

Binding

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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.

At work, I kept looking at, and thinking about the thing on my right wrist -- a bracelet of black velvet ribbon, with a clasp bearing the letter "M."

Thinking of the collars on those girls, on Ninny and Mary.

Now me? Closing my eyes for a moment, the thought of ... belonging to someone. A shiver went through me as I opened my eyes, uneasy with the vision, the memories of Carol holding me to her bosom. Uneasy because they were so good, because I wanted more...

Did the store open at ten? Something like that. I waited until 10:30 to call.

"This is Roger -- I need to talk to Carol, now," I told the woman who answered the phone.

A gasp at the other end. "Yes ... Sir -- I'll get her right away!" Click to irksome music.

"Good morning, Roger; I was hoping I'd hear from you," Carol said in an amused voice.

"What the hell is going on? I need answers," I demanded, not at all amused.

Pause. "Roger, I'm sorry -- can you come by? Eleven thirty?"

"I'll be there." I hung up. I pushed away from my desk, and as I stood, I pulled the cuff of my shirt down over the ribbon. I had things to check in the lab if I was going to be gone for part or all of the afternoon.

I got there a minute or two early, mad at myself because I'd driven on autopilot!

Walking (storming?) in the door, the gal at the register told me, "She's in her office."

"Thanks," I replied flatly. Shook my head -- she was trying to help.

At her office door, I paused, and raised my hand to knock. No! I turned the knob and opened the door, going in.

Carol was standing in front of her desk, her hands together, a look of concern on her face. "Roger? Are you all right?" she asked, concern evident in her tone.

I raised my right hand, letting the cuff of my long sleeve shirt fall back, showing the ... whatever it was. "What the hell is going on?"

She led me by the hands to the couch. Still holding my hands, the words poured out of her. She knew it was happening so fast, but we seemed to be such a good fit, what with everything else, and it solved so many problems. Things had come to a head so suddenly, and then I appeared, an answer to so many questions. How I'd dealt with Ninny, showing such insight, yet restraint, and then with Mary, and her...

"Wait," I interrupted.

She paused, looking at me so expectantly, still holding my hands.

"Let's back up -- what happened yesterday when I got here, with Mary?"

She sighed and nodded. "Roger, you mentioned intuition, going on intuition with Ninny. I did the same, with you. I think we'd agree -- part of it is observation, but part of it is letting ourselves respond. You did that with Ninny, and you did that here, with me. And I took a chance, feeling it even then, early last night, here. Oh, I knew before then that I wanted to talk to you about Ninny, to better understand what went on, but after meeting you and talking to you for even a few minutes..." She gave me such a smile.

"I took a chance for all of us, Roger -- the note I gave Mary asked her to go change, come back, and suckle you. You saw how she responded! She loves it too, Roger -- as do I..."

"But then..." I prompted.

I saw the hunger flash momentarily over her face, and felt its echoes in me.

"Roger, the way you responded -- we could tell you needed that so much... Not just enjoyed, or wanted, but *needed*... Yes, I took advantage -- take that how you will, -- I took advantage of you, and took you into hypnosis, so you could get the most out of your time with Mary, and then to explore deeper, to see if my intuition was correct."

"I don't want to know some of what happened," I interrupted, surprising both of us.

She smiled and nodded. "I understand, Roger, and I agree -- because you still have some deep wounds. But we started healing those -- here with Mary and me, and then at your house last night."

She sighed again and her smile changed to one more visceral, a lusty smile. "And I certainly enjoyed myself! Roger -- did you?"

I nodded. "Very much." Suddenly I was on the verge of tears again. "I don't like to wake up alone."

She moved closer, pulling my head to her shoulder, holding me. "None of us do, Roger."

We sat back. My eyes weren't the only ones that were moist.

"And that's why, out of all the storm clouds, you are such a ray of sunshine, why it makes so much sense! Oh, it's quick, and things may not work out, so of course it's temporary, but ... it feels like such a good fit!"

I shook my head. "I don't understand! What does this," I waved the thing on my right wrist, "mean?"

She sat back, looking puzzled for a moment, then smiled and as she stood up, kissing me on the forehead. I fell back against the couch like I'd been hit with a velvet sledgehammer, the room spinning and everything going soft.

Pulling me upright, sitting down again, she said, "She's coming up; she was in the back."

My head was clearing just about the time the door opened and Mary rushed in, going to her knees in front of me, her head in my lap and her arms around me. Why is it... Men speak so little, or is it just in comparison; when women start, the words pour out in torrents...

And Mary's torrent started with, "Oh Master..."

She understood it was only a start and temporary, but she hoped she would be good enough for me, she really thought she could be, and I just had to let her know what I liked and what I didn't and she was so looking forward to being with me and..."

"Mary-berry," Carol interrupted, "Is this how I taught you to behave?"

Mary still had her arms around me, her head against my side. She gasped, catching her breath. She kissed my thigh and sat back, hands on my knees now, smiling, tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Master. What can I do for you, Master?"

Looking at her, the way she was sitting, the way her chest moved as she breathed... Memories of last night, here on this couch... "Hold me, please -- a few minutes on each side?"

She nodded. "Thank you, Master," she whispered as she moved up on to the couch, pulling up her top and unsnapping the left side of her nursing bra. "'Oh, thank you," she whispered, pulling me closer.

I put my arms around her, letting go, letting her hold me. I woke a little when she switched sides, and then so soon, too soon, holding me to her, then moving to sit on the floor in front of me. The smile on her face, the glow, was amazing. I imagine I looked the same.

I touched her cheeks with my hands, moving her head closer as I leaned forward. “Thank you, Mary-berry,” I whispered, and kissed her on the forehead.

She sighed and melted into my lap. I put a hand on her back, rubbing gently, slowly.

I looked to Carol, who smiled and nodded. She leaned over and whispered something in my ear; I repeated it out loud to Mary without really understanding what was going on.

Mary sat up and looked into my eyes, smiling. She pushed her way between my legs, pulling me closer to the edge of the couch, pressing her bosom into me as she held my hips. “Thank you, Master,” she said. She got up and left the room.

“She’s mine?” I asked Carol when the door was closed.

Carol nodded. “For a while, at least. With your permission, we’ll move some of her things in this afternoon. She should spend at least a week with you, and then we’ll re-evaluate. I think, I hope, this will work out.”

I sighed. “What... So many questions -- what do I need to do, what does she do, how do I treat her?”

Carol smiled. “She will do as much as you let her -- cooking, cleaning, ambushing you, holding you. You need to hold and support her. You’ll know what to do! And if you don’t, call me! Either or both of you! And I’ll check in. She knows your schedule, so don’t worry.”

“She does?”

Carol chuckled. “Yes, she does. And while you are the Master, and she belongs to you, there are certain things she can do to you, you don’t stand a chance and you’ll both love it.”

I nodded. “Keys?”

Carol nodded. “Certain phrases...” She paused and chuckled. “We could use a house key for her -- we’ll get copies made, so you’ll get yours back when you get home for dinner.”

“I could get used to this,” I muttered.

Carol put a hand on my leg. “That’s it -- both of you *should*. It’s about *both* of you!”

I shook my head. “I should get back to the salt mines.”

Carol nodded. She reached for me with one hand as she popped open one side of her top with the other. "In a little while. Come here, baby -- I need my hungry baby..."

The world turned soft as she held me. I think her voice was in there somewhere, but it didn't matter, as long as I was in her arms.

I made it back to the salt mines, even got some work done. I knew I needed to be home between five thirty and six. To what?

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I left a little early and traffic was light; I pulled into the garage about twenty to six. A disreputable looking Camry was parked on the street. I parked in the garage and went into the house.

"Welcome home!" Mary greeted me, wearing a plush robe and something on her feet. She led me to the loveseat in the family room, and soon I was wrapped up in her, held to a nipple. And fading fast. I think she asked me a question between sides; I'm not sure. But after both sides, and being held for a few minutes, she helped me stand up, and led me upstairs. The bedroom and bathroom were nicely picked up. She'd taken over part of the closet. She was so happy! She left me to change clothes while she got dinner on the table.

A nice, simple dinner, served at the dining room table -- for years I'd been eating at the kitchen counter, unless I was surrounded by work, in which case I'd eat at the table.

She was so good, trying so hard -- trying not to drown me in words, but I could see she was so happy, so excited. "Mistress Carol" had her working days for the next few days so she could be home to fix me dinner; she'd be working part of the day Saturday, but not Sunday. Next week she'd need to be working some nights again, as she was one of the ones who helped close up, if that was acceptable to me.

I thought that would be, and we would work things out.

She let me putter some after dinner, but insisted on taking me upstairs to bed before ten.

Upstairs in the bathroom together, those simple routines, having someone standing next to me again... She took me to bed, smothering me to one side, smothering and suckling me to delirium, then pushing me to my back and riding us to ecstasy, holding me to the other side, and then suckling me to sleep in her arms.

When the alarm clock went off the next morning -- way too early? But before I could ask why, she'd silenced it and pulled me to her. What a way to wake up, even if I didn't wake up until she was finished with me, helping me up and into the shower, alone.

Before I left for home that day, I stopped at the loo. Glad I did -- when I got home, she welcomed me as she'd done the previous day, except that we ended up on the floor on cushions pulled from the couch, her on top of me, pounding me into the floor and smothering me to her.

Dinner was a bit later that night! And when we went to bed, she was so comforting.

Getting up in the middle of the night to pee, sitting on the can with moonlight through the skylight illuminating the bathroom, a ray of light on her toothbrush, comb, other stuff near the sink she'd adopted. What a feeling, seeing that.

Back in bed, seeing her there, hearing her breathing slowly, softly. Reaching out and putting my hand on her hip, at the curve of her waist, such an inviting spot.

The alarm going off too early in the morning, giving myself to her, but this time she joined me in the shower. After that, though, I *had* to have her on her back on the bed to find out what she tastes like. I enjoyed her until she cried out for me to stop -- and then she took me on the floor, and it was so intense, so different from being on the bed, or even on the couch cushions on the floor downstairs. When I came, I saw stars.

I got into work a little later Friday morning -- and I didn't give a damn.

Similar greeting when I got home Friday, just held and suckled. Just? So comforting, so delicious, so dreamy. More energetic at bedtime, orchestrating me on top of her between sides.

The weekend -- so amazing. Saturday morning we stayed in bed until she had to get up and go to work. She came home to fix us dinner and melt me in her arms again.

Sunday together was like a wet dream. I'd turn around, and there she was, reaching for me, pulling me to her, to bliss. From waking up in her arms in the morning to going to sleep in her arms that night, it was like being in a dream.

Sitting in my chair in the office, feeling her touch, a hand on my left shoulder touching me gently, sending a tingling through me.

I turned in the chair, suddenly so hungry for her, needing her so much. My arms going around her waist as my eyes closed and she drew me to where I wanted to be once more.

Or sitting on the loveseat, still feeling spaced out, not really watching a football game.

She came into the room and pulled the two big cushions off the couch and spread a soft fleecy blanket on top of them. She took off her clothes and moved to the cushions, holding her arms out to me. So quickly I was naked and wrapped up in her, and the blanket.

Snuggling together in the afternoon, letting her get up to tend the beef casserole for dinner, coming back to me, needing me to keep her warm. A warm hearty dinner, beef burgundy over noodles, so hearty, but looking at her and feeling so fulfilled, yet so hungry.

I helped her clean up the kitchen after dinner. She let me work in the office afterwards; she went upstairs to take a bath.

I got things lined up for the week, and went upstairs a little after nine.

Crawling into bed with her, she was so warm, her skin was so soft and smelled so delicious. Add to that the joy of snuggling up and letting go, relaxing completely and giving myself to her. What a day!

Kissing at the back door as I headed to work Monday morning, a little late, we were different people. I could see the glow in her, and feel it in myself.

FIN

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