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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Stopping at a fabric store on the way home; I'd visited a hardware store at lunch, with no luck. I needed some wide, heavy Velcro -- 3 inches by four feet or so, no self-adhesive stuff, to secure test equipment to racks in the Jeep. I was a trustee for an amateur radio repeater system, and it never has problems in good weather... That brought me to the fabric/crafts store.

My eyes burned from the preservatives and crud in the fabrics. Someone's very hyper kid was running around making an incredible amount of noise. A younger one was screaming for all it was worth. Why had I come here again?

I'm looking around when a chick in a patchwork dress and an equally home-made and a little too tight (ok by me) top, black hair with purple streaks, black velvet ribbon around her neck, earrings and a stud in her nose walked up and asked me, "Help you find something?"

I opened my mouth to ask, but cringed as one of the little ones nearby cut loose with a really loud one. The chick in front of me, who had a nametag labeled, "Nina," smirked.

"If I was Velcro, where would I be hiding?" I asked between shrieks.

She gave me a lopsided smile. "You'd be hiding over here -- you think this is bad, don't come here Saturday mornings!"

I followed her -- a nice, compact package. Bare legs and Capezio dance shoes? About five foot four, compact and nicely stacked. Not a lot of makeup, other than the faux-raccoon eyeliner...

She showed me what they had, and I was disappointed. More selection than the hardware store to be sure, but not what I was looking for. "I need something about three inches wide, for straps about four feet long or so..." I was telling her.

She did one of those things like a cat seeing a mouse -- suddenly she was so intense, so focused! She took my hand and pulled me to the back of the store, through double doors, to a room off to the side, sitting me in a folding chair in front of a long wooden table. She went

behind some tall shelves and returned with a board, a sample board, with different varieties of stuff attached. She put it on the table, and sat there herself.

“This is more like it!” I told her happily, looking at different samples. Three inch double-sided, hooks on one side, loop on the other, and three inch separate, one chunk was hooks the other loops. “You have these in stock, or can you get them?”

She smiled, still so intense. “Those we got. How do you fasten it to the board, though?”

She seemed to know I was going to use this to secure equipment. “The double-sided, you can just use one long piece...”

“But you got to do something to keep it from moving around,” she interrupted, and correctly.

I nodded. I grabbed a piece of paper from near the end of the table, and a pencil. “Right you are -- but you’re not going to use just a flat board -- the edges will get all screwed up, it’s hard to hold on to, to pick up, all sorts of problems. So you dress the edges on both sides with something like this...” I sketched it on the paper. “Something like 1 x 2 oak, which is a good hard wood, and you bevel exposed edges, and the corners. Okay?”

She nodded, looking at me so intensely. Were her nipples tight under that snug top? “Got it -- makes it a lot easier to handle.”

“Right -- if you want you can use a router to make handholds, like for backboards...”

I thought she was going to pounce on me when I said that -- what’s going on? The look, the smile she was giving me was so feral!

Back to my sketch. “So with the double sided stuff, cut a slot in the oak, just a bit, like an eighth of an inch deep, the width of the Velcro where you have the straps -- so the strap runs along the bottom, out through the slots in the oak along the side, around the board, and back in through slots on the oak piece on the top. Those slots aren’t full depth for the Velcro -- you only want to barely clear the base material, right, so that when you screw the oak together with the board between, it clamps the snot out of the Velcro.”

She nodded, smiling, still so intense. “Yah, that won’t go anywhere!”

“And you could put a rib, say a one by one, down the middle of the strap on the bottom, something like three screws into it from the top -- that keeps the strap from getting tangled in stuff, which it would want to do.”

She looked up for a bit, laughing to herself. “But the double-side stuff is a pain in the ass, and more expensive -- how do you use the single sided stuff?”

“Right again -- my first approach would be to just do the edge clamp trick, with a screw through the middle of the Velcro -- the base webbing looks pretty tough. Don’t think that’s going to get pulled out. But if there’s any concern, add like a two or three inch clamp block on the bottom, again with that partial slot, and screws around the edges plus one or two in the middle. Won’t go anywhere.”

She looked up and laughed more, her ankles crossed and her legs swinging. “So cool! So much better than all those buckles!”

I nodded, scooting the chair back from the table a bit and at an angle so her legs wouldn’t hit me. “Buckles are a pain in the ass -- hard to handle, always causing problems, and hard to release quickly, or by someone who isn’t really familiar with them. With this stuff,” pointing at the Velcro, “you put a handle or a loop on the top part, and all you have to do is grab and pull to release.”

“What do you use for the board?” she asked.

“Depends on how much weight you want to handle. Since you’re protecting the edges, you can use half inch furniture plywood -- it’s a lot lighter than MDF, but also more expensive.” I had a half sheet of birch finish that I was going to use for the rack.

I was about to tell her about putting teflon tape on the bottom oak side pieces to make it easier to slide in and out of the rack when...

She hopped down from the table and straddled my leg, throwing her arms around me and kissing me passionately!

She pulled back a bit, still pressing her firm breasts into me. “Can I help you build it? I’ll make cushions and covers -- terrycloth, and a fancy one with velvet,” she shuddered when she said that, and goosebumps ran up her arms. “When it’s done I want to be first -- I want you to strap me down and oh God...” She threw her arms around my neck again, kissing passionately.

I held her, my arms going up her back, kissing, feeling. But I think she was envisioning a different application from me!

She was also humping my leg -- she moved one of my hands to her bottom and the other to a breast.

She pulled back a bit, but started kissing my neck. I put one hand at the back of her head.

The words started pouring out again. “You could do a cut in the top for a sort of face cradle, with one pad full and another pad with the cradle for face-down...” She shuddered in my arms... “God, that would be so cool, and so much better than that clunky, heavy old thing...” She growled, kissing my neck, digging her fingers into my sides.

Somehow I got her turned, turned around so her back was to me. I had an arm around her chest under her breasts. Her legs were locked around my left leg still. She started working her hips again.

I held her tighter against me. That worked! But...

She sighed, almost moaned, "Just like that!" as I squeezed her.

Something clicked and I went with it, turning my head and whispering in her ear. "Just like that, holding you so well..."

She moaned...

"Nina, close your eyes and listen to me -- imagine it, strapped down, strapped down so tight you can't move, you don't need to move. Let your body relax -- you can't move anyway. The straps are holding you, so just relax..."

I felt her relax more, her head leaning back more against me.

"Good! Take a slow deep breath for me, feeling the straps holding you, and let go, relaxing more and more..." As she took a breath in, I held her chest more, and squeezed her more as she exhaled. "Very good," I whispered in her ear. "Again, your muscles melting, relaxing and letting go..."

A few more rounds and I was definitely having to hold her up! I spend another minute or so deepening...

"So relaxed, you can't open your eyes even if you really tried..." That test passed with flying colors! "Laying there, feel the cool air in the room breeze over your soft naked skin..." She shivered a bit, and I saw her nipples tighten up again! "So good, so safe with me, and you don't know where I'm going to touch your beautiful, sexy body -- or if I'm going to touch you with my fingers, my mouth," she moaned softly in my arms, "an ice cube," another moan, tightening a little, "or your favorite vibrator... But every touch feels so good, so erotic and yet so relaxing, so good to relax and let it happen... and you know that when I touch your forehead, you'll feel mouths and tongues on your sweet nipples and between your legs."

She moaned quite loudly...

"Shhh -- we don't want to wake anybody up," I whispered, and started running my fingers down her arms. "So good, it feels so good, but we know what you want, and what you need -- you want to feel my mouth on you, on your nipples, between your legs, on your lips -- we have to remember to keep really quiet so we don't wake the others -- oh, it's coming, and it's going to be so good, oh so good..."

I reached up to her forehead, and touched it, drawing little circles. "Oh! So good! My mouth all over you, kissing, sucking... So good! Oh, coming! Oh coming so quickly and so

good! You taste so good -- your nipples, your lips, your clit... Coming! Coming! Come for me!” It didn’t take long before she breathed out a moan and shook in my arms. “Oh so good! Still coming, one more good one, fading and relaxing more and more, listening to my voice, remembering my voice, and when I kiss you on the forehead, you’ll feel my mouth on you again, all over you, so good, and you’ll come for me as I hold you and kiss you on the forehead, coming so wonderfully, so quietly so as not to wake the others.”

“Drifting in the dream, such a good dream, just a dream for the two of us, so safe in my arms, and when I count to three you will wake up feeling so good, relaxed, and ready to go again...” I rocked her gently. “Such a nice dream... Waking up now, one... Two... Deep breath for me, filling yourself with energy, your whole body filling with energy, and three, wide awake again.”

She arched her back in my arms, then turned around sitting in my lap straddling me and gave me one hell of a kiss.

“What would you like?” she simmered, her eyes burning into mine, her hips moving against me slowly but purposefully.

I pulled her closer, a hand behind her head. She sighed, and so did I. “Six feet of the hook, and six feet of the loop, three inch,” I whispered in her ear.

She sighed, then chuckled -- and stuck her tongue in my ear.

But then she got up, only to turn around move her trim bottom sensuously against me, and pull my hands to her breasts -- firm and full. “Anything else?” she asked.

I pulled her back to me and bit her neck. She shuddered and went limp for a moment. “Later, when we can take our time,” I whispered in her ear. She sighed and pulled my arms around her. I gave her a hug.

Leaning forward, she held my hands at her breasts again as she moved her bottom sensuously against me. More of that could change my mind -- on her back on the table?

But she moved my hands down to her waist as she stood. She turned as she stepped away, holding my left hand and letting our fingertips drift apart. And what a smile!

She stepped back among the shelves again.

I stood up, closed my eyes, and took a deep breath. Intense!

Sounds of cutting... More sounds... A bag in her right hand she asked, “Anything else?” head tilted to the side, stepping closer, eyes closing halfway...

I took the hint and kissed her. When we broke with mutual sighs, I said, “I think that’s all for now.”

She pouted, pushing out her lower lip.

I almost kissed her on the forehead, but remembered what I'd done... I gave her a hug instead.

"Let's go ring you up, then." She led me out the back pulling one of my arms around her waist, only dropping it when we got to the double doors in the main part of the store.

Cash register up front, "Eleven forty two, please," she said with a glowing smile.

I thought it best to pay cash for this one... She handed me the receipt and change. "I hope to see you again soon."

"Thanks for all your help," I told her.

Sitting in my car, taking a deep breath, chuckling to myself... Putting the receipt in the bag -- what? Looked like more than six foot chunks -- and a pair of panties! I glanced around and pulled them out. Make that *damp* panties, with a phone number written on them!

I put them back in the bag and laughed as I started the car.

FIN
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