



Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

HOT SEX

20 messages

Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Thu, Oct 13, 2011 at 1:24 PM

To: michaelharbuck@gmail.com

I am soooo glad you talked me into that! Still basking in the afterglow and slept so soundly next to you all night. Thank You.

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Thu, Oct 13, 2011 at 2:27 PM

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Hot Mama,

I am here, I have just woken up from a cat nap at my desk. I hope your day was good to you.

Miss you today. I did sleep so good next to you this morning....

I will be ready for a full nights rest tonight. Thank you my beautiful sunshine.

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Thu, Oct 13, 2011 at 2:59 PM

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy, when skies are grey.....

On Thu, Oct 13, 2011 at 2:24 PM, Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com> wrote:

I am soooo glad you talked me into that! Still basking in the afterglow and slept so soundly next to you all night. Thank You.

Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Thu, Oct 13, 2011 at 3:44 PM

To: Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Omw home. Tried to call ya... can u talk?

[Quoted text hidden]

Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Fri, Oct 14, 2011 at 11:26 AM

To: Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

I want more.

Of whatever you got...

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Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>**Fri, Oct 14, 2011 at 11:56 AM**

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Phew... ok.... sounds good to me. I am glad that we had a night off, and could just sleep together. I am not expecting your hotness every night.... it is you I like! When you are tired, and or have had enough, then tell me, and if I want to wait, I will tell you... Nature handles that part anyway..

I am looking forward to tonight, we will have fun!

Here is BORING! I am able to do anything I want as far as working on the systems, but work on mine most of the time.

I still cannot believe people get paid to do this...

At 2 or 3 at the latest I want to go and work on my bike like I need to. You know where I will be...

I hope your lunch rush was good, but not too stressful.

smooch.

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>**Fri, Oct 14, 2011 at 1:16 PM**

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Almost time to go...

smooch!

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>**Tue, Oct 18, 2011 at 4:35 PM**

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Hello Bethany, my phone is off, so I will write you a poem.

Roses are red, other things are blue, I want you to know, I am thinking of you.....

I will have it on by 18:30 for you...

I am glad I was able to give you a smile this morning. I hope all went well at the gyno. Please call me later, I added mins today for you.

Michael

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Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>**Tue, Oct 18, 2011 at 5:11 PM**

To: Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

I tried to call you on my way home. I am now headed out to Gabe's game in Orlando tonight atleast. The weather is holding off for now. Might get bad later, proly good idea for Sally to keep you dry tonight. I will be late. Like 11ish. Any word from the rents? I look forward to hearing from you when u turn your phone on. Xoxo

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>**Wed, Oct 19, 2011 at 10:49 AM**

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Nice to see you this morning, wet hair and all....! :)

I hope that I receive a "operation midnight" message today.....

I am searching for software for a conference line today, and setting one up for here, hopefully. My other projects are going well also....

Too bad you do not want me to visit you at camping, I did not think about it earlier, but if you want you BF's opinion of me, than better now than later.

Almost lunch rush for you there..... I have already had lunch...

big slobbery in public given kiss!!!!!!

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Wed, Oct 19, 2011 at 2:00 PM

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Hey sweetums... I am going to look at that convertible. It only two blocks away, and a good price at that.... you would drive it, ... and you would like it too!

Otherwise, slow day. Let me know if there is anything I can do to help you get ready. I want to leave on time today.... it will be a nice change.

Tschuss.

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Wed, Oct 19, 2011 at 3:09 PM

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

It was a rust bucket.... not worth fixing for me. I wonder if you were being sarcastic this morning when you said I did not write yesterday.... well anyway, I wrote today! Believe it,, or NOT! (Jack Pallance was scary!!)

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Thu, Oct 27, 2011 at 3:41 PM

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Bethany,

I have been working on the tractor and new hay wagon my dad bought with Andrew today. He rode my bike this morning, and we took his bug for a spin a while ago, before he goes to work. I am about to go read my book, but was checking ebay sales, so.. ... here I am. It is strange that I have only been here for a day. It seems like time stands still here.

I went to the mower shop and bought some parts for the chainsaw and fixed it...

The small town of Roxboro is a, well, small town. I went to the John Deere tractor store for parts today, and it was so quiet in there, you could here the soy beans growing next door. The smells on the way up here were amazing... peanuts just turned out to be collected, road kill, wild onions cut up by the state mowing crews, dirt, just plain old dirt, salt marsh from Savannah to Brunswick, and then the tire plant beyond that. From Charleston to Florence it was the paper mill, and the diesel of the log trucks flying down the road. The stars, and the leaves. and the hills, and all that is nature just blowing in the cool breeze makes me glad to be alive.

I began to organize some stuff today, and had fun with all of my zoological samples I smuggled in from Africa. Parrot skulls, baby crocodilles in a jar, fish bones, bottles of bugs in formaldehyde, and much more. I set up my own museum in the attic, which is the place I call my own here. I am able to fix it up like I want, and all of my years of adventures are packed in carton and aluminum boxes, waiting for the

relatives to see what I had done after I am gone.

The sun sets early, and the stars shine bright early, so that Andrew and I were outside in the cool wathing for shooting stars last night. No beer either.

There was tons of mail from Germany, that I should have recieved two years ago! But no one ever bothers to let me know. Some WAS of importance, but not now. Frau Ediths chocolates from last Christmas wer waiting for me in the freezer... homemade... mmmm...

November will be three months that we have seen each other again after all of those years. I want to say that I am sorry if I have made you feel pressured, you should not feel that way, and I hope that you will forgive me if I have been over-bearing.

I am not angry at anyone. I HAVE forgiven my family, for things they may or may not have prevented or done. At the same time, I want to be me, and go my own way also, follow my heart, as my friend said. All in all it is good to be here, and nice to go to the fridge, and grab something without asking, or having to ask permission for EVERYTHING.

Time for a bit of reading and snooze before dinner, ... phew, the dog just farted... man. Please write or call if you like to. Oh... phone is off for an hour or so, I have to hook it to moms pc.

Michael

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Mon, Oct 31, 2011 at 10:59 AM

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

I was molested my a man and my babysitter. It screwed up my life, for YEARS! NO ONE helped me, NO ONE cared, NO ONE tought me right from wrong, NO ONE. My teegage years were HELL. I think in detail about this EVERYDAY.

Do you not think I know what it is like??? IT SUCKS! I Cannot change the things that happened to me, but I do not have to carry it around and let others be affected by it either. I was 35 years old before I told anyone about, except for parents who did not and still do not understand. YES you had a BAD marriage. But I am here to make a FUTURE.

Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Wed, Nov 2, 2011 at 6:24 PM

To: michaelharbuck@gmail.com

me: My phone died. May I call you back, please?
6:24 PM

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Wed, Nov 2, 2011 at 6:31 PM

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

My money ran out. I did not hang up. I promised not to call, and will not again. I should not have refilled it, but had to for work purposes.

My parents were happy for me, that I was able to understand the consequences and responsibilities of you and and having a family. No one said anything more about it. My mom did show me a freind of the family with whom I had grown up with and is still single, and she wanted me to contact her, to say hello, and I believe try to gauge whether I was in love or lust. I do not know what she decided. You decided against me whilst you were gone, and I chose you. Nothing I can write will change anything now. I guess I am angry because you do not like me, and I am a bit jealous that you were able to bring up a child under all of those circumstances. You have left your son to follow in your steps and bring forth your values and knowledge. I want to do the same. You deserve better than to argue with me over nothing.

It was strange, but on the way back from NC, I stopped in JAX to gas up, and I exited on Emerson Av. I felt even then that there was a sad irony about having to read that sign with your name on it as I pumped gas.

You deserve better than I. Have a nice everything.

I guess Ikea will have to wait twenty more years. :)

Tschuss.

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck < michaelharbuck@gmail.com >
To: Bethany Emerson < bethany.emerson215@gmail.com >

Wed, Nov 2, 2011 at 6:40 PM

I am damned if I do, and damned if I do not.

On Fri, Oct 14, 2011 at 12:26 PM, Bethany Emerson < bethany.emerson215@gmail.com > wrote:

I want more.

Of whatever you got...

On Oct 13, 2011 4:44 PM, "Bethany Emerson" < bethany.emerson215@gmail.com > wrote:

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Michael Harbuck < michaelharbuck@gmail.com >
To: Bethany Emerson < bethany.emerson215@gmail.com >

Wed, Nov 2, 2011 at 7:04 PM

You know, I actually feel better. I do not want you to be with someone yo do not like. You are nor were obligated, and you do not owe me anything, as I not to you.

Know that I loved you with my heart and body, and do not forget it.

Michael

On Thu, Oct 13, 2011 at 2:24 PM, Bethany Emerson < bethany.emerson215@gmail.com > wrote:

I am soooo glad you talked me into that! Still basking in the afterglow and slept so soundly next to you all night. Thank You.

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>**Wed, Nov 2, 2011 at 8:09 PM**

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

I will wear your pant you bought me tomorrow. And the nice shirt too.

[Quoted text hidden]

Michael Harbuck <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>**Thu, Nov 3, 2011 at 2:46 PM**

To: Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

You missed feeling loved, but not me. that is what it meant when you wrote me that. I understand.

On Thu, Oct 13, 2011 at 2:24 PM, Bethany Emerson <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com> wrote:

I am soooo glad you talked me into that! Still basking in the afterglow and slept so soundly next to you all night. Thank You.