The Black Dress

by English BobÂ©

Naomi Porter watched her son as he rooted through the attic junk. Rees was a

good boy and, at eighteen years old, could have found much more interesting

things to do with his time than help his mother clear out rubbish - of that much

Naomi was sure.

"There's a big box of clothes down here." He called

"Okay, can you pull it over so we can see what's in it?"

As Rees struggled to pull the large crate out into a space where they could both

inspect the contents, Naomi looked around the gloom of the attic. All this stuff

seemed like it belonged to another lifetime, an unfulfilled lifetime she had

shared with her, now, ex-husband. At thirty four years old, Naomi Porter's

fortune - and her life - had changed almost eleven years ago.

She had been singing one night at a local charity benefit in her local town.

There had been talk amongst the performers of the possible arrival of a talent

scout from a big city firm and, of course, Naomi was also excited at the

prospect of being "discovered". But she was a realist and never really expected

to get noticed herself. Besides which, if she had of been seen, she knew that

her husband would have put up fierce opposition to her taking off for a life on

tour.

But Naomi was noticed. Her performance that night was one of the best of her

life and she excelled, putting the rest of the performers that night firmly in

the shade of her lime-light. The scout had little choice. She was the freshest

thing that he had seen for ages and he lost no time in offering her a series of

bookings, singing backing to one of the top stars that his company managed.

Naomi knew that there would be fights and heated arguements at home, but she

also knew that there was one person, one man, that would be on her side and

support her.

"Just seems to be a few old dresses and an old computer in here."

Rees's voice snapped Naomi from her daydream and brought hr back to the present.

Slowly she peered into the box. She knew what was in there even before she

looked and her skin was already beginning to tingle with anticipation. Her hand

reached in and touched the soft material of the dress. It was folded neatly and

she carefully blew the dust from the fabric. She brought the garment up to her

face and inhaled the dusty aroma. Dispite the dust the familiar scent came

rushing back to assault her senses like an electric shock.

"Guess we better throw all this junk out?" Rees commented.

But Naomi was lost in her own thoughts. She stood in front of a mirror that was

against the wall and wiped the thick dust away with her hand. She held the dress

in front of her. Her thoughts were now completely lost in a dream-like world as

she remembered back to the last day she had worn the dress - the day her career

started....

Naomi sang all the way back home in the car. She felt as light as the very air

itself and she seemed to float in through the front door. Her hand reached out

for the light switch. As the lounge suddenly became illuminated her heart fell

as she remembered she was the only one in the house. Her husband was working

away again and her father was looking after young Rees for the night at his home

only a few miles away. She checked her watch and felt her heart race slightly.

It was 11pm. She knew there was one person that she could tell her news to that

would be pleased for her. She just hoped that Bob would still be on-line.

Leaping the stairs two at a time she hurried to her bedroom and the computer -

her only means of contact with a man she had never met but made her feel so

good, so wanted. Naomi cursed the machine as the cables from her microphone and camera became entangled. She checked her watch again and felt a rising panic.

She had to log on soon to the Internet or he might be gone. She was so excited

and wanted to share her joyful news with him.

The dial-up delay seemed to last for ages as she watched the blank screen. She

could feel her palms sweating slightly.

Waiting...waiting..waiting...and the suddenly she was on-line. Her eyes searched

in vain for Bob's name and her heart sank as she realised that he wasn't there.

"Fuck!" she swore under her breath.

Deciding to leave the computer running for a few minutes, Naomi, disappointed at

not being able to share her feelings, started to prepare for bed. It would be a

long conversation with her husband on his return tomorrow, she reasoned, so

better get a good nights sleep. But she knew that sleep wasn't what she really

wanted.

Just as she was sitting on her bed and about to take her high heeled shoes off,

Naomi heard the familiar sound of the log-in chimes from the computer speakers.

For a moment she was sure that her heart had stopped beating. She froze, her

shoe half dangling from her stockinged foot, her breath held in anticipation.

Could it be him? She hardly dared to think. She wanted so much to check the

screen for his name again, but was scared that it would only be one of her

girlfriends trying to find out how the concert went.

Slowly she moved towards the computer. She caught her breath as she saw his name highlighted. He was there! Another chime from the speakers indicated that he had sent her a message. Her fingers trembled on the keyboard as she looked.

\*How are you, sweetheart? How was the concert?\*

He had remembered! She knew that he would never let her down! Her fingers began to fly across the keys as she typed her reply. She seemed to type and type,

telling him all about the concert and how the scout had approached her

afterwards.

\*You're on your way! I knew it would happen!\*

The message was clear and to the point. Naomi and Bob had been conversing via

the internet for nearly a year and in that time she had revealed more about her

innermost desires and fantasies to this man than she had to anyone else in her

life. He knew well her ambition to succeed as a singer, but she had also told

him of her need for a dominant male. Bob had fulfilled this need in every way

apart from physical contact. He was firm with her but gentle, teasing her mind

with his words and setting her body on fire with his suggested instructions.

\*Did you wear the black dress?\*

Again the computer chimed as the message flashed up in front tof her eyes. Naomi

smiled. Bob had told her to wear the dress for the concert and he knew full well

that she wouldn't disappoint him

\*Yes I did!\*

\*I told you it would help, didn't I!\*

\*Yes!..actually I just got home...I'm still wearing it!\*

There was a long pause. Smoetimes Naomi thought that Bob did this on purpose

just to tease her. When his reply finally came it was, as always, short and to

the point.

\*Show me\*

Naomi held her breath for a moment. For months the couple had been enjoying a

very close on-line relationship; intimate. They had both masturbated for each

other and described the feelings that their actions elicited. They had teased

and stimulated each other vebally, but the camera was new and Naomi was still a

little shy about it.

\*Show me\*

The message popped up again on Naomi's screen, promting her to reply. She knew

she wanted to show him, she knew that letting this man see her in the clothes

that he had selected for her to wear was exactly what he wanted. She wanted it

too but her fingers shook as she clicked the button to connect her camera.

Bob Reynolds sat at his computer and watched the screen. He had sensed that,

tonight, his Naomi was more excited than usual. He prided himself on knowing her

well and could usually tell what sort of mood she was in. He had asked her to

show herself on her camera before, but when she was reluctant he hadn't pushed

the request. But this time he knew was different and his eyes lit up when he saw

the picture of her bedroom displayed on his screen.

Slowly, Naomi appeared on the screen sitting on the edge of her bed in front of

her computer. Bob almost gasped. She was so beautiful. More beautiful than the

picture that she had sent him made her look. He could see her smiling at him and

could almost make out a twinkle in her eye. The dress also looked extremely

attractive. Short and black - as she had described. She turned and Bob could see

the zipper that ran down the back. He could also see the black stockings that he

had also requested that she wear. There were a pair of black high heeled shoes

left on the carpet and Bob smiled to himself. Naomi's stocking feet were always

a turn on for him and he loved to advise her on what colour nail polish to wear.

Suddenly he was aware that he was watching another man's wife, but this couldn't

really be construed as cheating, he reasoned, and Naomi had told him on many

occasions that sex with her husband had never been exciting. The look on her

face told him that his Naomi was just as keen to continue this as he was!

Naomi could almost feel her on-line lover watching her. She was in a strange

mood - that much she knew. So much had happened tonight and she wanted to keep the dream-like evening alive. She wanted to please Bob so much. She knew that he had been disappointed by her earlier reluctance to connect her camera but adored him for the unceasing patience that he had shown. But tonight she wanted to go further with him. She wanted to make their relationship as complete as possible. Her whole body seemed to tingle in anticipation and, when the request finally came, she was more than ready for it.

\*Pull the dress up please, Naomi.\*

She took a deep breath and held it. This was the moment that she had been

waiting for and she wanted to make it good for her man. She licked her lips as

she grasped the hem of the black dress and began to slowly pull it up over her

lithe body.

Bob could feel the pressure buliding in the crotch of his jeans as he saw his

beauty's body slowly exposed. Naomi always gave him an erection and he had

masturbated to climax on several occasions as she talked to him. But this was

different. He had plans!

For a moment Bob had trouble expressing how he felt. He knew that Naomi loved

the way he talked to her; how he put his thoughts into words and how he

described to her exactly what he wanted her to do. She had never let him down

and he offered a silent prayer that his brain wouldn't fail him now.

\*You look sensational!\* was all he could manage to say at that point and cursed

himself for his lack of imagination as soon as he had sent the message. His eyes

were glued to the screen and he saw Naomi smile at him. He relaxed. He sensed

that the ice had been broken and all of a sudden ideas began to flood his mind.

Dispite the cool night air, Naomi felt hotter than she had ever felt in her

life. The dress lay crumpled on the floor as she sat on the bed in just a pair

of black panties and her stockings. She could feel that her nipples were hard

and swollen - this was something that always happened when she talked to Bob.

She longed to touch them, feel the stiff protrusions dig into her palms as she

massaged the firm orbs, but she knew better. She knew to wait for his words

before acting herself.

\*Touch your breasts for me\*

She smiled again sensing that he was reading her mind. Her hands cupped the

swell of her breasts. She gasped out loud as the points of her nipples came into

contact with her palms and she quickly began to roll the hard buds between her

fingers. She continued as requested for three or four minutes feeling the heat

rising from the tips of her toes to permeate through her entire body. She was

just beginning to feel alive when suddendly another message appeared.

\*Stop..Now!\*

She was used to this sort of message and immediately did as she was told. Bob

liked to tease her and she loved the build up to a climax time and time again.

\*Take off the stockings now please\*

Without hesitation, Naomi rolled the black nylons slowly down her long, slender

legs. She knew that Bob would be watching closely and wanted to make a show of

it. She stretched her legs out in front of her and pointed her toes, pulling the

black nylon from the ends of her feet. She knew that a view of this would please

him.

Bob continued to watch with growing excitement. His cock was now throbbing

almost painfully and, relenting, he carefully unzipped his jeans and eased his

manhood out into the open. His hand slowly massaged the head as he watched.

\*Now take off your panties please, Naomi.\*

Bob's fingers trembled on the keys as he typed the words. He knew that she

wouldn't disappoint him but to request this of another man's wife was dangerous.

He need not have worried. With another wide, pretty smile, Naomi lifted her butt

from the bed and peeled off the black underwear.

Bob gasped again. His lover had always made a point of telling him that she kept

her pussy smooth and sleek but he could see now that the entire area that

surrounded her moist vagina was completely hairless.

Naomi felt her body react as she finally pulled away the last vestages of her

attire and sat naked for the first time for her lover. Dispite the fact that she

had always shied away fom the camera, and had expected to feel embarrassed or at least a littl shy, she currently felt nothing but intense excitement. She could

also feel the dampness between her legs and longed to touch herself - to be

touched by him - but she sat and awaited his comments as she knew she must.

There was a pause before the next message and Naomi was a little confused. Now

that he had seen her, was the mystique lost? Had they both made a big msitake by

taking the relationship to this level?

\*You are one of the sexiest creatures I have ever seen, my darling!\*

Naomi could have cried for joy when the message flashed up on her screen. Now

she wanted to do more for him. She wanted to do everything for him.

\*Kneel on the bed, Naomi. I want to see you on your knees for me.\*

As Naomi complied with the request, so the messages started to come more

quickly. They were badly spelled and she smiled to herself thinking of her lover

stroking his solid erection and typing with one hand. She was so pleased that

she was having this sort of effect on him.

As asked, Naomi spread her knees as she knealt on the bed. Her hand moved

between her legs and she felt for the first time how completely wet she was. Her

still painted lips parted in a quiet moan as her finger slid between the slick

folds of her sex and searched out her hard clitoris. She forced her eyes open as

she continued to read the messages that were displayed for her.

\*Rub your clit slowly for me, darling\*

This was a tough request to comply with. Naomi's clitoris was hard and stiff and

was almost begging her to rub it faster and faster. But again, Naomi complied.

She knew there was no fear of punishment or retribution for a disobeying, her

conformity was born out of the simple need to please her lover.

\*Faster now\*

Naomi offered a silent word of thanks as she was allowed to masturbate faster.

Her finger, wet with her copious juice, slid easily over her clit and inside her

vagina. She could feel herself building towards an inevitable climax and wanted

him to be able to see. Edging her body around on the bed she turned so that her

open legs were in a direct line with her camera.

\*Ohhh..Naomi...that looks so good!..my cock is aching...cum for me my

darling...cum for me!\*

Bob squeezed hard at the base of his cock to stop himself from cumming as he

watched in detail as his lover brought herself to climax. He saw her legs

tremble and her back arch deeply. Her head lolled back, her shoulder length hair

- just the way he had asked her to wear it - tumbled over her shoulders and

matted to the thin sheen of perspiration that covered her forehead. She was

cumming hard. There was no need for messaging now, his lover was in her own

world of ecstatic pleasure.

As she began to come down, Bob knew it was time to act and to act fast. He

didn't want her to lose the sensations that he knew were currently coursing

through her body.

\*Pick up you vibrator, Naomi\*

He watched her read the message and immediately pick up the thin blue vibrator

that she had told him she kept on her bed-side table.

\*On your back, please\*

Again Naomi did as requested and without further instruction spread her long

legs wide open.

Naomi Hands were shaking as her fingers twisted the base of the vibrator. A

shiver went through her body as she heard the sex toy buzz into life. She could

feel her pussy contacting still with the effects of her recent orgasm but

determined to keep her eyes glued to the screen. She was quietly awaiting

further instructions.

When the message came at last she was so excited that her wet fingers slipped on

the sleek shaft of the vibrator and dropped it onto the bed between her legs. He

giggled as she picked it up quickly and prepared herself for penetrated again.

Naomi's eyes closed as the vib slipped easily between her wet lips. The second,

smaller climax hit her almost immediately and her hips bucked up from the bed

intensifying her contact with the vibrator. She knew what he wanted to see and

was happy to do so.

Bob looked on as he watched Naomi's hands busy at her pussy. The fingers of one

hand slowly opened her sex lips, and he was reminded of a flower in bloom. And

then the vibrator sank deep inside her. He rubbed his cock again. The erection

had sustained for what seemed like agaes and he knew that he had to have some

release soon. He cuppedhis balls. They felt full and heavy. If he could only

just last out a few more minutes. He could see that Naomi was about to cum once

again and wanted to time himself perfectly with her.

As if his lover could read his mind she immediately sat up and looked directly

into the camera. Her legs were spread so wide on the bed that Bob thought the

position must have been a little uncomfortable.

Naomi pushed the vibrator in and out of her pussy at lightening speed. Her legs

felt like jelly now but she knew that Bob would also be mastrurbating and wanted

so much for them to cum together. She could almost sense his presence in the

room with her. She could feel her legs shake. She could feel the hard buds of

her nipples as the warm glow began to creep over heryet again. As she climaxed

for the third time she knew....she knew that it was right...she knew that they

had both cum together..........

"Hey mom? The dress? The computer? What are we going to do, throw them all out?"

Naomi's eyes opend quickly and stared into the mirror. The dress didn't seem to

have changed much and she was fairly sure that she hadn't either. Exercise and a

good diet had ensured that she had retained her girlish figure.

"Mmm? Sorry honey, what were you saying?"

Rees sighed in an over-exasperated fashion and rolled his eyes up to the ceiling.

"The dress?"

Naomi carefully folded the dress and placed it under her arm. "No I'll not be

throwing this away, honey." she said casually. "Anyway, that computer might

still be okay. You want to try it?"

"No sorry. I said I'd go over to Dave's house tonight. You be okay on your own?"

"Sure, but help me take the computer down first okay?"

Naomi smiled as she watched her son climb down the attic ladder, carrying the

box full of computer equipment. He would set it up for her, she knew. She

wondered if it would still work.

For the rest of the evening, Naomi tried to put the computer and the dress out

of her mind. She admonished herself on several occasions believing that she was

behaving like a silly teenager, but she just couldn't get the earlier memory out

of her mind.

Finally, at just after 11pm, Naomi trudged up the stairs to prepare for bed. As

she entered her room she smiled as she saw that Rees had set up the old computer

in the corner of the room. She smiled to herself and then shivered as a thought

crossed her mind. Surely there had been too many years gone by? He would be in a

completely diffent part of the world by now, wouldn't her? Would he even

remember her? The thoughts kept streaming through her mind as she sat infront of

the strangely familiar screen and began to type passwords that she knew she

would never forget. As the dial-up connected quickly through the new cable

system, she almost reached out to switch the machine off. But something, some

force pulled her hand back. She just had to know.

As the old familiar names instantly appeared on the screen in front of Naomi's

eyes. She gasped. Surely it couldn't be, could it? Not after all this time? But

there it was; Bob's name highlighted as logged into the system. She suddenly

realised that she had been holding her breath and let out a silent whistle. What

should she do? What could she do - she had no choice. With trembling fingers she

clicked onto her lovers name and typed: \*Hello\*

It seemed an age before the message was returned and Naomi was just about to

give up and go to bed.

\*Hi darling! Its been a while. Saw you on TV yesterday, it seems that I was

right; you're a star!\*

There was another brief pause before the next message appeared.

\*Do you still have that black dress?"

The End