

D2

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Hi! How are you?

I send you this file in order to have your advice
See you later. Thanks

Not bad for a Saturday morning, I thought. Only 63 e-mail pieces of viruses, worms, and spam, and this was an *oldie*. But something about this one intrigued me. The name on the attachment was "Phase Too," the title of a story I'd recently posted to my website. The virus wouldn't bother my Mac. I dug through my archives for a Python hack I'd written to strip off the virus part and recover what I could of the real document.

It *was* about my story, and the comments were very good. Ramrks comparing to other of my stories -- she was quite familiar with that I'd written. I'd missed a really, *really*, vile pun by a few words -- that goes in, now! Ooh -- a typo I missed! Fix that, quick!

Wait a minute -- I looked at the e-mail header again. The IP address jumped out at me -- we're on the same cable modem system! A few mouse clicks and some digging gave me a better name from the e-mail address, and a history of posts, including some to Goth groups. A little more digging and I had a phone number with a local prefix.

What the hell -- I picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hullo?" said a female voice.

"Holly?"

"Yeah?"

"This is artie calling. I wanted to thank you for the comments you sent me on my new story, 'Phase Too.' I really liked them."

"Oh?" she said, sounding a little confused.

"Yeah -- I've revised it already, including the wonderfully vile pun you suggested."

“I did? I sent that to you?”

“Well, your computer did; the virus on your computer did,” I told her.

Pause... “Oh fuck!” Click...

I laughed like hell as I hung up the phone. I included thanks to Holly for her comments and the wonderfully vile pun in my diary. Updated both to my site, and e-mailed her a copy with my thanks.

The phone rang around ten thirty as I worked on another story, listening to Click and Clack on the radio.

“Hi there,” I said.

“Artie? This is Holly.”

Oh fuck -- my turn. “Yes?” I said cautiously. “What can I do for you?”

It was her turn to laugh. I started laughing with her.

“Thanks for telling me about the virus,” she finally said. “You really liked my comments?”

“Yes, I did. I’m glad they got to me, one way or the other.”

“So, Artie, are you busy for lunch?”

I paused. I heard her giggle on the other end.

“Nope,” I answered her. “What do you have in mind?”

“How about Kirks by the 85 freeway? Quarter to twelve? Know that place?”

“Oh yeah -- sounds good to me. How will I recognize you?” I asked.

She laughed again. “Oh, I’ll recognize you, if you look anything like your website pic.”

“Still pretty close,” I told her.

She gave me a low laugh. “Okay, Artie -- I’m looking forward to meeting you.”

“Same here, Holly -- see you in an hour.”

“Bye, sweetie,” she said. Click.

I hung up the phone. Let's hear it for Caller ID... I showered, shaved, and even tidied up a bit before I got into my Mini for who knows what. Something told me I might be in the digital vermin eradication business, so I loaded in my bag of tricks and my macbook. Before heading in, I grabbed a [Dubé](#) juggling club from the bag of stuff I keep with me. I ordered, got a root beer, and sat in a booth with the club standing up on the table.

Hmmm... Close encounters -- meeting a fan in person. What were my expectations? I laughed and shook my head. Okay, *realistic* expectations?

A gal, probably mid twenties, came in. She didn't look around, walking right up to place her order. Gee, chronologically at least she could be my daughter. What was that about *realistic* expectations?

An Asian gal, dressed all black, came in and ordered. As I was considering how thin she was, her boyfriend joined her. And *her* chest was better developed than *his*.

How long had it been since I'd been on a date, let alone a semi-blind date? I looked down at my root beer as I pondered that answer.

Something told me to look up again -- standing in the doorway, looking right at me, and smiling. I sighed, smiled, and raised my juggling club a few inches. I heard her laugh from twenty feet away. She queued up to order.

I watched her, and sighed again, then laughed at myself -- *reasonable* expectations, remember? She was zaftig, ripe and luscious, and looked to be in her mid-30's, wearing comfortable jeans and a loose top. When she leaned on the counter, placing her order, I sighed again -- ripe and luscious.

She paid, then filled her drink cup at the soda fountain. I liked the look on her face as she walked over to me. I stood up.

"Hello, R T," she said, emphasizing the initials, "it's good to meet you at last."

"Hello, Holly," I said with a chuckle, holding out a hand.

She put her cup down and gave me a brief but soft hug.

We sat down, and suddenly I wasn't sure what to do again.

"Thank you for being so brave," I told her.

She smirked and sipped her drink. "No, thank you -- I was clueless. I disconnected Bessie from the cable box right after you called. I was sort of wondering why she rattled away some times when I didn't think I was doing anything."

I nodded. "Probably the best thing to do."

“You’ve gotten quite a few copies?”

“Viruses? Thousands.”

“And how many lunches?”

I laughed. “This is the first, and I already ordered and paid.”

She laughed with me.

My order was ready. I dressed up my burger and had a seat again.

“I’m so glad,” Holly said, “you’re not a vegetarian.”

I shook my head. “Why?” She definitely wasn’t avoiding eye contact.

“Oh, some of the things in your stories -- I was worried you’d be a tofu-eater.”

I dipped a fry in my mix of catsup and horseradish. “Oh, I’ll eat just about anything.”

Her gaze deepened, and she gave me a low laugh.

I didn’t know whether to turn red or laugh -- so I did both.

“Holly, this is *tres* weird,” I told her, looking her in the eye and putting a hand on the table.

“Why?” she asked, furrowing her brow and putting her hand on top of mine.

“Because you’ve read some of my stories...”

“Only all the ones I could find on the net,” she told me, looking me in the eye. “And up to now, I’d thought the notes I kept on ‘em were private...”

“Okay, most of my stories. I don’t know anything about you, and you’ve been looking into some pretty deep parts of me.”

“And for the most part, I’ve liked what I’ve seen -- very much,” she said, raising an eyebrow.

“What? Didn’t like ‘Ransom’ or ‘Fishing?’”

She made a huffing noise. “Glad to see you could write something with venom in it. I was thinking of ‘Spiders.’”

I sat back and gasped with a mock-offended look. "That one is special to me!"

She shook her head, looking at me intently. "You poor sick person!"

I smiled and raised my cup. "Thank you."

She chuckled along with me, then stood as her order was called, leaning forward to me as she got up.

She returned after heaping toppings on her burger. We chatted as we ate. She'd been living in the area about eight years. We talked about traffic, housing prices, random things.

At one point she looked me in the eye and asked, "Is the position of Muse still open?"

"Always," I replied softly.

She dipped one of her fries in my catsup mix, tasted it, then drew in a breath through her nose. "Tasty!" she said, frowning.

I chuckled. "Keeps the sinuses clear."

We made our way through lunch, sitting back finishing our drinks.

"I'm still not sure what to call you," she said, swirling ice around in her cup.

"Artie is fine, whatever you like."

She chuckled and gave me another intense look.

"How about Knight in Shining Armor?"

I took another sip. "How big is it, how far does it have to be moved, and will it fight back?"

She laughed. I liked her laughter.

"No, it's more like disinfection -- I need help evicting a loathsome social disease from my computer."

"I'll be happy to help."

We talked about her computer Bessie for a while, refilling our cups in the process. She'd had it and the cable modem about three months, upgrading from an older machine and an ancient dial-up -- the machine had been given to her. When I quizzed her on SP3, antivirus software, and firewalls, I didn't like the answers she gave me. The only good news, she kept copies of her music, pictures, and important documents (such as my stories) on an external USB drive.

“First things are to install antivirus software, enable the firewall, and update,” I told her.

“Can we get what we need at Fry’s” she asked.

“Even better -- most of the stuff we can get free off the net.”

“Great! Can you add memory for me as well?”

“Don’t see why not. I want to check to see what it uses first, though.”

“Let’s go then -- follow me.”

As she stood up, I muttered, “I’d love to, dear.” She laughed -- I guess I’d muttered that a little louder than I thought.

She drove a few-year-old Jetta. I liked the bumper sticker on the back: “I swerve for small animals.”

We drove to an apartment building about a mile away. I parked on the street and followed her into the complex and up a flight of stairs.

“Try and ignore the mess,” she said opening the door, “I live alone.” She said the last part with a smile.

“So do I -- I know how that goes.”

It was a smallish two-bedroom place, with one bedroom set up as an office. She dug into a drawer and pulled out the manuals for the computer. Older Dell with XP Pro, PC2700 memory, two open slots -- “Pretty simple,” I told her, writing down the details on the memory she had installed already.

“Oh, I like that answer! I’ll drive. Which Fry’s is closer?”

“Let’s go to Sunnyvale -- parking is easier,” I suggested.

She nodded and we headed out again. We picked up memory for her. I bought a spindle of blank DVD+R media, unable to pass up a sale.

Glad I brought my tools. With her machine powered down, I connected my macbook to her cable modem. Damn, should have grabbed the old Linksys 4 port router sitting unused on the shelf at home. I booted the macbook into XP, and made sure my anti-virus software was up to date. Yanked the disk drive from her machine and put it in my external case and connected it to my macbook. I added the memory into her computer, and started backing up her hard disk. I was lucky -- an 80 gig drive with less than 20 gigs in use once I deleted the swap file and did a

general cleanup. 80 or 60? Oh, it had a 20 gig partition set to not mount automagically. I started backing up her disk to a free partition on my machine.

Once that was done, I started the antivirus scan.

It screamed.

“Oh Holly dear...” I called out, shaking my head as I looked at the rapidly scrolling window in front of me. I picked up the folder of goodies which had come with the computer. Good -- a set of installation/restore CDs.

She came in looking concerned. I gave her a big smile -- too big a smile.

“Oh shit -- I don’t like that smile,” she said, pulling up a chair.

I nodded. “You shouldn’t, dear. The hardware is fine, and things will be faster with more memory...”

“But?”

“Yeah -- you’ve been hit with at least a dozen nasty things, and I’m sure some of them predate you -- at least six months old. Once one of those things gets a toehold, it invites its friends in. It’s going to be easier to save what we can and reload from scratch. Colloquially referred to as ‘Nuking from orbit.’”

She sighed. “Okay. This thing has a writer built in, but I’m out of blanks.”

“Not a problem,” I said, “Already backing things up.”

It took another half hour to do backups. We both read over the system restore stuff -- the CDs were supposed to put things back the way they were when the machine left Texas (or was that China). We verified the backups were readable, for good luck.

I replaced the hard drive in her machine, and booted it up with the XP CD.

With some ceremony, we started the rebuild going.

I stuck around, expecting to be asked for long serial numbers. After supplying those, I sat back. I sighed and shook my head -- it estimated 47 minutes to completion.

“I could use a hand in here,” Holly called out from another room.

I stuck my head out into the hall. Where was she? Not in the living room or kitchen.

Surprise -- she was in the bedroom -- on her back on the bed, wearing a cotton nightie. Her legs were spread, ankles in cuffs attached to the bottom bedposts. Her left wrist was also in

a cuff, that one attached to the top of the bed. Her right wrist was still free, positioned near the remaining cuff.

“Could you help me with the right one, please?” she asked with a smile.

I shook my head and blinked. “Certainly,” I said, sitting down on the edge of the bed and putting her right wrist in the plush-lined cuff, securing the Velcro binding. The strap ran to one of the posts on the headboard, just like the one on her left wrist. I pulled the strap to make it a little more snug. I tightened all the straps.

I looked at her. She smiled at me.

“Oh darling, we never talk anymore...” I sighed.

She giggled. Her nipples were visibly tight.

“Oh Holly,” I sighed. As welcome as this was, it troubled me. Wouldn’t she be pissed if I went to the kitchen and came back with a knife?

With a laugh, I stood up. I was wearing my blue sweatshirt with a tank top underneath. I peeled off the sweatshirt and put it over her eyes, wrapping the arms under her head and back over again, tying them. She moved her head a little, and I rearranged things to cover her eyes. “Don’t go anywhere sweetie,” I told her as I stood up.

She sighed.

I reached over and barely touched her stomach, sliding a hand down her body. She inhaled sharply and twitched. I lifted her nightie and blew a raspberry in her navel. She shrieked in laughter.

With a chuckle I left the room. Liked what I saw under that nightie...

I sighed and shook my head as I sat on the toilet. I had my “emergency” condom in my wallet. How old was it? Shit, I’d had a vasectomy years ago -- decade and a half? But now that I didn’t have to work, I did still want to live a long, long time. I shook my head again -- there had been a time, not too long ago, when I wasn’t sure how long I wanted to live.

I finished my business, then washed my face and hands. Let’s go have some fun.

I took a look at her from the bedroom door and sighed. So pretty... Got a throw pillow from the living room couch. Retrieved a towel from the bathroom, wrapping the pillow.

“Lift your lovely bottom, please,” I requested, then put the pillow under her. That would make things easier on my neck.

Rummaged some more, sniffed the contents of a perfume bottle on the dresser. That would be nice.

A nasty thought... I stroked the insides of her thighs, eliciting moans. "Don't go anywhere," I suggested, then leaned over and kissed her nether lips. Tasty...

Before leaving the room I turned on her clock-radio, tapping buttons until I found the local jazz station. I left it on low.

I got a glass of root beer from the kitchen, and re-checked her confuser. Sure enough, there was another idiotic "Are you sure?" dialog on the screen; it had undoubtedly popped up as soon as I'd left the room earlier. I set things going again, sitting to watch it for a moment. Yup, 46 minutes to go. What a trip -- and she's so pretty.

I undressed in the hallway, reentering the bedroom as quietly as I could. Rats -- couldn't lean far enough to get her with my tongue. I could run fingernails up the insides of her thighs.

She gasped and shuddered!

I picked up the perfume and put a bit on her mound. She warmed to that touch. I started stroking the insides of her thighs, occasionally brushing her nether lips. She moved more, made more noise. I watched her nether lips fill and glisten, her jewel inviting me closer.

Easing forward on my stomach, I slid my hands and arms under her legs, kissing my way up her thighs. I ate her shamelessly, selfishly, until I was tired. She'd stopped making noise some time ago. I wiped my face and kissed her mound, then moved down to loosen the straps to her ankles.

I crawled up to her side and pulled up her nightie. Gee, she'd worked up a sweat! I pulled the bedspread around us on both sides and snuggled up to take a nipple in my mouth. She moved a bit and made more incoherent noises. I settled in and she settled down.

What did I expect? Oh, it felt so good to hold her and suck on her... But... In spite of all I had, of where I was, I was full of wants. I wanted her arms around me. I'd wanted her legs squeezing me while I ate her. I wanted her on top of me. And I wanted my family back, most of all, and they were dead, gone, and that would never happen.

"Oh Holly," I sighed, resting my head on her chest, hearing her heart beat, feeling tears dampen my face. How many nights, how many mornings had I listened to a wonderful heart beating, felt arms around me, holding me close? How many times had I held her close, or just rested a hand on her waist as she slept next to me?

"Oh God," Holly moaned, "I need you..."

I took a breath and returned to the present, returned to sucking on a nipple, feeling it tighten in my mouth.

“I need you IN ME!” she cried, moving as best she could.

I raised my head a bit and said, “No,” then went back to work. I added a finger to her button, working in time, matching my rhythm to the one her body chose. That worked well.

I settled by her side again. I was content just to have my lips against soft, warm skin.

She laughed after a while, moving some. “Wow... I was worried for a bit, wondering where you’d gone.”

I pushed up on an elbow and ran fingers over her stomach. “Well, I was looking for things. I found some big plastic trash bags, and some knives that would work, but I had trouble finding heavy string or twine...”

She stopped moving. I drifted a fingernail from her stomach up to her neck. “So pretty...” I whispered as I drew my nail across her throat. She barely moved.

I sighed and pulled my sweatshirt off her head, undoing the restraints on her wrists as quickly as I could.

She looked at me with wide eyes, still silent.

“You took a really big chance,” I told her, looking in her eyes once more.

She sighed and smiled, nodding her head. She closed her eyes and lifted her head a bit.

All the invitation I needed -- I closed my eyes and kissed her. Her arms went around me; we turned somewhat on the bed.

She broke our kiss to pant, “You going to free my legs?”

“Will you behave if I do?”

She growled, “You’ll just have to find out...”

I moved down to her feet, stopping to kiss her navel and her bush.

“Do you want to make love with me?” she asked.

“Of course,” I replied, kissing lower on her bush.

“But why? Why didn’t you...”

I looked up at her. “I couldn’t, not with you tied up like that, not the *first* time anyway.”

She gave me a strange look, then sighed and let her head drop back on the bed.

I released her ankles from the restraints, then started kissing my way up her legs.

“I want you,” I told her. “I want your legs squeezing me as I devour you.” I kissed up her thighs. “I want you on top of me, squeezing me to you. I want you to squeeze me to you and make me suck on you.” I went in between her legs again, devouring her. This time her hands were on my head, and her legs gripped me. Glorious!

She pulled me up, letting me pause briefly at her nipples, squeezing me and moving me to my back.

Sliding together that first time was so intense, so special, watching the expression on her face, the way her head went back as she settled in, sitting up on me, rocking her hips, smiling and making such pleasant noises. I held her waist, helping her and enjoying things myself.

A different look filled her face, one of blissful concentration. I could feel her concentration, the way she swirled her hips. I needed her nipples again; needed them so much. I urged her closer, leaning over. She sighed, opened her eyes, and almost snarled, bending forward and holding my head to her as she ground against me. As I got close I started moaning; she smothered me to her and ground her hips against me, pushing us both over the edge.

That did it, for both of us. We slowed down, holding each other, snuggling close once more. Snuggling after, that’s the best part.

Eventually we got up. Still naked, we took a look at her computer. We fed it another CD.

I frowned and sighed.

“What is it?” she asked, arm around my shoulders; I was sitting down and she was standing next to me.

“We’ve got a couple of hours of updates to do, and I don’t want to connect your machine to the net unless it’s behind a hardware firewall. We could haul it over to my place, and you’d be sitting behind my firewall for the updates.”

“And you could make love to me with your knives?” she asked.

I sighed again, my head going down. I turned to her. “I’m sorry. Guess I earned that. I’ll go pick up things from the house and bring them back, if you’ll let me in again.”

She held my head in both hands and kissed me, moving to sitting in my lap.

She whispered, “Oh silly -- you pack the computer while I pack some clothes.”

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FIN
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<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>