantDoThatDave:** Yes!

**The Author:** And what do you usually wear to the hotel bar?

**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:**  
**IcantDoThatDave** is not currently signed on.

**ICantDoThatDave:** Sorry. I'm back.

**The Author:** Can I suggest another adjective for your computer besides "hodge podge?"

By the way, if it starts to sing "Daisy, Daisy,"  
UNPLUG IT - QUICK!

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\* Being "booted" is a slang term for when America Online drops your connection to the Internet. Nobody knows why this happens, least of all, America Online.

**ICantDoThatDave:** LOL

**The Author:** So I was asking: What do you wear to the hotel bar?

**ICantDoThatDave:** I always wear my sexiest outfit. I have a sheer white blouse that I like, and I sometimes wear my black skirt with the slit way up the side...

**The Author:** No doubt it gets a good reaction.

**ICantDoThatDave:** Sometimes. And I always wear my sexiest lingerie underneath...just in case....

**The Author:** Makes you feel sexy, doesn't it? Makes you feel like a call girl...just waiting to be picked up by some strange man and fucked HARD.

**ICantDoThatDave:** Oh, yes... that's exactly how it feels! I love checking the men out as they come in the bar...watching them as they look at me...

**The Author:** Smiling at them... Flirting with them when they come over... Touching their hand as you talk to them...

**ICantDoThatDave:** Always!

**The Author:** Unbuttoning your blouse just a bit.

Following their gaze down into your cleavage.

Hello?

**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:**  
**ICantDoThatDave** is not currently signed on.

**ICantDoThatDave:** Sorry...my system crashed again. :-(

**The Author:** Okay now?

**ICantDoThatDave:** I think so.

**The Author:** Where were we? Seducing those men in the hotel bar...

**ICantDoThatDave:** Or were they seducing me? LOL

**The Author:** Wouldn't it be interesting if they thought you were a hooker?

If one of them invited you up to their room...what would he look like? Or would it be only one?

Did I lose you?

**ICantDoThatDave:** Wait...I'm here! I keep getting the spinning hourglass when I try to enter text!

**The Author:** Oh, okay. Just thought you found another...

**ICantDoThatDave:** No!

**The Author:** Computer okay now?

**ICantDoThatDave:** I think so. But I'm going to try to log off, then on again. See if that helps.

**The Author:** If you must...I'll be here if you still would like to chat...

**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:**  
**ICantDoThatDave** is not currently signed on.

**ICantDoThatDave:** I'm back. I'm sorry.

**The Author:** Computer fixed?

Yes? No? Maybe?

Think how hot it would be to be mistaken for a call girl.

Hello?

Goddammit. Again?!

Sweet. You know, maybe you should just buy a typewriter.

**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:**  
**ICantDoThatDave** is not currently signed on.

## **acronyms that are, like your mother, commonly used by cybersex addicts**

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**LOL** = laughing out loud

**ROFL** = rolling on the floor laughing

**HSDYMMLSFHABSOOMNALOMS** = Holy shit, dude! You made me laugh so fucking hard a booger shot out of my nose and landed on my shirt!

**4SN7YA** = Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers gathered together to form this great nation.

**OMG** = oh my god

**JC** = Jesus Christ! What am I doing with my life? Is this what I dreamed about doing when I got older? Cupping my hands over the back of the computer so my wife doesn't hear me logging onto America Online, then jerking off in a darkened room as quickly and quietly as possible before she wakes up? I hope she does wake up...wakes up and shoots me in the fucking head for being such a waste of skin and putting me out of my goddamn misery!

## **PART FOUR**



# **CYBERSEX AS AN INTROSPECTIVE EXPLORATION OF SEXUAL DESIRES AND REBELLIOUS EXPRESSION OF REPRESSIVE RELIGIOUS DOGMA AND SOCIETAL PRECEPTS**

**or**

**girls gone wild**

## chapter one: *exploring fantasy island*



Imagine yourself on a city bus or subway. You turn to the person next to you and smile disarmingly. When they smile back, you strike up a conversation with them. You begin by asking them for their full name and where they live exactly. You follow this up immediately with questions about whether or not they live alone, and if they have any personal protection devices like pepper spray hidden on them.

Do you think it is likely that you will talk that person into blowing you?

Cybersex is no different.

The people you will meet online will be curious about you, and eager to tell you about themselves...just not A LOT about themselves.

I decided a long time ago that I didn't want to be perceived as someone who was overly curious about the people I met in chat rooms. I didn't want them to get nervous and take flight like spooked quarry. After all, I was just fascinated by the people I cybered with; I wasn't writing a book about them.

Oops.

Well...I didn't want them to know I was.

And so with that philosophy of wanting people to approach me and eat the lettuce I was holding out to them, I created the chat room **Tell Me Your Fantasy**. I had different variations of it, but the theme was always the same: I was inviting people to approach me and open themselves up to a complete stranger.

There were a few idiots who didn't seem to get it. "Tell me YOUR fantasy first" is an Instant Message I've received more times than I care to recall. But on the whole, it worked. People took advantage of the anonymity of the Internet and opened themselves up to a complete stranger, one who didn't seem to care whether they were male or female, didn't seem to be shocked by anything, and never judged them by the fantasies they kept secret.

It's been an eye-opening experience, and I don't know if anyone of them will ever figure out that I've included them as part of my "research" on this book. But if they do ever make the connection, I hope they're a little flattered. Just as I was when they opened themselves up to me.

When they asked what my chat room was about, I would always reply...

**The Author:** I just started this chat room hoping to hear things from people that they had never shared with anyone before. Fantasies they have never told spouses, or lovers...

And the fantasies they shared with me were sometimes innocent...

*"I had this thing for a roommate and her boyfriend once. I'm sleeping and they come in. She sees me and initiates. He watches a bit and joins in..."*

Sometimes not-so-innocent...

*"I like the idea of being under someone's desk at their job, roped into place, with just a crotchless teddy on, my breasts uncovered, sucking their cock. "*

There were the "usual" fantasies you would expect to hear in a sex chat room...

*"Walking into a bar full of horny men and having a giant gang bang..."*

And sometimes they told me fantasies you would never expect to hear outside of a mental institution...

*"I would love to see a guy jerk off on my sister..."*

But they all shared one characteristic: they never failed to amuse me. Here are some of my favorites...

*"My fantasy is to have two men at once, neither of them my husband. Nice surroundings...maybe a hotel. I meet them and they invite me to their room for a nightcap. They sort of force me...at first, anyway..."*

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*"I want to have sex with a mob guy. I hear they're good. I try looking for them when I go to Vegas, but I don't know what they look like..."*

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*"My fantasy is to have my wrists bound, pushed to my knees and forced to deep throat a room full of rough, humiliating men. Twelve to fifteen of them, all very big and muscular..."*

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*"My fantasy? Having a guy doing my housework..."*

**The Author:** I said fantasy, not science fiction movie script...  
Any others?

*"Oh. Then it would be my partner and I in one of those glass elevators in a hotel – moving up slowly – just the two of us. I'm naked...my breasts pressed against the glass...he's taking me from behind while others watch us from below..."*

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*"I masturbate thinking of seducing the teenage boy next door. I know I'm horrible, but he flirts with me so much..."*

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*"To be a 13 year old virgin and have my Daddy want me...I'm 41, by the way."*

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*"Well, I've always had this fantasy about a much older man dominating and using me. Don't tell my fiancé because he's actually younger than me."*

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*"I really love mind control fantasies...hypnosis and brainwashing. One of my favorite fantasies I played was one where I was an Asian girl. I had a guy hypnotize me and turn me into a giggling little geisha prostitute...his obedient little sex slave..."*

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*"I fantasize about getting fucked by a priest..."*

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*"I want to be raped in the girls locker room..."*

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*"Seducing a guy or girl while they work at their desk. Then climbing under the desk, when the boss comes by, and I have to stay under there..."*

So you see that people are quite willing to open up to you if you let them, and if they don't perceive you as any kind of a threat. Here's my final thought on the subject of secret fantasies...

What a wonderful world it would be if we didn't feel the need to keep our sexual identities a secret. Remember the days when you would meet someone in a bar and immediately tell them your name and zodiac sign? Remember how some people seemed to judge you instantly because of your "star sign?"



“Oh my God. You’re a *Scorpio*? Fuck off, jerk. I’m a Leo. We’re not compatible.”

What if we agreed instead to just lay it all on the line when we first meet? Could we all agree not to judge one another too harshly? Or would we hear: “Oh my God...you’re into receiving golden showers? Fuck off, jerk. I’m totally submissive. We’re not compatible.”

My point here is that fantasies are what cybersex is all about. It is a common misconception that cybersex is just two people telling each other what they are doing *at that very moment*.

**HIM:** “I’m taking my cock out now and stroking it.”

**HER:** “I’m pulling my panties off, bending over my chair, and pushing a finger into my...holy shit! How long have those curtains been open?”

True, satisfying cybersex is a no-holds-barred exploration of our unspoken sexual desires. It is a chance to voice our most-secret fetishes and desires without fear of being judged. When you’re “surfing” the Internet chat rooms, you’re going to run into people like you who are searching for someone to listen to their sexual urges, someone who will listen without judging. These are the people whose weaknesses and pathetic desire for acceptance I want you to exploit.

But before we sample the Rocky Road, let me test your palate with these big, heaping scoops of vanilla.

### ***exploring your non-sexual fantasies...what’s the friggin’ point?***

The most horrifying thing you’ll run across in your search for perfect cybersex, apart from men pretending to be lesbians, is women who have absolutely no imagination whatsoever.

What makes this type of woman so insidious to the cybersex addict is that they exude all the signs of a true cyberslut. They are coquettes, cybervamps, who are quite willing to talk about sex with strange men. They just ain’t no damn good at it.

This next example will hopefully illustrate why you should not equate the personality trait “chatty” with the oft-sought characteristic “ho.” Here’s a conversation I had with a woman I’ll call **MissSpelled**, for no particular reason whatsoever.

**MissSpelled:** Want to hear my fantasy?

**The Author:** Of course.

;-) *Keep in mind that she met me in a chat room called Tell Me Your Fantasy. So when I say "of course," I really mean: "Duh."*

**MissSpelled:** i have a bit of an ass fetish.

;-) *Yes. I know she spelled it wrong. That's why I call her MsSpelled. Get it? It's like a joke.*

**The Author:** You mean you like anal sex.

**MissSpelled:** i mean i love to play with a man's ass.

**The Author:** Oh. I wasn't expecting that.

**MissSpelled:** well, i like it, too. if it's done right.

;-) *If it's done right? How can you possibly do it wrong?*

**HIM:** "Goddammit, Martha! Who the hell taught you how to lick a man's ass?"

**HER:** "Oh, right. Like you're the expert!"

**The Author:** So, what fantasy is on your mind most lately?

**MissSpelled:** ohhh i have a few that i try to work out in my head. waiting for the right man to play in real with me. my favorite is very tame really.

**The Author:** Go on... I'm all attention.

**MissSpelled:** it starts out that i get a special hand made invitation. it is a tracing of a hard penis. inside it is inviting me to a night of creativity.

;-) *Good thing it's not an invitation to a Spelling Bee.*

**MissSpelled:** and music... and fun

**The Author:** So who shows up to match the tracing?

**MissSpelled:** hmmm that is the mystery. he could look like anybody. not to old and not to young. im 38, so in the vicinity. and he has a very large canvas.

**MissSpelled:** you have permission to use this for your wife

**The Author:** Use what?

**MissSpelled:** this fancity

;-) *Alright. You're going to think I'm nitpicking here, but remember that the name of*

*the chat room I met this person in was called **Tell Me Your Fantasy**, not **Tell Me Your Fanticy!** How uneducated can you be?*

**MissSpelled:** i think it is doable for most people. so don't you want to hear more ??

**The Author:** Sure.

;-) *Sure. Go ahead. Knock yourself out. Keep pecking away on your **Speak 'N' Spell**. I'm riveted.*

**MissSpelled:** ok

**The Author:** Is this a fantasy you have often, or are you developing it in your mind as we speak?

**MissSpelled:** no. this one i have thought threw pretty well. there is always room for some ad lib

**The Author:** So where does it go from there...

**MissSpelled:** canvas is layed out on the kitchen floor and the music is put on. i like jazz myself...but soft rock or easy listning

**The Author:** Feel free to skip over SOME details...

I'm not taking notes, or anything.

**MissSpelled:** we get each other naked and lay down on the canvas. taking temptra paint and pouring it on each other, mixing it and making our own painting

**The Author:** Sounds a bit messy, that.

**MissSpelled:** yes....but this is the creative side of me.

id like to pour paint on his balls and make prints. and his penis and stomach and chest...lots of color

**The Author:** So...you're an artist?

;-) *I know you're not a writer...*

**MissSpelled:** i have some tallent. might not even recognize what it is when we are done, but it is the making of the picture that will stir the feelings when you lok at it

i mean, "look"

;-) *NOW she's correcting her spelling errors? NOW?!*

**MissSpelled:** i would say several times climaxes should happen in the paint and my juices and his would be forever in the paint. i know it would be a big mess, but clean up is half the fun

**The Author:** Then you let it dry and hang it on your bedroom wall?

**MissSpelled:** yesssssssssss

;-) *And you're sure you've seen this on Bob Ross?*

**MissSpelled:** even if your friends saw it they wouldnt know why you like it so well.

if you had the desire to sign it youd have to do it with his penis

;-) *But I have such a problem writing with those rollerballs.*

**The Author:** I'm not a miniaturist.

**MissSpelled:** i have such warm feeling about the paintings i have made. i just thought if the experience was shared with someone not an artist they would catch the spirit of it too

**The Author:** Well, I hate to say this, but I need to go. Gotta split before Sherwin-Williams closes.

**MissSpelled:** thanks for chatting

So what specifically made this an example of Really Bad Cybersex? Was it the fact that she probably couldn't spell "specifically?" Perhaps.

More than her questionable command of all twenty-six letters of the English alphabet, though, was her inability to make talking about sex sexual. I might as well have been jerking off to diagrams from Gray's Anatomy.

## chapter two: *how to avoid another empty commitment like your marriage*



Just as important as having the right computer equipment, is having the right mental equipment. Not everybody is as creative sexually as they think they are. At least, that's what my wife says.

The computer is a marvelous invention that allows very skilled people a variety of tools to increase their skills exponentially. George Lucas was a fine filmmaker before the advent of computers, of course, but an even more powerful storyteller with the advent of the digital age. Computers have given him the ability to create masterpieces like Star Wars I: The Phantom Menace.

Wait. Okay. That was a very bad analogy. Forget I said that. The Phantom Menace was a piece of shit, I know.

Maybe we should agree to think of computers as carnival mirrors. They can enhance a person in much the same way those wacky concave and convex mirrors do. But in the same way that a computer can enhance a person's abilities, it can also enhance their, oh, shall we say "inabilities." In other words: if you're a lousy lay, a computer will only make you a lousy lay with a computer.

To illustrate that point, I've included a few chats I've had with women who seemed very eager to "cyber," but soon got themselves caught up in the development of their very specific fantasies. These are no doubt the same kind of women who feel that dozens of lit votive candles are an essential element in love-making.

**CastingCouch:** hi, 18 f...wanna role play?

**The Author:** Tell Me Your Fantasy?

**CastingCouch:** Star Quarterback and Head Cheerleader

**The Author:** Interesting...where does it all lead?

**CastingCouch:** We dated before and than I moved away and I had your baby but you don't know about him. Seven years later I move back. So one day after a noon game you see me talking to your best bud Joe and you come over and start talking to me.

Wanna play?

**The Author:** It sounds to me like they're going to end up in bed again...

**CastingCouch:** Well we would have to see, but i think they will have sex again.

;-) *Gee. You "think?!"*

**CastingCouch:** You wanna start?

**The Author:** Well, that's a very involved cyber role play. I don't know that I could do it justice tonight. I have to log off soon.

**CastingCouch:** ok then bye

**The Author:** Take care. Maybe another time?

**CastingCouch:** ya

Look: I just want to come to your words, not your rehearsal. We're having cybersex, not collaborating on a sequel to "Citizen Kane."

Here's another example of someone getting lost in the creative process...

**IMaMallRat:** I have a couple good fantasies.

**The Author:** Wonderful! Do share! I'm being bored to death here...

**IMaMallRat:** I want to get "raped" by an older man.

;-) *Is she quoting someone? Or are the quotes meant to indicate she's a willing participant?*

*Here's another question: Why do you only hear about "willing rape participants" on AOL?*

**The Author:** How old are you?

**IMaMallRat:** 20

**The Author:** And how do you see it happening?

**IMaMallRat:** In a parking lot...he forces me into my car...makes me suck him off while he's driving

**The Author:** Ooh. Nice touch! Maybe it's the mall security guard.

**IMaMallRat:** I like it. What does he do with the handcuffs?

**The Author:** Cuffs your arms behind your back.

;-) *I mean, his choices are kind of limited, aren't they? They're handcuffs, after all. Not a Swiss Army knife.*

**The Author:** Any other fantasies?

**IMaMallRat:** Well, I do have another, but this one's really bad...

**The Author:** Go for it.

**IMaMallRat:** I want to be raped by a black guy.

;-) *What, no quotes around RAPE for the black guy?*

**The Author:** Go on...

**IMaMallRat:** That's it. No details for that.

**The Author:** Could kinda tie into the other one really. Say you're at a shopping mall and the mall cop has been following you around without you noticing.

There's a hidden peephole in the changing booths at the main store there. He's been watching you change in and out of your clothes.

**IMaMallRat:** Sounds so sexy...you're getting me very wet

**The Author:** He follows you out to the parking lot...a big black guy...his uniform barely contains him. He's in his mid-forties, but still built well...

;-) *I just realized: I've never heard any woman fantasizing about fucking a skinny, puny black guy.*

**The Author:** As you put your key in the car door, he steps in very close behind you...his crotch right up against your ass. He tells you to shut up and get into your car. When you do, he pushes you into the passenger seat.

You're scared stiff as he starts your car up and takes you into the dark parking garage built under the mall.

**IMaMallRat:** My nipples are so hard

;-) *It may seem contradictory, but her last comment to me is a dead giveaway that I'm losing her. "My nipples are hard?!" From what? Being too close to the air-conditioning vent?*

**The Author:** He tells you to unbutton your blouse...

Et cetera, et cetera.

**IMaMallRat:** Thanks...I'll have to try that one before I go to bed.

;-) *Sure...take 'er for a spin around the block. See how she handles.*

**The Author:** Well, I'd go on, but you're too quiet. Probably took off for parts unknown.

**IMaMallRat:** Nope, just imagining.

**The Author:** Well, if you ever want to discuss it more...look me up!

**IMaMallRat:** Oh, I will.

Look: they're called Instant Messages for a reason, okay? If your partner is taking too long to reply to you, or if you notice that you're the only one who's sent the last ten messages, your partner isn't checking their online banking, they've found someone else to cyber with. No amount of cajoling will bring them back to you, and I don't care if you're Erica Jong, no brilliant displays of your erotic writing skills will bring them back, either.

Do I even need to say that when they tell you they'll look for you online later, that they never will? No, I didn't think I did.

### ***female premature ejaculation***

America Online has a very bad reputation in the Internet community. There are dozens of websites devoted to the theme "Why AOL Sucks." One of their chief complaints is that AOL has such horrible service. They drop your connection without warning...you get a constant busy signal trying to log back in...they offer a 56kps connection, but only connect you at half that modem speed...et cetera.

I have to believe that America Online is doing its best to fix these problems. They must be aware of these complaints. But I have another theory: maybe the complaints are actually the result of rude cybersex partners?

Maybe they never thought about this, but I have...

Maybe every complaint call they get goes something like this: "Hello, AOL? Yeah, you know what? You suck! Every time I start talking to some chick on the Internet she tells me her computer's giving her problems. Sometimes they can't even respond to my Instant Messages at all! I send message after message after message, but I never get their



reply! And sometimes I'm just about ready to cu...uh, I mean: just about to finish my research...when — POOF — they're bumped off and can't get back on the rest of the night!"

Oh yeah, that last one is going to happen to you, too, buddy. It happens to the best of us. I should know. I am the best of us.

This leads us to our next topic. Yes, It's time to meet... THE COCKTEASERS!

The following are very nice, interesting conversations. What unites them under the heading of "Bad Cybersex" is that suddenly, right in the middle of a steamy exchange — POOF — I'm talking dirty to myself.

**TotoLoser:** My fantasy is that I am alone at my uncle's farm. The farm workers stare at me as I walk outside.

**The Author:** Oooh. Very nice. What do you look like? What are you wearing?

**TotoLoser:** 5' 33 22 33 100lbs f 22

and I'm wearing jeans sleeveless shirt bra panties barefoot

**The Author:** Where does it go from there?

**TotoLoser:** they follow me into the barn

**The Author:** How many?

**TotoLoser:** 3

**The Author:** Are we talking about Mexican farm workers?

**TotoLoser:** no...caucasian

**The Author:** Swarthy white men? I see...

;-) *What is she? A rapist racist?*

**TotoLoser:** yes

**The Author:** They shut the barn door closed behind them as they follow you... Are you seducing them? Or are they taking you down?

I mean, you're so small...it would be no problem at all for two of them to hold you down while the other had his way with you...

**TotoLoser:** they take me (take me to a private room) i tease them a little

**The Author:** But the teasing got out of control, didn't it?

**TotoLoser:** yes

**The Author:** Have you ever had more than one man at a time?

**TotoLoser:** no

**The Author:** You want it, though, don't you?

**TotoLoser:** !!!!!

**The Author:** Deep down you're hoping those men are there to rape you...

**TotoLoser:** !!!

;-) *How funny is that? She's improved upon the idea of using abbreviations and emoticons in cybersex and has reduced it entirely to punctuation marks!*

**The Author:** You stumble and fall backward as they approach you...

You land hard on a pile of hay...

**TotoLoser:** Take me to a private room

**The Author:** You watch as they undo the tops of their overalls. Another unzips his jeans and pulls out an enormous cock...

And when you look up at that giant white cock coming your way...what do you say?

**TotoLoser:** please no no...i beg you...please

**The Author:** And when they all laugh at you...

**TotoLoser:** i beg...frightened

**The Author:** You tell them you'll do whatever they ask, don't you?

**TotoLoser:** yes...don't hurt me

**The Author:** But deep down inside... You want them to hurt you a LITTLE, don't you? You want to feel those powerful arms around you... Holding you down...

**TotoLoser:** ohhhhhhhh

**The Author:** Spreading your legs wide open against your will...

**TotoLoser:** ohhhhhhhh...take me to a private room i'm hot

;-)

*Alright, that's three times she's said that. I guess it's time to talk about Private Rooms...*

*There are some people you will meet online who are so insecure they will seek assurances from you they are the sole focus of your universe for as long as they deign to cyber with you. So here's what they do: they ask you to take them to a Private Room.*

*You'll begin by parking yourself in a really cool chat room. The really really cool ones are sometimes hard to get into, so you've probably been trying for hours now to get in there, waiting for someone else to finally "cum and go," as it were. But you're there now, and it's such a great chat room that women are actually IM-ing YOU just because you're in that really cool room. But those women KNOW that other women are IM-ing you (after all, you're in that really cool chat room), so they chat with you for a few minutes and then ask you to "take them private."*

*In other words: leave the really cool chat room it took you forever to get into, create a chat room that NO ONE ELSE can see the two of you in and that NO ONE ELSE can join, ignore any of the IMs you're already getting so you can chat with her and NO ONE ELSE.*

*And why not? After all, you've been buddies for MINUTES already...*

*No. I cannot stress this enough: NEVER EVER GO PRIVATE. EVER. No woman is worth it. It always ends the same way: a little flirting...just enough to make you think she's worth leaving the room for...then NOTHING! It's the "Champagne Room" of the Internet. All hype and no type!*

*It'll feel like you're applying for a job. "So what do you look like? What do you do for a living? What are you into? What do you like to do for fun?" Just trust me on this, okay? Okay.*

**The Author:** The man in front kneels down and without a word, grabs the waistband of your panties and pulls them off roughly...

**TotoLoser:** ohhhhhhhh...struggling...squirming

**The Author:** His friends grab your arms and ankles and spread you wide for him... He spits into your gaping pussy...

**TotoLoser:** mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Then pushes his cock into you...

**TotoLoser:** ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh...stop...oh...oh

**The Author:** Drilling into you. That huge cock ripping your pussy apart...

**TotoLoser:** i want it...i'm hot

**The Author:** "Take every inch!"

**TotoLoser:** !!!!!!!

**The Author:** He slaps your face a little for fun...

**TotoLoser:** mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...i give...ill do what you want

**The Author:** "We know." They laugh again. They are so cruel, these farmworkers....

**TotoLoser:** !!!!!!!

**The Author:** Your uncle has treated them like such garbage. Now is the time they get their revenge — on his little niece!

You feel the first cock being pulled out of your tired, swollen pussy. They change positions and a new cock fills your dry little hole.

**TotoLoser:** oh

**The Author:** One of the farm hands reaches down and grabs your hand...

He wraps your hand around his cock and forces you to pump it...

Hello?

Gone?

**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:**  
**TotoLoser** is not currently signed on.

Here's another example... a conversation I had with a woman I'll call **StartMeUp**, for no particular reason whatsoever.

**StartMeUp:** hi

**The Author:** hiya

**StartMeUp:** are ya horny?

**The Author:** Always!

**StartMeUp:** I'm very nasty. My boyfriend says I scare him.

**The Author:** What scares him exactly?

**StartMeUp:** the kink, the intensity, the insatiability

**The Author:** Go on...I'm not shaking yet...

**StartMeUp:** talk dirty to me

**The Author:** What are your limits?

**StartMeUp:** none go for it

**The Author:** Too big a canvas. Be more specific. You want me to just call you names, I can. What are you into exactly? (Or mostly.)

**StartMeUp:** gang bang

**The Author:** How old are you?

**StartMeUp:** 23, 114 lbs, 5'7, italian

**The Author:** tall and thin...

**StartMeUp:** I want to be gang-banged by a bunch of black men.

**The Author:** You know, they're probably gonna fuck you in front of your boyfriend...

**StartMeUp:** and he'll like it

**The Author:** They'll hold him down while they pass you around. Grabbing at your skirt.

Reaching between your legs...underneath your panties. Tearing your blouse open...pulling your tits out of your bra...

**StartMeUp:** keep going

**The Author:** With their big hands over yours, they force you to rub their cocks through their pants. Feeling them harden.

You're looking now at your helpless boyfriend...watching as you're forced to your knees. He's watching as you pull those zippers down...

And so on so on so forth. Lost you, huh?

So what about you is so scary? I still don't get that. Other than the fact that you don't really return IMs. Which I'm actually guilty of as well.

**StartMeUp:** ha ha very funny...something came up

**The Author:** Odd. Nothing on my end has. So to speak. Hello? Echo. Echo. Crap.

When they do leave, let 'em. Don't even bother putting them on your "Buddy List."

Here are a few people I had a wonderful chat with, but when I tried to rekindle the magic, I found a dead rabbit in my hat instead. Don't ever expect to "pick up where you left off" in cybersex.

**The Author:** So what's your fantasy?

**A1in5chance:** I want to do 5 guys in one night

**The Author:** Really? Any 5 in particular?

**A1in5chance:** Nope. Any five will do

**The Author:** LOL

**A1in5chance:** I had a friend that did that one night and she told me all about it and that is all I have been able to think about lately.

**The Author:** How old are you?

**A1in5chance:** 24

**The Author:** What do you look like?

**A1in5chance:** 5'4" 132lb redhead 34c

My friend said it was a lot of fun. I think she does it a lot anyway. LOL

;-) *Really. And what's HER screen name?*

**The Author:** So how do you picture it happening in your mind? Getting drunk at a party?

**A1in5chance:** Yes, kinda.

**The Author:** But you're married, right? Interesting.

Maybe the five guys are friends of your husband's? Or coworkers?

**A1in5chance:** Hmm. Maybe.

**The Author:** Do you see yourself seeking them out? Or do you like the idea of being taken?

**A1in5chance:** The latter sounds interesting.

**The Author:** So if you were going to visit your husband at work, what would you be wearing?

**A1in5chance:** A dress probably.

;-) *Wow. A dress. Good choice. Are you sure you wouldn't be wearing a "t-shirt and panties," though, Mister?*

**The Author:** Go on...

**A1in5chance:** no panties, heals

;-) *Alright. Remember what we've learned about how to tell if you're cybering with a man pretending to be a woman? Here's another tip-off: they can't spell "heels."*

**The Author:** And his coworkers probably all wear suits, right?

**A1in5chance:** Business casual.

;-) *Ah. But "she" can spell "business casual" with no problems. Definitely a dude. Of course I'm just Monday Morning quarterbacking here. I didn't really pick up on the misspelling when I was talking to "Chance" the first time. I'm only noticing it now during editing. So if you were wondering why I would continue to cyber with a woman I'm sure is actually a man, you now have your answer: I'm a latent homosexual living a double-life.*

**A1in5chance:** Some in suits, I suppose.

**The Author:** I'm thinking you go to his job for a surprise visit...but he's out on an errand. You ask if it's alright to leave him a note in his cubicle...

**A1in5chance:** Yeah.

**The Author:** His cubicle is surrounded by others...

**A1in5chance:** Yeah.

**The Author:** As you walk back there... You notice the men peeking out from their own cubicles to watch you... You didn't know you had such a sexy walk, did you?

**A1in5chance:** Hmm.

**The Author:** You smile, knowing you are their eye candy for the day...and you play it up, figuring what harm could it possibly do?

His cubicle is the one on the end, and it's doorway faces out. They can all see you as you reach for a pen and paper...writing him a note.

You pretend to think about what you are writing...you suck on the end of the pen...

**A1in5chance:** Mmm.

**The Author:** Your tongue comes out and you run it over the end...then slide the pen back into your mouth a bit.

You shift your weight from one foot to the other, knowing your tight, short skirt is showing off your tight ass.

You laugh to yourself when you realize how horny this is making you...you're getting caught up in the game...

**A1in5chance:** Oh, yeah.

**The Author:** You sit down in his chair...

**A1in5chance:** Yeah.

**The Author:** You spin around quickly and catch the coworkers looking at you.



**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:  
A1in5chance is not currently signed on.**

I assumed she had been “booted” by AOL, meaning that there had been some disruption in her local connection. She hadn't been a very good conversationalist (e.g. “Yeah. Yeah. Hmm. Mmm.”), but I thought the fantasy had potential for future development. So I put her name on my Buddy List, and forgot about her until the Buddy List announced her presence online the next day.

**The Author:** Hey there...What happened to you the other night?

**A1in5chance:** Sorry about that.

**The Author:** You were about to get gang-banged by your husband's coworkers...then POOF! you're gone. Do you know how angry those coworkers were? They thought you were a cocktease!

;-) *And so did I.*

**A1in5chance:** I had a problem with my computer. My monitor just died. I am on my laptop now.

**The Author:** Oh well...just thought I'd needle you a bit.

;-) *Alright. Enough with the little dick jokes. I don't mean you, Reader. I'm addressing my wife here.*

**A1in5chance:** Oh. Thanks a lot. LOL.

**The Author:** No problem...it's part of the service. I'll let you go...I was just checking mail and saw you on.

**A1in5chance:** Thanks for chatting.

**The Author:** You, too!

I didn't have time to chat with her the second time. But I wanted to make sure that we were still friendly. If she had responded to my first question with “You bored the hell out of me, and when I finally fell asleep at my computer, my head hit the keyboard and disconnected me,” well then, I would have had to think twice about keeping her on my “Buddy” List, wouldn't I?

About a week later, my computer made the sound of a door creaking open. This is the sound AOL plays to alert you that someone on your Buddy List has logged on. And there "she" was again...my very good friend "Chance."

**The Author:** Any "chance" you'll remember me?

**A1in5chance:** Don't remember. Tell me something about you.

**The Author:** We were discussing people's secret fantasies...

**A1in5chance:** Oh. Well you would love mine.

**The Author:** You shared one once about a gang bang at your husband's work. But if you have a new one, I'd LOVE to hear it.

**A1in5chance:** Yes. I want to do the guys at the hunting and fishing club.

;-) *And what woman in America would want to eat with the men at a Hunting And Fishing Club, let alone fuck them. I don't know why I'm only just now realizing that this was a guy I was talking to. I must not have been paying close enough attention at the time.*

*That's also one of the problems with a Buddy List. It almost forces you to keep talking to someone you probably would be better off forgetting about.*

**The Author:** What's a hunting and fishing club anyway? Sounds like a bunch of manly men in red plaid shirts and brown corduroys and waders.

**A1in5chance:** Yep.

**The Author:** How many of them?

**A1in5chance:** Maybe 8 to 10.

;-) *8 to 10 skinny ones? Or 4 to 5 fat ones?*

**The Author:** What do they look like?

**A1in5chance:** Whatever...

;-) *So one guy with antennae and tentacles would be okay?*

**The Author:** Would they look like lumberjacks? Tall, well-built, muscled men with huge arms and chests and cocks like Thermos bottles?

**A1in5chance:** Mmmmmmmm.

;-) *Or would they look like the fat, slovenly, toothless bastards that would populate a REAL Hunting & Fishing Club?*

**The Author:** Interesting. Does your husband know you need to get fucked that way?

**A1in5chance:** Well, I think he is getting an idea.

**The Author:** Why do you say that?

**A1in5chance:** Well, he's very suspicious.

**The Author:** Why?

;-) *Do you come home reeking of fish and game?*

**A1in5chance:** Not really sure. He just asks me a lot of questions.

;-) *Can you imagine that interrogation?*

**A1in5chance:** But I sometimes think he would maybe like to watch me.

**The Author:** Jacking himself off while watching his little red-headed whore of a wife. Watching as she has her clothes torn from her body. Watching those men finger her... Slapping her ass...

**A1in5chance:** Mmmm. Oh yeah.

**The Author:** Watching as she gets on her knees...sucking all those great big cocks. All of those men treating her like a whore. Calling her a slut...a whore...

**A1in5chance:** Mmmmmmmm.

**The Author:** Slapping their cocks against your mouth. Taunting your husband. Telling him what a piece of ass you are...

**A1in5chance:** I'm sorry. I have to go.

Translation: I have to GO because I just CAME.

I...I feel so...USED!

But at least “she” delayed premature ejaculation long enough to have three half-conversations with me. Some can’t even make it to the first four-letter word. Just like Smokey sang: “The women cum, and the women gonna go now.” And I mean: RIGHT NOW!

**The Author:** So...what are you into?

**DebiDuzItAll:** I like bondage...gagging, sometimes. Blindfolding, BDSM, oral, anal, vaginal sex. I love dominance and 69ing, also.

**The Author:** Wow! Quite a list!

**DebiDuzItAll:** Well it’s true. Interested?

**The Author:** Depends. Are you male or female?

;-) *Hey. You can't assume...*

**DebiDuzItAll:** Female.

;-) *Whew!*

**DebiDuzItAll:** I’m multi-orgasmic and never get enough attention, either. I also like whips and spankings.

;-) *She must be a woman. No man would ever identify with being multi-orgasmic.*

**The Author:** I’m riveted! What do you look like?

**DebiDuzItAll:** I’m 43. 5’7 150, reddish br/br...long legs, good smile. What are you into?

**The Author:** Well, I’m not into bondage and discipline...

**DebiDuzItAll:** I gotta go for now ok?

;-) *Whoa! I changed my mind! I changed my mind!*

Too late. She was gone.

And then there was this woman, who came faster than Federal Express...

**The Author:** So what is your secret fantasy?

**2MuchJolt:** ok so i start making out with this guy and his girlfriend catches us and she has him restrain me while she slaps me around cuz she’s real mad,

then they force me to perform oral sex on both of them only i have to suck his cock after he fucks HER. then they toss me aside like a used napkin. the end. that's my fantasy.

**The Author:** I think there's a lot in the middle there that you're glossing over... But that's a GREAT FANTASY!

**2MuchJolt:** i am a fast cummer so i don't require too much.  
always has to be a stranger with me.

;-) *Ironic, since I doubt they come much stranger than you.*

**The Author:** A speed fucker. Interesting.

**2MuchJolt:** GOTTA GO NOW.

**The Author:** Don't you mean: "GOTTA CUM NOW?"

**2MuchJolt:** Bye.

Now let's spend a little more time with this next one. Let's use her (hey! You know what I mean!) as practice for learning the finer points of developing a cyber fantasy and role play. Let's call her **AnitaRitalin**, for no particular reason whatsoever.

**AnitaRitalin:** My fantasy is to be a teen prostitute, forced by her pimp to walk the streets near her home.

**The Author:** He makes you walk through your own neighborhood?

**AnitaRitalin:** Yes. And I do it, but I'm afraid. What if someone I know sees me?

**The Author:** Good point. Could be anyone.

**AnitaRitalin:** The neighborhood boys used to laugh at me growing up. I was such a tiny, frail thing...

**The Author:** What do you look like now?

**AnitaRitalin:** 23, 5'4", 125, dark hair and eyes, DD tits.

**The Author:** I'm guessing the DD's are a new feature not seen in the earlier model, then?

**AnitaRitalin:** I'm so afraid of one boy in particular seeing me. I have a crush on him. I stare at him all the time in school.

**The Author:** What does he look like?

**AnitaRitalin:** He's a football player, family has lots of money.

**The Author:** His Dad is rich...?

**AnitaRitalin:** Yes.

**The Author:** Just the kind of man that could afford a teen whore like you. He would probably pull up in a limo...

**AnitaRitalin:** Yessss.

**The Author:** He negotiates with me for you. He pays \$1000 for an hour with you.

**AnitaRitalin:** Not knowing who I am until I am in the limo.

**The Author:** As you step into the limo, you see that his son is there in the back seat with him. They don't recognize you...

**AnitaRitalin:** I hesitate, but my pimp slaps my ass and I go ahead.

**The Author:** "She's a good little whore!" he calls out. "Treat her like one!"

You are facing your boyhood friend and his dad. They sit next to each other and across from you. He tells you it is his son's 16th birthday. He wants to make a man out of him. More correctly: He wants YOU to make a man out of him.

**AnitaRitalin:** I blush, knowing it will truly make a whore out of me.

;-) *Yeah, I know. The stilted speech is bothering me, too. Why choose such a convoluted way of saying: "I'll be their whore."*

**The Author:** "Take his cock out," the father orders you.

**AnitaRitalin:** I move over and sit between them, wondering if dad will stay, or even participate...

**The Author:** You reach down and start to unzip the boy...your hands shaking a little.

**AnitaRitalin:** Yessss.

**The Author:** You've wanted him for so many years...but never imagined you'd finally get him like this.

**AnitaRitalin:** He is not as big as I expected...I know I can handle this job.

**The Author:** Stroke his cock...pumping it with your hand. You turn to face him better.

**AnitaRitalin:** Yes, sir.

**The Author:** You feel his father's hands lifting the back of your skirt. His hands rub your tight young ass cheeks. You bend over and your mouth sucks the head of his cock inside...

**AnitaRitalin:** I tremble, but move to please.

**The Author:** Taste his precum as you suck his cock...

;-)

*Precum! Would you have thought of that?*

*Remember, it's the attention to details that really make the fantasy more believable. And if there's anything this fantasy needs, it's believability.*

**AnitaRitalin:** I suck the son's cock leaning forward, one knee on the seat, and one foot on the floor, making it easy for his dad to feel me up.

**The Author:** You feel his thick fingers push their way into your tight pussy. He laughs...

**AnitaRitalin:** I squirm a bit, then I feel the sons hands in my hair, pushing my head down

**The Author:** He slaps your ass. "Keep sucking, bitch!" He's forcing his entire cock into your warm, wet mouth...

;-)

*Notice, too, that I'm not just typing orders, or rambling on and on about how good she sucks cock. I'm introducing character traits, dialogue, etc. Again, small details help fill out the fantasy.*

**AnitaRitalin:** The son is surprised at dad's behavior, but enjoying it. He has waited a long time to do this to a whore.

**The Author:** He always wanted to share a whore with his son. To share this ritual with him the way HIS father did.

;-)

*Dig me! Creating a back story now! An entire prequel!*

**AnitaRitalin:** They have been talking about it for quite awhile, waiting for this day.

**The Author:** And now they have the perfect slut in their car.

**AnitaRitalin:** Dad promised him he would enjoy it, and plans to be sure he does....

**The Author:** "Suck him, bitch!" the dad orders. "Suck him good!"

;-) *Back story, details, character development...this is all good, but not at the expense of the action. Keep your mind focused on the task at hand. (Or whatever happens to be in hand at the time.)*

**AnitaRitalin:** The son knows he can do anything and this whore will shut up and do it with him.

**The Author:** "Get him nice and hard so he can fuck your cunt GOOD!"

The only sound in the car is your slurping and sucking noises...

"Show him your pussy now, whore!" he orders.  
"Show him that tight teen twat of yours!"

;-) *I know, I know. The alliteration didn't enhance the dialogue at all. In my defense, it was very late...*

**AnitaRitalin:** I am sucking as fast as I can, playing with the son's balls as his Dad fingers me. I turn in the seat, my legs spread for the son, my back leaning against the dad.

**The Author:** You can feel his father's cock ROCK HARD against your back. He is bigger than his son...a MONSTER cock, in fact.

**AnitaRitalin:** The son is fumbling at my pussy...

**The Author:** His father reaches over your big tits...pinching your nipples. Rubbing your clit, letting you suck his fingers while his son fumbles into position, pointing his cock to your cunt.

**AnitaRitalin:** I try to help, but the dad is holding my arms.

**The Author:** "He knows how to fuck you, slut!" he says. "Sit still!"



**AnitaRitalin:** I wrap my legs around the son, coaxing him toward me. "C'mon, Steve, fuck me!"

**The Author:** He is shocked and suddenly still, his cock is pushing against your pussy lips. "H-how do you know my name?" It is then that he recognizes you! "Oh my GOD! DAD! Do you know who this is?"

You lie back in his father's lap and smile up at him.

(tell him)

**AnitaRitalin:** "I am a fucking slut, that's all..."

**The Author:** (tell him)

**AnitaRitalin:** "...but you and my father are old friends. I am Anita."

**The Author:** He looks down at you and slowly smiles...evilly. "Hello, Anita. My sweet whore Anita," he laughs.

**AnitaRitalin:** Yesssss.

**The Author:** "Do you know how long I've admired your sweet little body," he says. "Those big tits...just like your mother's?"

**AnitaRitalin:** "Ohhhh...you've had her...?"

**The Author:** "Of course. Now, suck my cock, you little tramp. Let's see if you suck as good as your mother!"

He reaches down and unzips...

His cock unfolds over your face...smearing your makeup.

**AnitaRitalin:** (wow! nice!)

;-) *How funny is that? She actually breaks the mood to compliment me on my writing. Which is more than anyone in my family ever did. Sorry. I know: save it for the therapist.*

**The Author:** Your tongue comes out, licking his shaft from underneath...

**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:**

**AnitaRitalin** is not currently signed on.

Oops. I guess I had her at “wow.” She complimented me, then left me hanging. Well, probably not exactly “hanging,” but you know what I mean.

Sometimes the people you're chatting with lose their connection suddenly for legitimate reasons, but she didn't come back, so I did what I usually do: put her on my Buddy List, then make a quick list of pertinent details about her for instant recall later. Oh yeah, buddy. I've got juicier dossiers than J. Edgar Hoover.

And I'm glad I did, because a few days later I caught up with “my sweet whore Anita” again.

**The Author:** Hey there!

**AnitaRitalin:** Hello.

**The Author:** How you been?

**AnitaRitalin:** Just fine. What are you up to this evening?

**The Author:** Well, I was just curious what happened to you last time we talked?

**AnitaRitalin:** Were you the poor guy I left hanging when I got kicked offline?

;-) *Well, not exactly “hanging,” but...*

**The Author:** I guess so! The rich guy was telling you to suck his cock like your mother...

**AnitaRitalin:** Oooooh yea. So any new games up your sleeve tonight?

**The Author:** New?

Gee...we never even finished the OLD! You just came and went!

**AnitaRitalin:** Yeah, that was fun...but I find you can never go back and pick it up. It's better to maybe take a thread of it and move on. Perhaps the son gets his father to pay for the girl to do the high school football team, guys who all knew her...

Or do his business partners...

**The Author:** I see.

**AnitaRitalin:** Maybe Dad threatens to tell the girl's Dad unless she has a private session with him and does whatever he asks. Or he could kidnap her and he and his son could just enjoy, then blackmail to keep her quiet.

;-) *Or how about this? Maybe Steve has fathered a child out of wedlock with Anita, and the week before he and Anita are to be married, his boat goes down in a freak hurricane in the Arizona desert valley. Anita is of course inconsolable but, refusing to see her child without a father, finally yields to the advances of the evil Greek industrialist.*

*I mean, that could be kind of hot, don't you think?*

**The Author:** I'm game. Which scenario appeals to you most?

**AnitaRitalin:** Well, I'm trying to get you hot so you start something...

**The Author:** You have so many good ideas...just pick one and I'll run with the ball, I promise.

**AnitaRitalin:** Don't run with them, give them to me. Oops...look at the time. I gotta get moving.

**The Author:** And I gotta get snoozing. Sorry, just wasn't meant to be, I guess. Maybe next time we'll let someone fuck the shit out of you.

;-) *Or beat it out of you...*

**AnitaRitalin:** Oooooooooohhhhhh...maybe...

Anything with males...willing, forced, one, group, anal, oral... It's all good!

**The Author:** Great! We'll chat later!

**AnitaRitalin:** Yes, just think of me on my knees, waiting to talk to you again next time. Bye!

As far as I know, she's still on her knees. I never ran into her again.

But she's still on my Buddy List, and it's possible we may one day finish that "bodice-ripper" we started so long ago. I'm sort of anxious to see how it ends up. Wouldn't it be great if Steve and Anita could overcome his father's domineering personality? Will Anita ever find true love in the back of a limo? Will Steve ever find her pussy in the back of a limo? I hope so.

I've chatted with men and women thousands of times through the years.\* And without exception, whenever there is a "problem" with AOL, it's happening to a woman's computer. So here's my theory: it's a female conspiracy to exact retribution for centuries of premature ejaculators. For once, it's the men who are left high and dry. Literally.

### ***bad harlequin porn***

One of my main goals with this cybersex manual is to increase the number of imaginative role plays and creative fantasies available on the Internet. And when I say "fantasies," please don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that crap your wife tells you about the man on a white horse coming up the beach. That ain't the one she's telling me about, anyway.

Please don't confuse sex and romance. You're never going to see a Barbara Cartland spread in Playboy. Don't confuse cybersex with fine literature, or even a crappy Harlequin romance, which too many of you out there are reading, and apparently trying to write. I've heard the term "bodice-rippers" applied to this type of fiction, the kind with a picture of Fabio on the cover. "Time-wasters" is more like it. Really, ladies, save this crap for the women in your Writer's Group at the local Community College.

Here's a small sample of what I'm talking about...

**BlowTheManDown:** I have a pirate fantasy.

**The Author:** How old are you?

**BlowTheManDown:** Sorry my fantasy is so tame...but I do have other darker ones.

**The Author:** I like the outfits.

**BlowTheManDown:** See, in my fantasy, I'm the daughter of some nobleman.

The pirate kidnapped her for a ransom and takes her on his ship where he ties her hands together over a beam and she's suspended...

**BlowTheManDown:** Then he slowly cuts off her dress.

**The Author:** With his dagger...

**BlowTheManDown:** Until she's naked...all except those silk stockings they wore that reached their thighs and were held in place by a ribbon.

---

\* Oh yeah? And how's your life working out for you? Everything you expected, is it?

**The Author:** the one with the jewel-encrusted handle...

**BlowTheManDown:** Yes. :::grins::: With his dagger.

**The Author:** He's a flashy pirate, after all.  
No peg leg on this swarthy son-of-a-bitch.  
No parrot crap on HIS shoulder, am I right?

**BlowTheManDown:** No. :::Grins::: He's a rogue...a handsome one and dangerous.  
He's surprised how beautiful I am, wasn't expecting lush breasts with large rose colored nipples.

**The Author:** How lush?

**BlowTheManDown:** :::smiles::: Well, I am a 38C

**The Author:** Very lush...

**BlowTheManDown:** He can't help himself and I can't stop him...he grabs my breasts, sucking them.

**The Author:** Out on the deck, or in his captain's quarters?

**BlowTheManDown:** Oh...in his quarters, of course.

**The Author:** Okay...  
You feel his warm hands circling around your waist...  
Across your hips...  
Cupping your behind...

**BlowTheManDown:** :::chuckles and nods::: I moan and protest but he ignores me...he's not rough...  
He's very gentle, but insistent.

**The Author:** Grinding his manhood against your womanhood, eh?  
Has he blindfolded you?

**BlowTheManDown:** no...that's part of the torture because he IS so handsome.

**The Author:** ah

Sorry to interrupt...

**BlowTheManDown:** :::chuckles::: that's ok...I beg and plead with him to stop, saying my father will pay more if I'm "not molested." he laughs softly and says he cant' stop now.

**The Author:** A virgin, eh?

**BlowTheManDown:** :::laughs::: Of course she is...

She is then kissed savagely as he wraps his arms around my waist and guiding my legs around his own waist...with probing fingers I gasp and squirm and he finds out that I'm tight...and wet.

He licks the side of my throat and whispers in my ear how much he wants me...then guides it between my lowers lips and slides it back and forth, wetting it.

He grips my waist and with the balls of his feet, he lunges deep inside me...I scream but that only heightens his passion.

**The Author:** Good story...

**BlowTheManDown:** :::grins::: thank you.

**The Author:** May I ask how it turns out?

**BlowTheManDown:** :::smiles::: In the end, they fall in love with each other...he gets the ransom from her wicked father but stays with him as they sail the high seas forever together.

**The Author:** But what about the parrot?

**BlowTheManDown:** Silly.

And now here's an extreme example of **Bad Harlequin Porn**.

There are a few people online who seem to have an abundance of free time available to them. Unlike the rest of us who make that special effort to fit our cybersex into our busy schedules, these people seem to have absolutely nothing better to do than construct their own very complicated soap operas.

Now I have had only limited experience in reading romance or erotic fiction. My first experience was when I was working in a warehouse and the security guard used to keep a

HUGE selection of pornography in the guard shack. Not just Hustler's or Penthouses. But also porn novels. So every now and then I would succumb to ultimate boredom (and personal health risk) and would read some of these books.

I would read them, laugh and laugh and laugh. Jerk off. Then laugh and laugh and laugh again. I always wondered who read and wrote these paperbacked turd. Now I find myself cybering with a few of them.

I cannot warn you enough against engaging these people in conversation. Please do not waste your precious cybersex moments with these losers. Come on, the kids are at home. The wife is starting to worry about you. You've got that big meeting tomorrow. You're only going to get about three hours sleep tonight. Choose wisely! The FBI agent pretending to be a sixteen year old girl is a better choice than someone who talks like this:

Last night I spoke with my husband and told him about you. ::smiles:: I read our chats to him and he liked it as much as I. He would be happy to have you join our little story line. I'll send you some of our chats I've saved. I do believe you'll find it interesting. ::laughs:: My suggestion to him was that he and you get together and decide how to bring you into the storyline. I offered to him that perhaps you could be a friend of his upon who he's either called to assist him in Faint O'Heart's warping ::chuckles:: or who simply unexpectedly dropped by for a visit.

Just to assure you...there is nothing that he and I won't do online. ::smiles:: The problem is finding others willing to participate...and even harder is finding those who will participate and do so with finesse and style. Anyway...hope to see you soon.

And that was just an email. Here's some of her dialogue from the chats she saved...

**RockMcChestly:** :: Hops down from his steed and letting the reins drop to the ground and strides for the tavern, his face set in determination. He strides to the door of the tavern and wrenches the handle, stomping in, eyes hard with determined footsteps, nears the bar and with a deep bass, voice full of suppressed rage he addresses no one in particular :::

"Is there a tender here? Your finest Merlot, Please."

**FaintO'Heart:** :: Quickly she slips inside the first door she finds and spins to the side, pressing her back against the wall...hand to her throat as if it will calm her pounding heart. :::

Okay. That's enough. I can't take anymore. Would you be surprised if I told you that three more characters are introduced soon after this opening drivel, and after two thousand and ten more lines of text, NOBODY has had sex YET! That's right...two thousand and ten. I counted. And when they finally do get it on, it sounds like a porno funded by PBS:

**FaintO'Heart:** ::: By this time her mind is so numb from all that has happened and in such a short period that she doesn't even look to see what Count D' Ickhead's doing...she feels the weight of defeat on her shoulders...her thoughts whirl. :::

Father sold me to this man so "this" could happen to me?

**RockMcChestly:** ::: A twinge in his groin and he growls forcing his mind to stay the monster of his own flesh. Teeth gritted, he freezes and struggles to gain control...to be what he is...and with a spine as rigid as steel brings his body into control, his tingle gone, and his rod once again engorged. :::

**FaintO'Heart:** ::: So animated is her desire that the chair creaks and groans...the sound strangely in harmony with her own moans and groans. :::

Alright, that's enough. I think you get the point. And now I think you should get the bucket.

Let's get out of here. It reeks of Patchouli Oil.



**chapter three:**  
***really stupid fantasies no one else in the world could possibly  
 be into besides you...***



Finally, one of the elements that makes for very bad cybersex is wanting your partner to share in a fantasy or role play scenario that only one in a million people might be into. Now, I would never judge a person by their sexual fantasies. I prefer instead to judge them by the color of their skin.

No. I'm kidding.

But sexual fantasies are such an intimate personal expression, I'm always a little flattered when someone chooses to share them with me. I try very hard not to express horror or revulsion, and, except for my wife, I never judge a person by what images they choose to conjure up during masturbation.

Then again...some of you are nuttier than an Almond Roca.

***the general's demanding daughter***

Another fantasy you'll run across are ones dealing with rape. I know rape is a horrible reality. I'm all for the death penalty for convicted rapists, and I'm certainly not condoning it. I'm only noting my observation that it's a popular fantasy.

For instance...

**2Bossy4U:** Ever see the movie The General's Daughter?

**The Author:** A woman is tied to the ground and raped....

Right?

Either that or your talking about the scene where the houseboat explodes...

**2Bossy4U:** Did you see the movie?

**The Author:** Yes, I did.

So which part of it is your fantasy?

**2Bossy4U:** My fantasy is to role play the scene on the battlefield where she is taken by several guys, tied to the ground, to the four stakes, stripped and fucked by all the guys.

I just wouldn't want to be hit or beaten.

**The Author:** So you're female...

**2Bossy4U:** yes

**The Author:** Tell me more...how old are you? What do you look like?

**2Bossy4U:** 23. 5'3. 105 lbs, shoulder length blonde hair and blue eyes.

**The Author:** Do you live near an army base? Or are you in the military?

Or does it even have to be army men?

**2Bossy4U:** it wouldn't have to be army men.

**The Author:** Where do you imagine it happening?

Are you abducted? Taken from home? Work? School?

**2Bossy4U:** could be any of those things. It would be in the woods. Maybe taken there or while on a hike or something.

**The Author:** Have you done this in real life? Would you ever?

**2Bossy4U:** Maybe. I would even like to role play it on line to start.

but I can never find people who know the scene from the movie.

and I would really have to trust the people involved to do it for real.

**The Author:** Oh yeah. I think that goes without saying.

Do you have a boyfriend?

**2Bossy4U:** yes.

and believe it or not, I'm pretty shy. I'm not sure I would want all those guys seeing me naked.

; -) *You know what? She's right. If she's going to be gang-banged, there is a remote chance the rapists might see her naked.*

**The Author:** Can't you role play with your boyfriend?

**2Bossy4U:** yes, but it would take more than 1 guy to do this.

Remember, in the movie she is surrounded by 4 or 5 guys, held down tied up and they all do her.

**The Author:** Doesn't he have any friends?

**2Bossy4U:** yes.

**The Author:** I can't imagine he would have any trouble talking four or five guys into fucking his girlfriend...

And as for being shy...you wouldn't exactly be given a choice.

You'd be tied down...clothes torn and cut off your body...

You'd just be feeling cock after cock after cock after cock plunging into your tight blonde pussy...

**2Bossy4U:** I know. it excites me and scares me at the same time.

That's why I want to role play it on line first.

**The Author:** Explain...

**2Bossy4U:** get a sense of what it would be like before I actually do it.

**The Author:** Where do you live?

**2Bossy4U:** I also don't know how my boyfriend would feel about it.

**The Author:** Not what city exactly...

But near forest?

Or in a big city?

**2Bossy4U:** Northeast.

plenty of forests.

**The Author:** Plenty of secluded spots...

Places where you could scream and no one would hear.

Do you often masturbate to that scene?

**2Bossy4U:** sometimes.

So far its my secret. I haven't told my boyfriend about it.

**The Author:** So tell me how you would begin...

**2Bossy4U:** what do you mean?

**The Author:** How do you imagine all of this starting...

Maybe you confide to your boyfriend one night.

The next day at work he rounds up friends from work...

They take you out into the woods in one his friends' 4x4's.

What would you be wearing?

**2Bossy4U:** Like I said, I think I would like to play this out online. After that, I might approach my boyfriend.

;-) *Okay, is this the eighteenth time she's said this?*

**2Bossy4U:** I would be in jeans or camping attire. Maybe even an army type uniform. Like the movie. Nothing sexy.

**The Author:** Interesting.

Wouldn't it be exciting riding out to that secluded spot with the men who are going to rape you riding alongside you?

**2Bossy4U:** I figure jeans, flannel shirt, vest, and hiking boots. Actually I did not see me being driven out. I saw them surrounding me as I walked in the woods.

I try to run away but they catch me.

**The Author:** Go on.

Then it's probably not your boyfriend there at all...it's just some guys who are out camping and saw you hiking nearby.

**2Bossy4U:** they kind of circle me. I try to break through them but can't. they throw me to the group, drive the tent stakes into the group, tie my hands and feet, etc.

well, they're wearing masks so I don't know who it would be.

**The Author:** Strong rope knotted around your ankles and wrists...

Ski masks...

**2Bossy4U:** yes,

**The Author:** Can barely make out skin tone as the sun is starting to set...

Your plain clothes are pulled tight as they finish staking you to the cold ground...

One of them is kneeling between your legs...

**2Bossy4U:** you said I was in the middle of the woods and could scream and no one would hear me but they stuff my panties in my mouth so I can't scream.

**The Author:** You can feel his hand rubbing your pussy through your pants...

Then cutting through the khaki material...

**2Bossy4U:** You've got the idea. :)

**The Author:** Cutting your clothes carefully off your body...

**2Bossy4U:** OK stop...

**The Author:** k

**2Bossy4U:** unless you want to go get some friends and do this right. :)

;-)

*So now she thinks I'm stupid, and feels the need to spell it out for me: "Hey, Dumbass...round up some fellas and let's party!"*

*The problem is that I've been involved in "virtual gangbangs" before and they rival only QVC for losing my attention span in the shortest time frame possible.*

*two people are engaging in cybersex at once. You get this kind of an exchange:*

**Dumbass #1:** *"I'm fucking her ass."*

**Dumbass #2:** *"If you are, you're fucking it through mine, 'cus I'm already there."*

*her ass!"*

**The Author:** Friends? On AOL?

Ain't no such thing.

Trust me. Been here 6 years and ain't made one yet! LOL

**2Bossy4U:** well, then maybe just some guys who want to help. But they would need to know the scene.

**The Author:** Shit.

If I had THAT kind of time...

I understand your need to act it out just right...but I can't help with that. Maybe your boyfriend should be told...

**2Bossy4U:** Oh come on, go into one of these rooms and I bet you could find them in a minute with the right description.

anyone interested in a gang bang???

**The Author:** So try it.

**2Bossy4U:** I have, haven't had much luck.

**The Author:** Well...it's not getting any better. LOL

**2Bossy4U:** Besides, I want it to be somewhat of a surprise.

:(

**The Author:** Wow.

You have a laundry list of demands, don't you? You're not holding hostages, are you?

=-)

**2Bossy4U:** Not really.

Actually, you're one of the few people I've met who has seen the movie and even knows what I'm talking about.

Oh well, looks like I would be playing out this fantasy tonight.

**The Author:** I love helping people explore their darker side...

**2Bossy4U:** there's a lot more to explore. I just need to find the right person(s) to help me do it.

**The Author:** I love hearing things from people that they've never told anyone before...not lovers...not friends...not spouses.

**2Bossy4U:** Glad I could be of service.

**The Author:** You weren't "of service."

You just opened yourself to me a little, and I appreciate that IMMENSELY.

But I'm not a casting director! LOL

**2Bossy4U:** your welcome.

I guess the next step is to talk to my boyfriend. I'm just not sure how he'll take it.

**The Author:** TRUST ME!

He'll take it VERY WELL!

**2Bossy4U:** I'm not so sure. Gee honey, how about call some of the guys over to tie me up and fuck me silly.

**The Author:** Come on. You know better than that...

Wait until Thanksgiving Dinner in front of his parents.

**2Bossy4U:** well, we'll see. I gotta go. Thanks for talking.

**The Author:** No sweat.

Definitely no sweat. I didn't even get my heart rate in the zone on that fantasy. So let's move on.

***the executioner's schlong***

Without a doubt, the most common response to my perpetual question "Tell Me Your Fantasy?" has been: "I want to be raped." Raped by someone or something somewhere.

You might ask: Is this growing preoccupation with imagined violent sexual acts threatening to corrupt societal perceptions of true violence against women? Well, I'd like to give you an honest response, but I'm afraid I don't understand the question.

**Madame2Sods:** What are you interested in most? What is the real focus of this room?

**The Author:** The focus is my curiosity about people. That's all.

**Madame2Sods:** What do you wish to find out about people? The dark thoughts? Their fantasies?

**The Author:** Yeah. Exactly. I like that people present one face to everyone in their everyday world...then show their darker side on AOL.

**Madame2Sods:** Maybe you could prime the pump and tell me something about your dark side. You are married? A loving husband? Father?

**The Author:** The first. Thank God, not the latter.

**Madame2Sods:** That will come in time.

**The Author:** If I come in time, I won't EVER be a father. That's my philosophy.

**Madame2Sods:** Good philosophy. Now, what about your dark side? You are a respected person at work and in the community... And you like dogs...

;-) *Jesus. Am I having my palm read? Why is she talking like that?*

**Madame2Sods:** What is your darkest thought? What excites you and gets you hard instantly?

**The Author:** I'm an artist...a writer...a very creative person. I don't have ONE THING that really gets me off.

**Madame2Sods:** Combinations?

**The Author:** If it were one thing, it would be: HONESTY.

**Madame2Sods:** Honesty gets you hard?

;-) *Well, okay... "honesty" and Wonder Woman and Supergirl sixty-nining.*



**The Author:** If someone tells me in complete candor what turns them on...or is turning them on at that moment...it excites me. Honesty excites me.

**Madame2Sods:** Sounds more like voyeurism.

**The Author:** It does a bit, doesn't it?

**Madame2Sods:** Do you share your AOL time with your wife or do you keep your thoughts private? Discretion is good.

**The Author:** I tell her EVERYTHING. Discretion...sure. But in marriage...no. Again: my philosophy. If I can't share my ENTIRE SELF with my wife...who can I share it with?

**Madame2Sods:** If i told you that i am a bi-sexual Haitian looking for kinky sex with midgets...you would tell her about me?

**The Author:** Jerry Springer, maybe. But my wife, though? Hmm...

Just kidding. I would if I honestly believed that about you. But I know you tease.

**Madame2Sods:** Just checking. A personal question for you...do you masturbate in front of your wife?

**The Author:** No...my parents.

**Madame2Sods:** I am married also. I am 26. It took my husband a long time to become comfortable enough to do that. When he finally did, we enjoyed sex even more.

; -) *Thanks for the visual, babe.*

*shorts around his ankles while his fat wife shouts from the bed, "Faster! Faster! Come on, it's not even hard! You're pulling taffy over there!"*

**Madame2Sods:** It opened new areas to explore and showed trust. I think it is probably the greatest gift you can share with your partner...

; -) *Masturbation. The gift that keeps on coming.*

**The Author:** What's the greatest gift? Masturbation or trust?

**Madame2Sods:** A spouse must be your best friend, and have all the trust in the world. I am continually shocked when I hear about friends of mine who are divorcing, angry with each other.

I still don't understand how love turns to hate. I do have a theory...

;-) *Alright, I've done some editing here. You can thank me later.*

**The Author:** I agree.

**Madame2Sods:** Am I talking too much?

**The Author:** Not at all.

;-) *Not at all, Rush.*

**The Author:** So what prompted you to IM me in the first place?

**Madame2Sods:** The room title caught my attention. I also liked your screen name and profile.

**The Author:** Thanks.

So, are you willing to trust me with some of your fantasies?

**Madame2Sods:** Well...executions have always aroused me.

**The Author:** Huh?

I'm sorry, did you say "executions?"

**Madame2Sods:** The first time I noticed this was when I was reading "A Tale of Two Cities."

;-) *That Charles Dickens is such a complete perv. "Little Dickens" they used to call him at his publishing house in London.*

**Madame2Sods:** That is what excites me.

**The Author:** What? Reading Charles Dickens?

**Madame2Sods:** When I read about, watch, and think about executions I become aroused sexually.

**The Author:** Prisoner executions? "Dead Man Walking" and such?

**Madame2Sods:** The first time, I was reading the book and when I stopped to take a break I discovered I was aroused and that my panties were wet. I was 15 at the time.

**The Author:** Hang on, hang on. Slow down.

**Madame2Sods:** I masturbated, thinking about the guillotine.

**The Author:** Are we on the same page here?

**Madame2Sods:** Yes, I think so.

;-) *Well then, are we on the same planet?*

**The Author:** Reading about prisoners being executed turns you on? What about them turns you on?

**Madame2Sods:** I am telling you about my fantasies. Does this shock you?

**The Author:** I admit it does. I'm trying to understand them...but I can't wrap my head around it.

**Madame2Sods:** Okay, try this...what one thing can spark arousal in you? Seeing a '57 Chevy? A nice set of hooters?

**The Author:** Not even close on the Chevy. Hooters, yes. But you really lost me now...don't tell me you get off on killing cars, too?

**Madame2Sods:** No no. Help me out. Is there anything non-sexual that arouses you?

**The Author:** Are you kidding? I'm a male. We can make anything sexual.

**Madame2Sods:** I hope so. I was beginning to think I was talking to a Southern Baptist.

**The Author:** Seriously, though...

Walk me through it...

Do you imagine yourself being strapped into an electric chair? Do you imagine granting the prisoner his last wish? What is it?

**Madame2Sods:** Have you read anything about the Roman games and the prisoners fighting to the death?

Allegedly, the women of the time would become sexually aroused while watching the combat and the deaths. Women watching the executions during the French Revolution were allegedly aroused by the executions also.

Am I helping you understand?

**The Author:** No. But I'm sure it's my failing, not yours. I'm fascinated, though.

**Madame2Sods:** Why? What fascinates you?

**The Author:** I'm fascinated by your candor... But I would be lying if I said I "understood" it.

**Madame2Sods:** Do you fantasize about smooth-bodied, hairless little girls licking ice cream cones?

**The Author:** No.

**Madame2Sods:** Oh. Okay...

**The Author:** But I'm closer to understanding THAT one...

**Madame2Sods:** LOL

**The Author:** You masturbate thinking about executions?

**Madame2Sods:** Yes. Often. There are many books about this subject...how violence and sex are co-mingled.

**The Author:** I can see sadomasochism, bondage & discipline...so forth. But executions? Trust me...that's a new one.

**Madame2Sods:** Not new for the rest of the world. Let me paint a picture for you...fantasy only...

**The Author:** Sure.

**Madame2Sods:** The scene is 17th Century Europe...

**The Author:** Okay.

**Madame2Sods:** A scaffold is before you. Upon the scaffold are a short block and a very sharp axe...

**The Author:** You know I'm not erect now, right?

**Madame2Sods:** The prisoner, a beautiful woman, is led before you, naked.

- The Author:** Okay, that helps. Sorry to interrupt. Go on...
- Madame2Sods:** You are to be her executioner.
- The Author:** Uh, okay.
- Madame2Sods:** She kneels before you and lays her neck upon the wooden block. You will remove her head with one stroke of the axe.
- The Author:** Yuck. Go on...
- Madame2Sods:** But first you want to have the full use of her beautiful mouth before you decapitate her. You ask her to rise.
- Madame2Sods:** She turns toward you and stares at your crotch. Do you stir?
- The Author:** No. Not a bit. Honestly...I see where you're going with it...but could I "get into it?" No way.
- Madame2Sods:** I fantasize about being the woman on the block.

;-) *These are the times when I'm thankful for the Internet's anonymity. God forbid this person should know who I am and bring her pasty-skinned, bleary-eyed psychotic self over to my house one night all hopped-up on Surge holding up a Ginsu shouting "Kill me! Kill me! It makes me wet!" Anyway, I decided to give her a break and pretended to finally "get it."*

- The Author:** Ah! I THINK I GET IT NOW! Are you hoping to talk him out of carrying out the execution?
- Madame2Sods:** Not at all.

;-) *See? I can't even pretend to understand what she's talking about.*

- Madame2Sods:** So why do you care so much about people's fantasies?
- The Author:** I'm a writer. I sometimes use the fantasies people tell me about as fodder. I write about their fantasies as a writing exercise.
- So, what do you do for a living?
- Madame2Sods:** I am an editor for new-business development at a computer-related corporation.
- The Author:** A REAL EDITOR!

**Madame2Sods:** I write proposals.

**The Author:** Please...let me fantasize...  
A REAL EDITOR!

**Madame2Sods:** Now you are hard, right?

**The Author:** YES! FINALLY! NOW I'M HARD!

### ***has anyone seen my other glove?***

Although I was truly fascinated by Madame, and it's not likely that I'll ever forget my time with her, our conversation was as erotic and arousing as, well, an execution.

It's so important, people, to realize that you must make your fantasy or role play scenario interesting to OTHER people online.

This next chat illustrates this point clearly, I think. As hard as I tried to accommodate this next woman, I just could not connect to her fantasy on any level.

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm female, 28.  
My fantasy is having a man rape and fist fuck me...

**The Author:** Good God. Why would you want to be fisted? Is that even possible?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** Well I never have and wouldn't for real.

**The Author:** Too tight, huh?

;-) *Uh-oh. We've got early sarcasm. That's never a good sign.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** It's just a fantasy.

**The Author:** So your fantasy then is a brutal rape?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I only ever heard about it online.

**The Author:** You've seen pics of it and liked it?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** Rape is just a fantasy, playing, never want it to happen.

;-) *What a beautiful haiku she just wrote!*

**The Author:** But you masturbate to the fantasy a lot?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** No, I don't.

**The Author:** Never?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** And I don't go around thinking about it.

**The Author:** You've just thought about it like...once, or something? By accident?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm just having fun. Safe fun.

;-) *How cool. A fantasy she doesn't ever think about, masturbate to, or probably even like. She's a party, so far.*

**The Author:** I just assumed since it was YOUR fantasy, that you masturbated while thinking about it...or role playing to it.

**IfItFitsAcquit:** Not really.

**The Author:** How long have you had this fantasy? Five minutes?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I just got it this evening.

**The Author:** So how do you imagine the rape happening?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** A clean sexy man in my bedroom takes me by force.

**The Author:** Wow...this is a safe fantasy, isn't it?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** Safe as can be.

**The Author:** So tell me what you're imagining tonight. I'm just trying to get an idea of how you see this happening.

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I hear someone in my room. I'm alone in the house.

I'm 5'6" 118lbs, green eyes, long curly hair. 22" waist, small boned. Very feminine looking.

;-) *Well that's certainly a plus. But how did she know that I'm attracted to feminine-looking women?*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm 4 months pregnant, but you can't really tell unless you really knew me. Just a little bulge in my belly.

; -) *Well well well. I think we've just discovered her REAL fantasy.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** My breasts are 34C, full and ripe.

**The Author:** In the fantasy, you're pregnant?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** No, for real...

I hear someone, or think I do. Dog runs and hides.

**The Author:** So you're pregnant in real life and in your fantasy?

**IfItFitsAcquit:** Oh yeah. I'm very ripe.

; -) *Hmm. Maybe I should thump her a few times anyway, just to be sure.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** Someone is watching me and I don't know it. I'm alone. I put my short black teddy on, and then get in bed.

**The Author:** He's probably unzipped himself...stroking his cock...watching you...looking over every curve of your body...

And when the light goes out, he waits for your breathing to get very deep...then steps quietly out of the closet...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm curled up asleep...my hair all over my pillow.

**The Author:** His cock hangs heavy from unzipped jeans.

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I think I hear something, my heart races

**The Author:** He steps over to you...stroking his cock as he stands beside you. When you lean over to turn on the light, caught off-guard...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I ask him what he wants.

**The Author:** Your eyes look down. You see his cock poking straight out toward your chest...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I see his cock is engorged



;-) *Really? Well...maybe it just had a big meal.*

**The Author:** You know then what he's there for...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I tell him to take my purse, my car...

**The Author:** "I don't want that shit, bitch." He reaches down and under the sheets. You feel his hand working its way lower...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** He's so strong and rough.

**The Author:** He reaches between your legs...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I can't fight him off.

**The Author:** His fingers finding their way to your pussy. Your lips are wet and swollen...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** Hurting me, brutalizing me.

**The Author:** He knows that you want this to happen.

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm begging him to stop.

Telling him no, don't do this.

**The Author:** He pulls his jeans open wide...

He pulls his cock out...stroking it...

;-) *Oops. His cock was already out, wasn't it? I really need to pay closer attention. I'm such an inattentive lover.*

**The Author:** He throws the sheet off of you, then reaches down with his hand and pulls your teddy up...rubbing your pussy with his palm. Holding you down with the other...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** pleading for him to stop

**The Author:** He presses his weight against you...pinning your small frame to the mattress...freeing his hands up to play with your swollen breasts...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm crying and fighting...pushing him away

**The Author:** His hand returns to your pussy... Rubbing... Pulling your pussy lips apart... Fingering you...

Rubbing your clit with his thumb while he probes your pussy. One finger, then two...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** please stop

**The Author:** Three fingers starting to fuck you...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** he's hurting me, stretching my pussy

**The Author:** Four fingers fucking you...

You can feel him forcing his hand deeper inside you...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** my pussy starting to bleed

;-)

*And then an alien bursts from your chest...*

*You know what thought is more frightening to me than thinking that this is a sick fucking man pretending to be a sick fucking woman? That it isn't.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** begging him not to do this

crying

**The Author:** Forcing his hand deeper and deeper inside you. You open your legs wide to accommodate it...

**IfItFitsAcquit:** almost passing out, it hurts so bad

**The Author:** But you feel your pussy being stretched wide apart. His hand pushing deeper and deeper and further inside you.

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I can tell he's enjoying hurting me

I see him looking at me with my legs spread

**The Author:** His thumb disappears with the rest of his fingers, burying them inside you. Your eyes are shut tight.

You finally open them and look down.

You're amazed to see his hand inside your pussy up to the wrist...pushing in and out. Fist-fucking you like some cheap whore.

;-)

*By the way, that's a falsehood. They all charge a fortune for that.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** how does it look? does he like it?

;-) *Um. Not really, no.*

**The Author:** Your pussy is wrapped so tight against his fist...you wince as he pushes it hard inside you.

**IfItFitsAcquit:** In me so deep, I'm so full

I feel the blood on my ass...hands shoved up me, tearing me

I'm in pain

my pussy open...torn

;-) *Ew. I think I'm going to be sick.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** my breasts are leaking...nipples squirting milk...

;-) *Maybe this is a weird time to mention it, but you know how you see a lot of fountains with little boys peeing...wouldn't it be funny to have one with a naked woman squeezing her breasts and water shooting from her nipples?*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm wet from milk

so used

mmm...you know just how to work me!

I really am sore :)

Can you tell I'm a passionate woman?

;-) *"Passionate" meaning "manic-depressive?" Absolutely.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm sweet and I'm a character, can you tell?

;-) *Great. I just cybered with a Flintstones Chewable.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** I'm tired

you seem tired too

you're not talking...what's wrong

**The Author:** Well, AOL is slowing down on my end.

It seems to be sticking and I'm not sure why.

;-) *I fear that very soon it will disconnect entirely. Accidentally, of course. I mean, you know how AOL is...always hourglassing on you.*

**IfItFitsAcquit:** Ok I will say goodnight then. If you ever desire me, let me know. Good night!

## **got tits?**

Now this next fantasy is one of the strangest I've ever heard, and serves to drive home the point I'm making about making your fantasies a little more universal. Read along with me and see if you can top this. (And if you happen to be noshing on milk and cookies while reading this book, trust me: pour the milk down the sink and open a can of pop instead.)

**MilkMaiden:** my fantasy is to find a man who will work my titties until i can produce milk. I don't know how long that will take but i will definitely reward his efforts

**The Author:** And how will you reward his efforts?

**MilkMaiden:** once i produce milk he can suck all he wants, share me with his friends, and during the process once he works my titties he can do what he wants with the rest of my body.

**The Author:** How old are you?

**MilkMaiden:** 30

**The Author:** What do you look like? Describe yourself.

**MilkMaiden:** 5'6, brn, grn, 38D, 130 lbs

**The Author:** You must love having those big tits sucked.

**MilkMaiden:** i do!!! think you're up for the challenge??

**The Author:** I always said I'm a sucker for big tits!

**MilkMaiden:** lol

**The Author:** So where could I take you that we can just let strange men suck those big tits of yours?

**MilkMaiden:** i don't know...don't you have any ideas??

**The Author:** Bars.

**MilkMaiden:** mmm... of course i'd have to cling close to you until you lined up some customers

**The Author:** Wearing something low cut...

**MilkMaiden:** Yes...

**The Author:** Unbuttoning it even further as the night wore on...

As the men gather around...

I finally open your blouse up...

I rub your tits...

Squeeze your nipples...

**MilkMaiden:** tell me more ... my pussy is starting to get moist ...

**The Author:** Letting a drop of milk drop out onto my fingers....

I turn you around...

I point your pussy out towards them...

I lift your skirt up above your waist...

You lean back on your barstool...

Letting me spread your pussy wide...

I tell them men to line up...

**MilkMaiden:** i love being your little slut

**The Author:** The men can see how turned on you are...

As I finally pull your blouse open all the way to reveal those big heavy breasts...

**MilkMaiden:** yes

**The Author:** So full of milk...

**MilkMaiden:** oozing out the nips

;-)

*Wow. Now, I'm hard. Yes, sir. There's nothing quite like a woman saying "oozing out the nips" to make a man rock hard.*

**The Author:** You bring your hands up...cupping your big tits...  
 You can hear some of the men unzipping...  
 You look down, excited to see some of them  
 stroking their cocks.

**MilkMaiden:** i want them to suck every last drop out of my tits

**The Author:** You motion one of them forward...

**MilkMaiden:** and don't forget i have another tit

;-) *Wow! A woman with TWO tits. Someone get Ripley's on the phone!*

**The Author:** You know his mouth is filling with your sweet  
 breast milk...

**MilkMaiden:** good

**The Author:** SHIT...  
 AOL is acting up. I need to reboot...

**MilkMaiden:** k

**The Author:** I'll be right back...  
 Are you rubbing yourself as we speak?

**MilkMaiden:** almost ... i'll wait

**The Author:** Be right back.

Do I even need to mention that AOL wasn't really acting up? No, I didn't think so.

### ***the other blair witch project***

One of the most pervasive myths about the people you meet online is that there are only fat men to be found there...even in the lesbian chat rooms. While there is admittedly precious little room for debate on this issue, I think it fails to address the equal number of fat women out there as well.

Don't misunderstand me. I have nothing against the gravity-impaired. I'd much rather shag Camryn Manheim than Calista Flockhart, in fact. Although, to be honest, they would probably both tell me to lose weight and lose their phone number, in that order. But what I find fascinating is that there is so much attention paid to overweight women

online, where they are known mostly as BBWs. That is, Big Beautiful Women. Isn't it amazing that overweight women are sought out and revered as sexual objects in sex chat rooms, but once the computers are turned off, it's back to calling them "fat chicks."

With all that in mind, I now share the following conversation with you. Once again, I was in my chat room duck blind when I received an Instant Message from a woman whose screen name I've changed to **SizeMatters**, for no particular reason whatsoever.

**The Author:** You have a fantasy to share?

**SizeMatters:** i have many fantasies

One is that I would like to have sex in the middle of a field in the mountains, in the dark, be blindfolded and played with

**The Author:** By how many?

**SizeMatters:** possibly by more than one partner

dont really want to know... want to be kept blindfolded

want these partners to use things on me that they have often thought of but could not try

;-)

*Isn't that a thought-provoking statement? "(I want them) to use things on me that they have often thought of but could not try." What the hell does she mean by that?*

*Using things on her they always wanted to try but never could. Like what? AfroSheen?*

*In retrospect, I'm not sure how that sentence slipped past me without my prompting her for an explanation, or without breaking out into helpless laughter as I am right now re-reading it. Unfortunately, nowhere in the rest of the conversation does she make herself more clear.*

**The Author:** Were you kidnapped and brought out to the field?

**SizeMatters:** could be or taken voluntarily

but blindfolded from the start and taken in just a summery dress no panties, no bra

**The Author:** Interesting.

Just trying to work out the plot points.

Where you would meet these strangers?

Unless you're walking through a meadow and fall asleep. It gets dark before you awaken...

You feel a scarf placed over your eyes and you wake up.

You're startled, but not afraid...

**SizeMatters:** ahuh

;-) *This is "cyber foreplay." Feeling the other person out. You start with a question or two...then when you think you're in tune, you start making statements. Suggesting interesting plot points.*

**The Author:** You feel gentle loving hands running over your body...your curves...

What do you look like?

**SizeMatters:** I am 5'5" long brown hair, blue eyes, little button nose, little full pouty lips, and ima bbw

I am 56-40-50

**The Author:** Nice curves!

;-) *While I give her points for honesty, you can see why she needs all those hands. And I'm not such a complete idiot, by the way, that I'm buying those measurements. I think it's probably more correct to say she's 40-50-56. But again, she gets points for not being a blonde, blue-eyed 36-24-36.*

**SizeMatters:** thank you

so now im in this field blindfolded

my hands are held and my dress is slipped down past my ankles and I am laid down on a blanket

**The Author:** I thought they were lifting the hem of your sundress...

;-) *I said this because I couldn't really imagine the manpower it would take to lift her up and pull her dress down. Who knows? Maybe she imagined being brought there in a forklift.*

**SizeMatters:** it is loose fitting and can be pulled down my arms and stepped out of

**The Author:** Hands running over your breasts...

Your nipples hardening...



**SizeMatters:** yes although scared my nipples are erect

;-)

*Her nipples are scared? Whatever. Hopefully that was a typo. She's very frugal with her punctuation...*

*dont you agree*

**SizeMatters:** its kind of cold up here in the mountains at night

**The Author:** You feel a warm mouth on each nipple...

Gently sucking...licking...

**SizeMatters:** I am placed on a blanket

and feel a mouth on my nipples and hands possibly more than one set running all over my body

i hear hammering

two wooden stakes have been hammered into the ground about the blanket

and my hands are tied one to each

;-)

*She was quiet for awhile. This usually indicates one of three things: 1) they're talking to someone else, either in real life or in another IM; 2) they got bored with you and went on to cyber with someone else; or 3) they got booted by those bastards at America Online...*

**The Author:** gone?

**SizeMatters:** sorry got booted

;-)

*It was number three.*

**The Author:** Wondered what happened.

Thought you got dragged off to a meadow!

**SizeMatters:** sometimes i think they do it on purpose

so now back to where we were

**The Author:** I think you were being tied to an anthill...

**SizeMatters:** no, silly

ive been placed on this blanket, blindfolded,  
hands tied to stakes above my head spread apart

i feel teeth biting at my nipple

;-) *Sounds like being tied to an anthill to me.*

**SizeMatters:** and a hand running all over my body

;-) *Sometimes when I just can't figure out where they're going with their fantasy or story, I'll start to suggest possible plot points to help them focus and GET TO THE FRIGGIN' POINT!*

**The Author:** You feel something bobbing around your mouth...

Your mouth is open...you've been moaning  
unconsciously...

**SizeMatters:** yes

**The Author:** You realize a man is dangling his cock over your  
mouth...

Suck it inside your warm wet mouth...

**SizeMatters:** yes i take it in

now as i am sucking his cock

i feel lips on my thigh

and someone has begun to rub ice cubes on my  
nipples

;-) *Ice cubes? Where the hell did they get ice cubes in a meadow? Did one of them lug an Igloo cooler up there with them, or did they just dump out their Big Gulp?*

**SizeMatters:** I now hear myself moaning

although I should be frightened this is what i  
have always wanted

**The Author:** You feel lips kissing your soft pussy

Not invading...just kissing.

**SizeMatters:** yes i do

i feel someone holding my legs open

**The Author:** It's a woman.

;-) *At this point I figured screw her. I'm gonna keep it interesting for me, anyway. Anything to try and stay awake at this point, 'cause this is one dull fantasy.*

**SizeMatters:** now I am sure there is three maybe four people

**The Author:** You feel her soft lips kissing...then licking...

Finding her way inside you with her mouth...

**SizeMatters:** I know its a woman because i hear her voice

but she is the only one. the others are men

;-) *And this is her way of telling me: Look, I know you're trying to keep it interesting for yourself, anyway, but there is ONLY ONE WOMAN THERE, OKAY? The rest are big burly Marlboro men in leather chaps!*

**SizeMatters:** not sure how many

now I am sucking this hard throbbing cock, i can hear his moans

**The Author:** Okay.

More cocks...

**SizeMatters:** i feel teeth biting at my nipples

**The Author:** You feel them around your mouth...

Your hands...

Your tits...

**SizeMatters:** and i feel a tongue invading my cunt...

licking me

as i suck this cock

**The Author:** You need a cock there between your legs...

You beg them for it...

**SizeMatters:** now the man removes his cock and i feel another softer cock

;-) *More points. When's the last time a woman asked you for a softer cock? When's the last time you gave them a choice?*

**SizeMatters:** in my mouth  
the man who i have been sucking off  
is now sliding inside me

**The Author:** Firm, hard...

**SizeMatters:** they have untied one of my hands

**The Author:** HUGE cock sliding inside you...

**SizeMatters:** they turn me over  
the one man lies down and i am placed on my  
knees and guided down to place him in my  
mouth  
the other man slams inside me  
grabbing my hips  
i hear a weird sound

**The Author:** Ramming his thick cock into you...

What is it?

**SizeMatters:** it's a video camera

they are taping this

**The Author:** Of course!

;-) *And we all know how noisy those damn video cameras can be!*

**SizeMatters:** i am now down on my knees sucking one mans  
cock and being slammed by another  
hard  
i feel him cum inside me

**The Author:** Moaning around that fat cock in your mouth...

Knowing one of their wives is filming it all...

;-) *I was still trying to justify that other woman being there. To be honest, it was very hard for me to get into this woman's head, although clearly there was room for me in her pants.*

*And by the way, I realize my own failure here as a writer to find another word for the male genitalia besides "cock." But once used, it is hard to go back to using the cartoonish "dick" or the very weak "penis." After all, it's a very weak penis that brought most of us online, so it's a bit of a touchy subject anyway.*

**SizeMatters:** but there are others  
i hear voices  
as I am placed on my back again the next man  
who's cock i was sucking slides inside me

**The Author:** So many people watching this spectacle...  
Cocks being rubbed between your massive tits...  
Being fingered, probed, fucked...used.  
All for their sexual amusement.

**SizeMatters:** yes someone rubbing ice cubes on my nipples  
and pinching them with nipple clips, another  
hand playing with my clit as this man fucks me  
moaning with this hard cock in my mouth

**The Author:** You are lifted up and guided to straddle one of  
the men...  
You feel their cock being guided into your wet  
pussy by a woman's hand...  
Another man steps in from behind and his big  
wet cock is pushed against your anus...  
Another cock fills your mouth...  
Your hands hold two more cocks...pumping  
them...

**SizeMatters:** yes one in each hole and jerking off two others  
with my hands they put some type of lubricant  
on my hands to jerk them off with  
they begin to cum one at a time  
as I feel them pull out of me  
i hear another sound

**The Author:** What?

**SizeMatters:** now i am lying on my back again hands tied to the posts and now my knees have been bent and my legs tied back

one of the men has spread lubricant on my pussy and has started playing with me with a vibrator

;-)

*Bloody hell. Now they've got a vibrator! Is there a drugstore nearby? Where are they getting all this crap? Did one of them have a shopping list?*

*check. What else? Nipple clamps, lubricant, vibrator...check check check. Tent pegs, rope...damn. I better bring the truck..."*

**SizeMatters:** I hear him as he is playing with me... order the other woman to blow me

i mean him

to suck his dick...

**The Author:** Go on...

**SizeMatters:** i hear him start to moan, I am beginning to throb

i know i am going to orgasm

then all of a sudden someone grabs my head

and i feel knees by my shoulders

someone is lowering themselves onto my face

I hear a mans voice tell me to start licking gently only it's not a man on my face it's a woman

i am taken back i have never done this before

**The Author:** Lick her.

**SizeMatters:** but the vibrator rubbing my clitoris and a dildo inside me, and this man moaning from his wife sucking his cock as he plays with me and his friends does me with a dildo is more than i can stand

;-)

*Dildo? D-I-L-D-O-E?! Who am I cybering with? Dan Quayle?*

**SizeMatters:** i push my tongue between her lips

and gently begin to lick

i hear her moan and i can taste her

i am so turned on and aching i am arching my back

this woman is moaning with pleasure as i lick her

**The Author:** Who do you think it is?

Someone you know?

**SizeMatters:** NO

**The Author:** She's cumming all over your face...

**SizeMatters:** yes and i can feel someone over my head kneeling down and i can hear them sucking her nipples and someone is sucking mine and my mind is going crazy

and she cums

and i being to moan in ecstasy i am reaching orgasm

**The Author:** Mmm.

Are you going to cum for all of them?

;-)

*So I can find someone more interesting to cyber with...?*

**SizeMatters:** yes

**The Author:** And let them cum for you?

**SizeMatters:** i am cumming now and the woman has cum  
and as I cum i hear the man playing with me cum

**The Author:** Can you feel hot cum splashing over your tits?

**SizeMatters:** yes i can  
then i hear footsteps  
as i am moaning in ecstasy  
people walking away

**The Author:** They're done with you?

**SizeMatters:** no  
all have gone but one  
i feel someone's tongue on my nipples

**The Author:** Male or female?

;-) *Shit. Maybe it's a bear.*

**SizeMatters:** male  
i hear him say to someone "dont worry I will take care of it"  
now it is just me and him

**The Author:** Go on.

**SizeMatters:** he unties my hands and when i try to speak he covers my mouth

he tightens the blind fold

and he stands me up

he begins to walk me through the woods

I hear water like a stream

he is taking me to the water

im somewhat scared now

**The Author:** So am I!

**SizeMatters:** im cold now and shivering

he wraps a blanket around my shoulders and leads me by my hands which he has tied in front of me

i know now that we are near the water

he tells me not to worry

;-) *At this point I'm tempted to just log off without another word to her, leaving her in the river.*

*But I don't! Because that would be rude! If there is one thing I would like to pass on to all you potential cybersex partners, be you novice or addict, and that is:*



*there is no need to be rude! We get enough of that bullshit from people on the opposite side of our monitor screen.*

*So I go back to the river...*

**SizeMatters:** he tells me how hot he is but how he needed to have me to himself

he turns me around so my back is to him

i hear him unzip his pants

he bends me over a rock by the water

and slides his hand under touching my pussy and making it wet again he slides inside me and beings sliding in and out of me

(ya still there?)

**The Author:** yeah

**SizeMatters:** ok thought i lost you

;-) *OF COURSE SHE LOST ME!*

**The Author:** No. I just don't think i can help anymore.

**SizeMatters:** why not

**The Author:** I have no idea where this is all going! LOL

**SizeMatters:** okay

he is fucking me

**The Author:** Thought at one point he was going to kill you!

**SizeMatters:** nah

just follow me

**The Author:** I was having Blair Witch flashbacks! LOL

**SizeMatters:** lol

so he has me by the stream and he is fucking me hard

spanking me

he finally cums  
remember this is my fantasy  
might have lost you after the whole sex scene  
oh you have other visitors

; -) *Here she's assuming that I've left. I've been quiet for too long, but at some point I threw up my hands and left the room. But notice that I'm still not being rude!*

**The Author:** No. I'm still here.  
Listening very intently.  
Fascinated by all of this.

**SizeMatters:** okay  
he takes me down to the water and begins to bathe me with a towel and soap still blindfolded, he explains i must never tell anyone this happened, or they will come back for me  
then he says my name...  
my mind goes blank I cannot imagine who's voice this is  
once he has washed me he has me step back into my dress and takes me back to where he found me, he lays me down

**The Author:** There are more twist and turns in this fantasy than in the Tour de France.

**SizeMatters:** i know it  
imagine that I think about this stuff

**The Author:** How may YEARS have you been developing this?

**SizeMatters:** many

**The Author:** Ever thought of pitching it to Spielberg?

**SizeMatters:** NO

; -) *How about Wes Craven?*

**SizeMatters:** a porno director maybe

have had a multiple partner fantasy for years

**The Author:** So who is the mystery guy?

**SizeMatters:** I dont know

**The Author:** X-Files.

You must be a fan of X-Files.

**SizeMatters:** lol

nope

**The Author:** You should catch the show.

**SizeMatters:** ahuh

**The Author:** Fuck. You should WRITE for the show.

**SizeMatters:** lol

yea sure

well i hope it got you a little excited

**The Author:** Hmm.

Well.

It was YOUR fantasy.

LOL

I hope YOU got excited.

**SizeMatters:** yes im very excited and wet

**The Author:** And you weren't even able to rub yourself while typing so much.

I'm sorry.

**SizeMatters:** i will when i go to my room

**The Author:** Where are you now?

Is anyone else home with you?

**SizeMatters:** in my living room

yes

**The Author:** Who?

**SizeMatters:** children

**The Author:** Eek! Call Orkin!

How old?

**SizeMatters:** 11 & 16

watching tv though

;-)

*Which brings up another interesting point...for all those parents out there who are typing merrily away on the computer that's in the family den: don't think for an instant that your kids have no idea what you're up to, you pervert.*

*Do you actually believe you've fooled them into thinking your checking your stock quotes until 5am? Puh-lease. Genetics aside, give them some points for intelligence.*

**SizeMatters:** bye honey...talk dirty to you later

**The Author:** LOL

You better!

And she was never heard from again. There are those who say she is alive and well and hiding online under an assumed screen name. But there are more still who say she is out there...in a meadow somewhere...surrounded by burly campers with an igloo cooler, team-lifting her onto a wooden palette while one of the men fires up the forklift.

## chapter four: *really stupid fantasies i might be able to get into if i'm really horny and it's really late*



My only goal in writing this book is to teach. Teach and make money. My only thought is to help people at a personal profit. And to that end, the strongest piece of advice I can offer you is this: If you're over the age of eighteen and still reading comic books, you're a bigger loser than me.

Yes, that's right: a bigger loser than me. Trust me, that's a very strong statement.

There is a segment of the cyber population that I would equate to the Montana Freemen of the Internet. That is, people we as a society should keep a very close eye on, and if necessary, exterminate with extreme prejudice. They should be easy to spot: they are the ones sitting at their computer terminals wearing superhero costumes.\*

The next section of this book details my introduction to these fascinating, though insane, superdorks. I did my best to resist the urge to rip my modem cord out my bedroom wall, kick my monitor backwards until it fell off the back of my desk, and run at full speed to the nearest vasectomist screaming "No hope for Planet Earth! No hope for Planet Earth!"

Here, then, is the transcript of my conversation with a woman who clearly has more free time on her hands than even I do.

Again, this is a very strong statement. Her true screen name made absolutely no sense at all, but to protect her identity I have renamed her **CostumedBall**, for no particular reason whatsoever.

I was busy with my test tubes and beakers in my cyberlab, when I received the following Instant Message...

**CostumedBall:** My fantasy is being a superheroine stripped of her super powers and enslaved...

**The Author:** Which one?

**CostumedBall:** I have my own costume and I've made my own superheroine. I actually pose for an Internet superheroine site.

**The Author:** Really?

Where?

---

\* I have no idea what the Freeman wear when they sit down at their computers to have cybersex.

Could I see?

**CostumedBall:** Sure...hang on...

**The Author:** Hanging on!

;-)

*I'd like to include it in this book, but I want to respect her privacy. So let me instead describe what I saw. Now...imagine a Mexican wrestler...*

**The Author:** You made that yourself? HOT!

**CostumedBall:** Thanks!

**The Author:** No, thank you!

You're HOT!

What's the character's name?

**CostumedBall:** Why? do you want to capture and enslave me?

**The Author:** LOL

You know it.

What are your powers?

**CostumedBall:** With the bracelets you see in the pic, I have super strength, super speed and super hearing. without them I'm helpless.

**The Author:** So it's just a question of getting the bracelets off...

**CostumedBall:** You got it!

**The Author:** Do you ever have any real-time fun with the costume?

**CostumedBall:** I did once. Unfortunately, I can't find any guys that will do it for real.

**The Author:** You can't?

Geez...where's the sign-up sheet?

**CostumedBall:** Thanks!

**The Author:** What happened when you role played for real?

**CostumedBall:** It was hot...it was the first time I was actually chained up. My boyfriend had a thing for f4f so he had another friend peel off my costume...

**The Author:** Oh nice...  
What happened?

**CostumedBall:** I'm kinda embarrassed to admit it, but she made me climax.

**The Author:** He force you to lick her pussy?

**CostumedBall:** It was a MAJOR turn on to be forced to be some else's sex slave.

**The Author:** No doubt...  
How far did you go?

**CostumedBall:** I gave oral sex to both of them. They treated me like a de-powered slave. it was a MAJOR turn on!

**The Author:** You loved the humiliation of it, didn't you?  
So why only one time?

**CostumedBall:** I was a little scared that I enjoyed the lesbian part of the experience.

**The Author:** Scared? So you didn't do it again?

**CostumedBall:** That's right. I was afraid of the fact that I liked it.

**The Author:** But you know you want it to happen again...

**CostumedBall:** Yes I do. I am VERY confused, but I so want it.

**The Author:** You want to be taken...

Humiliated...

Forced...

A superheroine who lacks the strength to resist another's will.

**CostumedBall:** yes! WOW! you've described it PERFECTLY!

**The Author:** Well, I didn't want to tell you right away, but...

I'm an evil scientist.

**CostumedBall:** It's HOT that you know this!

**The Author:** Dr. Nefarious knows all.

He can see into women's souls.

Dr. Nefarious knows that you want to be strong...

But he knows how good it feels when you SUBMIT to his will.

Dr. Nefarious has been watching you...

**CostumedBall:** When I'm stripped of my powers against my will and forced to submit!

**The Author:** It took him years to find your true identity...

Which is...?

**CostumedBall:** Sorry, but my identity is a secret! :-)

**The Author:** Of course.

**CostumedBall:** true enough. You know, I REALLY like talking to you. I'm getting quite "wet".

**The Author:** Of course. It is my will.

Where is your costume?

**CostumedBall:** Right now?

**The Author:** Yes.

**CostumedBall:** In my bedroom. Would you like me to put it on?

**The Author:** Yes!

**CostumedBall:** Okay...hang on...

;-)

*There is no way for me to know if she actually went and put on a costume. But she was gone long enough for me to believe it was possible.*

**CostumedBall:** I have it on.

**The Author:** Good girl.

Dr. Nefarious is pleased.

Feels so empowering, doesn't it?



You feel so powerful, yet so feminine.

**CostumedBall:** yes I do! I feel INCREDIBLE. To be honest, I think I have a hot body and I like to show it off.

**The Author:** You do.

**CostumedBall:** Hey, I've gotta go. Can we talk later?

**The Author:** Sure. Gotta go fight crime, huh?

Dr. Nefarious had no sooner finished buttoning up his lab coat, heading back to his secret laboratory, when he received this urgent Instant Message.

**SuperSlut:** I often fantasize about being a superheroine at mercy of villain with a makeover in mind...

**The Author:** A beauty makeover? Like the kind on daytime talk shows?

**SuperSlut:** No...a total change of their look.

Who knows what else would follow...

**The Author:** What superheroine are you imagining being made over?

What does your arch villain have in store for you?

**SuperSlut:** Which would you prefer? Wonder Woman...?

Supergirl...?

lol

Xena...?

**The Author:** I'm still not sure I understand the fantasy. But then I have trouble multiplying fractions, so it may be my deficiency and not yours.

**SuperSlut:** It's not a beauty makeover. lol. More of a revision.

**The Author:** Revision? Explain.

Say you're Batgirl for instance...how would the arch villain revise you?

**SuperSlut:** A new look of costume, hypnotic personality change.

Hair, body, or face change even...

**The Author:** Is this a common role play for you? Have you done this with others?

**SuperSlut:** Yes.

**The Author:** What was the best revision?

**SuperSlut:** Wonder Woman turned into a devil-babe.

There's a guy online I talk to...he does a bunch of scenarios like that.

**The Author:** Interesting. Was this guy the one who got you into this fantasy?

**SuperSlut:** He was the best at it.

**The Author:** So who is your favorite superhero?

**SuperSlut:** WW is great.

She-Hulk has a fun possibility also

**The Author:** Go on...tell me about it...

**SuperSlut:** Had her reversed: tall, muscular, skin was still green-colored but weak as when she was 5'2.

**The Author:** Do you read a lot of comic books?

**SuperSlut:** Grew up on WW and some marvel stuff.

**The Author:** I was mostly DC...

Never got too much into it. Just liked the way they drew the superheroines!

**SuperSlut:** I like to deconstruct their look.

**The Author:** That's a really interesting twist...

They're drawn so sexy as it is, why would you want to change that?

For instance, Wonder Woman? How can you improve on that? Or Supergirl? Apart from giving them bigger tits, or something.

**SuperSlut:** obliterate the muscle tone, push up the body fat a little and she's suddenly wonder wench

a little fatter perhaps, but that much more vulnerable and perfect for a techno fertility god

**The Author:** Wow...

I could see maybe capturing Batgirl and turning her through hypnotic drugs...

Sending her back into the batcave as a Dominatrix...

**SuperSlut:** what about the devil transformation?

**The Author:** How would that go down?

**SuperSlut:** too much red flesh showing, horns n tail make it hard to be taken as a good girl

**The Author:** You mean, giving her COSTUME horns and a tail?

Or really giving HER horns and a tail?

**SuperSlut:** really.

**The Author:** Hmm...

No...that's a little too odd for me...LOL.

**SuperSlut:** just a white bread dominatrix lover hmmm?

**The Author:** Yeah, I guess so... Or would I get points for preferring nine-grain?

Seriously, though? Anymore than that and it wouldn't be hot for me...

**SuperSlut:** thats cute

;-) *I believe I've just been called a pussy.*

**The Author:** Cute?

Oh, you mean cute as in lame, huh?

LOL

**SuperSlut:** the michelle-pfeiffer-as-catwoman crowd

**The Author:** I guess there's too much Wonder Bread and Velveeta in my bloodstream. I don't go for piercings or tattoos either. LOL

Michelle wasn't hot for me, either...

But tails and a horn? Come now...

=-)

**SuperSlut:** dont knock it...

**The Author:** Oh I'm not!

Don't misunderstand...

It's just too wild for me to personally get into...

Although I did get into that snuff one...Weird, huh?

**SuperSlut:** more of a big boobs sort, hmm?

**The Author:** I like meat on a woman, yeah. But all over...not just in the sternum...

**SuperSlut:** so the wonder wench approach

**The Author:** Perhaps...

**SuperSlut:** a spell or device that turns a heroine into a round firm fully packed plaything...not as strong, or smart... but very fun to wrestle down

**The Author:** But what does Wonder Wench do?

**SuperSlut:** what any subdued Amazon does

**The Author:** Turn tricks on the street?

**SuperSlut:** up to you

**The Author:** Interesting...

So? Anything of interest happening tonight? Have you been subdued yet?

**SuperSlut:** :::crossing arms::: what does it look like?

**The Author:** :::squinting:::

That bad, huh?

What's your favorite scenario?

**SuperSlut:** physical change to a heroine

**The Author:** Undergoing a physical change from a normal human being to a superheroine?

How does this change occur?

And who do you transform into?

**SuperSlut:** heroine into a more mortal human.

**The Author:** Oh! Going the opposite direction!

I see.

In other words, you're still SuperGirl dressed in her uniform, but you're suddenly more vulnerable.

**SuperSlut:** shorter ... muscle tone gone the way of curves

**The Author:** So Wonder Woman too would lose her taut muscles...her hips would spread wider, her breasts becoming fuller...?

**SuperSlut:** thats it

**The Author:** And BatGirl?

Someone without real powers of their own?

**SuperSlut:** ending up looking like Fiona Apple\*

costume hanging off thin, lithe body

**The Author:** Wow...you have got this down, haven't you?

**SuperSlut:** depends on the villain

**The Author:** The villain is treacherous...lecherous...

His only thought is his own physical gratification.

He has no super strength...only scientific expertise. A wizard with chemicals. His name? Dr. Nefarious!

**SuperSlut:** :::formerly Amazonian lines suddenly more curvy, bawdy:::

---

\* I have no idea what Fiona Apple wears when she sits down at her computer to have cybersex.

**The Author:** He has been watching Diana Prince closely. Through careful study of newspaper articles, photographs, and some strategically-placed cameras he has deduced her secret identity.

Diana Prince is alone in the office, working late. A small clear tube is being slipped underneath her closed door. Suddenly, there is a hissing sound. She looks down as a fume of green gas begins to spew forth in great clouds.

**SuperSlut:** :::going for window:::

**The Author:** Do you notice your normal gazelle-like speed has already begun to slow?

**SuperSlut:** :::awkward tumble against wall:::

**The Author:** Diana begins a spin, trying desperately to turn into Wonder Woman before it's too late!

There is a flash of light, a thunderous clap, and she is transformed.

The air clears quickly as she opens the window...but it's too late.

**SuperSlut:** :::looking down in horror:::

**The Author:** She looks down and feels her costume shrinking.

You realize that the costume remains the same as it always has...but your hips have spread. Your ass becoming very curved and full...and your tits now spill out over your golden brassiere.

**SuperSlut:** :::overflowing it in places:::

:::boots almost painful:::

**The Author:** The leather stretches as your calves round out...

You slip them off quickly...

The door to the office opens and I step in.

white lab coat...small goggles on a determined face...and a lecherous grin.

"Care to slip into something more comfortable, Ms. Prince?" I chortle.

**SuperSlut:** :::panicked expression:::

what did you call me?

**The Author:** "Come now, Ms. Prince. This is no time for games. We are both quite familiar with your true identity..."

**SuperSlut:** :::Wonder Woman getting very curvy. Tits spilling out over brassiere:::

:::Cupping hands over sex:::

:::blue starred bottom suddenly inadequate as mound is starkly defined, dark hair evident on either side:::

**The Author:** Dr. Nefarious inches closer to her...

**SuperSlut:** you fiend...what have you done? :backing away:

**The Author:** An evil grin spreading across my goggled face. "Merely making a few minor modifications to your superpowers. Better living through chemistry, as it were."

"If I were you, I'd slip out of that costume while I could..."

**SuperSlut:** never....

if you think you're going to get away with.....:rip:

:::eyes wide::: G-great Hera...this cant be...possible!!

;-) *Wow. She really does read comics. Great Hera! Now that's attention to detail, my cyberfriend!*

**The Author:** "You see I've simply put together a chemical weapon that enhances your super-feminine characteristics..."

"Notice the fuller hips and breasts...that big bushy cunt of yours that's now exposed..."

"That giant round ass..."

**SuperSlut:** moannn

**The Author:** :::unbuttoning lab coat form the bottom...exposing an 18-inch cock:::

**SuperSlut:** :::pulling at uncomfortable bottoms:::

**The Author:** "As you can see...I've used myself as a guinea pig..."

**SuperSlut:** ZEUSSS!!!

**The Author:** "The formula has done wonders for my sexual prowess..."

"You like the 'enhancement?'"

**SuperSlut:** :::pulling painfully at bracelets:::  
tight

**The Author:** "Time to strip for me, Wonder Cunt!"

**SuperSlut:** :::confused::: why does this hurt.....it's like everything is amplified....

:::through grinding teeth::: But Im not stripping for you....

:::terrible pressure around waist:::

**The Author:** :::reaching into my lab coat for a test tube:::

:::popping the cork and tossing it your way:::

**SuperSlut:** :::covering mouth and nose:

:::horrified realization that clothes fibers are literally dissolving:::

:::body bouncing, swelling ,tearing free:::

:::even golden lasso becoming disjointed mass of loosely woven threads:::

**The Author:** "Did I mention my new fabric dissolver?"

**SuperSlut:** :::realizing youre just as naked:::

**The Author:** "Enough games now...my cock literally aches for you!"

**SuperSlut:** :::lunging for door:::

**The Author:** :::i race as well, wrapping my arms around your waist:::



"Mmm...those yummy curves...that soft yielding flesh...THAT ASS!"

**SuperSlut:** dont you DARE

:::shocked at loss of strength and dexterity:::

:::trying to reverse, use your strength against you:::

**The Author:** Diana!

I have to leave. I'm sorry!

Rain check?

I had to work too goddamn hard on this one. You could tell she wasn't playing with herself. She was helping me write a screenplay. Who the fuck wastes their life away having cybersex just to find material for a new novel? (On second thought: don't answer that.)

I could tell she was saving herself for later. Too much self-control! She could have gone on for hours. Uh, I mean, so could I, of course...!

It's been a long time since I've seen Dr. Nefarious. I'm sure he's in a secret laboratory somewhere...hunched over a row of test tubes with a beaker of bubbling green liquid beside him. Waiting. Patiently. Without pants.

### ***excuse me, stewardess? what's the in-flight porno movie?***

Oh sure, you'll run across some "pedestrian" chat rooms like Flight Attendants. But even when everyone in the room seems united in the common theme of "stewardess fantasies," I've found that even those "normal" fantasies often take a bizarre turn very quickly.

Observe...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** Anyone swapping some good stories tonight?

**The Author:** God no. No activity whatsoever. Must be a good night for TV.

How are you faring?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** slow tonight also

**The Author:** Very very slow tonight...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** tell me about it

;-) *There is a phenomenon online wherein AOL abusers start to talk like seasoned fishermen. You may find yourself sharing stories and comparing trophies with the other hunters in the field.*

*The Western Front” or “The Red Badge Of Courage.” Well, at least in the beginning.*

**The Author:** So what are you up to?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** long day at work trying to unwind

**The Author:** Whatcha do for a paycheck?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** i work at Disneyland

**The Author:** Get out! Really? You're puttin' me on.

**AlmostSnoWhite:** no why?

**The Author:** I think that's cool. Whatcha do there?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** i work backstage

**The Author:** Interesting. Did you come to share a fantasy with me?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** Yes, I'd like to. My fantasy would be to be on a plane that gets hijacked and i have to help the hijackers do things to the passengers

Not bad, huh? Think you could get some good ideas with that one?

**The Author:** Finally! Someone with IMAGINATION!

**AlmostSnoWhite:** not bad for a Disney girl, huh

**The Author:** That is truly fabulous! How long have you had that one?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** many years now

I saw a bunch of hijacking movies and thought about it ever since then

;-) *A bunch of hijacking movies? Was I sick that year? Why do I doubt these were Disney films?*

**The Author:** So who is hijacking the plane?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** let's say a dozen guys

**The Author:** Dark and swarthy types?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** yes

**The Author:** Interesting.  
So, the plane is packed.  
The passenger list is a cross-section of America...  
What are you wearing as you take your seat?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** business suit dark skirt blue blouse dark hose and blk pumps

**The Author:** You were unlucky enough to be the only non-terrorist sitting by the hijackers...  
It's you they grab as their first hostage...  
As the pilot makes his way to the Holy Land per their request, the hours drag on...  
The terrorists are dark, swarthy men...and they're starting to notice you...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** on no im scared please dont hurt me

**The Author:** They want a show.

**AlmostSnoWhite:** what? I can't! Please let us go.

**The Author:** Who is in the seats just behind you?

**AlmostSnoWhite:** newlyweds. young...nice-looking young married couple

**The Author:** "Undress them," they order you.

**AlmostSnoWhite:** no i wont

**The Author:** You hear a gun being cocked.  
"NOW!"

**AlmostSnoWhite:** ok ok, I say shaking. they make the husband stand up. how do you want to start, i ask

**The Author:** "Stand up!" they shout at the man.

They push the point of your rifle into your back.

"Undress him!"

**AlmostSnoWhite:** wife tries to help but gets pushed back. she is crying please dont do this

i start to lift his shirt up he puts the gun in my face and says to look at his wife

**The Author:** "Let the other passengers watch," another terrorist suggests.

He makes them both stand in the aisle...

They stand together, holding each other...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** shirts off now t-shirt

im told to hand them to his wife

**The Author:** She starts to cry...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** i cant do this

**The Author:** "Watch her, whore! Watch as she strips your husband bare!"

A rifle poked into your back convinces you otherwise...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** the men then tell the wife tell this bitch to undo his pants and slide them down

**The Author:** "p-please, no..." she protests weakly...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** lets see his shorts make sure you got the shoes and socks off first hand his socks to her and the shoes to

**The Author:** He stands naked now except for his boxer shorts...

His wife is crying...but then she stops...

She stops because she's looking down at you...

Your hands on the waistband of his shorts...

She stops crying because she notices now that his cock is hardening...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** no dont take them off im sorry i have to here goes

**The Author:** As you drop to your knees and tug his shorts down slowly...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** yes then im told to smell them and give to the wife but she has talked to much and i must put them in her mouth

**The Author:** Do it...

When he steps out of his boxers, his cock springs up to hit your mouth...

He seems embarrassed, and his wife starts to protest...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** the shorts go in her mouth they had me some tape i tape them there they tell me that i have to suck your husband

**The Author:** You stand up and, following orders, you push them into her mouth...

The terrorists order two stewardesses to undress you. One starts to unbutton your suit jacket...

**AlmostSnoWhite:** there in and taped the stewardesses now start to walk over to me. I'm told to stand with hands in air. One is to start at my shoes and the other to start at my blouse.

**The Author:** She drops to her knees...

She slips off your shoes...

Unbuttoning your blouse...

"Rub her legs," they order one of the stewardesses...

"Run your hands up under her skirt..."

**AlmostSnoWhite:** no stop i beg you

**The Author:** She does....

You feel her warm hands on your legs...

And then – BOOM! She dropped off the radar screen. Normally that would piss me off, but she was so damn creative and imaginative that I didn't hold a grudge. But I also never

saw her online after that, so I wonder sometimes what happened to her. Sometimes I get this sinking feeling that Disneyland Security was monitoring her online activities and, in retribution for desecrating Walt's sacred memory, hacked her to pieces and buried her under Main Street Disneyland. Right underneath the churro mobile.

## chapter five: *whip me, hurt me, make me type one-handed*



You find a lot of chat rooms on the Internet devoted to domination. You'll see any number of chat rooms with names like **submissive women**, or **submissive men**. Back in the old days of cybersex (around AOL version 3.0), there was a lot of animosity being generated in these rooms. If you asked the wrong question in them, you were suddenly treated like Ginger Spice at the Grammys.

You'd go into these rooms, full of genuine curiosity about S&M, and you'd find the most boring and innocuous conversations going on. ("How was your weekend?" "Oh just great. The kids and I took the dog to the park.") And Allah forbid you actually try to initiate any discussion of a sexual nature. You were instantly chastised and given a face full of what these idiots called "snert spray." Which is like "cyber mace," I guess.

But think how ridiculous the entire situation is. You're a horny guy (come on, I know you are) and you go into a chat room called **Female Submissives**. You'd watch the dialogue scroll up your computer screen. You read for pages and pages and no one has mentioned whips, chains, or Dobermans. You check to make sure you're not in the Christians' **Born Again Online** chat room. You're not. You look at the list of screen names in the chat room and find one that says **DoubleDSLut**. So you send her a message: "Mmm. Love the screen name! You like to be spanked?" You wait maybe all of five nanoseconds and you get her reply: "Fuck off, jerk." You scratch your head, then type an immediate apology. But before you can type out "Sorry for the misunderstanding," your submissive slut is announcing you to the rest of the room: "**CyberLoser** just asked me if I like to get spanked! Can you believe that? Everybody got their snert spray handy? Let him have it!" You get a barrage of Instant Messages telling you what a loser you are. (Telling YOU what a loser YOU are! Can you believe it?) And so you'd leave in disgust, wishing you could reach through your monitor and line up all these idiots and slap them Three Stooges-style. Then leave to go find the lesbians.

But it's not like that anymore. Since the price of computers has gone WAY down, and Internet service providers like America Online have become so popular, we now outnumber these pretentious cyberdorks, and snert spray is starting to taste like Binaca.

Now when you go into the cyberdungeons, you're lucky if you can find one person who is "really really" into the "lifestyle." Nowadays you'll find plenty of submissive men and women, shouting out "yes, sir" like a West Point cadet review. And sometimes, when you listen to this new, fresh breed of idiots begging to be humiliated, you wonder if they even recognize the irony of what they're asking.

One final note: the online submissives LOVE black men. Now, I know none of you out there would actually go so far as to pretend you were something you're not. I know you're all above that. I don't mean to contradict my earlier statements from the previous

chapter, I'm just saying that if someone were just looking to have a good time in a cyberdungeon, they'd probably have a much better time if they just happened to be an African-American male.

I offer this next conversation I had with a white, married woman as evidence to support that statement. I've changed her screen name to save her from any possible embarrassment. I call her **WhippedCream**, for no particular reason whatsoever.

**WhippedCream:** my fantasy is to be a slave to a group of very very cruel dominate men...

**The Author:** Any men in particular in mind?

**WhippedCream:** 12, maybe 15...black and white

**The Author:** Well, I guess that rules out the Harlem Globetrotters...

**WhippedCream:** well hung

**The Author:** Of course! Do they kidnap you?

**WhippedCream:** I'm a housewife..

**The Author:** They barge in?

**WhippedCream:** no i answer an ad for a dom...but it turns out to be a large group

**The Author:** What do you look like?

**WhippedCream:** 5-8, 123, blonde brown eyes, cute face 35c-24-35

**The Author:** Got a pic online?

**WhippedCream:** no only of my feet.

my husband has a foot fetish, so that's the only pic.

That sounds like a handy thing to have around; a picture of your feet. One thing for sure, it's not her driver's license picture. By the way, it's a safe bet that if you go to drop off a roll of film at your local Fotomat, and when they see nothing but 36 exposures of women's feet, it's going to let the cat out of the foot fetish bag, if you know what I mean.

**The Author:** So you answer this ad in the paper...

You sneak out of the house while your husband is at work.



You end up at a dirty apartment complex...

You knock on the door...

It opens...and you walk into the darkness...

**WhippedCream:** yes sir..

**The Author:** When your eyes adjust to the light, you can see a mix of black and white faces...

Big, muscular men all of them...

Some look like bikers...some like gang-bangers.

**WhippedCream:** yes sir...

;-) *See. She says "yes sir" a lot to let me know that she is indeed a "cyberslut." This is the cyber equivalent of urinating submissively, letting me know that I can tell her to do ANYTHING JUST ANYTHING as long as it's humiliating. "Donkeys?" "Yes sir! Anything!"*

*Now where did I leave my can of snert spray?*

**The Author:** Are you alone at home now?

**WhippedCream:** no.. husband home

**The Author:** Aren't you afraid of him finding out what kind of whore he married?

**WhippedCream:** he knows already.. he's seen me with men before

**The Author:** Oh really...

;-) *This is a test, gentle reader. Are you exercising your lie-detection skills? Because your bullshit detector should have just gone off.*

**WhippedCream:** yes

**The Author:** Your idea or his?

**WhippedCream:** both.

he knows i wanna be owned by a black dom

**The Author:** He's seen you with a black man?

**WhippedCream:** yes. were both sub and bi. so it works out

**The Author:** You both service your black master?

**WhippedCream:** yes

;-) *Again...your BS detector should be making big WHOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP sounds about now.*

**The Author:** You like to be called names?

;-) *Alright. You're an idiot...an imbecile....a moron. How's that for starters?*

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

**The Author:** You like to be made to watch your husband suck on your black master's cock?

**WhippedCream:** yes it turns me on

**The Author:** Are you a whore for your Master's cock?

**WhippedCream:** yes

**The Author:** Are you a little slut?

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

;-) *"Are you an Afghan hound?" "yes sir" "Are you a cashmere sweater?" "yes sir" "Are you a '74 Lincoln Continental?" "yes sir"*

**The Author:** So... You walk into the apartment...

A huge black man stands there...thick, muscular...

He leads you into the center of the room.

What are you wearing to please your black master, whore?

**WhippedCream:** red tube dress

**The Author:** No bra, no panties.

**WhippedCream:** black thigh high stockings

red 6" open toed heels.. no undies

thick black leather dog collar locked around my neck

;-)

*Right. Because you don't want to wear anything conspicuous...*

*with six-inch heels? Now, I'm just a guy, so of course I know nothing about women's shoes...but...wouldn't gravity pull your feet through those open toes and turn you into a PlayDoh Fun Factory?*

**The Author:** "Pull that dress up, bitch," the black master says.

**WhippedCream:** yes sir.. pulling up my dress

**The Author:** Leather collar with metal spikes...the black dom holds the leash.

"Stop."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

**The Author:** He makes you stop just at your pussy...

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

**The Author:** "Turn around."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir.. turning around slowly

**The Author:** "Bend over and show us that tight white ass, bitch."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir... bending over

**The Author:** "Stop."

"Spread your ass open, slut."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

**The Author:** You can feel hands reaching out to touch your tight ass cheeks. Black hands against your white skin.

"Nice ass..." one of them says.

"Look at that tight little ass..." says another.

**WhippedCream:** pulling my cheeks apart

**The Author:** "I can't wait to fuck that little ass..."

**WhippedCream:** i can see flashes going off from several cameras...

;-)

*I hope you're starting to notice a trend here. If you find yourself in a cyberdominant position, and the person you're with wants to be humiliated...throw a few photographers into the scene. But be a creative lover. Have them sell the tape to "America's Funniest Home Videos" or something.*

*One final note: humiliation involving their husband or wife as witnesses is good; humiliation having the entire family gathered for Thanksgiving dinner witness it is bad. Just trust me on this.*

**The Author:** You can see video cameras...

Flashbulbs going off...

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

**The Author:** You can feel a leather gloved hand across your ass...

You feel a leather finger sliding up into your wet cunt.

**WhippedCream:** Ooooooh yes sir.

**The Author:** It slides out...

Then in again...

**WhippedCream:** ooooooooooh yes sir....

**The Author:** As it is forced again into your pussy...you feel two fingers inside you...

Another pushes up against your asshole...

**WhippedCream:** yes sir...

**The Author:** Forcing its way inside...

More flashbulbs...

"Nice tight ass, fellas..."

"Bullshit! She been fucked in her ass before..."

;-)

*One of the real problems with cybersex is that you cannot see the person on the other end of the computer. (Ironically, this is also one of cybersex's greatest advantages. No one is "coyote ugly" in Cyber Land.) Since you cannot see the other person's face, you cannot see their expression. As we previously discussed, that's why the popular (and now trite) "emoticons" were developed. :-)*

*No matter what you typed, as long as it had a sideways smiley face on it, it showed that you were still just being neighborly. For example, notice how the emoticon takes the sting out of the following sentences...*

**RudeMFer:** I just fucked your mother.  
She's a real whore who likes it in the ass.  
;-)

*See? They're smiling. No harm no foul.*

*But as a writer, I like to give my audience more. I won't normally give in to the cyber slanguage that seems to capture the imagination of the residents of CyberLand. I'm a fast typist, so I like to add quotation marks, and leave out emoticons entirely. The only abbreviations I do rely on is "LOL" (Laughing Out Loud). And I use it for two reasons: 1) I find it always helps to know a little of the native tongue when travelling to a foreign land, and 2) I usually am laughing out loud at the people I meet online.*

**The Author:** The fingers are pulled out of your ass and pussy.

**WhippedCream:** one of the men yell out to take her downtown

;-)

*"Take her downtown?" What the hell does that mean? Am I supposed to arrest her at this point? Is that some sort of sports expression? Am I supposed to challenge her to a game of HORSE?*

*Please please please: readers, strive for clarity at all times with your cyberpartner. You can type in all lower case, you can use all the funny little emoticons you want, speak in abbreviations if you must, but please be clear! Though similar in appearance, the monitor is not a crystal ball.*

**The Author:** The fingers are then pushed in front of your face...

"Suck my fingers, whore."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir.. taking them into my mouth.. sucking and licking them clean

**The Author:** Taste yourself on my fingers...

Taste your pussy...

Taste your ass...

"Pull your dress down, slut."

**WhippedCream:** pulling it down..

**The Author:** "Show us those fucking titties."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

**The Author:** Gloved hands come out again...

Pinching your nipples...

**WhippedCream:** aaaaaaaa yes.. sir..

**The Author:** You can feel clamps being placed on your already hardened nipples...

;-)

*Notice the third-person viewpoint shifting to first-person. I do this in case I made a mistake at some point in assuming what my cyberpartner is really looking for. I'll keep using third-person pronouns like "he" and "she," until I'm absolutely sure I'm in sync with my partner. It's a good habit to get into, I think, because in case you introduce a plot point and you get a strong negative reaction, you can always chastise this third-person. For example...*

**Me:** He knows you're a slut waiting to be humiliated.

**You:** Yes, sir.

**Me:** He ties you to the bed...naked...you, not him...

**You:** Yes, sir.

**Me:** He brings his meanest Doberman out of his kennel to have its way with you...

**You:** If he does, I'll fucking kill him when he finally unties me.

**Me:** That's when I walk into the room. The REAL Master. I slap this idiot for insulting my slut with his filthy beast.

*See. It allows you to backpedal.*

**The Author:** I push my finger under your chin, forcing you to look into my black face.

**WhippedCream:** yes sir.... Oooooooooooooo....

**The Author:** "You're mine now, slut."

**WhippedCream:** yes master.. yes... use me as you wish

**The Author:** You're my whore."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

**The Author:** I pull on the nipple clamps...

**WhippedCream:** aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa... yes sir.....

**The Author:** "Get on your knees, bitch."

**WhippedCream:** please sir.. take me down town first.

**The Author:** "You want to go downtown, bitch?"

;-) *Time to figure out what she means by that.*

**WhippedCream:** yes sir...

**The Author:** "The fuck you gonna do for me there?"

**WhippedCream:** you take me to an old rundown building

**The Author:** a crack den...

**WhippedCream:** its down in a real old dirty part of town..  
an old abandoned building..

**The Author:** Go on.

**WhippedCream:** you take me down to the basement

**The Author:** You know what's in store for you down there?

**WhippedCream:** where its cold and dirty and musty and dark

**The Author:** What's there, where?

**WhippedCream:** we get down there and the floor is cold and wet  
there's about a 1/2 to 1 inch of stale old water..  
it smells soooo bad...

the room has some light to see...

**The Author:** Smells like piss.

A bare bulb on the wall...

**WhippedCream:** there's an old bolt in the floor...

**The Author:** Go on...

A hook?

**WhippedCream:** you lead me to it.. and attach a chain from my  
dog collar to the floor bolt

**The Author:** Not even enough slack for you to stand upright...

**WhippedCream:** yes the chain is to short to let me stand...

you have me take off my shoes

I'm wearing a bra, thong panties and my thigh highs nothing else

**The Author:** You look like such a filthy white whore...

**WhippedCream:** you and all your black friends are there. with video and flash camera

the room really smells...

you and your friends take pic of me.. there chained to the floor

**The Author:** Our little whore...

**WhippedCream:** you and your friends start laughing.. and yelling.. ok come out now..

**The Author:** Who steps out of the shadows?

**WhippedCream:** from different parts of the basement...dirty old wino's, and street bums

**The Author:** Street people...

**WhippedCream:** come out.. they live there

**The Author:** All filthy...

**WhippedCream:** yes street people and winos.. drunks

**The Author:** They all come to see you...see what's going on in their filthy home.

**WhippedCream:** yes sir..

close to 25 people in all...

**The Author:** "Should I let them fuck my little white bitch?"

**WhippedCream:** all looking at me and waiting for you

;-)

*Which is a funny statement, really, because I'm waiting for her. Waiting to see what's going to happen next. Waiting for her to get to the goddamn point. Waiting for her spooky story to end. And now she wants me to pick up the frayed thread of her story? Good luck. At this point I should have all the winos come out and slap her for being such a horrible writer.*

**The Author:** "Get on your knees, bitch!"

**WhippedCream:** yes sir



**The Author:** "Look at that pretty white mouth..."

**WhippedCream:** kneeling in the dirty pee water..  
no shoes bare feet

**The Author:** "Spread your legs open!"

**WhippedCream:** yes sir... spreading my legs

**The Author:** "Show them dirty winos your tight thong..."

;-)

*Now do some jumping jacks. "yes sir"*

*I have no idea where she's going with this story, and I stopped caring long ago.*

*Please don't try to gauge my interest by my responses to her. Don't misunderstand me: there is no way in hell I am getting into this fantasy. But I'm never rude! If that's what they're into...fine. As a sort of thank-you to them for being so open with me, I try to help them out. I look at it like a writer's exercise anyway. But if you find yourself in a cyber scenario you just don't want to be in, apologize to your partner and say that you have to leave. Put them on your IGNORE list (a feature provided by any chat room and Internet service provider), log out, then log back on and try your luck fishing elsewhere.*

*BUT DON'T BE RUDE!*

**The Author:** "Rub your little white pussy for them, slut."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir....  
yes sir.. rubbing my pussy in front of them

**The Author:** "Let them hear you, slut!"

**WhippedCream:** yes sir

**The Author:** "Moan for them...let them know how good that pussy feels!"

**WhippedCream:** aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa yesssssss aaaaaaaa  
yesssss..

**The Author:** The winos start to come closer to you...  
You can actually see some of them with bulging pants...  
They come very close now...

**WhippedCream:** Oh no sir.. no....

;-)

*"No means no." That's what we're told; that's what I believe. If I were on a date and tried to cop some shirt-titty, and I was told "no." I'd pull my hand back before it was torn from my wrist. "No simply means no."*

*But in Cyber Land...*

*No could mean anything. It's like the good ol' days, fellas, when safe sex meant you didn't tell her your last name.*

**The Author:** "Go ahead, whore. Unzip them dirty bastards."

**WhippedCream:** unzipping them..

**The Author:** "Take them nasty cocks out, slut."

**WhippedCream:** one then the next then the next. and the next..

**The Author:** "Take all them cocks out..."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir... i keep going... until all of them have their cocks out

**The Author:** All those cocks hanging all around you...

"Now open your mouth..."

**WhippedCream:** oh no .. no sir..

not them ... just you and your black friends

;-)

*So what do you think "no" means now? Trust me, I'm equally confused.*

*Wasn't it her idea to come down to this dirty building that smells like piss and scares me? Wasn't it her idea for the winos to come out of the shadows like vampires? Wasn't she just lines ago gleefully pulling their peters out of their piss-stained pants? AND NOW SHE'S BEING COY?!*

**The Author:** "Suck them!"

"You don't deserve to suck my friend's dicks."

"Take them dirty dicks in your mouth, you whore."

**WhippedCream:** yes sir.. opening my mouth...OOOOoh no.....

**The Author:** "Suck them dicks!"

**WhippedCream:** yes sir taking the first into my mouth...  
OOOOOOOH no its gagging me.. he's sooo sooo  
dirty and his dick smells sooo bad.. it's so dirty  
and filthy... dried old cum on it

**The Author:** "Suck it anyway."

;-) *I know. I'm ready to puke, too.*

**The Author:** "Take them dicks into your hands...pump them  
nasty dicks, you dirty little whore."

**WhippedCream:** taking all into my mouth.. 6 or 7 standing around  
me.. now me pumping two of them with my  
hands

**The Author:** Two of them press their dirty cocks  
together...you take them both into your mouth at  
once...

**WhippedCream:** you order the 7 to empty their pee on me..  
  
your friends taking pics all the time

;-) *Are my friends all Japanese tourists?*

**The Author:** Beer-smelling piss runs across your chest...  
  
Staining your bra...your panties...

You can feel their stinking urine running over  
your pussy...

**WhippedCream:** you push my head down.. so they pee all over  
my head and hair...

**The Author:** "You stink, bitch!"

All my friends laughing at you...even some of the  
winos...

**WhippedCream:** yes sir..

**The Author:** Oh my God. I hate to do this to you...especially  
when I was getting so into your fantasy...but I  
have to log off. Maybe I'll catch you online later  
and we can continue?

**WhippedCream:** yes sir.. thank you sir..

Of course I put her on my IGNORE list before logging off...but notice I was never rude. Except of course that I just left that poor woman in a building downtown that smells like piss and scares me, with all those people laughing at her.

Oh well. I'm sure she's used to it.

Maybe it'll cheer her up when she's sees herself on "America's Funniest Home Videos."

### ***the view from inside the leather face mask***

I'd like to give equal time to the other viewpoints, so here I am talking to someone who really gets into the whole BDSM lifestyle in real life and online...

**The Author:** Mind if I ask you a few questions? I'm trying to get the viewpoint of an online and offline submissive.

**WhipItGood:** ok

**The Author:** Would you agree that if you're a lousy lover in real life, you'll be a lousy lover when cybering?

**WhipItGood:** not sure, but I see what you're saying

**The Author:** If you're uncaring in real life, you're likely to be uncaring and inattentive online as well?

**WhipItGood:** probably, or maybe some are better with words than actions

**The Author:** Okay...back to Dominant/submissive...

**WhipItGood:** yes

**The Author:** What would a good cyber D/s role play be?

In other words...

What should a man NOT say if he wants to be your cyberDom?

**WhipItGood:** I hate guys who IMed and then just like that wanted me to drop to knees

or assumed just cause they are dom all subs are there for their particular pleasure

**The Author:** What attracts you?

**WhipItGood:** honesty, being open, a willingness to chat to get to know each other

**The Author:** Taking it slow.

**WhipItGood:** yes  
respect is nice  
friendship

**The Author:** What else can they do to enhance the experience?

**WhipItGood:** give a rats ass about me as a person  
lol

**The Author:** Beyond that, though...  
Because, to be honest, I don't really give a rat's ass about you as a person.  
Kidding!

**WhipItGood:** let me choose to submit not order me to, make sense?

**The Author:** interesting!  
So how can they phrase that exactly?

**WhipItGood:** ok to give totally it has to be a choice

**The Author:** By asking things like: "You like to be cared for?"

**WhipItGood:** not that really

**The Author:** Please explain more...  
This is EXACTLY what I want to know/learn from you.

**WhipItGood:** actually have talked to many guys, but there has to be some kind of connection, passion, not sure what word fits here  
i guess same page thing on same plane how ever you want to think about it

**The Author:** What about those who put in their profiles "Collared by MrBigDick" and such.

**WhipItGood:** depends on type you are looking for

**The Author:** Have you ever talked to anyone who had something like that in their profile?

**WhipItGood:** no

**The Author:** Hmm. Me, neither.

I wonder what that means...

**WhipItGood:** wonder what means

the collared thing?

**The Author:** How can you be "collared" with someone online?

I mean I understand d/s totally in real life...

**WhipItGood:** yet i have heard them talk in rooms

**The Author:** Let me tell you a story to illustrate my confusion...ok?

**WhipItGood:** yeah but i think there is much role playing going on here, a lot wouldnt have a clue

ok please do

**The Author:** I love phone sex...

I loved calling those lines that were advertised on late night TV.

**WhipItGood:** its better than cyber

**The Author:** Agreed.

I talked to this one chick a few years back and I'll never forget her...

**WhipItGood:** why?

**The Author:** I remember her better than all the women who REALLY phone-fucked well...

She liked the idea of being "chased."

So I suggested maybe she was in her office...and that I was her boss...and I came after her...grabbed her...something like that...

**WhipItGood:** ok

**The Author:** Then she says: "But I break free from you...and I run away."

So I play along. "I chase you around the office...around your chair..."

She says: "But I run away again."

This went on for a long, long time, if memory serves. And it got to be very funny. Unintentionally funny.

I thought: "What does this running cunt want me to do in this fantasy? Shoot her with a tranquilizer dart?"

**WhipItGood:** lol

**The Author:** Can you sense my frustration?

**WhipItGood:** yes

**The Author:** But hers too.

She couldn't have gotten anything out of that conversation...

She certainly didn't get out of breath...

**WhipItGood:** maybe

**The Author:** And that's the sense of utter confusion I have with cyberdomination.

If you and I became so close, that you "gave" yourself to me...

**WhipItGood:** yes

**The Author:** You put in your profile: "The Author is my only Master." Et cetera...

**WhipItGood:** did you ever notice my old profile?

i had put in, taken

**The Author:** By who?

**WhipItGood:** didnt say who

cant say toooo much kid plays on here too

**The Author:** ok ok

I see...

But the one who you gave yourself too...

It was in real life, right?

**WhipItGood:** you know i was thinking , i have met couples, but from what they said they did visit back and forth

**The Author:** You as well?

**WhipItGood:** yeah -- both worlds actually -- real and aol  
but we didnt start out that way

**The Author:** So the people who are "collared" online, are probably practicing offline?

**WhipItGood:** some are, and some its just role playing

**The Author:** Stupid.

I don't get it.

I just can't wrap my head around it.

**WhipItGood:** you mean totally submerse yourself in the life style

**The Author:** I don't see this much anymore, but I used to see it ALOT: Profiles that said "Collared by MrBigDick...you must seek his permission to IM me."

**WhipItGood:** i know what you mean

**The Author:** I wondered about that one.

That just screams "Send me a fucking virus!"

**WhipItGood:** lmao

**The Author:** You feel the same, huh?

**WhipItGood:** yes i do

**The Author:** So what did your former Master do online...?

**WhipItGood:** pertaining to what?

did we cyber, sometimes



**The Author:** Did he give any "orders" (for lack of a better word)?

**WhipItGood:** yes

**The Author:** While he was away from you?

Like what?

**WhipItGood:** but not in a bad tone and yes

he would tell me to hit my knees

but he didnt start the conversation that way

**The Author:** I hope not!

**WhipItGood:** lol

**The Author:** Would he tell you to do things when he wasn't online/

**WhipItGood:** yes

**The Author:** Like: "Flash someone" "Play with your pussy while...etc etc"

**WhipItGood:** no he was jealous possessive type didnt want me doing anything like that

**The Author:** What then?

**WhipItGood:** well...some things still kinda hurt to remember

**The Author:** I'm sorry.

**WhipItGood:** was more then casual relationship

sometimes i think its the combination of people -  
--does that make sense?

**The Author:** Chemistry?

**WhipItGood:** yes

**The Author:** Even online there's chemistry?

**WhipItGood:** can be

**The Author:** Is there chemistry here?

Or just biology?

lol

**WhipItGood:** both

wanna know something?

**The Author:** Sure.

**WhipItGood:** if we should ever meet i would want to fuck your brains out

**The Author:** Oh my!

So it's not only Chemistry, and Biology...but Physical Education as well!

**WhipItGood:** just being honest

**The Author:** Alright!

**WhipItGood:** lol

at the very least we have friendship

**The Author:** Always!

Funny thing is: we stopped talking very soon after this...

And now, to give an even weirder perspective on dominance and submission, I present a lady I will call **SoftBoiled**, for no particular reason whatsoever.

**The Author:** What an unusual chat room name.

**SoftBoiled:** thanks

**The Author:** "born again submissive"

Wow.

My first thought was that you were being ironic...

I thought it had to be an oxymoron...

**The Author:** Where were you when I was baptized?

**SoftBoiled:** It was something we learned as new Christians but I have never heard it taught anywhere else.

**The Author:** Nor I.

I'm still struggling with the concept, though. Born again Christian...but also a submissive.

I understand being submissive to your husband...the Bible has a lot to say about that...

**The Author:** Are you married?

**SoftBoiled:** i am..but my husband is divorcing me

**The Author:** NO! Why?

**SoftBoiled:** lots of problems..he gave up

**The Author:** Gave up on you? Why?

A gorgeous young Christian sub like you? Too much pressure?

**SoftBoiled:** No..well yes...I guess..I am not a simple person and I have a lot of extra needs...and I guess I was too much of a burden to him.

**The Author:** Extra needs? For example??

**SoftBoiled:** i had brain surgery in 1982....and there are needs i have because of that..cognitive difficulties.

**The Author:** Oh my...

I'm sorry to hear that...

What a shame...

Any physical limitations?

**SoftBoiled:** well i am still very intelligent..and loving..and lots of assets too

**The Author:** I'm sure you get a lot of the same questions...

So if I'm boring you, don't hesitate to tell me....

**SoftBoiled:** i won't

**The Author:** You were submissive to your husband, but now that you're divorcing, who are you sub to?

**SoftBoiled:** the Lord

**The Author:** Ah!

Aren't we all...

**SoftBoiled:** Yes  
but for a woman it is different

**The Author:** How so?

**SoftBoiled:** well Scripture talks about a woman being submissive to her husband...

**The Author:** Yes...quite a bit...

**SoftBoiled:** and she is or if she isn't married...her submission goes back to the Lord

**The Author:** Alone?

**SoftBoiled:** what do you mean?

**The Author:** You submit to Him alone until you are remarried?

**SoftBoiled:** yes

**The Author:** So what do you do when "Nature calls" for lack of a better phrase?

**SoftBoiled:** do what?

**The Author:** When your compulsion for sex becomes overwhelming...  
Your desires...  
Your natural instincts...

**SoftBoiled:** I have the grace of God always...and He will protect me...

**The Author:** Right.  
Of course.  
But that's not what I mean, and I think you understand the question.

**SoftBoiled:** No I don't understand the question.

**The Author:** Do you masturbate?  
Do you engage in cybersex?

**SoftBoiled:** yes

no cyber

**The Author:** Never tried?

**SoftBoiled:** no

**The Author:** Why not?

**SoftBoiled:** It is wrong

**The Author:** How so?

**SoftBoiled:** Scripture says sex is to be between a man and his wife

**The Author:** What is the difference between masturbation and cybersex?

**SoftBoiled:** masturbation is done alone..and cybersex is sharing it with another person

**The Author:** Wouldn't you be alone in your house?

**SoftBoiled:** yes..but there is someone else you are talking to and sharing sex with

**The Author:** True...

But not physically.

**SoftBoiled:** its still wrong..Jesus said if you even think lust in your mind it is the same as doing it

**The Author:** My point would be: then why not do it?

**SoftBoiled:** it is wrong..thats why

**The Author:** Interesting.

Well, I won't take up any more of your time. It was a pleasure.

**SoftBoiled:** Yes it was mine too..Goodnight.

A couple of points: 1) I think the brain damage could have been guessed by me after a certain point; 2) I think we all know why her husband left her; and finally, 3) you know they say there's somebody out there for everybody? Not for this lady. Well, okay, maybe one guy, but he died 2,000 years ago.

**the author asks cybersex-addicts:  
“what’s in your MP3 player?”**

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- **“I Touch Myself”** by the Divinyls
- **“Come Together”** by the Beatles
- **“Come Softly”** by The Fleetwoods
- **“Sometimes A Fantasy (Is All You Need)”** by Billy Joel
- **“The Crying Game”** by Boy George
- **“Strangers In The Night”** by Frank Sinatra
- **“Part-Time Lover”** by Stevie Wonder
- **“In The Midnight Hour”** by Wilson Pickett
- **“I Want Your Sex”** by George Michael
- **“Alone Again (Naturally)”** by Gilbert Sullivan
- **“Don’t Come Around Here No More”** by Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
- **“In My Room”** by The Beach Boys
- **“Addicted To Love”** by Robert Palmer
- **“Love Or Let Me Be Lonely”** by Friends Of Distinction
- **“Come On Eileen”** by Dexie & The Midnight Runners
- **“The Stroke”** by Billy Squier

## **PART FIVE**



# **A COMPREHENSIVE STUDY AND EVALUATION OF SEXUALLY EXPLICIT PROSE, IMAGERY, AND VERBAL INTERCOURSE**

**or**

**is that a mouse in your pocket, or are you  
just ready to have cybersex?**

## chapter one: *pretty darn good cybersex*



Now that we've learned a little bit more about the people we're cybering with and how to strike up a conversation with them, it's time to further define and evaluate our cybersexual experiences.

In other words, It's time to find out if you're having fun yet.

**BetweenFloors:** I have had this fantasy lately of being in a stuck elevator. It's crowded and dark and I start feeling hands all over my body.

**The Author:** Go on...  
  
Did you notice how many people were in the elevator?

**BetweenFloors:** It's very crowded...about 8 to 10 people.

**The Author:** What do you look like?  
  
How old?

**BetweenFloors:** 37  
  
5' 3, 112 pounds

**The Author:** And what are you wearing?

**BetweenFloors:** A business jacket with a skirt.  
  
It seems like I'm riding in a lot of elevators lately and I tingle every time I get in.

**The Author:** Ever wear skirt and no panties?

**BetweenFloors:** I went that way to a party once.  
  
I was in a giddy mood.

**The Author:** I bet you felt sexy that night!

**BetweenFloors:** Yes, I did.

**The Author:** Small breasts? Nice tight ass?

**BetweenFloors:** 36C



**The Author:** Whoa!

**BetweenFloors:** And I run about 8 miles a day, so it better be tight.

**The Author:** On a small little thing like you? Where'd those come from?

**BetweenFloors:** They do kind of stand out.  
reddish hair...irish...light skin...nice tan from being out running everyday

**The Author:** And what are you wearing right now?

**BetweenFloors:** a white sports bra and black running shorts  
white socks

**The Author:** You are too sexy! I'd bump you in an elevator any day!

**BetweenFloors:** I'd bump back

**The Author:** Promises promises.  
So, you're in an elevator.

**BetweenFloors:** your behind me

**The Author:** Business suit and skirt.

**BetweenFloors:** ok

**The Author:** The one day you decide to go without panties...

**BetweenFloors:** no panties

**The Author:** Feeling naughty...

**BetweenFloors:** always  
lately anyway

**The Author:** You plan on rubbing your pussy at some point during the ride...

**BetweenFloors:** for real you mean?

**The Author:** You don't even notice how many people are on...or who.  
I wish for real.

Fantasizing right now.

**BetweenFloors:** LOL

I got carried away

**The Author:** Halfway up the building there is a sudden stop...lights flicker, then go out.

A blackout in the building.

No one speaks.

**BetweenFloors:** people scream

**The Author:** Then they panic.

People are bustling around trying to push buttons...

**BetweenFloors:** someone yells to relax

**The Author:** Trying to find the phone...

Someone calms them down.

**BetweenFloors:** I feel a hand on my breast

**The Author:** Tells them the phone is dead. Help is coming.

**BetweenFloors:** I can't see

**The Author:** "Let's try to make the best of this..."

While he speaks your breasts are being touched...

Fondled...

Squeezed.

**BetweenFloors:** I say yes lets just relax

**The Author:** Your nipples are hardening...

Your breath is getting short...

**BetweenFloors:** rubbing them

both breasts be felt

**The Author:** You can feel them poking out of your shirt...

Then you realize they're being fondled by two different people...

**BetweenFloors:** someone is unbuttoning my blouse

**The Author:** A hand goes underneath your bra...

**BetweenFloors:** I feel hands all over me

**The Author:** Cupping your big tits...

**BetweenFloors:** mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Pinching your rock hard nipples...

**BetweenFloors:** I feel a cock rubbing up against my butt  
oh my

**The Author:** You feel someone push your briefcase away from the front of you...

That cock is hardening between your ass cheeks...

**BetweenFloors:** I feel it  
  
its so big  
  
I'm moving my butt

**The Author:** Someone is rubbing your pussy through your skirt, and you lean into that cock behind you...

**BetweenFloors:** my blouse is off

**The Author:** Who are these people? you wonder.

**BetweenFloors:** I'm moaning

**The Author:** If only you had paid attention...

**BetweenFloors:** I can't be it

**The Author:** Someone on their knees in front of you now...

**BetweenFloors:** believe it

**The Author:** Pushing your skirt up your thighs...

**BetweenFloors:** oh yessssssssssssssss

**The Author:** You feel someone press their face against your bare pussy...

Tasting you...

**BetweenFloors:** yessssssssssssssssssssssss

**The Author:** Licking your sweet pussy...

**BetweenFloors:** oh yes

**The Author:** Your hands go down and rest on their head...

**BetweenFloors:** damn

**The Author:** You feel long hair...

It's a woman!

**BetweenFloors:** holding them

It's a woman

oh my

**The Author:** You frind your pussy into her face...

**BetweenFloors:**  
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
mmmm

**The Author:** grind

**BetweenFloors:** I would

taste me

**The Author:** And then you hear someone unzipping...

**BetweenFloors:** ohhhhhhhhhh

**The Author:** The man behind you is taking his enormous cock out...

**BetweenFloors:** yes

**The Author:** It hangs heavy in front of him...

You reach around to touch it...

Stroke it...

Pump it...

**BetweenFloors:** oh god its big

**The Author:** Feeling its warmth...

**BetweenFloors:** I love it

I want it inside me

**The Author:** Feeling it harden and lengthen...

**BetweenFloors:** mmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** More unzipping...

**BetweenFloors:** I'm naked

everyone is playing my body

**The Author:** Your skirt is unzipped and drops to the floor.

**BetweenFloors:** touching me all over

**The Author:** Your blouse is pulled off and your bra soon joins the clothes pile...

**BetweenFloors:** mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Cocks rubbing against your body...

Your hands...

**BetweenFloors:** oh wow

**The Author:** Long, manicured hands rubbing your tits...

**BetweenFloors:** this is my fantasy

**The Author:** Fingering your pussy...

Men and women both wanting you...

**BetweenFloors:** yes

why me?

**The Author:** You want it the most.

**BetweenFloors:** they are all over me

I'm so horny today

**The Author:** They caught you rubbing your pussy on the way up...  
They wanted those tits...  
That hot little ass...

**BetweenFloors:** thank you for helping me with this

**The Author:** No...thank YOU!

**BetweenFloors:** mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
oh wow

**The Author:** Are you rubbing that hot little pussy right now?

**BetweenFloors:** I wish

**The Author:** Are you rubbing those big tits of yours?

**BetweenFloors:** yes

**The Author:** Making your nipples nice and hard?

**BetweenFloors:** thinking your hands are on me

**The Author:** Pinch them for me.

**BetweenFloors:** mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Rub your pussy through your shorts...

**BetweenFloors:** you have got to be on my buddy list

**The Author:** ;-)

**BetweenFloors:** where have you been all my aol life?

**The Author:** Honing my writing skills.  
LOL

**BetweenFloors:** yesssssssss I can see that  
I'm going to take a quick shower

**The Author:** Okay.

**BetweenFloors:** you have me all sweaty here

**The Author:** I may be off by then...



**The Author:** I'm thinking maybe you decided its been too long since you've been fucked...

And so on a whim you dress up...

**HeyBigSpender:** ok

maybe

**The Author:** You go downtown and find a corner...

What are you wearing?

**HeyBigSpender:** short red leather skirt no undies and a tight blk tube top no bra

help me fulfill my fantasy please

**The Author:** I pull up to the curb.

I open my door.

To let you step in.

**HeyBigSpender:** Hi, honey. Lookin' for some fun?

**The Author:** I am NOW.

Hop in.

I wasn't looking for a date...but you're gorgeous!

**HeyBigSpender:** well thank you hun

so what did you have in mind

**The Author:** I like that outfit...

I like the black tube top...

How much to suck my cock and let me cum all over you?

**HeyBigSpender:** \$100 dollars

trying to shoot high

**The Author:** All I got is \$20.

**HeyBigSpender:** well ok I guess thats enough

you got some place to take me



**The Author:** This alley right over here...

**HeyBigSpender:** well ok

**The Author:** Nice tits...beautiful on such a tall girl like yourself...  
Show them to me.

**HeyBigSpender:** why thank you  
ok hun why don't you unzipp those pants  
and where did you want to cum

**The Author:** All over you...  
I unzip...  
"Suck that cock, whore."

**HeyBigSpender:** oh yes sir bending over taking it in my mouth

**The Author:** "You got a nice warm mouth, slut."  
"You really know how to suck a cock good...now take it in DEEP."  
I hold my hands on the back of your head and force it down.

**HeyBigSpender:** bobbing my head up and down taking it all in deep throating it  
choking a little  
trying to pull myself up

**The Author:** "Take a deep breath, whore."  
I push you back down...feeling my cock slide deep into your throat...  
As you struggle I reach down and fondle your tits...  
Then reach over your back and lift your skirt up...  
Slapping your ass...  
Fingering your pussy...

**HeyBigSpender:** hey wait a minute trying to get up

**The Author:** "Keep sucking, bitch!"

**HeyBigSpender:** still trying to pull away tryng to tell you  
THATS EXTRA ASSHOLE!!!!!!!  
as I try to get away

**The Author:** I lock the doors.  
"Where you going, bitch?"  
I lower the seats and turn you on your stomach...

**HeyBigSpender:** let me go

**The Author:** I move on top of you.  
You feel me guiding my cock into your pussy...  
Raping you.

**HeyBigSpender:** trying to figght you offfff  
screaming now  
HELPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP

**The Author:** Pushing into you...  
This game of yours getting wildly out of control...

**HeyBigSpender:** no I like this

**The Author:** And so do I...  
Your pussy is so tight...  
That ass is so perfect and round...  
I slap it...HARD...  
Fucking that tight whore cunt...

**HeyBigSpender:** ooooooooooooooooooooo

**The Author:** Raping you...  
Pounding that ass and cunt harder...  
...and harder...

FASTER

DEEPER...

Reaching underneath to cup your tits...

**HeyBigSpender:** oooooooooooooo god please stoppppppppp

**The Author:** "Slut!"

**HeyBigSpender:** wrapping my legs around you but begging you to stop

**The Author:** "You're gonna earn that \$20 bucks!"

"I'm gonna fuck that tight ass now..."

**HeyBigSpender:** my body starting to quake a little

please stop I'm gonna cum

**The Author:** "Cum, you slut."

"Cum on my cock..."

"CUM HARD so I can fuck your ass!"

**HeyBigSpender:** oooooooooogoddddddd  
cummmmmnnnnnnngggggggg

**The Author:** Slut.

Whore.

Cum for me.

**HeyBigSpender:** oooooooooo shittttttttt cummmmmmmnnnnngggggg

**The Author:** Bitch...

**HeyBigSpender:** pushing you off of me and roleing you over I get between your legs

now I want your cum in my mouth

**The Author:** "Suck my cock, bitch. Taste yourself there."

**HeyBigSpender:** sucking you deep taking it all in

**The Author:** Rubbing my cock against your tits...

Between your tits while you suck...

**HeyBigSpender:** cum on my whore face

**The Author:** Tit-tucking my whore.

**HeyBigSpender:** cover my face in cum

**The Author:** "Open wide, slut"  
I pull out of your mouth...  
Jacking off over your open mouth...  
CUMMING  
HARD  
SHOOTING  
ALL  
OVER  
YOUR  
FACE!

**HeyBigSpender:** aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh catching every drop

**The Author:** "Lick it up, slut."  
"Clean that cock for me."

**HeyBigSpender:** whying my face and chest off I ask  
so was I worth the \$20

**The Author:** I reach into my pocket and pull out another \$20.  
"Does that answer your question?"

**HeyBigSpender:** thank you sir

Alright, I think you're beginning to see what you should demand from your cybersex partners. But I can see that you're still wondering why I classified this as "pretty darn good cybersex."

"What," I hear you asking, "does it take to become PERFECT cybersex?"

Well, come along with me to the next chapter and I'll show you.

And, for cryin' out loud, pull your pants up.

## chapter two: *perfect cybersex*



These are examples of PERFECT CYBERSEX: no computer failures; no sudden drop-offs or lame excuses about why they had to leave in a hurry; an equal exchange of ideas; quick-paced story; no time wasted flirting; and no weird elements like foot worship to get in the way of one's enjoyment.

They gave me a fantasy. We talked about it. They contributed equally. She thanked me and said goodbye properly.

*PERFECT!*

They are all absolutely unedited with no comments. Enjoy.

### *a slurpee and a big gulp*

**SmallSlurpee:** My fantasy is sucking off a stranger in a car while my husband waits for me inside and he doesn't find out.

**The Author:** Oh dammit! That's a good one!

**SmallSlurpee:** mmmmm

**The Author:** How long have you been married?

**SmallSlurpee:** way too long 15 yrs

**The Author:** How old are you? What do you look like? Do you have a pic online?

**SmallSlurpee:** 42 good no

**The Author:** Are you mad at your husband when you do it? Or just very turned on by the stranger?

What I'm picturing is maybe you and your husband being on a long car trip together. For most of the trip you've been driving beside a diesel truck with a young good-looking man driving...

**SmallSlurpee:** looking at my long legs and catching a glimpse of my panties

**The Author:** He's been checking you out the whole time. You've caught him a few times. Your husband isn't talking to you much, so you turn more to the window...

**SmallSlurpee:** should I show him more

**The Author:** Pulling your skirt up a little bit...Unbuttoning your blouse...

**SmallSlurpee:** panties wet

**The Author:** Teasing him...

**SmallSlurpee:** nipples hard dear we should stop for gas

**The Author:** Your husband pulls into a truck stop to go to the restroom and for gas...He leaves you just as the big diesel pulls up into the parking lot...

**SmallSlurpee:** I open my door

**The Author:** And he steps out of his truck...

**SmallSlurpee:** spreading my legs

**The Author:** Walks up to your open door just as you put your legs out to stand. Wearing a short skirt?

**SmallSlurpee:** yes pussy wet

**The Author:** Show him. Don't even say a word to him. He doesn't want to TALK to you. He just wants to use you...

**SmallSlurpee:** open my legs and reach down and pull the panties aside reach out and touch his hard dick

**The Author:** Without a word he steps in close to you. It's getting dark outside, and his truck obstructs your husband's view.

**SmallSlurpee:** pull down his zipper ohhhhhh take it in my mouth mmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Pull down his zipper...Pull that thick hard cock out...Take in your mouth...

**SmallSlurpee:** big cock mmmmm

**The Author:** Your warm wet mouth...

**SmallSlurpee:** please come

**The Author:** Fingering your pussy as you suck it...So hard...so thick...

**SmallSlurpee:** ohhhhhh ohhhhhh please

**The Author:** You can't force enough of it in your mouth...

**SmallSlurpee:** mmmmm big dick

**The Author:** You want him to come in your mouth, don't you?

**SmallSlurpee:** yesss damn it

**The Author:** Your husband is coming now. The trucker explodes in your mouth...The suck and swallow the cum...all of it...The trucker pulls out of your mouth...A string of cum drops down your chin...The trucker zips up and hops into his truck as your husband steps back into the car...You push your skirt back into place quickly..."Honey, what's that around your mouth?" he asks.

**SmallSlurpee:** just give him a big kiss mmmmm

Yes, baby. Thanks for the...you know.

**The Author:** No problem.

### ***the fine librarian***

**The Author:** Does your husband go with you?

**HeadLibrarian:** what is your bookstore fantasy

**The Author:** I used to go to alot of bookstores growing up in Vegas...

I went before it was legal for me to be there.

I used to fantasize about an older woman seducing me there.

**HeadLibrarian:** most women in bookstores don't want t obe there...they are usually forced to be there

**The Author:** Ever been to Vegas? LOL

Is that your fantasy? That you're being forced to go?

**HeadLibrarian:** yes...to have ot let men touch me...

**The Author:** Husband watching?

**HeadLibrarian:** if he is...its because he is forced to watch too...perhaps a gambling debt

**The Author:** Interesting.  
Describe yourself?

**HeadLibrarian:** 5'4 115 30

**The Author:** Interesting fantasy...  
Have you been to a bookstore?

**HeadLibrarian:** do you share it  
no...ive seen it in movies and such

**The Author:** You sound very curious, though...

**HeadLibrarian:** yes I am

**The Author:** Maybe you should sneak into one during your lunch.

**HeadLibrarian:** id be afraid to be seen

**The Author:** What do you wear to work?

**HeadLibrarian:** skirts...dresses...slacks...depends

**The Author:** Today...

**HeadLibrarian:** skirt and blouse

**The Author:** Would have been a perfect outfit to wear.  
Finally giving into curiosity...parking behind the adult bookstore...rushing in before you're seen.  
You start looking at all the videos...the books...the magazines...

**HeadLibrarian:** walking in...looking around...so afraid someone knws me

**The Author:** You feel eyes on you...  
You look up sheepishly and see that every man in the place is looking at you.



You must be very good-looking...

**HeadLibrarian:** that would be soooo embarassing

**The Author:** You see a section in the back...a video viewing area...

It's dark, though...so you head in there.

**HeadLibrarian:** making sure no one sees...

**The Author:** You squint and eventually find your way to what looks like a movie theater...seats laid out the same way.

**HeadLibrarian:** I walk in

**The Author:** It's dark.

They must be between films...

**HeadLibrarian:** pitch black

**The Author:** You sit down and decide to wait for the next one.

**HeadLibrarian:** yes

**The Author:** You can hear feet shuffling...

Someone sits next to you.

**HeadLibrarian:** men wlaking in...sitting...all around

**The Author:** You bring your arms in close to you.

And then the other seat is taken.

**HeadLibrarian:** feel uncomfortable...

**The Author:** You hear something else now...

Someone unzipping their pants.

**HeadLibrarian:** oh my god

**The Author:** More unzipping.

**HeadLibrarian:** men are so disgusting.....

**The Author:** You can feel their hands moving. Their arms shaking. Rhythmically...

They're jacking off beside you...

**HeadLibrarian:** I look straight ahead...

**The Author:** "When is the movie going to start?" you wonder.

**HeadLibrarian:** very nervous

**The Author:** You find yourself listening hard now...  
Listening as their cocks become slick with precum...  
A slight smacking sound...  
You squeeze your legs together just a bit...  
You suddenly realize it's turning you on to know they're stroking their cocks...

**HeadLibrarian:** sitting in a dark theater...men all around...I shouldnt have come here

**The Author:** Suddenly, a hand falls on yours...  
The man to your right grabs your hand and forces it between his legs.  
He wraps your small hand around his enormous cock...

**HeadLibrarian:** my hand is trembling...tyriong to take it back

**The Author:** You have no idea what to do now...you can't run...YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE!

**HeadLibrarian:** vulnerable...helpless

**The Author:** You figure maybe you can at least get this over with quick...you start to jack him off.  
What are you feeling now?

**HeadLibrarian:** id be so ashamed...so afraid...

**The Author:** You start to pump faster...you can hear him moan.  
Then your other hand is grabbed...  
The man on the left forces your hand on his cock...

**HeadLibrarian:** he feels my hand shake so bad

**The Author:** You try to get up but you realize there is a man standing in front of you, his back to the screen and facing you.

**HeadLibrarian:** oh god

**The Author:** You hear a third zipper...

The man in front of you is taking his cock out...

AND YOU'RE ALL OUT OF HANDS!

**HeadLibrarian:** nooooooooooooo

**The Author:** He takes a step closer to you...

**HeadLibrarian:** no stay away...please. nooooo

**The Author:** You start to object, but that only helps him find your mouth...

You feel his hand wrap around your head, the other forcing his cock into your warm, wet mouth...

**HeadLibrarian:** I pull my face away. no no I wont...

**The Author:** Two hands hold your face still...

You fight...

Struggle...

Two hands come from behind now...

They slide easily down your blouse, cupping your breasts...

**HeadLibrarian:** struggling...no no...trying to get up

**The Author:** You're trapped...

**HeadLibrarian:** held still by at least 4 men.....

**The Author:** Your blouse buttons pop open...

Rough hands squeeze your tits...

What's your body type?

**HeadLibrarian:** I try to scream...a hand goes across my mouth...losing track of all the men...

petite...32b-24-33

- The Author:** Can you feel a hand sliding up your skirt?  
Forcing your legs apart...and your skirt up...
- HeadLibrarian:** oh my god...kicking. screaming into the hand.....
- The Author:** Someone is trying to lick your pussy!
- HeadLibrarian:** squirming...trying to get away...held still...
- The Author:** Let him eat your cunt...  
Let him eat your sweet little pussy while you jack those men off...
- HeadLibrarian:** no no no please no...I'm not that kind of woman
- The Author:** You don't want them to hurt you...  
Or do you?
- HeadLibrarian:** nnnoooo  
I open my legs...give him access...so ashamed...is that how you want me to feel
- The Author:** That's the way you like it, isn't it?  
Forced to be their fuck toy...
- HeadLibrarian:** forced...so ashamed
- The Author:** Letting these strange men have their way with you...  
Humiliated!
- HeadLibrarian:** totally
- The Author:** Open your mouth and take that big cock inside...
- HeadLibrarian:** helpless...
- The Author:** Opening wide...  
You take the head of that huge, dirty cock inside your sweet mouth...  
Hoping he doesn't cum on your work outfit...

Suck him...

**HeadLibrarian:** how could I go back to work

**The Author:** Jack those other cocks off...

Feel other hands pinching your sweet little tits...

**HeadLibrarian:** so many cocks...

**The Author:** Your blouse completely open and your skirt around your waist...

**HeadLibrarian:** panties at my knees...

**The Author:** Fingers and a tongue deep inside your wet pussy...

You feel yourself being pulled up now...

You are forced over the seat in front of you...

You feel a hard cock between your ass cheeks...

**HeadLibrarian:** oh my god.....

**The Author:** He guides his swollen cock into your tight little pussy...

This is where your curiosity has led you...gang-raped in a porno theater.

He pushes into you...

Ramming his cock into you...

**HeadLibrarian:** working mom...raped.....

**The Author:** You shriek!

(A mom, too? Oh, you poor thing!)

**HeadLibrarian:** innocent wife...sweet...

**The Author:** How old are the kids?

**HeadLibrarian:** 4 and 10 months

**The Author:** And here their poor mother is getting gang fucked in a dirty theater...

**HeadLibrarian:** cum all over me...

**The Author:** Your ass is being pouded as he fucks your tight cunt...

**HeadLibrarian:** I have to go...look for me...we can play again...

**The Author:** One more minute?

**HeadLibrarian:** k

**The Author:** I want them to cum on you...

I want the ones jacking off to cum on your thighs...

**HeadLibrarian:** tell me how they cum on an innocent wife and mom...during work...

**The Author:** I want the man fucking your pussy to pull out and cum all over your sweet working mother ass...

Turning an innocent soccer mom into a fucking whore during her lunch hour...

**HeadLibrarian:** mmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** He jacks off over your ass...

Wiping his dirty cock on your skirt...

**HeadLibrarian:** degrading me

**The Author:** A man in front of you forces his cock into your mouth...

Just as he starts to squirt...

Cum fills your mouth!

**HeadLibrarian:** sooo humiliating

**The Author:** Drooling cum from your mouth you straighten yourself up.

And the lights come on in the theater finally.

You can't move.

**HeadLibrarian:** oh god...

**The Author:** You are looking directly into the eyes of your coworkers...

**HeadLibrarian:** OH GOD

**The Author:** The men from your office must have followed you in...

**HeadLibrarian:** that would be a nightmare

blackmail...oh the possibilities...look for me again, okay?

***the head nurse will see you now***

**LetsGetPhysical:** my fantasy is going into exam room and examining a young man having him get hard and take me on the table

**The Author:** Interesting!

Tell me more about yourself.

Are you a health professional?

**LetsGetPhysical:** 29 yes iam

**The Author:** Tell me more!

**LetsGetPhysical:** about me?...I am 5'5 dark red hair, green eyes, athletic

what else would you like to know?

**The Author:** What do you do for a living?

**LetsGetPhysical:** physician assistant, sports medicine  
and orthoedics

**The Author:** Oooh! Good field!

Growing.

**LetsGetPhysical:** yes I love it

**The Author:** So am I!

LOL

So how old is the young man in the examination room?

**LetsGetPhysical:** early 20's

**The Author:** Oh. I was thinking he would be a high school sports star, or something.

**LetsGetPhysical:** no college sports star.....close

**The Author:** Black basketball star?

White quarterback?

**LetsGetPhysical:** white quarterback.....love football

or baseball player

**The Author:** You walk into the examination room...

Lab coat buttoned to the top.

You see that he is sitting on the exam table completely clothed.

**LetsGetPhysical:** no, lab coat open, in a skirt and sweater

**The Author:** "Didn't the nurse tell you to strip?" you ask.

"Oh. Sorry."

**LetsGetPhysical:** he is in a pair of shorts

**The Author:** He stands up.

He kicks off his shoes...

**LetsGetPhysical:** I have to do muscle testing, he is very nicely built

**The Author:** Unbuttons his shorts...

He pulls off his tight t-shirt.

**LetsGetPhysical:** very nice

**The Author:** "Thanks. I work out alot."

"Strip all the way?"

**LetsGetPhysical:** you can leave your shorts on

**The Author:** "My briefs you mean?"

**LetsGetPhysical:** yes

I check muscle strength and reflexes



**The Author:** He drops his tight shorts...  
He stands in his briefs and socks...  
You try not to stare at his thick muscular chest...

**LetsGetPhysical:** and I am trying not to stare

**The Author:** His thick muscular legs...  
His thickening bulge.

**LetsGetPhysical:** I look into his eyes, listen to his chest  
trying to catch my own breath

**The Author:** You lean in, though you don't have to...

**LetsGetPhysical:** yes

**The Author:** The cold stethoscope against his nipple...  
You watch it harden to a small point...  
You catch yourself licking your lips...

**LetsGetPhysical:** yes

**The Author:** You want to suck his nipples, don't you?

**LetsGetPhysical:** I want to rub his back  
feel his arms around me

**The Author:** Walk around him...  
Run your hands over his back muscles...  
Step in very close to him...  
Your sweater brushing against his skin...  
(What do you look like?)

**LetsGetPhysical:** does this hurt?  
5'5 dark red curly hair, green eyes  
athletic

I ask him to stand up he has to stand feet together arms out at your sides and close your eyes and keep them closed

and now I get to stare at his beautiful body

**The Author:** "No. It doesn't hurt at all. Just the opposite."  
(Measurements?)

**LetsGetPhysical:** 38D...30 waist, 33 hips

**The Author:** He follows your instructions.  
"What test is this?" he asks.

**LetsGetPhysical:** it checks brain function and balance  
and last is a hernia check  
as I get my gloves

**The Author:** "Is this going to hurt?"

**LetsGetPhysical:** no it won't

**The Author:** You get on your knees before him. Not touching him. You bring your face very very close to his groin...

You're so close he can feel your warm breath on his briefs...on his cock...

He starts to respond...you watch as his cock grows in length and thickness...watching it fill his briefs...

**LetsGetPhysical:** very nice

**The Author:** Watching as it starts to point toward you and your warm mouth...

You reach up...

Running your hands over the outside of his muscled legs...

Running them up to the waistband of his briefs...

You tug at them...

Pulling them slowly slowly downward...

Very slowly revealing his massive cock...

**LetsGetPhysical:** yes and reach in and check his testicles and  
then oh my

**The Author:** Touch him now.

Feel the heat against your skin...

**LetsGetPhysical:** trying not to caress...trying to be professional

**The Author:** Take his cock into your hands...

You want desperately to pump it with your two hands...

To suck the swollen head into your mouth...

To suck this Adonais' cock.

**LetsGetPhysical:** I want desperately to put it in my mouth

**The Author:** His eyes are still closed...

Push the head toward your open mouth...

**LetsGetPhysical:** no they are open now

**The Author:** Open your mouth wide for him...

**LetsGetPhysical:** I can't make the first move it is unprofessional

**The Author:** As he looks down at you, you look up and lock eyes...

He puts his hands down on your head...

He thrusts forward...pushing his fat cock into your mouth...

**LetsGetPhysical:** oh yes

fells so good

but I should stop.....someone might walk in

**The Author:** Sliding it in and out of your mouth...

Taking it deeper and deeper...

The taste of his precum...

The warmth of his dick in your mouth...

You reach behind him and grab his ass cheeks with both hands...

Forcing him deeper and deeper into your mouth...

Suck his cock. Suck it.

**LetsGetPhysical:** mmhmm and he puts his hands around my head to push him in deeper

**The Author:** You start to spread your legs open...

"Show me your pussy," he says.

He grabs handfuls of your hair and holds it tight in his fist. He tugs at it...

"I said, 'Show me your pussy, slut!'"

You push your skirt up around your waist...

Up past your stockings...

Showing him you're not wearing panties...

**LetsGetPhysical:** I have on thigh highs

**The Author:** You reach down with one hand and rub your pussy with your palm...

Sucking his cock...pumping it into your mouth with your other hand...

**LetsGetPhysical:** mmmm yes

**The Author:** He bends over...

Reaches down and grabs your sweater...

He pulls it up over your head and arms...

**The Author:** No bra?

**LetsGetPhysical:** no bra

**The Author:** Rub his cock between your tits...

Look into his eyes...

See the lust in his heart...

He lifts you to your feet...

He lifts your leg up and you wrap it around his waist...

He picks you up...guiding his cock into your warm, wet pussy...

**LetsGetPhysical:** mmm yes

**The Author:** You wrap your other leg around his muscled body...

Running your hands through his hair...

Arching your back...

**LetsGetPhysical:** yes feeling his cock inside me

**The Author:** Rubbing your nipples across his mouth...

Feeling him suck and fuck you...

His hands on your ass...

Pounding you into his cock...

FUCK HIM.

RIDE HIS COCK.

**LetsGetPhysical:** On top of him on the table now, riding him feeling every inch inside me

in and out building speed

deeper each time

feeling him go in deeper

getting close to cumming on his hard cock

**The Author:** Cum.

Cum all over his cock...

He can feel you dripping already...

**LetsGetPhysical:** trying to hold in my screams as not to get caught my breasts in his face

**The Author:** Bite into his shoulder...

**LetsGetPhysical:** cumming all ovrr him now

**The Author:** Good girl...

Feel him shoot his cum inside you...

**LetsGetPhysical:** mmmmmm yes baby

**The Author:** Deep inside your tight little pussy...

**LetsGetPhysical:** feelsss sooooo good

**The Author:** I bet...

Your pussy wrapped so tight around his cock...

**LetsGetPhysical:** yes it does, you should try it

**The Author:** Mm. Wet?

**LetsGetPhysical:** dripping

**The Author:** good

Bye!

I know. Pretty hot stuff. Thank you, it's a skill. But one you can learn, too!

But I can see a question now in your eyes (and I'm not even going to look at what's in your hands). "What," you ask, "can you do to make this perfect cybersex *even more perfect?*"

Good question. Listen and learn...

### ***caller, you say WHAT?!***

**HelloKitty:** I have this fantasy where a rich older man takes control of me sexually and uses me for his pleasure, his whore, showing me off to his friends making me do shows with other women and multiple men

**The Author:** Does he make money off you? pimping you out?

**HelloKitty:** yes, to the other wealthy men, he owns me and rents me out

**The Author:** Pimps you out to his OLD rich friends.

His old friends with their OLD wives...

**HelloKitty:** he prefers to watch all of my activities so they must come to a suite he has where two way mirrors tape everything

**The Author:** Makes you work his parties...

**HelloKitty:** yesssssssssssss, pleaseeeeeeeeeeee

**The Author:** Walking around the room offering to suck cock and pussy...

What do you look like, whore?

**HelloKitty:** in a little outfit

the older women laugh as they stick their fingers inside my pussy.....which is always soaking wet

**The Author:** What are you wearing to the party, cunt?

**HelloKitty:** a little ceasar's palace toga outfit tonite, my breasts almost completely exposed, the skirt barely covering my ass cheeks

**The Author:** What are you wearing to the party?

**The Author:** And how big are those tits, you cocksucking whore?

**HelloKitty:** 34d

nipples are so hard sir

**The Author:** Do you have a pic of those beauties, slut?

**HelloKitty:** sir, I do have one of me naked but I cut my head off so that it could not go on the net

**The Author:** Send it now.

**HelloKitty:** YES SIR

**The Author:** And how old are you. my little whore?

Answer me, cunt.

**HelloKitty:** I am 26

**The Author:** I'm havin an elegant cocktail party in my penthouse.

**HelloKitty:** I have a college degree sir and am capable of carrying on great conversation but I want to be owned and used

**The Author:** My business associates and friends and their wives are all in attendance. They wear tuxedos and elegant evening wear.

**HelloKitty:** I am to go into the party dressed in my little greek costume

understanding that I am to offer myself to them all

**The Author:** I announce that I have a special surprise for them. I open the door, and you walk out in a toga. You look like a Caesars Palace cocktail waitress.

**HelloKitty:** their will be an auction and then all will watch the show

**The Author:** You give a small curtsy.

**HelloKitty:** but no underwear

**The Author:** But I need you to give them a sample...

Something to get the bidding in the high numbers I'm expecting.

**HelloKitty:** they may finger me

or tweak my nipples

**The Author:** You walk around the room as they all gather in their little circles and cliques...

You walk up to an older woman and bow. She looks you over like you were a piece of meat.

She runs her old, withered hands over your breasts...

Then under the toga and fingers your pussy...

She pulls her finger out of you and then into her champagne glass...then licks it.

**HelloKitty:** oh god

yesssss



**The Author:** Her husband stands next to her...he paws at your  
ass...

**HelloKitty:** they want my young meat

**The Author:** She tells you to unzip him.

**HelloKitty:** yes ma'am

**The Author:** You drop to your knees and obey.  
You reach up and unzip slowly, carefully.

**HelloKitty:** SIR?

**The Author:** Yes, cunt?

**HelloKitty:** before the bidding?

**The Author:** Yes?  
Speak, bitch!

**HelloKitty:** do you want my mouth on him?  
I look for you in the room  
panicked

**The Author:** Of course!

**HelloKitty:** oh my god

**The Author:** These are my most valued clients.

**HelloKitty:** have they all taken viagra cocktails?

**The Author:** My property is their property!

**HelloKitty:** yes sir

**The Author:** I stand behind you.  
Prompting you.

**HelloKitty:** hmmmmmmmm, instruct me sir

**The Author:** "Go on, slut! Suck his fat cock!"

**HelloKitty:** I reach for his cock, just as it gets really huge  
and I look up and see him smiling and I know I  
can do this

I want it

I want his old cock in my little mouth

I suck it and lick it

**The Author:** "Pump it, you little bitch!" his wife shrieks!

**HelloKitty:** like I will die without it

**The Author:** "Fuck him with your face!"

**HelloKitty:** and just when I feel him starting to really pump,  
I let go

and smile

promising him so much more if his bid is the  
largest

**The Author:** "Cockteasing whore!" his wife says.

**HelloKitty:** (you treat me with a great deal of elegance and  
class)

as do the other guests

**The Author:** "Let's see how well you do with pussy!"

**HelloKitty:** I am a whore, use me

**The Author:** (I see)

**HelloKitty:** you chuckle to yourself

**The Author:** "Lift her dress," I tell you.

**HelloKitty:** you know this old matron is in for a real treat

because I am perverse and I love old pussy

**The Author:** "Kiss her pussy now."

"But just a little kiss!"

**HelloKitty:** I hesitate just to tease her...

**The Author:** "This is no crack whore!" I admonish the old  
matron. "This is the finest pussy in town!"

**HelloKitty:** but my hands reach up to spread her old lips and  
I start to lick and gobble until her husband must  
old her up to keep her from falling

**The Author:** "That's enough. Not too much now!"

"You must leave them wanting more!"

I take your hand and lead you to the next group  
of guests.

**HelloKitty:** they know I am capable of acting like a crack  
whore but speaking to them about the state of  
wall street in the next minute

you have discovered that I love old cunt and cock  
and you are slowly letting the guests realize this

**The Author:** The next guests are seated around my dining  
room table.

**HelloKitty:** I am not an actress or a paid whore

I am here because I love it

I want it

but I am yours

**The Author:** And because I own you.

**HelloKitty:** your slave

**The Author:** Exactly.

Around the table are old executives from my  
firm.

"Under the table."

**HelloKitty:** you can see my eyes glazing over and you know  
I want more cock

yes sir

the men are shocked

**The Author:** "Unzip them. Pull their cocks out, and suck  
them."

**HelloKitty:** yeeeeeeeeessssssssss

**The Author:** "But DON'T let them cum...not yet, anyway!"

**HelloKitty:** I first bend over and show all the men my tight  
ass hole

**The Author:** I slap your ass playfully.

**HelloKitty:** and I work the table, one cock in each hand  
one in my mouth, moving around the table

**The Author:** Slicking their cocks down with your saliva...

**HelloKitty:** they try so many tricks to get me to stay but I  
know my job and I leave them all wanting more

**The Author:** Tasting their precum...

**HelloKitty:** Imagining it is your cock, each time  
Imagining you watching me  
your whore

**The Author:** This is all making your pussy so wet, isn't it?  
My little cockteasing whore...

**HelloKitty:** yes sir, very wet

**The Author:** Lie on top of the table...  
Spread your legs wide open...

**HelloKitty:** I want that whole table of men to outbid  
everyone else threefold  
and take all my holes while you watch  
on the table sir  
my legs open

**The Author:** Let all my guests walk by and smell, finger and  
lick your pussy...

**HelloKitty:** my breasts exposed  
ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

**The Author:** Exactly...

**HelloKitty:** yes sir

they will see it is true arousal

**The Author:** Pull the top of your toga down...

Show them those hard nipples...

**HelloKitty:** ohhhhhhhh god, the women are so good

fingering me

**The Author:** One of the matrons walks past...

**HelloKitty:** I never knew rich old women could be so slutty

**The Author:** She pulls a candle from the centerpiece on the table...

A thick white candle...

**HelloKitty:** hmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** She runs it over your pussy...

She slowly works it into you...

**HelloKitty:** I arch up for it

I cant help it

**The Author:** Fucking you with it...

Moaning...

I look at her and beg her to kiss me

**The Author:** They all laugh and clap with glee...loving the show...

**HelloKitty:** but you stop everything and the bidding begins

**The Author:** "Sit up..."

**HelloKitty:** the lust is so thick, they all want the best little meat ever

yes sir

**The Author:** "I pull the candle from your pussy..."

**HelloKitty:** ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh

**The Author:** You sit on your legs, thighs stillspread...and the bidding begins...

"\$100!"

"\$500!"

**HelloKitty:** I cant help it I touch my cunt lips and lick my pussy sweat off my fingers

**The Author:** "I hear \$500...do I hear more?"

**HelloKitty:** the bidding begins at 10000

**The Author:** "\$1,000!"

The bidding continues...

**HelloKitty:** you have no idea what I am going to do with these men

the bidding is up to 50k

**The Author:** As they watch you taste yourself, it quickly shoots intot eht tens of thousands.

**HelloKitty:** these are very very rich people

**The Author:** They are all in a panic as they watch you reach for the candle...

"\$100,000!"

**HelloKitty:** I push the candle back in and then suck it in my mouth

**The Author:** You bury the candle in your cunt...then your mouth...

**HelloKitty:** I am loving this

I keep looking at the women

I want to suck their cunts

**The Author:** The men at the table stare at each other in turn. Then look up and bid as one.

**HelloKitty:** but the men want me so much more

**The Author:** "\$500,000!"

The women gasp.

**HelloKitty:** I look at the men and say yes

**The Author:** `Gentlemen...ladies...I hear half-a-milion. Is that the final offer?"

"Going once...

...twice...

SOLD!"

**HelloKitty:** hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** their fingers and hands are all over me  
I usher the other guests in another room.

**HelloKitty:** and they reach to pick me up and move me to the table on the small stage

**The Author:** The three winning bidders gather around the table.

You look at me for instructions.

I shake my head no.

**HelloKitty:** (just three)

**The Author:** "The men bought you for the evening."

**HelloKitty:** no what? sir

ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

noooooooooooooooooooo

you have to be with me

**The Author:** "You must do whatever they ask. To whomever they ask you to do it to."

"I will watch."

"I am very proud of you, after all."

**HelloKitty:** it has never occurred to me that you wont be there

**The Author:** "And I don't want my property damaged."

**HelloKitty:** with that I am assured and my wetness flows again

**The Author:** Show them.

**HelloKitty:** the cashiers check is discreetly slipped to you

**The Author:** The men tell you to undress them.  
You walk around to each one in turn...

**HelloKitty:** hmmttttttttttttttttttt

**The Author:** Unbuttoning shirts and jackets...  
Unzipping pants.

**HelloKitty:** they are all in their 70's at least but their cocks are rock hard

**The Author:** When that is complete...it's your turn. Strip for them.

**HelloKitty:** in a very child like manner, I undo ;the top of the small gown and let it drop to the floor  
  
my body is more beautiful than they Imagined with the only adornment a small but strong gold chain around ;my waist

**The Author:** Their cocks harden and elevate further...they are all on Viagra after all...

**HelloKitty:** they bend me over and start inspecting me as if I was a horse they have just purchased  
  
peeking into all my crevices  
  
poking into all my holes  
  
and then one bends down to lick my ass  
  
you know this drives me wild

**The Author:** Feel his wet tongue sliding in and out...

**HelloKitty:** I am on my hands and knees

**The Author:** Tongue fucking you there...

**HelloKitty:** and I open my mouth for a cock  
  
I need it I wI'mper

**The Author:** It is quickly filled...  
  
Hard, well-hung geezers fight to fuck you first...



You feel their withered hands on your tits...squeezing...

They hold your hair and force your mouth on their enormous swollen cocks...

**HelloKitty:** the rest of the guests are trying to control themselves but the men have their cocks out, the sight of my young body surrounded by these old men is too surreal

**The Author:** Old flesh pressed against young...

**HelloKitty:** and I cant get enough

**The Author:** You feel the tongue slide out of your asshole...replaced by a throbbing cock.

**HelloKitty:** I raise up on the padded table so that the oldest can slide under me

**The Author:** He slides his cock between your firm young ass cheeks...

**HelloKitty:** but not before  
my pussy is filled  
so good

**The Author:** so great  
You guide the oldest cock into your tight pussy...

**HelloKitty:** god I start comming for the first of a dozen times  
hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Your pussy lips wrap around his thick dick.

**HelloKitty:** while my ass is getting totally lubed  
and stretched with three fingers that I grind back on

**The Author:** Slowly sit on top of his cock...

**HelloKitty:** hhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Push it deep inside you...moaning...

**HelloKitty:** I almost hear you in my head

I want to jam down on it, but I control myself

**The Author:** Obey my silent commands.

Inching it in...

Until you feel his big balls against your asshole...

The head of the other cock is pressed now against your anus...while the third is fucking your mouth...

**HelloKitty:** oh god

tell me how I look

**The Author:** Let the old men have their way with you...

Let them fuck you...

**HelloKitty:** talk to me

**The Author:** You are a vision...

**HelloKitty:** pleassssssee

**The Author:** A goddess...

**HelloKitty:** tell me

**The Author:** My little slut on the table...

**HelloKitty:** am I a good whore

**The Author:** Your smooth young skin...

Those firm young thighs wrapped around that old man...

**HelloKitty:** is your cock hard watching us?

**The Author:** Rocking up and down on it...

**HelloKitty:** my ass getting reamed

the ass you took first

**The Author:** Another man behind you fucking your ass like an anI'mal.

**HelloKitty:** they keep talking to me

telling me what a good little girl I am

taking all their big cocks at once

**The Author:** Their sweet little girl...

**HelloKitty:** their little baby

**The Author:** You're the same age as their granddaughters...  
And they LOVE it!

**HelloKitty:** they have been told I am 18 and I look it

**The Author:** I am hard myself watching you...

**HelloKitty:** oh yes please master

**The Author:** Watching as that beast in front wraps both hands  
around your hair and fucks your mouth...

**HelloKitty:** they are rough now with me

still calling me their little girl

but using me

harder

like I want it

asking me if I like my ass reamed

**The Author:** They stop referring to you as their sweet little  
girl...

They ask you if you like it rough...

**HelloKitty:** yessssssssssssss

**The Author:** If you like to be fucked like a cheap whore...

**HelloKitty:** I mumble around the cock in my mouth

yessssssssssssssss

oh my god

**The Author:** Having your ass fucked like a common slut...

"Fucking bitch!"

"Fucking whore!"

"Fucking cunt!" they shout.

"Take that cock, you slut!"

**HelloKitty:** tweaking my tits

**The Author:** "Fuck her ass GOOD!"

**HelloKitty:** the women are jamming their vibrators watching this

**The Author:** "Cum in her fucking face!"

**HelloKitty:** they decide to take turns

filling my holes

my ass gaping now

**The Author:** They all watch from the other room...

The old geezer pulls out of your ass...

The one below reaches up and spreads your firm ass cheeks...

Holding them open...

Your asshole open wide!

"Please! Don't cum yet," you shout!

"Please! Please, sirs! Keep fucking me!"

**HelloKitty:** when I take the cock that was in my ass into my mouth the men watching start shooting all over themselves

yessssssssssssssssss

don't let them cum yet

**The Author:** You taste your ass all over his cock...

**HelloKitty:** but they say they can stay hard, is that true?

**The Author:** Sucking it, swallowing the taste!

**HelloKitty:** I love it

**The Author:** Viagra is a wonderful drug.

"I want to paint this whore's face!" the man in front shouts!

**HelloKitty:** have them shoot in my ass, my face, spit down my ass

**The Author:** He pulls out of your mouth...

Pumping his cock in front of you...

His balls bouncing as he jacks off over your sweet young face...

He reaches down with one hand and holds your mouth open...

Cum flies into your mouth...

Filling you with his hot cum...

"Swallow it, cunt!"

**HelloKitty:** talk to me

make me cum

**The Author:** Your asshole wide open...

**HelloKitty:** have them really use

me

invite the other men in

**The Author:** They call their wives in...

Ladies first!

**HelloKitty:** ohhhhhhhhhh I want to so bad

**The Author:** (you finger that clit, but don't you cum yet, slut!)

**HelloKitty:** pleaseeeeeeeeeeeee

**The Author:** (hold it for me, cunt!)

**HelloKitty:** yes sir, really whimpering

**The Author:** You feel yourself being surrounded by the women...

Their gloved hands running over your sweaty used body...



**HelloKitty:** yes sir

**The Author:** Let the old women sit on your face...

**HelloKitty:** only for you do I swallow your golden

**The Author:** Tongue her old pussy...  
You BEG me for my piss, yes!  
Now tongue her asshole!

**HelloKitty:** hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

**The Author:** Fuck her with your mouth...taste her ass...her pussy...

**HelloKitty:** oh god I can taste her and she is cumming

**The Author:** Let her cum into your open mouth...  
She slaps your cunt with her leather-gloved hand...  
"Suck me! Suck my cunt, you cheap whore!"

**HelloKitty:** masster please  
PLEASSSSSSSEEEEEEE  
I WANT TO COME  
DO YOU HAVE A NUMBER?

**The Author:** CUM THEN!

**HelloKitty:** I WANT YOU TO HEAR ME

**The Author:** Yes!

**HelloKitty:** MASTER I NEED THE NUMBER  
NAME?

**The Author:** Don't cum yet!

**HelloKitty:** WHAT???????????????

**HelloKitty:** will you play with me and be my new master?  
making me do whatever you say?

**The Author:**       Hmmm...



### chapter three: *the bonus round*



We are a product of evolution and genetics. We are the **Naked Ape**. Hunter/gatherers. Basically, a bunch of horny monkeys playing with ourselves.

We must look past superficial differences like ethnic background, skin color, and religious beliefs and realize that we are all the same. Everyone of us. Everyone of us with a computer, anyway. We stand united under the AOL banner, holding it high and proud with one hand! The banner, that is.

Of course not everyone with a computer recognizes the full potential of the computer as an expression of basic animal urges. These people are usually computer novices, so new to America Online they still have the AOL disc in their CD-ROM. They can usually be spotted in the **Town Square** chat rooms that even **my** mother wouldn't be caught dead in, timidly asking questions like "what does LOL mean?"

And when you find an individual like this, I want you to tree them like a coon and pump them so full of cum their nose starts to run, okay?

That's what I did with this woman I'll call **DearPrudence** when I found her hiding in a chat room called "**Unusual Desires.**"

**The Author:** Hi there. You have an "unusual desire" to share?

**DearPrudence:** No, just watching.

**The Author:** Learning anything?

**DearPrudence:** Sort of.

**The Author:** Are you new to AOL?

**DearPrudence:** Yes.

**The Author:** Ahhh. So this is all a freak show to you. LOL

**DearPrudence:** Yes.

**The Author:** Shocked yet?

**DearPrudence:** Well, some of the chat room topics did.

**The Author:** Which ones made you curious?

**DearPrudence:** I just enjoy the ones members create.

- The Author:** But that's where all the freaks hang out.
- DearPrudence:** Really.
- The Author:** Have any of the topics captured your imagination? Made you a little curious? Or better yet, horny?
- DearPrudence:** Well, they all sound so lewd.
- The Author:** There is that common element, true.
- DearPrudence:** And no one really talks in them. They just have these wild names. Why doesn't anybody talk, even a little?
- The Author:** It's called "lofting." The analogy being that the members have paired off in Instant Messages, ignored the others in the room, and retired to the "loft" together.
- DearPrudence:** Oh. So they just talk to each other like this? With Instant Messages?
- The Author:** Exactly.
- DearPrudence:** Oh.
- The Author:** I see in your profile that you're married. Does your husband know about your "research?"
- DearPrudence:** No.
- The Author:** Is he asleep now?
- DearPrudence:** Yes. He went to bed early.  
He worked 15 hours today.  
He had to help get all the bandstands and seats down from the church picnic.
- The Author:** Oh. Are you very religious? Born again?
- DearPrudence:** No, he's a very devout Catholic.
- The Author:** And what about you?
- DearPrudence:** I was brought up Southern Baptist.

**The Author:** Very repressed upbringing?

Is that why you're so curious about the sex freaks on AOL?

**He was working**

**The Author:** So what do you look like? How old are you?

**DearPrudence:** Why?

**The Author:** It's a standard question on AOL...

**DearPrudence:** 32 female

**The Author:** Tall, short? Black, white, asian?

**DearPrudence:** 5'5 white.

Is this a job application?

**The Author:** No, but you should probably get used to it. If it annoys you, I'll shut up, but you'll get asked a million times on AOL. Try not to let it get you riled.

**DearPrudence:** It just seems sort of silly. I could just say anything.

**The Author:** Sure. But I would recommend consistency, however you choose to answer.

You'll especially be asked over and over again in chat rooms like these.

**DearPrudence:** But I don't talk in them!

**The Author:** You may want to, though...

**DearPrudence:** No! I could get reported or have my membership cancelled. That would be hard to explain at home.

**The Author:** Oh God, no. Trust me, no one reports anyone out here. Especially in the member rooms.

Geez. How long have you been a member of AOL? An hour?

**DearPrudence:** No, but don't use it too often. I wait until late to log on.

**The Author:** And are you looking for erotic conversation when you do?

**DearPrudence:** I watch and read the things people say in the chat rooms.

**The Author:** Right, I understood that.

But did you want to have some of your own?

**The Author:** Or are you just eavesdropping tonight?

**DearPrudence:** I never talk in the room. I peek!

**The Author:** So why are you up so late?

**DearPrudence:** I couldn't sleep and this is better than TV.

**The Author:** Geez, you ARE new to AOL, aren't you?

**DearPrudence:** What?

**The Author:** Just remarking that if you're still fascinated by the freak show, you must be new to AOL.

**DearPrudence:** Oh. Well, they say a lot of funny things.

I think many are teens.

**The Author:** Not as many as you'd think, really...

**DearPrudence:** Really?

Doesn't matter, though. I just look. It doesn't hurt anyone to look.

Besides, they never talk anyways!

I'm in a chat room about confessing one's secret desires and no one is confessing, or even chatting!

**The Author:** And what do you want to confess?

**DearPrudence:** Me? I haven't done anything.

**The Author:** Certainly not in the course of this conversation...

What are your secret desires? The ones that you have never shared with your husband...

**DearPrudence:** Can the AOL operators read this?

**The Author:** You can say whatever you like...there are no "AOL cops."

Watch, I'll prove it.

**"Excuse me, AOL, but I would like to bone Chelsea Clinton while Hillary watches and Monica Lewinsky licks her ass."**

See? Nothing.

**DearPrudence:** Are you sure they don't report people or look at what you say?

**The Author:** Totally sure. I've had a lot of wild conversations, and I've never run into any "AOL cops."

Besides, you haven't really said anything yet.

**DearPrudence:** Hmm. You better be right about them not being able to see this...

**The Author:** Absolutely right. Watch...

**Fuck the I.R.S.**

See?

**The Author:** So share something about yourself. What are your desires? Sometimes it's easier to tell a complete stranger. Someone who doesn't know you...won't judge you....

**DearPrudence:** Well, what would you do if someone asked you that?

**The Author:** I would answer. But, hey, that's me.

;-)

*This went on for another twenty minutes, by the way. Drawing her out slowly like a new bottle of ketchup for just as little reward. I'll spare you the entire conversation because it would triple this book's length. I eventually convinced her to send me a picture of herself, one that she had sent only to her sister. She wasn't exactly a stunner, but I could see her being the eye candy at the church picnic. Unless, of course, there was another woman present.*

**The Author:** What if I were to tell you I'm jerking off looking at your picture...

**DearPrudence:** Are not!  
Are you?  
You can't even see me much...  
I just don't know what to say when you say those things.

**The Author:** I wish you'd say you're doing the same...

**DearPrudence:** God.

**The Author:** And I don't mean "stroking your cock."

; -)

*Was I really? No. Not really. Not that I'm above a little one-handed typing, it's just that as a writer and complete pervert I find that I'm usually the one carrying the bulk of the conversation. I need both hands. I was just doing my best to provoke Prudence here to lift her nun's habit and shake some of the moths loose.*

**DearPrudence:** We shouldn't say these things.

**The Author:** Say what? You haven't said anything yet.

**DearPrudence:** But I know what you want.

**The Author:** Okay. Not sure why you're resistant, though.

"Cyber Virgin" is an odd title to covet.

Aren't you even curious?

**DearPrudence:** About what?

**The Author:** About what it would be like to be with another man?

To hold another man's cock in your hands...

Pumping it...

Feeling him harden in your hands, then taking the head into your warm, wet mouth...

Spreading your thighs open...pushing your dress up slowly...

Pushing it up around your waist, rubbing your pussy while sucking that thick cock.

Wouldn't that be erotic?

**DearPrudence:** What can I say to all that?

**The Author:** "Mmm. Sounds nice. Yes, I *would* like that..."

**DearPrudence:** That was lewd.

**The Author:** "I would love to be able to have sex with strange men, my husband not knowing...Maybe even under the bandstand he helped put up..."

**DearPrudence:** You want to have sex with strange men?

**The Author:** No...

**DearPrudence:** That's what you just said.

**The Author:** When I was speaking in quotes, that was YOUR voice...  
You see, I was suggesting what you might say back to me...

**DearPrudence:** Oh.  
I would never say that.

**The Author:** Yes, you've made that abundantly clear.

;-)

*I know what you're saying at this point: Give up on Carol Brady wannabe already!*

*In my defense I can only say: THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ON CABLE!*

**DearPrudence:** That would not be a fantasy of mine. That is a man's thoughts.

**The Author:** What would your fantasy be like?

**DearPrudence:** If I was going to cheat, I think I would just go and be really bad.

**The Author:** Go on...

**DearPrudence:** I would probably be like one of those girls on TV.

**The Author:** Who? The Olsen Twins?

**DearPrudence:** No. The ones that do the pole dances at those where they put money in your g-string.

**The Author:** Geez. What channel are you watching?

**DearPrudence:** I went to one of those clubs once.

**The Author:** By yourself?

**DearPrudence:** NO! Three friends and I went. They said I needed to see the world, so I had a drink and just watched.

They had places in the club where I think they go have sex with the men.

**The Author:** And you thought about that, didn't you?

Taking a stranger back there...

**DearPrudence:** God, are you sure no one sees.

I liked thinking that I was being made to have sex.

**The Author:** Oh! You want to be forced?

**DearPrudence:** I know that is stupid.

**The Author:** Forced to fuck against your will? I believe they call that a "rape fantasy." Let me check Kinsey, though, to be sure...

**DearPrudence:** I thought of that stuff.

**The Author:** What do you imagine happening?

**DearPrudence:** Just being forced and treated so bad.

**The Author:** Now we're getting somewhere.

**DearPrudence:** I imagine it different ways in my head.

We had a woman kidnapped here by four men and they kept her for four days...having sex with her. I thought a lot about that. I was even going to go to confession, but just couldn't.

Do you think I'm crazy?

**The Author:** No, just repressed.

**DearPrudence:** They took her to a place by the lake. They probably made her take off her clothes.



**The Author:** Right. So she's standing there...naked...

**DearPrudence:** And show herself to them...

**The Author:** Now the men are all hard...  
Are they all white? Black? Mixed.

**DearPrudence:** Mixed.

**The Author:** They'd probably want a show, don't you think?  
They would want to see her play with her pussy...

**DearPrudence:** But she won't bend over and open her legs for them, so they hit her and throw them on the bed.

**The Author:** Go on...

**DearPrudence:** They say filthy things to her.

**The Author:** Call her a whore...a slut...a cunt...

**DearPrudence:** God  
Yes.

**The Author:** She's being a fucking prick tease, they say. They know she wants it. They know she wants to be their cum whore...

**DearPrudence:** They all get on the bed with her.

**The Author:** Okay...

**DearPrudence:** I imagine the men's hands are everywhere...  
I'm not able to cover myself. I'm being used like a whore and they are doing anything they want to me...forcing me to do it...telling me they will kill me if I don't.

**The Author:** You can feel their hands on your tits...

**DearPrudence:** Just being allowed to be so dirty...

**The Author:** Rubbing your pussy...

**DearPrudence:** They would be all over me.

**The Author:** You feel them lift your hands up to their pants...

**DearPrudence:** So dirty. So mean. So lewd.

**The Author:** "Take them dicks out, you bitch," they say.

**DearPrudence:** God, yes.

**The Author:** "You know you want those dicks inside you..."  
And you do.

**DearPrudence:** I say no, and they slap my bottom.

;-)

*Bottom-slapping bastards!*

*You'll notice she makes a few more feeble attempts at "talking dirty" but fails mostly by turning four-letter words into 8 to 10 letter words. So I try to help her out with her dialogue...*

**The Author:** "Don't hurt me, please!" you say. They slap your ass hard and it stings.

;-)

*See? I'm trying to gently indicate to her that rapists would in fact be more likely prone to ass-slapping. Not that I'm basing it on well-funded research or personal experience, of course.*

*Please keep in mind at all times that you have to learn to separate reality from fantasy. Rape is such a horrific, violent experience that I will say no more about it for fear of bleeding all the humor out of this book. But it cannot be ignored that it exists as a source for fantasy and roleplay on the Internet.*

*If you are of the mindset that any introduction of "taboo" sexual thought is a symptom of a misogynistic, diseased male mind, than I certainly will not attempt to sway you from your beliefs. I have no desire to transform you into a singing pig, as it were. I respect you taking that stance, actually, and fully support your right to espouse those beliefs. In fact, I hope that one day you and I might be able to discuss the matter in more complete detail but, if you'll excuse me, right now I gotta rape this bitch.*

**The Author:** They turn you onto all fours. You look up and see a man standing there...his pants unzipped.

**DearPrudence:** Yes...they hold my legs open.

**The Author:** You feel him circling the head of his cock around your mouth. You try to fight it.

"Suck that dick, bitch, or we'll kill you!"

**DearPrudence:** Oh god...

**The Author:** You feel thick fingers inside your pussy, stretching your tight little cunt wide open.

**DearPrudence:** They pinch my breasts so hard.

**The Author:** You feel a man press his face into your ass...then feel his tongue pushing into your ass...

**DearPrudence:** Oh God, yes.

**The Author:** That cock is sliding into your mouth now...  
He pulls it out. "You like that dick, don't you, bitch?"

**DearPrudence:** Yes...

**The Author:** "You like the taste of that big dick in your mouth! Beg me for my cock!"

**DearPrudence:** I'm afraid I would say yes.

**The Author:** "Say, 'Please, Master.'"

**DearPrudence:** Me?

**The Author:** Your ass is spanked again...HARD! "Say it, bitch!"

**DearPrudence:** God, that is so dirty.

**The Author:** You look at that big beautiful cock...

**DearPrudence:** Please...

**The Author:** Inches from your mouth...

**DearPrudence:** I don't give good oral sex...

**The Author:** "Please, MASTER!" he corrects you...  
Your tongue comes out of your mouth...reaching for the head of his cock...

**DearPrudence:** I would try, but I don't like the taste.

;-)

*Ah, but this one is mentholated!**Jesus. No wonder her husband sleeps alone.*

**The Author:** "Please, Master..." you say finally, almost in a whisper. "Please, Master...give me your big cock!"

**DearPrudence:** The other men would watch me, calling me names.

**The Author:** Pinching your nipples...sucking them...biting them.

**DearPrudence:** Yes.

**The Author:** Licking your ass...

**DearPrudence:** Hurting me.

**The Author:** Spanking you...slapping you...

**DearPrudence:** Yes.

There's no way for me to escape, so it's okay to like it.

**The Author:** Another cock is pushed to your mouth...

**DearPrudence:** Yes!

**The Author:** "Suck that one, bitch!" You can't speak, your mouth is full of cock. And if you could speak, you know you would only say "more!"

**DearPrudence:** God, forgive me yes would touch them and do anything

**The Author:** You're turned on your back again. You see the black man pushing his big cock into your tight white pussy...

**DearPrudence:** want to be so dirty bad

**The Author:** "Spread that pussy wide for me, bitch!"

**DearPrudence:** I would try

God the things I am saying and thinking

**The Author:** You reach down and spread your tight pussy for him...He pushes the thick head to your cunt...

**DearPrudence:** I would do it nasty

I would touch my breasts for them

;-) *Yes, self-examinations are critical for early detection!*

**The Author:** "That's it, cunt!"

**DearPrudence:** or their penis

**The Author:** "Fuck that dick, you nasty white bitch!" "Pinch them titties, you slut!" Your head drapes off the side of the bed...

**DearPrudence:** that is where I have orgasm

**The Author:** Your pussy being pounded by this brute...You cum all over his big cock...

**DearPrudence:** and the other men see

**The Author:** Another cock in your mouth as you moan...They can all see what a slut you are...

**DearPrudence:** oh my god yes

**The Author:** What a dirty little bitch you are.

**DearPrudence:** yes

**DearPrudence:** and wanting them

**The Author:** But he hasn't cum yet...He pulls out...

**DearPrudence:** its wrong but would want them...

**The Author:** Jacks himself off over your tits...You look up and into his eyes...

**DearPrudence:** that is so wild dirty

**The Author:** Your mouth open wide...your tongue out...

**DearPrudence:** YES

**The Author:** "Cum in my mouth!" you scream! You feel his load on your tits...On your face...

**DearPrudence:** I would swallow it even if I choked

**The Author:** In your mouth...Drinking it in...

**DearPrudence:** YES

**The Author:** Then taking more cock into your mouth...Feeling the next man push into your pussy...

**DearPrudence:** and the other men feel me and touch me and be so rude

**The Author:** Raping your tight little bush...They make you lick them...Suck them...Fuck them.

**DearPrudence:** oh god yes

**The Author:** Make you swallow their cum...Make you lick their ass...

**DearPrudence:** that is where I get crazy

**The Author:** Get crazy and do what?

**DearPrudence:** to want to kiss their bottoms and be so completely filthy

;-) *Bottom-kissing bitch!*

**The Author:** They bend over and make you lick their assholes, don't they? You're their slave. Their slut.

**DearPrudence:** GOD that is so good bad

I had my fingers inside me while you were talking

I have to go now and clean myself

**The Author:** And you might want to wipe off the keyboard, too, while you're at it.

Oh sure, it's possible that this lady was full of shit and leading me the whole time. But what if she wasn't? What if she was a good Christian woman who I turned to the dark side with my relentless pursuit of new cybersluts? Yes sir...those are the moments worth savoring.

Yes, my friends, now it's Miller time!

## **10 warning signs the cybersex is getting out of hand (so to speak)**

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- Your leg muscles have atrophied to the point that your family builds a wheelchair ramp for your office task chair.
- Your children no longer recognize you from the front.
- You have over 100 people on your Buddy List, but don't know any of their real names.
- You've been elected mayor of your online community.
- You're alerted to the presence of one of your online buddies, but you can't remember a thing about them, or why you might have added them to your list.
- You're actually using all seven of the screen names allotted by America Online, but live alone.
- You find yourself about to log off to get some sleep before work, but realize it's *so* late you're not going to get much rest, so you consider just staying online. And this is, like, a seriously tough decision for you.
- You can't remember the last time someone else touched your private parts.
- You have over 100 online buddies, and zero offline.
- By God, you really are typing with one hand.

## **PART SIX**



# **ALTERNATIVE RESOURCES FOR INTERNET ENTERTAINMENT**

**or**

**alright, i'm bored with AOL...now what?**



## chapter one: MSN

### *they don't call it microsoft for nothin'*



Now let's test the other popular Internet Service Providers. Let's start with America Online's biggest competitor: MSN, the Microsoft Network.

The first thing I notice about using MSN as my ISP is they are in a big hurry to get rid of me. Nothing annoys Internet Service Providers like customers using their services, and I see MSN is no different. As soon as I close my web browser I get a pop-up menu that gives me 30 seconds to decide if I want to stay logged on. This is no big deal if you're just surfing the web, but if it pops up in the background when you're trying to score with some cyberslut-in-training, they're going to get frustrated with your dropping off the radar screen every couple of minutes. So you'll need to change that right away, and here's how:

Go to the MSN Quick View icon in the task bar. That's the orange ball on the right hand side of the screen with the thumb and finger. Click once and a menu will slide upwards. Move the mouse to MSN Options, then Connection Settings. That will bring up a pop-up menu labeled MSN Properties. Clicking on the Options tab will show an option for "Idle time before disconnecting." Change the default of 10 minutes to something longer...say, 24 hours? *Ha! Bite me, Bill Gates!*

I installed the latest version of MSN, which is version 5.1 at the time of this writing. I am logged onto the Internet, and so I click on the MSN Quick View icon and scroll up to People & Chat. This brings up another menu that has an option marked Chat. Clicking there brings up the following choices: Chat Home; Chat Now In The Lobby; Teen Chats; Romance Chats; Celebrity Chats; Chat Calendar; and finally, Create A Chat.

Wait a minute: Chat Calendar? What the...? Never mind; forget it. Let's try Romance Chats.

Oh God. I think I'm going to be ill. Here's what I'm looking at...

Clicking on Romance Chats opened a web page listing 50 chat room names. Above those names is a navigation bar that indicates there are 20 other web pages, all with fifty other chat rooms. I'm also given the option to list chat rooms created in the United States, or Worldwide. What is nauseating me is the descriptions of the chat rooms...

The chat room After Hours says: Tip a glass with friends.

The chat room BlindDate says: Eyes meet from across a crowded room.

The chat room Love Shack says: Wazz shakin at the shack? It actually says "Wazz shakin." To my ear, this sounds a bit like your grandfather asking you "Wassup, ma nigga?"

The worst, though, is the chat room Rendezvous: The name says it all. No, you know what? It doesn't. Unless the message you intended to send was: "Stay away from this room...less whacking material here than at a Bible Study!" This is obviously on the opposite end of the cybersex spectrum from a typical AOL chat room name like: Son JO For Mom. Now that is a chat room name that says it all.

Let's jump to page 18 and see if it's a little nastier further down the chat room chain. This is true for America Online, so maybe the same rules apply here.

Here's what we find on page 18...

The chat room Solteiros e Solteiras says: Cantinho para relaxar!

So I think what we've done is gone so far down the chat room chain that we've ended up South Of The Border. So let's try page 2, before we find ourselves in China. Here's what we find on page 2...

The chat room A Hot Naughty Playground describes itself as Anything Goes Nasty Steamy Hot Wild Erotic Exxtasy.

*"Lucy, I'm home!"*

I made my way into the chat room and sat there quietly for awhile. I began to search through the profiles and found someone in the room who seemed interesting. In other words, "easy." I sent her a private message and she said that she was about to leave the room to start her own. She invited me and another woman to join her. And so, without further ado, here is my MSN chat...

|                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| <b>MSNaughty:</b>  | Welcome.  |
| <b>MSNice:</b>     | Hello...  |
| <b>The Author:</b> | Hi there. So...what are we all into?  |
| <b>MSNaughty:</b>  | I like to get a bit kinky.  |
| <b>MSNice:</b>     | Mmmmm.  |
| <b>The Author:</b> | I was hoping you would admit to "A LOT kinky."<br>MASSIVELY kinky, even better. |
| <b>MSNaughty:</b>  | Okay, I admit it.   |
| <b>MSNice:</b>     | Well, we'll just have to see about that, won't we?                              |

**MSNaughty:** Yes, we will.

**MSNice:** I am really horny right now.

**The Author:** So describe a "little kinky."

**MSNaughty:** I like to get tied down sometimes...spanked.

**MSNice:** Mmmmm.

**The Author:** Submissive?

**MSNaughty:** Yes.

**The Author:** You mean, "Yes, Master." Don't you?

**MSNaughty:** Yes, Master.

I have not done heavy bondage, though.

;-) *Really? You should work for come to work for the people I do. They'll teach you a thing or two about servitude and the meaning of respect.*

**The Author:** Is this all a fantasy for you, Naughty? Or do you have real experience in the lifestyle?

**MSNice:** I have never been with another woman before, but I want to try.

**MSNaughty:** Is that what you want me to call you? "Master?"

**The Author:** Yes. I think I like that. What about you, Nice? Are you more the dominant or submissive?

**MSNice:** Me?

**The Author:** Naughty...describe yourself to your new Master.

Yes, you Nice...

;-) *You see what I mean about virtual gang bangs? We haven't even started talking dirty and already we're all asking "Me?"*

**MSNaughty:** Me? bottom

**MSNice:** Me, too.

**MSNaughty:** I am 5'5, 120. Short dirty blond hair, brown eyes, Master.

**The Author:** Have either of you been with another woman?

**MSNaughty:** Yes, I have.

**The Author:** But you want to, don't you, Nice?

**MSNice:** Yes!

**The Author:** Of course you do. When were you with another woman, Naughty?

**MSNaughty:** I date girls on and off. I am bi.

**MSNice:** You like to see two girls go at it, Master?

;-) *No, I prefer working with men. Oh! Sorry. I see what you mean...*

**The Author:** I do. So how should we begin?

What if I were to bring my slut Naughty to the movie theater...

Dressing my new slut in her sexiest clothes...

**MSNaughty:** Mmm. I like.

**MSNice:** Hmmp! Ignoring me already?

**The Author:** I spot Nice alone in the theater...looking gorgeous...I can't believe she's alone.

**MSNice:** Poor me.

**The Author:** As the lights dim, we sit beside you...

**MSNaughty:** I am right behind you, Master.

;-) *Good. Try not to spill my popcorn.*

**The Author:** Naughty, my slut, on one side...myself on the other...the movie begins, and that's when I motion to Naughty.

**MSNaughty:** Yes, Master.

**The Author:** Naughty...what are you wearing, whore?

**MSNice:** Ooooh...I love to hear someone talk dirty. I love being a bitch slut whore cunt.

**MSNaughty:** I'm wearing a short black leather dress and matching top.

**The Author:** Slowly unzip the top. Show Nice your tits.

**MSNaughty:** I reach up and unzip it from the top.

**MSNice:** Mmmmm.

**MSNaughty:** Moving it down. Moving to let her see me.

**The Author:** Tell her about your tits, slut.

**MSNice:** Yes, tell me please.

**MSNaughty:** Moving my hands over 34C tits...my small nipples are so hard.

**MSNice:** Mmm. So are mine.

**The Author:** You like them, Nice...

**MSNice:** Yes.

**The Author:** Is she making you uncomfortable in your seat? Making you want her?

**MSNice:** Yes. Can I have her? Please?

**The Author:** She turns to face you, opening her thighs...

**MSNaughty:** Sliding my fingers over my nipples.

**The Author:** Moving her skirt up her legs to show you her pussy. Spread your pussy lips, slut.

**MSNaughty:** I sit there and don't move...

**The Author:** Show her that tight wet cunt...

**MSNice:** God, Master you are so...mmm!

**MSNaughty:** I move my hand down, doing as he says. I open my pussy lips.

**The Author:** Slut...

**MSNaughty:** Letting her see it.

**The Author:** I lean in to whisper in Nice's ear. "Do you want this little whore? Do you want to feel her tongue on your pussy?"

**MSNice:** I lick my lips and say yes. But first, have her finger her clit for me.

**The Author:** "Naughty...my sweet little whore...get on your knees."

**MSNice:** Finger your clit, Naughty.

**The Author:** "Push this her dress up around her waist..."

**MSNaughty:** I do.

**The Author:** "Now lean in and kiss her pussy."  
"DON'T TONGUE HER, SLUT!"

**MSNaughty:** Sliding my tongue on your clit...

**The Author:** "Just kiss her soft mound."

**MSNice:** God.

**The Author:** I lean down and slap your leather-clad ass, Naughty. "Bitch! Don't lick her!"

**MSNaughty:** Kissing, Master.

**The Author:** "Beg me to let you lick her cunt. Beg your Master to let you have this slut."

**MSNaughty:** Oh, Master! Please may I?

**The Author:** I turn to Nice: "You want her, don't you?"

**MSNice:** Master...are you hard?

**The Author:** "I want you to feel how hard I am, Nice. Reach down and feel my hardness while my whore licks your cunt." I lean back and unzip my pants...

**MSNice:** Mmmm.

**MSNaughty:** Looking on.

**The Author:** Letting Nice reach in...

**MSNaughty:** I'm on my knees...

**The Author:** "Eat her pussy, bitch."

**MSNice:** Master, let me suck your cock.

**MSNaughty:** Moving in...

**MSNice:** Good...

**MSNaughty:** Looking up to see if it's okay with my Master.

;-)

*Sure. Fine. Whatever.*

*I'll be honest, I'm getting completely lost here. Who's on their knees...who's licking and/or sucking what on whom?*

**The Author:** "Taste her, Naughty...taste her while she takes me in her mouth."

**MSNice:** I love to suck cock.

**MSNaughty:** My tongue finding her wet clit...

**The Author:** "Come on you cocksucker!"

**MSNaughty:** Yes!

**The Author:** "Suck that dick, bitch."

**MSNice:** Mmmmm.

**The Author:** "Lick her pussy, Naughty..."

**MSNice:** Slurping now...tonguing your tip.

**MSNaughty:** Watching Nice suck Master.

**The Author:** "Go deeper, Naughty..."

**MSNaughty:** It looks so good.

**MSNice:** Mmmmm...more!

**The Author:** "Bite her fucking clit."

**MSNaughty:** Biting it a little.

**MSNice:** Yes!

**The Author:** Nice leaning over now...

**MSNice:** Tell me what you want now.

**The Author:** Her body lying flat on her side...

Taking my cock in her mouth...

She holds one hand on the back of Naughty's head...

;-) *She spins the dial...and it comes up "LEFT HAND ON THE GREEN CIRCLE."*  
*See what I mean? Isadora Duncan couldn't choreograph this fantasy.*

**MSNaughty:** Oh yes, Master...your cock looks so good!

;-) *Well, it's been working out lately...*

**The Author:** Can you feel Naughty's tongue roll over your clit?  
Flicking in and out of your pussy...

**MSNice:** Mmm. It tastes so good, too...

**The Author:** "Get on your hands and knees," I say to Nice...

**MSNice:** I really need to get fucked right now...please,  
Master.

;-) *Am I the only one who retains the image of Igor in his mind when listening to everyone say "Yes, Master" all the time?*

**The Author:** "I want to fuck you from behind while you lick  
Naughty's cunt."

**MSNice:** Please, Master.

**The Author:** I turn around...

**MSNaughty:** I move in front of Nice...

**The Author:** I grab Nice's hair and pull back hard...

Naughty lies on her back...

Her leather skirt all the way up around her  
waist...

Her legs spread...

Pinching her own nipples...

;-) *You can't tell, but I was typing away furiously at this point like Neil Simon on a  
rewrite. I kept getting lost, so I decided to take a more proactive approach to the  
fantasy, coordinating everyone's efforts like a Fire Marshall at the First Annual  
Home For Pyromaniacs Barbecue & Hibachi Cookout.*

**The Author:** I push Nice's head into Naughty's cunt...

**MSNice:** Fuck me., Master...



**The Author:** "Lick her, bitch."  
**MSNice:** I need your cock, Master!  
**The Author:** "Lick her while I fuck that tight cunt of yours..."  
**MSNice:** FUCK ME, MASTER.

;-) *Alright! Goddammit! THERE! I'm fucking you. Are you happy now?*

**MSNaughty:** Oh yes, Master.  
**The Author:** I point my cock into her pussy...  
**MSNice:** Please...  
**MSNaughty:** I love it.  
**The Author:** Ramming it inside...  
 "Eat her cunt, bitch!"

;-) *If there were theme music for this fantasy, it would be "Swords And Sabers." The visual you should probably have in your head is that guy from the old "Ed Sullivan Show" who would spin plates on top of sticks. Now picture him trying to bang two chicks at once while spinning those plates.*

**MSNaughty:** She is so gorgeous.  
**MSNice:** You are, too.  
**The Author:** "Eat her while I fuck your!"  
**MSNice:** Yes, Master.  
**The Author:** "Lick her cunt..."  
**MSNice:** I want to be a good slut for you.  
**The Author:** "Turn around, Naughty!"  
**MSNaughty:** Yes...  
**The Author:** "I want you to lick her ass now, slut..."  
**MSNaughty:** My ass to her face.

;-) *Damn, that's a weird visual.*

**MSNice:** Good.

**The Author:** "Tongue her..."  
 "Flick your tongue in her ass..."  
 "Your pussy is so tight, Nice..."

**MSNaughty:** Mmmm, rubbing my ass from behind.

; -) *And that's even weirder!*

**The Author:** "So wet...so tight..."

**MSNice:** Very tight...

**The Author:** "Naughty...move beneath her..."

**MSNaughty:** Fuck her...fuck her faster so she will eat me faster.

**The Author:** "Sixty-nine her while I fuck her..."

**MSNaughty:** Okay, Master.

; -) *Spin, motherfucker. Spin!*

**MSNice:** God, yes.

**The Author:** Nice...can you feel her tongue against your clit?

**MSNaughty:** Moving under her...

**MSNice:** Yes, Master.

**The Author:** Can you feel her licking you while I fuck your tight cunt?

**MSNaughty:** Sucking your balls as you fuck her.

; -) *You know what? I've just about had it with Ms. Naughty. I'm sure she's doing her best, but...really now. How in the hell is she able to suck my balls while I fuck Ms. Nice? One quick thrust and she's holding a bloody mouthful of Rocky Mountain Oysters, you know what I'm saying?*

**The Author:** I slap Nice's ass...HARD!

**MSNice:** YES! Slap my ass!

**The Author:** "Lick her pussy, bitch!"

**MSNice:** Fuck Naughty! You taste sweet!

**MSNaughty:** Doing as you ask....

**MSNice:** Yes.

**MSNaughty:** Moving a finger to her ass...

;-)

*Alright...I don't think any of us know what exactly is happening here. I should have ended this sooner.*

*Damn my superhuman ability to fuck for hours on end! What I wouldn't give to be blessed with premature ejaculation.*

**The Author:** I pull my cock out of Nice...

**MSNaughty:** Rubbing her hole...

**MSNice:** No!

**MSNaughty:** My mouth...

**The Author:** I push it into Naughty's mouth...

**MSNaughty:** Mmmm, yes! Sucking it in.

**MSNice:** I want it, too!

**The Author:** Letting her taste Nice's pussy juices mixed with my precum...

**MSNaughty:** Letting him move it in as deep as he wants...

**The Author:** Nice twirls around...

**MSNice:** Yes.

**The Author:** Lying on top of Naughty...

I let you both lick the shaft of my cock...

**MSNaughty:** Next to her now.

**The Author:** Watching as you two sluts finger each other's pussies...

**MSNaughty:** Holding the base of your cock.

**The Author:** Squeezing your tits...

**MSNaughty:** Fighting over it.

;-) *Oh, right. Like I'm not totally used to that.*

**MSNice:** Can I kiss you now, Naughty?

**MSNaughty:** I give it to her to suck.

**The Author:** "Kiss her, Naughty."  
"Kiss this whore on the mouth..."

**MSNice:** I love to taste my pussy from your sweet mouth.

**MSNaughty:** Kissing.

**The Author:** "Look at those sexy bitches..."

**MSNice:** Licking you.

**The Author:** "Look at those tight asses..."

**MSNaughty:** You like, Master?

**The Author:** "Have you ever been ass-fucked, sluts? Have you ever felt a big hard cock in your tight little asshole?"

**MSNaughty:** I have.

**MSNice:** Not by a real man.

;-) *By whom, then? A department store mannequin?*

**The Author:** By a real SMALL man, Nice?

**MSNice:** I want it!

**MSNaughty:** Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.

**MSNice:** Keep kissing me, bitch.

**The Author:** "On your knees, Naughty..."  
"Let Nice watch me fuck your ass..."

**MSNaughty:** Doing as you ask...

**The Author:** Nice...

**MSNice:** Let me lick your pussy.

**The Author:** Suck my cock...get it nice and wet...

**MSNice:** Yes, sir.

**The Author:** Sit there with your legs spread open...

**MSNaughty:** Naughty will lick your wet warm cunt now...  
Okay, Master.

**The Author:** While I push the head of my cock into her ass...

**MSNice:** Sucking you harder.

**The Author:** You like listening to her squeal?

**MSNice:** I love it.

**The Author:** You like to hear my whore moan?

**MSNice:** Yes, sir.

**The Author:** Pushing my cock slowly into Naughty's ass...  
Inching inside her...  
Her ass tight...  
So tight...  
Pulling out...  
Then pushing back in...

**MSNice:** Mmmm.

**The Author:** I love hearing her moan into your pussy...

**MSNaughty:** Wow! Oh my God!

**The Author:** I slap her ass...

**MSNaughty:** OOOOOOOOOOwwwwwwwwwwww

**MSNice:** OOOOOOOOOOOOOO

**MSNaughty:** Yes...

**The Author:** "Little bitch...take that cock.!"  
"Fuck that cock, slut..."

**MSNice:** YES! TAKE IT, SLUT!

**MSNaughty:** Pushing my ass back to meet your cock, Master.

;-) *Forgive me. Where are my manners? Cock, this is Ass...Ass, I'd like you to meet Cock.*

**The Author:** "Show us what a little whore you are..."

**MSNice:** Yes, show me!

**The Author:** Slamming into her ass...

Grabbing her short blonde hair...

Pulling it down hard...

**MSNaughty:** Ouch MMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

**The Author:** Fucking her like the little bitch she is...

**MSNaughty:** Yes, I'm such a slut! Fuck me!

**MSNice:** So I am! Fuck me, too!

;-) *Oh, geez. Fuck both of you. I'm outta here.*

**The Author:** "Cum for me, bitch..."

**MSNice:** God, yes...oh, fuck!

**The Author:** "Let Nice hear you moan, you little cunt."

**MSNice:** Mmmmmmm.

**The Author:** "Cum for my hard cock in your ass..."

**MSNaughty:** Oh, yes!

**MSNice:** Kissing you, Master.

**MSNaughty:** It feels so good. Master fucking my ass!

;-) *Man, this is turning into the Iliad & The Odyssey. Master has to work tomorrow! Enough already!*

**The Author:** I pull out of Naughty's sweet ass...stroking my cock as you two turn to face me...holding your mouths open...

**MSNaughty:** Cum for us, Master!

**MSNice:** I want you to cum all over my face, Master!

**The Author:** You feel a stream of hot cum flying across your faces...across your mouths...

**MSNaughty:** Yes, Master!

**MSNice:** You taste so good. Master...may I please you?

**The Author:** Hmm. What do you think, Naughty. Should we have her show us what a whore she truly is?

**MSNice:** Please, Mistress!

**The Author:** "Should we make her our new whore?"

**MSNaughty:** What do you have in mind?

**The Author:** "She has such a pretty mouth..."

"Such luscious lips..."

**MSNice:** Licking my lips for my Master and Mistress.

**The Author:** Such a sweet little whore...so many possibilities...

;-) *No, Author! Don't do it! We need our rest! Please...I beg you! We're developing dark circles under our eyes. Please...please...in the name of humanity...LOG OFF AND GO TO SLEEP!*

**The Author:** Let's take her to the men's room.

;-) *Asshole.*

**MSNice:** I love it.

**MSNaughty:** Mmm. Me, too!

"Alright," I can hear you asking, "what was wrong with that? You were banging two chicks," you say, "and that's more than you've ever had in real life...and I don't just mean *at one time*."

My response is, of course, unprintable. Even in a book as dirty filthy nasty as this one. My printable response is this: This was a fluke. This wasn't really my first time on the Microsoft Network. I was a member for over two years and I logged into MSN thousands of times, and this was the only piece of "research" worth saving in all that time. MSN sucks. Trust me on this.

So let's move on.

## chapter two: PRODIGY

### *you'd almost have to be a prodigy to figure this one out*



Even though I've been a Prodigy member for years now, this is my first attempt to actually log into a Prodigy chat room. (I have a mobile device that uses Prodigy to log onto the Internet to send and receive email, so I've never even tried.) I'm curious to see how intuitive it is, or whether in fact you do have to be a "prodigy" to figure it out.

I set my browser to the prodigy home page: [www.prodigy.net](http://www.prodigy.net). It automatically sends me to another site: <http://myhome.prodigy.net>. That's where it recognizes my name and the city where I live. I have no idea how it knows that. I suppose it's taking it from the local access numbers that I'm dialing into...maybe it asked me where I live when I initially set up Prodigy, but I don't recall.

But enough about me, I say to Prodigy. Let's meet some cybersluts! Tell me where they live.

Ha, kidding.

Alright. First impression is that the Prodigy Home Page is a cluttered piece of shit. Nowhere is there any reference to cybersex or cybersluts, so we need to make a guess as to where they might be hiding them. Looking through all the colorful, clickable buttons and tiny hyperlinked text, I'm going to try clicking on something that says: Visit Our Communities.

A-ha! This might be it. Oh my God, the picture on that page is horrible. Someone alert the people at Prodigy that no one is interested in chatting with the ugly people in that picture. It looks like it came from a 4-H Club brochure.

I'm sure that this is the right place, but the chat room names are nothing that immediately leads me to believe I'll soon have my pants around my ankles. Here are some examples of the chat room names I'm looking at: Antiques & Collecting; Food & Wine; Genealogy; and New Age. You see what I mean? Now there are some interesting chat room names, but something tells me that I'm not going to find any sexual relief in them: Black Experience; Family Matters; Gay & Lesbian; Pets; Teens; and Youth In Action. If I were on America Online, those chat room names would seem very promising. Unfortunately, this is Prodigy, and that means that the only thing they talk about in Family Matters is, well, family matters.

Alright...let's try Relationships.

Oh God. This is insipid. Here's what I'm looking at:



*“No matter where you are --looking, dating, hooked up or out the door-- this is where we celebrate the good, the bad and/or the fugly of personal relationships such as dating, stepfamilies, romance, marriage, singles and the ever popular advice arena. Join us for leads on hot web sites, cool advice and the best Community Members around!”*

I hope my now-cybersavvy readers are not falling for this bullshit.

I'm going to give them one more try. I'm clicking on something on the Relationships page that says Chat Center. Oh my God...Antiques & Collecting is back. Some of the other boring chat room subjects offered are: Astrology & New Age; Computing; Gardening; Hobbies; and – ooh, this looks promising – Role Playing.

I'm clicking on it and absolutely nothing is happening. Maybe I have to log in somewhere first? Ah! Perhaps it's the big green button that says Click Here To Chat. I click on it and it leads me to a page that asks whether I want to chat in Prodigy chat rooms, or use their new application “PIM 2.5.” No doubt this is some crappy bastardized version of America Online's Instant Message program. I'm sure it will suck as badly as those offered by MSN, Yahoo!, ICQ, Compuserve, et cetera...so I click on the option marked Prodigy Chat.

Jesus Christ. Now I'm lead to an instruction page so complex it actually has it's own hyperlinks. I feel like I'm playing “Myst” here. This page scrolls down for PAGES AND PAGES! Are they kidding me? I'd have to quit my job to have the time to devote to this. But since this is all in the interest of research (no quotes), I press on. Let's try How To Connect To Prodigy Chat. Here is what it says:

How to Connect to Prodigy Chat  
Connect to Prodigy Internet  
Start your IRC chat client (PIRCH or mIRC, for example)  
Connect to Prodigy's IRC chat server (irc.prodigy.net, port 6667).  
Join a Prodigy Chat room, or create your own room

Well, I think that just about clears it up for me.

Fuck this. I'm outta here. Let's try Yahoo!

## chapter three: YAHOO!

### *how do you...yahoo?*



I point my browser to the Yahoo! Home Page which is [www.yahoo.com](http://www.yahoo.com). Unless you've been using computers for less than four hours, I'm sure you've seen their site already. It's mostly used as a search engine, of course, but they have branched out into other areas, as well. They have about the best free web email service for my money (ha!), although you'd have to be Master Wang himself to figure out how to navigate their email pages. But we're not here to chat via email, so I click instead on the word "Chat" on the second line of text marked "Connect."

I'm lead to the web address: <http://chat.yahoo.com>. There are no pictures of ugly people here, thank God, but there is also no button marked For A Good Time, Click Here! It asks me to log in, or to apply for a "Yahoo! ID" if I don't already have one. For the sake of research (no quotes) I click on Sign Up For Yahoo! Chat!

I'm asked to pick a name. This is no different from setting up a screen name for AOL, and so I pick one. It asks for a password, then asks me to retype it. In case I forget it later, it will prompt me to provide the answer to one of six personal questions (like: Who was your childhood hero?). I'm answering the questions as quickly as I can, but this is a bit like filling out a loan application.

Sweet. I filled the form out incorrectly, and someone has already chosen my preferred screen name. Hitting the back button on my browser, I try again.

Alright, it took it this time, but I fucked it up. Here's something to remember: type in upper and lower case letters very carefully. Screen names are a bit like puzzles; sometimes the key to decoding them lies in which letters are capitalized. For instance, the screen names BigGuy, BIGguy, and biGUY all prompt very different responses. At least from me. The screen name I just created has all lowercase letters now. I don't know if that's because Yahoo! has an all-lowercase default, or if I typed it in that way. It's very late right now, and Prodigy wasted entirely too much of my time. Bastards. Well, I'm stuck with it, let's get on with the research (no quotes) so we can get on with the "research."

I click on Continue To Yahoo! Chat. It brings up a page that immediately notifies me that I have "no friends," and "no favorite places." That just about sums up my life, and is a bitter reminder to a man looking for a little cybernookie for cheap comfort in his empty existence. I am almost tempted to log off now and call Suicide Hotline...but I remain strong for you, Gentle Reader. I click on the button marked Start Chatting. I'm brought to an almost blank page that tells me it's "loading chat applet." This is no doubt a JAVA applet of some kind that will enable me to sign in to the – WHOA! Wasn't expecting that. I got a pop-up that asked me to verify that I do indeed want to install content from Yahoo! Inc. I confirm that I do and almost immediately I'm dropped into a chat room

called **Chat Central:27**. This reminds me of the early days of America Online when they would instantly (and metaphorically) throw you into a closet with 24 people you didn't know and had nothing in common with until you could figure out how to pick the goddamn lock and run screaming from there.

As I look at the list of people locked into the cybercloset with me, I see that they all have lowercase names. So maybe I didn't screw up at all. And here's something else I didn't expect: they have voice capability. That is, if you have speakers and a microphone, or better yet a headset, you can chat using your voice. (A novel concept, I know.)

I don't have a headset plugged into my laptop right now, and it's probably just as well, because the only people are talking are saying things like: "Hellohellohello" and "Come on, nobody's talking! Somebody say something." The immediate reply to the second request, by the way, is: "Hellohellohello."

I just figured out how to pick the lock on this cybercloset. It's a button marked **Change Rooms**, and so I click there. I'm given a choice of boring chat room categories: **Business & Finance; Computers & Internet; Government & Politics**; and, most distasteful of all, **National Football League**.

Wait a minute. Here we go: **Romance: Adult**.

*CLICK!*

Another goddamn closet. And no one is talking in there, either. We're all just sitting here like a bunch of dumbasses in a dark closet waiting for someone to speak.

Nothing.

Wait! A message from the screen name "**amy**." She writes:

**amy:** I need advice. PM, please.

A lady in distress. Perfect. I'm here to help, as you know, but I can't until I figure out what the hell she just said. I'm guessing right away that "PM" doesn't stand for post meridian, and is instead some sort of Yahoo! rip-off of AOL's **Instant Messages**.

There is a button marked PM beneath the list of people in the cybercloset. I click on Amy's name to highlight it, then click PM. Sure enough, there's a screen I recognize well enough to send a "**Private Message**" to **amy**.

**The Author:** What kind of advice? Not spiritual counseling, I hope.

**amy:** Are you a mom?

**The Author:** No, but I have one. Maybe I can still help...

Apparently not. Because she says nothing more. Back into the closet.

More nothing.

Wait! Some idiot has just typed a message for the entire room. It says:

**weird jack:** Pardon me, do you have any Grey Poupon?

Weird Jack is a laugh-riot, and if I run into him in the closet, I'm going to strangle him with one of the sleeves from a coat hanging nearby. I'm just about ready to log off when I get my very own "PM!"

**tinashotpics:** Heya, I have just got my new pics posted on my website. Come take a look. [Click here.](#)

Do I even need to mention that this is complete horseshit? No, I didn't think so. And is if I needed another reason to log off **Yahoo! Chat** permanently, there is a prepubescent boy with a headset saying "Yo! Yo! Yo!" over and over again.

That's it. I'm coming out of the closet.

Let's try **CompuServe**.

## chapter four: COMPUSERVE *are you being compuserved?*



I used to own a Sharp Zaurus, which was one of the first palm or handheld computers on the market. It had the ability to send and receive email using a CompuServe account, so I signed up for the service even though I already had an account with America Online.

Even after I outgrew the Zaurus, I kept my CompuServe account. The prices on computers dropped radically in 1998, and it seemed like everyone in the entire world must have gotten one for Christmas that year. Busy signals at AOL were a constant irritation, and I discovered that, even though CompuServe was an early favorite of cybergeeks, it was abandoned by everyone but me by 1998.

No busy signals there. In fact, I'd swear that when I logged on, I could hear a computer voice somewhere say: "Oh, thank God."

But guess what happened in early 1999? America Online bought CompuServe. So it gave AOL an abundance of local access numbers to provide its customers. So now, instead of getting a busy signal when I dialed into AOL, I now got one when I dialed into CompuServe. I was so disgusted, I canceled my accounts with both of them.

A week later I reactivated AOL.

I never tried to access the chat rooms from CompuServe when I was a member. But I see now that while they remain two separate corporations, they have very strong ties to each other. If you go to their Home Page at either [www.compuserve.com](http://www.compuserve.com), or [www.csi.com](http://www.csi.com), and click on the hyperlink labelled Chat, you get the following instructions:

### Screen Names

You may use a Screen Name from any of the following services:

CompuServe 2000

CompuServe User ID

Instant Messenger

America Online (AOL)

That seems handy. And so I log in using my AOL screen name and I'm immediately directed to an almost empty page that warns:

This area cannot be accessed by your account.

Alright. Let's try again. I still remember my old CompuServe log-in name and password. Let's see if it still works.

This area cannot be accessed by your account.

So all that bullshit about how I can use **CompuServe**, **AOL**, and **AOL Instant Messenger** screen names was just that: bullshit. Fortunately, they have an option for people without a screen name: a button marked **Get Your Free Screen Name Now!**

*CLICK!*

I pick a name, furnish them with my password and a current email address and – of course – it's a name already in use. Try again. "Already in use." Try a third time. "Already in use."

SHIT!

I finally picked a horrible screen name, and it finally welcomes me into the CompuServe community and invites me to use this shitty screen name in all of their various services like CompuServe Instant Messenger (chat with friends!) and My CompuServe (personalized News, Weather, Stocks and more!). Beneath that happy message is hyperlinked text telling me to [Click Here To Continue](#).

This area cannot be accessed by your account.

Ah. That's the **CompuServe** stamp of quality I remember. "Quality You Can Smell." Only one place left on my research (no quotes) list, and that's **ICQ**. Want to hear something funny first? AOL owns **ICQ**, too.

## chapter five: ICQ *really? well, guess what i'm seeking*



I used to spend quite a lot of time on ICQ a few years ago. It was a novelty then, and it served a purpose. You will notice that after about midnight, it is incredibly difficult to get a good cyber chat going on any of the other ISPs. Everyone has already gotten-on-and-gotten-off, as it were. But ICQ caters to the worldwide community. They may be falling asleep on their keyboard in Los Angeles, but in Australia, there's a cyberslut just getting home from work.

Since America Online purchased ICQ in 1998, they've included the program on all of their software CD's. So your options are to download the ICQ application from [www.mirabilis.com](http://www.mirabilis.com), or [www.icq.com](http://www.icq.com), or just open anybody's mailbox in your neighborhood. Odds are pretty good at finding an America Online addressed to Resident in one of them.

I installed the program and right away remembered why I stopped using it. It's already given me an ugly little box that says:

### *ICQ NetDetect Agent*

*The ICQ NetDetect agent has detected your connection to the Internet and has therefore launched the ICQ program and can also launch your default browser.*

*Launch your default browser upon your connection to the Internet?*

*No Yes*

*Please note: You can later de-activate the default browser launch or configure your launch list through the ICQ preferences in the connection tab.*

Yuck. I hate it already. Do you know what that means? It means I'm going to have to spend hours and hours learning how to use ICQ instead of doing my beloved "research!"

I try to remain upbeat, though, and give it another try. There is a little icon on my taskbar that looks like a green daisy. I double-click on it and it opens a box that tells me what my ICQ number is. Did I forget to mention that ICQ doesn't utilize screen names? They issue you an eight-digit number that you will never, and I mean never, be able to remember. What tickles me is when you register as a user with ICQ, they suggest you add the number to your business cards so your business associates can communicate with you more easily.

To quote once again from the children's classic story "Winnie The Pooh" by A.A.Milne: "Tigger, please..."

Who the hell is going to call me on my cellular phone and ask, "Hey, you have ICQ right? What's your eight-digit number there? I'll send you my draft proposal and spreadsheet for the big meeting tomorrow."

Alright, let's get this over with. If I remember correctly, to find a chat partner you click on the button marked Add Users. Clicking that gives you a menu of options to allow you to find a specific user (right, like anyone you know is using ICQ), or to find a "Random Chat Partner."

ICQ may have a directory of chat rooms somewhere, but I've never seen it. Instead I've always used the Random Partner method to find a cybersex partner. I click on the button and – oh shit, another ugly little pop-up. This one says:

Random User

*Check box marked "I want to be available for Random Chat & Messages" and choose the group which most interests you. Others may randomly choose you when seeking chat partners. If you wish to have chat requests automatically accepted, choose the "Free for Chat" option from the status menu.*

Alright. Everybody got that? Good.

The groups they are referring to, by the way (none of which interests me), are: General Chat; Romance; Games; Students; 20 Something; 30 Something; 40 Something; 50 Plus; Seeking Women; Seeking Men. First of all, let me give you the benefit of my experience here: "50 Plus" is a big minus.

Don't believe me? Alright, I'll highlight 50 Plus and click on *Find A Random Chat Partner*. There is about a 30-second wait, and then I'm offered the chance to speak with "Flower" from the Netherlands. She is 56 and speaks English and her "Chat Topic/Interest" is – oh, this is novel: "NO cyber!" Nice attitude, Grandma.

Alright, let's move on. General Chat is a loser; and so is Games and Students. Should we try Romance? I click on *Find A...Partner* and I get...A DUDE!

CLICK!

A dude.

CLICK!

18 year old Sabrina who says in her profile: "i'm bored as hell someone from the usa please talk to me i have pics if u care..."

Is this the sort of desperation we should be looking for? You betcha!



No, not really. But I'm bored with ICQ already, and I need to find someone to talk to so I can add the chat to my book. So I send a chat request to Sabrina. She accepts the chat and we're soon on our way to developing a deep, long-lasting friendship.

**Sabrina:** how old are you?

**The Author:** 35

I haven't used ICQ in about 2 years.

**Sabrina:** ur a little too old for me

**The Author:** I'm trying to refamiliarize myself with it.

Oh, I figured that.

I'm not offended, truly.

**Sabrina:** lol

i didn't care if i did offend you i was just telling u

ur too old

**The Author:** I was just looking for someone to help me remember ICQ's little nuances.

**Sabrina:** um....ok

**The Author:** Is there a way to print out the chats in ICQ?

**Sabrina:** hell i dunno the only thing i know how to do is just talk to my friends

**The Author:** Right.

***Your Chat Session has ended.***

Alright, I'm not taking that one personally. It's clear to me now that *Sabrina The Teenage Bitch* was looking for someone a little closer to the "Beverly Hills 90210" gang than the "I've Fallen And Can't Get Up" crowd. I click one last time on *Find A ... Partner*.

And the lucky winner is? "Neptune!" A gay male ready to chat in French, English, "o Italiano!" And speaking of "Neptune," I think it's time to finally and permanently deep-six ICQ.

Now then...where the heck did I leave my **America Online** installation CD?

## chapter six: America Online

### *so easy to self-abuse...no wonder it's number one!*



It's time to bring back one of the ladies I met in the MSN chat rooms. I was logged onto my MSN home page and noticed something I never had before: on the right corner of the screen was a notification that **MSNice** was also logged on. It had been about a month since we met, so I sent her an *MSN Instant Message*.

**The Author:** I don't suppose you'll remember me...

**MSNice:** Yes, I do, Master.

**The Author:** LOL. Oh...I see you do...

**The Author:** How have you been?

**MSNice:** Busy. And you?

**The Author:** Fine. I've finally had enough time to myself to really explore MSN...but I can't get the hang of it. Here are some of the problems I'm having...

I'll log onto the Internet using MSN, and suddenly I get an MSN Instant Message. I didn't open up the MSN Messenger application, but somehow, somewhere, it must be running in the background. I don't like that, and I haven't figured out how it started or how to make it stop.

**MSNice:** I see.

**The Author:** The other problem is that MSN's own Service & Support webpage gives two different sets of directions. One if you're using MSN Internet access v5.0 and one if you're using MSN Explorer.

It doesn't say how to TELL which one you're using...and it doesn't say if one is better than the other...and it doesn't say where to download either one if you want to switch!

Here's the other thing I can't stand: I hate the fact that my email name, profile name, and chat user name are THREE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT IDENTITIES. That wasn't intentional. It's just what happened in the course of trying to learn MSN chatting.

Whew. I think I'm done now. How long have you been an MSN user?

**MSNice:** Two months now.

**The Author:** What did you use before?

**MSNice:** AOL

**The Author:** Your email address is "Annie," your chat name was "Suzie," and your profile you're your name is "Melody."

Doesn't it just give you a migraine?

**MSNice:** Annie is my nickname. Suzie is my middle name and Melody is my real name.

**The Author:** Right...but on AOL, everything matched. My name was my screen name was my chat user name was my profile name.

**MSNice:** I like to be mysterious and a bit evasive.

**The Author:** I think we're all like that. In this day and age you gotta be CAREFUL.

**MSNice:** True.

**The Author:** I still think MSN needs to be re-designed.

**MSNice:** I know.

**The Author:** It's too easy for people to see you logged on when you can't see them, or aren't looking for them. And it's too hard to find all the places on MSN where your name and profile are stored.

Have you used the TALK part of this program yet?

**MSNice:** Yes.

**The Author:** What's your opinion of it? Does it add an element to creative cyber?

**MSNice:** It sounds like you are in a radio control booth.

**The Author:** Oh. It has a delay?

**MSNice:** Yeah.

**The Author:** Like you're talking to someone on the space station Mir?

So it's frustrating, too.

**MSNice:** Exactly.

**The Author:** Figures. Bloody MSN. Why'd you move from AOL to MSN?

**MSNice:** No local AOL access numbers. I was being charged long distance rates.

**The Author:** You would have stayed otherwise?

**MSNice:** Yes.

**The Author:** Have you noticed that the personality difference between AOL and MSN users?

**MSNice:** Yes.

**The Author:** I also have ICQ and Prodigy and Yahoo! Chat, and I've noticed they each draw their own certain personalities.

**MSNice:** I use Yahoo! Chat, too. But I never tried ICQ.

**The Author:** I always get a kick out of the amount of hatred for AOL I find on the Internet. There are thousands of "AOL Sucks" websites. I never understood that anger. I think anyone using AOL knows why they're using it...

It's not because they've got the best browser or multimedia capabilities...because we know that's a bunch of shit...

It's because, without a doubt, AOL users are the dirtiest, filthiest, most willing to cyberfuck at the click of a mouse group of people you'd ever hope to meet.

**The Author:** That's why I'll never leave AOL!

"So easy to self-abuse, no wonder it's #1!"

**MSNice:** LOL. True.

**The Author:** Don't bother with ICQ, by the way. When things would slow down in the AOL chat rooms after midnight, I'd log into ICQ and try my luck fishing

there. Everyone in the U.S. would be asleep, but halfway around the world, they were still up.

**MSNice:** Right...

**The Author:** There was a novelty for awhile in being able to have cybersex with women in Hong Kong, but the reality was they type very slowly and very, very poorly.

*I SUCK A DICK FROM YOU...YOU WILL BE COMING TO ME...*

Those kind of cybersex messages just don't have the same impact as the ones from your typical AOL cyberslut.

**MSNice:** LOL.

**The Author:** Hey, one last thing, and I'll let you go: what the hell is an MSN "Passport?"

**MSNice:** It's just a stupid thing that lets you buy things online without having to type all your passwords and screen name everytime, and allows access into all kinds of chat rooms.

**The Author:** Isn't that what your MSN screen name is supposed to do?

**MSNice:** No. Not always.

**The Author:** Why the hell is MSN so bent on complicating the Internet experience?

If the Internet is a highway, MSN is the fucking tollbooths.

**MSNice:** You got that right.

**The Author:** I believe I should log off now. I'm obviously getting myself worked up. Night!

**MSNice:** Nighty night, sir.

That, by the way, was our last chat. I've used **MSN** quite a bit since then, but never saw **MSNice** online. I wonder if I made her **IGNORE** list...

***yeah, yeah, yeah...AOL may suck, but so do their members***

In the end there is only one choice for the true cybersex aficionado: **America Onlust**. Where else would you be able to meet interesting, exciting married women bitches like this one I call **PottyMouth**, for no particular reason. I met this wet, horny bitch...oops, I mean "interesting, exciting married woman" in a chat room called "**Unusual Desires**."

**The Author:** Can I ask a question? What are two happily married people like us doing in a chat room like this?

**PottyMouth:** Well, I'm way more adventurous than my husband, but don't get the chance to try anything.

I even once wrote a story for him, an episode about a woman eating a popsicle. In the story, her man gets so turned on watching her eat it, he uses it on her.

My husband read it and said I was a pervert. LOL

**The Author:** What a waste of a husband.

**PottyMouth:** We get along okay. I get my wild side out online and on the phone.

**The Author:** You have phone sex, too?

**PottyMouth:** Oh, yes. I masturbate with the phone daily.

**The Author:** I'm not sure I understand what you mean by that. The visual is very disturbing. LOL

**PottyMouth:** I bet you must have a lot of women you talk to about their fantasies...

A favorite of mine right now is having a banana eaten out of my pussy....gobbled up, licked, sucked...

**The Author:** Just like the popsicle, huh?

**PottyMouth:** And I guess I like the usual "normal" perverted stuff. Domination, submission, bondage, toys/objects, spankings. Semi-public sex is the one I'd really like to try, though.

**The Author:** Does your husband know you're so open? With other men, I mean?

**PottyMouth:** My husband would be PISSED if he knew how I talked online. LOL. He'd trash the computer.

**The Author:** Yikes.

**PottyMouth:** I'm not too bad, really. I don't need the escape that often.

I don't use this FUN name that much. Usually I'm just chatting with girlfriends using my regular screen name.

**The Author:** But it makes your play time a little more fun, doesn't it? Having that element of danger involved....

**PottyMouth:** sure

**The Author:** Makes you cum just a little bit harder....

**PottyMouth:** I don't have any problems cumming hard, believe me. None at all! My orgasms have been great since turning 30.

**The Author:** So what have your fantasies been about lately?

**PottyMouth:** Sucking cock in public...group sex.

**The Author:** Group sex with you the only woman?

**PottyMouth:** Yes...surrounded by a bunch of very demanding men.

**The Author:** Like being the only woman in a bar late at night. The men get you drunk. Make you dance for them. Then strip for them.

**PottyMouth:** And masturbate for them.

**The Author:** They put you on a pool table...

**PottyMouth:** Giving each of them head while I'm being fucked.

**The Author:** Until finally they CUM all over you. All over your clothes. All over your face. They send you home to your spouse with their cum inside you. And on you.

**PottyMouth:** You like that?

;-) *Me? No. I hate when guys do that to me at a bar.*

**The Author:** I like the idea of sending you home with cum on your clothes, yes.

I just saw an ad for Mother's Day. I just realized...that's tomorrow, isn't it? Are you doing anything special?

**PottyMouth:** Sleeping in! Then we'll probably go out for brunch.

**The Author:** Wow. What a great start to a fantasy that is...

Out with the family and eating at a fancy restaurant. I bet you'd be wearing a beautiful dress...

You excuse yourself to go to the restroom and I follow you in...

I open the stall door just as you've pulled your dress up around your hips...

**PottyMouth:** :)

**The Author:** I don't say a word....I just unzip and pull out my cock...I step in closer and close the stall door. Without a word you reach out and take my cock...

Stroking it... Getting it hard...

You open that sweet mouth of yours....

;-) *And just when I'm thinking I've gone too far and turned her off...*

**PottyMouth:** I begin devouring it....

**The Author:** Taking it into your warm wet mouth....

**PottyMouth:** Taking it all ohhh so deep. Sucking...twirling my tongue on the tip....

**The Author:** I reach down and pull at the buttons of your dress, exposing your cleavage...

I move your thighs open wide with my legs...

Looking down at that bushy pussy....

**PottyMouth:** Lips open wide with a pink swollen clit.

**The Author:** You reach down with your hands...fingering that big hard clit... Spreading your pussy open wide while you suck my cock...



I pull your tits out of your dress...

Full, round, heavy breasts...

You push them together and wrap them around my cock...

**PottyMouth:** Mmm....fuck my tits...ohh yes...

**The Author:** Your saliva letting my cock slide in and out easily, the head poking out far enough for you to suck...

You pinch your nipples while I tit fuck you over the bowl...

I grab two handfuls of your hair and force my cock deep inside your mouth...

Fucking your face....

**PottyMouth:** I suck harder.

**The Author:** Holding your hair in my fist...forcing you onto my cock deeper and faster...

**PottyMouth:** Give it all to me baby...squirt your hot cum down my throat.

**The Author:** I step back...jacking off....

**PottyMouth:** I'm rubbing my clit...getting closer...

**The Author:** You lean back....

**PottyMouth:** I arch.

**The Author:** Fingering your pussy...your tits out...your tongue out...I shoot!

**;-)** *He shoots! He scores! And the fans are going wild!*

**PottyMouth:** Thrusting my pussy up to meet my hands.

**;-)** *Yeah, I know. I don't really know what that means, either.*

**The Author:** CUMMING HARD!

**PottyMouth:** Ohhh yes...yes...

**The Author:** Shooting cum across your big tits...Splashing it over your mouth...

;-)

*There's a souvenir for some lucky fan!*

**PottyMouth:** I cum and at the same time I smear your cum all over my body...

**The Author:** You run your hands over your tits and face...

Licking and sucking your fingers to taste every drop...

You reach up and milk my cock for more, taking every drop into your hand, then rubbing it into your bushy cunt....

**PottyMouth:** What if I told you to lick it off?

**The Author:** You pull yourself together then lean back. You lift your dress higher...

**PottyMouth:** Eat my pussy.

**The Author:** I drop to my knees...

I move your legs far apart...

**PottyMouth:** I pull them up to my chest.

**The Author:** I can see my cum in your pussy. I lean forward and kiss you there...softly...then I start to lick...

Swirling my tongue around your clit....

**PottyMouth:** I pull your head down...wanting it harder.

**The Author:** Tasting myself there...

You wrap your hands around my head, holding me there...not letting me breathe...

Just licking you...eating your cunt....

**PottyMouth:** Eat my pussy...oh yes...so good...

**The Author:** Tasting your cum...my cum...your legs up high now, your heels catching the toilet paper...

I can lick all the way down your pussy lips...

Biting...nibbling...licking...

**PottyMouth:** Oh yes...more...more.

**The Author:** Tasting you, my tongue goes lower...  
Lower...  
Lower...

**PottyMouth:** You are so hot...

**The Author:** Until I'm running my tongue around your sweet little asshole, tonguing you there...

**PottyMouth:** Ohhh yes...

**The Author:** Licking...circling...then penetrating...

**PottyMouth:** Fuck it...fuck my ass.

**The Author:** I start to tongue-fuck your asshole...

**PottyMouth:** I'm breathing hard...wanting more.

**The Author:** Flicking my tongue in and out while you finger your clit...  
  
Your dress is completely unbuttoned in the front, tits hanging out...my hands reaching up to cup them...pinching your nipples...  
  
Play with those beautiful tits while I eat your asshole out...

**PottyMouth:** I want to cum...soo bad!  
  
You hard enough to fuck my ass, baby?

**The Author:** "I'm gonna fuck that tight little ass."  
  
I stand up...  
  
You stand, too, then turn around...

;-)

*Sometimes in cybersex you can get lost in all the action. So it's nice to take the time every now and then to remind everybody where they are at any given time.*

*It's like Virtual-Twister.*

*"Okay, my hand is on your ass...your hand is on my cock...and the donkey is..."*

**PottyMouth:** I stand up and turn around...hands on the wall

**The Author:** You bend far over...Your ass out...

**PottyMouth:** arching...showing you my ass

**The Author:** So big and round...I slap it hard...

**PottyMouth:** Reaching back and spreading my cheeks  
Ohh...oooo...yes!

**The Author:** I can see your swollen pussy...I rub the top of my cock against your pussy lips, letting you feel how thick and hard I am.

**PottyMouth:** I push back....

**The Author:** I slide it inside your hot, wet cunt...deep inside you...then pull out again...

Now I push the head of my cock against your asshole....

**PottyMouth:** I'm sorry...I've got to go! LOL

It's 3am...I'm sorry!

**The Author:** Understood. Did you cum?

**PottyMouth:** No, I don't cyber.

;-)

**I don't cyber?!**

*What the hell does she think she was doing all that time?*

**Research?!**

**The Author:** You weren't playing with yourself while we were talking?

**PottyMouth:** No...but I am turned on...

**The Author:** Interesting.

**PottyMouth:** Did you cum?

**The Author:** Me? No. I don't cyber, either.

**words guaranteed to completely turn  
a woman OFF during cybersex**

- bitch
  - slut
  - cunt
  - dogs
- 

**words guaranteed to completely turn  
a woman ON during cybersex**

- bitch
  - slut
  - cunt
  - dogs
- 

**words guaranteed to completely turn  
a man OFF during cybersex**

- goodbye
- 

**words guaranteed to completely  
turn a man ON during cybersex**

- hello

## **PART SEVEN**



# **THE EMOTIONAL DIVIDENDS REAPED BY MAINTAINING AND NURTURING AN ONLINE RELATIONSHIPS**

**or**

**wasted days & wasted nights**

## chapter one: *the utter futility of online relationships*



On occasion you will see media attention given to couples who found love on the Internet. The phenomenon has become a favorite human interest story of late and seems to offer comfort to lonely people growing weary of the “singles scene” and hoping to meet their perfect match on the Internet.

Don't believe the hype.

The reason I'm saying “Don't believe the hype” is that I'm really just blowing a raspberry right now, and I don't know how to spell that out. I'm thinking something along the lines of “Pppppplllllbbbbbttttttttt!”

The only way you will meet your perfect match online is if you are a lonely, delusional psychotic with absolutely no social skills or abilities to discern fantasy from reality.

Remember my friend **FaintO'Heart** from *Part Four, Chapter Two: Bad Harlequin Porn?* She and I sent a few friendly Instant Messages back and forth to each other for awhile. Here's one that should serve as a cautionary tale for all you “complete idiots” out there looking for romance online.

**The Author:** May I ask you some VERY personal questions?

**FaintO'Heart:** ::smiles:: Ask...what I can answer I will.

**The Author:** We've never really had a chance to talk much online other than to say hello...

I only know you really through the fantasy storylines you've sent me...

And that's FASCINATING...truly...

But I'm curious about the REAL you.

The woman behind the metal breastplate, as it were.

**FaintO'Heart:** And what is it you wish to know darlin'?

**The Author:** Well, the usual stuff, of course. Age, description, etc.

Something to help me paint a mental picture of you.

- FaintO'Heart:** A physical description?
- The Author:** Please.
- FaintO'Heart:** Well, I'm 5 feet 7 inches tall, and 43 years old. I weigh 130 pounds and have shoulder-length brown hair (nothing special about it). My blue eyes, I've been told, are my best feature next to my smile. I'm not hugely endowed in the breast department...only a 36B. My waist is a little bigger than I'd like at 26 and my hips are 37. Long legs...fair-complexion.
- The Author:** You sound gorgeous. Do you have a pic online?
- FaintO'Heart:** Nope. I have a bit of a problem with that one. Namely, my husband. I was a very bad girl at one point and now I'm paying the price.
- The Author:** Oh. There's a story in there somewhere, I think.  
What happened?
- FaintO'Heart:** We had a really bad spot in our marriage. I found AOL chat rooms and it sort of filled what was lacking here. I got carried away, thought I was in love, ran up a \$1500 phone bill, let the business I'd started go to hell and lied like crazy to try and cover it all. I'm lucky he's still here...he did walk out for a week and that's what brought me to my senses.
- The Author:** Wow. More than ONE story in there, I think.
- FaintO'Heart:** I cancelled my account to save my marriage...he kept his and in a few months made room for me on it when he felt a bit more secure I got my own account again but we've promised that whatever we do online stays in this little illuminated box.  
No pic sending and no phone calls from now on.
- The Author:** What do you think it was that your marriage was lacking? A sense of adventure?
- FaintO'Heart:** No...it was all wound up in our careers. Do you want the short, abridged version?
- The Author:** Whatever you're willing to relate. I'm riveted.
- FaintO'Heart:** Well, I met my husband at work. We started working together...he actually worked under me... I was his supervisor. We enjoyed working



together. Until we got a new director...a complete bitch. She started changing everything, and not for the better. I couldn't go along with what she expected which was lying to the public and the staff. I guess I wasn't a team player and she decided to railroad my butt out of there.

I couldn't take it anymore and so I left after being there for 13 years. My husband stayed since we needed at least one income, but he's the only one of my staff who did stay after I left.

I didn't realize how much of "me" I defined by my work...by my position. It was devastating for me. I didn't have a job, was having trouble finding one...he listened at first but then stopped as the bitch was now targeting him.

**The Author:** Did you see that as kind of a betrayal? That he was the only one who stayed?

**FaintO'Heart:** ::smiles:: Logically...no. I understood that we had to have an income.

Emotionally...hell yes!!!

**The Author:** So feeling betrayed and abandoned, you found solice on AOL?

**FaintO'Heart:** He was overworked and getting screwed in the process...trying to prove to the bitch what she would never allow him to prove. It was horrible. I found people to talk to and more intimacy than I was getting from him at the time.

**The Author:** But now you play online together, right?

**FaintO'Heart:** ::grins:: And yes...he discovered role playing through me and as you've read with your own eyes, he's very good.

:-( ***The Author's Very Understanding Wife:*** *Is that her idea of a happy ending?*

;-) ***The Author:*** *Hey, at least he's not paying \$1,500 monthly phone bills.*

:-( ***The Author's Very Understanding Wife:*** *I wonder where her AOL Buddy lived. Ukraine?*

Now as pathetic as this woman might sound to you and my usually very understanding wife, at least she got her wake up call (cost: \$1500.00). This next woman still hasn't cashed her reality checks...

**MissDirected:** I fantasize about being with two men

**The Author:** That's all?

Pretty tame, so far...

Tell me more.

**MissDirected:** I'd like to be tied up...nothing painful

**The Author:** More like a rape fantasy?

**MissDirected:** Maybe...as long as I don't get hurt.

**The Author:** Go on...who do you imagine?

**MissDirected:** Sometimes it's my hubby's friends...or strangers...or this guy I met online that I talk to

**The Author:** Tell me about that one. How long have you been talking to him?

**MissDirected:** Over a year now

We'd love to meet each other..except we live so far apart...lol

**The Author:** What attracted you to him?

You just like the way he thinks and talks?

**MissDirected:** He's sexy, smart, not needy like a lot of people on AOL

**The Author:** Do you ever have phone sex with him?

Yes I do

**The Author:** He must be very good...

And what do you two talk about?

**MissDirected:** I've had phone sex with a few other guys...nobody compares to him yet...lol

We talk about everything..but some things are off limits, which is fine with me

things like his family, personal things

**The Author:** Off limits?

He doesn't open up to you?

**MissDirected:** Some things he does...some things he doesn't.

I understand that though. I've known him over a year and I still don't know the names of his kids or his wife's name...it doesn't bother me. When he's ready to tell me, he will.

**The Author:** Hmm. You think?

I mean, ever?

"I don't know the names of his kids..." What a dumbass. Don't worry, **MissDirected**, when you finally marry your cyberlover after divorcing your current spouses, his kids can distinguish you from their birth mother by calling you "PsychoMommy!"

Online relationships never ever work out. Never. I don't care what you read or what you've been told. If you're looking for romance on the Internet, you're even more pathetic than us complete idiots just looking for sexual release on the 'Net, and that's a very strong statement, indeed.

Look, just hit the local gym. Join **Weight Watchers**. Fix your goddamn hair, or at least wash it. Buy some Clearasil. Buy a tin of Altoids. Go someplace crowded like a bookstore and just TALK to people. Ask their opinions about various books or magazines. Ask if they'd like to join you in a cup of coffee. Don't kid yourself by going after the really good-looking people, either. They wouldn't pour a cup of coffee on you, let alone drink one with you. Go after the people who look like they recently joined a local gym or **Weight Watchers**...the ones with slightly damp hair and Clearasil on their faces...the ones with peppermint breath and, like you, have ACE bandages around their wrists because of Carpal Tunnel Syndrome.

## chapter two: *fair weather friends*



There is a very dear cost to devoting yourself to an online relationship. No, not just carpal tunnel syndrome...and no, not your "heart," or even your feelings. The cost is...

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Your immortal soul?*

No...

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Your marriage?*

I hardly think so...

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Hardly think again.*

No...the cost is even more dear, dear. The cost is *your pride*.

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: What little of it remains.*

Look, just shut up and read, would you?

**CumLassie:** you like hearing about women's fantasies?  
  
how many women have shared their fantasy with you?

**The Author:** Oh, I've been using this chat room for awhile...  
  
I've heard from MANY women.

**CumLassie:** i guess most of our fantasies are similar

**The Author:** There's a few that catch me off-guard...

**CumLassie:** oh? lol... : )  
  
i have this fantasy about being gang banged.

**The Author:** Oh?

**CumLassie:** three men taking turns using me.

**The Author:** How old are you? What do you look like?

**CumLassie:** i'm Filipino...46. I'll send my pic. hang on

**The Author:** Got it.

Wow. Nice pic!

:-) *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Alright...what did she really look like?*

;-) *The Author: Like a very reasonably-priced Honolulu hooker. She said she was 46, so I'm guessing the picture was about 17 years old.*

**CumLassie:** : ) thanks

so...is my fantasy a common one?

**The Author:** Well, I've heard it before.

But don't let that stop you from telling me more!

**CumLassie:** lol

it's just like males having fantasies about fucking multiple females

**The Author:** You like being used, don't you?

**CumLassie:** haven't had the opportunity to experience that

: (

**The Author:** What have you experienced? What's the wildest thing you've done?

**CumLassie:** the wildest? : ) having two men fuck me

**The Author:** Who? Where did it happen?

**CumLassie:** my hubby and his friend.

**The Author:** Ah!

**CumLassie:** about 7 years ago

it was hot!

**The Author:** Interesting, but you've never really had that "used" feeling...

Where the men are just treating you like a whore...

**CumLassie:** Forcing you to suck and fuck them...  
no, I've had the romantic treatment...candles,  
massage, etc

**The Author:** You want a group of men shoving their cocks in  
your mouth, your pussy, your ass...

You want it rough.

**CumLassie:** yess!

shoving their cocks everywhere

one would fuck me and get off, then let another  
take over

using me like a slut

tying me up and fucking my hot cunt...one after  
another

;-) *The Author: Wow. She said "cunt." More importantly, she said "cunt" first!  
Let's see where this will lead.*

**CumLassie:** it would be completely out of my control

the smell of cum filling the room

**The Author:** Along with your moans.

Tell me more.

**CumLassie:** I dunno...I haven't really though it all the way  
thru

**The Author:** What HAVE you thought of?

**CumLassie:** three men.. white guys.. big guys.. big cocks!

**The Author:** You want to be tied up.

**CumLassie:** : ) oohhh!!!

**The Author:** Where do you imagine this happening?

**CumLassie:** in a hotel room...

I travel every now and then by myself and my  
imagination starts running wild

**The Author:** Wondering who might have been watching you  
check-in?

**CumLassie:** mmmm

yes...on a business trip in my short gray skirt and suit

**The Author:** Did you know my friends and I were watching you from the hotel parking lot?

**CumLassie:** thigh highs...high heel shoes

mmm never noticed you and your friends

**The Author:** You looked like a little Asian whore.

My two black friends especially liked that...

They've never had an Asian woman before...

**CumLassie:** mmmm!!

I'm small...5'3" with great legs.

the legs of a dancer! : )

I'm a very confident female... : ) self assured

I can take care of myself

**The Author:** Very strong-willed.

**CumLassie:** yes.. : )

**The Author:** You open the door to your room when we knock.

You think it might be the hotel staff.

**CumLassie:** yes? what can I help you with?

still in my suit! have not undressed yet

**The Author:** We push the door open and grab you.

**CumLassie:** caught by surprise

**The Author:** You can see that even though we're not wearing suits, we mean business, too.

You know what we want, my two black friends and I.

:-( ***The Author's Very Understanding Wife:*** *Oh yeah, right. You should have a LOT of black friends after this book comes out.*

**The Author:** We shut the door behind us.

**CumLassie:** the look of lust in your eyes

**The Author:** We push you backward until you stumble and fall on the bed.

**CumLassie:** I shudder...fear overcoming me  
but excited...getting wet

**The Author:** We can see you shiver...

**CumLassie:** such attractive men!

**The Author:** Feel your body shuddering when one of the black men and I grab your arms and legs and hold you down...  
  
Your arms are spread wide and your jacket opens...

**CumLassie:** I can see your cocks bulging from your pants

**The Author:** Your legs are pulled wide apart and the black man between your legs lifts your skirt up around your waist.

**CumLassie:** yes...revealing a lacy top underneath...  
  
and a pair of thongs, lace bras...

**The Author:** See through...  
  
You can feel the black man's big hands on your pussy...

**CumLassie:** yes...nipples erect!

**The Author:** Rubbing your cunt through your panties with your palm.  
  
I reach over and tear your shirt open to expose your bra.

**CumLassie:** feel the wetness

**The Author:** My friend and I pinch your nipples through the bra.

**CumLassie:** mmmm !! struggling to get up.



**The Author:** Holding you down...  
The thong being pulled down slowly...

**CumLassie:** I feel so helpless...

**The Author:** He leans forward and kisses your pussy...

**CumLassie:** yet getting more and more excited!  
yes!

**The Author:** He tastes you.  
You look down in shock as his big black face  
pushes hard up against your cunt...  
Tongue-fucking you.

**CumLassie:** I stop struggling.  
mmm!!! YES!  
such a hot tongue...so strong

**The Author:** Licking...  
Sucking...  
You wrap your gorgeous legs around his back...

**CumLassie:** AHFFF !!  
my juices flowing!!  
grabbing my tits...  
  
my cunt hungry for a cock!

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Oh God. I think my cunt just lost her appetite.*

**The Author:** Not just yet, my sweet little Asian whore...

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Why are you talking like a Nazi?*

;-)  
*The Author: Look, honey, I don't mind you reading over my shoulder, but you're really interrupting the flow here, okay?*

*Now then...where were we?*

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: About to feed her starving cunt, I think.*

**The Author:** Unzip us, whore!

**CumLassie:** mmmmm

yes!!!

**The Author:** Reach up with your hands and pull our zippers down, slut!

**CumLassie:** yes!!!

oohh such wonderful cocks!! huge thick cocks!

**The Author:** Pump them.

Pull them out and stroke them with your small hands.

**CumLassie:** uuhhhmmm

**The Author:** Lick your palms and jack us off, cunt.

**CumLassie:** yes!!! grabbing them...so thick and hard

**The Author:** Can you feel that black man's tongue licking you lower?

Can you feel his tongue against your asshole?

**CumLassie:** OHH!! Yes!!!

**The Author:** Tonguing you there...

**CumLassie:** moving my hips to meet his tongue

grinding my cunt into his face

**The Author:** Slut!

We reach down and open your bra...

**CumLassie:** YES!!

**The Author:** Your tits exposed...

**CumLassie:** mmmm

**The Author:** We reach down and cup a tit in each hand.

We move in closer until our cocks touch against your mouth.

**CumLassie:** ooohhh yes!!

**The Author:** You open your warm, wet mouth and take our cocks inside...

**CumLassie:** mmmmmm !! hungry for your cocks!

**The Author:** Pushing my cock into your mouth...

Grabbing your hair...

**The Author:** Fucking your slutty mouth...

**CumLassie:** mmmmm

**The Author:** Your skirt pushed up high around your waist...

You feel fingers probing there...

**CumLassie:** sucking you hard... you feel my tonsil...deep in my mouth

:-( *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: You want to fill that cavity while you're in there?*

;-) *The Author: Oh, go fill YOUR cavity.*

**The Author:** Opening your pussy...

Playing with your clit...

**CumLassie:** mmmm YES! wet hot pussy

swollen clit

**The Author:** You look down and see my black friend undressing...

Taking his shirt off to show a massive chest...

Hard muscled stomach...

**CumLassie:** uuhmmmm : )

**The Author:** He unbuttons his jeans and slides them down...

Your mouth is wide open IN SHOCK!

"He's too big," you say.

**CumLassie:** mmmmmm !!! the thought of being stretched!!

**The Author:** We laugh...

He strokes his cock...

**CumLassie:** huge cock!!! too big for me

**The Author:** He steps in between your open legs...

He slaps that huge black cock against your thighs...

Then against your cunt...

**CumLassie:** yes!!!

**The Author:** You grab our dicks as if for support...

I can feel your grip tighten...

He pushes the fat black head of his cock against your tight Asian pussy...

**CumLassie:** shocked at the sight...

**The Author:** It's huge...that big black cock is going inside you...

HARD!

**CumLassie:** AHHHhhh!!!

**The Author:** You shriek as he RAPES your tight little cunt...

**CumLassie:** NO!!! stop!!

**The Author:** Too late.

**CumLassie:** wet and hot cunt!!!

**The Author:** He leans forward...

Pushing HARD into you...

**CumLassie:** hungry for a cock!

**The Author:** Inch after swollen inch...

Fucking you...

You stroke our cocks...

Pumping them while he pumps you...

**CumLassie:** cocks everywhere!

**The Author:** He leans all the way forward now...

His chest up against yours...

**CumLassie:** huge cocks... hungry

**The Author:** He sucks your swollen nipples...

**CumLassie:** mmmmmm!!!

**The Author:** He wraps his arms around your small body and flips you around...

I move to the end of the bed...

He drives his big black cock into you...

Stretching your tight little cunt...

Your moans fill the hotel room...

**CumLassie:** so helpless

so hot!!! so wet!!

**The Author:** My other black friend grabs your hair and pulls it.

**CumLassie:** hungry for more cocks!

**The Author:** Your mouth opens and he shoves his cock into your mouth...

**CumLassie:** I feel so full!!!

**The Author:** Sweet black cock in your mouth...

Sweet black cock in your cunt...

**CumLassie:** stretched on both ends!

**The Author:** Pumping you.

They call you names.

They call you a whore.

A slut...

A cunt...

**CumLassie:** yes!! I'm your cunt!!! use me!!

**The Author:** They slap your ass.

I step behind you...

I lean forward and spit into your asshole...

**CumLassie:** mmmmmm!!!

**The Author:** I push my finger inside your tight little ass...

**CumLassie:** AHHH!!!! STOP!!!!

**The Author:** I smile, noticing you're still wearing your heels and hose...

"Fucking whore..."

(What are you doing right now?)

**CumLassie:** fucking myself...my fingers inside my wet hot cunt!!! so wet! I need a cock!!!

**The Author:** (And what are you wearing now?)

**CumLassie:** t shirt

panties... : ) wet now

:-) *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Uh-oh, a "t-shirt and panties!" Are you sure this is really a woman you're talking to?*

;-) *The Author: Honey...isn't it past your bedtime?*

**The Author:** Where are you in the house?

**CumLassie:** in the office

**The Author:** Slut.

**CumLassie:** your slut

make me your slut!

fill me up with your cock!

**The Author:** Whore.

I push my cock up against your tight ass...

**CumLassie:** yes!!! use me!

**The Author:** Pushing into you...

Fucking your ass...

Slapping your ass...

Pulling your hair...

**CumLassie:** AHHH!!!! You're too big!!!

**The Author:** Watching you suck cock like a common whore.

**CumLassie:** mmmm!!! cock everywhere!!

my ass burns as you force your cock into it

:-( *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: You know what? My ass is starting to burn, too. Is this really what you do all night?*

**The Author:** Stretching you...

Cock fills your ass, your cunt, your mouth...

**CumLassie:** you like watching me being used?

**The Author:** I love turning you into a whore...

**CumLassie:** mmmmm !!!

so out of control!!!

**The Author:** My friend pulls out of your mouth...

He jacks off...

Faster and faster...

He holds your mouth open with one hand...

Jacking off with the other...

**CumLassie:** mmmmmmm !!!!! I want to taste your cum!!!

**The Author:** He shoots!

Cum sprays over your Asian mouth.

**CumLassie:** YES!!!!

**The Author:** All over your face...  
Your hair...  
Your jacket...

**CumLassie:** mmmm!!! I swallow all of it!!

**The Author:** "Clean that cock," I order you.

**CumLassie:** cum dripping from my mouth and chin

**The Author:** "Drink every last drop..."

**CumLassie:** yes!! licking his cock clean

**The Author:** I pull out...

**CumLassie:** two cocks stretching me!!!

**The Author:** We pull you off that big black cock...  
"Get on your knees, whore!"

**CumLassie:** YES!!!  
not knowing what's next...trembling  
I obey

**The Author:** We surround you...

**CumLassie:** my wet cunt throbbing

**The Author:** "Finger that cunt you Asian slut."

**CumLassie:** my ass hurting

**The Author:** "Squeeze those tits..."  
"Pinch those brown nipples..."

**CumLassie:** AHFFFH YES!!!

**The Author:** "Now open your mouth..."

**CumLassie:** yes...

**The Author:** We stroke our cocks over your open mouth...

**CumLassie:** I open my mouth.



**The Author:** Your tongue out...

**CumLassie:** uuhhmmmm !!!

**The Author:** We smile, enjoying the cum all around your mouth.

We add to it.

My black friend shoots cum all over your tits.

Your face...

**CumLassie:** oohhh!!!!

**The Author:** You lean forward to suck the rest out.

**CumLassie:** yes!!!

hungry for more cum!!! love the smell of it...the feel of it

**The Author:** I point my cock to your mouth.

Cum flies over your face...

Cum drips over your mouth...

You lick up as much of it as you can...

Rubbing it into your tits...

Your pussy...

Your ass...

**CumLassie:** YES!!! bathing in cum!!

**The Author:** My black friend who came on you first has a surprise...

He pushes us aside...

**CumLassie:** mmmmm!!

**The Author:** Looks down at you with your hands in your cunt...

**CumLassie:** hungry for more

fuck me please...

**The Author:** You want to be humiliated?

**CumLassie:** fuck my hungry cunt!

Yes... humble me...

**The Author:** He holds his cock tight in his hands...

You lean back, knowing what to expect...you arch your back...

**CumLassie:** mmmm my cunt throbbing...wet

**The Author:** You can feel his warm piss running over your tits...

Then over your cunt...

**CumLassie:** mmmmm hot

**The Author:** We call up room service and tell them to send a maid to clean up.

**CumLassie:** yes

**The Author:** There's a knock at the door.

We open it and a young woman steps inside.

We tell her to take you to the bathroom and clean you up.

Well...it could go on forever...

**:-(** *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: It already has. Believe me.*

**CumLassie:** yes... no energy left...smelling of cum

**The Author:** You reek of cum and piss...

**CumLassie:** mmmmm!!! that was hot!!!

**The Author:** I hope you came hard.

**CumLassie:** mmm!!! : )

**The Author:** Do you use toys?

**CumLassie:** yes! : )

I love toys! Vibrator...dildo...

**The Author:** Petite little vibrators?

**CumLassie:** small ones. thinking of getting a big one : )

**The Author:** A sweet little cocksucker who needs to be dominated.

**CumLassie:** yes

**The Author:** What a good little whore you are.

**CumLassie:** I would love to be used like a whore!

**The Author:** I would love to let everyone see what a slut you really are.

**CumLassie:** and how would you do that?

**The Author:** Maybe I'll pimp you out.  
Make you suck cock in public...

**CumLassie:** Making men fuck me and watching me when they do

**The Author:** Loving it. Maybe even filming it.

**CumLassie:** mmm! : )

**The Author:** Making you wait in the mens room and proposition whoever walks in.  
You in your smart little business suit and heels.

**CumLassie:** underneath is a slut... a nympho

**The Author:** I still think you're holding back, though

**CumLassie:** You do?

:-( ***The Author's Very Understanding Wife:*** You do?!

;-) ***The Author:*** Oh, definitely. That's why I keep bringing up different scenarios. I'm trying our different bait and seeing how she reacts to them.

*But, at this point, all I'm getting is "mmmmmmmm." I'm looking for something along the lines of "YES!"*

**The Author:** I think there's more that you're not telling me. What is it you're keeping hidden?

Tell me your deepest, darkest secret...

**CumLassie:** mmmm

**CumLassie:** you will think I'm crazy

**The Author:** Tell your Master

**CumLassie:** humiliation

**The Author:** Go on...

**CumLassie:** watch me fuck a dog Master

**The Author:** Interesting.

You want to me to watch while that big dog licks your tight little Asian cunt, then fucks it?

**CumLassie:** YES!

; -) *The Author: BINGO!*

: - ( *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Yeah, that's some prize, alright.*

; -) *The Author: You don't understand. It IS a prize!  
If she's up for fucking a dog, she's up for ANYTHING! This is going to be complete NO-HOLDS-BARRED cyberfucking!*

**The Author:** Are you going to moan like a whore for me?

Let me know how good it feels when he slides that long pink tongue deep inside your pussy?

Licking you faster and deeper than any man ever could?

**CumLassie:** yes Master

**The Author:** You can feel him inside you now, can't you?

Sliding that tongue in and out of your tight, wet pussy...

**CumLassie:** Feels so good

But you want more, don't you?

**CumLassie:** yes Master

**The Author:** I want you to get on all fours now

I want you to push your round little ass far out

You can feel him mounting you...

That heavy warmth laying across you like a fur coat...

**CumLassie:** Yes

**The Author:** I'm watching you...

Watching my whore fuck my hound...

You can feel that hard thick knot against your pussy...

And then inside you...

**CumLassie:** mmmmm yes

**The Author:** Fucking you harder...

Faster...

Pounding into your cunt with that hard doggie cock...

**CumLassie:** mmmmm yes more

**The Author:** You want him to cum inside you, don't you

**CumLassie:** if Master wants

**The Author:** Oh Master DEFINITELY wants.

You're playing with your pussy now, aren't you, slut?

**CumLassie:** mmmmm

**The Author:** You want to cum for your Master, don't you?

**CumLassie:** yes

**The Author:** You're so close to coming now, aren't you? Thinking about that hard little cock inside you...

Thinking about that dog fucking you harder and faster than anyone ever has...

Cum for me, whore.

Cum for that fucking hard dog dick!

**CumLassie:** ohhhhhhhhhhhhh  
yessssssssssssss

**The Author:** Cum for me...

**CumLassie:** Mmmmmmm so good  
do you like controlling women? : )

**The Author:** VERY dominant. Yes.  
Does it show?

**CumLassie:** you control your wife?

**The Author:** Of course.

**:-)** *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Do you know what a "spit take" is?*

**;-)** *The Author: Look...I had to say that. She wants me to say that. Listen to the way she's talking. She's answering the question even as she's asking it.*

*HER: Do you make your wife perform oral on you in crowded movie theaters?  
I would be doing her a disservice if I answered honestly. Don't you see that?*

**CumLassie:** what do you make her do?

**:-)** *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Yes...what DO you make her do? I think we'd all like to hear this.*

**CumLassie:** Master...I need to turn in...have to get up early tomorrow for a meeting.  
do you have a pic?

**The Author:** I do...  
I'll send it tomorrow?

**CumLassie:** oh okay.. : ) sounds great! : )  
I better go

**The Author:** Goodnight, my slave.

Until next time.

**CumLassie:** goodnight : )

***our second chat...***

**The Author:** My ass is dragging, today! You kept me up too late last night!

**CumLassie:** Oh

then I am sorry. : )

I was just about to sign off.

glad you caught me

**The Author:** You lose sleep, too?

**CumLassie:** lol.. : ) actually didn't get up till 8:30AM

**The Author:** Were you late for your meeting?

**CumLassie:** A little bit... : )

**The Author:** Just fine...

I promised you my pic...

I was just logging on to send it.

Would you like to see it?

**CumLassie:** yes... I would like to see the pic

**The Author:** Beg me.

**CumLassie:** Please!!!

**The Author:** Ha. Just kidding.

Here it comes...

**CumLassie:** you're cumming? : )

lol.. got the pic.. : ) thanks!

**The Author:** Well...that's me.

**CumLassie:** yes.. I see.. : )

**The Author:** Such high praise...

You're underwhelmed. I can tell...

**CumLassie:** what do you mean? : )

you look very young!

**The Author:** Your Master's good looks leave you absolutely speechless...

**CumLassie:** lol... I am!

**The Author:** Mm-hmm.

**CumLassie:** I do love your sense of humor!

**The Author:** Thanks.

And how young DO I look?

**CumLassie:** early 30's

**The Author:** Thanks.

I was shooting for late teens, but since I am 35...

**CumLassie:** : ) sorry

Teen ager would be going too far

**The Author:** LOL

I'm sorry I kept you up so late last night. I won't make it worse by keeping you up late tonight, too.

Please, get some sleep...and I will, too.

**CumLassie:** thanks. I do need to be up early tomorrow

**The Author:** I'm glad I caught you online though.

Hope you're not bowled under by the pic.

Perhaps you were picturing more leather and chains...?

**CumLassie:** lol

sometimes physical features doesn't count

**The Author:** Physical features don't count?



Uh-oh.

**CumLassie:** it does in a way..: )

**The Author:** That's not a compliment.

**CumLassie:** : )

**The Author:** =(

**CumLassie:** that's not what I meant

**The Author:** Oh, it's alright.

**CumLassie:** you are attractive...in your own cute way... : )

**The Author:** Let's get some sleep.

**CumLassie:** alright

### ***our third and last chat...***

Just because you put someone on your Buddy List doesn't mean you're on your way to becoming lifelong pals. Don't expect anyone on your **AOL Buddy List** to be giving the eulogy at your funeral, is what I'm saying.

When you're new to **AOL**, you naively assume that just because you've put someone on your Buddy List, they've put you on theirs. After a few conversations with them you'll start to notice that it was YOU who initiated the last four hundred chats. In fact, you can't recall your "buddy" ever sending YOU a greeting. So you test them...

When you're online and see that they're also logged onto AOL, you'll hold off on sending them an **Instant Message**. After all, they should have you on *their* **Buddy List**, too. Surely they're aware that you've logged on. So why haven't they IMed you yet?

You'll be logged on for minutes, sometimes *hours*, in this virtual staring contest waiting to see who blinks first. Even more painful, though, is when you log onto **AOL** and you hear the sound of a door slamming shut. That's the sound **AOL** plays when someone has logged off. As if in a hurry. Almost as if they logged off because you logged on.

And so it was with **CumLassie**.

**The Author:** So we aren't talking anymore?

**CumLassie:** hey! how are you?

**The Author:** Curious.

**CumLassie:** curious? : )

**The Author:** Curious as to why you never say hello.  
I'm not on your Buddy List?

**CumLassie:** that is my choice

**The Author:** Well, I'm starting to feel unwelcome.

**CumLassie:** I'm sorry

**The Author:** I still am.  
What is the problem here?

**CumLassie:** I really feel very exposed...

**The Author:** How so?

**CumLassie:** I have revealed to you things I have not even shared with my own husband

**The Author:** And so you'd prefer I go away?

**CumLassie:** I have to be truthful... you had me hot a few times.

**The Author:** I'm still not following, so I'll ask again: "And so you'd prefer I go away?"

**CumLassie:** yes

**The Author:** Okay.  
Enough said.

**CumLassie:** thank you  
it was fun

**The Author:** I'll go, of course.  
But I think you really want me to go because you're afraid.  
Afraid of falling even further under your Master's spell.

**CumLassie:** lol.. but that's all for fun... : )

**The Author:** Afraid that I will open you up to that world you're so excited by, but won't enter.

**CumLassie:** you are a nice person

**The Author:** Are you afraid that I'm going to show up on your doorstep one day with a Doberman with a thick knotted cock?

**CumLassie:** maybe I am

**The Author:** But what is it really? Why suddenly?  
My photo?

**CumLassie:** honestly...I'm not attracted to you

**The Author:** The photo.  
What would have been more your type? What had you imagined I looked like?

**CumLassie:** my type... medium built...

**The Author:** Go on...

**CumLassie:** I'm not into big guys...

**The Author:** I'm 6ft and barrel-chested. I couldn't slim down to medium-build if I wanted...  
Seems kind of odd, though, after as much as we've shared to just pitch me aside.  
Seems, well, cruel.

**CumLassie:** I am very visual  
I have to be attracted to a man... to keep the relationship going  
I am not attracted to you.

**The Author:** Wow.

**CumLassie:** I'm truly sorry.

**The Author:** And I'm so fucking cute. I don't get that at all.

**CumLassie:** sorry...not my type

**The Author:** And what if the situation was reversed?

**CumLassie:** then it's reversed... we win some we lose some

**The Author:** What if you were curious about me, but I told you after looking at your picture that, frankly, you weren't my type. Didn't attract me at all.

How revved would you be?

**CumLassie:** what are you making such a big deal of this... this is all fantasy world

**The Author:** Interesting point. I counter with this: there is no Microsoft label on my forehead.

**CumLassie:** okay

what do you want from me?

I'm sure you talk to a lot of females online

I'm just one of them

**The Author:** Of course!

Men, too.

But I'm not rude to them.

Just because we're using machines to communicate doesn't mean we should treat each other as one.

**CumLassie:** was I being rude?

**The Author:** Oh, yes. You're being very cold. You really hurt my feelings, I'll be honest.

And you don't see how, and that makes me sad.

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Alright. That's it. Enough of this. Log off.*

:-(  
*The Author: I'm not her type. Can you believe that? She wants to fuck a DOG, but I'm not her type. Who is? RinTinTin?*

**CumLassie:** how can talking online be cold? why are you so hung up on this?

:-(  
*The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Oh shut up, you stupid whore.*

*Come on, baby. Turn the computer off...*

*Come to bed with me and I'll tell you my gang-bang fantasy, okay?*

:-) *The Author: Okay.*

*Gang-bang, huh? Interesting.*

*Did you ever want to do it with a dog?*

;-) *The Author's Very Understanding Wife: Don't push your luck.*

**CumLassie:**            goodbye!

**AMERICA ONLINE ERROR:**  
**The Author** is not currently signed on.

## About The Author:

The Author (not his real name) is independently wealthy with two Ferraris in his garage that he doesn't drive because he doesn't want to look pretentious. He looks like Tom Cruise pretty much and has a fourteen-inch penis.\* People say his wife looks a lot like Pamela Anderson, except for her 44DD hooters. (And, YES, they're real!)

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\* AOL inches.