**Remote Relations**

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Sitting in my usual seat in the back of the diner, I was able to practice two of my favorite pastimes – programming and people watching. I was programming a $1,150 remote controlled car, a "toy" to most while a serious tool to some like me. My intention was to make it run its own course, recognize obstructions, and change course to avoid them, while continuing on to the waypoints I was giving it. Fun stuff.   
  
The people coming and going before me provided plenty of people images to gaze at while I contemplated lines of code, that is, until one very hot looking woman strolled in.  
  
She was wearing "Fuck me" clothes, no doubt about it. Heels, stockings, short ass leather skirt, silky blouse, loose and opened to show one hell of a lot of wide cleavage between unrestrained breasts. Her lipstick was a cheap and obvious, fire engine red, her eyes shadowed in a neon blue, black lashes and brows, and all surrounded by a waving red mane that begged to be raked with soft fingers. And she sat down two tables away, facing me.  
  
After swallowing a mouthful of dry air, I managed to look lower, to my laptop to avoid eye-to-eye contact, only to find myself moments later, involuntarily staring between her legs. Damn if she hadn't left her knees a foot apart, stretching the leather skirt tight, allowing me to see her bare snatch. Man, there should be a law. And then I saw it.  
  
I jerked my head away, not wanting to risk being seen in a state of surprise, while storing the image in my memory for a more detailed analysis. My first instinct was to revolt, but it wasn't a string that I saw dangling from her slit, it was a wire, and that could mean only one thing, a remote controlled object was currently inserted into that lovely tunnel.   
  
I was dying to stare again, but had to think. Opportunities like this don't come along every day. Was she carrying the remote control for the thing? She had a small purse, but showed no sign of going for it. No, she was looking at the menu. She ordered something from the waitress. It was as if she walked around all the time with a time bomb up her loins. She just sat there, like anyone else, if I could ignore the spread knees and bare-assed pussy staring me in the face. Then it hit me.  
  
I switched programs, turned on my own transmitter, and slapped together a program to scan the frequencies in the range such devices are legally allowed to use, and set the camera on the back side of my laptop lid to aim directly at her, zoomed to its full extent. And I pushed the "Enter" key.  
  
Nothing happened for several seconds. Then she twitched. I swear, she twitched. She was shocked, not electrically, but surprised. I fumbled and stopped the program on the frequency it had landed, and turned it off. Watching her in the camera video, I saw her fumble too, for her purse. Sure enough, she reached fingers in and tried to manipulate what could only be the remote. Another jump in her seat told me she tested it, but the puzzled look on her face only intensified.   
  
I waited for her to close her purse, and gave her another blast.  
  
She squirmed a bit more this time, less panicky and looking like she almost enjoyed the malfunction. I turned it off.  
  
Could it be? Did she actually look disappointed for a moment? Then she slumped in her seat, as if a load had been taken off her shoulders. Odd, I thought. She went back into her purse, pulled the remote out far enough for me to see her pull the batteries. If there had been any doubt that something had been pushed up into her somewhat glistening pussy, there was none now. I waited until she put her purse down again and the waitress brought her coffee.  
  
She nearly jumped out of her seat. The waitress saw her flinch, couldn't miss it. Her lips moved with the words, "Are you all right?"  
  
I looked up directly at her as the hot woman, hot now in more ways than one, shook her head and dismissed the waitress. She took one sip of the brew and snuck a look around to see if anyone was watching. I had shifted my view back to that of the computer screen so I was not suspected of looking. She reached down between her legs, I assume to pull the gadget from her pussy.   
  
Fast, think! "Ahem!" I cleared my throat loud enough and looked up at the same time and caught her red-handed. She avoided my eyes, but pulled her hand back. It worked! At least for the moment.  
  
I smiled slightly when she saw me looking. She tilted in some surprise when she noticed, and smiled slightly back at me before tending to her coffee.  
  
This time I waited for the approach of the waitress with her food before giving my target another run. When she did approach, and I did start the buzz, I held it on for as long as the waitress was close by. The woman actually started squirming.  
  
If I weren't so turned on by turning her on, I would have rolled off my chair laughing. Instead, my cock was bulging in my pants to a point near pain. I too squirmed, then caught her looking right at me looking right at her. Busted, for sure.  
  
But there was still the slightest look of doubt in those big eyes, their whites all surrounded in black and neon blue, beaming out at me. She still wasn't sure.  
  
I flipped the signal off and looked at my screen, looking still at her of course through the cam. She started to rise in her chair, but for some reason thought better of it, and sat back down. I was still watching her through my screen cam when she spread her knees even farther than before. It made her skirt ride up her thighs nearly to her waist, and her intentions were obvious – "the guy wants a look, I'll give him a look he won't forget." Or maybe she was just looking for proof, proof that I was watching her through a cam.  
  
I realized now for sure I was busted, and leaned forward, my chin in my hands, and stared. She was magnificent. I could have crawled on that floor, under the two tables, and buried my face between her legs for hours. I could even pick up her scent this far away, or thought I did.  
  
When a couple fingers dropped down to the wire dangling from her pussy and wiggled it, I thought I'd just been granted the craziest wish anyone could want. I leaned up, manipulated the program, and looked directly into her eyes to see the sheer pleasure she now allowed to show all over. She wiggled, smiled, let her mouth open seductively, and pushed her breasts together with her upper arms.  
  
I simply squirmed. Soon the pressure in my pants was too great, and I had to stretch. I rose and went to the men's room, leaving the remote on. After quickly loosening my pants and briefs and allowing my stiff cock to stand tall against my stomach, I buttoned back up and walked back to my seat.  
  
She was gone. But there was a note, on my computer, no less. "Thanks for the wonderful, stimulation. Here tomorrow?"