

Breath

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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.

I sent an e-mail to my Mistress this morning, telling her about a new turtleneck shirt I was wearing. It's soft, and I love the feel of the fabric against my skin, especially the way it caresses me as I move. The part I really like, though, took me a while to figure out. The neck is tight, but as soon as I put it on, I liked it. I liked it a lot.

When I wrote my Mistress, I told her the tightness around my neck reminded me of the way she tightens her hands around my neck as we make love.

She replied a little while ago:

I love watching your eyes as my hands circle your neck and gradually tighten.

Because it's such a taboo subject, and because of the real dangers involved it's hard for me to express how excited I get guiding you through a breath control experience. There is almost no erotica out there on the subject (aside from some erotic hanging stories of which the vast majority are of the snuff genre (no thank you)).

I can think of nothing that signifies submission and trust more than that of a Mistress and her subbie sharing this type of play.

It's that intense.

Thank you dear for the images....

Love,
Jean

Her response got me thinking (and remembering). I've written a little about it before, the way she holds me and squeezes me.

I must say, though, that I still have a hard time with the word "submissive." Yes, I trust her completely. And I give myself to her completely, for her pleasure, and for mine. The Merriam-Webster dictionary defines it in terms of *yielding* or *permitting* -- and I don't do that. I give myself, completely, joyfully. And I am glad she doesn't go for snuff stories...

Soft and Deep

But how did we start on this path?

I remember a Saturday afternoon, so quiet from the snow falling outside, the room filled with the sounds of our lovemaking. She was on top of me, rocking slowly the way we both love. Her hands were on my shoulders, pressing me back into the bed, and keeping me away from the breasts I need so much.

There was something I wanted, something I needed -- I moved her hands from my shoulders to my neck.

And as I did, she smiled more. "Is this what you want, my love?" she whispered to me as her fingers circled my neck and tightened.

And oh the sensations! It was so intense as her hips rocked on top of mine and her fingers tightened around my neck. My eyes started to close, but she told me to keep them open, to keep looking in her eyes, something else we love dearly. And as she rocked, squeezed, and spoke, I came with a suddenness and intensity that surprised us both. Afterwards we held each other, and she nestled me back into the place I love, feeling and hearing her heart beat.

We didn't talk about it afterwards, but it worked its way in to our lovemaking.... I remember a night, she was on her back with me sitting up, my knees gripping her hips as I impaled her and pleased her button with a thumb.... She came again, and wrapped her legs around my torso, squeezing, helping me slide in and out of her. I love being squeezed -- the way she squeezes my head between her thighs when I go down on her, the way it muffles and amplifies her animal sounds at the same time.

But this time, feeling her legs squeeze me, I moved her legs up so her calves were on my shoulders. I wrapped my arms around her thighs and pounded into her. As I got close to the edge, she did it -- I think she must have crossed her legs behind me, the way she does when I go down on her and she doesn't want me getting away. I was getting close, and suddenly I felt her calves squeezing my neck, squeezing oh so well.

I know she could feel what that did to me -- filling me with fire, making me pound into her all the more, holding on to her legs and squeezing her, feeling her legs squeeze my neck, then holding on to her legs as I came deep inside her, holding on and then collapsing on top of her as she released me.

Once again we nestled together, our hearts beating fast.

She has other ways, sly ways as well. Occasionally when we kiss, she'll cover my mouth completely with hers, and block my nose with her cheek or with a hand. She's learned she has to be holding me when she does that, as I let go to her completely. She holds me, and holds me, until finally she breathes into me. She did that to me at a party a while back. When she sat up, she had such a look of triumph on her face.

Soft and Deep

My favorite still is being held between her breasts. She has a way of holding me, surrounding me, enveloping me in her breasts. I'm filled with sensation -- her softness, her warmth, the sound and feeling of her heart beating so close. My eyes close and the world fades away. She squeezes me, and the world disappears -- only she exists.

She'll squeeze me, smothering me with her breasts. I can't breathe, and when I'm enveloped in her, I don't care. But my body responds and she lets me go to gasp in air, only to fill my mouth with her softness again.

I think I see a pattern now. I hope it's her way of intensifying things for both of us. She seems to do special things to me during her period, when I get so horny for her. A few times now she's trapped me between her breasts, smothering me, and at the same time stroking me to delirium. She calls the results "spectacular." I don't have words for what happens to me when she does that.

A few weeks ago, she'd been away for a few days, and when she returned, she was in the middle of her period. I needed her so much. She had me undress and get on the bed. She put on our favorite velvet dress, climbed on top of me, and held me to her perfumed bosom, enveloping me in her softness and the dress until I'd melted in her arms. Then she pushed me to my back and moved on top of me. She's so good at getting me so hot and hard for her, yet so relaxed I'm barely able to move. Her fingers slid up my body and around my neck as she rocked on top of me. Rocking, whispering, squeezing, holding my eyes in hers -- her smile triumphant as I came under her and she throttled out my moaning cry. She rocked and squeezed until my ears started to buzz and my eyes closed. Her lips met mine and she breathed life into me again.

Oh Mistress -- you thank me for my images, yet you've given me so much, much more. And what do I have to give you? Only my words, and myself.

Fin
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