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SNOWMAN TO DIXXEBELL ©

By

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-Any similarities to persons, or places real, invented or imagined is coincidental

Introduction

Lady Liberty...held the torch of freedom and stood there just for me, Alexandra, welcoming me to my new home, New York City. From the back roads of South Carolina to the shining waters of New York Harbor today, May 7, 2001 was my Independence Day...

Twenty-four hours ago...

The drive had been tearful I cried for most of the ten-hour trip before stopping in New Jersey for the night. I wanted to make my way into the city by the light of day, and not drive through the tunnel and face the lower Manhattan traffic with unfamiliar streets

shrouded in darkness and teeming with reasons, conditioned by fear, not to be out after dark.

I would finish the last two hours of the journey tomorrow. For now I would stop and rest and reflect on what I was trying to do here, if I could just figure that out. Was I out of my freaking mind? I had to be; here I was moving to be close to a man who had rejected me, was hiding from me, and whom I hadn't even heard from in over three months. I had to be crazy; it was the only explanation! I'm sure I would wake up and realize this was just a bad dream, a nightmare, and I would be safe at home in my bedroom, the one I had slept in for past twenty-six years. Twenty-four hours before...

Chapter 1

I loaded my Ford Explorer with the help of my best friend... we filled the back with my beloved treasures, pictures of my son and my family, my guitar, my music, my books, cherished pieces of my life. Things I needed had also been loaded, my clothes, and my legal papers. I tried to think of everything, most important...my computer. I made my move, leaving behind everything and everyone I had known. I was going in search of love, looking toward a man shrouded with mystery, a move unsanctioned by my inner voice. That little voice that told me to stop before it was too late, the one that kept bugging me to just think about what you are doing, the one I told to shut the fuck up, I'm in charge now!

That terrible night played around in my head, the argument tumbled over and over in my mind, like a jagged stone I tried to smooth it, tried to figure it out. If only I had not pushed for a meeting, maybe he would not have disappeared. Although it hurt to see the

tears of the family left behind in South Carolina, mother, son, and husband, it didn't stop me. I closed my business, ripped up my life... for Joe. I needed to be close to the man I loved. Wrapped up in a neat little package, my heart was in charge, and my logic had been kidnapped, hog-tied way back in the safe places of my mind, in the place we all clung to...the past. The old me was silent, the new me said "lets go!"

That night in the motel I cried myself to sleep, that's the way it had been since Joe disappeared from my life. I cried for what I was leaving behind, I cried for me, and I cried for Joe. I had a lot of doubts, which I pondered on that long drive. Reliving the talk with my son... hearing him say,

"Don't move out until I do, Mom I need you here." I heard my own voice as I replied,

"I'm forty-seven years old, when do I get my chance to be happy? I want to live a life that is mine? Not for mother, husband, or child, just for me! Do I ever get to do that, or is my life to be lived only for the good of others? I have raised you to be independent; you're getting a college education, that's a lot, more than I ever got in life. I started working after school at fourteen and I'm still at it! I need to make a big change to bring back passion, and just see what's out there. I deserve to be happy, and have a life of my own. Please understand, please let me go!"

I recalled the sadness in his eyes, when I asked him to come with me, I knew he would never leave his home and his father behind, who in their right mind would? I had that fleeting hope that he might. We never spoke of my leaving again.

The decision was made there was no tuning back. I embarked on a mission; to me it was a matter of living and living a dead life. More than a drive it was my great escape, a journey, one of pain, and heartache, one littered with lies and deception, a conspiracy, a seduction. I would travel 750 miles and fourteen months would pass before I would unravel the web of mystery. Hindsight is 20/20, I was controlled by an unseen grip, and under a spell I didn't suspect or understand. I had no idea how far it would change my life. Me the moth, drawn to the flame, entrapped in the spiders web...a trap set, me falling right into it.

It all began eight months before...

Chapter 2

I began my escape plan in December of 2000. I confided in only three people, my Mother, my son, and my best friend, Sandy. My husband would be the last to know. I didn't want to suffer through the agony, watch the last dying breath of my marriage, a marriage void of happiness, void of sex, void of love. It had not always been that way it had evolved into a union I was no longer willing to be a part of...I thought it best to just leave, without explanation, without discussion, without warning.

Marrying a man twenty-one years my senior had taken its toll on my youth and our once happy marriage. Every year the age gap got wider, I grew more and more unhappy. We had nothing in common anymore except the love we both shared for our son. Our beautiful son was the glory of our dead marriage. I had loved my husband very much but the years had taken that love and turned it sour, made it spiteful and boring. Listening to the same old stories, seeing the age in his face, the age I didn't want to accept, I yearned for something new; I wanted that breathless feeling, the heat of desire, and the expression of love to be in my life again. He knew there was a problem, but he avoided talking to me. He never wanted to raise the issue of our relationship and how it had changed and how we slept in separate rooms, and didn't communicate anymore. He just told me if I was unhappy I should leave. I plotted and planned to make my escape.

Missing communication was the open door. I loved to talk about everything. I can talk the 'ears off a jackass' my mom said... and about any subject until its thoroughly hashed out, totally discussed, and evenly explored. I guess some may say I'm an obsessive compulsive, manic-depressive, bi-polar driven woman, whatever you want to label it; I love to talk, and to feel that I'm making contact with another person, it's very

important to me. My best friend and I spent literally hours talking on the phone; that is until I met Joe.

Yes the door was open and I had held it wide for Joe, he walked right into my life. Or should I say he typed right into my life...Driving over the road those long hours I replayed the events of the past eight months as if I was watching a drive-in movie, my eyes plastered to the road, but my mind, miles away from where I was; back to that September day when my sister gave me that computer for my birthday...

Terrorist would blow the World Trade Center apart exactly one year later...

Chapter 3

I wanted a computer but it was too expensive, and I really didn't need one for work or any other reason. Joshua used the lab at school to do all his computer work, so really I had no reason to spend the money, which was better spent on meeting the necessities of daily living that I contributed mostly to my family.

Kaye, my younger sister, decided she needed a new computer to make her life better so she gave me her old one. It sat in the small room we used as a home office, a jumble of wires covered in dust, for two weeks before I even tackled finding a place to set it up. I finally matched wire to port and had all the pieces assembled.

I never spent any time working with a computer so I had no knowledge of how it worked, how to set it up or how to get online with it. Being the daughter of a Tennessee auto mechanic had its benefits, and one of them for me is the uncanny ability to learn how to do almost anything I desire. A trait passed down from dad to me, a skill, my one true grace, some say I'm intelligent, but to me it's just easy to figure things out. Not that I'm some sort of genius, I have a normal IQ, it's more just my gift.

In the past I lived on the line, working in the racehorse industry as a teen, galloping racehorses. I spent my entire childhood on the back of a horse so it was no surprise that I used this skill to earn a living. Camden, SC boasts a winter training center for Thoroughbreds and it was a good place to live. When I graduated from high school in 1971, a year earlier than my classmates, I left South Carolina, and went to New York where horseracing is still alive and well. I met Jack, and we fell in love. Basically I needed someone; I was young and had no life experience. We traveled the horse circuit for a couple of years together, but then settled back in Camden near my family. We got

married, bought some land, made a home, and settled into married life. After seven years we had a son. We adored him, and he became the focus of our life. Raising my son was the most wonderful experience I've ever had. But settled was the right word. We settled in life, or settled for the life we had I'm not sure which. We had been the type couple who frequently attended parties, went on ski trips with friends, and just enjoyed our life. Once our son was born it put the brakes on our life style and threw us a curve ball we had to learn how to catch. We couldn't go out to parties, and we didn't go on ski trips, and once he started school, it was hard to find the time to get away even for a vacation. We did take him along on many of these early trips; he never did like to ski. He didn't like to ride horses, which we did a lot. He was a child who had his own interests. I enjoyed helping him explore his world, but in the meantime, I lost track of mine.

I loved the outdoors, and I fancied myself as a self-taught naturalist. I had been a member of the Carolina Bird Club, the American Birding Society, and the Audubon Society. I volunteered to help out with a local Bird of Prey Rehab Center. I went on canoeing and kayaking adventures, and bird watching trips; the out of doors was my love, my life. I loved nature and passed this love along to my son, who accompanied me on many of my nature trips.

I enjoyed doing crafts, and helped Kaye with projects in her craft developing business, drawing, painting, and creating designs for her. I loved to do wood working, making birdhouses, and feeders, and other things as well. I had a full life, but it started to get boring and unfulfilling as the people around me changed and I felt no vibration; stagnation had entered my life.

In 1995 my sisters and I took a trek on the Appalachian Trail. We backpacked a forty-mile section including the approach trail in northern Georgia. It's amazing how little you need in life to really survive. Water became the most important thing in my life, in all our lives for the duration of that trip. It was a life changing experience for all of us. A challenge that each of us wondered if we could do, three women in there 40's not in athletic shape, not even in good shape, we just wanted to do it, and we did! We called our selves the Sister Act, and we proved to ourselves that we had what it took, we had stamina and courage, and most of all we had each other.

But I had that nagging feeling my life was passing me by and I had done very little with it. Yes I had a business, a marriage, and a nice home in the country, my son, my Mother, a husband who was there for me if I needed him, my horse Sundance, but something was missing. Passion, mystery, taking a chance, all those wild and wonderful parts of life, had disappeared. There was no danger, no risk, everything was set, or so it seemed. Tragedy struck.

I lost faith in a superior being in 1996 when after 23 years with my soul mate Sundance, a strawberry roan, that I had the pleasure of being owned by, passed away at the age of 30. He had been the one true love in my life, and his inner spirit interacted with mine to the point that I felt he was a wise old soul sent to save me from myself. All the wonderful times I spent on his back, and in his presence were unmatched and unparallel by anything else. He grew old, and in a weaken state he was unable to get up, his legs could no longer support him, and desperate attempts to raise him was only hurting him more and that was killing me to see my friend in this sad state.

The worst day of my life came when I had to call the vet asking to have my friend put out of his misery. I was never the same, my inner peace slipped away when the light went out of his big brown eyes and the soul of my friend slid into the spirit realm, one ruled by the light of the good ones...something in me snapped. I denounced a God, for if one existed why did he let this wonderful being suffer, and not answer my prayers to save him? I was devastated, and I sank into a deep depression that only lifted slightly when we did a second trip on the Appalachian Trail, which I dedicated to the memory of my Forever Friend; I walked 40 miles in his honor.

That was in 1996 and this time my son came along too, he was 16 years old at the time, and I hoped the hike would have as profound an effect on his life as it had on mine. It did, the trail has a way of doing that to all that walk on it. Walking the entire length of the trail, a thru-hike is still a dream in the back of my mind.

In 1997 we planned to make another hike on the Appalachian Trail. On the way to the airport to pick up my sister, a car traveling at a high speed hit Mom and me. Mom was almost killed and she ended up on life support, spending 34 days in the hospital, and going through many hard life-threatening procedures. I stayed by her side to make sure she got all the care she needed and just to be there to support and love her. I became so depressed, I wished that I had died, for life seemed to be so frail, and I didn't seem to be getting what I wanted from it. When I finally brought Mom back home, I vowed to make a change in my life; I lay awake at night wondering what is missing?

In 1998 my mother and I took a cross-country trip covering over 8000 miles of the USA. I wanted to celebrate her life, her living, and share this time with her, share this chance to see the Country, a chance to see beyond her small circle. She received a large

settlement after the accident the year before. It was a wonderful experience and it is one of the highlights of my life. We visited all the big western National Parks, and along the way I got the taste of what freedom could be. To be free of the tangles of daily family living was nice. I felt the clock was ticking on the rest of my life. I felt the urgent need to make change, that trip opened up my mind to the possibility of leaving my old life behind, and taking a leap, a leap of life.

In 1999, my son graduated high school and enrolled at the University of SC. He planned to study Biology. I was so proud of him, and I realized he was growing up; in fact he was grown! What am I going to be doing with my life? That same year Kaye and I went to Alaska. We flew in to Anchorage then rented a car. We drove over 1500 miles of the Alaskan highway system, including the pipeline road. We camped at Wonder Lake in Denali; we also camped near the Artic Circle. While on that trip I started to think that the best part of my life was in front of me, but the only way I would experience it was to strike out on my own... I had a life to live, but it was up to me to make sure I did.

Mom had been working with me at my Upholstery Business after her retirement since 1987. We did so many things together. We were an unbeatable team when it came to running the shop. I had begun the business at age 22, and when she came in we worked together for 11 years. She had come out of her second retirement after the accident to help me in 2000 to complete a large commercial job I had won a bid to do. She ended up in the hospital again with a collapsed lung, and I blamed myself for that. Following her illness I didn't care to even have the business anymore I knew she would

never be able to return and work with me. I was so despondent at the time. I just wanted to curl up and die.

Joshua off at school, spending most of his time with friends, Jack spent his free time bowling and golfing with his buddies, Mom was not able to do the things she had been able to do before, not doing good and in the hospital, Kaye was planning to make a career change, this meant she would be moving, it just left me alone, and silent. That was the fall of 2000 right before I met Joe.

Before mom got sick, that summer I took a trip to visit my older sister in the western US, we had a wonderful time together, and I was tugged even more to make a change in my life, should I move to Atlanta with Kaye or move West to be close to my older sis? What should I do... was I going to waste my life living in a country house in SC, among the sand and the pine trees? Was that my destiny, was that what I had struggled out of a dysfunctional family of an alcoholic father and an emotionally torn mother to do, just to reside and die in a country home in SC? With an aging mother and husband, I saw how fast time slips away from you, and then you are just done. Life is a fast train to somewhere or a slow one to nowhere... which was it going to be for me?

I had a decision to make. I knew I had to escape in order to save myself. Why is it that we don't see what's right in front of us until it's too late? Like I said hindsight is 20/20. I was in a state of mental health that needed attention, but I got very little. I withdrew from the people in my life, as menopause sneaked in, and the thoughts I had were borderline schizo, no one seemed to notice, they continued to lean on me for support, and turn to me when they needed help, and I just streamed along, with my illness getting bigger everyday, each day that I supported someone else it bent me. Life is just

day to day, even though we look at the big picture most of the time, the fact is its those moments that make up minutes, that make up hours that make up days that make up weeks, months and years that are important...that is what life is, its time. I wanted to live my life, to feel love, to share ideas, to make plans for the future, I wanted to LIVE again.

Chapter 4

I got the computer hooked up and went down town to sign up for Internet access at the local Net Business place, I had no clue when it came to technology, so I asked questions and did some research on it at the computer store. When I visited Mom that day in the hospital, she told me to go home and play with getting my computer set up and not worry about her. Give myself a break, so I did. I went home and turned it on and started to just click and look and learn.

It was old, running windows 3.0, barely able to get online actually! I did some playing with it, and learned how to sign onto the Internet, and how to work with windows some, although I still had no clue of how to handle myself on this new toy, it took my mind off my problems, and it gave me a new window to look through. I was amazed at the amount of information I could read, and print, and I enjoyed getting lost in cyberspace, and not worrying about Mom, and my marriage, and my dull uneventful life. It was fun just to sit there and let my mind play. Finally I was not thinking of my inner struggle, I was thinking of something else for a change, the world lifted off my shoulders and was now in front of my eyes.

Mom did get better and I was told she would be released that weekend. Thank goodness, I was so scared; I was numb. I had no feeling in me, my feet tingled all the time, and I decided I should go to the doctor. When I went to her she told me I was suffering from anxiety, and she put me on an anxiety drug. This drug helped me to function on a daily level...without it I really couldn't get out of bed and go through my routine. Life had a hold on me that was holding me in place, holding me in a hard place to stand, with so many things riding on my coattail, I felt imprisoned.

On the night before Mom was to be released, I turned on my computer and began surfing, just following link after link reading stuff and I stumbled into a chat room. I literally don't have any idea how I got in there. I was suddenly at a page that said 'create an ID and password and then Enter'. The chat was called Info. I followed the directions and bang I was tossed into a stream of chatter. I just sat there at first trying to figure out how to communicate with the others in the chat. It was crowded and I didn't understand who was saying what to whom. It looked very confusing to me. But I did finally type a few sentences into the blank spot and hit enter, wow it came up on the screen. I had typed HELLO!

I had never been in a chat room and had no idea how to handle myself in one, so mostly I was making lots of mistakes. In this chat room you basically had to write command lines, actually html, for fonts, color, etc, and it was a moderated chat room. I was asking others how to manage to get my font bigger, and in green etc. and one person began to send me private messages. I could read these private messages but had no idea how to answer them, privately.

The message read

****snowman**** to ****dixxebell**** don't you like to talk privately?

I answered that message by typing it out and the reply came to me

****snowman**** to ****dixxebell**** look its easy you just type it like this ...

Snowman proceeded to teach me how to type in the command lines so I could chat privately, and he also explained how to get the fonts, that I wanted. I thanked him and he gave me his email address. I didn't know if I should give him mine so I didn't. But I did add the URL of the chat room to my favorites list so I could come back again.

Mom was released from the hospital the next day, and I brought her to my house for a week of care before she was ready to go back to her house. It depressed me to know she was ill, and it worried me to know she may not ever be able to resume her normal life, thanks to a history of lung problems, and the accident. It seemed that life, as I knew it, would never be the same again. I fell into despair. The medication was the only thing that kept me functioning at that time, without it I wouldn't be able to even concentrate at work, or do routine things.

When Mom went back home, I was alone, and felt numb again. I went back to my computer and went to the same chat room I had been in before. To my amazement the Snowman was in there again. He messaged me right away and said:

“Where have you been I was looking for you?”

I was flabbergasted he had been looking for me? No one had been looking for, or at me for years. I was just the one who took care of everyone else, no one looked for me. He made me feel special, wow he had been looking for me. That just blew me away, a man was looking for me, and maybe I can salvage myself after all, with a little outside help.

I told him about my mom just getting out of the hospital, and he was very nice and wished her the best. While I was talking to him, another man was also talking to me, sending me private messages. I was enjoying all this attention, and I even flirted a little with PepsiMan, the other message sender. But then I dropped a slash off the end of my sentence and the message I had sent to PepsiMan came out for all to see, in open chat.

Snowman suddenly said:

“Oh you are messaging him and me at the same time? Maybe I better leave the two of you alone.”

And he disappeared. Oh my, I was shocked. I had never had anyone get jealous just because someone else was talking to me, wow.

I guess the Snowman is someone to be reckoned with. I looked for the paper I had written his email address on, and I wrote to him, and sent my first email.

Dear Snowman,

I'm really sorry about what happened in the chat room earlier. It's not like me to be rude. I guess the events of recent have me in a mood to just play around a little and not have to worry about anyone's feelings, I hope you will forgive me, and I hope to see you again soon.

Dixxebell

I got a reply right away:

Dear Dixxe,

How would you feel if I had been messaging another woman at the same time I was talking to you, it would make you think I didn't really care about you wouldn't it? I only talk to one person at a time, and I will be glad to talk to you, but you have to promise not to do that again.

Joe.

I showed this message to my best friend, Sandy:

“That one is strange, stay away from him.”

But I knew that I wanted to speak to him again. He must like me or otherwise why did he get so jealous? It had been a long time since a man got interested in me; 26 years of marriage had taken its toll on my self-esteem.

Over the next few days I went into the chat room at night while Jack watched TV, I chatted with Joe, the Snowman, and we got to know each other a little. He told me he was 28 years old. I told him that I was too old for him and we shouldn't even waste our time, for we would have nothing in common to talk about. He insisted we would and he made me laugh. I got the impression Joe was a sulky lonely man, who had no; or only a few friends, and he just needed someone to reach out to. Since I too was lonely and in need of conversation, I decided it was okay to talk to him. I told him who I was and what I did, gave him a quick rundown on my life situation. He told me he was a firefighter, and he lived in New York City. I told him that I had lived in Elmont, NY and worked at Belmont Park working with racehorses back in the 70's and that I had not been too fond of New York at that time, but I had heard it was better there now, and what did he think about it? We talked of New York, and of his job as a firefighter, and he told me he loved his job, although it took a great deal out of him, and he loved the city and would never move out of it even though it was very expensive to live there.

Joe and I became fast friends and each day I looked forward to getting home and after dinner I would talk to Joe. I could escape my world and enter into his, he took me out of SC, out of my life as a mother, wife, a workingwoman, a sister, a daughter, and I became the object of someone's attention. He was exciting, and he had stories of his day, fighting fires in NYC... the high rises, and the crowds. My husband got a little annoyed with me for keeping the phone line tied up with the computer, but I told him I would make sure I didn't get online too early so he could do any phone calling he needed to do. I installed a program that allowed me to take a phone call, and be online at the same time to placate him. I was learning a lot of new things with my computer.

I did feel that it was wrong for me to be in the other room chatting with a young man while my husband was watching TV alone, but then it was more exciting to talk to Joe than watch reruns of Andy Griffin, and Monday Night Football, which I never watched anyway in fact I only liked a few shows and Jack didn't like the ones I liked so we didn't even share that anymore, having different tastes in TV, and movies too.

Joe told me his last name was Citelli, and I told him my name and told him about my life in Camden. I told him all about my marriage and how it basically was all over but the leaving. I told him about my son and how much I loved him and about the things I enjoyed in life. We just talked about everything. He told me about his friend Jon whom he shared an apartment with in NYC. He told me Jon had been his friend since he was three years old. Jon was of Mexican decent, and Jon had a girlfriend Renee; who he was not fond of, and he referred to her as a slut! Joe was very loose with his language and so I became at ease with him, and relaxed myself. He told me he hated winter and the snow because the water froze as they tried to put out the fires, and they had to put chains on the big trucks. He worked everyday from 8 till 6 pm...and he walked to work, or took the train. He told me he had a cat at the station and they called it Smokey.

Joe was an Italian Catholic, and an only child. His Mother had four miscarriages then had him. He had recently moved out of her house, because he had been engaged, but his fiancé had been unable to accept his dangerous job, and had cancelled the wedding, and dropped him. This had depressed him, and he withdrew from people. It was hard for cops and firemen to keep a woman in their life he said. Joe spoke of his Mother as the only person in his life he loved and who loved him... he was alone, and lonely, and just lost in a sea of people he was trying to hide from. He went so far as to

say he was sure that I too would abandon him as all others had during his life. I told him I had no plans to abandon him...that I enjoyed chatting with him very much and I looked forward to it each day. He told me he felt the same way, and we became closer.

Joe was funny, and loved to make me laugh, and he was very sensitive, and he had an uncanny way of being jealous and making me only want to talk to him. In fact he got angry with me if I showed anyone else any attention, the other chatters were very annoying to him.

The Snowman had an effect on me that I couldn't explain, it came from within, and I compare it to a secret, one that you carry deep inside of you. The feelings he gave me came from inside me, but he was the catalyst. When I saw his user name on the list of chatters my heart rate increased by at least twenty beats, I perspired, and my respiratory rate increased. I felt a heightened sense of awareness. When he typed to me, I saw us as if we were in the same room, sitting knee to knee, staring eye to eye. I didn't know what he looked like in the "real" but I had invented a vision of him, fanaticized what he could be in my mind. He was the epitome of everything I desired, wrapped into one neat package. I wanted a man who had insight to me...if he could read the inner me, then he was light years beyond what I had experienced thus far in life. Snowman read my mind; we had a Vulcan mind-meld going on. Snowman was youthful, sexy, secretive, and seductive all at the same time. He turned me on faster than someone standing right beside me. I carried him with me everywhere I went, he lived inside me, and then at night when we were online he would jump out on the screen in a way that made him so real! Snowman was the hottest thing going on in my life, like a secret pen pal, a sailor out to sea who's thoughts were only of me, I was in his mind like he was in mine, we

were connected by a web of words. Even if I had wanted to stop him from getting inside it was too late the minute he typed to me I was hopelessly hooked into him. When he spoke to me, we were in a vacuum just me, and just him. We met in an empty room and we just enjoyed each other, we chatted, we loved, we cried, we were there *together*. He was the only exciting thing going on, he was on my mind when I needed him he was there, I would just imagine him, imagine him walking the street to and from work, I imagined him at work seeing life through his eyes. I was captured.

I enjoyed our time together so much that I behaved in the way he wanted in order to not make him angry, when he got angry he would not come to chat with me, and he would send me emails saying I had hurt him, and he was upset, and couldn't chat that evening. That just killed me to think I had hurt his feelings. I didn't know what to think of this but I decided it was a small price to pay for all the attention I was getting from him. The picture he sent to my email of him showed me a very attractive Italian man, whom I would love to get to know. We chatted for two or three hours each evening and on weekends he would be in and out and pop online to see if I was there several times a day.

Joe became the focus of my life. I rearranged my life to support my chat habit, I got up an hour earlier so I could catch him before he went to work, I rushed home to check my email to see if Joe had mailed me or sent me a sweet e-card; which he loved doing. He was so good about staying in touch, if he weren't going to be online till later he would send mail to let me know what time he would be online.

Chapter 5

Through October and November Joe and I got closer and by December I was very much in love with Joe, and I wanted as much of him as he would give. He told me his birthday was December 9, and he was going to his Mom's for cake and such and everyone was going to be there. He didn't really elaborate on who everyone was but I figured he would tell me all in good time. I sent him what I considered to be a sexy, email card. He told me later he really liked it.

We had begun flirting and doing some sexy chat, it was different and exciting, and it was very real... it seemed he was right there next to me. Joe was very sexy and he used words in a way that could really turn me on. Soft and sensual, he led me through these sessions until I got the hang of it, and soon we were just like a couple of romance novelists, unleashed by emotions too long pent up. It had been a very long time since I had any emotions connected with sex, and to find a young man interested in exploring this avenue with me was an awesome feeling.

I yearned to be with Joe, my very life was in his hands, each night we spent our time online, loving, laughing, and just being there for each other. He became the only focus, the only excitement. Nothing mattered as long as he was there for me, and he felt the same way. The next time we spoke, he was in a very tender mood-

JJCFIRE: Hey baby, how was your day?

Dixxebell: Good I guess I just feel a little down today.

JJCFIRE: Why?

Dixxebell: I just want to be with you, I just need to be with you...I just need you.

JJCFIRE: Well, come over here sit by me, maybe I can make u feel better.

Dixxebell: Ok, coming to sit next to my man Joe.

JJCFIRE: Slide over here; get close to me...I want to feel you right here next to me.

Dixxebell: Sliding over closer to my baby, right here next to you, I feel your warmth; I hear your breath moving in and out, um this is so nice.

JJCFIRE: Placing my arm around your shoulders I bring you even closer...looking into your eyes, I see the soft green, you stare right back into my blue ones.

Dixxebell: Aw, baby it feels so good to be here with you, like this, I want this for real forever.

JJCFIRE: Come on; let's just enjoy this time we have, ok?

Dixxebell: Ok, baby I'm sorry, please go on.

JJCFIRE: Brushing the stray hair off your forehead, and tilting your face up to mine, brushing your lips with mine, softly, then more firm, opening your mouth, and tasting you. Moving my tongue through your lips, and playing with your tongue. Moving my lips over yours.

Dixxebell: Aw, baby you turn me on so easy, pulling you closer to me, and pressing into you, I need to feel your strong arms around me.

JJCFIRE: Pressing my body to yours, I feel the heat intensify as our desire swells.

Sliding you down, supporting your back and slowly, laying you down, while continuing to kiss you, never letting my lips leave yours, baby are you comfortable?

Dixxebell: Yes, sweetheart, never better, never.