



SWEET FANCY MOSES  
where we live

ARCHIVE

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more zulkey

Please Help Us Forge the Illusion of  
Normalcy (1/28/02)

Hef and Me (7/11/01)

Fat: The New Thin (6/25/01)

## TRU LUV - CLAIRE ZULKEY

**It was a** month after Bill dumped me when I received the email that would save my life. I was despondent, barely eating, crying at the drop of a hat uncommunicative. My friends were worried that I'd commit suicide. I had dedicated eight years of my life to this man, thought we'd get married, have babies, grow old together. And then he dumped me for my sister.

I couldn't concentrate at work. I was checking my email every five minutes hoping, secretly, that I'd get the email from Bill begging for me to come back that he realized the errors of his ways, that everything would be okay. Instead I received the following missive, from a man who called himself Ronson Luv

>can u plz send me pics of u naked i really want to see u. i like u girls so t

I was startled, to say the least. Who was this man? How did he get my address? And what about me did he find so fascinating? I was a little frightened, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little flattered. After some debating, I wrote back, heart beating quickly,

>Who are you?

I went about my daily business, wondering when I'd hear from him next. It was the first time in weeks I had felt excitement, a certain titillation. Even though I had never met Ronson, I guess I could say that from the very beginning, he was making me live life again, just by distracting me from my sadness.

I didn't have to wait long for an answer.

>i am yr new frnd. plz i really want to see u. i will be vry happy

A new friend! And my friends had been complaining about how difficult it was to meet men these days.

I smiled to myself. Should I send him pictures or not? Ronson was offering me an opportunity to work out my feelings against Bill. I could refuse, and without losing my happiness and joy from him the way Bill had from me.

But I wouldn't. I wouldn't be like Bill. Just because he had made me miserable didn't mean I had to become a cruel person as well? Why did Ronson have to suffer? Plus, he had said "plz." Obviously, he had been raised well.

I wrote Ronson back.

>All right. Wait until tonight.

This time, Ronson responded immediately.

>i cant wait. i wil be waitng. u are so hott. thank u.

Yes, good manners indeed, I thought, blushing at my new moniker of hott

That evening, after work, I drove to the electronics store, tingling with excitement and anticipation, and bought a digital camera. I had a few glasses of wine, took a long, hot bath, and then, using my bedroom mirror, took a few pictures. I thought were some very tasteful yet seductive pictures. I had even lost a few pounds since my breakup with Bill. Still, I was nervous. I had no idea how discriminating Ronson was. What if he only liked perfect bodies? What if he liked bigger breasts than mine? I gave myself a talking-to: *Ronson may just like some random man who emailed me, but he will have to accept my body the way it is.* But still, I fretted a little.

I went to my personal computer, plugged in my digital camera, took a deep breath and emailed the pictures to Ronson.

>Here. I hope you like them.

I considered staying up late to wait for his response, but then I decided that that would be desperate. He was probably very busy, with a job and hobbies and a social life and things like that. He probably had hundreds of women sending him their pictures--why would he care about mine?

The next morning I couldn't wait to get to the office to find out. I logged on to my email, and I received the message, dated about 10 minutes after I had sent it:

>thnk u. u made me cum so hard. u r so hott.

I giggled. I walked on air for the rest of the day.

The following weeks were spent similarly; we emailed and I sent images of myself. Ronson wrote extolling my looks and sexuality, and my self-esteem grew and grew. Unlike Bill, he barely talked about himself, always ready to massage my ego and find out about me. Finally, I had met a man who was making me feel the special way I deserved.

It wasn't long before I received the inevitable message:

>i wnt 2 meet u. in person. i want 2 see how sexy u r. i like u so bad.

Of course, I accepted.

I don't need to tell you how much time I spent preparing for the meeting. I knew...this could be God's way of telling me to believe in love again. Or, it could just be a fun date. Or, Ronson could decide that I had an awful personality and never want to see me again. Nevertheless, I primped and preened and worried myself nearly sick. Finally, it was time to go to the restaurant that we had agreed on.

I got there early so I could have a drink and wait for Ronson, wearing the dress and thigh-high stockings that he had requested. The bar was fairly empty, so when a man entered about fifteen minutes later, I was fairly certain that it was him.

I stood up and turned toward him with a smile.

"Are you Ronson?"

He smiled back and stuck out his hand.

"plzed 2 meet u."

And the rest, as they say, is history.

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