Chances

By alexmarch

Published on Lush Stories on 13 Feb 2012

A Sunday at my office, an online friend and a webcam - a definite recipe for arousal and pleasure

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/chances.aspx

We've never met. At least not in person. She is just a screen name to me and an avatar, and I suppose that is all I am to her.

A few exchanged messages online. That's what we share. And perhaps she knows more about me than I do about her, since she's read some of my stories posted online. She knows a bit of what I look like, at least from the waist down, and she knows my age and where I live.

Her? I know where she lives and how old she is, but I have no idea what she looks like. I don't even know if she's married, single, divorced, polygamous – well, you get the drift. Oh sure, she's described herself in her profile, but there are lots of women who fit her general physical description, some of whom I work with and see every day.

She described herself a certain way, though, in her profile, that made me curious.

I'm so used to seeing pictures and reading descriptions online of women who can't possibly exist in real life. I'm so used to the pneumatic breasts that defy gravity, and the pussies that are always cleanly shaved, always tight and always wet, the smooth and flawless complexions and the drop-dead gorgeous faces.

And then someone comes along and sees herself with objectivity and honesty, and maybe even if they are drop-dead gorgeous, they won't admit it (especially not to herself), and she calls herself plain. Ordinary. Average.

That just blew me away. I always saw myself the same way, I guess. No six-pack abs, not over six feet tall, no daily workouts at the gym with muscles glistening from the sweat. Who has time for that? If I have five minutes left to breathe after working each day, I use those five minutes to be a father. Not a superman, not even a hunk, but just someone's daddy.

So no matter how many women tell me how attractive I am to them, I still see myself as ordinary.

Average.

And then she came along. I kind of wish she would post at least one photo of herself, so I can judge for myself, but then I tell myself that it really doesn't matter what she looks like. The attractive thing about her are the words she posts for everyone to see, and the words she writes to me in private.

The words which encourage me. Like now, as I sit alone at a computer, my door locked on a weekend at my office, and as I have pulled off my jeans, sitting only in a pair of Jockey briefs. I sit looking at her profile, at her avatar, and read her words over and over again, trying to imagine who this mysterious but ordinary woman could be.

She makes me hard. Just the thought of her makes my cock hard. I center her profile page on my computer screen, and I use both hands to slide my briefs off as I stand up from my chair. My cock springs up from out of my briefs as they drop, and I stand there momentarily with my cock standing straight up toward the ceiling. I am so very hard and now I am so very horny thinking about this woman.

No, it's not like that between us. Just some messages exchanged and that's it. She's never said anything to me, nor I to her, about taking anything to the next level. For one thing, we live thousands of miles apart – what level could there be?. And I don't even know if that kind of thing interests her.

But she makes me curious and that is just so arousing. I look at my computer screen, and see the webcam clipped to the top of my monitor. I haven't used it in about three years, since I tried setting up a videoconference for business with someone in Romania.

I wonder if she would be curious to see just what her words do to me. I click a few settings on the computer with my mouse, and a picture appears on screen. It is me. A clear shot of me sitting down at my desk. I stand and all of a sudden, my cock fills the screen. Not the best webcam, and the picture is a bit jerky and unsteady, but that's clearly my cock on screen.

I wonder.

I click to start recording and I continue to stand with my cock at the centre of the action, and I start to stroke myself for the camera. Slowly and alternating between my two hands. Sliding my fist from the base of my cock to the tip, followed by the other hand doing the same. Then I try the other direction, stroking my erection as the camera captures all of the action. No pre-cum yet. Not like in all those stories I read about it dripping in pints (or litres) and glistening and lubricating a gargantuan shaft.

No. Not my cock. Average. Six inches I believe, although I haven't measured it since high school. And

not a drop of pre-cum yet. Just my hands stroking the length of my average but, I will admit, very hard cock, as I capture each move on the computer screen.

I don't have any lube in my office. It isn't like I jack off here every day. But I do have a small sample-sized bottle of Aveeno hand cream, for those cold winter days when my hands are as dry as the Sahara. I look in the top drawer of my desk and there it is. I check the expiry date and it is still fresh, so I squeeze some into my left palm, and then put the bottle down on my desk.

Then I stroke myself with it, still making sure I am in the sights of the camera. It is so slick now, my stroking with both hands, and then I can also hear the squishy and slick sounds of the cream helping me glide along effortlessly along my cock. I am still very hard, thinking about a fantasy woman who I've never met, and imagining her watching this video after I am finished. Thinking about her getting naked, with her average and ordinary self, and then fingering herself to the sight of my cock on display for her.

I change my method, and start to jack myself off with just one hand. My right hand. I form a fist around my cock and begin to hold it tighter – the hand cream has more or less been absorbed into my skin and the movements are no longer slick and gliding. I hold my cock tighter and jack it back and forth with my right hand, and as I do this, I look at the image on the monitor and see how my cock's head is accentuated at the end of each outward stroke, and how with each downward stroke back to my body, it seems to make my cock look longer.

I am a bit unsteady on my feet as I masturbate for the camera, feeling not just the arousal of a stiff hard-on, but also the arousal of an orgasm beginning to form within me. I always wonder about those stories that talk about feeling a stirring in the balls, or even feeling one's balls erupting when they cum. That isn't what I am feeling. I just feel so damn horny, and it feels good. I've never analyzed it further to the point where I can feel my load come from my balls and out my cock. It just feels so good now, and I begin to stroke faster because I want to make myself cum for the camera.

I want to make myself cum for my foreign correspondent.

Ok, I'll admit it. Now finally there is a bit of pre-cum on the tip of my cock, and I have a decision to make. My mysterious and average woman has never seen my face, and since I'm a bit concerned about privacy and my reputation, I am afraid to show my face on camera. But I want to take that drop of pre-cum on my finger tip and bring it to my lips and tongue, and taste it for my online friend. I want her to see me taste my own cum, because I know she can't taste it thousands of miles away. Technology is good, but not yet *that* good.

I figure it is worth the risk, and I touch my cock's tip with my left index finger, scooping up the clear

drop of liquid, and then I bend down so my mouth is in view of the camera, and I savor my own cum for my new friend. I lick it and then I suck my finger dry, tasting first the cum, and then the remnants of hand cream. They say it is made with oatmeal, but Aveeno tastes nothing like what I had for breakfast yesterday.

I stand up straight again, and resume sliding my right fist up and down my cock, and then I move my left hand down and begin to play with my balls. I slide my fingers back to my ass and touch myself, and find my own anus, and start to play around with it. I gently press one finger just inside my hole as I continue to jack off, and the sensation is very intense, and maybe even more so because I know all of this is being recorded.

I jack myself off harder and faster. My hand looks like a blur on screen – I suppose the frame-rate on the camera can't handle this kind of motion. I fist my hard cock, pointing the head right at the camera, and feeling the beginnings of the spasms that I know will lead to my climax shortly.

My body moves around, as I find it hard to keep steady. I feel a bit light-headed from all of the excitement, but I know I have to stay in range of the camera, and I make sure that my cock stays in sight. I keep up the frenzied pace of fisting my cock back and forth, until I feel my ejaculation is imminent and then I look down at my desk and feel relief that there are no work files in the path of my pending stream.

It happens. I feel my cock spasm hard within the grip of my fist. I feel my orgasm, and I look down to see how my cum will emerge for the camera.

I can remember being in my late teens and twenties and masturbating, and shooting my cum some distance, but not like in some stories and in some porn I have seen. Not a cannon shot that can hit the walls halfway across the room, and not a load so large that it could drown a small domestic animal either.

Face it. I'm almost 48. I'm lucky that I have always been able to get it up, and stay hard for as long as I needed to, and I'm lucky I can shoot anything at all. I've heard all the stories – the ones that involve Viagra and the ones that don't even make it that far so as to involve Viagra.

But I shoot some cum. One good spurt that lands on the desk and I watch the computer monitor and see that it was captured on screen. Then another smaller spurt. Then a few dribbles of cum out of my cock, that I let fall into a puddle on my desk.

All captured on screen.

I feel so spent. I don’t think I’ve ever jacked off so furiously or wanted to cum so much. All for a woman I’ve never met. Just so she can…?

Why did I do it? Masturbating for a stranger. Am I, perhaps, an exhibitionist at heart? Maybe. I did post a picture of myself online showing me dropping my cycling shorts for a friend on top of a railway bridge. A public flash. And this is just a private showing for someone who…

Someone who I’ve never met and have never seen. All I know is that she considers herself plain. And yet my fantasies made her the most incredibly stimulating and sensuous woman I could imagine.

I clean up the puddle of cum on my desk and clean myself off too, and get dressed again. I click on my computer and watch my video record of my latest masturbation session, and sure enough, it is there, cumshot and all. Stroking, a tight fist, some Aveeno. It’s all there.

But do I send it? Or do I delete it and just chalk it up to a moment of impulsiveness? A moment of being very, very horny and wanting to cum.

A choice between the two.

There is another choice, I think. Maybe that is the path I will choose. The third option.

I open a message window on the site where I have met my friend, and I begin to write to her. I choose my words carefully. Not to write a story for her enjoyment. Not this time. But to bring her into my world for a moment. To have her join in my thoughts and in the process.

I write to her, and I feel myself getting hard again, as I write these words to her:

“We’ve never met. At least not in person. You are just a screen name to me and an avatar, and I suppose that is all I am to you. But I’ve just had a most extraordinary experience that I wanted to share with you and you have a choice as to how I share it. We’ve exchanged words before. I could simply describe the experience to you. Or I could send you a video, although I won’t say in advance what is on the video. It is an unknown, and by watching it, you are taking chances. The choice is yours and I’ll respect it. Words or video. I’ll wait for your answer.”

Click. The message is sent.

I wait. The site says she is online.

I wait.

Ten minutes. Fifteen. Thirty.

Then a window pops up on my screen. I have a new message.

I open it. It is from my online friend. It is a single word. Not a yes or no answer, not even reference to words or video. Just a single word.

“Chances.”

She understands me and I understand her.

And much like the incredible stories I read on the web about these supermen with monster dicks, and about the women with bodies that defy rational explanation, I have an experience that leaves me speechless, and which might become the subject of another story of my own some day.

I smile. And I click the “send” button on a message I had prepared just in case she answered me, and I sent her my video as an attachment to that message.

And now I will wait for her feedback. And I’ll wait to see if maybe, just maybe, I’ll get a message back, and maybe, just maybe, there will be an attachment too.

What are the chances?