



Cyber Lover
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Cyber Lover

What are you wearing?

The question caught Catherine by surprise. She stared at the computer screen with eyes wide open. She quickly reminded herself that this was a cyber sex session, and she shouldn't be intimidated by the naughty innuendo. A hot flush heated her cheeks, and unexpectedly, wanton aches stirred from the depths of her sex.

Cat was surprised she was turned on by a simple inquiry. In real life, she wasn't accustomed to such an encounter. Prude was what her friends and family called her, and she could live with that. But now that she finally decided that she wished no longer to be in her lonely cloistered shell, she dared herself to try something new. Something wicked and outrageous. Cybersex with a total stranger. After all, it was only a nameless, faceless fuck. It wouldn't hurt anyone, right?

What am I wearing? Cat instinctively groped her flannel pajamas. It wouldn't be sexy if she told him she was wearing this kind of thing, would it? Grinning, she hammered her fingers on the keyboard, I'm in my white lace panties and matching bra that I bought from Paris. Which wasn't all lies. She had visited Paris last month on a business trip and bought some sexy lingerie from Le Bon Marché in Saint-Germain-des-Près. Only she didn't have the guts to wear it. The slinky ensembles found a new home at the bottom of her drawer.

Her cyber lover, who went by the screen name Maxx7, typed back, I bet you look breathtakingly sexy.

Cat almost laughed. Sexy was the last way she'd describe herself. She never felt sexy in her full figure body, comparing it to today's standard. If she put on some makeup and cleaned up a bit, she knew she looked presentable. She inherited flawless skin and bright green eyes from her mother's side. Her smile was sympathetic, someone had told her once. But sexy? Naah.

But since this was a cybersex session, Cat decided to go with the flow. You bet, Cat typed. Wish you could see me right now.

Maxx7 paused before typing back, God, I wish I could. Now, touch yourself. Put your hand on your breast and play with your nipple.

What? Cat's eyes almost jumped out of the sockets.

Tell me how good it feels, Maxx7 added.

Nuts, Cat thought. She was too self-conscious, she was never intrigued to explore her own sexuality. Forget sex toys, she was too shy to play with herself when she was feeling aroused. As if the stranger's words carried magic, her own hand traveled to her chest and slipped under her cotton bra. Her nipples tightened the moment her fingers made contact. Her heart thundered. That felt great, Cat typed back with her free hand.

Good. Now pinch it, roll it between your fingers.

Cat hissed through her clenched teeth. She did what she was told. An exquisite, deep drawing sensation heated her sex, making her pussy throb with need.

How do you feel?

So wickedly good.

We're doing fine, babe. I wish I were there right now, pleasuring you in the flesh. I would love to take those nipples with my mouth. I'd suck you until you lost your mind.

Cat suppressed an urge to fan herself. Her bedroom suddenly felt very hot. She could imagine having his mouth on hers, tongue flicking her hardened buds. It would feel really good. She remembered that feeling when her ex, Jack, did the same thing to her. But that was some years ago, and Jack wasn't interested in her after their third date. She had been alone ever since.

Babe? Her cyber lover inquired, You still there?

She typed fast. Yes.

Good girl. Now, I want you to touch your pussy. Slip your hand under your panties and find your clit. Circle it. Imagine my tongue doing that to you.

Cat's hand was trembling when she did as she was instructed. Her sex was heavy with desire, her clit buzzing. A drop of her sexual moisture rolled from her pussy.

How was it, babe?

Her breath stalled in her throat. Imagine if it were my tongue, he'd said. The ache in her sex intensified, leaving her semi-delirious with frantic longing that pulsed and pounded from every vein in her body.

Exquisite, Cat typed. I really -

The screen blanked as the power took a hit. Outside, the thunder shrieked across the sky and the downpour pelted her bedroom windows. Cat couldn't believe it. Her luck. She was always unlucky when it came to men and sex. She swore, momentarily not knowing what to do. Usually, she would get a flashlight and call the electric company when there was a power hit. Cat didn't feel like doing that right now. She dragged herself into bed and slipped under the coverlet with her hand still on her pussy, finishing what was interrupted. And this time, Cat didn't feel self-conscious about it anymore. For once in her life, she felt good.

* * *

A loud knock on the door awakened Cat from her interrupted dream. Blindly, she groped her nightstand to turn on the lamp, but the light was already on. The power was back. The clock on the wall told her it was almost midnight. She climbed out of bed and went to the living room. Who would be knocking at her door at this hour?

A tall man with broad shoulders, draped in a hooded black coat stood outside her front door. He was drenched with rain as he pulled down his hood.

Cat was startled. She knew him. From the IT department. She'd just never expected to see him at her door. Especially not in the middle of the night.

"Can I-I help you?" Cat stammered.

The tall, dark stranger smiled. His blue eyes glittered. "We have unfinished business, Cat."

Logic told her to slam the door and call the cops. But there was something in his smile that reassured her he wasn't some psychopath serial killer who was on a midnight excursion for fresh blood. "I don't understand."

He lowered his head and said in a low voice that was a husk of a whisper, "You were playing with your clit when the power took a hit. You never had the chance to tell me how it felt."

Blood drained from Cat's face.

"May I come in?"

"H-How do you know..."

"It's cold outside. I hope you don't mind." He invited himself in, closing the front door with his foot, and proceeded to take off his coat. The black shirt under the raincoat was soaked. So were his black chinos and shoes.

Even though this wasn't the best situation, the man was dressed elegantly. His clothes seemed to come from a high end boutique. And the gold watch on his wrist looked like it cost a small fortune. "Now, Catherine, where were we?"

Cat found herself backed against the wall. "Who are you?"

"I'm not proud of myself, to be honest. You didn't seem to be interested in men, so I've been checking you out. When I found you hitting a swinger chat room, I couldn't help myself. I had to get you to talk to me."

"How did you know -"

“I’m a computer geek, okay? I’ve never snooped on a woman like this before. But you’re... different, Cat.” He approached her until Cat ran out of personal space. “If you want me to go, I’ll go. But I hoped you’d like to finish what we had started.”

Cat swallowed hard. The sensible, safe thing to do was to send this man out. But her body had a different idea. It wanted to fuck. It had been a while since the last time she got laid. And this man, Holy Mother of God, he was one of those candy apple guys in the magazines who women drooled over.

Why had he be interested in her in the first place?

Cat’s voice was shaky when she made her decision. “Kiss me.”

A heartbeat later, his mouth mashed her, kissing her with fervor. His hands were all over her, feeling her every lush curve. Nothing was left unexplored. His tongue pried open her mouth, plunged into it and swept over her palate as if he had been yearning for it for a long time. He tasted spicy, cinnamon-like and minty, and his kiss made her drunk.

He slipped his hands under her flannel shirt and undid her bra. The moment her breasts were exposed, he leaned down and took one of her nipples just like he’d told her earlier in their chat session. Cat let out a mournful yelp. The pleasure was so exquisite. Fire incinerated her from the inside out. When he yanked her pajama bottom and panties down, and placed his mouth on her sex, Cat had to yell. His tongue barely unearthed her pussy lips when the ecstasy seized her so abruptly, Cat found herself being ambushed by a climax. Her head smashed against the wall, almost knocking down the copy of her Degas painting.

Cat didn't care. The intensity of the pleasure shocked her. She'd never experienced an orgasm like this before. Her body shook, trembling when the last tide of pleasure ebbed away.

The stranger was back on his feet, pulling her close with his embrace. "Good, yes?"

Cat was breathless. "Insane, good, yes."

"Shall we continue?"

"I'll kill you if you don't."

He laughed, his eyes briefly scanned her cozy living room. "Your bedroom?"

"Yes, please."

He swept her off the floor and carried her into the bed. Cat waited in a daze as she watched him undress. His cock was magnificent, like the rest of him. He gave her a starving kind of kiss before he mounted her. "My name is Shawn."

"Shawn?"

"Your cyber lover."

About the Author:

Lizzie Lynn Lee was a guitarist, receptionist, executive assistant, tarot reader, boutique owner and graphic artist before she discovered writing is her dream job. The advantage is she can do it in her pajamas and socks. She's an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, book worm, digital enthusiast and a night owl since most of her stories were done in the wee hours of the morning because of her caffeine-induced insomnia. These days she still plays her guitar whenever she gets bored, staring at her computer's screen or plotting the most elaborate scheme of world domination. Fortunately, she has a chronically short attention span.

She loves to hear back from her readers, so drop her a line at:

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