Zone Dreams

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Cyber sex and fantasy love affair

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Zone Dreams

My mind was still reeling from your erotic visit of the night before. I showered and climbed into bed snuggling into the soft pillows and pulling my duvet snuggly around me.

I couldn't sleep – I was thinking about what you said. You begged me to trust you, to follow where you led and to obey with out question. My body had still been tingling with the pleasure you had given me and I agreed to whatever you said and to whatever it might bring me. I wasn't frightened then and gave no thought to the implications of what I had agreed to. But in the cold light of day I began to feel some trepidation. You never told me what you had in mind for me and I was a little afraid that sleep would summon you and, somehow, whatever it was that you wanted, I would not be able to give. And then I would be breaking my promise to you – and that was unthinkable.

I fought sleep for a while and, in a strange way, I could almost hear your voice commanding me to "Go to sleep!" I wrestled with my own reality and told myself that everything that had happened was only a dream – a wild erotic dream that had left me happy, sated and spent. And, remembering this, I slept.

Whatever dream state I was in I awoke to your gentle caresses. You said nothing, your tongue and fingers and hardness said it all. Squeezing my nipples, nibbling my ear lobes probing my ear with your damp tongue that held promise to do the same elsewhere. I sighed and moaned and reached out for your hardness. I moved down your body and bit your nipples – you gasped, the pain more than I intended. I licked your belly button and entwined my fingers in the dark coils of hair from which burst the source of my pleasure, rearing

up before me and begging the attention of my mouth.
That little bead of moisture tipped the head of your prick
– as it did the night before – I flicked my tongue over and
lapped it up. The same familiar musky man smell and taste
threatened to over power me and I buried my head in the softness
of your balls hanging heavily below. “Suck it!” you commanded.
I obeyed. I swallowed your hardness as you thrusted, relentlessly,
towards the back of my throat your size gagged me and you
withdrew a little whilst I sucked and licked its gleaming
length. My tongue flickered over the moist head and up and
down the shaft, over your balls and back again to attend
to the sensitive area at the tip of your tool. I could feel
your pulse in your groin drumming madly. My own heart was
beating, thudding against my chest and echoing loudly
in my ears. You had your hands in my hair pulling me closer
to your throbbing prick. I felt your urgency as you thrust
uncontrollably into the recess of my mouth. You moaned
and cried out my name and your juices spurted from you filling
my mouth with its salty sweetness. I lick and sucked, hungry
for every last drop while your thrustings slowed and finally
stopped. I swallowed and swallowed and at last my hunger
for you was sated.
You grasped me under my armpits and pulled me up close to
your face. Your eyes were shining with gratitude. “Thank
you!” you said and covered my mouth with yours. In my kisses
you could taste yourself we were at that moment undeniably
intermingled – I had devoured you and you had let me.
Oh my strong, beautiful man you recovered so quickly!
My own moistness had dripped onto your thighs. You pushed
me from you onto my back and knelt, like a worshipper, before
my shaven pubes. Aaah you said as you reached out and fondled
my soft lips. You opened me like a flower in the morning sun,
and pushed your finger gently into the warm damp interior,
I squirmed, breathless with excitement and anticipation
and could hardly stop myself from screaming out “fuck me
fuck me!” But you took your time forcing me to enjoy every
sensation. You bent low now and your tongue flickered over
my plump cunt lips. You told me to open my legs wider. You
urged me not to be shy and all the time you sucked and licked
whilst I grinded my hips towards you jerking involuntarily
at the assault on my private pleasurable place. I couldn’t
take anymore and I begged you to stop! But in response you
opened my legs wider and buried your tongue even deeper.
I screamed now for release. My climax coming and going but

never quite reaching that pinnacle of release that we all
seek. You are such a clever lover making me wait like that!
You know how much more the pleasure if you are forced to wait
for something. You stopped licking sucking and licking
me and moved away lying on your back your manhood rearing
up proud and strong.
“You remember your promise, little one?” You said. I couldn’t
speak so nodded my assent. You told me you had something
for me but first I must mount you from above. I sat astride
you, I was eager for the penetration that would bring my
release. I lowered myself down onto your prick and slowly
you entered me. I tightened my cunt muscles – relaxed – tightened
and relaxed. “That’s so good” you whispered and you drew
little circles around my erect nipples. You were firmly
embedded inside me and you pulled me down to your chest where
our slippery sweatiness mingled making our bodies glow.
My legs were either side of your thighs and now you began
to massage my buttocks. Squeezing and kneading whilst
I gyrated gently above you.
I saw something out of the corner of my eye – a shadowy figure
– silhouetted in the moonlight. My instinct was to hide
myself from whatever the danger was that I perceived myself
to be in! But you took my face in your hands and whispered.
“Just look at me – don’t be afraid – you promised – anything
I want you must obey!” I thought my heart would burst from
my chest! My bottom lip began to tremble and pinpricks of
tears formed in the corner of my eyes.
“Keep looking at me” he said “Go with the sensation and
know that nothing I do, or command to be done, will ever hurt
you!”
I buried my head in your shoulder and felt you inside me
and I knew you would never lie to me. I trusted you – andI loved
you, and whatever it was that you wanted, was fine by me.

I jumped at the shock of the cold lubricant that you now
massaged into my buttocks. You told me to relax and although
I tried the tension just wouldn’t leave me. I could feel
you throbbing inside me – your hardness filled me. And I
loved I!.
Your caresses become firmer and in a moment your oily finger
was probing that dark orifice that was still virginal.
It stung and I instinctively pulled away from you. “Keep
still!” you said and grasping my wrists you held them firmly
in one large hand whilst you continued your probings with

the other. I was lost somewhere between wanting you to continue
and wanting you to stop. But I had no choice in the matter
did I? Your oily finger slid deep inside my tight orifice
and to silence the cry that escaped from my mouth I bit my
lip drawing a bead of blood that you saw and gently licked
away.
My head turned sharply behind me as I felt movement on the
bed. “Look at me!” you said as you smacked me stingingly
on my buttocks. I could sense someone kneeling behind me
but, as you had instructed, I kept looking at you. My body
was trembling – that horrid inner trembling and shivering
that seems to wrack every organ of your body. But you just
looked back at me with a knowing smile on your handsome face
and I felt reassured.
You were still holding my wrists, firmly pulling and teasing
my nipples with your free hand, when I felt other, strong
hands, on either side of my hips. I gasped as the stranger
pushed his hardness against me! I knew then what was about
to happen and I struggled in vain to release myself from
the firmness of your grip. “No!” I screamed “Please” But
it was too late. The strangers hardness push forcefully
into me and I screamed when the sharp pain assailed my insides!

“Ssh” you comforted me “It only hurts in the beginning
– relax and enjoy” and you kissed away the tears that were
now coursing down my cheeks. O f course you were right – ha
you always are..... and as the stranger inched his way inside
me I began to feel pleasure along with pain. You let go my
wrists and I felt myself moving along with you and the stranger
behind me. I felt so full – so stretched and so possessed!

You moved slightly to position your pubic bone against
my clit and now waves of pleasure tingled through me. I had
never experienced a sensation like it and I was lost in the
wonder of it. You kissed me, invading my mouth, your tongue
exploring every crevice and I adored your sweetness. I
felt the thrusts of the stranger becoming more urgent and
with this urgency I felt my own release coming. Like a tigress
on heat I screamed and clawed your shoulders and you responded
by thrusting faster and faster. Not one word issued from
the mouth of the stranger as his cum spurted into me. I could
feel it bubbling and foaming inside me – and it felt soo good!
And you – smiling at my joy – continued your thrustings until
together we merged in shared pleasure.

And afterwards I touched my cunt covering my fingers with the issue of our pleasure and brought them to my mouth and tasted us and did it again and you tasted us.
Africa was saying good morning to us/ The sun was rising and a beautiful day was dawning. And then you left me to my tears. And this time the tears were for you I wanted you here beside me forever.

Sleep came easily to me tonight. I was excited and wanted your visit. I longed for you, for your touch - for your smell - for your taste – for the shadowy mystery of you, but mostly for the shaft of pleasure that resided, in enviable comfort, in your dark groin.
And so I slept. And you came, dark lover, standing by my bed and created my dreams, infiltrated them – became them. Although it was a summer's night it was unusually cold and the moon poured her ethereal light into the room. It glowed around you and I saw that you were different. The room became icier and I pulled the blankets closer around my nakedness. My nipples became erect protesting the chill that seemed to envelop me. Another chill, like raindrops on a window, ran down my spine and I shivered.
In those brief moments I was suddenly afraid. You, who would bring me no harm, now brought terror to me! "What is it?" I whispered. And you said I must look deeply into your eyes. And I did. And those eyes, once dark with warmth and honesty and love, now contained an unfathomable depth that pulled me closer, drinking me in, entrancing me, and capturing me forever. And through your bottomless eyes I saw your very soul and I knew then, who you were.
I stood before you, my blankets in a puddle at my feet, and I was ashamed of my nakedness. I felt exposed, vulnerable, innocent in your presence. I wanted to run. I wanted to stay. And I knew, as you surely did, that it was too late now! We were inextricably entwined, the secrets of our shared intimacy binding our future together.
You seemed aware of my inner struggle and touched my forehead with your finger. I seemed to float and in a moment I was lying, still naked, on my bed. I tried to cover my shame but I couldn't move! You were wearing a long black cloak, it covered you from the neck down. Silver buttons glinted and I could see the penile bulge distorting the clean lines of the cloth.
You carelessly discarded your cloak and moved towards

me. But still I could not move! Your prick seemed more enormous than on our other encounters and inwardly I begged you not to invade my body with your monstrous tool. Your eyes seemed to shoot fire, rimmed blood red and blazing desire. Your hands, cold on my thighs, prised them apart and I flowered, wantonly before you.

There was no foreplay – no teasing – no sucking or licking or any of the niceties that conjoin to produce that precious act of lovemaking. You were going to fuck me – no frills – pure unadulterated lust! And I was to lie still and take it all. And I wanted to. I wanted your animal ravaging of me! And so you did! No whispered reassurances. No endearing compliments, no urges to relaxation – you just took me, invaded me and emerged – victorious. Strangely, despite my fear, my cunt juices flowed. But even with my love juices smoothing the way – you hurt me. I was stretched, filled, my womb battered, my breasts bruised from your eager grasping and fucking. And I came! Again and again! I came! Great jolts of orgasm wracked my body. In great waves the pleasure spilled over me and you watched, triumphantly, your complete possession of me!

“You’re not David” I stuttered. “Yes I am.” You said “And David is me. We are one and the same.” And you smiled and brushed the damp hair from my brow. “Every person has two faces – even you my dear. And that is the lesson that I shall teach you.”

I didn’t understand what you were saying to me. I looked at you quizzically – as if you would give me the answers, but I knew you wouldn’t. The moon was disappearing into the warm day – you should have been gone – but you stayed.

“I need to wake up now.’ I said “You must leave.”

“You will awake when I say so Lily!” You spoke gruffly to me but when you saw my stricken face your voice softened and you told me that you had a gift for me. A breeze ruffled the netting about my bed, it blew your cloak apart and I could see your nakedness and I was aroused again! But then, ignoring my need, you vanished. And I was angry and called for you to come back – I begged – and screamed your name – sobbing out my frustration and then your disembodied voice called back to me “My gift is in your bed, he is your slave! Use, and abuse him well, and you will learn your lesson soon!” And then the room was silent again and I turned and looked at the beautiful face lying next to me. As beautiful as Adonis, as vain as Narcissus as youthful as Romeo- and I didn’t want

him!
I wanted you!
I wanted your arms around me – your prick deep inside me,
your tongue tantalizing my secret places and I screamed
out to you … “I don’t want your gift – take it back – I hate you!”
And your voice, the one I remember, warm and good, came back
to me. “Remember your promise Lily, you must obey, enjoy
your gift, he has secrets for you that you could never imagine.
And knowledge that will change your life forever. You will
be safe - trust me…”
I turned then to face this beautiful boy beside me “Fuck
me!” I said to him angrily “Fuck me, you’re my slave, fuck
me I say!” and I opened myself too him and he came to me aroused
and challenged by my anger. And pushed his largeness into
my wet cunt. And he turned me over and took me from behind,
his cock demanding entrance to my tight, secret, orifice!
And as I came I cried out your name and then slumped, wearily,
into my endless dream.
Your light flickered on the screen before me indicating
your presence. Happily, like a puppy dog eager to be loved
and played with, I responded to your call. We talked for
a long time, reluctant to enter the zone, where our intimacy
would be abruptly shattered. We drowned in each others
words; flowery, romantic, loving words that became increasingly
urgent and you saw me, for the first time, a living, breathing,
woman smiling shyly at you from your computer screen. You
are beautiful, you said and I lowered my eyes, blushing.
Oh how I avoided looking directly at you! I was I afraid that
you would see into my soul and know then the dark secrets
that it held. But we remained like this for a while and chatted
and then you tried again your gentle seduction. And I wanted
to participate but the enticing words just wouldn’t come.
You asked me if my nipples were erect and I said, breathlessly,
yes! You begged me to show you my taut breasts and I refused,
angry at my own unnecessary reticence! And the moment was
lost, and I was sorry and frustrated that my puritan inhibitions
denied you the pleasure that I also craved. And so I changed
the subject. Lets play I suggested and, lest you stopped
me, I quickly entered the zone. But you called me back “Lets
talk a while longer” And we talked until nothing more could
be said and a comfortable silence seemed to descend between

us.
You told me then about the other woman in the zone that you had had a relationship with. I held my breath afraid to hear the truth of your intimate involvement with her. My mind was crying out to ask, to beg you to reveal every detail about her. But I didn't. And instead, when you told me she was calling for you, I muttered some inanity, I made light of it, I even told you to be gentle with her (and I meant that), but in reality I was torn apart! I was selfish and wanted you for myself.
Even so I didn't expose this to you! You may have guessed, I don't know, but I was eager to be away from the desire that threatened to overwhelm me and make me hateful – and make you not want me anymore. And so I ran and found some safety in the familiar comfort of the zone.
I sat alone in the room. The cards laid out before me meant nothing! I tried to play but my concentration had deserted me. I was still wet from your sensuous suggestions and I hated myself for indulging in that terrible vice from which, I had emphatically told you, I never suffered. But I did now. I was quite simply – overwhelmingly jealous!
And I needed comfort! And so I tried not to think about you as I slipped my hand inside my damp panties and luxuriated in the heat generated by my fingers. I relaxed back into my chair and, not being able to help myself, I thought about our dream. And I felt you again inside me! My eyes were closed, my mouth slightly open in my ecstasy and I tensed, as that moment of exquisite bliss washed, like a tide, over me.
My heart was still thudding when your message bleeped on the screen, lighting up the dark room with its ghostly light.

"I have said nothing to her about you. May we join you?"
My instincts screamed "No you may not!" But my need to be accepted, to be good, won again. And I said yes of course – welcome.
You seemed to be delighting in her adoration. In my adoration. You toyed with us – cruelly, like a cat with a mouse who will torture it before affording it release from its agony.
And then M joined us! And you laughed and told me that all your women were here tonight. A veritable harem! My demon was back, sitting with loving familiarity upon my shoulder,

and whispering innuendo and descriptions of the joy you
had found in their arms. That black curtain of utter despondency
began to fall about me but I fought with such ferocity against
it that I found I could join in the playful interactions
around that sensuous table... And you never guessed at
the private battle being fought between me and my nemesis,
and you will never know who won.
M left suddenly. Probably booted. And shortly after,
you and she left too. I was bereft! Grieved. And my demon
brought the horrible blackness about me again.
You never knew how I swallowed back acid tears. How rejected
I felt. And how, in the strange confusion of my mind, I knew
I deserved this! I messaged you asking why you couldn't
say goodbye and so I bid you goodnight and left to share a
sterile bed.
I never slept. For hours I tossed and turned knowing that
sleep would bring you too me – and in my pain I couldn't face
you. And so as the sun rose and the mist descended on the beautiful
valley in which I live, I wandered the garden and talked
to the birds and then read your mail.
You said you were so sorry you left so suddenly – and I believed
you. You said you loved me – and, for the first time, I believed
you. All thought of punishing you left my vengeful heart.
The dark clouds lifted and I smiled again. You loved me,
that was all that mattered! And I know that you have forgiven
my selfishness.
I went back to bed, fell soundly asleep, and dreamt.
The mad, animalistic fucking with the golden boy of the
previous night awoke my longing for you. I had turned my
back on his enviable youth, I had used him and now I wanted
him gone! My loins were crying out for even more release
– I was insatiable and needed you so much. My fingers, probing
the dark recesses, were covered with the youth's cum and
I didn't want it there! Ignoring my unashamed nakedness,
my nipples erect from the cold night air, my bare feet padded
softly to the bathroom door. I shot a glance at the boy watching
me, lustfully, from the bed, and I told him angrily he must
be gone by the time I returned!
I squatted over the toilet bowl and released a stream of
urine that splashed on the porcelain sides and ricocheted
off my plump buttocks it felt good, as if you were on the point
of orgasm and the release of it left you spent. I immediately

berated myself for such thoughts. I didn't know what was happening to me but I seemed to be growing into a sensile being – every action and feeling lifted to newer and more sensational heights!

I stepped into the shower and turned on the cold tap. I gasped as the icy needles of water fell, tingling onto my hot body. I lifted my face to the cold shower and the water splashed onto my closed eyelids and into my mouth and ears. I turned languidly and positioned my body so the shower of water hit directly onto my sensitive clit. I reached out for the soap and lathered my cunt liberally, prodding my fingers deep inside trying to emulate the feelings your prick aroused in me.

Carelessly I dropped the slippery soap onto the tiles beneath my feet. Blinded by the cascading water I groped in the darkness trying to retrieve it. And then I felt you – your foot in my hand – then your calf – then your muscular thigh. You placed your hand on my damp hair and teased my mouth with your hardness. I grasped your naked buttocks and urged you closer to me. The water, still showering down, lubricated our bodies and your buttocks felt slippery and soft in my hands. I cupped your balls and squeezed gently and then placed one in my mouth and carefully sucked and licked it. Oh how you moaned! I lathered my hands with the frothy soap and reaching behind you I grasped you firmly as I slipped one slippery, soapy finger into your anus.

You gasped so loudly I thought I had hurt you and so I quickly withdrew my finger but you stopped me and whispered frantically, "I love it Lily – do it again!" And I was happy that I pleased you and re inserted my finger, pushing it in out of your tight orifice and drawing ecstatic cries from your gasping mouth.

I left your balls then and licked the head of your beautiful penis! I teased you with my tongue taking you in a little and then letting you go, and all the time I pushed my finger in and out, in and out! And at last you penetrated my mouth and I gladly and happily sucked. It seemed to me that you came to a shattering orgasm! How you bucked and strained as your juices spurted from you in to my willing and hungry mouth. I drank you dry and to the very end you thrusted into

me as though determined to feed me every last drop. And we fell together, sated, to the cold tiled floor.

You were the same as I always knew you – the dark presence had gone! And your kind face stared down into mine and we kissed, long and deep, still hungry for each other. “You make me greedy.” You said tracing the contours of my face with your wet finger. We stood facing each other, our nakedness tempting each other. “Turn around!” you were suddenly in command again and so I turned and leaned my face against the cubicles damp walls, my breasts pressing hard against the porcelain wall and my nipples reacting again to the stimulation.

You turned off the water and I turned to look at you. ‘No!” I cried “Not you!” but you placed your hand roughly over my mouth and staunched my cries. The dark side of you was back and I recoiled and squirmed in your rough embrace. Your enormous, unearthly member, was pushing violently between my buttocks searching for that tight rosebud hidden between. You took the soap and moved its slipperiness over my pussy and bottom and then you lathered yourself. “Relax!” you hissed. “You know you like this”. And so saying you found my hole and in a moment you were buried deep inside. My screams were muffled by your large hand and I could do nothing but take the punishment you so cruelly meted out. “You are going to enjoy this” you whispered again whilst nibbling my ear lobes and you reached round, found my clit and rubbed it, and me, into complete submission! You were right I loved it. That deep and painful penetration, my stretchedness and the growing, waves of pleasure that signaled my complete and utter satisfaction. I loved both sides of you, the dark and the light, the good and the bad, the cruel and the merciful! You withdrew and I fell gasping at your feet showering them with my grateful kisses.

You placed me, somehow, back on the bed. The golden boy had obeyed me and had disappeared and I lay watching you, watching me.

“I see you are learning your lessons – but you have more to learn. We are going on a trip now and at that secret destination I will require your complete compliance. You must ask no

questions, just watch and learn." I could feel your hot
breath on my face and again I sank, mesmerized, into the
depths of your eyes. And I fell into them, drowning, and
I screamed and flailed to escape but it was too late! By whatever
magic you possessed I was now devoured by you. I was inside
you, seeing the world through your eyes, feeling your feelings,
your urges and I was afraid and wept.

My beautiful dream was turning into a dark nightmare. I
lay on the bed unmoving and yet not dead, I could see myself
so clearly through your eyes! My small body, one arm flung
carelessly across the pillow, was sun kissed. My breasts
and bottom white where the sun had failed to touch. My eyes
were closed and my mouth slightly open, plump and sensuous.
My hair appealingly disheveled, had fallen wispily across
my face and I looked innocent – untouched – pure. One slender
leg, bent at the knee had fallen apart opening me to us – the
watchers. My sex was unclad – bare as a child's and from within
my plump love lips we could see the glittering pinkness
that invited exploration and, eventually, penetration.
And I was aroused. And in my arousal we could see the obvious
effects upon the still body on the bed. My juices flowed
dampening the sheets beneath me. Inside you I felt your
excitement and the strange tingling in my groin was reflected
in your growing erection. And I felt every inch of that growth
as if it belonged too me! And I felt an uncontrollable urge,
like a fire that can't be extinguished, pulling you and
I helplessly towards me.
I had never made love to a woman. But I had entered your maleness
and I wanted us to ravish the beautiful shell of me lying
soulless before us. "Stay with meLily!" You whispered
and I knew you were addressing my soul within you. But I could
not have left you – I was drawn with you, relentlessly towards
the supine figure on the bed. And felt your every sensation!
And when you stroked her breast I felt the silky skin through
your fingers. I felt your male excitement in me as surely
as if I had been born as you! And you pulled my legs tenderly
apart as if not to disturb the essence that was no longer

there. And you entered me. And I slept on unaware and distanced
from the sensuality being forced upon me. I was lost in you
and when you had fully entered that pretty shaft and began
your rhythmic penetrations, it was me moving inside me
engulfing me in my own, warm, wetness! And I breathed, deeply
and heavily with you, and felt our seed gathering in our
loins, and the growing heat intensifying in our body as
our orgasm reached its shattering climax! I felt immensely
strong during those final spurting moments and I felt in
awe of that manly climax, that before now, I had no knowledge
of. And we lay, spent, across my unfeeling body and felt
the reluctant diminishing of our hardness.

You reached up then and tore down the silky net above me.
And you wrapped my body in its warm embrace, the contours
of my body, my hard nipples, my smooth bottom – my rounded
plump arms temptingly revealed through the filmy fabric.

And I saw the room for the last time through your eyes. The
unmade made bed still damp with lust, the lace curtains
fluttering in the night breeze, and I smelled, with you,
the scent of woman – that indescribable fragrance, that
I had never before been a party to, now entered my senses,
and I gasped with the headiness of it!
Carrying me, carefully, in your strong arms we left the
room behind us and disappeared into an inky black night.

All day I thought about you. I was thrilled and excited about
the prospect of us being together again. My petulance from
the previous night was all but gone and I waited eagerly
for the little bleep that told me you were there.
And so you were. And my heart beat with joy when I saw, etched
on the screen before me, that single welcome word - Hi!
Hi! I sent back and I imagined that small insignificant
word sailing through the air, over the oceans, carrying
my love too you. And this was so new for me! You told me you
loved me and I smiled indulgently, like a mother to an errant

child, and I thought it was just a phase you were going through!
You were seducing me with simple easy words that signified
so much but could also, as tools of seduction, signify,
nothing! And then you said you had fallen in love with me
and even though I couldn't see your face I felt the power
of those words and you moved me. And I asked you how did this
happen? How could two people, divided by so many miles,
feel such awesome emotion? You told me it was during one
of our early meetings in the zone, it was something I said,
and you repeated my words, and I couldn't remember them!
Oh the flippancy of blind attraction! Words of such magnitude
– and I couldn't remember and we laughed together in that
funny computer speak – we "laughed out loud"!
And then you saw me again in the corner of your screen – and
you asked me if I had been crying. I replied that I had and
I told you what my husband had said to me. He had said that
he thought I was moving away from him, that he was losing
me. He took my silence as a denial! He went to bed and so I cried.
I should have taken the opportunity to tell him that he had
lost me years ago – when he turned away from my needs and cruelly
denied me that which I have longed for!
We chatted some more and then played in the zone for a while.
And then S called you. You said you wouldn't leave if you
didn't want me to. But I felt secure now, secure in your love,
affection and respect for me. You bade me an emphatic goodnight
and I left quickly lest I change my mind and keep you, greedily,
by me. Sweet dreams were your last words to me and I knew they
would be. But I had lost that precious moment when I could
have revealed my feelings for you. The computer screen
flickered to stillness and with startling clarity I saw
the truth that for days I had try to ignore. Ah my beautiful
stranger, my phantom lover, spectre of my dreams you have
led me down a path from which there may be no return. I too
have fallen in love with you! You are my saviour. my sucour,
the wonderful essence that fills the void within me! And
so you have my gift, as I have yours, and we must care for them
well. Goodnight again sweet lover until we meet again……
The journey was long, over fields and mountains, plains
and deserts, over oceans and seas we carried our precious
burden. Until at last we arrived at the secret destination
that you had hinted at. The beautiful valley lay beneath
us. The contours of the land sloped and undulated and your
thoughts asked me what I could see. And I looked, in wonder,

through your deep brown eyes, at the womanly curves that
formed the land before us. The soft curve of her breasts,
the flat stomach flowing softly into luxuriant pubes,
her legs opened wide beckoning us. The goddess! I heard
your thought and I felt your contented sigh and I knew we
had arrived. And again I felt the stirring in our loins.
The hardening, the exquisite tingle of arousal and the
urgent and consuming need for release!
So we made our way to her entrance and she welcomed us with
her womanly fragrance. And we entered her and the walls
of her cunt seemed to close around us and you hardness straining
against the cloth of your cloak, had my soul screaming out
my masculine need!
You leaned back against the soft walls dripping with the
goddesses love juices. And we drank them in – slurping greedily
the sweet nectar. And as we licked, her walls throbbed with
passion and the moisture gushed over us drowning us in her
sex. You placed my inert body on the slippery floor, prised
apart my legs and together we entered the most dark and private
crevices of my body. And we thrusted and pounded into my
still form until at last that blessed release came. I felt
your cum surge from my soul and I jerked with you in the final,
frantic thrust.
Our needs satisfied, we continued down the long dark tunnel,
slipping now and again on the goddesses profuse juices.
And at last her womb opened to us and we entered the hallowed
chamber. This most beautiful place where the seeds of all
humanity are sown. Where passion pounds at the door and
opens only to the juices of men. And here we laid our offering
to the goddess – me, soulless, empty, devoid of passion
but alive still! Waiting, waiting for the awakening and
arousal that had yet to come! From the corridors of this
glorious shelter came the hand maidens of the goddess.
And as they washed and cleansed my body I felt in you the stirring
of excitement again! You and my soul were insatiable!
We watched silently as the maidens went about their task.
No part of my body was left unattended. Every nook, crease
and crevice was washed and perfumed. They held apart my
legs and poured warm aromatic oil in my cunt, between my

bum cheeks and poured it generously over my nipples, rubbing and massaging those sensitive places. And I felt nothing!
I felt only desire for the lovely woman being so adoringly attended too. And your prick continued to grow and I felt it and I wanted to take the woman before me. I wanted to feel her hot cunt tightly hugging our penis and to fill her with our cum! I wanted to ram it in her tight hole; I wanted to hear her scream but to beg us for more! And you, my dear host, stepped aside and let me take what was in truth mine. Your thoughts told me to go ahead and use your body, to feel the utter manliness to take her and feel at last what it is to be a man. And so I cast you behind me into the dark recesses of my soul and took control of your hard body.
The maidens turned their attentions to me. They stripped me, cleansed, massaged and aroused me. My cock reared before me straining for the release of penetration. And they licked my shaft and head drawing droplets of moisture which they lapped up thirstily and they sucked me hard and it was new too me and more thrilling than anything I could have imagined!
I was breathless with a passion that was increasingly hard to control. The maidens tormented and teased me and at last led me to myself. They opened her legs wide, one on either side of her whilst another guided me in. And then I was buried in her pounding, pounding with the kind of strength I had only ever wondered about. And then it was over too soon.
I flooded into her. And you, resting in my soul, shielded from my passion, laughed “Have you learnt yet? Have you learnt what it takes to control manly desires?” “Can you please me now with what you have learned? Can you?” And in a moment I was gone and, like a seed floating on the wind, my soul escaped you and I awoke. I was dazed and frightened and I could feel your cum dripping, copiously, down my aching thighs. And your darkness had returned. You leered at me and pushed aside the fawning maidens. You clicked your fingers and the sphincter, protecting the goddess’s womb, opened. The men standing in the entrance seemed to drink me in with their eyes. They were naked and their pricks were already responding to my lewdness.
Tie her up you ordered. But I fought like a tiger against

the silken bonds that they wrapped around my wrists and
ankles. Stretching me apart, open and vulnerable, bound
and powerless to resist. And you approached me, your excitement
apparent in your growing erection. You had a black silk
scarf in your hand and I screamed my protests as you tied
it securely around my eyes, plunging me, into the terrifying
darkness!
I felt your hot breath on my ear as you whispered “A test
for you my love” “We will inflict upon you the greatest pleasure
any woman has ever known. You will cum again and again – until
your golden fluid can be held no longer. We will use every
orifice and you will scream for mercy from the unbearable
pleasure that will be forced on you. And your release? When
you can correctly identify me!”
And so it began, one after the other invading my body. Hands
groped and prodded, twisted my nipples sucked them until
tender, penetrated my cunt, my ass, my mouth. They came
over my face their cum splashing into my mouth. They choked
me with there size making me gag. They released my bonds
only to continue their assault on another part of me. They
smacked my bottom, sharp burning slaps that made me wince
and cry out! They made me kneel; my hands now secure behind
me, and pressed me roughly forward to take me from behind!
They hurt me, tore me apart, they pleasured me and pained
me and I exalted! And I came and came floods and floods of
sensation so exquisite that I lost all control and peed
in a great gush on the hands and faces tormenting my body!
And then it was quiet and I lay where they left me, kneeling,
my face pressed painfully into the couch my ass, pink from
punishment, yet still inviting glorious assault! Gentle
hands lifted and turned me and lay me on my back! Those same
gentle hands teased my thighs apart and fingered the lips
hiding in my groin. Lips descended upon my cunt and a tongue
flicked about drinking from every crevice, sucking and
nibbling. And the waves began to rise in me again. I gasped
when the enormous prick filled me and began to move, with
ever increasing urgency, inside me. And I came again and
I called your name – David - and I moaned and moved under you
and you called my name and we reached that amazing pinnacle

of orgasm together, clutching desperately at each other
not wanting it to end! But when it did we luxuriated in each
other, touching each other as if we were both brand new and
unknown. And as the aromas of our lovemaking filled our
nostrils and finally we slept, a dream within a dream, but
a love you promised would have no end. And I was content and
at last, fulfilled.
I was so eager to be with you tonight. And when the dark screen
flickered into life I looked eagerly for the sign that indicated
your dear presence. And there you were blinking at me through
this magical portal that binds us so lovingly together.
My daughter came through to us and we laughed together
as she told us that we must be more careful when we signed
off from her. She had stumbled on our lovemaking and berated
us for being very naughty. And I giggled and giggled. And
I loved her for her understanding! But she took me aside
and whispered in my ear. She said that you had told her that
you were in love with me – and she wanted to know what my feelings
were. I said I loved you and I felt her smile indulgently
as she said she was happy that I had found my spirit again.
But she said I must be careful not to get hurt or worse (and
unthinkable), I was to be careful not to hurt you! My little
baby all grown up – the child becoming the mother, reluctant
to let me fly lest I coming crashing down! Ha if only she knew
how many times her sentiments were my own as she grew from
childhood toddling unsteadily into womanhood and finally
flying alone into an imperfect world where I could no longer
protect her. My god how I love her! .
I left you chatting to her as I made a hurried departure.
Allen was hovering around extending his early bedtime.
I clicked you off and turned to chat to him. But that little
red light impatiently demanding my attention kept flicking
and so I turned to you and commanded you to wait! Oh impatient
lover thy name is urgency! But you waited. And Allen lingered
and seemed reluctant to leave me. So I gave him my time and
listened to his worries and fears. And shared my day with
him. And then he kissed me and said goodnight but he still
lingered and he saw the light in my eyes and he knew. He said
nothing - but he knew – he recognized that same look that

he had once put into my eyes – and he knew it wasn't for him.
And I felt his profound sadness. I felt his loss. And I hated
myself knowing that I couldn't change what had already
passed, that it was too late – I was in love with someone else.
And so I returned to you. And we frolicked together and
laughed and played. And I was dizzy with love for you! It
made me silly and childlike – and you seemed to like it! And
that night you began to open too me. I had never asked questions
about your life – because I don't own that part of you. But
my feminine curiosity was tearing me apart! I wanted to
know everything! All the pieces of your life conjoined
making you who you are. I wanted to know what you do, what
music you like, what books you read, I wanted to learn about
your life with T – your family - everything – I was hungry
for knowledge of you!
I am a lowly baker, you said (I confess the innuendo was
lost on me). And I told you how I loved death by chocolate
cake! And you said you didn't really do creative work anymore
– you worked for a boss for a paycheck and medical insurance.
And I thought you sounded really sad – jaded almost. And
I wanted to hug you!
Bnd now, when I think of you at work, I can imagine your hands
caressing and squeezing the white dough and it's me in your
hands, my breasts tantalized and teased and pleasured!
And I wish for it and I desire it!
We played a little in the zone and my frivolity continued.
I teased and cajoled you. I flirted and blew kisses and I
felt your utter delight in me! And then you partnered some
one else! And in my petulant poutiness I left our table and
sat on the table next door, arms folded across my breast,
waiting for you to tempt me back. I knew you would come for
me – and you did! But you accused me of being a jealous woman!
Don't you know, my love, I am jealous of everything that
is near to you – when I can't be! But, looking askance at you,
I denied your accusation and stuck my tongue out at you!
I know you were laughing – I could feel it. And you tried again
with sweet words to bring me back to your side! But still
I wouldn't come! And at last you commanded me – get your ass
back here – and I laughed and said – ok – and in the blink of

an eye I was with you again.
But then the birds, chittering gaily in the awakening
garden, reminded me that it was bedtime. I reached out and
touched the screen and we said our reluctant goodbyes!
I turned off the lights, climbed into bed and fell quickly
into a deep and dreamful sleep.
And so we left the warm interior of the goddess's womb and
I felt deliriously happy and sated, filled with a new knowledge
of sensuality and a physical awareness that burned throughout
my body. I was new – reborn again – and I realized that I had,
until now, been in ignorance of the seemingly endless possibilities
of physical love. I smiled this unspoken knowledge at you,
and, as if reading my mind, you told me that the possibilities
were indeed endless and that our journey was not finished
yet.
I was still naked when we left the warmth and security of
her womb, and the chill night air had roused my nipples to
erection. You noticed me shivering and opened your cloak
inviting me to enter your warmth. With your strong arm about
my shoulders and both of us enveloped in your cloak we traveled
onwards. You were so close to me and I could smell the sweat
in your armpits - hard earned sweat that our exertions from
a short while before had melted from you. And your scent
excited me. I asked you to stop awhile and sit beside me on
the damp grass. And you did. And I reached out for you the
desire burning in me again. I took your hand – I wanted you
to feel my arousal – and I placed it where I wanted it to be.
And your fingers squirmed, seemingly desperate to be within
me. And you put first one, then another inside me, probing
with such exquisite tenderness that it seemed, for a moment,
that I was the goddess and you the dark visitor come to learn
from her fountain of wisdom, you wanted to gain entrance
to me, to lick my moist walls, to enter the cavern of my womb,
to empty yourself into my mysterious depths – and I needed
you! I burned for you like an eternal flame that can only
be extinguished by the juices of your loins. And I lifted
myself, arching my back upwards towards you, pressing
my soft wetness against your frantic fingers, urging you
deeper and deeper begging you to quench the flames! Your

cloak had fallen away from your body and lay in a confused and abandoned puddle behind you. You picked it up and rolled it quickly into a pillow which you thrust beneath my writhing buttocks, bringing me ever closer to your granite erectness. But, before you thrust into me, you looked down at my face, distorted in passion, and sighed my name –Lily– like a barely audible whisper – you sighed my name! And the gentleness of your voice defied the pain of your huge hardness, as you pounded into me! And my womb contracted and relaxed sucking you deeper into me. Without my realizing it my legs had found their place wrapped around you and folded into the small of your back pulling you into my deepness! I clenched my thighs – my buttocks – every muscle of my body tautened as the waves of my climax began to rise in me. And I could feel your passion mounting. Your sweat fell in drops on my body – your muscles tensed – your face pulled in that sublime grimace that marks that wonderful point of no return. And as I came beneath you, my wetness slurping against your prick, you groaned and pushed, once more, violently into me as your cum spluttered and spurted filling me again and again with your desire and love! And then you fell upon me, our bodies wet and glistening, and we lay there, your deep and gasping breaths and my sobs of pleasure filling the silent cold air around us.

We rose from our languor and you took my hand and helped me from the ground. You wrapped me carefully in your cloak, pulling it tightly around me cocooning me within it as you had been so welcomingly cocooned within me. And you stepped out ahead of me and called to me over your shoulders to hurry, and I did, eager to be by your side again. I ran after you and watched as you strongly strode out. Your nakedness charmed me. Your body was rippling with your muscular strength, your buttocks undulating with each step and, as you turned to beckon me again, your still tumescent prick lying upon your bed of dark wiry curls, left me gasping!

Like a life line in a tumultuous sea, you held your hand out to me, and I grasped it as though my very life depended upon it. And you told me not to worry that you would never leave me behind and, seeing my tiredness, you lifted me gently

in your arms and I relaxed there, my head cushioned upon your shoulder, and listened to the music of your heart.

And so we traveled for many more miles until we eventually reached the lagoon where you lay me in the soft white sand and told me to stay there, quietly, while you went to find the other portal. I didn't understand what you meant but you shushed my questions with your index finger upon my mouth reminding me of my promise to trust you without question. And you walked off down that pretty moonlit beach and soon disappeared into the darkness.
I lay there listening to the water lapping and kissing the dry sand. I removed your cloak and rolled in the warm sand. The sand grated against my nipples and they jumped to life again. It was sensuous laying there, the sand squeezing up between my toes and fingers, and burrowing its way into my bottom cheeks. I took handfuls of it and massaged it into my breasts, onto my nipples and into my belly. I rolled over and over in it savouring the scratchy sensations that it lavished upon my body.
It was then that I heard them!
With you gone, and I alone on that sensuous beach, I heard them! At first just the muffled clippity clop of horses hooves trotting along the sand, and then, as they came closer the distinctive sound of masculine laughter. The moon was very bright and I knew they would see me lying there.
I looked around for you but you were still gone! My heart thumped wildly as I leapt from the comfortable sand and ran, still naked, for the safety of the dense line of green foliage surrounding the lagoon. But it was too late, my love, they saw the moonlight shimmering off my white skin as I darted, here and there, desperate for concealment!
They saw your cloak lying abandoned on the moonlit shore. They saw the imprint of my body indelibly etched into the sand. And they saw me!
And they came for me!
These weird warriors dressed from head to foot in the gunmetal black that so clearly reflected the evil on their faces!
There were four of these monsters cavorting as men! And they chased me about that beach, taunting me cruelly whilst all the time laughing raucously at my predicament! And I fell, eventually, from sheer exhaustion, and they dragged me, struggling painfully, and threw me upon your cloak

where I lay exposed and ashamed! And I screamed for you…..I
screamed and screamed with all the strength I could muster
- oh god how I screamed! But you never heard me. You couldn't
have heard me – for surely you would have come?
I couldn't see the dark one behind holding me firmly against
the sand. I was sobbing and struggling and fighting and
then, seeing my chance, I bit the rough hand that held me
so tightly! I recoiled as his fist slammed into my face and
I felt the blood trickle from my mouth down onto my bare breast.
My tears and blood intermingled and I felt a salty iron taste
in my mouth and I gagged, not with the taste of me, but with
the horrible realization of what they were going to do to
me! And you, my love weren't there and I was so afraid!
I knew further struggle would be futile so I lay quietly
as they undressed, waving their horrid phalluses at me,
insulting me with their tawdriness. I lay there. And then,
one after the other, they took me. And this was not the tender
act that I had experienced with you. Nor the enlightenment
the goddess and her handmaidens had so generously given
me. This was not even your dark side that had so frightened
and thrilled me! This was lust! Pure uncontrollable lust
in its ugliest form! And while they continued their obscene
violations upon by body, I cried out silently for you, and
my lost innocence, and my heart broke!
After they left I lay there unmoving, my eyes looking up
at the sky were unseeing. And then you returned. And I couldn't
speak but somehow you knew what had happened and you carried
me into the lagoon and tended to my most intimate wounds.
You wiped the dried blood from my face and kissed my wounds
better. And then you told me.
You told me this was all a part of the journey that I must make!
You said that I had to learn everything in order to serve
the goddess as her right hand maiden. Only by knowing the
worst evil of man could I ever know the difference between
sensuality and violent lust! And I had learned my lesson
well because when you came to me again, and your prick begged
for entrance at my womanly door I opened willingly to you,
and you were engulfed by me, and we became one, and I knew
then what tenderness was, and I welcomed it!
And, as the day gently chased away the night, we held hands
and you led me towards that other portal. The sun broke over
the lagoon and its turquoise blueness glistened and the
waves caressed the shore as you led me deeper into our journey.
We walked together towards the waters edge and even further.

Further and further we walked until the warm azure sea broke over our heads and we sank, trustingly, into its unknown depths.

Oh David you came so late to me tonight! But I don't care because I needed the time to collect my thoughts and my courage to make love to you properly! Do you remember how we made love in the past and it always seemed quite chaste. Wonderful I think, but rather virginal, sweet words written with passion but not much lust! I think it was entirely my fault love, because I am so unused to this medium that bars us from touch but requires imagination and words that are a lot more than merely pretty! And I realized yesterday that you and I both are in that most fortunate of positions, where we have been blessed with the skills necessary to describe so intimately our physical feelings for one another.

So I decided (because you are too much of a gentleman to push me further than I am ready to go!) that I would be the seductress and my feelings, in words, would describe to you the intimacy that I so want for us. And pretty words will just not do the job! I must be an angel in the kitchen and, for now at least, a complete slut in front of my computer! Do you agree my love?

And so I dressed carefully for our date. I showered, put on a sexy see through blouse with a frilly bra underneath (the less you see is more you understand!) and I sprayed Anais Anais liberally upon my body. It mattered not that you wouldn't see me but I had to look and feel seductive in order to complete my seduction of you. (Smile). And I sat and waited for you as eager as a bride on her wedding night!

Oh and you came to me and I fairly tingled! We talked and played for a while and then I asked you to sit beside me in the zone. And my seduction began! I put my tongue in your ear, I ran my hand up and down your thigh, I even suggested you clear the cards off the table and take me there and then so impatient was I to be your wanton! And you breathlessly asked me to go with you to somewhere more private and we hurried across to the messenger. And once there the barriers fell away and we sucked and licked each other and you drove your prick into my very private place and I had the most intense orgasm – all quite unbelievable given that not one touch of flesh

passed between us! It was fantastic and I told you so. And
I told you that I loved you, and you said you loved me too!
I was so ecstatic that I had crossed the Rubicon, as it were,
and I can't wait to ravish you again! Who would have thought
that such intense satisfaction could be got through "cyber
space?" And I thought to myself if it could be this good with
words and graphic, uninhibited, descriptions just imagine
what it would be like in reality! But of course, for the foreseeable
future this is not to be. So we will just enjoy each other
in this beautiful, metaphysical way, until this state
of affairs resolves itself one way or another. But that
is in the future! To return to last night, I was a little disappointed
that you left me, glowing post coitally, so quickly! I just
wanted to lie in your arms for a while and whisper sweet nothings,
but you were in such a rush that I let you go and I left, a little
miffed, to flirt in the zone!
Still in my state of coital bliss I didn't chance joining
others. I was so sure they would guess that, only moments
before, I was getting the fuck of my life! So I sat alone,
trying to play with the bots but my thoughts were too immersed
in our lovemaking to really give it the concentration the
game deserved. But I wasn't alone long! Someone else joined
me. He zoned messaged me to ask if this lady alone would like
some company. So of course, being me, I laughed at his audacity,
and told him I would love some company! And in an instant
he was there opposite me, and we played not one game! He was
cheeky and very forward. He was undoubtedly trying to seduce
me, and good sex has always given me the edge, so I lost my
timidity and became witty and enlivened. And I certainly
gave him a run for his money! And then he said he would like
a relationship with me, but I told him I was rather heavily
committed to someone else in the zone. And he said he's a
lucky man! Fearing that I might succumb to his flattery
I wished him a hasty goodnight and left. LOL. Vanity thy
name is woman! You never knew it but he joined us again later
on and kept sending me zone messages asking if R could possibly
be my lover. I have never seen him again so I presume he took
the hint I so obviously provided him with! I know you will
forgive me; but it is entirely your fault that you made me

into such an incorrigible flirt!
And now it is my bed time, the arms of Morpheus beckon and
I am tired and welcome her warm embrace knowing that soon
I shall sleep and then you will come to me. Until then, my
dream lover, a sweet goodnight……..
The warm water of the lagoon had soon engulfed us. We were
deep in the water and realized hundreds, nay thousands
more like us, were swimming in the same direction toward
a common goal as yet unknown to us. But I was slow and you kept
stopping to wait for me and you took my hand and we swam ever
deeper. And we could breathe! Like some strange aquatic
animals we could breathe! Bubbles floated from our mouths
and noses and formed around us like mystical auras. And
we were charmed by the fish swimming gracefully around
us and we reached out to them and laughed as they dashed,
startled, away from us. And we met the white octopus, he
came close to us and took us both in his sticky sucking tentacles,
and we weren't afraid! We luxuriated in his embrace as his
suckers latched on to our skin and sucked us hard and sensuously,
my breasts and nipples, your prick and buttocks, my thighs
– your thighs, no part it seemed , was left untouched and
we were aroused again. The warm water flowing over our skin
the sucking sensations, the very lightness of us in the
deep water, left us gasping for relief! And the octopuses
long arms brought us both tightly together and you slipped
your hardness into me. And as you moved in and out the little
bubbles escaped from my cunt affording us even greater
pleasure! And you pulled out of me as the octopus turned
me away from you and presented my anus to you and you slid,
easily this time, deep into my bowels. And I screamed out
my pleasure! And my clit was in the octopuses sucker and
he was sucking hard – almost unbearably hard – as you pounded
away at me. And my climax washed over me like the very sea
we were in. And I turned to look at you and your face was a picture
of rapture as, like a great tidal wave, you flooded into
me! The octopus's arms were still around us but the sucking
had stopped and suddenly he was gone and in his place was
the slave boy you had given me – and he smiled at us knowingly
before he disappeared, his great fish tail thrashing through

the water, as he vanished into the murky depths below.
And the sea around us foamed with carnality as the other swimmers pleasured each other, as we had done, and as they all came the sea was filled with their ecstatic groans and screams and we watched in awe as the final thrustings signaled their utter satiation.
And we swam on, faster and faster, and I asked you where we were but you shushed me and wouldn't tell. And then the great waves came! Gently at first, but then more urgently and we were sped along faster than we could swim, all moving swiftly but uncontrollably together. And it felt like an undersea earthquake as the water turned tempestuous and we hurtled against each other, rolling and turning in the churning sea. And you took my hand and kept me firmly in your grip. And the murkiness seemed to lighten as in the distance we saw a pinpoint of red light and it was upon us as we felt the final great thrust that jerked us relentlessly toward it. The portal! And it opened to welcome us and, with the other swimmers, we sped through it. Onwards and upwards, it seemed, to the very centre of the universe! And the weaker ones fell, floundering, on the wayside, their bodies littering the path behind us. My hand was still grasped tightly in yours and you urged me onwards and you told me we were the life, and glancing behind you, you said they were the death! Good and evil, you said, life and death, dark and light - all opposites dwelling in the same breathing form – us.
And you told me we each had to learn it in order to know the differences and to make the right choices. And I asked you, fearfully, about death, and you laughed and said every time we orgasm it is as a little death, the culmination of agony and ecstacy, as death is the final goodbye, the crescendo, the swan song of living and life.
We slithered to a damp stop at the end of a long tunnel. The salty fluid was gone and we were alone again, damp and tired but I was aroused and so eager to please you! You sat with your back against the slimy wall, your body gleaming with the moisture left by our journey and I ached for you! Your prick had grown hard and strong and huge and I wanted you! I wanted that "little death" you had spoken of! And I bent

on my knees to come to you in complete submission. But you
stopped me! You told me I must learn to pleasure myself,
to enjoy pleasing myself, to love myself with abandon,
without inhibition and to use whatever tools were available
to achieve this utter sublimity. You commanded me to lie
back against the wall and to open myself wide. You urged
me to feel myself, to feel my own heat and wetness and I did.
I put my fingers in my cunt and searched for that button from
which begins that all consuming exquisite sensation.
But I was shy – timid and you knew, and you whispered to me
that it was all right to do this, that you loved me, and so
I let my head fall back against the wall and before my eyes
closed, I saw your hand moving slowly up and down the shaft
of your prick. And I fiddled and touched and penetrated
myself with my fingers, and I rubbed my clit, gently at first,
but harder as the bliss began to engulf me. And my legs closed,
involuntarily as I reached my shuddering climax but you
cried breathlessly to me to open my legs wide – you wanted
to see me cum – you wanted to see my cunt contracting and squeezing
out my love juices and I so willingly complied! I could hear
sighing and moaning and then uncontrollable screaming
around me and realized it was me…my little death …my climax…..my
ending….voicing my pleasure for all the world to hear!
I gasped and finally relaxed, but still breathing heavily
and I watched you tease your prick, your hand moving hard
and fast up and down your shaft, and so I bent over you my breasts
dangling in front of your manhood and at last you spurted
your cum over me, hot and creamy on my breasts, and you groaned
loudly as I massaged your juice into my erect nipples. And
I thrust my hand into my cunt to gather my juices and offered
them to you. You licked my fingers, sucking them into your
mouth hungrily swallowing every last drop of my juiciness!
And when you had finished I fell, exhausted into your arms,
and slept.
When I met you across the universe tonight, I sensed a change
in our relationship. You said, again, that you had fallen
in love with me, that I occupied your every thought, and
that although what we had was w

Zone Dreams – The Discovery Part 2

I sat at table 69, the most sensuous table in the room, and
I had a visit from that man who I told you had visited me before.
He closed the table and I knew I was lost. I wanted this stranger
to fuck me. I couldn't resist it. I am so sorry dearest but
we made love – we fucked – we coupled – we enjoyed one another,
but it was less real than it had recently become with you!
It was a sensuous dream and I liked it. And I imagined he was
you – there were similarities in his lovemaking. Was it?
You could be anyone I want you to be couldn't you? The mind
boggles at the seemingly endless possibilities!
And when the stranger left me I came straight back to you
and we fucked and it was so good and comfortable and right,
you really know me, what I like and how I like to be fucked
we were just so familiar with each other! The stranger made
a date with me but he stood me up and I didn't give a hoot! Fuck
em and run I say! But it was very interesting – anonymous
sex – microwave intimacy pure pleasure for pleasures sake!
You see what you have awakened in me! For so many years my
body has been asleep, my desires dormant, and now you have
aroused me, and my thoughts, so sensual now, invade my every
waking moment! And yes I want to see you in England, and I
want to fuck you with such wild abandon, I want you to help
me rediscover my feminine sensuality and I want you to make
cum again and again…as I shall make you.
We talked again for a long time and I told you secrets about
myself - like how I had lost my virginity at an early age –
and I wanted to tell you the details but you didn't seem interested.
So I left it there and said goodnight to you. And when the
screen clicked off I sat in the dark and thought about you
and I felt the sweet stirrings in my cunt and when I felt myself
I was so wet! So I sat there in the dark, "A" sleeping close
by, and I rubbed my self to glorious release and when I came
I whispered your name and I was so sure that you had heard
me! I could feel you so close, feel your warm breath on my
face, your fingers entwined in my hair, and I had to have
you! I ran to the computer and sat alone in the dark as it flickered
back into life again. I entered the zone and looked frantically
for you. - then there you were – sitting alone as if waiting
for me, knowing that I would return. So I sat, blindly, before
you and, in my mind I pictured you, your handsome face, smiling
suggestively at me, welcoming my company, begging me for
the release we both wanted! I didn't even greet you. The
keyboard burned under my fingers as the words tumbled onto

the screen. “I want you now!” and you sent me a kiss, lush
red lips bouncing upon the screen, and suggested that we
go to the messenger where it was more private and where we
could webcam. But I was too eager and the excitement of unabandoned
lovemaking in the zone, with all those people around us,
unaware of our passion, was such an exciting thought that
it could only enhance the pleasure we would give to each
other. I saw the “ban joiners” and “ban watchers” flashing
on your shoulder, you had closed the table – and we were completely
alone! And your words tumbled onto the screen misspelled
in your urgency to pleasure me with your mind. You said you
were grasping me roughly and laying me on the table. Your
beautiful words described to me your hardness as you pushed
deep inside me; you told me I was so wet and hot! You said you
had put my legs over your shoulders and that you were pumping
harder and harder into me. You described squeezing my breasts
and teasing my nipples into excited erection! Aaaah your
words cried out to me! Your sighs, groans and grunts spilling
passionately onto the screen and then you said you couldn’t
type anymore that I must wait and so I began my own sensuous
story. I told you that my mouth was on your prick, licking
the shaft, and flicking over the crimson head lapping up
the drops of moisture escaping from its eye. I slid my plump
breasts up and down the shaft enveloping you in their soft
voluptuousness and when I judged that you were near your
release I described sucking hard on your manhood – sucking
and sucking until I imagined your cum flooding into my thirsty
mouth…and I wrote all this to you and at last I saw your words
before me “I’ve cum!”
A minute went by before your words flowed onto the screen
again. You told me to lay back and relax and not to say a word…..you
told me to open my legs and you told me that the tip of your
tongue was exploring my cunt, nibbling my plump lips and
probing my hot, moist tunnel and then you said you had found
the little love button and it was erect now and your tongue
was flicking it hard, sucking it, blowing softly over it.
And as you licked and sucked your fingers were exploring
my cunt pushing into me and feeling the beginnings of my
climactic contractions! I was truly aroused and in the
silence of the dark room I stifled the gasps and guttural
grunts that were escaping uncontrollably from my throat.
As I watched your hot words tripping one after the other
onto the screen I put my hand on my cunt emulating the actions
you described so well! I was lost in your tantalizing expressions

as I manipulated my button harder and harder and as you described me cumming with your words, so I felt myself cumming in truth. As the ecstatic pressure built within me my legs stiffened and suddenly my pleasure engulfed me and I lay back in my chair gasping with the wonder of it! And the screen stood, momentarily silent, between us. My fingers found the keyboard and I typed, simply, “thank you”, but the words were heavy with my love and my passion for you! And you replied “thank you too – you are wonderful I love you!” You couldn’t see my smile but have must have felt it beaming, as it was, across the miles. Now I was tired and told you so and, always so considerate of me, you commanded me to go and sleep. So I kissed your words on the screen and clicked my way out of the zone. But just before I disconnected, the messenger popped up and you wished me sweet dreams and that funny little yellow face was winking at me, and I knew that they would be.

When I awoke your eyes were burning into me. For a moment I was afraid but you said you were just drinking me in, enjoying my slumbers, as I lay, naked and vulnerable on the soft ground beneath us. You told me then about the Fountainhead from where we had just emerged, disgorged into life – new life, by the lover of the goddess. We are born anew – fresh and innocent, cleansed, purged and virginal. I laughed and reminded you of our sensuous journey that did anything but leave us virginal! But you were very serious and refused to join my mirth. You said that for now every memory I had of past sexual experiences would be lost to me. But I didn’t understand what you were saying to me and I looked at you quizzically and I knew no more as your fingers touched my forehead and I slipped in to unconciousness.

I awoke on a huge soft bed. The room was draped in pure white linen which fell in soft pleats about the walls and above the bed. Flowers of every variety punctuated the soft folds of the linen tumbling in beautiful disarray like an unkempt garden. I was naked and you were there silently watching me. I felt an overwhelming modesty and clutched the crisp white sheet to my body hiding myself from you. You handed me a parcel and, respectfully, you turned your back on me and told me to dress. The parcel contained a beautiful white gown which I slipped over my head. I never took my eyes from your back afraid that you might peep at me. I pulled the dress down over my breasts and realised it did little to hide my

nakedness. My breasts pressed against the gossamer fabric, their soft curves clearly defined under the gown. My tummy, thighs, buttocks were clearly visible through the fine fabric. Without turning you handed me your cloak, which I took gratefully, wrapping it tightly about my embarrassment. And when I was so clothed you turned to look again at me and smiled at my uncertainty. I lowered my eyes as you continued to stare at me appraisingly. You reached behind and removed a garland of flowers from the draped linen and placed it on my head. And you told me I was so pure and beautiful and untouched. You took my hand and we left the white innocence of that pretty room.

You led me down some long dark stairs, through winding damp tunnels and finally into that cave of redness that so frightened me. There was an alter in the cave swathed with the same white linen of the room we had just left. Standing behind the alter was a shadowy figure partly concealed by a voluminous red cloak. You spoke, your voice echoing in the eerie redness, as you told him you had fulfilled your pledge and delivered the virgin up to him. You removed the cloak from my shoulders and the sudden cold sprang my nipples to life. I tried to cover myself with my arms but you shook your head and pulled them down revealing my shape to the stranger. I didn’t understand what was happening and I had begun to shake uncontrollably, but as you lifted me in your arms you whispered to me that I should not be afraid, that I was about to become a woman, that I was about to be deflowered by the Fountain Head himself! And you placed me on that strange alter, and he stepped forward and asked for proof of my virginity. And I struggled and fought as you prised my legs apart and he bent down close to examine my maidenliness. There were tears in my eyes at this indignity. No one had ever seen me thus and I was ashamed. But you shushed me and told me to relax, to open to the Fountainhead and give him my gift, our gift. I never saw the Fountain head’s face, I never felt his hands carress my breasts, or his lips kiss mine, but something stirred in me as surely as if all those sensations were happening to me. You opened my legs again and bade me to be still. And then I felt it! A hardness pushing against my entrance, entering me a little and pulling

out again and then a bit more and out again. And all the time
you whispered endearments and reassurances to me. You
told me there would be a little pain but it would be over soon
and then I would begin to enjoy it, but I must relax and let
him in. But I whimpered and begged you to stop him from hurting
me so! But you just smiled and told me he wasn't even in yet
and your hand found my erect nipple and you turned it about
in your fingers and I found myself gasping from the unfamiliar
sensation. And all the time the Fountain Head was pushing
in a little more deeper and I felt so stretched…I thought
I would surely be wrenched apart! I turned my head to look
for you and as I did I saw the almost imperceptible nod of
your head that must have signalled my readiness to the fountain
Head because at that precise moment he plunged, violently
and painfully, into me! I screamed at the sudden onslaught,
no tender probings now, but a relentless pounding that
had me screaming with pain as I tried, futilely, to repel
this terrible invasion! You stroked my hair and told me
it was all over now – that next time would be better that I
would soon learn to love this sublime penetration. The
Fountain Head thrust once more deeply into me and was finished.
I felt him withdraw his flaccid tool and I felt the residue
of him gush down my thighs. You came to me and gently wiped
my cunt with a white kerchief and handed the bloodied cloth
to the Fountain Head as proof of my purity.
And soon he was gone and you came to me. You were naked and
your manhood stood proud in front of you. You helped me to
sit up and drew my gown over my head and dropped it onto the
floor. And then you lay beside me on that alter to my lost
virginity. And before you covered my mouth with yours you
told me that I had been reborn in this perfect innocence
and that I would reach the zenith – the mountain top and then
I would remember all that I had experienced and learn from
it but remain as pure as I was now. You kissed my breasts,
sucking and licking my nipples, you massaged them squeezing
them gently and then a little more roughly. You nibbled
my navel, putting your tongue deep inside it. You kissed
my pubes and persuaded me to open my legs a little wider.
And then your mouth was there – buried in my innocence – licking

and nibbling, sucking and probing my depths. Waves of exquisite sensation flooded over me and I was gasping for air and small grunts were escaping from my throat. And now you were ready to penetrate me, and I tensed but you smothered my face with your kisses and promised me it wouldn't hurt this time so I relaxed and took you into me. You moved in and out so gently watching my face for any signs of pain. But you touched something deep inside me and my pleasure began to match your own. Soon I was responding to your thrustings and I thrust back at you eager now to have you in me. I could feel your cock stretching me as you kept murmuring how tight I was – how hot – how wet.

You pulled from me and pushed your fingers into me lubricating them with my wetness and you reached beneath me and pushed one wet finger into my anus and I squirmed as you wriggled it around inside me! I was gasping with the unusual pain of it, but you told me this was another part of my virginity that I would soon freely give to you. Your cock was driving into me again and your probing inquisitive finger lifted me to dizzy heights as slowly the pleasure sent waves of tingling warmth through my body! And I didn't understand what it was! I had no memory of a womanly orgasm. It was new to me, and scary, uncontrollable and for a moment I wanted you to stop! I tried to push you away from me so that I could halt these unbelievably intense sensations but you held me tight and told to me go with it, to let it cum, to let it envelope me, to enjoy it! And at last I did! My breath came in deep gasps, I sighed and moaned and then screamed with the unbearable ecstacy! And all the time you drove into me and pushed your finger in and out –in and out.- I just couldn't bear it any more! I thought I would die! I sobbed, the tears flooding down my flushed cheeks as I came and came….and you above pushing hard into me moaning and groaning as at last your seed gushed into me! I wept as I told you I didn't understand what had just happened and you wiped my tears away and told me that I had reached my zenith and would do again and again! I loved you then more than anything in the world and would have done anything for you! You told me that my memory of past delights would return, but slowly, but never would those memories ever surpass in intensity that which had passed between us only a few moments before.
We lay a while on that alter, your arms wrapped around me,

and you kissed my forehead and stroked my damp hair. You
are mine, you insisted, and you said you wanted to be the
only one ever to hold the golden key. I asked you what you
meant and in response you kissed me again and asked me if
I would do anything for you. And I said, breathlessly, yes..yes..anything!
We rose from the alter and you wrapped me snuggly in your
cloak. Come you said, do as I ask and I will make you mine forever.
So we left that eerie, sensual, red chamber behind us and
I trustingly took your hand and stepped, still innocent,
into new and unimaginable depths of sensuality.
My dear lover, you always lead me astray. The pure sight
of your name is enough to leave me quivering in anticipation!
Uuum how I love you! This zone and our dream is as addictive
too me as cocaine to a junky. You were already in the zone
when I arrived tonight. I was so glad! We played for a while
but the need between us was tangible so we left and went to
the messenger where we webcamed and I saw you smiling your
desire at me and I am sure you saw my desire smiling back at
you! You asked me if I had overcome my inhibitions yet about
webcamming our lovemaking and I said – no sorry – I hadn't
torn that barrier down yet. But you said it was ok, one day
soon I would give my nakedness to you freely, you were patient
you could wait until I was ready! I clicked off my cam and
in the semi darkness I watched as you undressed and I longed
to be able to do the same!
You had your cock in your hand huge and erect and told me this
was what I had done to you! I imagined your cock inside me
and my panties grew damp. Your hand moved up and down your
shaft and I leaned closer to the screen, drowning in your
manhood. Then you made love to me with wonderful descriptions
about what you were doing to my body. You put me on the table
in your dining room and you pulled apart my white lacy knickers
and buried your face in my cunt. You licked and probed with
your tongue and reached up and squeezed my nipples, erect
now with the thought of you. You bit me and I bit you back nibbling
your ear lobes your nipples, running my nails up and down
your spine. I begged you to enter me but you commanded me
to wait! But I begged, implored you again and again and still
you told me to wait! And all the time I watched as you pleasured
yourself and my hand was in my panties wanting to join you

in your bliss! At last you were in me and I felt you as surely
as if you were here with me! My cunt was tightening and relaxing
and my own pleasure was growing. I watched you cum – spilling
your seed on the keyboard – the screen and I gasped aloud
as my own climax soared to its intense conclusion! You told
me you came twice! A small cum followed by a big all consuming
climax! I didn't know that was possible and told you so.
But you said it had never happened to you before but you were
so overwhelmed in your pleasure in me and it showed in your
multiple orgasm! I was so proud then to know that I was responsible
for this extreme manly pleasure!
We were so comfortable in the afterglow of our fucking.
You are so easy to be with! You spoke to me then, about a site
you had visited, a site that dealt with sado masochism and
how the partners are categorized as Doms and Subs. I had
never heard of it before (you see how innocent I am) but I
pleaded with you to tell me more. I am now so receptive to
your teachings! You are my mentor, my leader on this winding
and erotic path we are following! You said I was a submissive.
That I liked the idea of being controlled and commanded,
and that I liked gentle, controlled degrees of pain. You
promised me that whatever eroticism we chose to explore,
that you would never hurt me more than I could bear. You promised
to show me the site, and I was aroused again. I thought about
the pictures you sent me of the woman with the nipple rings
and it all made sense to me. Pain and pleasure so inextricably
entangled. Oh yes my sweet lover it does excite me even as
I write I can feel the stirrings in my cunt! And I have never
experienced anything so sublime as this strange and distant
passion that we find in each other. I think we should visit
the site together and then if I am with you I will know that
I am safe and that no body can use or abuse without your permission.
You have the key my love that has unlocked those hidden and
dark desires that I have so denied myself. And I am a raging
inferno desperate to keep the fires burning hotter and
hotter and you, my love, are the fuel that can feed my flames!
But now We walked together a short distance down the dark tunnel.
Soon a metal door blocked our way and its shiny stainless
steel reflected our faces and bodies. You knocked upon

it and they slid silently open. We entered the room and it
was so bright and clinical after the darkness of the tunnel.
A single table stood in the centre of the room, above which
was a bank of lights that shone down and highlighted the
steel and leather stirrups attached to the end of the table.
I recognised it for what it was and instinctively drew back.
But you held me firmly in your grasp and whispered, reminding
that I had said I would do anything for you! Looking at that
ominous table I couldn't imagine what it was that you desired.
A man entered the room. He was wearing a surgical mask and
so his face was hidden from us. He pushed before him a steel
surgical trolley covered by a white cloth the shape of his
instruments bulging ominously beneath it. You pushed
me gently, towards the table but I refused to get on it. I
was trembling with fear but you soothed me and in one strong
movement you had me prone on the table and in a moment you
were securing my legs with the leather straps of the cold
stirrups!
My legs were held firmly apart by this clinical contraption
and I was embarrassed by the inquisitive gaze of the man
in the mask. I looked at you for an explanation but you ignored
me and as the man scrubbed his hands and pulled on his rubber
gloves you gave him your instructions. You told him I must
be pierced through my lower lips – the lips that covered
my tunnel of love – and you handed him a tiny chain to which
was attached a little padlock. And then you told him that
he must pierce that flap of flesh that covered my clitoris
and into that he must insert a gold ring which you handed
to him. The piercer sat on the small rotating stool before
my naked cunt and examined me in minute detail. I could feel
his rubber clad fingers fiddling in my secret place pulling
and stretching the folds of skin, pulling them painfully
to judge where he would insert the dreaded needle!
He turned to you and told you to wait outside. I was horrified
that I was to be left alone with him and his painful procedure!
I reached out for you and pleaded with you not to leave me.
You stroked my hair and kissed me and told me not to be afraid.
You said you were so proud of me to endure some pain in order
to please you! But still I begged you to stay, sobbing for

you not to abandon me! But you brushed your lip against my grasping fingertips and left.

I was alone now with the piercer. He reached beneath the table and recovered more leather straps which he bound tightly around my breasts and arms. I couldn't move! I was terrified! My heart was beating wildly, my mouth was dry, and I could feel the sweat of anxiety dampening the palms of my hands. Why are you doing this I asked him. He told me it was to make sure that I didn't move when the first prick of the needles stung my cunt lips. I told him I didn't want this, that he must release me – I screamed at him – I screamed for you but my cries were for nothing! He pulled the cold trolley closer to him and removed a roll of surgical tape.

He was behind my head and I strained my neck trying to see what he was doing. He pushed my head roughly back onto the pillow and quickly placed the tape over my mout. My voice was stifled, the only sounds from my throat muffled cries that soon exhausted me and, realising the futility of my position, I lay, silenced.

He rose from his stool and unbuttoned his white jacket.

His bulge was evident under his surgical green trousers!

I could hear his flies unzipping and then he was in me. I was powerless to resist! He stopped suddenly and reached for the trolley behind him. I couldn't see what he lifted from the trolley but heard the soft drone of it and felt the vibrations as he placed it against my clit and then continued to drive into me. I felt his rubber gloved hand on my breast and my nipples sprang to life. He pushed his hardness deeper and deeper into me and his sudden jerky thrusts signalled his release as his sperm shot into me. But he didn't stop the strange vibrating of the instrument that he held against me. By now I was so aroused I had completely forgotten the purpose for which I lay so trussed up. He placed his finger in my cunt and seemed to be feeling for the contractions that preceded my shattering orgasm! And they came! Oh how they came! My cunt twitched against his finger as I began to climax! And then he stopped – leaving me unsatisfied, unfulfilled, and begging him with my eyes for release!

Wait he said as he summoned his nurse who held the vibrator

carefully against me whilst he continued with his work.
The nurse was clever and when she saw that I was close she would stop the vibrations. I was beside myself in my need for release and the sensations, each time she used the vibrator became even more intense. But at last he was ready with his instrument and he signalled to her to let me go all the way.
My orgasm shot through me like tongues of fire come and going in its waves of intensity. And I grunted and moaned behind my gag – and then screamed - silently, as, at that moment of exquisite tenderness, the painful needle shot into me! The pain the pleasure aaah! And I wept, the salt tears coursing down my face, at the agony and the ecstacy! The second needle, in my clitoral hood, was less painful than the first but still had me shuddering with the pleasure of it. It was over soon. I could feel him manipulating the gold band into my flesh and I heard the click of the tiny padlock as it closed my cunt forever to the lust of men. Only you had the key – I belonged to you!
The piercer wrenched the tape covering my mouth and I gasped with relief! The nurse had cleaned the blood away and disappeared, but he bent to examine his handiwork before calling you in. And you, darling lover, kissed me deeply before you too examined what had been done to me. And you said you were well pleased! And you bent and gently kissed my piercings.
You were breathing heavily and you said you couldn’t wait! You had to experience me now! You pulled aside your cloak and your cock shot rampant and proud before me. You fumbled in your eagerness to unlock my cunt but soon I could feel the tiny chains dangling free, , tickling my thighs, their weight pulling me open to you! Even in your passionate eagerness you remembered my tenderness and entered me slowly and gently. And, as you did, you described the intense pleasure of my peircings rubbing against your shaft! Your cock brushed against my clit ring everytime you pushed into me sending bolts of pleasure into my womb! This was no hard bumping and grinding – this was slow and calculated and my piercings enhanced our pleasure ten fold! You moved with a little more urgency and I knew your cum was very close…..your ecstacy was etched upon your face as you looked deeply into my eyes.

And then you came – your thrusts jerkier and harder – deeper as you emptied yourself into me! I saw the tears filling the corner of your eyes and brimming over to run in torrents down your face. I could hold back no longer, your tears had moved and excited me and as you shot the final drops of your cum into me, my own pleasure engulfed me and we cried out too each other as we reached the pinnacle – together – and falling between my splayed legs onto my belly, you wept!

Before you released me from my bonds, as if securing some adored treasure, you closed the lock on my cunt and placed the key on a chain around your neck. You helped me from the couch and taking my damp flushed face in your hands you kissed my nose and pulled me close. You whispered in my ear that you loved me and our journey was your gift to me. You wanted me to feel every sensuous sensation that I had ever imagined and more that I had not and could not possibly conceive of. You wanted me to feel the passion of Cleopatra, the dark desires of O, the innocence of a Virgin Queen - you wanted me to feel sensuality through ages long gone. The excesses of Caligula's Rome, the Puritanism of New England, the erotic hypocrisy of Victorian England, and you told me that when our journey ended, there would be no boundaries left standing! You said I would be consumed by an erotic knowledge so great that in order to control it I would have to submit to your domination. You asked me for my promise and I gave it to you willingly! Whatever knowledge I gained from our journey would be used for your pleasure only – I would bow to you, to your desires and needs, in complete submission –your woman – your slave – your adoring acolyte!

And so we walked together toward the red portal and into the unknown past that beckoned us.
You came on line tonight with such a wicked smile on your face! You said you had just read some more of our dream – and you were excited by it! You panned the camera down to your crotch and there was the wonderful bulge that showed your excitement. I giggled and asked which part of the dream aroused you the most. And you typed feverishly the master/slave part! You said you were so happy that I had begun to realise the place domination and submission had in our relationship.

You said I learnt quickly and you told me, firmly, that we
would not wait for the dream to end that we would begin now
with our exploration of this part of our sexuality. And
as usual I began to look for excuses to deny myself this.
But you weren't interested in my hesitation and told me
sternly to listen to you. You asked me if I had masturbated
today and wondering why you should ask me such a thing when
you know that you are the reason for my self gratification,
I replied, of course I had! Angry capital letters shot onto
the screen, "do not touch yourself again until I say so!"
I didn't dare question you, you sounded so angry and I nearly
clicked you off! You quickly calmed me and more gently you
commanded me not to masturbate, nor to wear underclothes
until you gave me permission to do so. You asked me if I could
be trusted to do this and, a little reluctantly, I agreed.
I felt compelled to do it, I was terrified of the implications
but I just had to obey you! You told me to position the camera
correctly and you made me stand in front of it and undress
before you. It was the first time you had seen me unclothed
and I was trembling like an unbroken virgin as my fingers
undid the little buttons on my blouse. I slid the garment
from my shoulders and stood shivering and almost exposed
before you. Now the bra Lily, you said, and my eyes pleaded
with your image on the screen not to do this to me! Now! You
commanded me and I hurriedly undid the front eyelets and
my breasts, my nipples erect, burst forth from their constraints.
And the rest, you said. You told me to hurry and I quickly
unzipped my jeans and stepped, nervously, out of them.
Despite my trepidation I was breathing deeply now and could
feel the moisture growing between my legs. Take your panties
off, you said, and I placed my thumbs in the elastic and slowly
drew them down over my hips. Instinctively I tried to cover
my breasts and pubes with my arms but your words firmly instructed
me to put my arms by my side and to stand perfectly still.
The screen was silent but I felt you drinking me in, seeing
me for the first time, and one word fell from your fingers
onto the screen –aaah!
Turn around you ordered me and I turned my back to the camera
whilst you examined my smooth buttocks and silky back.

You told me to centre my chair in front of the camera and to make sure that when I sat on it that the camera captured all of me! I carefully arranged the camera and sat, with my arms folded primly on my lap awaiting your instruction. And then you fucked me with your mind and words! How you fucked me! Placing me first over the desk and taking me from behind! Then you knelt me down on the floor, doggy style and lubricating me liberally you thrust into my arse. You squeezed my nipples painfully, and you fell over me and bit my neck. You pummeled my soft buttocks with your strong hands and thrust deeper and deeper into me. And all the time I sat watching you as your hand massaged your huge erection and then began to move faster and harder as you moved, inexorably, towards your climax! And all the time I sat squirming on my chair, my legs opening my cunt to you and I longed to touch myself. I felt the waves rising in me and I was afraid I was going to cum spontaneously. My breath was coming in short gasps and that tingling, all consuming sensation began to grow in
my flooded cunt. And then you came, shooting your creamy cum over the screen and I was beside myself with lust! Lost in my passion I placed my hand between my legs and began to rub. NO, the word blazed from the screen, I said no masturbation! I was near my climax and begged you to let me cum. I wanted to feel my wet cunt, I wanted to squeeze my breasts and I wanted the pleasure to wash over me and satisfy me!
When you had finished I was still squirming on my chair, squeezing my thighs tightly together in an effort to halt the rising orgasm! Little sensual gasps were escaping from my throat, my eyes were closed, my mouth opened and then I heard the little beep that told me you wanted my attention. I looked at your words, if you come, you wrote, you will be punished. You told me to calm myself, to take deep breathes until the feeling subsided, and I did but, although the intensity of the sensation passed, the tingling and throbbing in my cunt remained and I wanted to scream out my painful dissatisfaction!
Abruptly you told me you were going. But before I could beg you to stay you were gone leaving me cruelly longing for

release! I could have masturbated, how could you possibly have known? But I didn't. You trusted me and I had given you my promise, and I felt compelled to be guided by you in everything. I closed the door connecting me to you and climbed, wearily into my bed, and after along time of tossing and turning and fighting the temptation to release myself, I finally slept, to dream restlessly and longingly of you and our promising future together.

.We left speedily through the red portal. We left behind us the fantastical land of our dreams and entered a new dimension of dreamy wonder and sensuality. We found ourselves in an old room, large with high ceilings from which hung crystal chandeliers that tinkled in the breeze that wafted through the enormous sash windows. You were dressed in a strange frock type coat that hung to your knees and from under which peeped a cream silk cravat. Your tight trousers met the white spats that you wore to protect your leather shoes.

You twirled a cane in your hand and you looked angry. I looked defiantly away from you and it was then that I noticed my own attire. I was dressed in a gorgeous gown of rose silk. The boned bodice fastened with tiny pearl and hook buttons concealed the tight laced corset underneath. The corset had reduced my waist to miniscule proportions and pushed my breasts, unnaturally, from the low revealing bodice. My nipples were barely concealed by it and my breasts looked high and plump and inviting. The long skirt fell in smooth pleats over my belly and, behind my bottom, yards of the soft fabric had been rouched up to form a bustle that served to exaggerate the curves of my own buttocks. My short red hair had been transformed and the dark curls were piled in careful disarray upon my head, loose tendrils escaping to frame my face. A diamond choker glittered at my throat. And anger flashed in my eyes!

"Madam" you were saying. "If I am denied what I desire in my own home than I shall look elsewhere!"

"You cavort with whores!" I screamed at you. "Street walkers, harlots, filthy scum!" The tears of abject frustration came then and ran down my face, the sobs choking my voice as I threw my insults and wrath at you! In my temper I raised

my hand to strike you but you grasped my wrists, pulled me
close to you and whispered “Have a care madam, lest I strike
you back!” You pushed me violently away from you and I fell
painfully upon the carpet. “You are a shrew madam, a bitter,
spitting shrew! Maybe if you opened your legs to my manhood
once in a while, you would be cured of this terrible irritation.
You have an itch my dear that needs scratching and if you
won’t let me scratch it then I suggest you find some whoreboy
who will!” You turned to leave, to go with your whore, and
I screamed and tore at my clothes in my efforts to stop you.
You pulled the bell rope and Solange the maid knocked on
the huge doors and entered. “Fetch the doctor Solange,
as you can see my wife is hysterical, she needs laudanum
to calm her.” Then you turned to me and ordered me to my room
to await the doctor.
I lay on the large four poster bed, my gown in pools of silk
around me and wept uncontrollably into my pillow. The doctor
had arrived and you and he entered my sad chamber. I was expecting
him to give me the calming potion but he didn’t. He sat on
the edge of the bed and examined me with his eyes before he
turned to you and explained a new treatment for female hysteria
that would do away with harmful potions and was guaranteed
to calm and relax the distraught female. I was truly upset
with you and so I paid little attention to what was being
discussed. The doctor took my wrist feeling for the thud
of my heart, through the white skin. He opened his black
bag and removed various instruments, long shiny, smooth,
fat tapers with rounded ends that he placed on the table
by my bed. He opened a jar of ointment, the aroma of eucalyptus
assailing my nostrils. He instructed me to undress but
I objected until you shouted at me to do as I was told! I called
Solange and she helped me to undo the tiny buttons on my gown.
She lifted it over my head and hung it carefully in the wardrobe.
I stood there before you and the doctor divest of my garment
my crotchless, lacy bloomers pinched at the waist by the
laced tightness of the boned corset. My nipples were fully
exposed now and I covered them modestly with my hands. The
doctor smiled at me reassuringly and told me to relax. He
said he was about to perform a small medical procedure that

would alleviate my anxiety. He told me to lie back on the
bed and he covered me with a thin cotton sheet. All the while
you stood silently watching the proceedings. The doctor
drew the sheet up just above my pubes and raised and gently
spread my legs. He undid the buttons in my crotch and I clamped
my thighs together at this undignified intrusion! Come
come, now, he said, I am here to help you, now trust me, madam
and relax! He prised my legs apart again and gestured to
you that you should hold my legs thus. He told me to close
my eyes and keep them closed and to take deep even breathes.
Then his hands were in my crotch, probing and opening me.
He pulled the delicate skin covering my clitoris and soon
located my mysterious button. I opened my eyes briefly
and saw him applying the ointment to the head and shaft of
the instruments lying on the table beside me. He shushed
me and told me to close my eyes again and as I did I felt the
sharp burning pain as he inserted his cold ivory instrument
into my anus. Forgetting to breath deeply and to relax,
my eyes shot open at the invasion and I gasped loudly. Take
deep breaths you urged me and soon the pain subsided, and
I relaxed and he pushed his instrument deeper within me.
I heard him fiddling with the other ivory phallus and in
a moment it was lubricated and gently manipulating and
teasing my clit. I had totally forgotten the indignity
of my position as waves of unfamiliar but welcome pleasure
gushed over me! My modesty, temporarily gone, my hips seem
to take on a life of their own twirling and rotating and pressing
hard against the delicious torment of the doctor’s comforting
instrument. And then the phallic toy was pushed into my
hot wetness and I cried aloud my intense pleasure! My cunt
grasped its’s shiny length contracting and drawing it
in even deeper. And as my pleasure grew he touched my clit
with his lubricated finger and rubbed me to my ecstacy!
At that moment of utter fulfillment my bottom hole contracted
about the dildo forcing it deeper before spitting it out
as my muscles jerked in a final surge of orgasmic bliss.
As I lay there recovering from my doctors wonderful treatment
I heard him tell you that female hysteria, anger and frustration
will build to uncontrollable levels if they are not serviced

regularly. He advised you to continue the treatment and
he handed you the instruments and lubricant with which
to do this. Then he turned to me and said “Madam if your friends
and acquaintances should require my special treatment,
I can be sent for at this address.” He handed me his card,
bade us a very good morning and was gone. You leaned over
me then and told me I looked greatly improved. I noticed
the bulge in your trousers and you saw me looking at you.
Are you ready for me now you asked me as you removed your coat
and undid the buttons on your fly. Your erection was enormous
now pushing against your long johns and you removed them
quickly relieving the pressure on your member. Soon you
had turned me over and were unlacing the laces on my bodice
eager to be at my naked breasts. You lifted my buttocks and
drew my bloomers down over my hips and discarded them carelessly
on the floor beside you. I lay there naked, my nipples painfully
erect as you tweeked first one then the other tantalizing
me into complete submission. Your hardness entered me
and I screamed with the joy of it. You thrust in once, twice,
and then you rolled me onto my belly, pulled me to my knees
and bent me gently forward so that my rounded bottom and
the sensitive rosebud was fully exposed to your view. I
heard you gasp as you buried your face between my cheeks
and your tongue sought and found that tight, closed bud
which you licked and penetrated and lubricated, preparing
me for that erotic buggery that I so welcomed. I felt you
pressing urgently against my sphincter begging me with
loving words to relax and let you in. And so I relaxed and
you were so gentle entering me a little at a time so that at
last you were buried fully to the hilt in my warm, tight bottom.

You moved in and out slowly as I reached round to touch my
clit teasing it into release. You moved faster now and I
moved with you, meeting you, thrust for thrust as
we strived towards that sublime and desirable conclusion
that we had, for so long, denied ourselves.
Authors note of interest
During the 19th (maybe even earlier) a common treatment
for female “hysterics” was the manipulation of the clitoris

to relieve stress. A doctor performed this function, probably under very clinical conditions. In any case from 1839 when Victoria ascended the English throne, England was at its height of Puritanism (and double standards!). It is my belief that a wife in those times was fucked purely for reasons of procreation and after that she was largely denied any sexual intimacy and would have accepted this as her lot having been told (by men) that genteel ladies did not enjoy the sexual act. Running parallel to this would be the secret underground of “dark” sexual practices, child exploitation and homosexuality that (although largely hidden at the time) became available to the men of that middle classes. (It is only relatively recently that the existence of this underground has emerged and we see an upsurge of 19th century erotic literature flooding the modern market.) The wives of these middleclass hypocrites must have been insane with sexual tension which would have manifested itself in the “delicate disposition” that we read about in the formal literature of the time. The poor wife would be “indisposed” or “had the vapours” and other such flowery adjectives and these indispositions, in retrospect, describe what is, in essence, intense sexual frustration. It amuses me that some enterprising and farseeing doctor would discover this and exploit it to its fullest! By all accounts the treatment worked and he must have made himself a small fortune with his erotic manipulations and created whole generations of satisfied women of the gentility! Interesting?

I couldn’t wait to see you see you tonight. I awoke with such intense sexual need. My cunt was wet and on fire. I had obeyed you and not touched myself and it was now 24 hours since you had forbidden me to do so! What were small irritations to me were now growing into formidably uncharacteristic temper tantrums! I needed fucking and this terrible tension relieved! And then I saw your face, ominously unsmiling, on the screen and I begged you to tell me what was wrong! You said you thought I had been bad, that I had masturbated….and I began to cry and pleaded with you to believe me! You told me I looked too happy to be a woman so unfulfilled! You asked me if I owned a vibrator and told you that I did. Fetch it!

Your words hissed from the screen and I scrambled from my
seat, and, trying hard not to disturb my sleeping husband,
I retrieved it from my bedside drawer. Show me you snarled
and I held the flesh coloured latex phallus in front of you.
Not big enough your words growled. Tomorrow you will acquire
a larger phallus – at least 12 inches – and you will use it!
I gasped at the prospect of such gigantic proportions entering
me! But where will I acquire such a thing I asked you. And
you said I must visit a sex shop – and I must tell the shop assistant
that it was for my use! I begged you not to humiliate me like
this! But you insisted with threats of dire consequences
if I didn't do as I was told. In the meantime you said the small
one would have to do and you asked if someone as unfucked
as me could possibly have such a thing as lubricant. You
had only recently awakened my sexuality and I did not possess
the necessary ungent that would afford slippery penetration.
You told me to fetch butter from the fridge and whilst there,
to bring ice cubes as well. I could not imagine what possible
use you would have with ice – but I did as you instructed and
soon sat, fearfully waiting for your instructions!
Why are you still dressed, your words barked at me! Whatever
time of the day or night, you said, you must be ready for me!
You must be unclothed, legs apart and wet with need of me!
I nodded at you as I slipped my dress over my head. I was wearing
a red and black bra and you told me never to wear it again!
I must always be dressed in white silk and lace. I must always
look and behave innocently! I dropped my panties to the
floor and you commanded me to turn and bend over, to spread
my buttocks so that you could inspect me. When you had seen
all of me you ordered me to look at you. And I did, my eyes lowered
shyly, as you typed your instructions. Take the butter
and rub it into your arse and cunt you told me. When you have
done that, you said, I must take the ice cubes and insert
two into my cunt and two into my tight arse. And I must do this
in full view of the camera – you wanted to see everything.
I felt humiliated and unsure of myself but your words spat
at me DO IT! So I took the butter feeling its greasy oiliness
in my fingers, and turning my back to you, I began my sensuous
manipulations.

I looked over my shoulder at you as the bleep from the screen signified more words flowing from you fingers. Put your middle finger deep in your arse….and your cunt … let me see your finger disappear deep inside you! My fingers slipped in easily – the butter seemed superfluous now – my cunt juices dripped from me, running down my thighs, in glistening rivulets and I looked again at the screen to see those welcome words – you are so hot baby – do it now baby – put the ice in your bum let me see you! Encouraged, I reached for the ice cubes and taking one I pressed it against my excited anus. At first it wouldn't go in, the resistance seemed too great and the ice was very slippery, but you urged me to push harder and eventually I felt little as my anus became numb with iciness and opened to receive the glacial fragment. And then the other one – easier this time, slid in and I gasped as I felt the spreading of its coldness inside me. My hot cunt cried out for the same soothing treatment and I quickly slipped the frozen cubes into its welcoming darkness! I was numb now, and well lubricated, as you instructed me to insert the vibrator deep in my arse. I pushed and pushed but only the head seemed to gain admittance but, despite the numbing effects of the ice, it really hurt! And I cried out removing the offending object! You are numb, your angry words screeched at me! You are being a silly girl! Push it in – now! Motivated by your anger I pushed hard and the thing slid into me forcing a groan from my tightly clenched mouth. Deeper you said! Giving it one more determined thrust the vibrator disappeared deeper into my frozen bowels and I felt the desire for release rise in me. Over my shoulder I saw your erection in your hand as you pumped frantically up and down! And still your words flew from your fingers – sometimes muddled with excitement - urging me to move the vibrator faster within my arse! And as you pumped too your climax so I struggled for my own succour. You were coming now your juices spurting violently from your prick, your head thrown back, and your face contorted by the intense sensations flooding through your body!
Soon it was over and looked upon your dear face, beaded with sweat, a smile of utter contentment playing on your mouth and I was happy!

Put it in your cunt now you said, and I did as you told me anticipating
the orgasms that would soon engulf me! I want to see it disappearing
in you, you said. I want to see it tantalize your clit! But
you must not come! In furious anger I turned to the key board
and typed frantically fuck you fuck you! I have to come,
my words screamed at him! I have to I sobbed! And you said
nothing, you let me rail at you, my anger and frustration
knowing no bounds! And at last my anger was spent and I sank
into my chair sobbing for release. For a while it was quiet
between us and then you told me you loved me but that I must
learn self discipline, self control. You said you were
sorry but you were going to punish me for my delinquency.
You told me you would inform me of my punishment when we were
finished. For now I must do as you had instructed me! I lay
back in my chair and pushed the vibrator deep within me!
In and out I pushed it, and all the time your words commanding
me to push harder – deeper! Following your instruction
I nuzzled the vibrator against my clit but you saw the passion
rising in me and ordered me to stop! The sweat poured from
me as I tried to hold back what should have come naturally
and shatteringly! But you continued your torment of me
– bringing me to the edge then denying me – again and again
until my blood engorged cunt became painful with longing.
And as it rose again in me you called a final stop and my head
fell on my chest as the tears ran into the cleavage of my breast!
Calm yourself you said, gently. Look at me you commanded
and I looked into your eyes and I could almost feel your hand
gently stroking my hair. Stop crying, you said, I love you.
All this is for your own good! You must do those things I have
asked of you, unquestioningly. And now dearest, for three
days I will not see you, this is your punishment! During
those three days you will not pleasure yourself in any way!
And when I return, if you are good, I will release you from
your longing.
Before you left, and as if nothing had happened, you asked
me again if this dark sexuality was what I really needed.
You reminded me that I had never been aware of my masochist
tendencies until you brought it to my attention. You said
you were no sadist but, like everything, it could be learned

and it was time for me to learn exactly what would be involved. You told me to go to various sites and learn everything I could and if that meant participating in those practices then I was to do so! So you left me unquenched, unsated, and burning with desire for you!

"Wow" you said when I appeared before you on the computer screen. You have been gone so long you said to me. I told you of the problems I had had with my pc and how frustrating it was not to be able to be with you. You told me how much you loved me and missed me and you were so glad I was back.

I told you I had a terrible headache and couldn't play tonight and that I probably wouldn't see you for while, because I was leaving in two days for London. You laughingly ordered me to take an aspirin, and I giggled with you remembering the age old excuse used to avoid sex and I assured you this wasn't the case with me!

EPILOGUE

The man was peering intently at his computer screen. The room was in darkness and the light from the screen illuminated his features now frowning with concern, as he clicked, frantically trying to locate her.

It had been three days since he had seen her smiling playfully at him from the screen and he missed her desperately. He had good news for her – he could come to England after all. My god, he thought, after all this time at last he was going to meet her, hold her, love her and the anticipation was killing him.

The light from the screen had turned green and he saw that he was in the zone. He clicked to the friends list – nothing – her name, unhighlighted and pale indicating her offline status. Drat he thought, she was being mischievoius again! She was probably hiding away in the garden – flirting with some man whose knickname momentarily attracted her. He smiled to himself – she was like that he thought, so like the fairies she wrote so lovingly about, flitting here and there, never settling her mind to anything, giggling and playful, it was no wonder half the men (and women come

to that) were in love with her.
He continued his search in the parlour and the study, but still there was no sign of her. Eventually he returned to beginners and seeing N seated at table 69 he quickly joined her.
“Hi” he typed the words hurriedly. “Have you seen Q?”

“No – not for a few days Cat. She wasn’t feeling well last time I spoke to her. Said she had a touch of flu.”
“Well if you see her please tell her I am looking for her.”
He quickly clicked out of the zone and was about to visit the messenger when the sound of the phone screaming for his attention suddenly broke the silence. Irritated by the intrusion he ignored it for a moment and continued searching the web. Still scanning the screen he reached absently for the phone, brought it to his ear and muttered an angry yes into the mouth piece.
The mans wife was downstairs when she heard the painful scream that emanated from the room above. She ran quickly up the stairs the screams and dreadful sobbing getting louder as she moved closer. She was at the door now and she stood still for a moment afraid of what she would find on the other side. She turned the knob and pulled the door open and stood with the hall light flooding in behind her cascading onto the man now kneeling upon the floor, his shoulders heaving with great wracking sobs, his hands tearing at his hair, his clothes anything that could be rent in expression of his utter grief! The phone lay broken into pieces where he had thrown it against the wall. But strangly the connection was still established and she could hear a feminine voice pleading with him from some distant and unknown place.
She placed the receiver against her ear and listened in silence to the voice at the other end. “I’m so sorry to hear that.” She said finally. “Thank you for letting us know. Goodbye.”
As she placed the phone quietly back into its cradle a small smile of triumph flickered across her mouth. Whatever journey her husband and Q had been on was now finished - over

- done with. She had him back with her and Q was finally and irrevocably out of their lives. She bent to him and enveloped him in her arms, his eyes met hers briefly, red rimmed and tear stained his face suddenly seemed shrunken and her heart cried out to him. "She's dead." He sobbed again and he lay his head comfortably upon her familiar breast as she carressed his forehead and whispered her love for him. "She was only ever a dream." She said reassuringly. "The dream is over my love, and you are back with me, and I will never let you go again." With her free hand she reached for the pc buttons and whilst stroking and comforting her husband, she clicked and found what she was searching for. The "delete all" button flashed in front of her and, afraid that she might change her mind, she clicked it quickly, and again when prompted "was she sure she wanted to permantly delete the files". The screen flickered and died and she turned her attention to the bereft man clinging to her.

They never noticed the strange mist flowing ethereally from the deadened screen. Lost in their embrace they never noticed the mist taking Q's form. She floated around them spiritual, pale and beautiful her cropped red hair forming a halo about her cheekily smiling face. For a moment she hung lightly above them infusing them with her love and comfort and begging him silently to forgive her for leaving so suddenly. At last he felt her presence and seemed to look directly at her and he smiled. He knew she was there and always would be.
His wife helped him from the floor and with their arms wrapped around each other they walked through the door. The man stopped and looked back at the quiet screen one more time and as he pulled the door gently shut he heard her familiar voice giggle "See you in the zone Cat - race you there!"
For a moment the screen lit up and he saw her misty form disappearing into the portal and then all was darkness and silence and she was gone forever.
The end