

Want

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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.

"Three, eyes open, back with me again..."

He opened his eyes, sitting up and looking around the unfamiliar room. A bedroom -- he was in a bedroom, sitting up on a bed, naked, his feet touching a cool wood floor. Where were his clothes?

He looked over to where he'd heard her voice, and his breath caught.

She was about five foot six, in bare feet, wearing a long, simple skirt and a soft fuzzy top. Her oval face was framed by jet-black hair down past her shoulders. She stood in front of a curtained window, the flower print of the curtains muting the light from the outside. Her smile and eyes penetrated him. Looking into her eyes, he remembered the soft fullness of her breasts, her long, oval fingernails, and what they did to him as they ran over his body. He remembered a butterfly tattoo above her right breast, the blues, oranges, and greens of its wings contrasting with the thin black outline.

"Is this what you wanted?" she asked, stepping forward. Her hips swayed gently, and the fabric of her dress made a soft sound.

He was confused, looking at her.

She smiled, taking another step closer.

He felt ... apprehension, longing, and yet at the same time, comfort and ease.

She nodded. "This is what you wanted. You wanted to give yourself to me, didn't you?"

He nodded, moving his head slightly. He could feel it in his chest and in his legs -- he wanted to give himself to her.

"You wanted me to hypnotize you, deeply. You wanted to go under in one place and wake up in another, not knowing how you got there, or why..."

He sighed, nodding. Oh how he wanted that -- and it was happening.

“And are you awake now, or are you still hypnotized?” she asked, smiling.

He didn’t know. He wasn’t sure. Had this been a mistake?

“And what’s going to happen next? What am I going to do with you?” she asked softly, taking half a step back.

Now his heart was beating with anticipation, and fear. How he wanted her -- but he couldn’t speak, or move his arms. Why? All he could do was look at her, sigh, and long for her.

Her smile shifted. She slowly took off her soft, sensuous top, revealing her full breasts bulging slightly from the tops of her bra.

“Oh, you love my breasts, don’t you?” she whispered, caressing her breasts, taking another step forward. “You love to suck on them and be lost in them, don’t you?”

He sighed, trying to reach for her. He was so hungry for her.

She continued caressing her breasts through the soft satiny fabric of her bra as she took another step closer.

“Oh, but which breast am I going to give you? Which one? One will send you deep into hypnosis, and the other will get you so aroused... Which one? The sleepy breast, or the sexy breast?”

She took another step closer, moving her hands behind her to unclasp her bra. “The sleepy breast, taking you so deep, or the sexy breast, making you so hard? Sleepy or sexy? Sexy or sleepy?”

She dropped her bra, shaking her head, shaking her soft, black mane out over her shoulders, taking another step closer, her legs between his on the bed. He could feel the warmth radiating from her body, and almost taste her nipples, inches away.

“Put your arms around my waist,” she whispered, and his body obeyed.

His eyes were focused on the butterfly peeking out from behind wisps of her soft, black hair, his mouth open slightly in anticipation. He knew if he watched the butterfly long enough, it would fly away, and take him floating away with it

She slid her arms up his, sending a moan and a shudder through him. She drew his head to her chest beneath her breasts, pressing his ear to her. “Hold me,” she whispered.

His arms obeyed, holding her waist, while her arms slid around his head and squeezed him gently. He sighed and moaned, feeling himself falling again.

She laughed softly as she held him. "Oh no you don't -- stay with me -- awake again."

His head cleared and his eyes opened, even though he wanted to leave them closed, leave them closed and sink back down, down, down...

She squeezed his head tight, and he moaned. Fragments of memories floated through his mind -- kissing her long, oval fingernails, so smooth, painted such a dark, deep blue; being on his back, feeling those fingernails rake up his thighs and abdomen; kissing her thick, soft hair; on his back, feeling her hair touch his face, his back arching.

More memories -- pleading with her, telling her he was sure that was what he wanted; looking into her eyes, feeling fingertips at his temples, her voice soft and low.

Her soft laugh turned into a low growl. She released his head and took half a step back. His head returned to center; his mouth tried to capture a nipple as it moved by.

"Oh, not yet you don't," she said, moving back a little further. "Which one will it be? The sexy breast, or the sleepy breast? Sleepy or sexy? Sexy or sleepy?" She laughed again, moving her breasts in front of him.

"Take off my skirt," she ordered.

Even as his hands moved, he knew she wouldn't be wearing panties. He slipped his hands under the elastic waistband of her skirt and slid it down her legs as far as he could reach without moving his torso.

She stepped back, slipping out of his arms so easily, as easily as she finished slipping out of her skirt. With a sigh and a chuckle she reached out with her right index finger, pushing on his chest, and pushed him to his back on the bed.

He fell back stiffly, not even able to break his own fall, looking up at the ceiling.

"Oh, you *are* happy to see me," she said with a laugh.

He trembled at the touch of her fingers on his hot, hard cock. He felt the bed move, and moaned at the soft caress of her hair moving up his legs.

"Oh, such a strong man," she whispered. "And all your strength is right where it will please me." She sheathed his cock in her hair and pumped it slowly, lasciviously.

He moaned underneath her, unable to move. He recalled her words, draining his strength, moving all his strength to his cock. Fear as well as pleasure moved through him -- she had such control over him.

As he sighed, giving in, letting go of his internal struggle, the exquisite torment ceased, and he felt her moving again. He felt her delicious breasts slide along his cock, then press into him.

“Which will it be? The sexy breast, or the sleepy breast? Which do you want more? Which do you *think* you want more, and which do you *really* want more? Sooo deeeep in hypnosis, or sooo deeeep inside me?”

As she spoke and pressed against him, he breathed faster, almost panting. What did he want more? He didn’t know. He wasn’t sure -- he wasn’t sure.

She moved again, sliding up his body, until she was sitting on him, her hands pressing on his shoulders as she rocked her hips.

“Oh, that’s nice. I could take you now, and ride you... But first...”

He felt her moving up his body again, moving until her legs were by his head. He inhaled deeply through his nose in anticipation, and felt her warmth approaching.

“Adore me,” she said, lowering herself on to his face.

He adored her with his lips and tongue, learning he was able to move his head and neck to please her. He couldn’t get enough of her taste, and each moan from her sent sparks of pleasure through him.

When she finally moved down, sitting on his chest, he continued kissing her stomach.

“That was good,” she panted, pressing her belly to him.

She slid lower again, taking him all the way inside her in one motion, bringing moaning sighs from them both.

“Oh yes!” she cried. He felt her fingernails digging into his shoulders as she pressed her hands against him, rocking her hips. He moaned -- not in pleasure, but with desire -- how he wanted to be able to move, to please her better.

“Hold my waist, love me,” she panted.

That set part of him free, and his hands leaped to her waist, pulling her closer as he rocked his hips to meet hers.

She cried out as she came again.

He felt her lean forward, her hips taking a new rhythm.

“Open your eyes,” she said.

He opened his eyes, and saw her above him, her breasts bouncing gently, playing counterpoint to the motion of her hips.

“Which is it going to be? The sleepy breast or the sexy breast? The sleepy one or the sexy one? Which do you *really* want? Which do you *really* need?”

He moaned almost continually as her hips took a new urgency in their rhythm, his eyes following her breasts. He was getting so close -- it felt so good -- but as she asked, “Sexy or sleepy? Sleepy or sexy?” he couldn’t decide. He wanted them both, he needed them both.

“Sleepy or sexy? Sexy or sleepy?” she chanted, swing her breasts above him, lowering herself slowly as she rocked, getting closer to another orgasm.

“Which will it be? Sleepy or sexy? Sexy or sleepy? Sleepy or ... ahhhh!”

His eyes transfixed on her breasts, he felt her body momentarily stiffening on top of him, then her moan as she came, shifting her hips, circling them on top of him.

“Come!” she commanded, squeezing his shoulders.

He cried out as his body complied once more, pumping into her.

She sighed, moving her hips, enjoying the rich sensation of being filled.

His vision cleared enough to notice her breasts getting closer. Her hand moved from his left shoulder to under his head. She rolled her hips, extracting another pulse from deep within him.

“This is what you want. This is what you need,” she whispered.

He took her nipple in his mouth and sighed as she lowered herself a little more, and pulled his head to her. His eyes drifted closed.

FIN

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