

A woman with vibrant red hair is lying in bed, looking directly at the camera with a subtle, enigmatic expression. The scene is dimly lit, with a cool blue-green hue. The background is out of focus, showing what appears to be a lamp and some furniture. The overall mood is intimate and mysterious.

A CHATTING CHANCE

A SHORT STORY

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by
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The phone was ringing when I got home. After the day I had at work, I was really hoping it was my girlfriend, Bethany. I threw my keys down on the computer table and answered the phone. "I'm sorry Andrew. We're not working out. It's over." Click. My heart sank, and I fell back into my desk chair. She was the one I wanted to spend my life with, or I thought she was. As I was discovering, fate had other plans.

After staring at the phone for what seemed like an eternity, I shook the mouse on my desk to wake up the computer. Some people blow off steam by playing games; other people exercise but me, I like to chat online with friends. I opened my IRC client and logged on, hoping my friends would be online already. My day was only getting better and better. They weren't online. I was a creature of habit, so I didn't normally venture outside my normal chatroom haunts, but since no one was on, I went ahead and ran a LIST command to see what other chatrooms were on the server.

I had barely managed to put Bethany out of my mind when I saw the #Romance chatroom. It sent my mind spinning, and I immediately scrolled back up to avoid looking at anything related to romance or love. That's when #lostsouls caught my eye. Most of the other rooms had a topic message displayed, but this one didn't. It only had black and red ASCII art where one should have been. But more importantly, I felt like a lost soul myself. I think it was that more than anything else that drew me in. I entered the room and I was greeted by the only ChanOP, or Channel Operator, that was there. I was fully expecting to see a hello followed by the traditional "A/S/L," but instead she simply greeted me by my name, my real name. "Hello, Andrew."

Her greeting threw me. I've never used my real name on chat. Did she know me? I didn't recognize the Sat I n_Angel nickname the

ChanOP was using. For giggles, I ran a WHOIS command to see if a name came back that I might know. Not all that surprisingly it returned the same nickname. It was worth a shot. I was pretty sure I didn't have my real name listed in my profile, so I quickly checked my chat client settings, but my name was nowhere to be found. How in the hell did she know my name? I did the only thing I could do. I typed hello back.

"Welcome to #lostsouls. Pull up a keyboard and make yourself at home."

I smiled and replied back "Thanks Sat I n_Angel." Nestled in my computer chair, I watched the other conversations trying to figure out more about the room I was in. A window on my chat client started flashing orange. It was Sat I n_Angel. She had sent me a private message.

"You're awfully quiet Andrew."

"A little. Just trying to get a feel for it."

"Mmm. I have something you can feel."

My jaw dropped, but part of me was excited by what she had said. "LOL." I typed back trying to brush it off like I knew she was just joking. That was not what I was expecting from a ChanOP, much less from someone I'd never met before.

"What? I'm serious."

My hands laid flat on the keyboard motionless. I didn't replay back, not because I didn't want to but because I didn't know how to respond. A few minutes ago, my girlfriend dumped me, and now some stranger was flirting with me. How do you respond to something like that? The main chat window blinked, next to the private, one indicating that someone was talking in the main room. I

started to type something, but every time I did, I backspaced it out of existence. After about twenty attempts she spoke instead. “Cat got your tongue? I hope not because I’d like to catch it.”

The heat from my face radiated from my skin. I knew the air condition was on in the room, but I felt like someone had cranked up the thermostat to 400 degrees. Like a mirage, a daydream glazed over my mind as I pictured her doing just what she had said in my head. It felt wrong to be thinking of someone other than Bethany but at the same time, was it so bad? I could feel my pants becoming more constricted the more excited I got. After shifting my pants around where I didn’t feel like I was going to hurt myself, I tried to change the subject.

“So how did you know my name?” While I waited for her answer, the daydream kept creeping back into my mind. What was I doing? I didn’t even know her, or did I?

“That’s my secret, Andrew.”

Someone had to be playing a trick on me. “Who put you up to this?”

“Put me up to what?” Her response read so thick with innocence that I envisioned her batting her eyelashes behind her screen like a southern belle. She knew damn well what I was talking about.

“Hitting on me.”

There was no hesitation in her response. “I can assure you no one put me up to that or anything else. Why would you even think such a thing? You’re a sweetheart, and I wanted to get to know you more intimately. What’s wrong with that?”

I drummed my fingers against the keyboard trying to figure out how to respond. “Listen. I appreciate the attention, but my girlfriend just broke up with me. I’m not really ready to do this kind of thing.”

“I’m sorry, Andrew. I know that has to hurt. But her loss is my gain.”

“Your gain?”

“Let me help you forget her. I can, you know?”

My face felt like it was hotter than the sun. Part of me wanted to play along, but I couldn’t get past the thought of it being a trick. “Do we know each other?”

“No, but I’d like to.” It didn’t make sense, but the more I talked to her the less it needed to. “You know, you probably should say something in the main room. Right now, you’re just lurking. There are rules against that, in case you didn’t know.”

I looked over at the blinking tab, and I knew she was right. I hadn’t said a word in the main room since she first greeted me, and it really was about time I said something. I didn’t want to look like I was a lurker. Switching back to the main room was more difficult than I expected it to be. There was this overwhelming compulsion to keep talking to her, for some strange reason. Maybe it was the sense of mystery surrounding her? I didn’t know, but it was hard to ignore what I was feeling. It took a couple of minutes to go back through the chat log to figure out what the people in the room had been talking about.

A few people had come and gone, but it was mainly Chaotix and Lone^r talking about their last run in Karazhan. I’ve never played World of Warcraft myself so talking on the subject was going to be hard. I made an educated gamble and asked how WoW compared to EverQuest2. Jackpot. They started explaining the difference

between the two and why ultimately, they felt WoW was so much better. Every so often I'd interject, but overall, they were on a roll all their own. The private window flashed again, after being silent for a while. "Glad someone knows what the hell they're talking about."

I laughed out loud at Sat I n_Angel's comment. She was obviously reading the conversations in the room. "Well, I wouldn't say that. I know enough to be dangerous."

"Mmm. Sounds delicious."

I grinned from ear to ear while shaking my head. To my surprise, her attention was making me feel better. Part of me felt guilty, but I didn't need to feel that way. Bethany had dumped me and here was a woman who actually wanted to be with me, even if it was only in the virtual sense. I decided just to let things happen as they may. To hell with Bethany. With an excited grin on my face, I pushed the phone off my desk and into the floor. It couldn't taunt me from there. I returned to the main room and told them I was heading out. They actually asked if I would be coming back again. The way things were going, I felt pretty confident when I told them yes. Once I left the room, I went back to the private window. "I'm still here." It felt like I was back in early high school sneaking around to talk on the phone, trying not to let my parents hear.

"Mmm. All to myself."

I ran my tongue across my dry lips and typed back. "Yep."

That started a conversation that left me aching. She made me promise not to touch myself until she said I could. When I agreed to it, I didn't think it would go that far, but I was quick to regret making that agreement. Sat I n_Angel described in great detail all that she wanted to do to me. The computer screen faded into daydreams as I read further down the screen. Before long, my pants became more

than uncomfortable. To relieve the building pressure, I stripped from the waist down and returned to my desk chair. I knew it had been a while since I had typed anything, but I didn't realize how long until she asked, "You still there?"

"Yeah." I typed back, trying to clear the fog out of my head.

"God, I'm so wet. Mmm. I taste so good."

The thought of her tasting herself sent me reeling, and I wanted to taste her too. I was sitting there throbbing, doing everything I could do to keep my promise, but I was about to break it if she kept on going.

"Do you want my juices running down your mouth?"

"Yes." I huskily said while typing it back to her. "I'd give anything to taste you."

"Mmm. I'm so sweet. Mmm."

I ached for her. After a moment or two, I typed back. "I wish you were really here, not just on the screen."

"Then come and get me, Andrew." I spun around, startled by a sultry voice coming from my bedroom. I entered my bedroom and laying there on my bed was a woman in a flowing white silk negligee. Her red hair was fanned out across my pillow. Her lips were dark red, the same as her fingernails. I stood there, fully erect, with my mouth agape at the sight of her. She slid her hand between her legs and let out a soft moan before bringing it back to her mouth. I watched as she sucked her juices from her fingers. My heart pounded like a sledgehammer in my chest. "Mmm. You just going to stand there?"

"Who are-" I stopped mid-sentence knowing it was her. "Sat I n_Angel?"

She didn't have to say anything; the fire in her hazel eyes said it all. It didn't make sense. Who was this woman? How could she be here? Questions raced through my mind, but in that instant, the answers didn't matter anymore. She was there. I wanted her. I needed her. All reason went out the window as I ran across the room and dove in between her legs. Before I could touch my lips to her folds, she stopped me by putting her finger against my mouth. "Would you really give anything to have me on your lips or were you just saying that?"

Her aroma invaded my nostrils leaving me intoxicated. For a taste of what was only inches away, I'd give her anything she damn well wanted. My heart was racing, and my mind was only focused on one thing. "You have no idea."

"Mmm. Would you become mine? Not just tonight. Forever. Your body, your heart, and your soul?"

She wanted me. All of me. And Bethany didn't. How could I refuse? "Yes."

"Then take me, Andrew. I'm yours tonight, and you'll be mine."

She arched her back and moaned as I went down on her. She was everything I daydreamed she'd be. It felt so right and so familiar, like we had been together before. Everything went dizzy as I lifted my head from her wet mound to catch my breath. My head was already spinning, but seconds later it felt more intense like I was actually floating. Then I saw something I couldn't understand. I could see her on top of me, fucking me wildly, yet I saw it from above instead of beneath her. I could see the whole room below me. She let out a moan mixed with a scream of satisfaction. Sat I n_Angel lifted herself off my body and looked up toward me. "Just where do you think you're going, lover? You're mine now. You're part of me. Come to me." She held up a gold necklace that had been hidden

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beneath the silk negligee with an amber stone in the middle. I felt myself coming toward her, unable to stop myself. The necklace began to glow an eerie gold. The closer I came, the stronger the pull felt and the brighter the necklace glowed. The last thing I remember was the sound of a husky moan, the smell of her scent and sudden darkness.

THE END

NOTE: This story first appeared on Literotica.com in March 2013.