Kat and Cyrano - Chapter 4

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I go out of town on business; Eric I share our erotic dreams with each other

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Chapter 4: Absence Makes Our Lust Grow Hotter

“This evening I need to pack for my cross-country business trip,” I continued my Sept. 23 email reply to Eric. “I'm going to leave for the airport about 6:30 tomorrow morning. We’ll be apart for just 6 days, until my return on Sunday the 28th. But after FINALLY getting to touch those special parts of each other, those 6 days are going to seem like 6 years to me!

“Hope to hear from you tonight. Then, I'll go to sleep with sweet dreams of us. Tomorrow morning, while I'm waiting at the airport I'll go online and savor every loving, sexy word in your message.

“This morning, exploring each other, was a wonderful send-off for this trip. But it would have been even better if I could fly off with your so obvious passion deep in me, so deep in me, all warm and sweet and gooey and wonderful, to savor on my long flight. But alas, not yet.

“And I wish I could, while on my flight, know that I had left my own juices on more than just your fingers this morning. To fly off knowing my juices are on that so very special part of you, sure would make the long flight a lot more bearable. But even though we couldn't yet. I'm happy with the mutual exploring we did this morning....for now! Some day, my sweet darling, some day soon.”

His sweet email reply was the perfect send-off before my flight: “My sweet cherished one. I just got home from the grocery store and as always, happy to see your message. I feel I should be the one thanking YOU! The way it felt to finally touch you and be touched by you, this will keep you front and center on my mind until your return.

“You're right, what we have is all of those things: hunger, desire, passion, affection, and appreciation, tender yet powerful. Also respect and trust. And you're right, had we been able to do all that we wanted to this morning, without risk of being caught, I would be savoring your juices on more than my fingers, and thinking of how you are on that long flight, all full of the warm goo that expresses how deeply I care about you. If ONLY!

“I don't know why the thought occurred to me that should our circumstances ever change for us both, there could be more for us. I guess because I didn't start having good relationships until fairly late in life, and I can't see being alone and empty like in my younger years, especially knowing there's someone as amazing as you around. I just think that if you or I ever do have a ‘next relationship,’ we may have already found it in each other. But I'm happy with whatever life brings, and although there are troubles, they don’t matter; my life is perfect now, since meeting you.

“You didn't embarrass or offend me. I very much like the image your words stirred up, about us naked on the beach and enjoying each other in the surf and the sand. I also want you to know, I’m remembering where your hand was so sweetly expressing your love for me this morning….and right now, this same place is exactly where my own hand is right now as I savor that mental image of beach sex that you paint.

“Yes I'm a gentleman as you say, or mostly so. But I have a lot of love and passion in my soul, too. I was raised to be a gentleman by my dad. He was a true gentleman, and he had a deep love for his wife, my mom. I always looked up to him. But when I'm with you, it's hard to remain gentlemanly. It's just, well, HARD.....pun definitely intended!

“As great as your endless orgasms felt on my fingers this morning, I can hardly wait to experience your juices, which I am certain taste delicious, on my tongue….and on my ‘elsewhere.’ Eric“

I called him from the airport before my flight took off. I already missed him terribly. I told him that the minute I landed on my return trip, I was going to book us a motel room so I wouldn’t have to wait one second longer than necessary to feel all that wonderful hardness FINALLY slipping deep into my body, and into the depths of my very SOUL!

I would have called him again that evening, but I knew he would be back home with his estranged wife, and I figured she wouldn’t appreciate me calling to tell her husband that I was ravenously hungry to ride him for hours and hours and hours.

That evening, he sent me another email: “I can’t stop thinking about your phone call and that motel where we will finally do everything we want to, for HOURS, in total privacy. With luck I'll see you -- every sweet unveiled bit of you -- on Sunday. You know that after several lonely, horny days apart, there's no WAY we are going to remain clothed when next we meet!!! I bet you're thinking that, too. Have a safe trip and see you --ALL of you -- on your return.”

I was so turned on by the events and conversations and emails of the previous few days, and the thought of that motel room I would book for us when I get back, as I replied: “My dearest,

sweetest...Thank you for your message, your friendship, and for what you wrote about your dad. It's beautiful and inspiring, and so are you! You are beautiful to look at, wonderful to touch, and a beautiful soul, and so sexy I can hardly stand it when we're apart.

“Mmmm, you say you’re hard right now, that has become one of my favorite mental images of late! Every time you tell me that you are hard thinking about ME, my heartbeat quickens. You know if I could, I would be right there planting adoring kisses where your hand is touching that most wonderful part of you.

“Good night, and pleasant dreams! See you soon--and yes I agree, I'll see ALL of you! From how it felt in my hand, I have a mental image of what it looks like, but yes when I get back I want to SEE it! And taste it!!!! And ride, ride, ride, RIDE it! Yours...soon to be ALL yours!”

He wrote back: “Darling. You amaze me how you take away my ability to find the words, since I've been a writer all my life, and words are my stock in trade. ‘Beautiful and inspiring?’ oh how wonderful of you to say, and how befitting in describing you as well. The feel of you squeezing and hungrily pulling my fingers deeper into your moistness this morning inspired all sorts of things!!! My heart, and a certain other part of me so recently in your very capable hands, both swell at the thought of you, the words and the images of you, knowing your various current trials and tribulations in life so similar to my own, the feelings between us, so much more. And words become difficult and wholly insufficient for it all. My dreams shall indeed be sweet, so long as you are in them. You….in my dreams and gloriously naked. The sweetest dream possible. The time apart will be nearly impossible for me, as I know it will be for you. Know that you shall be in my thoughts as I know I'll be in yours, until we find each other's arms again. With much less clothing on us than this morning.”

I wrote back, “My Dearest, Since I have also a writer for as long as I can remember, I very much appreciate what you share with me in your emails... and when we are together. What you shared with me this morning was especially wonderful!!! Your hardness and your juices felt WONDERFUL on my hand and it was AMAZING for me to be able to come all over YOUR hand! For what we have, words can only symbolize what we would like to say, do and be. There are multiple ways of knowing and being, and we've just started finding them. The exploration is the best part of the journey, don't you think?

“Tomorrow, I need to put the finishing touches on the presentation I will be making on my business trip—the reason I have to be so long out of your arms and out of your PANTS! I have a two-hour layover when I change planes, and I’ll finalize my presentation then, and I’ll look for your sweet words, too. Maybe I'd better do my preparation for my presentation first, because once I read your sexy loving words, I'm not sure I'll be able to focus.

“Sleep well, my sweet...I know I shan't sleep well until what was in my hand this morning can finally be between BOTH sets of my lips that hunger for you! ….. Yours, 100% all yours”

I was sitting in the airport, waiting to change planes for my destination that would take me to the opposite end of the country from the man I hungered for. I don’t know how I kept my hands out of my panties as I read his magical words while waiting in the crowded terminal: “Yes,” he wrote, “we are on a wonderful explorative journey. I'm eager and happy to go wherever our explorations may lead us. And I'm sure you will do well with your presentation.

“I have to tell you of the wonderful dream of you I had last night,” he continued. “I hope it will not embarrass you, the graphic details. I'm also hoping it will keep you thinking of me, and of when we can next be together on your return.

“In my dream last night, you were lying flat on your back, naked. Your right leg was bent at the knee, your right knee was raised, your right foot was flat on the bed. Your left leg extended straight out in front of you, flat on the bed. My hands slowly, gently separated your thighs, and my face nestled between your soft thighs. You clamped your thighs tightly around my ears as I began to kiss you there. Your nether lips tasted even sweeter than I already well know the lips on your face do.

“I broadened my tongue and began to slowly lap at your sweetness. Your back arched high as you pushed yourself closer to my face. Your incredible long, sexy-as-hell legs, were wrapped around my neck, your bare feet on my shoulder blades, as I kissed and licked the source of all those juices from yesterday, some of which I think are STILL between my fingers.

“With a sweet moan, your entire body convulsed, and you began to feed me such tasty feminine nectar. I hungrily licked-up every tasty drop flowing from you.

“I awoke realizing that as wonderful as this dream was, the reality, when it finally does happen, is sure to be even better than the dream!

“I wanted you not to forget what lies waiting for you on your return. So here is a photo I just took of how hard I am under my jeans, just thinking of you right now. But you already know what awaits you. You've already felt that you affect me in this way. You now know first HAND how much warm, gooey loving I have to give you, what I will give you soon (I love how you hunger for me to give you this precious gift), I make you that promise that I will give you all that you hunger for. Wish you were here right NOW to peel these jeans off of me and I could share what’s obviously underneath with you – IN you.

“I hope our plans we discussed on the phone earlier tonight will work out; I know neither of us can

hardly wait for that motel room the day you get back, to FINALLY make all our dreams come true. Just hours and hours of turning our sweet dreams of each other into unforgettable spectacular reality. Until then, as you can see in this photo, I eagerly await your next message.

“Yours in body, mind, and spirit--well, not yet in body but soon, very soon, body too will be yours, all yours to enjoy, my beloved.”

Mmmmm, what his photo DID to me! All that thick hard ridge, that soon would be mine, all mine, to hold and to kiss and to taste and to ride. Mmmmm!

“My panties were totally RUINED now, just looking at that photo and remembering and imagining! My little black silk panties got SO soaked. I headed to the airport bathroom, skimmed off my panties, jammed two fingers into me, remembering how amazing HIS fingers had felt when down my panties earlier in the week. After trembling through four orgasms, remembering HIM, remembering the best and sweetest and sexiest PART of him throbbing and coming in my hand. Not really satisfied giving myself the 4 orgasms I wanted HIM to give me, I tossed my impossibly soaked panties in the trash can—I could hardly put them back on me like that – and I returned to the terminal.

Then I wrote back: “My darling….I don't have much time, because it took me a little longer to get past airport security…. and they will be boarding my flight in a few minutes, but wow! Reading your sweet adoring lusty words, I came so hard and so much that I had to throw my panties in the trash, they got too wet for me to wear them anymore. And as I sit here in the airport pantiless, how I wish your face was under my skirt, pleasuring me right now!

“As I read your sexy prose, I cannot help but think of the song "Secret Garden." I will only say that it's been a long, long time and the wish is mutual.

“Tell me your secret
I don't wanna know about just any secret
I wanna know about that special secret {Oh}
Because tonight I want you to learn all about the
secrets
In your garden

“I wanna read your mind, know you deepest feelings
I wanna make it right for you
Baby, show me
Let me share the mystery, oh
(Come on, come on, come on, come on)

Listen to your heart tonight
(Come on, come on, come on)
Make it alright, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Come on, come out tonight)

“I know a melody that we could sing together
I've got the secret key to you, baby
Let's make music
Harmonizin' ecstasy
(Come on, come on, come on, come on)
Come on, sing it to me

“Here in the garden
Where temptation feels so right
Passion can make you fall for what you feel
In the garden {Ooh...}
We can make it come alive { We can make it come alive}
Every night, oh, woman {Every single night}
Your secret garden, hoo...hoo...hoo...hoo...

“Oh, baby
I need to be with you, let me lay beside you
Do what you want me to all night
Gonna hold you
Ooh, baby, can I touch you there
(Come on, come on, come on, come on)
I can keep you satisfied, baby
(Come on, come on, come on)
Ooh, ooh-wee, ooh-wee, baby
Please, baby, oh, darlin'
(Come on, come out tonight)

“Yeah, baby
I'll take good care of you
That's what a man is supposed to do
And I'll be there for you all the time
Let you hair down
Let me get you in the mood

(Come on, come on, come on, come on)
Come on, take me, take me with you

“Into the garden
Where temptation feels so right
Passion can make you fall for what you feel
In the garden
We can make it come alive
Every night, oh, woman
Here in the secret garden, hoo...hoo...hoo...hoo...

“And I never wanted anyone
(Woo...ooh...ooh...woo...)
I never wanted anyone as much as I, as much as I want you
I want you to show me, I want you to tell me how you feel
(Ooh-wee, ooh-wee, baby) All the secrets

“If you think I am gonna take care of you
If you think I have got what you need
Sho' you right [And I want to take our time because we
have all night]
If you think I am gonna be good to you
If you think I like what you do
Sho' you right (Oh, I'm gon' be so good to you, baby, ooh-wee, ooh-wee, baby)

“If you think I am gonna take care of you (Hey...)
If you think I have got what you need
Sho' you right [Let me know your secrets]
If you think I am gonna be good to you
If you think I like what you do
Sho' you right [Sho' you right, baby, you don't know me]

“If you think I am gonna take care of you {Ooh...}
If you think I have got what you need

Sho' you right [How does that feel]
If you think I am gonna be good to you (I'm gonna be
good to you)
If you think I like what you do (Oh...)
Sho' you right (Oh...)

“If you think I am gonna take care of you
If you think I have got what you need
Sho' you right (Turn the lights down low)
If you think I am gonna be good to you

“As for the JPEG you sent, pictures really do say a thousand words. Mmmm, I can hardly wait to unwrap you!!! Yes, I do remember how good what's under your jeans felt in my hand--how could I forget? But I long to see it, and to put it in all sorts of places where I want it. Where I need it.

“Wherever we go in the ‘secret garden,’ it will be wonderful. I won't know about Sunday and the motel until tonight or tomorrow, but will let you know. I'll email you while I'm on layover to change planes on my return flight.

He wrote back: “How strange to be downtown early morning without you in my arms! I hope your trip goes well. I can hardly wait to see you again. And to do more than kiss you--and to kiss parts of you that I suspect haven't been kissed in a VERY long time. And to feel your kisses in places on me where I haven't been kissed in ages. Hurry back; it's tough waiting for all that we want to do with each other. But you’re worth the wait.

“I love those Secret Garden lyrics you sent to me, and I love that you feel this way about me. I think these lyrics sum up how I feel about you. It's James Taylor's "How Sweet it is" which I heard when I was mailing a letter in the post office this morning:

“I needed the shelter of someone's arms, there you were
I needed someone to understand my ups and downs, there you were
....
Deeply touching my emotion
I want to stop and thank you baby
I want to stop and thank you baby (yes I do)
...
I close my eyes at night
Wondering where would I be without you in my life
Everything I did was just a bore

Everywhere I went it seems I'd been there before
But you brighten up for me all of my days.”

I replied: “ My darling, Thank you for the lyrics from James Taylor... I agree that is also an appropriate choice for us. What music would you like for our first time together, whenever that may be?

“Darling,” he emailed back to me, “I don't know about a special song, let me think about that. Usually a special song just happens, associated with something special that happens and has significance, meaning. I'm sure we'll find what's right. Anyway, the rhythm of our loving motion, two moving together as one, will be the sweetest music that no song will be able to enhance.”

My reply: “ When the time is right, we can make our own music. I'm sure we can really harmonize with each other . In fact, I think we already do. Stereo moaning and purring will be the sweetest music we can and will share.

“I love hearing your voice and enjoy our phone visits (as well as those we make online and in person, although long distance is not the same as being there). I want to, I need to kiss you, to touch you, to do the ‘so much more’ we've talked about.”

His reply: “Yes, the rhythm of our bodies moving as one will be the sweetest music. And we will find ‘our special song.’ Duet in Moans.”

I wrote back: “ Sweetheart, I'm looking forward to that rhythm... a song and a dance of celebration for us, when we can get lost in each other and do and be everything for each other. This morning, I woke up in the hotel bazillion miles from you, and I kept thinking of a song by Chicago... 'cause I'm wishing you were here!

“Even though you're far away, you're on my mind.
Wishing you were here...
And I'd love to change my life and you know I would
Just to be with you tonight, baby, if I could...

“But there’s GOOD news, too. I won’t have to miss you quite as long as I thought, won’t have to wait until Sunday the 28th to see you after all. They’re going to let me fly home Friday morning instead of Sunday, so that way I won’t have to be away from you all weekend on top of being away from you all week, before I can be in your arms again. The Friday morning flight should get me sometime in the afternoon. I think we can celebrate a new holiday together, call it MOTEL FRIDAY!”

His simple reply was a huge smiley face in 72 point type! That said it all for BOTH of us.

On Wednesday morning (24 th), I sent him: “I need to get dressed (I’m naked right now, so I REALLY wish you were here!) and go downstairs to make my presentation. But we'll be together, soon (NOT dressed). Can't wait to get back to you, and will let you know what I find out about Friday together in the motel, after I talk to my supervisor about taking Friday off. It shouldn't be a problem, since I'm flying home two days early and otherwise wouldn't have been at the office on Friday anyway. Of course, I can't exactly tell my boss I want to skip work to finally get to ride the hell out of you, but obviously that's how I'd prefer to spend Friday over being at work.

“This whole business trip, I can’t think about my presentation. I can only focus on how I wish I was there with you. Let's just say it's perhaps a good thing you weren't on the plane with me. The delicious thoughts I had of you, had you been there to act on them, might have gotten us both arrested. Miss you terribly, and look forward to seeing and holding you again soon, my sweet! Holding you and holding that special PART of you too! Mmmmmm! (shiver)”

“My Sweet,” he wrote back, “Yes, I wish I could have been with you, too. Too bad airlines no longer offer you those big blankets. They can hide a lot of mischief! (wink) The feelings about missing you and holding you are VERY mutual, I assure you! I miss you too - and yes, I miss touching that special part of you, too. Mmmmm! I'd better stop this now and get back to work before I grow an appendage that will be HARD (pun intended) to explain to my co-workers. I'll ‘talk’ to you online tonight.”

In my hotel room, I wrote back that night (24 th), “Mmmmmm... just the thought of mischief in the plane makes me smile through and through. I don't think any laundry could get out what we would have left on that airline blanket!

“I arrived at my hotel about an hour ago. The flight was uneventful. I managed to take a nap on the plane, and had a nice little hot erotic dream about us during..... and after, when you draw me closer to you, and pull the motel blanket up over both our sticky bodies, while we whisper sweet nothings to each other. Soon that will happen, and you have no IDEA how moist I am right now, thinking about that, anticipating…..I’m so horny for you right now, I could SCREAM!

“Well, darling, I'm going to take a bath, and I’ll pretend that the washcloth is your hands, your mouth, your sweet hardness touching me everywhere. And I look forward to hearing from you later tonight. Wish I could pull you into the tub with me....and pull you into me.

“Now that I have had you in my hand and erupting all over my fingers, now that I have FINALLY orgasmed all over your hand for half an hour non-stop, I ache to feel you in me and repeatedly bursting deep into me, as I burst all over you….endlessly! I want that to start, the MINUTE that I see

you again!”

”Hi my sweet,” he wrote. “ Mmmm, the thought of you and me with the blanket pulled up, the ‘juices’ still warm on each other's body. The thought of joining you in that bath (I take baths sometimes, I find them very soothing compared to a shower, after an especially tough day). These thoughts of you make me shiver! And in a very good way!

“ After reading your post, I too took a bath and imagined you were there with me, under me, as I slid and slid and slid all that I want to give you, all that you want to receive from me, sliding so lovingly into you through the soap suds. And you, so tight around me, your magnificent bush tickling me in my descent. Right now, I’m longing to touch you, hungering for your touch, more than mere words can ever express.

“Speaking of words, I found a snippet of Beatles lyrics that seems to fit what I'm thinking right now:

I got arms that long to hold you
And keep you by my side.
I got lips that long to kiss you
And keep you satisfied

“I’m all nice and clean now. I slipped into these boxers and took this photo tonight, so you can see my bare chest and legs and the bulge you will soon get to see uncovered, too. I hope that will keep you wanting to get that motel for us as soon possible. Let me know if Friday morning can work out to get together and make all our hot fantasies come true. I don’t think either of us can wait may more days, if not Friday.”

“ My sweet,” I fired back, “Mmmmm, the lyrics from the Beatles are perfect... as I mentioned, the flight was uneventful, but travel can be tiring, and I'm glad to have had the opportunity to clean up and rest. Miss you, though. And wish we had been together to wash each other. Trust me, I was imagining those were YOUR fingers washing me in the tub!

“Thank you for the picture of you in your boxers. I always appreciate seeing the sweet bulge that has inspired so many feverish dreams in me, in the short time I've known you, that I finally got to touch this week, but STILL have yet to see unwrapped, have yet to taste, have yet to ride…. But even so, your bulge is such a treat, and your picture will inspire me to think - and dream - of you tonight.

“Mmmmm, to peel you out of those boxers and enjoy you everywhere I want you, everywhere I need you to be. Although even peeled down to only your boxers, I gotta say, you still have WAY too much clothing on. I think from now on, whenever and wherever possible, I don't want you to be with me any

other way than NAKED!!!

“I don't have too many pictures of me, but I found one from about 5 years ago, taken in the garden I planted of the house where I used to live. Since we talked about my secret places inside of me, being a garden, I hope this photo will you some ideas!

“Now that I have this photo of you in only boxers, I will definitely have to take a picture with a lot less clothing on me than in this photo.

“I didn't have a chance to talk to my boss about getting out of here in time to be back in town Friday morning, but I'll see what I find out tomorrow, and will let you know one way or another. Let's keep our fingers and toes crossed that we can have time for sweet loving on Friday. I have the motel all picked out where we can meet, if it works out.

“One way or another, we will find our passion as you have described it. Soon. If not Friday, then very soon after. In the meantime, I savor every word you write and say, and every smile you give me and every smile that thoughts of you cause in me. And I will have that photo of you in your boxers, with that scrumptious bulge of yours, in bed with me tonight, to inspire my exploring fingers that I wish were yours tonight. I shall explore myself to your hot photo until sunrise.”

His reply was so sweet and sexy, and made me feel beautiful and desirable and desired, for the first time in a very long time: “ My sweet - Oh, I like that photo of you in your garden, thank you. I like where your hands are in that photo, folded in front of your gardening trousers. And I long for when my own hands can be there again, too!

“Our time at our secret spot in the park is very much on my mind this morning, how sexy you looked lying in the grass under me, your incredible brown eyes looking up adoringly at me, the feel of your hard nipples under my hand, under my mouth, your hand under my shirt, the touch of your hand down my pants and on my hardness, how wet you were on my hand under your panties. How you purred and panted and sighed. I already miss that, I miss you, I need more of that, I need more of YOU!”

“I miss you too,” I replied. “I have the memory of your throbbing and exploding in my hand. I have daydreams of when you can FINALLY be in me. But that is not enough. Not nearly enough. I’m on the other side of the country from you, instead of where I belong: in your loving arms. I miss you terribly, what we have, and what we WILL have.

“As for the photo I sent to you, I too long for the time when your hands (and more) can be there, too! It will be wonderful when we are finally together... us rocking together in a timeless, ageless rhythm, your hardness pressing against me and into me…..and afterwards, when we are in that blissful,

dreamy state... your head upon my breast, my hands caressing your shoulders and back as I kiss your face. The yearning is intense, I can tell you. I have to go into the next workshop and TRY to focus on work and not on my fevered fantasies of you, but will *chat* with you, soon."

His reply: "Yes I miss you terribly too. I'm wide awake at 4:00 AM and reveling in reading your every word to me. Yes, my fingers are crossed for your early return to my arms. I'm picturing us folding-down the motel room bed covers together, hungrily undressing each other, tenderly exploring each other. Yes. Passionately uniting body to body, soul to soul. Yes. Erupting together and calming down in each other's arms. Oh yes. And then doing it all again...and again...for hours on end."

"Dearest," I replied, "I've been waking up restless myself a lot lately. Don't know why... maybe because it's because we're not waking up in each other's arms. So, I savor every word you share with me, and I enjoy every thought of being with you. Thoughts of you make me shiver with excitement too, even while I'm burning with hunger and desire. I want to strip you. I want to kiss you all over. I want to lick what my hand encircled and played with before I left. I especially want to taste you, and have you taste me. I want to ride you. And that's just for starters! Looking forward to seeing you. Soon. And making all my wonderful and powerful dreams of us 'come' true."

His reply: "Reading your loving words, charged with the same lust feel for you, knowing your lust is as intense as mine, I feel so at peace within myself this morning, and yet paradoxically feeling an eager hunger for your return as well. I think we both need to be lost in each other."

Looking back on it now, my next message to him may have been the first unraveling of what we were building between us, that I regrettably left in ashes. "Between business meeting sessions this morning, I asked my boss about returning home even earlier, tonight instead of tomorrow, and he refused my request, making it clear that I need to attend the keynote address tonight. For me, leaving the conference a night early is not an option if I (a) want to remain on the payroll and obtain a positive reference for future employment, and (b) want my travel expenses associated with this trip covered. Obviously, I could not tell him why I wanted to leave early. "Can I have the day off to get myself royally fucked because I'm going CRAZY wanting to ride my new lover?"

"I don't have 1,000 in loose change sitting in my desk drawer, so I need the reimbursement for the cost of this trip. However, my boss is leaving in the morning. For that reason, and because the mid-afternoon workshop I was scheduled to attend was canceled, while I can't leave tonight as you and I both hoped, I can leave early tomorrow, rather than waiting until 5 p.m. to get on the plane.

"I'll let you know as soon as I find out when I'm flying home to you. Since there's a three-hour time difference, I may be able to stop by downtown and see you, even though it will be brief and we probably won't get to do the things we wanted to do tomorrow. Maybe between the two of us, we can

come up with ideas for next week, and we can make our dreams ‘come’ true in that motel room then. Miss you, and look forward to holding you again, soon!”

He was so understanding, more I think than I would have been had the tables been reversed, if he couldn’t get back to me as soon as I would have liked. And his being more patient and understanding than I am, may also be a part of why I destroyed us.

“Please don't rush home early on my account,” he replied. “Like I mentioned, I'm a patient man. Even though I hunger for a taste of you, I know you’re worth the wait, and the delay will only make it all the sweeter. When the time is right, you can unwrap the present I so want to give you. Tomorrow just isn't the right time, is all. Disappointing, true, but we'll find the time and place, and I know it will be soon. But the trouble it would cause just for a few minutes together, and not what we want, well, just not worth it. Just keep to your original schedule, and we'll find the time and place soon.

“It's nearly 100 degrees here today, so I'm going to take a bath to cool down and relax (I'm already naked as I type this...I wanted to tell you, I figured you'd enjoy that image, me ‘on the other end of the wire’ from you, wearing nothing but my VERY hard cock!). I know the day will be soon when we'll both be in a tub or shower together. I know as I bathe I'll be thinking of you and of that opportunity.

“When you tell me things like ‘You are special, and loved beyond measure,’ you do make it tough for me to stay patient for that day when we can enjoy each other in EVERY way. You know my feelings for you, my intense passion and desire for you, my friendship and so much more, are very strong too.”

“What you say is very true,” I responded. “We can wait, we’re worth the wait; the joy and bliss will be even more, much more, for being delayed. But there’s just one problem with having to wait. I can’t sleep for dreaming of you, for wanting you. And when I do sleep, not waking up in your arms is very tough for me every morning. I shiver at the thought of you finally sliding into me – shiver in a good way – and I burn with desire to experience you, to feel all the goodness of you in ME!”

“Yes, he shot back, “not waking up in each other's arms is certainly a part of why we can't sleep. Yes, shivering while burning, you expressed it exactly. I've been feeling the same. Ella Fitzgerald had a perfect song for this feeling we both have right now:

I never cared much for moonlit skies
I never winked back at fireflies
But now that the stars are in your eyes
I'm beginning to see the light
I never went in for afterglow

Or candlelight or mistletoe
But now when you turn the lamp down low
I'm beginning to see the light
Used to ramble through the park
Shadowboxing in the dark
Then you came and caused a spark
That's a four-alarm fire now
I never made love by lantern-shine
I never saw rainbows in my wine
But now that your lips are burning mine
I'm beginning to see the light

"Darling," I replied, "Thank you for sharing that song by Ella Fitzgerald... it is perfect for us. Make love by lantern shine….with YOU…..mmmmm, I like that! You put a song in my heart. Like the song, you have also started a fire that burns brightly between us. May that fire never be extinguished. Hugs and so much more! - Your Lover"

Him: "I am always on fire when I think of you, of us, of what we will share very soon. Burning hot and bright for you."

Me: " My sweet...If anything, the fire can burn even brighter. Enjoy your relaxing bath, as I will mine. I'll look forward to your coming to me in my dreams - and soon, in reality. Coming to me--coming IN me!!! Yes, definitely a fire in my loins and a song in my heart."

Him: "Yes, a song in my heart and a renewed quickness in my step. A softness and a tenderness in my heart, but a hardness in my boxers....Well dear, I'm off to my relaxing bath and to my daydreams of you joining me. I hope to read a new message from you later tonight or in the morning. Yours, completely, in heart and spirit and desire—and yes even THAT will soon be yours, too! COMPLETELY!"

Me: "Mmmmm, I only wish I was there to claim the precious gift you are offering to give me. And how lucky I am that I already know first-hand what a truly wonderful gift that is. And yes, I wish I weren't so far away right now, and I could revel in the refreshing coolness of a bath with you! May that day soon COME.

"It is after 8 p..m., time for me to put things away and take a nice bath myself, before sliding between the sheets. Too bad that still has to be without you."

Him: "Mmmm, if only I were there with you right now, so I could hold the towel as you step naked into

it, step naked toward me, and I dry you off, then slipping naked between the sheets with you, what an image that is! Brrrr … sends joyous shivers through me even from 3000 miles away!”

Me: “Wow... you conjure up wonderful images in my mind, too. Your hands toweling me dry, you slipping naked between the sheets beside me, on top of me, under me, as you slide, slide, SLIDE all your thick goodness deep down into me. As difficult as it is, I’m patient, and wait for the day when we can do anything and everything we have talked and dreamt of doing.

“Since we won’t have time for a motel on the day I return, maybe you could drop my office to see me, but we will need to be extremely discreet. Hard as it would be for me to keep my hands off of you, it won't help my career at all for me to go in for a professional review and have my supervisor or co-workers say ‘Oh, by the way, our security camera caught you sneaking a man in after hours and ...’ Maybe it would be best if you meet outside the office, not inside, where my mischievous thoughts of what I want to do with you could get me in trouble.

“There's a huge park across the street from my office, with lots of big trees - perfect for a relaxing walk after work. The trees would hide where our hands explore each other. And, the days are getting shorter, so the darkness would provide good cover, too. Take care, and I'll let you know when I land back in town tomorrow. See you soon! And my heart is pounding and my panties dampening at the realization that I’ll see ALL of you soon, and have all of you in all of ME!”

Eric was not only sexy as hell, but smart, too. He wrote back “Downtown is riddled with buses and trolleys that can take us to better spots, where our hunger for each other might be a lot easier to satisfy than letting your employer’s security cameras watch us starring in our own home-made porn movie.

“And the park you mention could also be iffy. Especially if your co-workers frequent that spot. If they see you jamming your hand down my pants like you did the other day, that could be a problem for you. I love that you can't resist doing that, that I have that much sexual power over your resistance, it's wonderful and amazing that you feel that way. But we need to be careful. Better to be away from work locations--yours AND mine. The shorter days, though, could be good; we could enjoy a sunset together, even though not reveling naked at a beach at sunset like we both want.

“Depending on your schedule, we might have at least a little time tomorrow, if we plan right. At least time enough for my hand to reacquaint itself with the inside of your panties, before we both have to go home. But if we can't make it work, we can always see each other on Monday. Better not to risk any job problems over this. If you come in too late for a little mini-rendezvous, that's fine, we'll have other chances that are less complicated logistics. Time is on our side, and waiting for the right moment will just make it sweeter. Good night and see you soon. - Your lover, friend, and etc.”

Me: “Sweetheart, Thank you for clarifying that. You're right that it's better to be away from our work locations. We can meet up a safe distance from my office, we can visit, and come up with ideas. We'll find our way, and it will be beautiful. What we feel for each other is beautiful. I'll let you know when I land back in town. Look forward to seeing you again, holding you, kissing you, loving you again soon! The dream and the reality, the reality and the dream, will soon be indistinguishable, one from the other. And you have no IDEA, I couldn’t BE happier and more excited about how you will soon, SO soon, and yet not soon enough, be in me!”

His sweet and thrilling reply: “The dream and the reality....both are sweet and hot. Just like you....sweet and hot. As I slipped into the bath earlier tonight, I imagined that where my hand was playing was actually your sweet kisses. And that I was kissing you in very intimate places, too. The wonderful thing is, the way we feel about each other, I know the reality is going to be even better than what we are both imagining right now. How amazing is THAT to contemplate? Good night. Kisses--and licks---in dreams for now and in reality so very soon now.

Early the next morning, I read and reread Eric’s latest email post. Then I emailed back:” “I care deeply about you! As a friend, as the kind hearted person you are, and not just because of how much lust you stir in me.

“Mmmm... the thought of both of us between the sheets sends shivers through me, too.

“Tonight, I was having a wonderful dream. You were naked beside me in our motel room bed, and all of your warm liquid goodness was in just about every place where a woman can accept her man’s loving precious gift. We were asleep in each other’s arms, both of us smiling so happily as we dozed….until I woke up to see moonlight streaming through the window, casting its soft light onto your face ,as your head rested next to mine on the pillow. I turned toward you and snuggled closer, feeling your body beneath the sheets. You woke up, smiled at me, drew the covers away ,and gently pulled me closer to you, to love me again. And then...

“At that very moment (I kid you not), the fire alarm in the hotel went off, jolting me awake! The strobe light is still going off in my room. When I called the front desk, they told me a group of kids had been fooling around in the lobby and had set it off.

“It's 3 a.m., and I suppose I had to get up sometime this morning, anyhow, but I would much rather have your wake-up call (wink, wink). Sleeping Beauty might have been awakened with a kiss, but I want to be awakened in a far more intimate way. I still remember exactly how you felt in my hand, and I hunger for you to stuff all of that into me. I get so wet just dreaming of you, of us melting into each other, I go crazy sometimes. I wish I could have finished that dream uninterrupted--or better yet, had

you here with me, so it was not just a dream.

“Yours in body mind and spirit

“p.s. I just saw your other post. ‘The dream and the reality....both are sweet and hot. Just like you....sweet and hot.’ Mmmmmm... just like you, you mean. Sweet and hot. Yes, yes, yes! I can hardly WAIT to taste the sweetest and hottest part of you!!! I want your magical hardness in my mouth and EVERY where!!!”

Then inspiration struck me. I unbuttoned my blouse completely, tossed it open wide, and photographed myself in my lacy little baby-blue bra and my lucky crystal that I hoped would soon let me GET lucky….with HIM!

Taking sexy photos of myself was something else I never thought I would do, and yet now seemed so normal and natural to do ….. for HIM! He had sent me a photo of himself in only his boxers with a really NICE bulge underneath, and I had promised him a sexy photo of myself in return. With the fire alarm going off clamorously, and sleep and resuming my erotic dreams of him now both an impossibility, taking an erotic photo of myself to send to him, just seemed the right thing to do with my time.

Then I sent him another email: “My dear heart - You are close to my heart and spirit, and I hope the attached [see this chapter's cover photo] conjures up that image for you. Until now, for years this crystal that I always wear on a chain around my neck has been the ONLY thing that I’ve let close to my heart. Now you have joined this crystal as close to my heart.

“This is what I have on under my blouse right now--I just took this photo. I wish you were here to open up my blouse for me and to love me right here, right where you are deep in my heart, love me here with your hands and mouth.

“I can wear this lacy little blue bra for you, for us, when we do finally make our dreams ‘come’ true, would you like me to wear this? Something else to look forward to. Miss you! Miss what we have and what we soon will have. Good night kisses to the man who makes me hungry ALL the time...”

I think he was still asleep when I sent him a THIRD message a few hours later: “Good morning, my sweet. Hope you had a better night's sleep than I did! I never did get back to bed after my sweet dreams of you were interrupted by the fiasco with the fire alarm system. I'm at the airport now, waiting to board my flight at 9:30 a.m. I have to change planes. It’s not a direct flight back to you, to your loving arms.

“I’ll check email during the layover. I have an event to go to this evening, so will try to get a nap in transit and expect to be back in town a little before 3 p.m. Any suggestions for how we can get really naughty in what little time we have? Yours, all yours, always, and in all ways….”

I was now three emails up on him, and he tried to address all three in one reply: “My Sweet, I'll answer your first email first. First, I knew you would look wonderful in lacy lingerie! I'll bet you look even better out of it, too!

“You and I think a lot alike. I also took an open shirt photo for you, to show where you are in MY heart! But I was going to wait to show it to you. But now that your photo has my ‘soldier standing at attention,’ I thought I'll share this photo of my chest and entice you right back! I want you to be as wet for me as your photo just made me hard for you. I think and I hope that this is the photo to do that.

“I know when you get to unbutton me like this, and I get to peel you down to that pretty blue lace bra you're wearing right now, it will be amazing for us both.

“I can't wait to see you again! To see that bra --and your sweet charms under it -- up close and very personal.

“Now for your second email. As to any suggestions I have for after you arrive at 3 PM. If only we had more time, I could meet you at the airport and together we could head to the nearest motel. That would give us about 3 hours to fulfill all our dreams. Then I would explore under your blue lace lingerie!!!! I only wish we could! You and your photo have me SO hard right now! I can think of nothing else right now but giving you every stiff inch of me that I know you crave deep in you.

“But since I know that’s just not possible, at least not today, I could meet you in front of the coffee shop next door to your office. As for the WHERE we can go from there, I did a bit of exploring downtown. I found this private little interior stairway between a mall and the mall parking garage. No security cameras, nobody goes there. We can walk there from your office, it’s that close. And your hand could reacquaint itself with the inside of my boxers there, we can explore each other for as long as we want to, on the day you return.”

Me: “Oh, you JEWEL of a man you! That garage stairway sounds PERFECT! We could spend an hour or three there, with BOTH of my hands exploring inside your boxers, expressing my love and my lust for you, reveling on the best parts of you. Not as good as the motel we both want, and we’ll have that soon too, but because of the problems of time and logistics, this will be almost as good. Maybe I shouldn’t wear a bra under my blouse or panties under my skirt? You’re a clever man, if I did that, I’m sure you’d find ways to keep both of YOUR hands busy, too! Mmmmm! I never thought I’d ever be EAGER and IMPATIENT to hang around in a parking garage!

Just before I boarded my flight, I wrote: “I was able to get an earlier flight than I expected. The airline was really nice about exchanging my ticket for an earlier flight. I think the young woman at the ticket counter sensed that I’m horny as hell to be with my man, and she could empathize.

“Anyway, I’ll be home sooner than expected today, and that means we WILL have time to go to a motel this afternoon after all. I should be landing around 1:00 and that means we can start our motel fun around 2:00 or 2:30. I already booked the room. So I'm on my way to you, darling. I'm so wet, I ache for you. This tingling is wonderful, yet horrible for not yet having my longing fulfilled.

“As I fly home toward you, toward our destiny, I'm so horny for you that I could SCREAM! Seeing that photo of you in your open shirt, I know now where I want to start nibbling on you as soon as we shut the door of OUR room. And I already know where I want my nibbles to end up, too!

“I don’t know how I’m going to STAND the long cross country flight and the layover for my connecting flight, knowing that this very afternoon, all of that nice big hardness I held in my hand the day before I left, that throbbed so nicely, so lovingly, so powerfully against my palm and fingertips as I lay beneath you in the bushes. This very day, it will ALL be sliding in right where I want it to be, right where I need it to be. Right THROUGH my bush, into the very center of my femininity!!! Into the very depths of my SOUL! YEAH!!!!

“The motel is the **** and is located at *****. From your office, walk 6 blocks down *** street, turn left on **** street, and it’s two blocks on the left. I can hardly WAIT! Hugs and kisses and licks from the woman who ADORES you! Who WANTS you, who HUNGERS for you, whose lower set of lips this very day will finally get to FEAST on you, in just a few short hours!”

On my layover, I read his sweet reply, everything I hoped for: “Darling….Oh, WOW! WOW! I’m literally breathless at the news, breathing hard and unable to catch my breath at the realization that our dreams will finally ‘COME’ true today! And my heart is racing! Trust me, I'm very hard and very ready to pleasure you through your magnificent bush.

“That photo of you in your bra has kept me hard all day, and it won't subside until I can give you what I know you want. I only hope my co-workers haven't noticed the permanent bulge in my slacks today--the one that YOU caused. I want to give you what you want. I need to give you what you want—and I need to receive the precious gift you'll be giving me in return. I'm so ready.

“I'm so eager to see you again and to LOVE you so….DEEPLY! That open-blouse photo you sent is on my mind and keeping me very hard! I can't wait to see and touch that blue lace bra and all the considerable charms it conceals. Mmmmmmmmmmm (shiver).

“I can do a pretty decent fake cough, and make my excuses to leave work early and make a bee-line right to the motel where you’ll be waiting for me. It won’t be a complete lie, when I tell my boss I have a fever burning me up and I need to go to bed! They don’t have to know at work that my fever is for YOU, and what I’ll be doing in that bed to make us BOTH feel much better! It will be GREAT medicine for us both, medicine for the pleasure of our bodies, and medicine for the joy of our souls, Yours---and soon to be yours in EVERY way (and yes, THAT part of me will soon be all yours, too), Eric.”