Culture Shock Ch. 09

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From online to real-life in 23 chapters.

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It was still dark. And silent. It felt like about four A.M. Elaine was lying on her stomach. She couldn't see the alarm clock, but she didn't want to know the time. One hand was between her legs, but it wasn't moving. It was... reassuring. She wasn't really aware of it.

Remembering the fleeting images she'd dreamed, she put them together in her mind. Gary had picked her up after college. He was waiting for her, leaning on some nondescript sports car. He'd embraced her and she'd melted. His hands had stolen down to her ass to squeeze the firm, supple flesh concealed under her mini. Just before they'd kissed, he'd realised her predicament. He made a big show out of being surprised she wasn't wearing knickers.

Then he'd spanked her in broad daylight. Right in the college parking lot.

Elaine squirmed on her fingers, remembering how he'd arranged her, leaning on the hood of his car, pushing out her ass. Students walked by saying things that embarrassed her to the core. He'd spanked her for being such a naughty girl; for not wearing panties with such a short skirt. Laughing and shaking his head, Gary had tormented her for accepting such a stupid bet in the first place, while onlookers encouraged him to spank her more.

In her dreams, Elaine had adjusted her stance, presenting her ass provocatively, just as he'd told her to do. He hadn't spanked her hard. But he'd loudly announced that he'd stop if she *didn't* tell him how hot her cunt was. She admitted it without hesitation and a girl in the crowd called her a slut as Gary started spanking her again.

In her dreams.

She'd woken a number of times during the dreams, breaking the seemingly continuous events into shorter segments that made little sense at the time. In those vignettes, Gary's eyes kept appearing.

Over and over.

Smiling.

Mocking.

Fleeting glimpses and long stares.

Making her cream her fucking cunt. That's what he'd said to her as he'd smacked her ass.

'I bet you are creaming your fucking cunt.'

She wished he hadn't used those words. She knew Gary to be masterful and tasteful rather than foul-mouthed. She didn't know how he would act with her... how he'd *be* with her. Elaine's body flushed at

the memory of his words. Only *he* hadn't said them. It wasn't *Gary* mocking her about her wet pussy. *She* had conjured the words, and the admission made her press her fingers gently into her opening, immediately confirming its wetness.

It was ME who wanted to hear those nasty words. I dreamt them. I made him say them.

God... I'm so bad.

She groaned softly as her fingers slid in deeper, grazing her clit.

Catching herself in the act, she froze.

From between her legs she brought her hand up to her mouth. Without thinking she slid the wet fingers between her lips. She could hardly believe it. She was sucking her fingers of her own volition. They didn't taste bad. Not sweet. Kind of savoury. She had the thought that they tasted like sex.

She wanted sex.

She wanted the intimacy... And the skin... She wanted the tastes and the smells... The feel of a body, desiring hers... Confirmed with words, limbs tangled and slick with perspiration... Breaths urgent... Nails... Muscle...

Her ears were hot.

Sucking gently, her mind wandered back to Gary's words. The words *she* had dreamed. They were there, released within the padded cell of her unconscious mind.

'I bet you are creaming your fucking cunt.'

Freud would have had a field day.

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By the time her alarm sounded, Elaine had been slipping in and out of consciousness for what felt like hours. She was in no mood to move, let alone get out of bed. Her dreams were so real they resulted in actual and persistent excitement, not just a fleeting twinge of pleasure. For the first time in a long time she considered calling in sick. Her body was alive and on edge. She kept thinking about the parking lot.

She couldn't help it.

Dragging herself to the bathroom, she hoped she'd feel better after a shower and fortunately she did. She even managed to tidy up her little Mohawk, finding to her relief that she could keep her thoughts in check if she had something else to think about. Like getting ready for work.

A cup of coffee and I'll be fine.

Ten minutes later her roommates joined her in the kitchen. Chelsea yawned and stretched, almost revealing her sex as her nightie, which was almost see-through anyway, rode up. "Mmmmm. Who wants coffee?"

"No thanks," said Elaine.

"Make mine a double," Kendra said, looking Elaine up and down. "You're so conscientious, Elaine."

Elaine rolled her eyes. "Is that leftover spaghetti okay for tonight?"

"Sure," Kendra said, narrowing her eyes. "I hope you don't have panties on under there."

Elaine glanced down at her nicely creased black work pants. She shook her head and finished the last of her coffee. "I don't have time for this. I've gotta go."

“I think I see a panty line.”
“You do not, and you know it.”
“Show me then. And show me your bag. I don’t want you cheating and putting panties on after you’ve left.”
Elaine sighed. “Whatever.” Undoing the button, she unzipped the front halfway and worked the pants down her hips a little, then turned sideways and pulled one side a lot further down, revealing almost the whole right cheek of her ass. Elaine felt bold and her breath caught as she asked, “S... Satisfied?”
“Ah, sure,” said Kendra, quickly closing Elaine’s bag and handing it to back to her. “You better get going.”
While walking down the stairs outside the apartment, Elaine thought it was getting easier to expose herself to her roommates. At first it had been almost impossible. But each time it was getting easier. It was almost fun. A bit weird. But kind of fun all the same.
Then she had a horrific thought that stopped her in her tracks.
“Oh, my God!”
Shaking uncontrollably, she opened the backpack in her arms and there, shoved down beside a couple of her textbooks, was the crushed colourful plastic wrapping from her new sex toys. “No!” she whimpered in a strangled scream, shoving the bag closed and fumbling with the zipper. “Dammit. *Fuck!”*
Elaine’s legs felt like jelly, but she moved them slowly, one after the other and the feeling in them slowly returned. She walked quickly down the last of the stairs blushing like crazy. And the worst thing was, her pussy was soaked!
Maybe I’m imagining it. Maybe she didn’t see. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
Walking gingerly across the quadrangle, Elaine headed for the bus stop. She watched a bus leave while she was stuck on the other side of the road. They came every ten minutes so she wasn’t concerned.
She had a thought. For a minute or two she’d be alone. Spying a dumpster, she ran over and quickly emptied her bag of the incriminating evidence.
Her day was *not* going well.
And of course every bump and vibration of the bus seemed multiplied by ten. By the time she’d reached her stop, Elaine felt like a quivering mass of warm wet goo. She was glad her skirt was black. On unsteady legs, she trudged into the glass building and rode up the elevator. First stop: the restroom.
Thankfully work was uneventful and she managed to calm down. Everyone including Elaine was very busy, and she managed to go most of the morning without thinking about what Kendra may or may not have seen. By the time she was on the bus home again, she felt almost normal.
With palpable relief, Elaine entered a silent apartment. She quickly changed into the clothes she’d laid out on her bed, donning her trusty black skirt, saving a t-shirt and going with the black and white halter. Before either of her roommates could arrive home, she’d headed off to class.
She dreaded seeing her roommates. As the day wore on, Elaine thought more and more about

Kendra going through her bag. It was like the Gestapo or something. Elaine wouldn't have done it. Not even as a joke. It was just... *rude*.

This bet WAS just for fun... right?

It was during one of her classes that Elaine started getting angry. Checking was fine, she decided, but going through her bag was not. This whole 'not wearing underwear' thing was just a harmless prank, and if no one cheated, then no one was getting a Brazilian, and no one was streaking the damned staircase. Going through her bag was an invasion of privacy that was out of proportion to the bet. She had to say something. And besides, if Kendra was already bald, then what kind of a threat was a Brazilian? *That* wasn't fair.

Elaine hung out in the library, postponing going home for as long as she could.

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Late in the day she hauled her body up the stairs to her apartment and quietly opened the front door. The music system was on, which didn't bode well, but after dumping her bag and heading for the kitchen she found the apartment was empty. The note on the table said the girls had gone to the gym and would be home by six.

After setting the table and microwaving the spaghetti sauce until it was no longer frozen, Elaine took fresh pasta out, ready to boil. The girls came home within minutes but they were strangely quiet and retired straight to their rooms. A moment later Chelsea came out again, turned off the music system and flopped on the sofa, switching on the T.V.

Elaine stood in the kitchen doorway. "How was the gym?"

"It was okay," said Chelsea, channel surfing.

Elaine knew when Chelsea wasn't in the mood to talk. "Spaghetti can be ready in fifteen minutes if you're hungry."

"Yeah, starving."

Clad only in a towel, Kendra appeared in the lounge room entranceway. "Do I have time for a shower?"

"Sure," said Elaine. "Is fifteen minutes okay?"

"Perfect. Thanks. God, I'm so hungry I could eat our defensive line," Kendra said, winking at Elaine.

Chelsea giggled but kept watching the television. MTV was on. Kendra headed to the bathroom with an over-the-top toss of her hair that Elaine thought was pretty funny.

She's acting weird , Elaine thought, an uncertain smile on her face. She shook her head and turned back to the kitchen. *Maybe I'm being overly sensitive... Maybe going through my bag wasn't such a big deal. Ugh. She should have just trusted me.*

Elaine's face was a fragile mask of determination as she broke the spaghetti in two and added it to the now boiling water.

It'd be great if Kendra lost this bet. That would be such karma. Hmmm. But what about the Brazilian? I must remember that too. And I better check her more often.

Hey, wait a minute...

Why would Kendra think to check my bag in the first place? Maybe because SHE'S cheating by

taking undies in HER bag. Damn! What if she is? Hmmm… If she is, then I can't say anything about HER going through MY bag or she'll apologise piously and we'll all agree to make it a rule not to check bags. Damn! Damn! Damn! She's too fucking clever. Maybe she planned it that way, never in the least expecting ME to be cheating. Finding the stupid packaging in my bag would have been a shock. But if she makes a big deal out of it, it'd blow her plan. I bet she's COUNTING on me saying something about her going through my bag!
What if I don't say anything?
Let's see...
If I don't say anything, I could double whammy her. She would have to hold out on hassling me about my new toys, and I might get a chance to nail her with knickers in that over-shoulder bag she always takes to class. I BET that's what she's doing…
As she stirred the spaghetti and reheated the sauce, Elaine saw a glimmer of victory and it made her smile. At the very least she could just keep her mouth shut and see if Kendra said anything. Kendra would probably wait until tomorrow night before she got desperate. *Hmmmm,* thought Elaine*. Or, she might even try it again in the morning, thinking it's a good distraction.*
No. She's not that stupid. It might have been an 'all or nothing' move. Elaine grinned with renewed optimism. We'll see…
Just as she'd suspected, dinner was fine. No snide comments, no knowing looks. Just as though Kendra hadn't seen a thing. Which was probably what she hoped Elaine thought. Probably.
Argh! Maybe I'm just imagining it!
Kendra even offered to wash up again, but for some reason Chelsea insisted.
"Okay," Kendra said. "Well, I'm going to watch T.V. with a good book." She rolled her eyes. Elaine figured she meant a boring textbook. "Oh, and I'll get pizza tomorrow night. My treat."
"Cool," said Chelsea. "I want one from that new place, what's it called? *Slammin' salami*?"
"*Tony's Pepperoni*, you dill," Kendra teased, giggling.
"Oh, yeah," Chelsea said, blushing as Elaine and Kendra cracked up.
"You're too much, Chelsea," said Kendra. "I better fix you up with Dale again."
"Noooooo!"
Elaine smiled all the way down the hall to her room. She even smiled all the way back to the bathroom and all through her shower. And when she turned on her computer and relaxed in front of it, she was *still* smiling. She was so glad there was no drama.
Her day had been *so* stressful. She felt like she could have gone to bed and slept all night. But she wanted to talk to Gary. Elaine needed something to... something for...
She couldn't put her finger on the words she was trying to express. It was like she needed a holiday from her stressful reality.
Elaine was instantly excited by the discovery of an email from him. Just seeing his name on the email sent ripples of pleasure across her skin. She clicked it open and read his words, her smile returning.
Greetings Elaine,
I hope you enjoyed our last conversation as much as I did.

I did a little research and came up with a few websites with good information and you'll find them listed below. You should start at the first one listed, and work your way down. You may take a quick look at each, but please begin your journey at Castlerealm in the section titled 'subSpace'. I don't think you'll want to stop reading once you start. Just work your way down the index. Oh, and when you get to the 'checklist', make sure you do it and keep a copy for yourself. You may want to update it as the 'submissive' in you develops further. If you have any questions about it, feel free to ask.
I hope to see you this evening, but I may be up to an hour late.
Gary
Knowing he'd be late, Elaine felt a little deflated. She *really* wanted to see him again. Remembering she had his picture, she popped it up on her screen and swooned. Instinctively her thighs pressed together and the pleasure prickling her skin rushed to her pussy.
His eyes...
Her nipples throbbed to erection, almost painful in their hardness. Biting her lip, she reluctantly minimised his picture and took a deep breath, separating her thighs. Entering Castlerealm, she started reading...
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"Hello."
The greeting popped up on her screen just as she'd begun filling out her personal copy of the BDSM Checklist. Blinking, Elaine glanced at the time before typing. It was nine forty-eight P.M. "Hello, Sir," she messaged, sitting up a little straighter.
"I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long."
"No. Honestly, I've been reading, Sir," Elaine typed back. "The last couple of hours have just flown by."
"I'm not sure if I should be pleased or disappointed."
Elaine's mind snapped to attention. "I'm sorry. I don't understand."
"Pleased that you've been reading or disappointed that you've *not* been working on school stuff."
"I'm ahead of my school stuff, Sir."
"I'm pleased then."
Elaine glowed. "I'm glad."
"What have you been reading?"
"Just as you suggested: *Castlerealm*. I'm up to filling in my checklist."
"Great."
"Um," Elaine hesitated. "Will I be sharing this with you?"
"Only if you want to."
"It's a bit personal."
"*Chuckles*."
Elaine grinned and typed, "Well, it is! Aren't you guys supposed to instinctively just know exactly what a girl wants without her having to say? It's so embarrassing." Elaine wasn't sure if she was being playful or just honest. She bit her lip.

“You are adorable.”
Elaine blushed crimson, her fingers tingling and beginning to tremble. She wanted to ask, ‘*Why?*’ Instead she typed, “But it’s true! Aren’t guys just supposed to know what we want? You know, like everyone out there has a perfect match somewhere and you’ve just got to find it? Because when you do, you’ll know? Surely you don’t *have* to tell someone exactly what you want them to do to you.”
“Elaine...”
“Um. Yes?”
“If you were with me right now, kneeling before me on a soft cushion, looking up at me with those big brown eyes of yours... Wouldn’t you want me to tell you exactly how to please me at that very moment?”
Elaine swallowed. “Well... Yes. But guys are different. They’re a mystery.” She sent a tongue poking out.
She had to wait a moment for Gary’s response. “That’s the second or third time you’ve sent the ‘poking tongue out’ icon to me. Please know that there are times when you would be well advised not to send it. Now is *not* one of those times, but I am telling you so you are forewarned. Just think about it before you send it, okay?”
“Yes, Sir.” It was obvious he wanted her to listen, so Elaine held her tongue.
He didn’t disappoint her. “Men and women are not so different. We both have expectations and we both consist of explored and unexplored territories. We both have comfort levels and we both have limits to which we would go to please our partners and to please ourselves. Men and women are both looking for the person that suits them best, and they are both easily caught in a web of secrets, lies and deception. Taking some of the mystery away on the one hand may seem to sterilise the process, but on the other it lays things on the table so you discuss them and save any potential heartache and pain. All one needs to be is honest.”
A long stretch of silence passed. Elaine consumed his words carefully, as a food critic would digest an entrée. There were only two words she could think to say. “Yes, Sir.”
“Look at my picture. Come back when you have looked at it for ten seconds.”
Elaine thought she had been away for about 10.6 seconds. After gazing into his eyes, and putting up with about 5.1 seconds of painful throbbing in her nipples, she was back. “I’m back, Sir.”
“*Smiles*. Well, what do you think was going through my mind when that picture was taken?”
“Hmmmm...” Elaine typed, sending it as she pondered. “You were in love with the person taking the picture.”
There was a hesitation before he typed, and Elaine smiled. “That’s right. I probably shouldn’t ask this, but what do you suppose I was actually thinking at that moment?”
“Can I take another look?” Elaine asked.
“Sure,” he replied. “Five seconds.” His smile arrived a moment later.
“You were thinking you couldn’t wait to fuck her.”
Five seconds passed. Then ten. Then twenty. Finally Messenger said Gary was typing and he was taking ages. Elaine was trying to think of how to do a back flip with a one-and-a-half twist. Then stupid

Messenger said he'd stopped typing. Then started again. Elaine's heart was beating hard.
What did I say? Oh, my God! Please! I'll do anything! Just don't end this now!
"I want to meet you one day."
Elaine's heart stopped, her hands freezing over the keyboard.
That was out of character wasn't it?
FUCK! What does he mean?
Hello? Talk to him, stupid! And be honest! It would be amazing. Well, it would be! Don't be afraid!
"That would be amazing," she typed reluctantly, refusing the temptation to lie. She held her breath. No other words came to her. He'd made her quiet and reflective, unsure of what she meant... or of whom she was. He did this to her regularly. Strangely she *knew* it would get better. She just *knew*. *'Thinking before speaking'* was a new part of her that she was trying to get used to, but that she liked. He seemed to encourage her self-control, but at the same time he encouraged her to let go. It was weird. Enlightening. Uplifting even.
She felt as though she could do no wrong in his eyes. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew the thought wasn't quite right. But she held onto it. It felt good to hold onto it.
"I just mean one day. I don't mean tomorrow. You read me well, Elaine."
"I didn't think you meant tomorrow."
"It could be in twenty years, when we are old and grey... well, I will be."
"You will not. You're only thirty-four."
"You've read my profile."
Elaine gulped, blushing and realising the conversation was hurtling in a direction she wasn't expecting. "Yes."
"Then you know where I live."
"Yes." She was determined not to lie.
"You live nearby, don't you?"
Elaine hesitated then typed and pressed '*send'*. "Yes."
Almost simultaneously, he had rushed a disclaiming message, "Don't answer that!"
Elaine wished she hadn't answered. But there it was in their log, just a few lines up. She wondered if Gary was staring at her admission too. First it was the time zone, and now she'd admitted she was '*nearby'*. She hoped it was sufficiently vague.
Why? she wondered.
"I'm sorry. I should have said you didn't have to answer."
"I'm committed to answering your questions honestly."
"That's exactly what I was thinking... And exactly why I tried to stop you. Or at least give you an option not to answer."
"Thank you for trying."
"Thank you for telling me. But I have to say..."
"Yes?"
"You are going to drive me nuts if I can't see you."

“I’m not ready yet,” Elaine said, remembering Simone’s advice and sticking to her guns.
“I know,” typed Gary. Elaine felt his desire. She felt it penetrating her skin. “Don’t respond to my frustration, Elaine. I want you to be honest with yourself first. If that means leaving and not talking to me again, I’ll get over it. But while you stay, you should know there are two distinct parts of me. The physical, *act before you think*, ‘me’. And then there’s the mental ‘me’; the part that thinks first, and remembers my responsibilities *before* I am tempted to act. It’s a balancing act sometimes.”
“The second part is an important part. I couldn’t be with someone whose second part wasn’t strong,” Elaine typed, further surprising herself with her candour. “Especially when the same is expected of me.”
“Point taken,” Gary typed. A second or two passed. “I was referring to lust, though.”
“Lust?”
“Yes. Lust,” he typed. “Desire. Unstoppable, unbridled yearning. Need.”
Elaine’s body shuddered as if a chill wind had blown through her room. She glanced at the door, to see if it had opened. It hadn’t. She knew what he meant. She knew his words were his own step over the line. He had admitted to Elaine something no one before had admitted. Ever.
He wanted her.
A thrill ran the length of Elaine’s body, from the roots of her hair to the tips of her toes.
“I understand.” If she’d been in front of him, she’d have gasped.
“Do you?”
“Yes. I have needs too. I’m just not sure what they are yet.”
“Yes,” Gary typed. “Yes... You are right.”
“I...” Elaine typed, unsure of her words. “I’m just figuring it out.”
“It’s okay. I’m sorry, but shit, Elaine...”
“What?”
“I *so* want to ask you, ‘*How close by?*’ But I won’t. I just want you to know I am wrestling with myself.”
“Thank you for not asking.”
Silent seconds passed. “I’m going to be looking for you, everywhere I go.”
“Don’t, Sir...”
“I’m not on the rebound, Elaine. I’ve been waiting for you a long time.”
“How do you know it’s me you’ve been waiting for?”
“Let me tell you a story.”
“Okay...”
“I first started going to the chat room where I met you many years ago. It was a nice way to kill an hour or two. I could visit whenever the writing bug hadn’t bitten me, but while it was in some ways frustrating, I always thought it was worth it.”
“Frustrating?”
“Yes. Seeing new people come and go and hook up in like five minutes flat... It’s just so unrealistic, and plainly false. It was frustrating to see so many people with a healthy interest in the lifestyle fall through the cracks and be swallowed up by people who knew nothing. I’m talking about the users and

the control freaks... people like that. The genuine newbies get hurt and end up turning away from the lifestyle, thinking it's worse than the life they have. It's just sad."
"Does that happen a lot?"
"I'd say nine out of ten newbie subs get hurt simply by hooking up with the wrong person."
"I feel very lucky. Why did you keep going back?"
"Because even the most troll-infested chat rooms need a few voices of experience. That's the reason I kept going back. To add my voice to the chorus of people who are 'real' in there."
"That's very noble. I know that sounds sarcastic, but I really do mean it."
"My heart is pure, Elaine. It's fragile but it's mended and whole again."
Why does he keep saying things like that? She bit her lip. "Okay..."
"And that's all I've ever thought. I've always considered *the Internet* to be fraught with problems: not knowing who is really at the other end, dishonest people, etc. Dominants come across lots of half-hearted subs too. Submissives whose hearts aren't in it, thrill-seekers, players, etc. Online, Doms have to be careful and take their time just as subs do. I've heard of a few couples successfully meeting online and moving into real life and living happily ever after. So it does happen. But I've also seen countless failures. Countless. So I chose not to seek anyone. You can ask Simone, for the last year, I've been dead against it. I never expected to meet anyone online."
Elaine didn't know what to say. She didn't know how to feel. He was talking like 'they' were a fait accompli. It scared the wits out of her. She was dumbstruck.
Mercifully, Gary continued. "I go to parties and munches, Elaine. Occasionally to annual events, things like that. I'm involved in a small group of seven people, myself included. We get together now and then to talk and share experiences and knowledge. Once in a while we have a newbies night if there are enough people interested. The last one was a couple of months ago. Half of those who promised to come didn't turn up. Of the three that did, none of them came to the following munch. One of the guys seems good. He might come back... Anyway, the point is, I've accepted I'm unlikely to meet someone given my current circumstances, and I haven't been too concerned about it either."
"But one day you will be?" Elaine was shaking.
"I thought I might put an ad in one of the lifestyle magazines. I figured my picture might get a few bites."
"Yeah," Elaine typed, smiling. "A few."
"The girl would have to enjoy living in the boondocks."
"Where?"
"I just mean in the middle of nowhere."
"Oh. Sorry. City girl."
"I get it."
"No, I mean..." Elaine blushed. *What DO I mean?* "I mean I come from the city. I didn't mean I don't have a highly romanticised idea about living in the open spaces." She sent a wink.
He sent a smile. "Enough intimate talk for the evening."
"Yes, Sir."

“Time for bed.”
Elaine sighed. “Yes, Sir.” She looked at the clock and shook her head, wishing time hadn’t passed so fast. “Thank you.”
“Tell me ‘what for’, Elaine.”
“For spending your time with me. Half the time I can’t believe I’m here. The other half I can hardly think straight.”
“Are you okay?”
“Yes. I’m okay. Just frustrated, Sir,” admitted Elaine. “It’s been a long day.”
“But you’ve not played.”
“Oh, no,” Elaine messaged back quickly. “I won’t until after I’ve seen you on Friday night. I remember.”
“Good girl.” Gary had accidentally called her that before.
Elaine read his words again and smiled, remembering. This time she really liked it. It was hers. Her praise. He was pleased with her. “Thank you, Sir.”
“Oh shit, I did it again, didn’t I?”
“Yes, Sir,” Elaine typed, smiling from ear to ear. She sent a big grin to let him know.
“I guess you don’t mind then.” He sent back a smile.
“No. Not if I’ve earned it.” Elaine found the icon of the little person blushing and sent it.
“*Smiles*.”
“*Smiles* too.”
“Good night, Elaine.”
“Good night, Sir.”
“Sweet dreams.”
God, I wish! “Thank you. Sleep well, Sir.”
And she signed off.