

FC: Robert Hanssen: FBI turncoat and alt.sex.stories author

From: Declan McCullagh <declan () well com>
Date: Mon, 06 Aug 2001 09:55:52 -0400

The story in question (not really explicit at all):
<http://groups.google.com/groups?q=hanssen%40nova.org&start=30&hl=en&safe=off&rnum=35&selm=357804BB.43053579%40nova.org>

From: George () orwellian org
To: "Declan McCullagh" <declan () well com>
Subject: Robert Hanssen, in the news
Date: Mon, 06 Aug 2001 13:06:48 GMT

http://nydailynews.com/2001-08-06/News_and_Views/Scandal_Sheet/a-120847.asp

FBI Turncoat Published
Porn on the Net
By SARAH KENDZIOR and EMILY GEST
Daily News Writers

Robert Hanssen's dangerous life as a double agent wasn't his
only clandestine activity: he also penned erotica on the Net.

Robert Hanssen

Three years ago, Hanssen, posted a racy short story to the
newsgroup alt.sex.stories describing Chicago newlyweds named
Bob, a dental student, and Bonnie, a parochial-school teacher
with great gams.

Bonnie struts naked about the couple's one-bedroom apartment
while she prepares "to fix herself all pretty" for a special
dinner and finds she is thrilled after preening nude in the window
for an audience of track workers.

The porn was posted under the name Robert P. Hanssen, at
hanssen () nova org, on June 5, 1998. The e-mail signature matches
one used by the ex-FBI counterintelligence agent, who pleaded
guilty last month to 15 counts of spying for Moscow.

The real Bob and Bonnie Hanssen moved to Chicago shortly after
their 1971 wedding. He attended Northwestern University's dental
school, and she taught parochial school. He joined the FBI in
1976.

Not much of a porno story.

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From: Robert P. Hanssen (hanssen () nova org)

Subject: Bonnie (wife, exhib, true)

Newsgroups: alt.sex.stories

Date: 1998/06/05

It was only around four in the afternoon, and Bonnie still had plenty of time as she walked over and perched on the high wooden stool. She sat, freshly showered and still naked, in the warm light of the summer Chicago sun which streamed through her apartment's large bedroom window to her left. Refreshed from her shower after teaching second grade at the parish school, it was time to fix her hair. This was her habit, her little ritual after a shower, a time to herself to unwind and feel feminine, a time to feel the air on her skin and fix herself all pretty for Bob. She was a good teacher. In a way it was like being an actress on stage each day, and Bonnie loved the little children too. People said she was the best lay teacher at Saint Anne's. She was even been better than some of the dedicated nuns teaching there. But Bonnie was no nun. She'd thought about it as a girl, but even the nuns agreed it was not her vocation. Bonnie wasn't the type to be locked up away from men. Bonnie looked gorgeous. But unlike some beautiful women, she saw only the "flaws." She had never felt secure about her appearance -- "too curvy," she'd say. She couldn't believe that so many men found her so attractive. Perhaps it was because she'd developed late and still couldn't shake the chubby/gawky adolescent image she'd had of herself from childhood, but Bonnie couldn't fully internalize a feeling of beauty. Oh, she knew intellectually that she was chubby and gawky no more, but somehow she couldn't internalize it as a feeling. She was always insecure about the way she looked and needed constant reassurance. While she'd never admit it even to herself, the attentions of men gave her that reassurance. She liked being the center of a male audience even than being the center of the children's. Still, she was married, and quite happily too, having mostly put her girlish flirting behind her. Well that was not exactly true. Bonnie periodically ran a few tests to check her flirting skills, but now it was nothing serious.

Happy today in her own modest little newly-wed's apartment, a relatively inexpensive one because it was next to the "El" tracks, she was primping for Bob. She'd gotten married to Bob just last fall, and they'd moved to their first place together, a one-bedroom apartment on Winthrop Avenue on Chicago's north side. Bonnie looked in her mirror at her naked figure. She didn't like what she saw exactly. To her way of thinking she was too buxom, and she thought her hips too wide for her narrow waist and she was so "high waisted" compared to most girls. Still it seemed to work for men. Men called it being leggy. All it meant for Bonnie is that she could only wear petite sizes that never had quite enough room for her breasts, and she was always looking like she was about to pop out of her sundresses and so forth. Of course men never seemed to object to that look.

Bonnie ran a wide untangling comb through her long brown hair, thinking men had no taste. She wanted to be pencil skinny like those models in the women's fashion magazines. She looked more like those slutty buxom girls in "Playboy" magazine. But then she supposed men did go for that. After all the fraternity poll at college had voted her best legs on campus. She felt she had good legs.

At college, she'd found from experience that she loathed fraternities types generally. All they wanted to do was party and drink so they could feel-up girls and try to get in their pants. Bonnie detested it. She had even quit the most popular sorority on campus when they'd

corrected her about still associating with her old friends who hadn't been asked to join. Bob hadn't been at all like the fraternity types. She'd met him during the summer at the hospital where they'd both worked. She'd been attracted to him from the first because of the way he'd treated the patients and he to her, it turned out, for the same reason. Bonnie loved the afternoon sunlight. She was getting ready to go to dinner with her husband. Today was his birthday, and she wanted to look especially nice when he came home from school to pick her up. She wanted to surprise him.

Bob was a dental student. He'd just started the clinical portion of the program. He'd scored in the top two percent on his national Dental Boards, and Bonnie was proud of him. She was going to show him a good time. Bonnie knew that a good time meant letting Bob show her off. Bob loved having men's tongues dangle out looking at his wife. So tonight Bonnie had vowed to herself to make that happen.

Bob was a leg man, Bonnie knew that, and Bonnie knew she had legs that could handle that. She'd learned shopping with him that no dress was too short. So, tonight Bonnie intended to do something she'd never allowed herself before, to push the limit in that direction -- to please him. She'd hunted for and found a secret weapon -- a dress, a special one for a special occasion. She'd found it in a store down on Rush Street. Bonnie was quite innocent and naive in many ways really, and had no idea it was a store catering to strippers. Bonnie hardly even knew about strippers. She'd just been out shopping and happened upon it and gone in. She was just amazed that a store carried so many sexy dresses. The dress Bonnie'd gotten was short. Well, you'd have to say it was indecently short. It was made of a stretchy lycra mix and was jet black. She thought, when she'd bought it, that she'd have to be a bit careful, for it tended to ride up and there wasn't much up remaining upon which to ride, that is, below her crotch. When she'd tried it on though, she knew Bob would love it. She'd promised herself she'd keep it tugged down for decency.

Bonnie was playing with her hair, trying it different ways. She tried it up, she tried it down, and was about to settle for up when she noticed an odd movement out on the elevated train tracks across the alley from her bedroom window. She looked out the window quickly. "My God!" she thought. There were five workers standing leaning on their shovels looking at her. In a panic, she bounded from her stool across the bed to try to grab the shade and pull it down. Because the bed stood only a foot below the window and along the wall, this move necessitated her standing stark naked on the bed to reach up for the shade pull. She was there in full view of her suddenly bemused audience. Bonnie grasped the shade and pulled it down, with short-lived relief. The shade didn't catch and flapped up again. She sprung back a second time, her cute little bush fully exposed, and tried again. She yanked it down again and again it flapped open. Worse, this time instead the cord tied itself around the shade roller. Bonnie went up for it again. Bonnie's face was flushed. The men were looking right at her and she was totally naked. It seemed like forever while Bonnie stood in that window trying to untie it, but she got it. This time, a little calmer from the delay, she laughed at the smiles of her audience and closed it slowly and deliberately like putting the curtain down for them on a good show, and had even given them a little wave goodbye.

Then Bonnie collapsed panting from the excitement on her bed. Her heart was pounding. She felt galvanized as if by electricity from the experience. She realized she felt something else too. She felt aroused. "If only Bob were here," she thought, I'd show him even a better time than the workers on those tracks. She tried to shake it off. It was a while, but Bonnie collected herself. Bonnie peeked out the

shade. One of the men saw her and pointed her out, and she jumped back. She thought to herself, "Well that's it. I'll have to cover up." She went to her drawer and picked out a sheer black bra and delicate panties and slipped them on. She looked at herself in the mirror and was satisfied that at a distance no one would see more now than she'd showed at the beach on many occasions. Besides, she wasn't about to let some leering perverts ruin her reveries. Bonnie pointedly didn't even look out the window when she opened the shade and resumed her perch on the stool. "Let them eat cake," she thought. She'd decided that she wouldn't even really look to see if they were watching her at all, but she did and she knew they were, but somehow she actually managed truly to push them out of her mind, even as she tried on her dress about a half an hour later and decided that the bra would not do under it. She'd just slid the dress off again when she glanced out and seen that she still had an audience. It was then that she slid the bra off, stripping herself of her bra in full view of the window knowing they were watching, before wiggling into the dress again. Bonnie was starting to enjoy this. In her heels, Bonnie bent over to look at herself from the rear. She thought, "Opps." She told herself she would have to remember not to bend over like that, but then removed her panties too. Bob was going to get his money's worth tonight. Bonnie slipped her blazer over her tight dress. Well if flashy was the mode of the day, she'd made it. There was about a half inch of tight dress below the blazer. The rest of the image said she still had good legs especially in the heels. She looked again in the mirror and was pleased with the image. It spoke expensive-flashy not cheap-flashy, which was the effect she'd wanted. Using Bob's criteria she looked just right. Bonnie glanced out the window. Her audience had departed. She figured, "Ah, for them dressed women are passe." Then she looked at her watch and thought, "or maybe even lechers don't work overtime." But, God she was turned on. Luckily Bob would be here any minute, and dinner was going to be a fun way to test her outfit. Bonnie was even starting to think that maybe dancing after would be fun too.

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