

# "AOL LOVE"

(m/f mast)

by Jen\_Doe

December 24, 1998



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This is adult material intended for adults 18+ years old. Any names used in this story that are similar to actual names is an accident. It won't happen again. Copyright 1998 This is my first post to alt.sex.stories. If I'm not doing something the proper way let me know. This is also my first story I've let someone other than my friends read so I would like to know any comments you may have.

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I don't use America Online often. Most of the time I spend online is to access the Internet. I've seen my younger brother in chat rooms almost everyday. I've only gone into a chat room twice. I

thought the rooms were for little kids, perverts or Star Trek fans. I never found anyone to talk to in the rooms. I was always the oldest person in the room or the only one talking. When someone did instant message me, he would be a loser that I did not want to talk to.

However, tonight I'm extremely bored. I did all my homework. All my friends were either on the phone with someone else or were doing their homework so they couldn't talk to me. There was absolutely nothing on any of the channels on the television. The gray computer in the corner of the room began to look very attractive.

I signed on, and listened to the annoying modem connection sounds. I heard the familiar "You have mail." Too bad my hopes were raised for a dozen pieces of spam email. I never received any email worth reading. I deleted my junk mail than opened the chat room list.

The prior times I went chatting I went to the high school or teen rooms. Tonight I searched through the list of rooms until I found the Chicago room. It was full so I had to try several times before I was allowed to enter.

"Hello Room." I typed.

A few lines down a few people responded with "hello Jen or "hi Jen." There was a quick response. Was that a sign that I would find someone to chat with?

However, most of the screen names of the people that responded were female. If I was going to talk to anyone online, I wanted it to be a guy.

"18/F here."

I hoped this would attract the attention of someone.

Almost simultaneously Wall223 responded, and the instant message tone sounded and an instant message from TheMan appeared on my screen. Wall223 typed, "26/M here, you want to chat Jen?" I thought instant messages were annoying so I clicked cancel and it disappeared.

"Hi Wall, how are you?"

"Good tonight u?"

"So far so good."

"Where in Chicago are you?"

"West side suburbs." I will not tell a stranger online where exactly I live.

Another instant message appeared on my screen from the same person.

TheMan: "Hello Again."

I clicked cancel again, and again it disappeared.

Wall typed two lines while I was distracted by the instant message.

"I live downtown. Are you still in college?"

"Just high school."

Again an instant message appeared on my screen.

"TheMan: You don't know what your going to miss."

That's a bold statement, but its purpose to make me respond to him was achieved.

"Jen69: what will I be missing?" Let's see if he has anything to back up his statement.

"TheMan: Maybe I 'm the one for you."

Another bold statement.

"Jen69: Maybe you are, but I doubt it." I wasn't taking him too seriously.

"TheMan: Can you afford the few minutes it will take to discover if I 'm your dream man?"

"Jen69: I could if I wanted to. But I have a question for you. Are you hoping that I 'm your dream girl?"

"TheMan: Maybe."

That's not fair he's using my annoying simple answers.

"Jen69: Well, what if I 'm fat and ugly?" I was neither fat nor ugly, but he didn't need to know that. I weigh only 120 pounds and most men take a second look when I walk by.

"TheMan: I 'm just looking for someone to talk too. I don't really care what you look like. Your typing is not affected by your weight or beauty. I 'm going to assume you're also looking for someone to talk with."

"Jen69: Yes, I am."

"TheMan: Then, why are you being so difficult?"

"Jen69: I don't know." There's no simple answer. I 'm a very friendly and outgoing girl. I think he just was unfortunate and met my bad side.

"TheMan: Well, do you want to talk or not?"

"Jen69: Yes, Ok." He had already put all this effort into attempting to talk to me so I could at least give him a chance. Also he seemed more interesting and intelligent than the other men that had instant messaged me in the past. They all seemed like perverts that wanted to have cybersex.

"TheMan: Good."

I checked out his member profile to find out something about him. I wanted to find out about him so I would have an edge, even if it probably wasn't true information. His name was Scott. That's a bad sign. My ex-boyfriend, was named Scott. We had a long horrible relationship with many bad memories. This Scott's age is 29. That's another problem. I like older men but not when they're 11 years older than me. I've dated men a few years older than me but not eleven.

"Jen69: Do you know how old I am?"

"TheMan: Eighteen. Is my age a problem?"

"Jen69: It could be."

"TheMan: Why?"

"Jen69: I'm eleven years younger than you?"

"TheMan: Age is nothing but a number."

"Jen69: But you're in the real world, I'm still in high school. What do you want with me?" Stupid question. Why would an older man want an eighteen year old girl. Sex.

"TheMan: I want to meet someone new and exciting. I have a lot more to offer you, than those high school boys can."

"Jen69: Like what do you have to offer me that is so much better?"

"TheMan: I'm on a higher level of maturity than they are. Plus I have the knowledge and experience to treat you better than they can."

"Jen69: So in other words, you have the knowledge and experience to fuck me better than they can."

"TheMan: LOL. I was think more along the lines of a date or relationship but sex also."

"Jen69: Oh, so now you want to do more than just talk, now you want to date me and fuck me? I don't know anything about you, and you don't know anything about me."

"TheMan: I thought that by talking we could get to know each other better then maybe consider a date."

"Jen69: Well, If I'm going to even consider dating you I want to know what you look like." That sounds superficial and it is. I'm not a superficial person but I'm not going to date a fat and ugly old man.

"TheMan: I have a scanned photo that I'm willing to trade for a photo of you."

"Jen69: That's fair."

I emailed him the photo my best friend scanned for me. It's the two of us right before we went out for the night at senior prom night. It's one of the few photos of myself that I actually like. My hair and make-up are done perfectly in the picture. I'm

wearing a super tight dress that shows off my large chest that so many men are attracted to. If he looks closely he can see that my nipples are hard. My skirt is so short that if it was an inch shorter you could see the black satin thong I was wearing.

"TheMan: You're not fat or ugly. In fact you're very good looking. So is your friend." Why did he mention her? Did he want to have a threesome with us.

"Jen69: Thank you." I'm anxious to find out what he looks like. I want to see if I had not decided to talk to him that I would be missing something good. More than likely he was fat or over weight. Most men on AOL aren't good looking. Why would a good looking man be online?

His face downloaded first. He was very handsome. He has beautiful hair and eyes I would want to stare into. He didn't look that old either. He could pass as a 21 year old if he wanted to. As more of him downloaded I could see he wasn't fat. He has a very flat stomach and an athletic build. On a scale of 1 to 10, he's a 9.

"Jen69: You're very good looking too."

"TheMan: Thank You."

"Jen69: So, what do you do?" Another superficial sounding question. I just want to find out what his career is and if I happen to find out how much he makes it's a coincidence.

"TheMan: I'm a financial consultant."

"Jen69: Do you like your job? It can be boring sometimes but it has its exciting parts and the salary is good." So he does make a decent amount of money. Without any warning the AOL voice said "Good bye." I was disconnected. I tried as quickly as I could to get back on but it took several tries. When I did reconnect he was gone so I wrote him an email.

Scott Sorry, I got disconnected. You were actually interesting to talk with. I hope to talk with you again soon. Jen

Simple and to the point. Without a doubt he's the most interesting person I've talked to online and I hope we get to talk again. Even though there's no chance I would ever go on a date with him I enjoyed talking with him. I heard the horror stories of girls stalked and raped by men they met online. I was not going to become one of them.

The first thing I did when I got home from school, was go online. Normally I head straight to the television or the phone. I was hoping that he had returned my email.

He had.

Jen I'm glad you didn't leave me for something that I had said. I enjoyed talking to you. I hope to see you online again soon. I'm at work so I have to go now but I can't wait to hear from you. Scott.

I signed on at nine o'clock, the same time as the night before. He appeared on my buddy list so I instant messaged him.

"Jen69: Hi Scott."

"TheMan: How are you?"

"Jen69: Good."

"TheMan: Glad to hear that."

"Jen69: How was your day?"

"TheMan: Stressful."

"Jen69: I'm sorry to hear that. You could use a good back massage now couldn't you?"

"TheMan: Are you offering."

"Jen69: Maybe."

"TheMan: I'll remember that offer when we go on our date."

"Jen69: Our date?" I had not agreed to that.

"TheMan: I think we should at least meet."

"Jen69: Maybe." My simple, not definite answer.

"TheMan: How about if I tell you about it? Maybe that will convince you to go out with me."

"Jen69: Go ahead."

This could be interesting. I'm not thinking about actually meeting him though.

"TheMan: I pick you up in my car and we drive to one of the expensive, trendy restaurants. You would like them, the food is good and the atmosphere is very calm but contemporary."

"Jen69: So far so good."

"TheMan: You eat one of the best meals of your life. Than we go to one of the night clubs down town. Not one of the ones for young adults we go the hottest place in town. We see movie and music stars dancing. We dance the whole night long. We stay there until the music stops and the lights go on."

"Jen69: I like this."

"TheMan: We than go to the lakefront and watch the waves, the sky and the stars. We talk forever about ourselves, our futures and our dreams. Our date ends with us kissing under the stars."

"Jen69: Have you ever had cybersex?" I do not know why I typed that. I thought cybersex was for people that could not find a real human being to have real sex with. But right now it interested me. I want to try it. I wanted to find out what all the hype was about. I want to find out if it's any good.

"TheMan: Yes I have, why?"

"Jen69: Do you want to have it with me?"

"TheMan: OK."

"Jen69: You have to begin and lead, I've never done it."

"TheMan: OK, if you want to." I had been with men less hesitant to sleep with me in real life.

"Jen69: Yes."

"TheMan: OK, I'll start."

"TheMan: During our kiss my hands slide down your back to your ass. I caress your ass cheeks softly as our tongues explore each others mouth."

"TheMan: My next move puts my hands on your breasts. I gently massage them and play with them with my fingers."

"Jen69: I like this." I enjoyed what he was saying. I could imagine myself doing this with him. I felt myself becoming sexually excited.

"TheMan: We look around to make sure no one can see us. We are perfectly alone on the shore."

"TheMan: I put my hands up your shirt to your bra." I had the urge to put a hand up my shirt as I read his last line.

"TheMan: I pull the bras cups down beneath your breasts I can have easier access to them." I did the same, than started to lightly fondle my own breasts.

"TheMan: We don't have much time so I slide my hands up your skirt. I run my fingers across you, feeling how wet you are. I pull your panties off your legs." I unzipped my jeans and slid my hands between the fabric of my panties and my skin.

"TheMan: I undo my pants and boxers and pull them down to my knees. At the same time you lay on your back in anticipation of my next move."

"Jen69: Please keep going." I was really getting into what he was typing.

"TheMan: I slowly guide myself to the lips of your pussy. The head of my dick can feel how wet and warm you are." The tip of my index finger was already inside me. I felt the warmth and wetness caused by my excitement.

"TheMan: I push myself deep into you. You feel so good." I softly moaned as I put my own finger as far as it reached inside of me.

"TheMan: I pull out, then push back in. My pace starts slowly but with each thrust I move quicker."

"Jen69: I love this don't stop." I could feel my emotions and hormones controlling me know. My pointer finger joined my other finger inside of me. Rapidly the both moved around inside of me. "TheMan: I fuck you harder and harder."

"Jen69: Yes." I couldn't type much more than that.

"TheMan: I think I'm about to cum. I can feel it building up inside of me. I t wants to be released."

I felt my excitement growing and almost ready to explode.

"TheMan: I'm coming inside you."

I felt myself lose total control. A wave of sexual excitement went through my entire body. I felt my body go into convulsions and my pussy's muscles tighten on my fingers. I was climaxing.

No one typed a word for a few minutes. I was calming down after an excellent orgasm.

"Jen69: I came."

"TheMan: So did I."

Our messages were going slower now. Both of us were feeling very good and did not want to lose the euphoria.

"TheMan: Now imagine what it would be like in real life."

"Jen69: I can't wait to find out."

Now I was hooked...

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