

**From: The List of Longings**  
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## **Going in**

My calendar and the house are empty, all I have to do is make sure there's food on the table at seven o'clock. I once had a promising career in the art world, but now I am past level 7,000 in Candy Crush and keep telling myself that I am brushing up on my Italian.

Steven and I don't have children. After several years of fruitless trying, we accepted this effortlessly, opting for our careers and a puppy rather than a lengthy adoption procedure. I have worked with several organisations, each time leaving disillusioned. The last time was over three years ago. I took a year off to manage the renovation of our spacious villa in The Hague, which turned out very well. Steven, meanwhile, is high up in the tree at the bank and wants to stay there.

Thanks to his salary I can stop looking for assignments or a job and now live a life of luxury as a wife. Steven told me the other day that his secretary called me his 'key to comfort', a compliment and confrontation in one. Still, it is a nice life. I can go to the museum on Tuesday mornings and take long walks with William. Lots of freedom, no boss or boring job and plenty of time to be lazy. When I tried to explain this to Tessa by the fireplace in our château, she asked deadly serious: 'What are you going to do with the rest of your life?'

I kept the answer vague.

I open an incognito tab, just like when I watch porn, and find my way to the lobby of the biggest cheaters' club in the Netherlands. Flirting is not just for singles! Sign up now for free. More than 600,000 people have joined! A handsome man and a woman sit at a table, casting each other a puckish glance. It looks as innocent as a romantic film, and I click through to create a profile.

My name? I can't log in as myself, but who am I? Who do I want to be?

Julie? She was my flamboyant grandmother, the subject of many wild family stories.

Sabine? The prettiest girl at school.

Or Marise? A sultry corruption of my own name that I used in Italy.

Yes, it'll be 'Marise'. I say it out loud a few times and it fits me like a glove again. I also need a surname and choose 'van der Boom'. I like trees because they are so soothingly sturdy. Marise needs her own e-mail address, but that too is easily arranged.

A list appears with tick-box questions about my own and desired body characteristics, traits, hobbies and, without embarrassment, the intended sex. Once or more often? Dominant? Bisexual? Role-playing? The list is endless, I am not sure what to choose, so tick 'all'. There's also some space for my own text, I just don't have the patience to think of anything. I want to feel tingling between my thighs, so I put that down. I cut off a pretty photo in a black cocktail dress above the knee, and add my lower legs with pumps to my profile. I am pleased with the result and lean back to enjoy the moment. A shiver runs down my spine and gives me goosebumps.

I let out a deep sigh and hit 'send'.

'Welcome to Secret Love, your profile is online!'

I am in.

The homepage features a number of men.

'Nice, charming man looking for more excitement', 'Young, sporty guy looking for titillating woman', 'Connoisseur hoping to find his match' and other variations on 'romantic and a bit naughty'. Almost all the photos are blurry, especially those with faces. Clicking through I get the profile text, sexual preferences checkboxes and the option to send a message or befriend them, so we can see each other's photos. I ask the search engine for men aged between 25 and 50 in my own province, the only filters available. Hundreds pop up and their profiles offer as little guidance as mine. I smile at men who clearly have a sense of humour and good linguistic skills. Words full of promise of being pampered, cherished and loved. Sadly, there are also men with texts full of spelling mistakes and toe-curling descriptions of what they miss in their marriage or life.

Hidden behind Marise I am allowed to browse this candy store, searching for the tastiest sweets. The beeping of the washing machine distracts me and in the laundry room I take a good look in the mirror. I am over forty and it shows, without make-up I look a bit pale and a visit to the hairdresser is urgently needed.

Chat bars appear at the bottom of the screen and something flashes in my inbox. The men have spotted me and are jumping into action. I open a chat bar where an *XLlover* kindly greets me with 'Hi, Marisa'. I also skip *Milffinder. John80* then? I click on his name and his profile opens in split screen. Oh yes, I just saw him, 34 years old and looking for a woman who likes oral sex.

J: Hello there ... lovely lady. Did you just look at my profile?

M: Absolutely.

J: I like your pumps.

M: Thanks.

J: Have you been on SL for a long time?

M: No, first day. Really.

J: A warm welcome to you, my dear!

M: Haha.

J: Promise to watch out for the creeps.

M: I will.

J: I am a sweetheart. And feeling a little bit naughty.

M: Does this work?

J: Buckle up, the game is on. Join the fun!

M: Exciting.

J: Have you got wet panties yet?

M: I think so.

J: I want to make sure, feel it.

I feel the sex animal in me awakening. I sink down and slide my left hand inside my panties, moaning as I circle my clit.

J: Well? Hurry up!

M: Yes!

J: Are you sticking a finger in?

M: Mmm.

J: You are a horny chick with a wet slit.

That is true, but I quickly remove my hand from my trousers, somewhat startled by this horny scene in my neat living room. I close the curtains, take another sip of my coffee and rise to the challenge.

J: ??

M: Are you having fun?

J: You bet, I want to fuck you.

M: You're going to get me, aren't you? With your tough cock, so hard, so horny.

J: I can't wait any longer. You're so wet, I am going to push my cock inside.

M: Mmm ... yes ... fuck me ... deeper.

J: I fuck you hard.

M: How big you are! My pussy is so wet for you.

J: Oh yes, my horny little slut.

M: Jerk it faster! You're going to come ... give it to me!

J: Aaaahhhh.

It is tingling between my thighs and with a few firm taps on my clit I bring myself to a climax. He sends some more messages telling me how much he enjoyed it and that I am a horny bitch. I reply with a blushing emoticon and tap 'gotta go' underneath. I have four new messages, and I don't feel like chatting to John. A warm glow ripples through my body, like a vortex around my pussy where all the muscles are still contracting longingly.