

# Culture Shock Ch. 07

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*From 'online' to 'real life' in 23 chapters.*

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Elaine's mail sorting job didn't require a 'uniform' as such, but she had a standard set of clothes she wore, both to keep things simple and because competing with others in the fashion stakes wasn't her thing. Thankfully it was a pants and blouse set, and her bra was clean after washing it the day before. The pants were black, as usual, and a little low on the hips, but they were loose and comfortable, almost flared. The blouse was a reasonably stylish white 'business shirt' cut, which could hardly be described as pretentious.

She was almost ready to head to work, her hand holding the knob of the apartment door, when Kendra stuck her head out of her bedroom and asked, "Elaine, could you come here please?"

The request was so sweet Elaine became immediately suspicious. "What is it?"

"Just come down here a minute," Kendra said, as though it were a chore.

"All right. But this better be important. I have to get to work." As Elaine got closer, it became apparent that Kendra was naked, though she was doing her best to hide herself behind her mostly closed door. "What is it?" Elaine asked as she stood waiting, her hand on her hip.

Kendra looked her up and down. “You have a bra on.”

“So? I washed it yesterday. I always do my washing on Sunday.”

“Okay. What about knickers? Come on, checking time. Can’t have you going to work and cheating.”

Elaine started to blush a little then remembered her shave job. The thought made her braver.

“Whatever,” she said, putting down her bag and undoing the button at the top of the fly.

“What’s going on?” asked Chelsea, joining the impromptu gathering. She had a towel under her arm and was heading for the bathroom.

“I’m making sure Elaine is still playing the game,” Kendra said, winking in Chelsea’s direction.

“You never give up, do you? I suppose you want to check me as well.”

“Tadaaaa,” said Elaine, lowering her black pants to mid thigh, thrusting her pelvis forward provocatively. She held her breath as she awaited her roommate’s reaction.

“Oh my God ,” squealed Chelsea, breaking into giggles and covering her mouth.

“It’s a Mohawk!” Kendra shrieked, her jaw dropping.

Elaine just grinned, pulling her pants up and tucking in her blouse. “Satisfied?”

“Yeah, yeah. Go on. Go to work, little Miss Conscientious,” Kendra giggled, shaking her head.

As she was closing the apartment door behind her, Elaine heard Chelsea yell, “It looks good!”

With a spring in her step, Elaine headed down the stairs to the bus stop on the main road in front of the apartment complex, passing lots of students heading in the opposite direction going to class. She’d be joining them in the afternoon. But for now she had four hours of dull mail sorting to do downtown at the clearinghouse. And with a National Geographic conference approaching, it was going to be hectic.

At least time will fly , she convinced herself.

Hopping on a cross-town bus, she found herself sitting next to a good-looking older guy in a business suit. He smelled nice and Elaine got to thinking.

Imagine if this was Gary. God, I’d just fucking die. She glanced across at him. He was reading a book . If it were Gary, he’d talk to me. He wouldn’t be shy, that’s for sure. He’d probably look across at me and say something like...

Jeez... I've no idea what he might say...

Elaine sat up a bit, straightening her back.

He'd probably just glance and smile. Though I doubt he'd be on a cross-town bus at 8.30 A.M. I guess he might be. He might have a meeting at the bank. Or maybe an appointment for something. God...

She swallowed nervously. Glancing covertly around the bus, she wondered if there were any other subs or Doms nearby. A guy of about thirty got on and winked at her as he swaggered past. He was unshaven and looked a little dirty. Hmm... she thought. I doubt he's a Dom. I guess he COULD be though. Probably more likely to be in advertising or something. Maybe a music teacher...

She smiled at her thoughts. Of course a teacher or artist could be a Dom, she reminded herself. In fact, she doubted whether anyone couldn't be a Dominant. Or a sub for that matter. Not based solely on their job, anyway. It had more to do with their demeanour, she guessed. Like, 'how they held themselves physically, and how they related to others'.

Yes, that makes more sense.

"Er, excuse me," the businessman beside her said, catching her unawares.

"Yes?" Elaine asked.

“This is my stop,” he said with a smile.

“Oh. Sorry. I was off with the fairies,” Elaine said apologetically, turning her legs so he could exit.

“That’s perfectly all right,” he said, glancing back and smiling at her before he got off the bus.

Elaine blushed.

Work was okay. Todd Whatshisname from Payroll harassed her again. He was the one who groped her in the supply closet at a weak moment during the last Christmas party. Usually he sickened her, even though she had regularly masturbated to the memory in the past. She just wished it were someone else.

Like Billy.

Billy Cosgrove worked part-time like Elaine did, and they only ran into each other on Mondays and Thursdays. He worked Tuesdays while Elaine worked Wednesdays. Billy was a hunk, even though he didn’t know it. Elaine often put Billy’s head on Todd’s shoulders in her fantasies. But Billy wasn’t the type to ask her out, even though Elaine thought she’d accept if he ever worked up the nerve. She figured if she was the virgin, then Billy wouldn’t have discovered his cock yet. That thought kept her smiling through most of the morning.

By the time she’d arrived home, changed and headed to class, she was back in her black skirt and flip-flops. Perhaps the figure-hugging maroon tank was a little risqué without a bra, but she had to

save the damned bra for work on Wednesday. Elaine wasn't sure what she'd do Thursday. Maybe wear a sweatshirt and die. She prayed for a cold snap.

One moron in class couldn't help but comment. Elaine was thankful his words weren't within earshot of others. Or the Professor. Why did guys think that observations like, 'Hey baby, you're looking good', would instantly have her running into their arms? Just about any dickhead could tell she was 'looking good'. If he hadn't been looking at her tits when he said it, she may have even enjoyed the compliment. She sighed.

Oh, well.

At least her classes were done for another day. The year was passing quickly.

Damn, I hate these fucking steps, she thought, trudging up the last of them. She stopped three-quarters of the way up the final flight and looked around. Imagine running up and down here naked ... she pondered, leaning on the railing and looking out over the quadrangle.

What happens if no one loses this stupid bet?

That's not going to happen. They're going to gang up on me. I just know it.

Pushing open the front door of her apartment should have been a relief, but with her suspicious thoughts, it wasn't. Even once in her room, Elaine couldn't shake the feeling that tonight she had to watch herself. She swapped her tank top for a loose white t-shirt and threw her flip-flops into her closet next to the black sweater that hid her new toys. She almost closed the closet door before she

decided to check on them.

They were all there, just as she'd left them.

There was even an aroma of something tasty wafting through the apartment from the kitchen. Chelsea must be cooking something, Elaine thought, remembering Kendra couldn't cook to save her life.

Fuck. I'm being stupid, Elaine thought.

She took a deep breath, again determined that she wasn't going to be the one nakedly running up and down those damned stairs. In the kitchen, Kendra and Chelsea were chatting away, Chelsea slaving over the stove, while Kendra had a textbook open and a blank sheet of paper in front of her. They both greeted Elaine normally, which she found quite a relief.

"Hey Elaine, how was work?" Kendra asked as she picked up a pen, though Elaine wasn't sure if she knew what to do with it.

"It was okay." Elaine addressed Chelsea. "Something smells good."

Chelsea smiled at Elaine and asked, "Are you hungry? I've made a ton of this pasta."

"Smells like that chicken and broccoli one. Need a hand?"

“No, it’s all right. You could set the table though.”

“It could be pheasant’s breast for all I care. I’m starved,” Kendra said, not raising a finger to help.

I guess she might have asked if she could help before I arrived, thought Elaine, retrieving the knives, forks and cheap paper serviettes. “Maybe you could make that tomorrow night, Kendra,” Elaine suggested, smiling to herself.

Chelsea looked at Elaine and they both giggled. “Yeah right,” said Chelsea. “Kendra couldn’t cook an egg to save herself from starvation.” They both laughed but it wasn’t spiteful.

Elaine winked at Chelsea as she had an idea. “Kendra,” she said, setting up the table for their meal and grabbing her roommate’s attention. “I think I’d like to check whether you’re wearing panties or not.”

Kendra hardly moved except to pick up her textbook for a moment. “Can’t you see I’m trying to write a paper?”

“Bullshit,” Chelsea interjected. “You’ve been trying not to write that paper for the last hour.”

“Well, you haven’t been any help,” Kendra responded, a little too flippantly.

“Hey,” Chelsea said, banging the plastic spoon she was wielding onto the bench. “I always help with your papers if I can.”

“I know,” Kendra said softly, immediately realising she’d stepped over the line. “Sorry. I’ve just had a bad day. I didn’t mean to take it out on you.”

Chelsea made a sound that made it clear she was none too pleased. “Hmmp.” She wiped off the bench and ladled out the pasta and sauce without another word. Elaine thought better of interrupting the tense silence. When they’d all finally started eating, under her breath and with a mouthful of pasta, Chelsea said, “We’re all gonna get fat.”

With a mouthful of her own, Kendra giggled and almost choked. After swallowing and recovering, she started laughing while trying to tell the others what she was thinking. “I was just trying to say... ‘Who cares?’ ... ‘Cause it tastes so good,” she laughed. “But... I think it’s going to... choke me to death!”

All three of them cracked up at that.

Shaking her head but still smiling, Chelsea looked right at Elaine and added, “And yeah, Elaine. I agree. I think Kendra should show us whether she’s still in the game. Only it should be a punishment for being so mean to me.” She and Elaine shared a wink.

“Heyyyy ,” said Kendra, sensing an ambush. Then with a wicked thought, she answered, “All right. But turn about is fair play.”

Elaine and Chelsea looked at each other then both said almost simultaneously, "Huh?"

"Well, if we're going to use 'checking', as a punishment, then we should all abide by that rule."

Elaine giggled. "But you don't even know what the punishment is yet."

"Exactly," Kendra said blankly, gazing intently at Elaine. Elaine thought the corners of Kendra's mouth were going to turn up into an evil smile at any moment. "I can take anything you could dish out."

Such was her stare, for a moment Elaine thought Kendra was speaking only to her. She felt the blush rising in her cheeks. What am I getting myself into? she wondered. Before she could send a cancel message to her brain, she'd said, "You're bluffing."

"Do your best," Kendra said, slowly turning to Chelsea, who had watched the whole exchange.

"The punishment has to fit the crime though," Chelsea said. "And nothing illegal. We don't want to get in trouble with the police."

"Or campus security," Elaine added.

"Agreed," said Chelsea.

Wracking her brain, Elaine tried to think why this might not be a good idea. Either it wasn't working, or she couldn't think of anything on such short notice. In any case, she submitted. "Agreed."

Kendra glanced at Elaine and winked. Then to Chelsea she said, "Okay, so what's it gonna be? And remember, I am sorry. I didn't mean to seem ungrateful."

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever," Chelsea said, wiping her mouth with a serviette as she sat back in her chair. "I think you should stand up right here at the table between Elaine and I, and lift up your skirt so we can check. And," she paused, for dramatic effect. "Hold it up until one of us tells you to put it down." She winked at Elaine and they both giggled.

Elaine could feel her cheeks getting hotter. She was going to be about a foot and a half from Kendra's pussy. She wasn't sure whether it was the embarrassment over being so close, or the thought that it might be her next that made her nipples harden. Desperately she willed them to stop but it was useless. With every passing moment they were getting harder, filling slowly with pulsing blood, a soft thrumming, beating like distant drums. Elaine swallowed. "I'm just about full," she said, getting an idea. Unbuckling her belt, she pulled her t-shirt out of her pants and let it hang loosely, hoping her nipples would be less noticeable. She leaned forward again. Though she was happy with the result, by then her ears were burning.

"Fine, but can I finish my meal first?" Kendra whined. "I wouldn't want to put either of you off your dinner." She winked at Elaine, adding that evil smile that seemed to taunt. "Besides, my food will get cold."

As soon as Kendra turned back to Chelsea, Elaine stole a peek downward, seeing for herself her pointed nipples, pressing insistently against the cotton fabric of her shirt. She felt her pulse quicken. Battling for supremacy in her mind were the twin thoughts of her own embarrassment and Kendra's

exposure, in close-up, and right before her eyes. It was going to be the first time she'd seen someone else at close range, male or female, and the idea made her mouth dry. Skewering pasta and broccoli onto her fork and lifting it to her mouth, she hoped the sauce would help. It was hard to breathe and eat at the same time.

An expectant silence fell over the table while Kendra ate. Chelsea mouthed the words, 'slow down' across the table and Elaine got the message.

With a sly wink, Elaine asked, "Does anyone want a drink?"

"The boys left a few beers in the fridge. A six-pack, I think. I'll have one," said Chelsea, as Elaine got to her feet.

"Me too," said Kendra.

"Not till after your punishment," Chelsea retorted. Elaine smiled and shook her head as she opened the three brown bottles and placed them on the table. Chelsea grabbed hers and after she sat again, so did Elaine.

"Oh, that's just torture," Kendra complained, shaking her head and finishing her pasta a little quicker. She swallowed down her last mouthful and sat back in the chair, wiping her chin. When she was done, she announced, "Okay. Let's get this over with."

Elaine and Chelsea couldn't help but laugh nervously. Kendra pushed back her chair, stood and promptly pulled up the hem of her miniskirt with both hands, framing her shaved pussy perfectly.

Elaine stared. She glanced at Chelsea but she was also looking. Elaine saw Chelsea glance up at Kendra and she did the same. Kendra was just looking down on them both, smiling!

She isn't bothered by this at all! Maybe it's a fantasy or something...

Elaine fought to keep control over her breathing. Wide-eyed, she looked at Chelsea again and they exchanged glances and giggled some more.

Kendra's pussy was quite pretty, though her inner lips protruded a little in comparison to Elaine's. Her hooded soldier barely peeked out at all, and it certainly wasn't as hard as Elaine's was right at that moment. She looked dry and Elaine swallowed when she realised her own pussy was the exact opposite.

God, I could never do this, Elaine thought, a new wave of heat enveloping her cheeks. I'd just die! And I'd be soaked! Just from the humiliation! "That's enough!" Elaine gasped, surprised at how vehement she sounded. She'd almost shouted!

"God, about time," said Chelsea, smirking at Elaine. "I thought you'd never stop her. I mean, she's got a pretty pussy, but jeez Elaine. I would have stopped her in five seconds, but you took way longer."

"Huh? What?" Elaine asked, feeling suddenly cornered.

Kendra had fixed her skirt and was leaning on the back of her chair, looking perplexed.

“I mean,” continued Chelsea. “I was waiting for you to call a halt. But I guess you liked the look of her cunt .” The way Chelsea had said it almost sent a shudder through Elaine.

Thinking remarkably quickly, Elaine countered, “But I thought you were going to say when her punishment was up.”

“I said either of us , and you know it.”

Elaine knew she was right. It was just like Chelsea to pull something like this. So, resorting to the lowest denominator, eloquently Elaine said, “You’re full of shit, Chelsea.”

Picking up her plate, she grabbed Kendra’s and took them both to the sink, drawing water to wash up. She heard both girls giggle behind her back, but she didn’t hear much else after that. Before long Chelsea added her empty plate to the pile and all was quiet save for the tinkle of cutlery as it was washed. The television came on in the other room and Elaine was left to her thoughts.

I am SO moving out at the end of this lease. I need to be around people I can talk to. No games. No bullshit. Just plain honesty. It would be nice to live with friends. Mentally ticking each of them off, she reconsidered. Maybe not. Most of her friends lived in disaster areas as it was. Their rooms could be rated as toxic waste dumps. She smiled and shook her head. Maybe I could find a loft.

When the dishes were done, Elaine headed for her room and prepared to shower. Glancing at her silent computer, she winced. Her term paper needed work, but at that moment, she didn’t feel like it. She wanted to go to the chat room and hopefully talk to Gary and restore some sanity to her headspace. He mightn’t be there anyway. She sighed. I probably shouldn’t go either. I don’t want to scare him off... But, if he’s there, won’t it be because he wants to talk to me?

She wished she knew.

By the time she'd finished showering, she'd talked herself into ignoring her roommates. At least for a day. She had to send a message somehow, and nothing else seemed to work.

Then she had a terrible thought. She didn't want to get in trouble and say the wrong thing, or they could do to her what Chelsea did to Kendra! Just about anything could be construed as 'the wrong thing'. Swallowing her pride, and before she changed her mind, she walked down the hall and stood leaning in the lounge room doorway, waiting for the ads. Thankfully CSI was on and the others were engrossed, so when Elaine said goodnight, telling them she was going to play online for a bit then crash, they hardly acknowledged her.

Thank God , she thought, switching on the computer, grateful for the respite. Changing into her nightie, she was glad she had one to wear.

MasterServant was there. acquiescent was also there, as was someone whose name was capitalised, so Elaine assumed he was a Dominant. He called himself Clockwork . She knew he was a 'he', because she checked his profile. As she suspected, he claimed he was a Dom, so Elaine chose to be polite until she felt otherwise.

"Hello MasterServant, hello Clockwork ," she typed. "Hugs acquiescent , it's good to see you."

"Greetings kurious," Gary typed, adding a smile.

“Hello kurious. Nice to meet you,” typed Clockwork .

“Hi sis,” acquiescent sent, greeting her warmly. “I’m just in the middle of something here, I’ll join you in a bit.” She then left for the ‘ Be Right Back’ room. Elaine was suddenly alone with two Doms, and she wasn’t sure how to feel about that. She wished Gary would message her privately, and he did.

“I was hoping you’d come.”

Elaine wasn’t sure what to say. She wasn’t sure what he’d want to hear! “Um,” she typed finally. “I should be working on a paper I have to do. But my mind isn’t on it.” She was pleased she hadn’t lied.

“I’m glad on the one hand. I wouldn’t want your paper to be late on the other.”

In the room Clockwork gave his farewell and said he was having an early night. Both Elaine and Gary told him to ‘ Be well’ , and bid him good night. Then they were alone.

“It won’t be late. I’m still well ahead of schedule,” Elaine sent, referring to her paper.

“I hope it stays that way,” he typed in return.

It sounded just a little like an order, so playfully, Elaine typed, “Yes, Sir.”

A moment later came back the message, "I smile when you call me, 'Sir'."

Elaine felt herself start to blush all over again, only this time it was like a warm blanket. "I like making you smile," she typed, surprising herself with her own honesty.

"Elaine," he typed.

"Yes, Sir?" She smiled at her words.

"Can we add each other to Messenger so we don't have to meet here?"

For a moment Elaine wondered why. Then she wondered why she was wondering. "Of course."

"Sometimes I'd like to talk to you without any distractions."

"Okay." Elaine's hands were shaking a little. "Do you mean now?"

"Yes, why not."

“Will Simone mind?”

“I doubt it. I think her Dom is expected home at any minute. She’s making dinner.”

“Isn’t it a bit late for that?”

“I think she’s on the west coast somewhere.”

“Oh,” Elaine said, reminding herself that Gary knew she was in his time zone. She hoped she wasn’t making a mistake. They left messages in the chat room for Simone to read when she returned.

Within minutes they had added each other to their list of chat partners and were chatting privately on Messenger. Gary was right. There were no distractions and she could almost hear his voice as she read his words. It was far more intimate. And her body was reacting as she’d come to expect. In fact, she realised, it seemed to be getting more intense, and happening more quickly each time she saw him. Or was it just seeing Kendra’s pussy earlier? She’d been hot then, admittedly for reasons she wasn’t certain about. She might have just been embarrassed. Shaking her head, she tried to concentrate, subconsciously squeezing her thighs together, doing little to quench the embers glowing within.

“Are you usually home around nine P.M.?” he asked.

“Yes, unless I’m going out. Which is rare.”

“I’ll make you a deal. We can meet here on Messenger at nine P.M. any night you wish, so long as I am able to be here. If I’m not here between five to and five past, then ‘I can’t make it’ and you shouldn’t expect me. You may do the same.”

If she were talking, Elaine would have stuttered. “Thank you, Sir,” she typed.

“You can call me Gary , if you prefer.”

“It doesn’t feel right. Not yet,” Elaine replied. “I don’t know why.”

“Probably because you feel it.”

“I’m sorry, I’m not following.”

“I think you will, if I’m not wrong.” For a moment they sat staring impassively at their respective screens. That’s what Elaine assumed. She didn’t get the feeling he’d left or was talking to someone else. In moments, another message came. “Just relax and feel it come over you,” he encouraged. “Close your eyes and picture yourself with me in your mind.”

Elaine did as he asked. She saw herself quite clearly, kneeling quietly. The room was intimately lit with candles or low lighting, she wasn’t sure. She was facing him, looking up at him. But somehow her head was inclined slightly downward. Like she was looking at him through her lashes.

“What do you see?”

“I’m kneeling.”

“How are you kneeling?”

“I’m relaxed. Like it’s an everyday scene.”

“Tell me how you feel.”

“Content. Unhurried.” There was something else too, something she couldn’t put her finger on.

“Describe what your hands are doing.”

“My hands are lightly in my lap,” typed Elaine, seeing the image in her mind. “Crossed on top of each other, open and facing upwards. Like one is cradling the other.”

“Is your back straight?”

“Yes. I always sit up straight. Um, I’m not very tall,” Elaine hoped he didn’t mind. She blushed at the thought of minding. “But I’m not straining. I’m very relaxed. I feel... wonderful.”

“Are you looking at me?”

“Yes. You’re smiling at me now and again. You’re reading.”

“Is there music?”

“Yes, but it’s not loud. It’s in the background.”

“I am your focus.”

“Yes.”

“Do you know what ‘subspace’ is?”

“No, Sir.”

“Subspace is the place you go in your mind when you touch the essence of your submissive nature.”

Elaine gulped as the words sunk in. That was how she felt. That was what she was feeling! “Yes. I understand.”

“Let it wash over you. Let yourself be .”

“May I turn off my bedroom light?” Elaine had no idea why she asked him if she could.

“You may.”

It was only a step away. “Thank you.”

Gary sent a smile. It made Elaine’s heart soar and in her mind she could almost see it. “I wish I could see your eyes,” she typed.

“I have a picture if you’d like.”

She hesitated to respond. That wasn’t what she meant. This was an escalation. “I just meant...”

What did she mean?

Gary sensed her uncertainty. “It’s not a swap. I won’t demand one from you. In fact, I won’t ask for

one. You will have to offer it to me. And if you do, know I will accept it with relish.”

Elaine wanted to see his eyes. She wanted to see them badly . Before she could type another word, the option to accept a file popped up on her screen. She reached for her mouse, the cursor hovering above the ‘download file’ button.

He typed, “I’m whispering... Accept or not, little one.”

Elaine clicked the button, swallowing and feeling her body tingle as waves of emotion washed across her skin, taking her breath away. She hoped she’d done the right thing. She couldn’t help herself. She needed to know. It might smash her fantasies into a thousand pieces, but she had to know. She had one last chance. ‘Open file?’ was the option. She could always delete it. She didn’t have to look.

She opened it. In a flash his picture was on her screen.

Her heart stopped.

She couldn’t breathe.

And she couldn’t tear her eyes away.

It was a close up. Brown eyes. Dark brown. Almost black like her own. Deep and mysterious. Lines at their corners. Not deep. His face was timeless. She glanced at his mouth. Her heart skipped a beat.

He was smiling! His lips were full, light pink on his tanned skin. The corners of his mouth turned upward playfully. Elaine licked her lips subconsciously. It looked like an afternoon picture. Unfocussed dark green shadows played in the background. His skin glowed golden in the early evening sun. Sweat trickled down one side of his face. He'd been working.

In her mind, Elaine saw him wipe his brow with his forearm just before the photo was taken. Never before had she seen a more erotic photograph of a man after a hard days work. His eyes pierced hers. They drew her in. His strong jaw was speckled with dirt and a day's growth. But still his eyes distracted her.

His hair was dark and glossy. Unkempt and wild. Wavy. Sweat dripped from places where a few strands were stuck together, pointed and curved, framing his face. Framing his eyes. Elaine didn't realise she was smiling. Seconds passed as she lost herself.

And found herself.

"Okay?" flashed on her screen.

Elaine blinked. Where had she been? How long had she been staring? "Yes. Sorry."

"That's not very enthusiastic. I'm disappointed." He sent a smile with its tongue poking out.

Elaine felt like she hadn't taken a breath in minutes. Her hands hesitated over the keyboard as she tried to put her thoughts into words. This was a man. Not a boy. A real man, with hands that could...

“You are beautiful,” she typed. She almost shit herself.

Did I mean that?

Yes!

He typed back, “Thank you. I’m flattered.”

In the picture, his eyes were so distracting they drew her from the conversation.

“Are you still there?” he asked.

She minimised the photo. She would look at it later. Before bed! “Yes, I’m sorry again.”

“Please let me know if you are away from your keys.”

“I will, Sir. But I was right here.”

“What were you doing?”

“Staring.”

A moment of silence passed. He sent a smile. Then, “I hope that fills in the blanks.”

“Oh, yeah.”

“You’re going to make me blush.”

“Oh, stop it,” Elaine said, giggling out loud. Her face was starting to hurt from smiling so long.

“Yeah, I was kidding.” He sent a wink.

Elaine bit her lip. She had a similar photo on her computer. Well, not exactly, but it was clear and had lots of personality. Her mother thought it was horrible, probably because she and a girlfriend were hugging cheek-to-cheek, poking their tongues at the camera. It was a provocative picture, taken last winter when she went home for a week.

“I’d like to send you mine,” Elaine typed, escalating their relationship beyond the rational. What am I doing? She couldn’t stop herself. She hoped he would like her.

She hoped he would approve .

“Are you sure?”

She was looking at the ‘Actions’ tab, figuring out how to send it. “No. But I have to. I need to know.”

“I’m sure you are beautiful. Don’t be afraid.”

“I’ll try.”

“Okay.”

She bit her lip. “Um, I’m on the left.” All of a sudden her pussy contracted gently and she felt herself wetting her chair. She stood up rapidly. “One moment please,” she typed.

“Sure.”

She grabbed a towel and folded it a couple of times, laying it over her chair and resuming her seat. She was glad it was dry but knew it wasn’t going to stay that way. Opening the ‘Actions’ tab again, she selected ‘Send a File’ and found the photograph.

In moments the deed was done. She'd crossed a line she had no intention of crossing. How many lines will I cross like this? As the seconds passed, she waited for his reaction. She craved it.

She needed it.

At last it came. "Never lie to me again."

Her jaw dropped. Tears filled her eyes unbidden. What had she done? She was about to sob!

What is happening to me?

"Never say you are not beautiful. Never again. Promise me."

She sobbed anyway. She couldn't help it. Tears streaked her cheeks and her body flushed with anguished pleasure, shuddering in a miasma of conflicting emotions.

"I..." she began, almost unable to see the letters she was typing. "I promise."