

A YEAR OF SEX FANTASY TALES



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TALE OF THE VIRTUAL CIVIL SERVANT



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Once again, the holiday season had arrived, reminding her of the passing of time and the different ups and downs that her insecure life had led her to.

She remembered years of absolute revelry, wanting to cover all the concerts, all the street shows, drinking without rest until she was taken to bed to the inexperienced ephebe of the season, with whom she had a semi-unconscious sexual relationship in which she had to go beyond the limits of ignorance, in a cold orgasm that was compulsory, if not unnecessary. It was a time of hedonic youth, conceived as a race of attack and conquest of the maximum possible of companions in the shortest possible time and with the maximum frequency that she could assume. But that was already over when the new rivals showed her clearly that her body had stopped shining, indicating her march into the adult world.

She also remembered that time when she felt the social pressure of the need for mating and reproduction and how the great Babylon on feast day was transformed into escapes to shelters of intimacy where she could deepen her human relationships, both physical and mental. From those years came the beginning of her monogamous pairing with her now ex-husband. With him she had two daughters who, after going through phases similar to those she had enjoyed before giving birth, lived happily married abroad, concerned about promoting themselves socially through well-paid jobs for both spouses.

But now she was in the third phase. As it had been happening for the past few years, it used to be a getaway into a single, all-female group to some natural refuge where they could kill their anxiety. Always the hiking in the autumn nature, full of the changing colours of leaves that announced the end of the year. In contrast to the permanent green of the holm oaks and pine groves, the range of warm leaf colours ranged from dark cherry red, pinkish red of the virgin vine, shades of green to red in the terebinth, and decadent yellow of the leaves of the walnut, peach and poplar trees. The deciduous vegetation was only waiting for another pink frost to go to sleep for a few months.

- Why am I thinking this? - she said to herself, stopping watching the local holidays program.

She noticed that she had been watching it for a while, without even reading the multitude of shows, divided by icons of different colours that made up the events of the first day. In fact, her mind had been wandering through the past, not being satisfied by any of the options she remembered choosing during her local festivities over the years.

This year must be different - she said decisively.

She was now faced with her new situation: old and lonely, but with enough energy to be able to live with young people who were 30 years younger than her.

She went to look herself in the mirror and saw that her eyes were still full of life. It was some time ago that her tragedies had been watered down, dominated by the instinct for survival. Her face, however, was not lying. Nor the short hair and the multi-coloured strands that favoured her timeless image.

Staying for the holidays like in your younger days? With her girl friends, all singles who spent their time gossiping in closed groups, without daring to assault strangers? Alone? Alone. Was she crazy? In those days of gregarious exhibition, was I going to be alone in the city?

Did I want everyone had the same idea in mind: she's crazy! Wasn't she going to feel lonely and rejected by the many groups who were absolutely open to friends and drastically closed to "outsiders"?

She first considered what would be a priority for her. Meet people, talk to people, have fun naively with people? No. No. The latest TV rubbish shows had given her something she had been dreaming about for a long time without being aware that she wanted it so badly: the possession of a young, strong man.

A phone call interrupted her existential wandering. It was Virginia who, as always, couldn't stand her loneliness any longer.

- Eva, how are you!

- Good. Watching the program. It's full of shows.

- But are you planning stay in town for the holidays? With all that turmoil? If one can't even move!

- I'm thinking about what to do.

- I have the solution. We, the singles group are renting a mountain shelter. Now the mountain will be beautiful.

- I imagine you mean "singlas", don't you?

- Well, Fidel's coming too.

- I see.

Fidel was the regular companion of the group of female civil servants. He was platonically in love with one of them, who rejected him with determination. Otherwise he was a small, nondescript man without clearly defined sexuality. His time was divided between his work as a school caretaker and his mission as a companion in the service of the group in his spare time, both to fix a tap for them when they needed or to get their tickets for the cinema premieres in advance, so as to avoid them having to wait in line.

- Well, I'll think about it.

- It's just that we have to book now...!

- Well, you can count me out. I'd rather stay home to rest. I'm tired of so much VAT - she lied, using her job in a tax office as an excuse. - Have a good time. Send pictures.

- I insist. Think about it and tell us tomorrow. We're all leaving. And Fidel.

- I don't feel like travelling this year, Virginia. So stick to your plans. I'm definitely staying in Zaragoza. We'll tell each other how we did on the way back. I'm sure you'll have a great time. The forest will be beautiful.

- Well, if you change your mind, let us know. I don't know. You seem a little strange to me. Is something wrong with you?

- No, no, I'm fine. It must be the years, which are ageing me. Seriously, I'd rather stay. Go ahead with your adventure.

- Okay. Yourself.

I didn't know why, but she'd wanted to hang up earlier. She had not been able to focus on her friend's suggestion. Actually, she'd barely heard it. It was a no from the beginning.

As always when she felt her vital emptiness, she sat down, and immediately lay down on the sofa, and put on her favourite trash television. A group of young and old, busy, and varied people, in branded clothes that fashion stores probably gave them to get free publicity, repeated daily the anodyne, scandalous themes of their celebrity list with no cultural relevance for the country. But it was their voices, their themes, their liberal and reactionary ideologies on a personal and social level that attracted her. Understanding the discourse of celebrities in elegant TV sets demanded a minimum of mental effort. They played being close characters seeming to be below the national average in order to attract all social classes.

That day, for the tenth day in a row, they repeated the imprisonment of a famous imported sportsman, for having evaded from the Treasury everything his whitening lawyer had recommended. The pregnancy, childbirth and subsequent divorce of the daughter of a national singer, who had found a money-spinner vein advertising all her social events, which she had to renew every three months at the latest, to ensure the contents of the gossip magazines that populated the waiting rooms in paid medical consultations, could not be missed either.

The phone rang again. It was her niece from the village.

- Aunt! How are you?

- Hello Belén. All right. What about you?

- Everybody's fine. Surprise! I'm going to go pass Pilar holidays with you. My parents allow me this year. Good!

It was an unexpected proposition that for a moment made her think that her single friends had been smarter than her.

- I'll be there tonight around 9:00. You can pick me up at the station, right?

- Sure, honey. Tell me the exact time - Eva replied, mumbling her discontent and thinking that her sister was using her again without even calling her in advance. Perhaps she had thought that if she asked Eva, she would make an excuse, as she had done in previous years.

So she was going to be a godmother-cook. It wasn't very exciting, not really.

- I arrive at a quarter to 9:00, aunty. On the bus. Wait for me with your car at the top gate of the Intermodal and I'll go upstairs. A kiss. A kiss - and she hung up.

She got up lazily and went to see her refrigerator, where there was no too much food to eat, so as not to indulge in pleasures, especially sausage and cheese, to which she was addicted. She found that the new news meant that the next day she would have to use the shopping cart

and fill it up because sometimes her niece would bring several people more to her aunt's house for lunch.

At 8.30 a.m. she was walking slowly along the sidewalk next to the street entrance to the station. She would even have liked to have had a cigarette when she saw so many adults smoking while they waited like her to pick up the next generation. That day the usual collection space was crowded because at 10 a.m. it was going to be the opening parade of fiestas with their floats, puppets and giants, which nobody wanted to miss.

- Aunt! - The emotional voice of Belén, whom I had not seen in a few months, dominated the crowd. Pulling her little suitcase cart she swept over her and filled her with kisses. Her niece was a sweet, tall, well-built niece, with an optimism that radiated everything.

- Didn't you want me to come? Well, I'm here now! Let's go to your home! Come quickly, we have to get to the opening speech!

The aunt began to blame her sister for the holiday "gift" she had given her. It was evident that Belén's energy far exceeded her own possibilities. It made her feel even older, accustomed to the tranquillity and relaxation that allowed her to live a sedentary life reduced to small spaces, mainly an office chair and a computer screen in front of her, both at work and at home, with only a temporary stay in the kitchen and living room before going to bed.

- Belén, calm down! We have to go home. You have to make your bed, sort out your clothes, have some dinner...

- No, I'll do it later. I'm dating today to see the opening speech from the beginning. You'll come, won't you?

- If you've already dated someone I'm not necessary, am I?

- Come on, aunt, it's holidays.

- Who are you meeting?

- We'll meet the whole village crew at the town hall gate.

- What are you talking about? It'll be impossible. You won't even find each other.

- Aunt, don't be old-fashioned, there are mobiles!

- If you want, I'll go with you until you find them, but then I'll come home.

- What a spoilsport you are! I don't need you for that, I'm 16 years old and I know the way. So what are you going to do?

- Me? - I had a busy day today. I want to rest. I'm sure I'll watch the opening parade better than you do on TV.

- On TV? You're so bland.

- I prefer it this way. When you see that tow truck coming by with the camera, you wave at me, okay?

- Sure, and I'll also say hello to my parents who will surely be seeing it too.

- And how late do they let you out?

- Time? Come on, aunt. There is no time in the Pilares. Give me the key, and when you get tired of TV pain, go to bed, I'll be home myself.

- Are you sure your mother didn't set a time for you?

- No, she didn't tell me anything. Call her if you want.

Not much time had passed since her niece's exciting lift home. Now Eva was on the sofa, drinking a smelly mint infusion as she watched the human marabout swirling in front of the city hall. Music, gigantic floats, spectacular mobile artefacts, the heavy giants moving with the characteristic hieraticism, due to their difficulty to transport them, music, shouts, beeps, sounds of vuvucelles, the famous football trumpets that had become fashionable after the World Cup in South Africa a few years ago, applause, screams... in short, it was the annual massification of fun for the Aragonese tribe.

When she got tired of seeing the thousands of heads moving together, which for her was obviously nothing new, she thought do some zapping.

News... no. Movie... no. Gossip... no, no...

When unexpectedly appeared on the screen a computer screen with a dating chat, Eva sat up, her back well resting on the back of the sofa. It was a well-informed documentary about the latest trends in the virtual relationship that the Internet allowed. According to the voice-over, it was an upward trend and one that foresaw a promising future that would change social relations. Pure fantasy? A fleeting taste for novelty?

Then she remembered her office partner. From the beginning Mesalina stood out over her fellow colleagues in decision, sharp tongue, often charged with procacity. Eva had never really managed to establish a cordial relationship with her as she should have done as a neighbour. In her few brief conversations she had always felt intimidated, unfeeling. Mesalina's eyes were telling her without words that she was a tasteless shy. And Eva had to avoid looking at her and focus on her work in order to survive in that unbreathable air.

But she had known for some time that her neighbour was stealing time from the administration. She tried during a part of her shift to chat in silence with more and more contacts of unknown places. Once she had had to pass through her territory, because Eva considered it to be forbidden land, she had seen her screen completely occupied by profiles full of pictures of faces and torsos of all kinds of men, before whom Mesalina's voice was filled with sensual nuances that floated in the air throughout the morning, both in her treatment to the public and in her conversations with the other female colleagues, since in that section they were all women.

Yes, it was that screen they were quoting and presenting in the documentary. According to the broadcaster, infidelity was now the rule,

and the successful website allowed millions of heterosexual men and women who were attracted to the adventure of meeting unknown people to share their bodies when they came together, both personally and sexually.

The title of the website was now in the foreground on her TV, and no more advertising was needed. Eva was immediately curious to see it. She turned off the TV, the computer and while it was booting she cooked herself some dinner. Then the phone rang. It was her sister.

- Eva, did my daughter get there all right?

- Yes, too well. She left everything in her room and ran away. She told me she was meeting the villagers. She also told me you didn't set any time for her to come home.

- You know what happens. Since there are many of her friends who live in the city, they get a little out of it. When the others go home, she'll be back in your flat. Don't worry. Leave her alone.

- Well, you're her mother. This is Guesthouse Eva for whatever you need.

- Eva, she was very excited about it. She isn't going to stay alone in town. I'm already texting her to make sure everything's okay.

- And does she answer you?

- Not always, but don't worry, my daughter is a responsible girl.

- I've already given her the key. I'm not going to be the control centre. I'll tell you tomorrow if everything's okay.

- I'm sure everything will be fine. You'll see. Thanks for everything, sister.

- That's what we're here for.

When she left the phone she saw that the computer screen was waiting for her orders.

- *Explorer.*

- *Dating pages* - she typed.

In front of her she had the first results. Meetic, eDarling... but they were pages once she had heard her work mate laughing at, which she called convent flings. She decided to look for something stronger.

- *Liberal dating pages* - she re-typed. And there was another website that had recently made headlines because of the identity theft of its user profiles. But it wasn't the one she wanted either. She tried it one more time.

- *Sexual dating pages* - she typed now, looking forward to the result. Yes, there was the name XXX that obsessed her. She had found the door to an unknown world that she nervously wanted to explore.

Even with the nervousness of a teenager, she chose the heterosexual option for women and was able to spy on the calls of men and women who smiled at her as if they had known each other all her life. But just seeing didn't do her any good. She wanted to meet.

Even with doubts about whether what she was doing would be crazy, she signed up.

- *Username: Virginia*

- *Password... Email... Message: Looking for pleasure* - she wrote without knowing if it would be too direct.

- *Photo....* - She decided not to put anything in.

- What an embarrassment! If my friends or office mates see me. I'm dying, sure!

When the programme confirmed that the registration was correct, she was able to enter the privacy of her 'virtual boyfriend'. Men of all ages, of all races, of all physical appearances looked at her smiling and seemed to tell her to choose them.

She didn't have to wait long. At the moment she had the sign that someone was writing to her. Alongside the photo was the age: 33 years

old

- Virginia, my name is Black, I'm looking for a woman like you to get to know each other and have a nice time together. I want to make you really happy. Write to me.

Eva was amazed. A handsome young man gazed at her with a sharp look that seemed to see beyond her surface. She really liked him. She started to press all the icons in the interface until she managed to open his profile. To her surprise, in addition to other data about his weight and height, it said he was 9,500 km away.

- But where is this guy? she said to herself.

- Where are you? - she typed.

- I'm a man tired of working at sea and I want to establish couple with you. Do you have a picture? I'd really like to see you.

- No, I'm new, I don't have a picture yet.

- Give me your email. I have a lot of work to do and I can't write properly here.

- But where are you?

- I want to leave this job and relocate to your country. I've got enough money for us to have a comfortable life. This is my email. Blackwhite1999@fake.com. Write to me. I want to hear from you privately.

Before her the email that was attracting her shone with a distinctive colour. She had serious doubts about the sender of those messages, doubts that would have been expanded if she had known the meaning of the word "fake" in the email. But she belonged to the generation of French learners, only translating it into Spanish. She paused for a moment at that message and did not know why she was thinking of her ex then. Perhaps by comparison to the inclusive styles of men when they want to be husbands. But her second ex, of whom she had trouble remembering even his physical features, would never have

spoken like that. She had been the one who had set the direction and rhythm of their life as a couple. He had let himself be carried into everyday life, towards a socially accepted state that made life easier after the age of 40. When no child was born after ten years of living together, he managed to get pregnant another woman 20 years younger and began his life as a father.

Eva finally agreed. Why not keep talking? It was far away and he didn't know her address or her phone number. If she wasn't interested in what he said, blocking his email was enough. She was aware that she was filling her existential void with another unknown, distant life, with hardly any references, without even the other side having a picture of her. Going to her email server, she wrote to blackwhite1999@fake.com.

- But how can you talk like that if you don't even know me? Tell me about yourself, please.

- United States Marine Engineer on mission in Kuwait. I'll be leaving soon and I'm transferring to Europe.

As the conversation progressed Eva was finally able to see that she was talking to a machine.

-You can see me naked on the website "XX naked.com". Turn on your webcam.

- God! she said, and immediately closed any virtual contact.

She started to think. What was the point of talking to women without an interlocutor on the other side? Among the various possibilities she could think of was a way to increase the visibility of the ads that always floated around the ends of the screen without her being aware of them, by having more and more people connected to them. The virtual interlocutor would be just the bait for her to keep seeing the ads. And she learned that the first rule of chatting was lying.

Nightmare night, feeling that they were using her body, without even looking at her beautiful blue eyes, without her head having any other

function than to use it to kiss her lips and touch the rich hair which she felt so proud of. A night of hormonal disorder, upset stomach, rolling over in a bed that seemed to be shared with strange men who were thirsty for sex.

At 8:00, tired of rolling, she got up and went to the bathroom. Her still drowsy eyes seemed to be asking an irresolvable question.

- What am I doing? she said to her tired face that she saw reflected in the mirror.

As she was on her way to the kitchen to prepare her brief breakfast, she heard the key to the door. Finally, her niece arrived.

- Good morning, Aunt! We brought you some dumplings!

The plural verb made her look more closely. There were two girls holding each other by the shoulder, with slightly tipsy eyes, who looked at each other long and hard.

- This is María. I think you know her. She also comes from the village. Since she has no room, I invited her to come to your house. You're okay with that, right?

- Hi María. Would you like some coffee?

- Better orange juice if you have it, Auntie. My throat's dry.

After a quiet breakfast, the two girls went to sleep and Eva returned to her usual solitude. She couldn't stop thinking that these holidays were going to be different, although she still didn't know if it was good or bad.

As she watched the daily shows of the previous day and the programming of that day and beyond, she heard the sound of whatsapp.

- *Hi Evi. How's it going? We are enjoying a fantastic time. And the valley is beautiful in autumn. How about you? I'm sending pictures.*

Virginia was still so passionate about Nature, using it as a mechanism to replace her lack of a partner, whom she was incessantly looking for,

with less and less success.

After several photos of colourful leaves, rivers, mountains and bridges, a personal photo of Eva in a bathing suit unexpectedly appeared.

- Cool, huh? I took it from you in Cadaqués. Remember? Well favoured you are, you jerk.

It was true. On that occasion, the combination of light and posture had given rise to an unreliable image. For those who did not know her, she represented a woman 20 years younger than herself.

She could not spend much time inactive, only contemplating the idealized photo on her mobile phone.

- Why don't I put this picture in the chat room? That way it will be easier to know that whoever is on the other side is a real person - she said unsure.

Even though she had not been an adventurous girl throughout her life, this time she was. It was a different vacation, and she had decided to indulge everything. Hidden from her usual environment of friends, she was now a single woman determined to open the door to the world of sex with lonely strangers locked in a rectangular space.

Soon she was able to see her enlightened profile of the beautiful young woman she appeared to be, with the chosen age assigned to that image.

It didn't take long. Insistent beeps began to come to her. Immediately she turned the volume down, frightened at the thought of her niece hearing them. To her surprise there were already calls from interlocutors on the other side of the dating page. Behind the hello that seemed to be the usual beginning, the messages were full-blown attacks.

-How beautiful you are! How I wish I could have taken that picture of you in the summer! Shall we meet to see each other? - said number 1, and

next to the message there appeared a bald and smiling head, which wanted to preserve his youth in vain.

- *I'm interested in your profile. Send a naked photo* - said number 2, without any image that could help to glimpse who the nudist lover was.

-*You eat prick?* said number 3 without any modesty. The photo that accompanied such a violation of any intimacy was a muscular body showing its virile attributes with an obvious provocative message, but the shot had no head.

She felt the same nervousness again that she had experienced the night before. She was being the victim of a very dangerous addition. She was going to be a voyeur for strangers and at the same time she was going to be an object of voyeurism for them.

She heard music and screams in the street. She got up from her chair and went out to the terrace. As she watched the brass band pass by with the big head and the children who were running away and chasing them, she thought of 3 people who were sharing her autism.

- A rejuvenated bald man. A freak who doesn't even dare to show his face. A vicious man living by and for morbidity. What a future I have!

But the process of attraction had taken hold of her. For the next few days, her life would be based on looking anxiously at a screen where her privacy wanted to be violated, not safely kept at all, making her desire beat in an environment of such obvious insecurity.

- *Where are you?* - Eva wrote to her first suitor, the one who had seemed less determined, but who she saw as a match for her.

It took a while for the message to be heard, but in the end there it was.

- *In Centrovía.*

- *In Centrovía?* - she said strangely, trying to locate the place she had heard of but never been to.

- *Where is Centrovía?*

- Near Zgza. Next to Plaza Imperial.
- *Aren't you off duty? It's Pilar fiestas.*
- *No, I work. I'm a truck driver.*

There was a moment of silence, necessary for her, because as a regular civil servant she had never dealt with a truck driver in her entire life. She thought of the crazy race she'd signed up for. She was forgetting all the years she had spent, meeting people before deciding to love them. But virtual allowed to share and expand desire through a fine human link. In it, personal reality, both economic and social, had no relevance.

- *See you on Skype?* - was the next message that came into the computer, with no first question mark, which seemed to be common in the chat.
- *No, I can't right now. I have to go shopping. Tonight.*

Eva was suddenly in a hurry to organize her flat where she had to play the aunt.

- *This afternoon. I'll only be here eight hours. Then I have to go.*
- *This afternoon at 4:00.*
- *OK. A kiss beauty.*
- Goodbye.

With the illusion of her new extrasensory date in her mind, she set out to do her usual glamorous work, beginning with the purchase of plenty of food for her niece and possible guests. She knew that she was still on the familiar rice-macaroni-burger-pizza-potato--coke-ice cream youth diet, so the next few days wouldn't be too demanding for her.

When she had finished her routine household tasks her niece and companion finally got up. It was past noon. Immediately they ate voraciously everything the aunt put in front of them.

- *And you didn't go out last night, Aunt?*
- *No, I was tired. I went to bed early.*

- How boring! It was all packed! You call someone today, okay?
- Don't organize my life, little one, I'm old enough to know what I have to do.
- But you're not staying home again today, okay?
- I'll call someone. Let's see what you can tell me about you last night. And don't let it just be about clubs, drinks and hot guys.

As I suspected, the explanation of the girls, told with all the adolescent intensity, was an endless one. They had embarked on a continuous wandering through night bars, drinking and talking, until the fumes of alcohol and sleep redirected them to auntie's home.

When they had finished eating, the two young women got caught up in the world of silence. They read and wrote on their cell phones, organizing their second day of fiestas. So as not to upset Eva, they picked up the table, put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher and left again.

- But you're leaving? Don't you want some coffee?
- No, thank you, Auntie. We're leaving, the villagers are waiting for us at the fairs. Bye-bye.
- But you've got money?
- Yes, my father gave me. Bye-bye.

She was free and alone again. Her trucker fantasy had been going around in her head since she left the chat room. She poured herself a cup of coffee and watched the news. The wars of always organized by those of always and suffering those of ever. The gossip programs had dropped to low levels of quality. As she had not sat down to see them for days, she now didn't manage to recognize some of the little people who were walking around the screen proclaiming their mental vulnerability.

She couldn't stop thinking about the apparent human closeness that floated universally on the airwaves and in which she could so easily participate. Without even finishing her coffee, she sat back down on the computer and entered the chat room.

More messages awaited her, some brief, others explicit in their bodily desire, and she was even sent some old-fashioned, romantic lover's message, which admired in rapt fascination her unreal image.

Eva thought about how easy it was to establish a virtual polyandry which the new technologies allowed. But she still maintained the rule of fidelity to the word given. She looked for her first choice and wrote to him.

- I'm already connected.

For a moment there was no answer. She thought she might be playing polygamy and might be talking to another woman. She reviewed other personal profiles of the list of men on the show, waiting for their princess of that day to call them, and she was amazed at the richness of expressions, the abundance of situations, the variety of desires that the human sexual instinct encompassed. She finally got the message from the truck driver.

- Hi.

- Waiting for a while.

- Nap time

- What's your name?

- Ismael. And yours?

- Virginia - she lied.

- Enter Skype and call Ismaelca.

Without being very sure of what she was doing, she opened the program and the webcam. When the camera finally transmitted the images from the other side, before her was a naked, excited man who

looked at her with the glow of immediate desire. She was very impressed by the image, but did not close the program.

That night Eva recalled her virtual odyssey. Following the instructions of an expert cyber-fucker, she had given herself over to the most daring language ever used by her. Bathed in the security of her absolute freedom, she had reached orgasm feeling her cyber-partner explode on the other side as well. Chat was definitely a very powerful drug.

On the next day, each moment she spent alone was a complete immersion in the new world she had discovered. She thought she couldn't let herself be carried away by a pseudo-accompanied loneliness. What she had done left her so dissatisfied that she thought of erasing everything from her computer. But she didn't do it. If there were so many men looking for a partner, she had to find someone to share her time, her pleasure and her need for mental communication. She finally saw him.

On the screen she now had the man she had dreamed of all her life. He was about her age, with short hair and blue eyes, a calm smile of someone who feels sure of himself. He seemed to be saying, "Call me".

Before moving on, she checked his profile. His name was Exter, though she knew that names were of little use here. A strange message full of personal passion filled everything:

"I'm here to love you forever. Don't be afraid. Don't be insecure. Forget about your past failures and the fear of failure that guides your present life. I need you as much as you need me. With me, with you, together we will live eternal life of absolute happiness. Call me"

Never in her life, Eva had heard such melodious words that her heart beat with such impetuosity. It did not seem possible that a human being could say that in a vacuum, to anyone who read it.

- What is the trap behind this message? she asked herself.

After reading such a message, full of love and security, she could no longer discard that message as she had been doing with the others, full of hot chat procacities. And she wrote to him.

- I was impressed by your message. Who are you?

- Extra, your true lover.

- I don't know you. You don't know me either.

- I know you now, believe it or not. The lover's job is to love the beloved. When love is the only reason for life, all other problems disappear. And I love you. I'm going to love you forever. And you will love me forever.

- You overwhelm me, Extra. I'm not used to being talked to like that. It seems unreal. Are you a machine?

- No, kiss my lips and you'll see that I'm as alive as you are.

- Am I dreaming? Kissing a screen? This is crazy.

She backed off from her chair and started to think, why she didn't go out and meet real people, people who lived near her, who she could have adventures with sensibly, with the possibility that they would last. Exter was very attracted to her but she didn't want any more virtual sex. She thought about asking him out on a bar date. Then she heard it.

- Eva! Come on. I'm waiting for you.

- What? Where are you? How do you know my name? What do you want? Who are you?

With some fear she approached the screen. Extra's image glowed all over the monitor. It was a video image. It seemed to be seeing her, it seemed that his eyes were following her... his smile was a magnet that directed her steps... she could not resist kissing him...

That kiss sucked up to the last of her cells, taking them to the other side of virtual reality, recomposing them into a new and astonished middle-aged woman who could not help but admire the world she had come to. It was in a silicon valley, dominated by its characteristic metallic grayish

colour, where all the dreams that allowed to overcome human limitations had come true, to the point of forming a society of excellence generated by the most intelligent technologies, where the most stupid human generation that had created the planet lived pleasantly.

Eva disappeared forever from Zaragoza. No one else heard from her. In their family they were aware that she had spent a lot of time in a well-known hot date chat, but her friends were unable to provide any information. They didn't even know their friend was spending her time on it. No one was able to provide names of their last relationships. The dating company, under pressure from the police, pointed out that it had come into contact with their machine hook and contributed to the conversation it had started. It also pointed at the truck driver, married with two children, but, in addition to the conversation that was systematically recorded in the company, it gave them a story so clarifying that they had to discard him from the list of suspects.

The mystery remained unresolved and the matter has long since closed, in the face of the disbelief of Eva's office, police and environment.

But Eve lives her immense eternal happiness in the company of the alien she dared to kiss, in an unknown, trouble-free place. And she'll never come back.

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