

Birthday Surprise

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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.

(This one is for Jean -- you're a wonderful Muse!)

Ellen stirred in bed, snuggling into Tom's arms.

"Good morning, pretty," Tom said, kissing her curly brown hair and pulling her closer. "Did you sleep well?"

Ellen peeked at the gas machine sitting next to the bed, quickly looking over settings, confirming it had been shut down properly. It had been -- he learned quick.

"God yes -- that was fantastic," she sighed, snuggling closer and closing her eyes, recalling the sensations as best she could.

"I hope you'll keep me for a while," Tom said, kissing her again.

"Oh, I will," she said, "You were very good."

After another kiss, he said, "Oh, I was so selfish last night."

"Really? How?"

"You were enjoying it so much -- it was so good watching you, one finger inside you, and one on your button, watching your head move back and forth, hearing you moan through the mask. But I wanted to have my head between your luscious thighs, squeezing me. You are so tasty. I can't get enough of you."

She laughed soft and low. "I'll have to give you more of a chance, then."

"How about now?"

"Right now I need to be held. You are so warm in the morning!"

A while later she asked, "What got you interested in this, ah, diversion? Do you know?" Ellen snuggled up, her head on his chest.

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Tom sighed a little, moving in bed. “Other than you? Oh yeah, I know, or at least I do now. Why?”

“Oh, curious. Some people just seem drawn to it, but don’t know why. Would you tell me?”

“Yes -- do you know? Would you tell me how you got into it?” Tom asked.

Ellen chuckled. “Sure. Who goes first?”

Ellen felt him move a bit more, and felt his heart beating faster.

Tom moved and said, “I should pee first, and you’re going to need to hold me. It’s a weird story.”

She kissed his chest. “Okay. I’ll go as well.”

Tom was standing by the bedroom window, curtain pulled aside a little, when Ellen stepped from the bathroom to his side.

“We must have gotten a foot of snow overnight,” she said, sliding up to him and looking outside.

He put an arm around her. “Yeah, and it’s been coming down steadily. I don’t think we’re going in to Nashua today.” He looked at her with a lusty smile.

“Brrr! Let’s get back in bed! I need you to keep me warm!” Ellen said, and scampered back. Tom followed eagerly.

After burrowing in for a while, Ellen asked, “Still want to talk?”

Tom felt himself tighten up. He knew she had to have felt it as well. “Sure. You first.”

Ellen held him gently. “Is something the matter? We don’t have to.”

Tom hugged her. “No, it will do me good. How did you get started?”

Ellen sighed. She knew she was smiling. “Oh, it was after I’d been a nurse for a while. I had the opportunity to study anesthesia in depth, and thought it would be cool. Little did I know...” She laughed and snuggled in closer.

“One of the instructors I had was a really good looking gal -- a lot of people had the hots for her, including me. I guess I’d given her enough looks, as one day she asked if I’d like to stick around for some private lessons.”

“And of course you agreed,” Tom said, moving a hand to find a nipple.

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“Oh, you bet. It took us about two minutes to drop the pretenses.”

“And?” he said as he traced the outline of her nipple, feeling it tighten in response.

Ellen ran her hand over his chest, turning from fingertips to nails as she moved lower on his stomach.

“She told me she was going to take me somewhere I’d never been before. And God, did she ever!”

Tom pulled her hand back up to his chest. “And?” he asked again.

“Oh, Tom, it was grand -- as students in the class we’d practiced gassing each other, doing slow inductions, three-breath inductions, single-breath, monitoring... This was so different -- she told me how to take someone to that twilight place and keep them there, how wonderful it was, and she touched me gently, on the arms, the shoulders, as she described how to feel for the muscle tone cues, looking me in the eyes all the time. That was so hot...”

Tom agreed -- he was hot and hard again, feeling his cock pushing against her leg. “I remember you teaching me that, the way you touched me. I thought I knew what was going to happen, but wow...”

“Oh, you can say that again. She had me dripping wet, ready to rip off my clothes and hers and pounce on her, and all the time she’s speaking so clinically, but in such a sultry voice, just like I did with you, lover. When she had me worked to a frenzy, she had me lie down, and she put the mask on me. I wanted to take slow, shallow breaths so I could pace myself, but when she ran her hands over my breasts, I gasped...”

Tom held her closer, remembering her doing the same to him. “I know how that works... You ran your hands over me and pinched one of my nipples, and I almost lost it.”

“She went back to being sexy-clinical, taking me to the edge, feeling muscles in my forearm, explaining what she was monitoring. She looked into my eyes and talked about the importance of monitoring the patient’s eyes, watching the pupils, watching how they moved. Then she started stroking my body -- I was buzzing in a cloud, the mask on my face, and she started running her hands all over me. She got me pretty much undressed, and teased me for I don’t know how long.”

“Mmm... I like doing that. I hope I did a good job last night,” Tom whispered.

“Should we take a break from storytelling?” Ellen asked with lust in her voice, feeling her own warmth as well as his.

Tom chuckled. “Keep going. What did she do next?”

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“She worked me to such a state, playing with my nipples, running her hands over me. It was glorious. Then she paused and looked in my eyes again, told me how important it was to watch the eyes, and as she did, her hand slipped down my tummy, to my mound.”

Tom slipped a hand between her legs, feeling her shiver as he did. “Like this?”

“Oh, yes -- she was so gentle -- oh, like that, lover, then she moved closer, and after she’d gotten a finger good and wet -- oh yes, Tom -- she touched my clitty.”

“Like this?” Tom whispered, moving his hand to hold the back of her neck as he touched her button with the other hand.

The only response he got was moaning, which increased for a while, then stopped after she shuddered from head to toe.

Tom moved so he could kiss her neck. “Which do you prefer? Tongues or fingers?” he asked with a whisper.

Ellen moaned, trying to pull his head down to her nipples. “Oh, your tongue was so good last night, and your fingers. And you’re the only one that’s ever made me come by sucking on my nipples -- that’s so intense.”

“Did she do that to you? Go down on you? Want to finish your story?”

Ellen sighed and let him kiss her neck. “She didn’t go down on me that night. After she used her hand, she blew my mind with a vibrator, running it over me, then back to my clitty.”

“Did she take you all the way under?”

“Eventually, yeah. She did the three-breath thing with sevoflurane, working me up to an incredible orgasm. I was on the edge, looking into her eyes, and she was telling me to come for her. I came gasping, and she took me under. What a trip.”

“Would you like me to do that? Talk to you? Tell you to come for me?”

“Yes -- if you’re not busy,” Ellen said with a low laugh

“How did you wake up?”

Ellen continued her low laugh. “With her naked on top of me, kissing me. I wanted to go down on her so much, but we tidied up, she took me to dinner, then to her place, and I got to return the favor.”

“I liked kissing you last night. Do you remember that? You were pretty far gone.”

“Oh, I remember. You were inside me, and you felt so good.”

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“And I told you to take a deep breath, and then I pulled the mask away, kissed you, and you breathed into me.”

She sighed. “I thought that’s what you were doing. It was grand. You felt so good, coming inside me, then taking me down.”

“I wanted to keep kissing you, have you breathe into me, and go down with you -- we’ll have to find someone to help us with that.”

Ellen chuckled. “You’re getting kinky fast. I like that idea. I also like you thinking about safety.”

“So, what did you do to your lover, I mean teacher?”

Ellen told him with her fingernails on his chest. “Still want to hear about it?” she growled.

Tom laughed, “Yes!”

“She worked me over for about an hour. I did her for almost three hours. I was insatiable. I couldn’t get enough of her. And when we were both exhausted, I put her under all the way, cleaned things up, and crawled into bed next to her. I went to sleep with one of her nipples in my mouth.”

“Mmm... I like doing that,” Tom rumbled, sliding a hand down between her legs again.

“Oh, I like it too...” she said as she moved his hand back to her breasts.

“Where is she now?” Tom asked.

“I’ll take good care of you, sweetie,” Ellen said with a laugh.

Tom chuckled and squeezed her. “I know you will. Just curious.”

“Right. Shortly after that class, about six months before we were certified, she moved to Austin. Married a cardiologist -- two kids and a Mercedes, last I heard.”

“Ah, life is tough,” Tom said. “Tell me, though -- what is it about those black rubber masks? The transparent plastic ones are lighter, more flexible, form a good seal, and let me see your luscious lips so I can see how you’re doing.”

Ellen sighed. He didn’t get it -- yet. She thought about the mask... What makes it so attractive? Maybe it’s the rubber scent. Maybe it’s the way it hefts in the hand, or the curve of the part that lies against your face. She thought about the weight, the texture, the smell, even the taste. The thoughts sent a tingle through her, from her nipples to her clit. When had that been?

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Last summer? Feeling the mask on her face, held in place by the straps of the harness running behind her head, the mask slippery from her sweat, sealing so well against her face. He'd done so well last night, holding her, teasing her, taking her to the edge.

With a gentle squeeze, she said, "Those plastic ones are supposed to be single-use. The rubber ones last longer, and the seals are a lot better. You get used to the weight, the texture..."

She was getting aroused, just thinking about it, remembering the mask, her love-affair with the mask. She chuckled a little -- that was the approach.

"Think of some toy you've had for a long time," she said, surprised at how sultry her voice was.

She looked at him -- he didn't get it. "Think of it as your favorite toy, sex toy, masturbation toy," she added, running a hand over his chest.

She was a little surprised to see him blush. She felt her nostrils flaring -- it was going to be so much fun, training him, teaching him, sharing with him, seducing him with the mask.

She moved a hand down to his cock and stroked it gently as she spoke. "Yes, think of it as the most erotic sex toy you've had. Thinking about it sends a tingle through me. You've seen how I touch it. Think about it -- think about me lowering that wonderful black mask to your face -- giving yourself to me, to the mask, to pleasure. Does that excite you?"

Tom smiled. "I guess so -- it's a little scary, seeing it approach. Part of the thrill, struggling a little to escape, knowing you can't, the excitement making you breathe faster, speeding things up. I want to try it with eye contact, and you talking to me, keeping me calm, doing it slowly. Talk to me -- tell me what you want me to do."

Ellen felt him tense and squirm as he spoke. She decided to change the subject. "So what's your story, sweetie?" she asked. And as she did, she felt him tighten more, and his erection fade. "You don't have to talk about it," she said. Was she taking him too fast?

"No, hold on to me," Tom said. He laughed nervously. "It's kind of weird. The whole thing was buried for over 20 years. Part of it surfaced six months ago, the rest just recently."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, the first part popped up with the bodyworker -- massage therapist -- I go to. Ah, let's see... I was six years old. I had really bad allergy problems -- emergency room bad. I was getting shots every week. I got them in my ass, one side one week, the other side the next week. They hurt like hell, getting them, and for days afterwards. I remember a huge syringe with a huge, long needle on it. I'd be on my stomach, and the nurse would tell me to relax in one certain spot as she wiggled one of my legs, pressing on my ass where she was going to give me the shot."

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Ellen could feel him tense up as he spoke. She held him gently.

“Damn that’s intense -- the memories came back during a session a few months ago. She was working a deep hip muscle. She pushed on that spot, telling me to relax, wiggling my leg, and the memories flooded back -- I could remember the antiseptic smell of the place, the texture of the cotton sheet touching my face, the way everything in the room felt so big like it does when you’re a kid, my mom standing off to the side with her arms folded. That was the hardest part -- my parents telling me it didn’t hurt, and to get it over with. Their denial was really hard on me.”

“Oh, Tom -- how could your folks put you through that?”

“Hey, they were doing what was best for me,” Tom said with a sigh.

“Anyway, I screamed, cried, and hollered and climbed the walls. I did not like it. My mom would practically drag me into the doctor’s office. All the time she’d be telling me to behave, and that it didn’t hurt. One day when I was supposed to get a shot, I hid under my bed. I stayed there until it was dark out. Both mom and dad yelled at me. I told them how much it hurt, over and over, and showed them how bruised I was. I think they started believing me. They still didn’t hold me.” His voice seemed far away, and small.

Ellen wrapped her legs around him and stroked his chest slowly, trying to ease his tension. “What happened?”

“Mom sat me down early one morning and said we were going to the doctor’s office. Before I could bolt from the room, she held my arms and told me they’d talked to the doctor, and things were going to be different. She promised they wouldn’t hurt me. I didn’t believe her -- I mean, she’d tried threats and bribery before.”

“It’s okay, sweetie,” Ellen said softly. “I’ve got you.”

Tom shivered a bit. “Thanks. Remember, I was six, six and a half. We drove to the doctor’s office, all the time my mom telling me things would be different. Who was she trying to convince? I don’t know now. We went into the office. For once I wasn’t screaming; I remember that, and the way the staff looked at me -- that ‘Oh shit, here we go again!’ look. A nurse called me, and I looked at mom. Mom just nodded. I went with the nurse.”

Tom laughed nervously again, holding Ellen close. “God, it was wild. I remember it so clearly, how big she was, holding my hand, leading me down the hall, calling me ‘Tommy.’ We went into a room. She sat on the little bed thing, and sat me next to her. She was bigger than my mom, taller and a lot fuller -- big tits. I was shaking, scared as hell. I asked her if she was going to give me my shot. She told me she wasn’t. She put her arms around me, and held me. I can still remember pressing into her, she was so soft and warm.”

“After a bit, she picked up this black mask with these hoses hooked up to it. I could hear a hissing noise. I guess I pulled back. She smiled and told me, ‘Tommy, this won’t hurt. Watch.’ She put the mask over her own face, and took a deep breath. God, it’s funny now, her

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sneaking some. Then she asked, 'Would you try it for me?' I nodded, and she held me to her breasts -- they were so warm and soft underneath her white cotton top. She held the mask to my face gently, rocked me, and told me to breathe naturally. She held me, rocked me, and took me down so gradually. When I think of it, I can feel her warmth, and hear her heart beating in my left ear. I can almost hear her voice. When I woke up again, she was holding me, and my bottom hurt some. I guess I started crying, and she held me again, rocking me, and put the mask on my face again, gassing me until I calmed down. Then she held me and rocked me."

Tom sighed and shook his head. "Anyway, after a while, my mom and the doctor came in. They asked how I was doing. Okay, I guess. Was that better? Yes. Okay, these shots are very important, so we'll do the rest of the series that way -- would that be okay? The nurse gave me another hug, and I said it would be."

"Wow -- you lucky boy -- what happened after that?"

Tom chuckled. "I don't know about that. But that's the way it went, for I don't know how many weeks. We'd go over, and I'd go back with the same nurse. I remember feeling so weird -- fear, anticipation, longing -- I know now some of those were sexual feelings. She'd hold me for a while. Then she'd get out the mask, and take a few hits herself. She'd hold me to her, holding the mask to my face, holding me and talking to me while she took me down. I'd wake up, knowing I'd gotten the shot, and she'd hold me again, some times gas me again, some times take more herself. After a few more weeks, it stopped."

Ellen held him, feeling his heart still beating rapidly.

"And that was the end of it?" she asked, moving one hand behind his head to cradle him.

Tom sighed, relaxing to her touch. "Pretty much. It must have been the next spring -- I had a bad time, and went in for three more shots. I was seven then. We did it the same way, only I held her a lot more, and she took her time taking me down. It was very nice."

"You seem to have recovered from your trauma fairly well. The first time I gassed you -- that's when it came back?"

Tom sighed. "Yeah, I'm kind of glad you did it quickly and without too much warning. I was in that weird excited phase just before I dropped off -- it came back in a flash. That's why I cried when I woke up and you held me. It was so strange -- I hadn't thought of it for decades."

Ellen moved a little, holding him. He felt tight, and his cock, which had been hot and hard against her leg a few minutes ago, was barely discernable against her leg. She sighed and moved him to his back, then straddled him.

"After hearing that, I think I should take you on a very nice ride. Would you like that?"

Tom had started to relax, but his heart pounded again. Her weight on top of him felt so good, yet he was filled with those mixed feelings, so strong.

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“Yes, please,” he whispered.

Ellen moved off him and started to prep the machine. She set it for a 50/50 mix at first, and prepped the vaporiser with 6% halothane, but left it out of the circuit for now.

The cool air of the room hit his chest as she moved away. Tom lay unmoving, feeling his nuts tighten up against his body, feeling the conflicting sensations in his arms and legs.

He heard the hissing of gas and opened his eyes. Ellen moved to straddle him again. He could see her nipples perked up, and smell her arousal. She held the mask to her face with both hands, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. Tom moved a hand between her legs, moving a finger up her slit, which was hot and moist. She rocked suddenly at his touch, moaning, holding the mask tight to her face for a couple of additional breaths.

She pulled the mask away, smiling. “Oh no, sweetie -- this is your ride. You were so good to me last night, taking me to the edge, making me come over, and over, and over again. Now it’s your turn. You need it.”

Tom saw the darkness of the mask approaching, and felt the coolness of the gas. He struggled within himself to stay where he was. He felt the fear -- and the need. The cushioned rim of the mask was warmed from being on her face. He felt her hold it gently, as her other hand slid down his neck to his chest.

He opened his eyes wide in surprise -- he’d been expecting the sweet, slightly pungent aroma of the gas, but it was mixed with one of her perfumes.

“Surprised?” Ellen said atop him. “That’s a suggestion from a friend. Nice and easy, lover. You’re so safe with me. I’m going to take such good care of you. That’s it, another nice, slow, breath. Look into my eyes, darling -- look and let me watch you, take good care of you.”

Tom’s head was swimming with the perfume and the effects of the gas, feeling her rocking on top of him. He felt his arousal grow again and let go more, let things happen.

“Every time I gas you, I’m going to use that perfume as well. And eventually, when I put on that perfume, one whiff and you’ll melt in my arms. Would you like that, sweetie?”

Tom nodded his head, breathing slowly, letting the gas and her perfume fill him, falling into her eyes.

She spoke softly, taking him to that twilight place, upping the nitrous a little, getting him so aroused and hungry for her, then took him inside her.

Tom let himself be awash in sensation, feeling Ellen rock on top of him. Her weight felt so comforting. He felt the mask pull away for a bit, and heard her muffled cries as she shook

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around him, holding the mask to her own face once more. Then the mask returned, and she did something, changed something, and it was so intense, so good, he was so close, so close.

Ellen looked deep into his eyes. "Come for me, Tom -- come for me, so good inside me. Come for me, lover." She rocked a little slower, but with more intensity. She felt him start to stiffen under her. With one hand holding the mask, she pinched one of his nipples with the other hand, making him moan into the mask, his eyes swimming briefly. She moved her hand to the machine, ready to kick the vaporiser into the circuit.

She held the mask with one hand, watching him carefully as she took him on the slow paradise strokes. Next time, she thought, he'd be ready for straps holding the mask in place. He wasn't quite there yet -- still a little shy, and now she understood why.

As she moved her weight back on him, forcing him up to her cervix once more, his eyes rolled a little, he moaned, and she felt his delicious pumping deep into her. She kicked in the vaporiser. "Oh that feels so good, Tom... So good -- you can relax now -- I've got you. I've got you, Tom." She held the mask gently, her thumbs on the edges of the mask, her fingers sliding sensuously along the sides of his head as she rocked slowly, milking him, watching his eyes waver, then close as she tilted his head back a little. She held the mask and talked to him, still rocking, until he was soft and asleep beneath her.

She reached over and kicked the vaporiser out of the circuit. With a smile she blew out a breath, exhaling completely, then held the mask to her face with both hands, sitting up, and inhaling deeply, getting the last of the halothane from the circuit. God, it was grand, feeling it buzz into her. She felt herself spinning and leaned forward, setting the mask down by Tom's side, and steadying herself by putting her hands on Tom's limp shoulders.

Oh, that's good, she thought, but not fair to either of them. She took a deep breath, slow through her nose. One day, she thought. Then she smiled again, and started laughing softly. Her laughter intensified a little, pushing Tom out of her, as her idea took shape...

*

Tom held the birthday card from Ellen in his hand as he walked through the medical complex. He was in the building next to where she worked. Her note read "Suite 240b, 5PM sharp for your birthday surprise." Ellen would meet him and they'd go out for dinner.

He found Suite 240, Dr. Roberts, an orthopedic surgeon. 240b was the door to the left. The main suite looked dark. What the hell -- he knocked on the door marked 240b.

A short oriental woman opened the door. "Thomas Ward?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes, I'm supposed to be here at five?"

The woman laughed a little and waved him in. "Happy birthday from Ellen. She'll be along shortly. Please follow me." Her hand on his back was soft, warm, and comforting.

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Tom followed her through the mostly darkened suite to one of the exam rooms. She led him inside, and motioned to an exam gown on the table.

“If you’d undress completely and put on the gown, Gina will be right with you.”

Tom wrinkled his brow, not sure what was going on.

The woman smiled. “Tom, Ellen has a great birthday present for you.”

Tom sighed and smiled. “Okay, why not. Thanks.”

He closed the door, stripped, and put on the exam gown. He didn’t know what was going on. It was a little cool in the room, but it wasn’t the temperature that made his balls tuck up so close, he thought.

He tried sitting in the chair, but the plastic was very cold on his bare bottom where the gown failed to adequately cover. He sat on his own pants on the exam table.

A knock on the door -- his heart skipped a beat. “Yes?” he said.

The door opened. Tom was about five foot eight. The woman standing in the doorway, wearing a nurse’s uniform, had to be six foot two at least, with a delicious full figure. His heart didn’t know what to do.

She smiled and stepped into the room. She touched his arm.

“Tommy, I’m Gina. I’ll be taking care of you. Come with me and we’ll get started.”

Tom let himself be led in a daze out of the exam room, led by the hand down the darkened hall, and into another room.

Dim ceiling lights barely lit up the room. Tom saw a larger, lower exam table in the middle of the room, one with a lot of pedals around its base. And sitting behind it was a gas rig, with the other woman standing nearby.

He heard the door close behind him. Gina led him to the exam table. She sat down, and patted the spot next to her.

“Sit with me, Tommy,” she said with a smile.

Tom’s heart was in his throat as he sat down. She put her arms around him and pulled him to her bosom. Tom let his eyes close as he felt enveloped by her warmth and softness. Then he smelled the perfume -- Shalimar -- the same perfume Ellen had been using with him for the last few weeks. The perfume, her warmth and softness, melted him into her embrace.

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“That’s good, Tommy,” Gina said, holding him and rocking him. “No shots today; no shots any more. Just relax and enjoy it. I’ve got you.” She felt his arms going gently, weakly around her waist, and felt dampness from his tears. She held and rocked him for a while.

He felt himself being straightened up, and forced his eyes open. He looked from the full, firm breasts oh so close, and up to her face.

“Oh, that’s much better, Tommy. I’m so glad you’re enjoying it.” She turned a bit, and held up a mask. It was a pinkish transparent plastic, with hoses going off to the machine behind her. He could hear the hissing of gas.

“Remember this, Tommy?” she said. She held the mask to her face, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath, letting her head go back a bit. She lowered the mask as she exhaled with a big smile, moving a hand to the back of his head and neck. “Oh, it’s so nice, Tommy. Would you like some?”

Tom looked at her longingly, then back to her bosom. He saw the mask move away, and started to sit up, longing for it, but she pulled him to her again.

“Ruth, a nasal canula, please,” she said as she rocked him.

Tom let himself be held until she moved him once more. She stood up, and as she started unbuttoning her blouse, he heard the hum of motors and felt the table he was on start to move.

“Relax back, please Tommy,” she said. Both women helped him lie back on the table. The head portion elevated and the leg portion dropped a bit. Tom watched as Gina unbuttoned her blouse, then took off her bra.

“We won’t be able to use the perfume this way, but I think Ellen will forgive us,” Gina said as she moved closer to Tom.

She put the canula on him, guiding the tubes into his nose and hooking the plastic hoses over his ears. He felt the coolness of the gas in his nostrils.

“That’s good, Tommy. Now we’ll make sure you breathe through your nose. Nice and easy for me Tommy, relax and enjoy.”

Tom watched as Gina moved closer, feeling her hands slip behind his head, pulling him to a breast, engulfing him in a breast. He took her nipple and began sucking, his breath going deep as he did.

“Oh, that’s good, Tommy -- that’s very good,” Gina whispered as she moved his head around gently, holding him close.

Tom managed to get his arms partially around her waist, breathing through his nose as she held him.

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“Increase the nitrous please, Ruth,” Gina said. “Relax, Tommy -- we’ve got you.”

Tom let the waves take him, feeling his arms twitch a bit at one point before falling away from Gina’s body.

Did he hear a door open, Ellen’s voice? Some time later he felt hands on his body, and he moaned, sucking again with more vigor. Hands moved to his cock, and his hips moved with those hands.

“Oh good, Tommy -- keep sucking, just like that. Ruth, after you help Ellen, I, ah, need a hand. Oh, God!”

Tom felt the table he was on move slightly, then felt the unmistakable sensation of sliding into a wonderful wet, hot, tight place. He tried to arch his back, and thought he heard Ellen’s moan.

Tom drifted, hearing voices, feeling so many things. He felt Ellen on top of him, her motion more insistent on the hard table than it usually was when she rode him on their softer bed. Things speeded up, intensifying -- he heard women moaning around him, and he moaned as well, or would have, but for the nipple still in his mouth, and the hands holding his head.

He dimly recognized Ellen’s cry of ecstasy, then moaned and shook as a hand caressed his balls, sending him over the edge, coming intensely.

The nipple moved away, replaced by lips, Ellen’s lips.

The gas had changed; his head was clearing and he was drifting up again. The lips pulled away and he opened his eyes to see Ellen smiling down on him. The canula was taken away.

“Happy birthday, sweetie,” she said.

Tom saw something moving, and saw Ellen bringing the plastic mask to his face. He smelled the perfume again, and let his eyes drift closed.

“Open your eyes, sweetie,” Ellen said.

Tom struggled his eyes open. Ellen moved her face closer.

“Keep looking into my eyes, sweetie. Look into my eyes as long as you can. Oh, that’s good. Can you feel it starting? Oh, I love you, sweetie.”

Tom struggled to keep his eyes open, looking into Ellen’s sparkling green eyes. He saw her nod her head, and sensed the change in the gas mixture. He held his eyes open for as long as he could, until his love faded away.

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Phantasy in Progress
Rev 2/14/2001

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By silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>