Techno Sex - Part 1

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cybersex, reluctance

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/techno-sex-part-1.aspx

This story is the synthesis of email conversations I had with a friend I met online.

I met R_ online over a year ago, her profile stated “submissive … I love Anal Sex”, we exchanged a few emails tentatively feeling each other out and then ‘wham!’ we were chatting every day. I got to know her well and found her life to be quite interesting.

Currently working in the Financial Industry, she had the straight laced, buttoned down collar look of a Librarian or a school teacher, but on weekends her alto ego came out to play.

She loved NSA sex; (No Strings Attached) anything clandestine or anonymous was fine with her. She also loved group sex and orgies and even went to a few BDSM sessions a a private club she had found in a chatroom.
We would chat late at night where she would reveal the wildest stories, I found that even though we were far away I could dominate her and she became my willing slut.

Frequently I would text her with things I wanted her to do, and on completion she would email me photographic evidence.

A most satisfying episode occurred after I received a text message that she had just returned from a quickie.
She had met her lover who worked in the building across the street and they had fucked in the men’s room while his coworkers were at lunch.

“Where are you now?” I asked.

“I am in the office about to discuss a major financial strategy for one on my clients” “he is on his way

up at this moment”.

“Good” I said “You have enough time to remove your panties”

“I can’t” she protested. “...besides I am full of cum”

But I insisted and a few minutes later received two photos taken with her Blackberry, a shot of her beaver, another with her panties laying on her desk alon with the accompanying note “there are you satisfied?”

“Such insolence” I wrote back “be careful or I might have to punish you while he is in your office.”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

“Wouldn’t I?” and with that I left her to stew.

Thirty minutes later her message screen receives the following. “What do you taste like?”

R_ nearly collapses as she tries to hastily minimize the window, but with professional calm she replies “Not now …please baby.”

I of course ignore her protest and continue, “Stick your fingers in your pussy and taste yourself”

I know full well she won’t resist, though she might wait for the opportune moment.

The characteristic ding of my computer alerts me to a new message and attached is a small movie clip of her fingers gently massaging her pussy. The light is low but I can make out the moistness of her lips as they are spread apart.

I wonder if I can make her cum?

Before I can answer another email arrives,

Subject : “Tasty … I taste tasty!”

The body proceeds to explain that the client had just left to use the rest room and that she was so hot from my persistence and my raunchy request that she immediately fingered herself to climax, I will call you later and tell you all about it.

Bye my sweets and have an great day!