

# **Into My Silhouette: Discovering the Dark**

**(First Installment)**

**by**

**Becca Noire**

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## Chapter 1

How does one descend so far into madness? How does the addiction start?

My name is Becca Noire. I am, I think, your typical 40-something divorced mother of one. But lately, there have been days I wake up and feel I must put on a mask—that who I am is not good enough. In the world of business, I'm forced to be a dominant female to gain respect. Make the plans; snap my fingers... get the shit done.

So how did I wind up here, so far off track from my dreams? I had my life all mapped out. I had been told a plan was always needed to achieve success. This made perfect sense to the analytical side of my personality; the career-driven side I let rule me for all those years. Why had I let go of that side?

The men I've encountered, un-amazingly, having been emasculated in their marriages, generally lack strength, and are bitter, angry, horny, lackluster, and needy. So if you want to go out and date, you will find these are the majority of men available, especially on dating sites. Men who talk incessantly about themselves and how bad their last wife or girlfriend was. Or they don't talk at all. Yet, they will buy the drinks or dinner and they will drool with wanton desire. All I have to do is blink my eyes and smile, pretending their conversation is riveting.

But there was one man who told me sex was like Baskin-Robbins, 31 flavors. Then he said, "and I don't like vanilla." One night with him was all it took. It was my first taste of unabridged desire and dominance. I was hooked.

This is a journal of my descent down the proverbial "rabbit hole", my journey from the world of "vanilla".

Let me start at the beginning of my descent. It was shortly after my divorce became final. The legal process went fast and was comparatively painless; it was the emotional process that took its toll on me. I was lost. I had married my college sweetheart after grad school, the proper thing to do in my parents' eyes. He was from a good family. He had a good career, was charming, handsome, and we had fun together. All the things you would think make a successful marriage. I was happy, he was happy, our parents were happy.

We lived in the city for a few years and enjoyed the newlywed life two successful careers offered. Then I got pregnant with our daughter. We moved to suburbia for the great schools and big backyards, all the things you are told to do for your child—all very proper.

Then came the realization the commute sucked. The loss of two hours of your life just traveling to and from your job wears on your nerves. The newlywed city-dweller life of meeting your love for dinner at eight at a posh little romantic restaurant, barely able to control your passion for the 10-minute cab ride home gave way to bickering over who was going to leave work by 4 to get home in time to pick up our daughter from childcare before the financial penalty amounted to our mortgage payment. Both of us felt our own job was far more important than the other's.

As you can guess, the misunderstandings and arguments distorted the respect we once had for each other. He withdrew from our home life and became passive-aggressive towards me. I tried everything. I begged. I wore sexy outfits. I suggested counseling. Then I just gave up and filed for divorce.

The Ex moved back to the city and resumed his bachelor life; I, on the other hand, had to stay in suburbia because of the excellent schools and big backyards. The things I was committed to do for my child.

My first taste of the world past “vanilla” came on a date, actually date three. The first two dates with this man were lovely. There was great conversation, which covered so many different topics. I found for me, stimulating conversation was in itself a powerful aphrodisiac. He was witty and charming and, at the appropriate time, very romantic. At the end of the evening, he drove me back to my house where I invited him in to continue the conversation. I went to the other room to put on some soft music, only to turn around and find him standing behind me. His hand took mine and pulled me close. He moved me to the rhythm. Placing my hand on his shoulder so I could feel his lead, we dance around the room. My eyes focused on his, slow dancing nimbly round the house until we found ourselves in my bedroom. To say I was filled with desire would be cliché and a terrible understatement. I wanted him. His kisses were amazing. His finger moved along the exposed flesh of my arm, leaving electrifying goose bumps in its wake.

“Shhh. Slow down. Let me,” the whispered command came when I started to unbutton my blouse. In moments, I was completely nude on my bed, but he was only missing his shirt. Reaching for his buckle he batted my hand away. “No,” he firmly said. His fingers stroked my curves. Moans escaped my lips. I had had sex a few times since my divorce, yet this was different.

He was complimentary in such an elegant way. Yet every time I went to unzip his pants, he politely told me no. His fingers drew circles around my stomach, then moved to my pubic hair, trimmed and waxed. He told me to look into his eyes; as I did, his fingers slid into me. My gasp was unexpected. I closed my eyes to drift into the pleasure he created. In a firm, yet sweet voice, he told me to open my eyes and look at him.

My synapses fired. I lost my breath with his expert movements. Looking into his eyes, I saw something I had never seen. I saw delight—delight in his ability to control my body. I was wet, so wet, laying there experiencing this immense pleasure on his terms. I begged for more. I wanted sex. I wanted to feel him inside me. But he firmly told me no. He told me to lay there, to enjoy what I was experiencing. Then he pinched my nipple hard, whispered, “No begging,” and his fingers hit my G-spot. Every fiber of my being turned electric as I came.

He kissed me on the forehead, got up from the bed, and retrieved his shirt. My mouth hung open in disbelief. I turned my head and frowned. I wanted him to fuck me! I craved the full contact of his body. I lay there, every inch of my body physically spent from the experience, but

beneath the contented haze, my ego struggled to form its flustered argument. No man had ever said no to sex with me. *Didn't he want to get his rocks off? Where was the pleasure for him?*

“Sex is like Baskin-Robbins’ 31 flavors,” he’d said. I was too new out of my divorce and too vanilla for his taste. He told me I didn't know who I was yet and I would be too much work for his liking. *What man turns down sex?*

He emailed years later and said he should have fucked me when he had his chance. Haha, his loss.

Yet, from the moment he got out of my bed and walked away, I knew I needed a dominant man; better yet, I craved a dominant man in my life. I wanted the type of detailed attention to me and my desires I felt when I gave into his control and I wanted to see the delight of this power in my lover’s eyes.

That moment was my first taste of this addictive drug. I wanted it again.

## Chapter 2

Shortly after my divorce, I signed up on a dating site. The website asked me a barrage of stupid questions. “Do you make decisions easily? In a room of strangers, do you get nervous?” Dear God, why did this matter? I wasn’t given enough information to answer any of these effectively. I had to make snap decisions daily, but I didn’t enjoy it. What I would like is to have the time and information to make wise decisions at work, but that’s the nature of my job and I didn’t want to date my job.

### *Misplaced City Dweller*

*Single mom of one teenage daughter (agh!), great career, good dresser, nice teeth, surrounded by Stepford Wives. Wishes to find nice guy to escape suburbia a few nights each week for some fun, great Italian food and a couple of laughs. I think I remember what they sound like.*

### **BeccaN - 44, FSM - Long term**

With my personal ad written and a picture posted, I waited for Mr. Right.

OMG! Where did these men come from? Forget the horrible spelling; they couldn’t even string thoughts together into a sentence. Half of them asked for my IM address or phone number in their first message. I quickly found out that meant they just desired to talk dirty with someone late at night. It was a free and easy way to get their rocks off, and if they played their cards right or applied the law of numbers, they could have a new pussy every night, so to speak. But I’m not a cheap piece of ass for some psycho loser!

New to this dating site, my profile was featured and I was pounced upon like meat being thrown to the lions. The cockroaches came out of the woodwork to feed on the vulnerable. It only took me a few cocktail dates to figure this out, and I started to ask more about the person before agreeing to meet someone.

I found there was’t enough wine in the world to make a narcissist appealing, no matter how handsome he was. I could sit there smiling, listening to the litany of complaints about ex-wives and ex-girlfriends, but why should I? That’s not a date, that’s a therapy session. I didn’t care how expensive or fabulous the dinner, it wasn’t worth it.

Where was the man who was normal, whatever that is? Is it too much to ask to find someone who gives a shit about who you are at your core? Is it wrong to ask for the person who sees the little things that thrill you? Someone who sees pieces of yourself you don’t and cultivates these qualities?

Oh, I dated. I dated a man I thought had potential. You know, witty, charming—until we got to the sex part. He was nearly impotent; he had forgotten to tell me about this issue. He kept saying it wasn’t me. I was beautiful. He wanted me, yet he couldn’t get it up. As his frustration grew, the charming part of him fell away. He became all thumbs and couldn’t even touch me in a

way that was pleasurable. The night was hell. Imagine the embarrassment and the disappointment. I fretted for days on how to tell him I didn't want to see him anymore. Thankfully, I didn't hear from him again.

Then I met the man who wouldn't fuck me, the man who walked away from my bed and left me wanting more. I decided then and there I needed a man with more internal strength and dominance than those I had been pursuing. What were the signs I had ignored? Had there been any warning signals? I tried to figure out better questions to ask a potential date. I decided my original profile came across as too needy, too "I just got out of a lousy marriage," so I changed it up.

***Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief***

*Misplaced city dweller, single mom, desires a strong man who can give me more than I can give myself. I own my home, drive a car I love, and can take care of myself. I offer witty conversation, intelligence, beauty and a sense of fashion. You could take me anywhere with ease and pride. I want the same in you.*

***BeccaN - 44, FSM - Long term***

Then came the message, the first one from "letusexplore." It was pleasant, unassuming, and proper with a casual, witty flare:

*"Dear Miss Placed, I notice you have been on this site for a little while (no "new" tag on your profile). I hope all is going well in your escape from suburbia. Having tried this avenue for meeting people for a little while myself, I know you get to the point where you wonder if winning the lottery would be easier. Yes, there are a lot of nice people on here but finding the right one has been a challenge.*

*Wishing you all the best.*

*By the way, you do not have to put in your profile you are witty, intelligent, or beautiful; your pictures show those qualities quite well."*

After reading the message, I clicked on his profile. He was divorced, had grown children, lived on the other side of the metropolitan area, and liked a few of the same things I did (travel, fine dining, wine). But, there were no pictures on his profile.

I reread the message a few times. Yes, it was well written and charmingly complimentary, yet something about this message drew me in. I wrote a reply:

*"Dear Letusexplore, what a delightful surprise I had tonight reading your note. Upon my review of the messages I received from this silly dating site today, I opened yours and found well-written, witty prose. Thank you for the smile and the compliments.*

*Becca*

*PS – In the world of on-line dating, having no profile picture typically means married and stepping out.”*

Most of the messages I received from men on this dating site were complimentary, even over-the-top on the flattery and sound routine. When I read those types of messages, I get the feeling the same thing has been written to every other woman they had contacted. Mr. Letusexplore’s message stuck out.

The next day when I got home from work, I found another message from Mr. Letusexplore:

*“What a beautiful name Becca is, although I don’t know if that is your real name. So many women on this site hide behind fake names and fake pictures.*

*I hope your day has been enjoyable. Mine, even though busy, started out on a nice note because of the return message I received from you.*

*As to the reason I do not have a picture of myself on my profile, I completely understand your concern. I can assure you, I am not married and stepping out behind a wife’s back. That behavior is for cowards. My profession, which affords me a very comfortable lifestyle, is not the type that looks kindly on a person using an on-line dating site. Perception is everything in my business. My clients would not want their personal information on the Internet for the world to view, and this perception extends to me and my private life as well. I would be happy to forward you a few pictures of me to ease your concern.*

*John”*

My reply was simple and to the point.

*“Thank you for understanding my concern, John. Pictures would be lovely and yes, Becca is my real name.*

*Becca”*

Later that evening, my phone alerted me I had a message from the dating site.

*“Email address? John”*

I sent my email address in my message back to John and within an hour I had a picture of him. He sat in a restaurant booth with his arms around a few women who looked like they were in their twenties. His message explained the photo was taken a few months earlier when his daughters (the girls in the picture) were all in town. He wrote having daughters was one more thing we had in common, although, he added, his were older than mine and either in college or starting their careers.

I smiled at the pleasant looking man captured in the photo. He had a few extra pounds on him but he carried it well, and most importantly, he seemed happy. Proud would have been another word I would have used to describe his look in the picture, a proud papa.

Please don't get me wrong, I delight in my daughter; but at this stage in her life, she often drives me to my boiling point. It's hard enough to work in the stress of my profession all day, spend large chunks of time commuting to make this life for her, feel like I have no life myself, and then be treated with the disrespect of a teenage girl wears on you. Seeing the pride on his face renewed my sense of hope.

I replied to his email by saying I had received the picture and not only was it a nice photo of his family, but that he looked charming as well as proud. I immediately got an instant message from him.

JOHN: Thank you. My daughters are a joy in my life. Yours will get to this point in just a few years.

Becca: TY. I know but some days it is wearing. LOL

JOHN: Hang in there. So what do you do professionally that keeps you so busy?

Becca: I'm with a large accounting firm. You?

JOHN: Ah! All those numbers and reports keep your brain busy. Is your firm downtown?

Becca: Yes

JOHN: Did you start with them right out of college?

Becca: No, I was at one firm before I was poached by this firm.

JOHN: Good headhunter! Good for you!

Becca: Yes. TY. You?

JOHN: I will be downtown next week. Would you care to meet for a drink?

Becca: That would be lovely.

JOHN: I'll message you in the next few days when my schedule firms up.

JOHN: Is there a better night for you to stay late downtown?

Becca: No. I can make arrangements if I need.

JOHN: Then I'll be in touch. Good night.

Becca: Good night.

I sat back and stared at the screen. What was I feeling? Out of sorts, thrown off a bit by the conversation? John seemed nice. He was attentive, yet had been quite business-like in the exchange. *Well, I thought to myself, he was a successful businessman but I didn't remember what business he said he was in. Funny, I know I asked him that question.*

The next night, I got home and checked my emails—nothing from John. I checked my messages on the dating site—nothing from John. I answered the other messages I had, but with a lack of enthusiasm.



The following night I found myself wondering, almost hoping, would I hear from John when I got home? Work was already so hectic I rarely checked my personal emails until I got home. I turned on my computer the moment I walked into the house and, as I prepared dinner, logged on to my email. Again, there was nothing from John. I checked the dating site, nothing there either. I logged off and Emory and I ate dinner in front of the TV.

Before bed I decided to check my emails again. IMs instantly popped up. I checked the time stamp and saw John had sent them over an hour ago.

JOHN: Hi

JOHN: I thought I might catch you on here, maybe tomorrow.

My shoulders fell with the enormous sigh. I had missed him. I hauled my butt up to bed.

The next night I signed on to the computer right after the dinner dishes were done. No sooner had the account opened, an IM popped up.

JOHN: Hi

Becca: Hi there

JOHN: I have a conference call in about ten minutes. Is Tuesday night good for you?

Becca: Yes

JOHN: Why don't we meet at The Round Robin Bar at 7pm?

Becca: Wonderful

JOHN: Will you will be coming straight from work? Business suit or dress?

Becca: I typically wear a suit to work.

JOHN: With a skirt? Women who wear suits with a skirt show their male counterparts they are strong and assured of their femininity.

Becca: Yes, I agree.

JOHN: And high heels. They accentuate a woman's power and sexuality. I would make a bet you are very beautiful in a suit and high heels.

JOHN: 7pm at The Round Robin. I'm looking forward to it.

Becca: Me too!

JOHN: Off to my conference call

JOHN: Good night

Becca: Good night

My head was spinning, a date. Well, at least a "let's meet for drinks." Tuesday was just five days away. *What should I wear?* I kept hearing the saying in my head, "*You can never make more than one first impression.*" I would probably wear the blue suit that made my eyes stand out, or so I had been told.

For the next two days and nights, I didn't receive a new message from John. I found myself drifting to thoughts of Tuesday night. All the silly thoughts girls think before a date: Would he look the same as in the picture? Should I hug him or shake his hand? I was still so new at this dating stuff, I felt like I didn't know the "proper etiquette".

Saturday came and I was online paying a few bills when an IM popped up.

JOHN: Hello

Becca: Hi

JOHN: Busy day?

Becca: No not really

JOHN: Do you have a few minutes?

Becca: Yes

JOHN: Good. I have some things I would like to ask you. More a mission statement of my life.

Becca: Okay

JOHN: I better write this to you in an email. I'm a slow typer.

JOHN: I will send you it tonight.

JOHN: Enjoy the rest of your day.

JOHN: Bye

Becca: Okay

Becca: Bye

And with that he was gone. Well, actually, his green "available" status indicator had never come on. He was operating invisibly online—Hmmm . . . another interesting fact about this man. *Why would operate in stealth mode? Could he be messaging multiple women? Well, I'm meeting him in a public place. I'll have to judge his behavior when I meet him.* I went on with my day.

Later that evening, my phone buzzed to indicate I had received an email on my personal account. It was his message. I began to read it.

*"Becca, before we meet, there are things you should know about me. I am on a pursuit to find my mate, my one. I have worked extremely hard to achieve a very comfortable life, but this has come at a cost. My personal life has suffered. I put my career before what is important to me, my passions. I have sacrificed for my daughters and now that they are older with wonderful lives themselves, I feel free to indulge myself without limit.*

*I hope this makes sense to you. From reading your profile, I believe you are someone who understands. I know you have made enormous sacrifices as well. If we hit it off, if we have the same passions, this could be a profound journey for both of us.*

*I'm looking for a woman who has a beautiful, powerful side, yet appreciates a man's role in a relationship. I seek a woman who is strong to relinquish the man's role to the man. I am a dominant man who craves to spoil his mate with love, life, gifts, and respect.*

*I believe from our conversations, you crave a dominant man in your life.*

*I look forward to meeting you in person. But if this is not what you are looking for, I think it's best neither of us wastes the other's time.*

*I will await your reply."*

I read the email several times. *He's saying all the right things: the cost of perusing a career, especially if children are involved. Wanting to spoil me with material things as well as respect. He's speaking to my heart. But, knowing that I crave a dominant man—was I that easy to read?*

Collecting my thoughts, I composed my reply.

*"John,*

*I understand the sacrifices children and careers take. Although I'm still in that period of my life, my daughter is old enough now to allow me to have some time to myself.*

*I haven't spent time determining my passion(s), but I'm starting on that journey. I applaud you for knowing what yours are.*

*As for being a woman who knows and respects a man's role in the relationship, well, I would cherish a man in my life who played that role. My desire is to be in a relationship where I'm respected, treasured, and spoiled by a partner who appreciates my mind as well as my body. Someone who doesn't expect me to 'do it all' myself, but is a true partner in the relationship.*

*Even if Tuesday night comes and we don't 'hit it off,' I believe neither of us will be wasting the other's time.*

*Becca"*

Pleased at my reply, I pushed send. Sitting at my computer, delightful thoughts of John took center stage in my mind. This was a real dialogue. He was respectful in a firm, caring way with his intentions and with my time. I'd never experienced such concern before. My interest in meeting this man had been piqued.

It was Monday night before I heard from John again, although I'd been checking my email every night since I'd sent my reply.

JOHN: Hi

Becca: Hi!

JOHN: How was your weekend?

Becca: Nice. Yours?

JOHN: Very busy

JOHN: I had to prepare for a Board of Directors meeting

JOHN: Are we still on for tomorrow evening? 7 pm?

Becca: Yes

JOHN: I am in Philadelphia. I will be traveling back to DC in the afternoon.

JOHN: So bear with me if I'm a few minutes late.

Becca: Okay

JOHN: I'll be there, but you know trains! Smiles

Becca: Yes, I do!

JOHN: When you get to the Willard, please go to the Round Robin Bar and order yourself a drink

JOHN: I know you need to relax and unwind. I'll be there as promptly as possible.

JOHN: I hope your daughter has been treating you well.

Becca: Things have been good here.

JOHN: Good to hear. You deserve some peace at home.

Becca: TY

JOHN: I bet a vacation to a white sandy beach sounds perfect to you right now.

Becca: Yes it does!

JOHN: Maybe I can make that happen for us.

Becca: Wow, that's bold. Nice but bold for never having met.

JOHN: I have told you I am a dominant male. I have been single for quite some time and I know exactly the qualities I desire in a woman.

JOHN: I see those in you. And if you enjoy my company and wish to pursue a relationship with me I will spoil you. That is who I am.

JOHN: Bold, yes. But it must be your choice.

Becca: Okay

JOHN: You will be wearing a suit with a short skirt and heels tomorrow?

Becca: Yes

JOHN: Excellent

JOHN: FYI, no woman should wear panties. It is naughty, sexy, and empowering for a woman to know she is in control and could entice a man at any moment with a peek.

Becca: Oh my!

JOHN: I'll meet you at the bar tomorrow. I hope you will be panti-less ;)

JOHN: Oh!

JOHN: I do not wish to scare you away. I doubt I will. We are kindred spirits. I'm a very sexual and adventurous guy. I don't like normal and routine in a relationship.

JOHN: With that in mind, let me leave you with a thought and maybe we can talk about this tomorrow night. Tonight, go to bed and dream a naughty dream.

JOHN: Of having sex with me in a way you have never had before... a fantasy, a wicked, naughty fantasy; push your boundaries Becca.

JOHN: And enjoy the release!

JOHN: Good night Becca

Becca: Goodnight!

I sit there. My breath had changed. I reread the final messages. What had just happened? I felt between my legs and I was wet. This wasn't the average dirty IM message I'd been sent before. This hit me in a way that pushed my mind and body into overdrive. I'm astonished I'm so sexually aroused by so little being said. *Could he be a creep fucking with my head? I guess, but there is something about what he says that rings true—something I identify with. If he is a creep, I'm meeting him in a restaurant. He doesn't have my address or know where I work. I can get up and walk away—no fears.*

Later, lying in bed, I heard his words in my head even though I had no idea what his voice sounded like yet. "Tonight, go to bed and dream a naughty dream of having sex with me in a way you have never had before... a fantasy, a wicked, naughty fantasy; push your boundaries Becca."

I snuggled under my covers. I closed my eyes and began to fantasize . . .

*I left work late the other night; it was already dark outside. I stepped into the exterior glass elevator to make my way out of the building. The city was lit up and the view from the elevator was enticing as I slowly descended. I couldn't stop thinking of us riding in that elevator.*

*I envisioned you and I stepping into it. You push the button for the top floor, saying you think we should enjoy the view. As the elevator slowly ascends, the building you kiss me softly, passionately. You notice my nipples growing hard, peeking through the fabric of my sheer top. You push it above my breasts and cup them in your hands. You lean into me and I can feel how hard you are.*

*Kissing each breast, you gently spread my legs with your knee. You move down on one knee, pushing my skirt up, one finger hooking into my bikini underwear, moving it aside. Your tongue starts weaving a delicious trail in and around my labia. I pray the elevator doesn't stop to let someone in; I don't want you to stop.*

*Your finger eases its way inside me. The elevator is filled with my moans of delight and the noise of your tongue flicking its way around my clitoris. I'm so warm, so wet. I stifle a gasp as the elevator reaches the top floor; you lean over and press the button and the elevator slowly begins to descend. Your finger slides out of me and over my clit. I gasp again.*

*You move me around into your place, you in mine. Kissing your lips, I can taste my juices on your mouth and your tongue. You tell me it's my turn and unzip your pants. We continue to kiss as my hands move down your body to the huge bulge in your pants. I free your rock-hard dick. I leave your lips and get down on my knees, knowing what you want. I gently massage your dick and start to kiss it. Then lick you from the head to the base of your shaft in one long, slow motion. I cup your balls in my hand, lightly massaging them. My tongue flicks up the shaft again, then move the head into my mouth with long, slow, deep strokes. I close my mouth and tongue*

*around you, feeling every vein, every pulse of your blood. Your hands dig into my shoulders, rocking you in and out of my mouth. Your moans echo through the elevator. I can taste the little drops of semen that sneak out between my lips. The ding of the elevator reaching the ground floor is as loud as a church bell. Still no one enters. You press the top floor button again.*

*You pull me up and kiss me hard. You whisper in my ear "Surprise!" You turn me around. My top is still above my breasts, exposing my blue lace bra. You press me into the glass wall and hike my skirt up, spread my legs and enter me from behind.*

*You're so hard and feel so good! You reach around and finger my clit. I'm pressed hard against the wall. You move so slowly with sensuous strokes, your finger on my clit moves in fiery circles. Your moans are so deep. Or were they mine? You move deeper into me, then faster. Your breathing matches mine whispering in my ear you're going to come. You push deep one last time and shudder with your explosion. Wrapping your arms around me hugging me tight. I feel so loved. I feel... craved.*

*At some point the elevator stopped again at the top floor. We didn't even realize it. We lean into each other for silent warm moments. Our breathing, at last, slows a little. I pull my top down and you zip up your pants. We look almost normal. We ride the elevator down to the ground floor hugging. Exit the elevator, we hear the intercom in the elevator chirp on and a man's voice says, "You lucky bastard." The grin on your face is from ear to ear as we walk hand in hand to your car.*

\* \* \*

Now looking back on this dream, I see my desire for a strong, dominant man was already there. Lying dormant, latent in my subconscious, waiting for me to dig into my soul and find this need.

*Is John the dominant man I desire? Has my inability to submit to a man been what I have been missing in my relationships?*

I have so many questions running through my head. Hopefully Tuesday night will answer a few.

### Chapter 3

I secretly peek at my underarms checking for sweat stains. I'm so nervous as I enter The Willard. The clicking of my heels sounds deafening as I walk across the lobby and I keep swallowing repeatedly. A thought flashes across my mind, Will John like what I chose to wear?

Crazy thoughts fire in my brain. *Am I dressed too sexy? Not sexy enough? Will he look like his picture? What will his laugh sound like?* I'm driving myself crazy. I'm meeting him for a drink for Heaven's sake!

I spy a few empty seats at the bar; I slide into one and order a dirty martini with blue cheese olives, my favorite. The bartender seems nice and comes over to chat me up. You know, the normal bar conversation—are you meeting someone? First time here at the Round Robin & Scotch Bar? Work downtown? What do you do for a living?

I'm not the only patron at the bar, but I'm one of the few women here, definitely the only lone woman at the bar, so the attention makes me giggle. I notice the looks being thrown my way. I take them as compliments and find my nervousness is thankfully subsiding.

My phone vibrates with a text message.

JOHN: Running 30 minutes late. Excited to see you tonight.

My martini is over half gone, so I order a water. I'd better pace myself or I'll be slurring my words by the time John gets here. The bartender spends a few minutes with me chatting before an older gentleman approaches and perches next to me.

"I presume you are waiting for someone, but may I buy you a drink while you wait?" I feel a bit awkward, yet I do have quite a bit of time to kill. The bartender brings us martinis and I chat with "Bob," the lawyer in from out of town on business. He seems nice in a Midwest Baptist way. The conversation is enjoyable, and to be truthful I enjoy the attention.

Winking, "Bob" tells me if my "date" doesn't show up shortly, he will be forced to take me to dinner in some chivalrous idea of rescuing me. I catch glimpses of his wedding ring and figure him for a lonely, bored businessman looking for innocent company.

We are laughing over some silly joke when I hear my name.

"Becca?"

"John?" I turn, immediately drawn to John's eyes—his ice blue glacier eyes. I have only seen this color once before in person, on an insurance agent pedaling life insurance to me. He was a warm and friendly guy, but his eyes were cold. What I remember most about the salesman was how the hair on the back of my neck stood up in fear.

I shook my head to remove this thought. John holds out his hand in greeting. I take it and pull the smile back to my lips, hoping he hadn't noticed.

"What are you drinking, Becca?"

"A dirty martini," I reply with a smile.

John orders two from the bartender, takes my arm, and guides me across the room to a small enclave. I'm skillfully maneuvered into the chair against the wall. As I sink into the soft leather, I realize his command of this situation. Not asking me which chair I would like, just deciding for me in assured command. I smile at this thought. John smiles back.

"Ah, a smile. You're not disappointed in me. Good."

My cheeks grow warm.

"Adorable," he says. "You are even more beautiful when you blush." Then he instantly steers the conversation into more comfortable territory for me.

"I apologize for being late. It is a hazard with my job. It's actually why my wife ultimately left me. She didn't feel important enough in my life. She loved my income and perks my job afforded her, yet she was unwilling to put up with the lost "home" time it took to achieve those perks. I hope you will understand when, at times, I might be a few minutes late. You seem like a woman who comprehends the challenges that come with a lucrative, yet demanding, career."

I nod my head to confirm.

He continues, "How about you? I hope you were entertained during my delay?"

"I was."

"And if I'm not mistaken you had a gentleman buy you a drink, well done! I'm glad he did not steal you away. You look beautiful and I like what you are wearing."

I reply with a thank you, then ask, "What is it that you do? I don't believe you've mentioned it."

Between sips of his martini, he describes the import/export company he leads. All very mundane, yet dealing with the west coast and overseas business tends to keep him busy at odd hours. We chat for what seems like... I don't know. Ten minutes? An hour? I've lost track of time. I'm fixated on his blue eyes, watching their movement and their shine. Did I hear my name?

"Becca."

"I'm sorry," I stammer. "What did you say?"

"Panties. Do you remember what I said? Did you wear panties tonight?"

"Yes, I remembered." I blink a few times before I answer. "And, no, I don't have panties on."

"Oh, you are a dear. Show me."

I gasp.

He laughs. "Becca, I don't mean for you to stand up and pull your skirt up."

I feel my shoulders loosen with this reassurance.

"Just open your legs up a little and let me see."

I stare at him.

"You're spontaneous, Becca. You crave adventure. You just haven't been living that life. LIVE a little." His voice is nurturing and calm. "Open your legs... just a little. You have beautifully toned legs, Becca. You must never hide them. You should be proud of your figure. Other women are not so blessed. Open your legs just a little wider."



My legs have opened. Now my heart is beating faster as I comply again.

"You are dressed beautifully tonight, yet your skirt is a little long. Please push it up towards your thighs... just a little."

*Part of me can't believe I'm doing this.* Yet part of me is thrilled.

"Open your legs just a little wider."

I stare into those ice blue eyes.

"Beautiful. You are nicely trimmed... just the way I like. Thank you, Becca."

I start to close my legs.

"No. Sit there like that for a little while longer. Bathe in my admiration of you and your beauty."

My legs return to their former position. He resumes our earlier conversation... work, kids, travel. He makes a few jokes and I find myself still captured by his eyes. I realize we are really not even drinking our drinks. In fact, no one has disturbed us since we sat down. The bartender shot over a few inquiring looks a few times, but nothing else. We've had the corner all to ourselves and the conversation has been delightful.

"Becca, I like you. I would like to see you again."

"I would like that, John."

"Dressing for me and showing yourself to me, are very much appreciated."

I completely forgot my legs were open. I'm immediately self-conscious and peer around the room. John puts his hand on my knee.

"Relax," he soothes. "It's just you and me." As he moves his hand slowly up my inner thigh, he leans inward. "I want a woman who is adventurous, Becca. Someone appreciates her own sexuality. Someone who wants to explore the world with me."

His hand cups my pubis, a long finger slides over my clit. His eyes lock on mine. Then a finger begins to gently circle my folds. My breathing deepens. I'm wet.

*What am I doing?*

"Could this be you?" He breathes as his finger slides into me.

My eyes give my feelings and need away.

"Moan, Becca." He pushes deeper into me. "Moan."

I have no choice. It is instinctive. *Oh my God, is anyone looking?* I don't know how loud I am. I have no idea. But as the moan escapes on my breath, his lips are on mine. *The bartender? Can he tell?* The pressure of the kiss is hard and his finger pumps deep inside me. *Has he seen this before?* My back arches. *Oh God, do that again!* Pushing upward, he skillfully brings me to climax. It's over in a flash and I sink further into the leather chair.

"Sit up, Becca," he says, smiling as he sucks his finger clean. "We can't give ourselves away."

I'm spent. I couldn't feel more like a wet noodle. I just want to lie down to sleep, yet I sit there and try to tidy my appearance.

"You're more beautiful... after your climax." John motions for the check. "I know this has not been a normal first date." He uses air quotes when he says normal. "At least, it wasn't for me. Please tell me you will see me again."

I'm still spinning from what just occurred, but stammer a yes.

The bartender appears with the check. John pays with cash as the bartender smiles at me. His smile strikes me as creepy now. *He must have seen something?*

John rises and offers me his hand. As he escorts me out of the bar, I can't help but interpret the looks the men at the bar are giving me. *Did that man over there just wink at me? Maybe I'm mistaken. Maybe I'm just nervous. But, I swear what just happened was on display for everyone to watch.* My imagination is running wild. John squeezes my arm as if he's hearing my internal dialogue, and his touch reassures me.

At the front door, John asks the bellman to hail a cab. He turns me towards him and pecks me on the cheek. "You are delightful, Becca. It's very refreshing to meet someone who is who she says she is. Tell me you enjoyed this meeting."

"I did, John. Although, I did not expect... most of the evening." I smile.

He runs his hand over my behind and his eyes twinkle. His hands gently take hold of my face. "You've made me a very happy man tonight, Becca." He helps me into the cab and tells the cabbie to take me home, then hands him a hundred dollar bill.

I give the cabbie my address and sink back into the seat, spent.

## Chapter 4

I wake feeling like yesterday was a dream. My head is spinning with memories and sexual thoughts. I find myself craving coffee just to lift the fog. Sipping my hot coffee, I run back over the events of last night.

I can't believe I'd done that... I had just met him... in public... I let him... touch me... command me. I just let him. *No. I have to be honest with myself. I chose to follow him and it felt so naughty. No. That's the wrong word. It felt erotic. Forbidden. Exhilarating.*

I needed to push these thoughts from my mind for now and get to work.

Hours later, after fighting to keep John from my thoughts all day, I can't resist the temptation to check my computer the minute I get home. The emails load and I hurriedly scan the senders. Ten new emails from the dating site, but without clicking each one individually, I don't know who sent them. It's quicker to sign in to the site itself. Once there, a twinge of disappointment hits me... John isn't one of them.

A new one appears.

*Dear Miss Placed, I'm sure every email you receive has at least one-line commenting on your beauty. Unfortunately, I too see your beauty, so here's my one line. Gosh, you're pretty (hoping to appeal to your humor). I'm a firm believer in test-driving a conversation over a drink and perhaps an appetizer (the appetizer is to check if you eat while talking. My mama taught me well... again, showing off my humor). I'd be game to spot a twenty or two on an evening's conversation test drive, if you're willing (more humor).*

*What say you? Game for a spin?*

*Scott*

Well, that one was cute.

I read them one by one, finding each lifeless and boring. My night with John keeps popping into my head. Pieces repeat over and over for analysis. *Our witty bantered enchanted me. Why had I acted like that? The command to expose myself to him was a dare I couldn't live down. Secretly letting his fingers thrust into me. Why had I let him—in public? Why had I done those things? My only answer is it was new and it was thrilling. Yes, anyone could have seen us, but I was absorbed in the powerful stimulation from the exhibitionist exposure. Honestly, I would do it again... with John.*

A private message box opens on my computer.

JOHN: I have been thinking of you.

Becca: Hi!

JOHN: Hi, yourself.

JOHN: I enjoyed your company last night.

My cheeks flush.

Becca: It was delightful.

JOHN: I didn't scare you did I?

Becca: No.

JOHN: Any interesting messages today?

A little chill goes up my spine.

JOHN: With your profile, you should have hundreds of messages a day from adoring men.

I instantly feel compelled to lie. His statement hits a nerve. I'm not just a pretty face, yet reading message after message, I conclude a woman could have the personality of tuna fish sandwich as long as she has a nice face and body. My bravado wavers. *Should I be worried about him? Am I being used?*

Becca: There are always a few messages.

JOHN: Don't you find it wearing to read all of them?

JOHN: For me, it is the spelling and grammar that is the most tiresome.

Becca: LOL

Becca: Yes, there are some messages I read where I really struggle to interpret what the person is trying to say.

JOHN: I spent today reading hundreds of pages of a legal brief. The word "brief" was a complete oxymoron.

Again, John has penetrated my defenses. I'm relaxed and laughing with him in just minutes.

JOHN: What do you do for yourself?

Becca: Hmmmmm... I run.

JOHN: And?

Becca: I read.

JOHN: Ah, your escape from the world.

Becca: Yes.

JOHN: Everyone needs an escape.

JOHN: I also believe everyone needs to fantasize.

Becca: Really?

JOHN: Yes. Free your thoughts and fantasize. Masturbate. Let your mind play.

JOHN: The Mayo Clinic, Master's & Johnson, the list goes on; research states to live a healthy life, one must have a healthy sex life and for us single people that should include masturbation.

JOHN: Uninhibited fantasy and masturbation.

JOHN: I know you are not a sexual prude Becca, but I'll bet it's been awhile since you freed your thoughts and explored a good fantasy.

JOHN: Try it tonight. I'll wager you sleep like a baby. If I'm wrong, I'll buy dinner at Komi.

Becca: Komi? Really? The wait for a table is over a month!

JOHN: Not for us. ;)

JOHN: Win or lose, will you join me for dinner next week? I'll confirm my calendar tomorrow and book a table.

Becca: That would be lovely. I have always wanted to try Komi.

A few more messages are exchanged before we call it a night. My mind is cloudy; there are thoughts trying to come into focus. I pour myself a glass of wine and curl up on the couch, replaying the conversations I have had with John. Why am I intrigued with him? What is it about him that appeals to me? John had told me to free my thoughts, to open myself up to my desires, to forget about the rules when I fantasize. I needed to honestly explore ideas that turned me on.

I closed my eyes and began to fantasize . . .

*We are walking around a beautiful shopping area and spy a little lingerie boutique. You whisper in my ear my need to indulge you as you pull me into the store. We look around the store and pick out a few bras and panties for me to try on. We are escorted to the dressing room area where our saleswoman points you to a big comfortable chair. You ensconce yourself into it while she shows me into a large dressing room.*

*She is an attractive, voluptuous and toned woman wearing a red satin bra, red mini skirt with a sheer black shirt unbuttoned. She hangs the items on a hook and leaves the dressing room door ajar and goes to check on you. Positioning herself on the arm of your chair, she touches you coquettishly as she chats with you. I see her legs brush up against you as she moves off the chair to check on my progress.*

*A red corset something I wouldn't normally wear, is thrust at me. The door, still slightly ajar, gives you full view of us as put it on. The saleswoman moves behind me so I can view myself in the mirror. Reaching over my shoulder, her hand under the bra and adjusts my breasts. She caresses each breast as she makes her adjustments. I see her looking at you, knowing full well you are looking at us.*

*Moving in front of me, she pinches my nipples hard, telling me men love erect nipples. She says this loud enough for you to hear. Touching me as she explains the garments I'm wearing, "beautiful satin bra . . . blah . . .blah," goose bumps explode on my skin.*

*Her hand slides into my panties as she explains how much men love looking at a woman in beautiful underwear. I look up and see you smiling, your hard cock pushing against your pants.*

*Raking her fingernails through my bush she whispers she is grooming me for you. She pushes her finger inside me then pulls her finger out and paints my own wetness over my lips and then licks them. The sensation is unlike anything I have ever felt. Her tongue is light and warm and I'm so turned on.*

*She announces how wet I am and I see your mouth pulse. You must be throbbing. Her finger slides in and out of me and my breathing has deepened. I'm caught by the surprise of this all. My mind tries to get my body to pull away.*

*Dropping to her knees and lowering the panties, her tongue pushes between my legs. I bite my lip. She pulls my labia apart and attacks my clit with her tongue. I feel her scrape my clit over her teeth and wince in a pain that is surprisingly erotic.*

*She grabs my waist and swings me around, pulling my hips back to her and lowering my face against the mirror. She licks my anus and a sharp breath escapes my mouth. Her tongue pushes into me. An intense pressure and tingling sensations I have never felt before flood my body. All I know is I'm so wet and I can't stop moaning with pleasure.*

*I feel her finger slide inside me and push her finger against the wall of my vagina, my G spot. The combination of the two penetrations is unbelievable. I lose control and my body shudders; instantly she slaps my ass and I come uncontrollably.*

*I can hardly stand. I have forgotten about you watching. She guides me to a chair and I collapse, my chest heaving from the orgasm.*

*She parts my legs and starts to lick my clit again. I don't think I can take the sensations a second time, but now she is light and gentle. She circles my swollen clit and runs her tongue up and down the folds of my vagina. My breathing, which had slowly been returning to normal, quickens.*

*In one moment, her tongue is deep inside me. Her moaning is loud. Her hand is on my breast. She firmly caresses, then pinches and twists my nipple. I lose the ability to breathe for a moment. It hurts, yet I grow wetter from the pain.*

*Her fingers slip into me as she nibbles and bites at my legs. The pleasure is unlike anything I have experienced before. She slaps my breast and my pussy tightens around her fingers. She laughs and sucks harder.*

*She forcefully pulls my hips to the edge of the chair and I feel her finger in my ass. I can't contain my desire to come again and my whole body convulses in unimaginable pleasure. Fingering both my ass and my vagina to the point I beg her to stop. I can't handle these feelings. She laughs.*

*I open my eyes for the first time in minutes and see you staring at us. Your eyes move up and down my body with a wild intensity I have never seen before. Your index finger strokes your cheek revealing your lip, curled up on one side in a wicked smile.*

*And although every fiber in my being is spent, I suddenly crave the feeling of your cock inside me. I can't believe I have an ounce of energy left in me. I need to fuck you. Really, I need*

*you to fuck me hard, forcibly, roughly. I need you to pin me to the bed or the wall. I need you to pull my hair and slap my ass. I need you.*

*I need to get out of this store. I need to get home—to get to our bed. I need to have the ability to fuck and sleep and fuck and sleep until I satisfy this crazy hunger I have developed.*

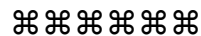
*I dress quickly and find you at the counter with a large bag of goodies you have purchased. My hand is in your hand. My mind is racing and I can barely look the saleswoman in the eye. She only smiles a wicked little smile.*

I open my nightstand drawer and take out my journal. I've been itching to write again.

"Dear Journal," *oh, how stupid does that sound!* This entry feels so foreign to me, but I have to start somewhere. "I have just had my first sexual experience with a woman. Yes, it was all a fantasy, yet it felt so real. I actually came sitting in my office chair and I never even touched myself.

WOW!

This is how sex should be. I will sleep like a baby tonight."



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