I joined Second Life, an online virtual world with thousands of other players online all at the same time, because a business consultant had recommended it to me for forming online communities. I had no idea what to expect when I signed up. But I certainly didn’t expect what I found.

As my avatar teleported into a rose garden, a male elf in a green suit with pointy shoes teleported in also. He landed on my big wavy brunette hair, arms and legs flailing.

“Would you like a piggy back ride?” I asked.

“How about we take a casual stroll this way and see what we stumble upon?” he asked, wandering into an opening in a row of tall flowering bushes.

I followed him into the garden and we navigated the maze of sidewalks while we chatted. Well, it was more like Walk. Chat. Walk. Chat. In order to walk, you had to use arrow keys, which was impossible while typing to each other in a chat window. They really needed moving sidewalks here.

We came upon a rose-covered bed out in the open. Aha. This is the real reason he wanted to go for a ‘casual stroll.’ He knew exactly what we’d ‘stumble upon.’ Several sex poseballs were scattered in the bushes, in the grass, on a wicker chair, on a picnic blanket, and under a see-through tent. One blue poseball and two pink poseballs hovered above the flower-covered bed. Had he been planning to meet someone else here and brought me along to complete the threesome?

I browsed RoseBed’s profile. In his picture, he was not an elf, but a surfer blond with sunglasses, riding a wave on his boogie board. In his real life information, he had entered the European country he lived in and an age that was older than mine. In his Second Life information, after a profound saying that didn’t make sense, he had entered, ‘No Sex.’

I asked him, “Why the note in the profile if you’re taking me to sex poseballs?”

“I’m tired of so many women asking me for sex. I want to be the one to choose,” he said.

Right. All those tiresome women asking for threesomes. If these supposed requests existed, they probably came from men posing as female avatars.

“And why choose me?” I asked.

“I like that you put glasses on your avatar. You have a fun personality.”

And, because I’m here.

I didn’t know how these pose balls worked, so I got on one to see what happened if you stayed on them for awhile. RoseBed hopped on the blue pose ball and typed, “Wheeeeee!” in chat.

Wheeee? OK, whatever. “Whee,” I typed back.

Our avatars wiggled back and forth with RoseBed on top of me, between my legs.

“Ooh baby. Yeah, baby!” he said.

“Baby baby,” I typed.

“Ohhhhh, baby baby!” he typed.

“Baby baby. Get up on this,” I typed.

He typed more nonsense to me and I copied and pasted lyrics from an ‘80’s song into chat as I hummed the song to myself.

RoseBed changed the animations so that I was on top and my head was held high in the air. My eyes and mouth were wide open, as if frozen in terror. RoseBed unwore his green suit and pointy shoes and they disappeared into his inventory. I took off the tank top I had made out of a graphic of bricks, but a white strip still covered my breasts like a tube top.

“Take off your undershirt,” RoseBed said.

“I’m not wearing one,” I replied.

“Oh, some of the noob skin comes like that,” he said. “No worries.”

So there our avatars were, his clothing-free, mine with a white bra and a pair of shorts I had created from a graphic of highway asphalt. Occasionally other men would walk past. Some stood around, as if waiting for someone else to drop by or for us to finish. Or perhaps lurking for the show. One guy took off his clothing, stood next to my brunette head, put on a penis, then enlarged it until it poked me in the nose. He wandered off naked. Another guy got on a nearby poseball, got off, then tried each of the female poseballs within sight, alone.

“OK, I’ve had enough of this freak show,” I said.

“But we’re not done yet,” RoseBed whined.

Done? Maybe these poseballs do something to tell you when you’re done. “How do you know when your avatar is done? Does a gray box pop up?” Someone had I met earlier was carrying a baby and told me that you can buy virtual sperm and a gray box pops up to tell you if you’re pregnant.

“What are you talking about, a gray box?” he asked.

“I don’t know. I was hoping you could tell me.”

I walked away from the computer to get a snack from my kitchen in real life. After some more oohing, aahing, and babying on his end, he said he was done. But nothing happened. No gray box. No chat from the pose balls confirming it was over. No hearts spewing from the bed. That was it?

“How will I find out if I’m pregnant?” I asked RoseBed.

“Don’t worry. You aren’t,” he said, and logged off naked. Creep.

I was curious about how easy it would be to find guys to take me to poseballs. I put my brick shirt back on and wandered around the garden. It took about three minutes before a guy offered me friendship in a foreign language. I accepted, but he disappeared without saying anything. Another minute later, a French guy with black hair sticking up straight in the air approached me.

“Would you like to dance?” he asked.

A piano nearby played classical music. Several couples danced around the piano on a raised wooden platform. The women wore the typical miniskirts, low-cut blouses, and stiletto heels found in Second Life. The men wore torn jeans and black t-shirts or leather jackets.

After we danced, we laid down on some beach chairs near a pool. I took off my shirt so I was in my white tube top again. I figured that the French were used to women sunbathing topless.

“I’ll get really turned on in you take off your shoes,” the guy said.

Turned on by removing shoes? Is he being funny? I took off my shoes.

“Ooh, follow me,” he said.

We got up and walked back over to the bed of roses out in the open. As if I hadn’t seen this bed before. He took off his jeans and t-shirt and got on the blue poseball. I got on a pink one. We wiggled around on the poseballs for a few moments before another guy approached me.

“Are you using your fingers or a vibrator?”

Had he been waiting there to ask weird questions of the first female who came by and hopped on a poseball?

“What are you talking about?” I asked him.

“In real life,” he said.

Does this guy go up to couples in real life and ask such questions? I don’t know if he was trying to bug me or lure me away from the French guy. Bugging someone having sex in the open would be appropriate, but I suspect it was the latter. I wondered if such a line had ever worked for anyone before.

“I’m not using anything,” I said. “I’m using fingers to type.”

“Then let me know when you’re done and I’ll show you some tricks.”

I told the French guy I was done and walked off. The fingers vs. vibrator guy followed me.

“Come with me,” he said. He took off his jeans, then a penis appeared on him.

“A penis?” I said? “Is that for laughs? I don’t think any of the other guys I was with tonight had any penises.”

Of course, it didn’t bother him that ‘guys’ was plural. He went into the tent and got on a poseball. I got on the other one and could no longer see his penis.

“See. You don’t even notice the penis when we’re both on poseballs,” I said.

“Giant Penis says: Growing harder as excitement builds,” appeared in chat.

“Is your penis talking?” I asked.

More weird text appeared. “Giant Penis says: Rubbing her inside as juices flow.”

“That’s what you need a penis for,” the guy said.

“Giant Penis says: Throbbing faster as I move in and out, in and out.”

“You need a penis for spam? Why would anyone want a chatting penis?” I asked.

“Giant Penis says: Feeling the tension build as I move faster and deeper.”

“To get you excited.”

“Giant Penis says: Holding back to keep the tension rising.”

“To get me annoyed,” I said, and logged off.

I’m not sure what I learned from my experiment to see if I could get guys to take me to poseballs. None of the guys were good company. All they wanted was to watch cartoons having sex.

I was at a country dance saloon when RoseBed sent me a message. I didn’t think I’d hear from him since we hadn’t friended each other.

“Teleport me,” he said. I didn’t know anyone at the saloon, so I teleported him in.

He didn’t participate in any of the saloon chat, which was just as well since it was mostly hundreds of lines of spam with unusual characters arranged into pictures. Instead, RoseBed kept chatting with me about orgies.

“A few months ago, there was an awesome orgy at the place I met you. Ten avatars all got on by voice. It was a pile of writhing, moaning bodies.”

Why did he think I cared? “Where do you work?” I asked. It was three o’clock PM his time and I wondered why he was spending that time chatting with me about orgies.

“I’m a highway engineer for the government,” he said, but insisted on sticking with his original topic. “If you want to go to an orgy, I know where I can find a few people to join us.”

“And you go to orgies on your computer at work?”

“No, I telecommute once or twice a week,” he said. It’s still ‘at work’ to me.

“Your avatar looks hot today,” he said.

I didn’t need any avatar compliments. I didn’t make it. It isn’t me. I don’t maintain it. I haven’t changed it since the last time I saw him. I was wearing a green tank top and coral-pink pants. The other women were wearing ventilated see-through pants, super-high cut-offs, bikini tops, and western boots. There was nothing especially hot about my avatar.

“I’ll teleport you to a great place where we can have sex in all sorts of wild positions,” he said.

“No thanks,” I said. “I already had sex in real life today,” and teleported out of there.

The French guy invited me to see his house. It wasn’t a house worth bothering to inviting anyone over to. Unlike the apartments in the Noobieville neighborhood I lived in, you couldn’t have friends come hang out because there was no front porch to gather around. The only furniture he had was a bed in the middle of the room. He could have at least provided some couches for guests to sit on. Who wants to come over to stand around a bed.

I zoomed out to inspect the place. I wasn’t really even a house – only one room. A poster on one of the walls announced an art display in France by some guy named Jacques Ambroise. I thought perhaps he put it there to show people what he’s working on in real life, like I put my *Budget Justified* poster on my Noobieville porch.

“Are you Jacques Ambroise?” I asked.

“Yes, how do you know?” he asked.

“Your name is on your poster.”

I told him about *Budget Justified*, what it was about, why I had produced it.

“An American movie. How impressive. I’ll go to your website and buy it,” he said.

“Tell me about your art show,” I asked.

He hemmed and hawed. “I don’t really want to talk about real life,” he said. He got on a pose ball. “Please, join me on the bed.”

I just stood there. He took off his jeans and black t-shirt, the same thing he was wearing last night, and his avatar got into a sex position.

“I didn’t come here to watch your naked avatar,” I said.

Apparently he thought I came over to listen then, because he turned on his microphone and grunted.

“Ooo. Ooo. Ooo.” Did he think monkey noises turned women on? What motivates people to do these odd things.

“Jacques’ kept his word about purchasing a download of *Budget Justified*. A guy from France did indeed buy it from my web site. But the name on the credit card was Michel F., not Jacques Ambroise.

The guy who friended me last night without saying a word sent me a teleport request, so I left.

When I arrived at the teleport location, I was in some hotel set up for orgies. Out of the frying pan and into the fire. I should have teleported RoseBed and Michel in so they could get it on with this guy.

I landed on a red velvet bed with multiple poseballs on it. The room was spinning. I hadn’t seen that before and wondered how they made that happen. As it rotated, other beds in various shades of burgundy and red went by with black lace pillows and multiple poseballs. A black L-shaped couch with multiple poseballs. A giant cross with multiple poseballs. A cage with multiple poseballs. Large framed scenes of several female avatars crawling over each other on beds, floors, and staircases went by. One of the pictures showed a man holding a whip, standing over a group of women attached in various positions to a cross.

I jumped off the bed and the room stopped spinning, but the bed was rotating around on a platform, with the guy who teleported me still on it.

“Vir a mim, meu amor,” he said.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I responded.

“Eu trago para a minha cama de docura,” he said.

Oh great. The guy doesn’t speak English. So I went back to the saloon.

A few minutes later, he teleported me again. I went to see if he had a different plan this time. He sort of did.

As I arrived, several other women were landing on the bed also.

“What’s this about?” one of them asked.

A few of the women jumped off the spinning bed and walked around to explore the place then sauntered out the door. Others left immediately.

Since I had been teleported from country dancing, my avatar was still dancing like a maniac. I clicked on the button to fly and floated above the guy, dancing on his head. He followed the women out the door and I chased him, doing my wild dance steps. In the parking lot, he teleported a few more women and got on the poseballs in the back seat of one of the cars. I jumped onto the car and danced on the hood.

“Va embora e parar de me incomodar,” he said.

The guy ran off. I teleported my friend Northern. He chased the guy in circles. The guy got into the front seat of a pink convertible Cadillac and drove away. I hopped onto the poseballs in the back seat and rode with him, doing sex motions by myself while he drove. Northern ran after us doing his pelvic thrusts.

“Eu nao tenho relacoes sexuais com homens.”

The guy teleported away with the car still in motion. I stood up and the car drove down a hill, out from underneath me. Then the guy unfriended me.

Finally the chaos was over and the guy and all his confused random women were gone. Northern and I were alone. We went for a walk to the hotel’s clear blue swimming pool.

“Nice dance moves,” Northern said.

We put on our swimsuits and fell into the pool. I boarded a raft and splashed as I kicked the water. Northern dove off the diving board several times, using a different technique each time. I took the position in the life guard chair and blew the whistle.

An employee of a nearby store came out of her shop. “Orgies are not allowed here,” she said. Where was she five minutes ago?

I wanted to say, ‘Then why all the cars with poseballs.’ Instead I said, “Thank goodness.” This must not have been the first time the guy teleported woman after woman here.

Satisfied that nothing unsavory was going on anymore, the woman went back into her store.

“Would you like to go to the military ball with me tomorrow night?” Northern asked.

A big fancy dance? “I’d love to go,” I said.

My first Second Life date! Sounded like a much better opportunity than orgies, monkey grunts, or random teleports. Why don’t men invite women to something they might actually want to go to?

I wondered if the people I met would have treated me like an idiot if I were a man. I often asked Northern what he was up to so I could get a deeper look into how his experience in online as a man compares to mine as a woman. He is quite articulate in his writing and I wondered if he’d be willing to collaborate on a journal of our shared experiences.

But I realized I wouldn’t necessarily get a thorough or honest answer from Northern. Heck, I don’t need Northern’s view. I can get that view on my own. Thus I prepared to give birth to a new full grown avatar named Bruce.