

Blind Seams

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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

Danny answered his ringing phone. "Hullo?"

"Uh, is this Danny?" a female voice asked.

"Yah," he said.

"Oh wow," the girl said, giggling. "This is wild..."

"What do you want?" Danny asked, getting annoyed.

"Ah, Danny... Wow... I just talked to, ah, Pamela -- she did some, ah, clothes for you?"

Danny sighed. "Yah, what about it?"

Her tone of voice changed. "Danny, I'm sorry if I'm bothering you..."

"No, wait," he said. "What do you want to know?"

"You're, like, happy with the work she did?"

"Oh yeah. She does a fantastic job."

"How about cost?"

"She's more expensive than clothes stores, but she does what you need."

"Ah, how is she to work with? Are you satisfied with her work? God, this is weird."

Danny laughed a little. He knew how weird it was, especially at the start. "She's great. I trust her. You must not have met her in person yet."

Blind Seams

“No, I’m still deciding. I called her for references, and after talking to her for a while, she gave me your name, ah, your first name... I thought you’d be a woman...”

“Nope, not at all,” Danny chuckled. He was feeling a little better about it. “She’s great. If you haven’t found what you want other places, she can help.”

“Ah, great... What kind of things has she done for you?”

“Underwear type stuff, shirts and shorts.”

“Okay, what kind of fabrics? Please?”

Might as well tell all, Danny thought. “Satin type things.”

“Oh God,” she practically moaned. “How do they fit? How do they feel?”

“They fit and feel great. They’re custom fit, so you do need to be a little careful.”

“Like what?”

“Listen, what’s your name, anyway?” Danny asked.

“Kat,” she said. Then she added, “Could you meet for dinner, and like, talk some more?”

“Yah, that would be great. Where? Somewhere in Sunnyvale works for me.”

“I’m close to there too -- how about the Tied House on Villa?”

“That’s great. When?”

“Oh, it’s five now, how about six? I’ll get us a table.”

“Okay, I can get there. How will I recognize you?”

She laughed. “You know Tux?”

“Yah, the penguin?” he asked.

“I’ll have Tux with me.”

“Okay, I’ll have mine too.”

“Cool -- see you around six. And thanks a lot, Danny.”

“Hey, no problem. Anything for Mistress Pamela.” Oops, Danny thought.

“See ya,” she said, and hung up.

Danny looked at his computer screen. He had a lot of shit to do in half an hour or so.

A few minutes later, his phone rang again. “Yah?” he said, picking it up.

“Daniel?” a soft feminine voice asked.

“Mistress?” he said, surprised. “What can I do for you?”

She laughed warmly. “Daniel, I wanted to warn you that you might be getting a phone call, but your line was busy. Did Catherine call you?”

“Kat? Yes, Mistress, she did.”

“Did you talk to her?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“What did you talk about?”

Danny sighed. “She wanted to know how you were to work with, if I was satisfied with your work. That kind of thing.”

“What did you tell her?”

“I told her you were great, Mistress.”

“Thank you, Daniel. I’m sorry I wasn’t able to warn you. I’ll make it up to you.”

That sent a shiver through him. “Thank you, Mistress... I’m meeting her for dinner.”

“Good! You’ll call me tomorrow morning and let me know what happens, won’t you?”

“Of course, Mistress.”

“Good, Daniel. Again, I’m sorry. I’ll make it up to you.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“I’ll talk to you in the morning, then Danny... Enjoy yourself...”

“Oh, I will, Mistress.”

Danny hung up the phone. She would make it up to him -- his eyes closed halfway and he moaned softly at the thought.

II

Kat got to the microbrewery a few minutes early, and managed to get a booth with a view of the door. She set her stuffed penguin on the table.

She sighed and sipped her beer. What a weird trip! When she'd talked to Pamela, she'd written down "Dani," assuming she'd be talking to another woman. What a surprise! Who was going to come through the door? She could hide her penguin... Nah -- she wanted more info. She'd been on ugly dates before -- how bad could he be?

She watched people come in the door. When she saw him, she smiled and her heart sped up. He looked to be in his late twenties, about her age, thin and well dressed, short hair, moustache, earring in his left ear, carrying a stuffed penguin. He was looking around. She picked up her penguin and waved it above her head.

Danny finally found a parking space, and made it only a few minutes late. Who was he meeting? Tux in hand, he looked around the microbrewery. Motion? He looked to his left.

He smiled and waved his penguin. He couldn't tell how tall she was, but she had a pretty face, dark hair to her shoulders, wearing a dark, long-sleeved top. He made his way over to her.

"Hey, Kat! Good to meet you!" he said.

She stood up as he approached and gave him a hug. "Danny, thanks so much,"

Danny appreciated the hug. She was an inch or so shorter, nicely built, with a very nice chest. He sat down on one side of the booth; she sat on the other. She waved to their server.

"What kind of beer you want?" Kat asked.

"Amber," Danny said.

"Amber, a big basket of garlic fries," Kat told their waitress. She looked to Danny. "Need time to look at the menu?"

"Nah," Danny said. "Baby back ribs, extra sauce, salad with house dressing."

"Ooh, good choice. I'll have the ribs too, salad with ranch."

Their waitress nodded and headed off, returning quickly with Danny's beer.

"How did you find Pamela?" Kat asked.

Danny laughed and shook his head. He took a sip of his beer. "Desperation," he said.

Blind Seams

He looked at her. What the hell, he'd opened up his soul to Mistress Pamela. "I wanted some specific things, as you can probably guess. I couldn't find what I wanted. I was up at a shop in San Francisco, looking at stuff, and one of the people there gave me her card." Danny dug into his wallet and pulled out one of his business cards, passing it over to Kat.

"Ooh, a little place around the corner from a Thai fast food joint? Couple of blocks from, God I don't know which one, but a BART station?" Kat took his card and gave him one of hers.

"Yah, that's the one. You know it?"

She laughed. "That's where I found out about her as well."

Danny asked, "Did you try making anything on your own?"

She laughed again. "I can't sew for shit."

Danny nodded and toasted her with his beer. "Neither can I. I tried."

She said, "That's more than I did!" She looked at him carefully, leaning forward. "Are you, like, wearing some now?" she asked conspiratorially.

Danny took another sip and nodded.

Kat smiled. "Ooh -- what?" she asked in a whisper.

Danny leaned forward. "Undershirt and shorts."

"Really?" Kat asked, leaning back. "Why don't you come over here for a minute," she beckoned.

Danny smiled and put down his beer. He stood up and started to come around to Kat's side of the booth.

"Stop," she said, holding out a hand. "Turn around."

Danny turned around slowly, then sat down next to Kat.

"You look so..."

"Normal?" Danny said, reaching for his beer.

She laughed and nodded her head. "Let's see," she whispered.

Danny was wearing a long-sleeved dark blue shirt and Dockers. He unbuttoned two lower buttons on the shirt and pulled it open a little.

Blind Seams

“Ooh,” Kat said, seeing the smooth black fabric under his dress shirt. She reached over and ran fingers over the fabric.

Danny’s stomach muscles twitched a little at her touch, but at the same time he felt a little spacey.

“That’s so cool,” she said, feeling the fabric a little more. She looked into his eyes. “Is this the finished side?”

He smiled, looking at her sparkling blue eyes. “Nah -- it’s finished on both sides, that’s one of the cool things about her work. She also does really flat seams, so things don’t stand out.”

Kat continued to stroke his stomach, looking into his eyes and smiling. “That’s so cool.”

Danny put his hand on hers. With a sigh, he slid out of her side of the booth and back to his.

Kat frowned and pushed out her lower lip.

Danny laughed, and started to make a remark when their salads arrived.

They ate and talked about their jobs, their conversation moving to other topics.

“So, where did you look for, ah, stuff?” Kat asked.

Danny shook his head. “The usual. Ebay, other on-line places, then places like Good Will, some outlet stores like the ones in Gilroy. How about you?”

She nodded. “About the same. Still, couldn’t quite find what I wanted.”

“What kind of things are you interested in?” Danny asked.

Kat looked around before answering. “Satins, other stuff.” She put her hands under her breasts and lifted them a bit. “I can’t go without a bra, and I really like the feel of the fabric...”

Danny smiled, picking up one of the last of his ribs. “Yeah, I think I know.”

“I’ve got some things I can wear. I’ve got a velvet leotard I wear inside-out that feels really good, but I can only wear it for a few hours.”

“Mmm -- velvet sounds good. I wouldn’t mind trying that...”

Kat laughed as she finished her dinner. He slid back over to her side of the booth as they shared dessert. She soon had his dress shirt pulled out of his pants, and was running her hands over him, feeling the satin underneath.

And Danny didn't mind a bit.

They finished dinner and argued about the check. They flipped a coin and Danny lost; Kat picked up the check.

He leaned over next to her and asked, "What can I do to thank you?"

Kat slid her hands back into his shirt, running one over his stomach. She pulled him into a kiss, then whispered hotly in his ear, "Come to my place and fuck me, now." She pushed her breasts against him, moving side to side, breathing heavily in his ear.

"Really?" Danny said.

She stuck her tongue in his mouth in reply, and moved one of his hands to her chest.

Danny felt a tight nipple, closed his eyes, and wrapped his arms around her.

"Follow me?" she said.

"Oh yeah," Danny replied.

He followed her to a nearby condo complex, and parked in a guest parking spot. He dug into his bag and pulled out some condoms, putting them in his pants pocket as she came up and ran her hands over him.

"Oh, I'm so hot for you," she growled, practically pulling him from his car.

They made it to her place and in the door. She dragged him to her bedroom, taking off her clothes. "Let's see it!" she told Danny.

Danny was already halfway undressed as well.

When he was down to his satin undershirt and shorts, Kat called out, "Stop!"

Danny stopped, grinning, and turned slowly. He stopped and looked at Kat. "You are beautiful," he said.

Kat liked what she saw as well, especially the bulge in his shorts.

She stepped up and wrapped herself around him, pulling him over to and on to the bed. Danny tossed the condoms onto the nightstand.

"Oh, you feel so good," Kat rumbled as she slid her body over his. "That feels so good!" The sensation of her nipples sliding over his satin-clad body was electric. She slid a hand to his cock, teasing it through the slit in his shorts, making him moan.

She slid down, sliding her breasts along his cock and the satin of his shorts.

“Oh God, I’m not going to last...” Danny cried, holding her shoulders.

Kat smiled and pushed into him more, running her hands over his body and the sensuous fabric.

He moaned, “Oh God...” and stiffened.

Kat quickly moved lower, taking him into her mouth, moving one hand between his legs, feeling his balls through the cloth. A few more strokes and he exploded into her mouth. She held on, enjoying all the sensations, sucking him dry.

Danny was still a little dizzy as Kat moved up his body again. She slid up slowly, taking pleasure in the sensation of the fabric sliding over her skin. She slid up past his head and pulled him to a nipple. He latched on, sending another tingle through her. She held him and laughed to herself. She kissed him on the top of the head. “You’ll last longer for me now...”

After a while, Danny started getting aroused again, moving more in Kat’s arms.

Kat pulled Danny’s head up a bit, to shoulder level. Danny tried to move lower, trying to get to her nipples again.

“Tell me about her first,” Kat said.

“Mistress Pamela?” Danny asked, still kissing her skin, trying to move lower.

Kat chuckled, pulling him back up, holding him closer. “Yeah, her. What’s with this ‘Mistress’ stuff? She sounded like one of my aunts on the phone.”

Danny snuggled in. “You’ve got pretty kinky aunts, then. It’s what she wants. Please, for me, call her Mistress Pamela, or Mistress. It’s a sign of respect.”

“Really?” Kat asked, holding him.

“Yes, please,” Danny said. “She’s special. You’ll see; I hope you will. Gonna call her?”

“In the morning,” Kat said, letting go of him.

To her surprise, he slid down past her breasts to between her legs.

Danny enjoyed Kat’s scent, her taste, and the way she responded to him. He slid a finger into her, hooking it back, tantalizing her with his finger on the inside and his lips and tongue on the outside. She moaned and shuddered around him, squeezing him with her thighs. After a while she cried, “In me, please!” and pulling his head up.

Blind Seams

As he slid up, he reached over and grabbed a condom from the nightstand. As he opened the package, Kat took it from him. "Let me help with that..." she growled.

Kat smoothed the condom onto him, and guided him deep inside. She felt his balls through the smooth fabric, and started flicking him with her fingertips, setting his rhythm.

Danny moaned and held on to Kat's shoulders as she moved his whole body with her fingertips. He let himself respond, moving in and out to her caress.

Kat moved her hands to Danny's bottom, pulling him in, feeling his tight muscles. She was close again, and started rocking her hips.

Danny felt the shift in her motion, and leaned forward on her, feeling more of her body with his as they moved. He felt her quiver, and she cried out again, digging her fingers into him. He felt it growing, getting close, and pushed harder and deeper.

"Yes, yes, now please!" she cried as she felt Danny pulse inside her.

They collapsed together, kissing, then sliding apart. Kat was surprised when Danny snuggled up against her, going for her nipples again. She turned to her back, helped move him closer, and sighed as they both settled in.

III

When they woke to the alarm clock, they slid together, Danny moving up against Kat's back, holding her and kissing the back of her neck. Soon she was on her stomach, knees pulled up, and Danny was riding her, holding her breasts as she moved one of her hands between her legs.

"God, you're good," Kat said, holding Danny's arms around her afterwards.

"Mmm..." Danny said, kissing the back of her neck. "You've got a great wiggle."

Kat laughed, jiggling him the rest of the way out.

"I need to shower," he said.

"Don't want to hold me?" she said, rolling to her back. "I could hold you," she whispered, offering a soft and shapely breast.

Danny moved down and kissed her nipples. "I need to pee."

Kat pouted. "Okay..."

A couple of minutes later, Kat said, "Can I join you?"

Danny rinsed his face and said, "Sure!"

Kat got into the shower. "Ooh, too hot for me," she said, turning down the temperature.

Danny held her, spreading soap over her body. They explored each other with hands and mouths as they washed, and then dried.

"Got any powder?" Danny asked.

Kat grinned, opening a drawer. "Just girly stuff." She took out a container.

Danny opened it and gave it a sniff. "Nice -- I like it on you." He put some in a palm and dusted his balls and between his legs.

Kat sighed, watching.

"What?" Danny asked.

She giggled. "Last night I was worried I'd meet someone who seldom bathed, didn't care how he dressed, you know -- the usual geek trip."

Blind Seams

Danny laughed, dropping to his knees and moving over to put his arms around her waist, his head just under her breasts. "That was me a few months ago. The gal I report to at work even complimented me a while ago about how much my grooming has improved -- she told me it was making it a lot easier to get me promoted. If only she knew why..."

Kat held him and chuckled. "And why is that?"

Danny sighed. "That stuff, the clothes, are expensive, and you have to keep clean, take care of them. I wish I had two sinks in the bathroom; one is usually full of Woolite and stuff."

Kat rocked him side to side a little. "That is a big change. I like it, though."

They went back to the bedroom, straightening up the bed. Danny sat on the foot of the bed, picking up his clothes. Kat walked a little too close and he grabbed her, pulling her to him, nuzzling her breasts again.

"You really like that, don't you," she whispered, messing up his hair as she held him to her.

With another kiss, he said, "What's not to like?"

She pulled away laughing.

Danny sighed. "I hope you like it too," he muttered somewhat dejectedly.

Kat walked over and pushed him back on the bed, laying on top of him and pushing a nipple into his mouth. "You'd better believe it... I bet you could get me to come that way..."

Danny took that as encouragement and started running his hands over her.

Kat pulled away with a shiver. "Just not now, lover -- we need to get to the salt mines."

Danny sighed, and Kat slapped him on the stomach as she got up. They both laughed.

"Let me show you something," she said, going to a drawer.

Danny sat up and put his undershirt and shorts back on again. "These need to be washed," he said. "I should swing my place and change. I've got to shave, anyway."

Kat pulled out a deep blue velvet leotard. "Oh? Can I come with you?" She turned the leotard inside-out and pulled it over her head. She ran her hands over her body, her head going back. "Oh, this feels so damn good!"

Danny stood up and went over to her. "Let me help," he said, and pulled her closer, running his hands over her.

“Too bad it doesn’t have velvet on the outside as well -- I bet she could do that,” he muttered as he nibbled on her neck.

“That would be nice,” Kat agreed.

Danny reached between her legs, stroking her and making her moan. “You could ride me -- I’d like that.”

“Oh, you would, would you?” she moaned appreciatively.

He bit the side of her neck, gave her a squeeze, and stepped away. As he bent over to pick up his pants from where they’d been dropped on the floor the night before, she grabbed his hips from behind.

“I get pretty wild when I’m on top,” she growled.

Danny put his hands on the bed to keep from falling over as she pushed her hips into him. “Sounds good to me,” he replied.

They managed to get dressed, and head out the door.

“Follow me over?” Danny suggested.

Kat smiled, then said, “Shit! I’ve got a staff meeting,” she looked at her watch, “in fifteen minutes!”

“Talk to you later then,” Danny said, pulling her to a hug before she could run off.

“Oh, you will, don’t worry,” she said, giving him a quick kiss and feel, then running off to her car.

Danny looked at the clock in his office. After nine-thirty -- he picked up the phone.

“Pamela’s Passions,” the voice answered. “How can I help you?”

Danny sighed; her voice did that to him. “Good morning, Mistress,” he said.

“Daniel! How good to hear from you. Catherine, or should I say Kat, left a message for me earlier. At least I think it was for me; she left it for ‘Pam...’ Do you know who she meant?”

Danny sighed again, not in pleasure this time. “I told her to address you as ‘Mistress,’ or ‘Mistress Pamela.’ She must not have heard me.”

Pamela laughed. “Oh, I think she heard you just fine. How did your dinner go?”

“Very well, Mistress -- I ended up at her place for the night.”

“Oh, and can I be proud of you?” she asked in a low, amused voice.

“I hope so, Mistress.”

She chuckled. “I’m sure I can, Daniel... Did you please her?”

“Yes, Mistress...” Danny told her in detail about their evening, and their morning.

“Good... Something else I need to thank you for... Could you come up this evening, be here around five, say?”

Danny smiled and sighed, looking at his calendar. “Yes, Mistress, I could.”

“Very good, Danny... If Catherine can make it, I’ll want you to bring her up, okay?”

“Of course, Mistress.”

“I hope to see you this evening then, Daniel. Enjoy your day.”

“Thank you, Mistress. I will.”

He got tied up in meetings, not making it back to his cubicle until after one in the afternoon. The message light was flashing on his phone. He picked it up.

“Hey there -- this is Kat,” the voice whispered huskily. “It’s eleven fifteen. If you can call me in the next fifteen minutes, we can go to my place and I’ll ride you until you can’t move. Pam can see me tonight, and says you’ll pick me up. Give me a call.”

Danny shook his head. Tonight would be interesting, that’s for sure. He dug out her card, and called her office.

“Catherine here,” she answered.

“Hi Kat, sorry I couldn’t make it,” he said.

“So am I,” she growled. Then in a brighter tone she asked, “Pick me up at my place at four thirty?”

“Yah, I can do that.”

“You could get there a little early, you know, like a little after four,” she suggested.

“That sounds good too.”

She laughed. “See you whenever then.”

Danny arrived on her doorstep a few minutes after four. He rang the doorbell and waited.

And was pulled inside and pressed against the back of the door, Kat kissing him and feeling him. He put his arms around her, feeling her. She was wearing a beige satiny top and matching loose satin pants, and it didn't feel as if she had anything on underneath.

Danny shed his shoes on the way to her bedroom, and was soon stripped down to his undershirt and shorts. Both were dark blue, the legs on his shorts going almost to his knees.

"Cool," Kat growled, running her hands over his body. "Now get on your back!"

As Danny scooted up on the bed on his back, Kat grabbed a condom from the nightstand. She straddled him and quickly released his cock through the slit in his shorts.

"Ooh," she sighed, diving down for a moment and taking him into her mouth, making him thrash on the bed. She sat up again and rolled on the condom. She moved forward a bit, and spread the open seam in the crotch of her pants, sliding on to him.

They both moaned. Danny held her waist, then moved his hands up to her breasts, feeling and squeezing through the fabric.

"Oh yeah -- that's it!" Kat cried as she rocked, shooting a hand down inside her pants to help herself along.

Danny held on, feeling her breasts, so hungry for them as she rode him, bouncing them both on the bed.

As she got louder, Danny rolled her nipples between his fingers, shifting his hips to help things along. He was rewarded with a low moan as she ground into him, finally grabbing his hands with hers and holding them to her breasts.

Kat rocked on top of him, holding his hands, still coming. She looked down at him.

Danny tried to bring her nipples closer. "Please," he called out.

Kat opened up her blouse, losing a button in the process. She leaned forward, pulling his head to a nipple. Both of them moaned when he latched on. She moved her hips strongly, adding a sideways wiggle, and smiled as she felt him stiffen up underneath her after a while. She slowed her motion, holding his head, hearing him moan as she rocked him slowly, slowly, slowly, until she felt him convulse under and inside her.

She reached for a pillow with her other hand, sliding it under his head as she eased him back, leaning forward on top of him. "Is that better?" she cooed. His hands flopped to her sides, holding, but without much strength. She moved her hips on him, rocking gently, enjoying the way he filled her.

Danny took a deep breath through his nose and gave her waist a squeeze.

Kat pulled away with a soft plop and moaned a bit as she turned and moved off him, standing by the side of the bed. She smiled, looking down at him, his eyes closed, the peaceful look on his face. She resisted the urge to tickle him.

“You’re driving, stud,” she said as she went off to the bathroom.

Danny sat up. Wow that had been something... He got up slowly, walking into the bathroom, where Kat was brushing out her hair. He sat on the toilet and peeled off his condom.

Kat reached for a washcloth, stepping closer to Danny. His arms went around her waist. She leaned over a bit, running the water in the sink warm and dumping in the washcloth. She turned and held his head to her. “We should do that more often,” she said.

“Yah,” Danny said softly.

Kat chuckled and stepped away. “Washcloth in the sink is for you. I’ll get dressed.”

Danny cleaned up, and went back to the bedroom to retrieve his clothes. As he watched Kat dress, he thought of suggesting she wear something nicer -- how he wanted Mistress to be happy with Kat... But he knew things would work out, and didn’t say anything.

Kat grabbed two cans of soda from her refrigerator, and they headed out to Danny’s car.

“How far is it? Where’s she live?”

“Foster City,” Danny said. “Half an hour this time of day.”

IV

They arrived in front of a normal-looking tract house pretty much on time. As Danny parked in the driveway, he looked to Kat, sighed, and said, "Please be nice to her; for me."

Kat smiled.

Danny wasn't sure he liked her smile, but he thought things would work out.

Kat was a little surprised at the woman who answered their knock on the door. She looked to be in her mid forties, about five foot six, nicely built. She may not have been as well developed on top as Kat, but she still had a well defined waist. She was dressed in a simple but pretty silk-looking top and a skirt.

As Danny was saying, "Good afternoon, Mistress," Kat interrupted by thrusting a hand forward and saying, "Hi Pam, I'm Kat."

Danny resisted the urge to moan.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, dear," Pamela said. "Please come in. Thank you for being prompt. I appreciate punctuality."

Kat walked in, followed by Danny. Gee, she thought, the place looked normal enough.

"I thought we'd start with some tea," Pamela said, leading them into her living room.

As Kat sat on the small couch next to Danny, she thought the room was awfully formal, but nicely decorated.

Pamela poured tea into a cup and handed it to Kat. "Catherine dear, here you are."

"Thanks," Kat said, taking the cup. The tea was not too hot, and good.

After pouring two more cups, Pamela sat back smiling. "Well now, why don't you tell me some more about yourself, dear, and what I can help you with?"

Danny almost blushed a few times as Kat spoke. Kat was on the edge of being rude, almost as if she was swerving away at the last moment with some of her remarks. He was amazed at how well Mistress took the whole thing, nodding and smiling.

As Kat put down her empty teacup, Pamela straightened up a bit. She picked up a folded piece of notepaper from the table.

"That's good, dear. We should move to the back and get started. Daniel, I want you to go to the fabric store and pick up an order that Gabrielle has for me. Here you go. Be back around, oh, six thirty."

Danny took a slight breath. He took the piece of paper. "Yes, Mistress. Six thirty."

As he stood up, he exchanged glances with Kat. She smiled. He almost said something, but thought better of it. He leaned over and kissed her on the top of the head.

Kat turned as Danny let himself out the door.

As Danny got into his car, he sighed. It would have been interesting to watch. He thought back -- he couldn't remember a lot of his first session with Mistress Pamela. He'd been very nervous at first, and then very relaxed after sharing tea with her.

He laughed -- that probably was it, something in the tea. Then he sighed. What memories he did have of the experience were very pleasant. He started the car, looked around for traffic, and backed out of the driveway.

"Catherine?"

Kat turned back to Pamela. She'd been sort of spaced out. She was feeling quite relaxed, almost a light buzz... Must be because she'd skipped lunch... "Yes?"

Pamela nodded. "Let's go back and get started. We'll try different fabrics to find out what you like, then I'll start making a pattern for you. We'll talk more in detail about what you want. Okay?"

"Shit," Kat said. "I was going to bring some bras for you to line."

Pamela just nodded, still smiling. "That's okay dear, you can drop those by later. Why don't we start with having you go to the bathroom?"

Pamela stood up. Kat followed, surprised a little by how wobbly her legs were. She was glad Pamela was close by. Her arm felt good around her waist.

"Yeah, I could use to do that," Kat said.

Pamela walked her to the bathroom. "I'll wait for you, dear."

Kat went inside. As she sat on the toilet, she let her eyes close. She felt warm and fuzzy. This was going to be fun.

Outside, Pamela allowed herself a frown. Then she smiled. The girl did have a gorgeous figure. She'd learn -- they all did. Not as easily as Daniel perhaps, but he was special. She laughed softly as a vision popped into her mind. It wasn't often she got them so young.

Kat pulled herself up, and splashed some water on her face. She looked at herself in the mirror, then let her head go back as she ran her hands over her body, paying special attention to

her breasts. She liked him in her arms. She liked him underneath her, and inside her. She liked him holding her. She'd have to work on the condom thing -- she wanted to feel him filling her.

With a laugh, she pulled herself back to the real world. Let's get going, she told herself.

Pamela took Kat's arm and led her to the workroom. It was all set, the lights on low, and the temperature turned up a bit so the young dear would be comfortable unclothed.

As she closed the door behind them, Pamela said, "Good, now it's just us girls; it's easier that way. Why don't we start by having you get undressed so I can get a better look at you?"

Pamela stepped back a bit, unsure if Kat would go along just yet. She was pleasantly surprised when Kat gave her a somewhat lusty look as she stepped out of her shoes.

Kat slid her pants off and pulled the top over her head. She'd almost put her leotard back on, but decided on silk panties and one of her nice black bras. She looked at Pamela and hooked her thumbs in her panties, swirling her hips as she started to pull them off.

Pamela smiled. "That's good, dear -- let's have a look at you like that," she said as the girl started to remove her panties. She moved closer, putting a hand on Kat's shoulder.

Kat trembled at Pamela's touch, a spark going through her. She felt her nipples tightening and felt herself getting damp.

"Just relax, dear," Pamela said, seeing and smelling the girl's arousal. Pamela saw lines in the girl's skin along her sides. She touched one gently, sliding the tips of her fingers down from below her bra to the tops of her panties. She smiled as the girl sighed and shivered a little.

"You poor dear... What's this line from? Were you wearing something tight today?"

Kat sighed again, reveling in the touch. "Yeah -- I wore my leotard today, under my clothes. It leaves those marks."

"I see... What kind is it, what fabric?"

"Velvet, Capezio," Kat answered.

Pamela nodded, turning the girl slightly. Her posture could improve. "Have you tried a larger size?"

"Yeah, but it doesn't support my tits," Kat answered.

Pamela nodded. "Dear, you have beautiful breasts, and I'm glad to see you're wearing a quality bra. 36D?"

"Yeah," Kat said, wobbling a little as she let soft hands turn her.

“And you like silk panties?”

“Very much,” Kat said, feeling coolness between her legs. She didn’t care if there was a damp spot showing or not.

“Take off your bra and panties for me now, dear.”

Kat sighed, blinking her eyes open. She reached behind and undid the three hooks on her bra, rolling her shoulders as she slipped out of it. She slipped off her panties and stepped out of them, looking at Pamela once more.

Pamela smiled at the look of lust Kat gave her. She took Kat’s hand.

“Over here, dear -- relax on your back and we’ll try some fabrics.”

Kat looked over to see a small couch with a sheet pulled over it, and what she thought was a round table of some sort, but it was too high. As she moved closer, she realized it held a large number of fabric samples, hanging from clips or something. She touched the top and it turned, fabric pieces swirling out as they moved.

“Head up here, dear,” Pamela said, helping Kat to her back.

Kat was glad to be on her back. She frowned. A light in the ceiling was shining right in her eyes. She raised a hand to shield her eyes from the glare.

Pamela nodded, pulling the eyeshades from a nearby drawer, spraying the area around the nose with a perfume sprayer. She pulled up her seat and sat down by the side of the couch.

“Here, dear -- let’s put this over your eyes; it will block the light and make it easier for you to relax.”

The eyeshades felt cool and relaxing. Then Kat took a deep breath -- and they smelled good, too. She exhaled, then took another breath.

Pamela smiled. Things were going quite well. “Now, dear, we’ll see how you like some fabrics. I already know you like satins, but there’s a wide range of finishes, and I think you like velvets as well. Do you wear your favorite leotard with the velvet against your skin?”

Kat took another breath through her nose, and exhaled, “Yeah... Feels great...”

Pamela put a hand on Kat’s shoulder, seeing Kat’s nipples crinkling up. “Yes, it does... Right now though, I want you to feel the cloth under you. Feel it against your skin. Feel how it supports you as you breathe. Take a slow, deep breath, and as you let it out, relax and feel how the cloth supports you and helps you relax. It will be easier to feel if you let go and relax, just let the cloth and the couch support you.”

Kat took another delicious breath and relaxed a bit more, feeling the cloth under her, letting it support her.

“Now dear, there’s a seam under your mid back. Take another deep breath, and relax as you exhale, relax and try to feel that seam, feel it holding you...”

Kat tried; she wasn’t sure she could feel it or not. “Not sure,” she said softly.

“That’s fine, dear. I’m going to start with some fabrics now. Relax and feel them with your body. This first one is a fine-thread cotton, just like the sheet under you.”

Pamela took the cotton swath off the holder. It, like most of the samples, was about a foot and a half on a side. She draped it on the girl’s abdomen, then placed her hand lightly on top of it.

Kat sighed. The cloth started moving around, moving on her abdomen from her ribs to her hips.

“Feel the cloth, so relaxing, isn’t it, dear?” Pamela asked softly.

“Yeah,” Kat said dreamily.

“So soothing, so relaxing, like being in a comfy bed, sleepy and drifting off...”

Kat smiled and sighed again. She liked this. Just like Pamela was telling her, nothing to do, nowhere to go, just be here, relax, and feel. The next fabric was nicer, softer, like Pamela’s voice.

After ten minutes or so, Pamela felt she had Kat in a reasonable trance. She selected a piece of satin, and draped it over Kat’s breasts. Not surprisingly, Kat sighed and moved around on the couch a bit. Pamela could see her nipples tightening once again.

“Does that feel better?” she asked. Now the fun part started.

“Oh yeah,” Kat whispered. She licked her lips; her mouth felt dry.

“Would you like me to keep doing this?” Pamela asked as she pulled the fabric lightly across Kat’s breasts.

“Oh yeah,” Kat whispered again, arching her back slightly.

“If I’m going to do that, Catherine, you need to help me. Do you want to help me?”

“Okay...”

“You haven’t been very nice to me, Catherine. I can’t help you feel good unless you’re nice to me. But if you’re nice to me, I can make you feel *very* good.” Pamela emphasized the last part by putting a bit of pressure on Kat’s left breast as she pulled the fabric across. Kat moaned.

“Will you be nice to me, Catherine?”

“Okay.”

Pamela pulled the cloth away. “The first thing you have to do is address me as ‘Mistress’ or ‘Mistress Pamela.’ Will you do that for me?”

Kat was silent for a moment, then said, “Yes... Mistress...” softly.

Pamela smiled and draped the fabric across both Kat’s breasts, tantalizing them with her fingertips as she said, “Good girl...”

Kat moaned, arching her back.

“Relax, relax; let go and relax, let the sensation take you deeper,” Pamela repeated softly, moving the fabric down to Kat’s abdomen. After a bit, Kat relaxed once more.

“Do you like that?” Pamela asked.

“Yes... Mistress,” Kat responded after a while.

“Good girl,” Pamela answered, pressing a bit more. “Now you need to relax more for me, and I’ll show you how. Will you do that for me?”

“Oh yes, Mistress,” Kat answered quickly.

Pamela used firm pressure as she took Kat deeper into trance, getting agreement with suggestions, conditioning her to respond, smiling at moments of resistance.

Pamela moved through different fabrics, deepening Kat’s conditioning, teasing out information.

Pamela thought velvets would do the trick. She draped the piece of soft velvet over Kat’s breasts, pulling it lower to her abdomen, the weight of the cloth applying the only pressure.

Even though she was deep in trance, Kat moaned. Her breathing deepened, her back arched slightly, her nipples responded, and her thighs rotated outward slightly. Pamela smiled.

“Would you like me to give you even greater pleasure?” she asked.

“Yes, Mistress,” Kat replied, moving her head a little.

Pamela so far had avoided venturing much below Kat's navel. With gentle but firm pressure, she moved the soft fabric down Kat's body.

As Kat moaned, Pamela said, "To get even greater pleasure, you must give yourself to me. Will you give yourself to me?"

Pamela moved back up to pleasuring Kat's breasts.

Kat moaned, "Yes, Mistress."

"Spread your legs a little, and give yourself to me."

Kat moaned more, spreading her legs a little.

Pamela slipped one hand between Kat's legs. Not surprisingly, she was wet.

"Obey me; give yourself to me," Pamela intoned as she stroked Kat's breasts with one hand, and teased her core with the other.

"Yes, Mistress," moaned Kat, starting to breathe heavily.

"Will you obey me?" Pamela asked, sliding a finger deep inside Kat.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Will you give yourself to me?" Pamela asked with a smile, using her thumb on Kat's button.

"Yes, Mistress!" Kat writhed.

"Do you want to come?"

"Yes, Mistress," Kat whimpered.

Pamela eased off with both hands. "Before you can come, you have to go deeper and deeper, so deep that you let go completely to me. You can only come when you've given yourself to me..."

Pamela resumed her torment, occasionally running the velvet down Kat's body to her groin, repeating, "Deeper and deeper, you can only come when you've given yourself to me."

Pamela was patient; she didn't expect it would take too long. Longer than Daniel had taken -- he had given in quite quickly. Kat was a bit more stubborn, moaning and writhing under her hands.

“Give yourself to me!” Pamela commanded in a whisper, leaning down and taking Kat’s right nipple in her mouth.

“Yes Mistress!” Kat moaned, shuddering from head to toe. Pamela smiled as she enjoyed the sensations of a firm young breast for a few moments more.

Pamela sat up with a sigh. Ah, but there would be more opportunities... “Good girl, good girl,” she cooed, stroking Kat with the velvet as she shuddered on the couch. “Deeper and deeper, letting go, going limp for me, relaxing and going limp...”

Once Kat had settled down, Pamela removed her hand from between Kat’s legs. She licked her fingers with a smile. “Now, dear, remember...” Pamela reinforced her earlier commands and triggers, and added new ones.

Kat opened her eyes. Had there been a light in her eyes? Eye shades? She didn’t remember. She felt so relaxed, so tingly, like having a nap after a good come.

“Mistress?” she said, looking at Pamela, standing nearby.

“Yes dear?” Pamela asked, coming over and sitting at Kat’s side.

“Oh wow -- I guess I zonked out. I’m sorry, Mistress.”

Pamela put a hand on Kat’s hip, noticing a slight tremor. “That’s quite all right, my dear. We selected some fabrics, and you had a nap. You must be tired, especially after last night and this morning with Daniel... Here, let me help you sit up...”

Kat sat up with her Mistress’s help.

“Danny was so good,” Kat told her Mistress.

Pamela nodded. “I know. He’s quite special. Why don’t you stand up and we’ll get started fitting a pattern for you.”

Kat gratefully took Pamela’s arm and stood up. For some reason, she leaned forward and gave her a hug. “Thank you, Mistress,” she said softly.

Pamela smiled. “That’s quite all right, dear. Why don’t you stand on this platform, and we’ll start.”

Kat stood on the small platform as Pamela pinned and marked a cloth pattern on her, also taking measurements.

“You have a beautiful body, dear. If your posture changed slightly, you’d be even more beautiful. Would you like the name of someone who could help with that?”

“Oh yes, Mistress!” Kat said enthusiastically.

“I’ll give that to you before you leave, then. I hope Daniel isn’t too bored; he should be back soon. Do you like him, Catherine?”

Kat sighed. “Yes, Mistress. He’s nice.”

“Yes, he is. Well, I think we’ll do some undergarments for you, and you mentioned having some bras lined?”

“Yes please, Mistress. I’m sorry if I was rude, Mistress.”

“That’s quite all right, dear. And I think you’d like a velvet bodysuit, one that fits you so you can wear it all day?”

“Oh yes!”

“You like the way it feels, don’t you?”

“Very much, Mistress.”

“Do you know why, Catherine?”

Kat frowned. She’d not thought of that before. “No, Mistress.”

Pamela looked at Kat. The pattern pieces were in place. A little touch-up, some marking... She stepped in front of Kat, looking in her eyes. She raised her hands and touched the sides of Kat’s face. Kat sighed softly, her face relaxing as she went into trance again.

“Catherine, you like it because it feels like being held by your lover. It feels like your lover is holding you, caressing you. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Kat whispered.

Pamela smiled. She could see the poor girl’s arousal building. “Look into my eyes, Catherine... It feels like your lover holding you so gently, wrapped around you...” Pamela moved her hands to cupping Kat’s breasts, kneading them gently.

“Feel your lover, and come for me, Catherine. Come for me, now, giving yourself to me once more... Come...” Pamela whispered.

Kat’s eyes were still locked in her Mistress’s gaze as a strong orgasm swept through her.

“Oh good, Catherine. Daniel needs to be held as well. Do you like him at your nipples?”

“Oh yes, Mistress,” Kat whispered, wavering slightly on her feet.

“Would you like me to show you how to hold him, and melt him in your arms?”

“Please, Mistress.”

“Good girl... I’ll show you, but he’ll only do it for you if you obey me...”

“Yes, Mistress...”

Pamela dropped her hands from Kat’s breasts, then with a smirk reached up and tapped her on the forehead.

Kat blinked. Something had happened... She smiled...

“What is it, dear?” Pamela asked, adjusting a pin.

Kat sighed. “I know what it is about my leotard...”

“And?” Pamela said through the pins held in her mouth.

“It reminds me of being held, the way Danny holds me, especially after we make love. Oh, I want him!”

Pamela smiled. “I think the feeling is mutual, dear. What do you think he would like you to wear for him?”

Kat chuckled. “Satins, velvet... I wonder if he’d like stretch velvet...”

Pamela smiled. “We’ll have to find out now, won’t we? Turn around for me, slowly dear. I think that’s just about got it!”

Gabrielle paced in the fabric shop. She assumed her old friend was up to her tricks again, the way she’d teased the young man the last time she’d brought him to the shop. Even from across the store, Gabrielle had recognized the way Pamela touched him, and the way his body responded. And now Pamela was sending him over to her -- how nice. Pamela thought she was asking a favor of Gabrielle -- doing her a favor was more like it.

Gabrielle had arranged Pamela’s order, a good-sized one, just the way she liked -- just the way both of them would like it. Danny was in for quite a surprise.

Danny drove up to the fabric shop. He smiled, remembering the times Mistress had taken him here, or to other shops. She teased him with fabrics, brushing his skin with them, whispering in his ears, doing whatever it was she did that got him so confused, so aroused.

He went in, looking for Gabrielle, the store manager. The smell of the place assailed his nose, bringing back memories of being here with Mistress. He sighed -- Gabrielle and Mistress

seemed to know each other well. Danny spotted her off by the pattern books; she was easy to spot. Gabrielle was an inch taller than he was, with very large breasts, full hips, and wide thighs.

Gabrielle saw Danny walking over. She felt the tingle in her breasts as she walked to greet him.

“Hi -- M... Pamela sent me over to pick up an order,” Danny managed to say.

Gabrielle smiled. Yes, Pamela was still up to her old tricks -- he’d almost said “Mistress...”

“Oh?” she said, walking up to him, forcing him back against one of the filing cabinets full of patterns.

“Y... Yes,” Danny said. He pulled the note from his pocket and handed it to her. The way she brushed his hand and looked into his eyes sent a tingle through him.

Gabrielle took the note, looking into Danny’s eyes. She hadn’t had one his age in a while. She put a hand on his shoulder while she opened the note with her other hand -- she didn’t want him to get away.

“You can tease him, but that’s all. He is not to come!” read the note. She sighed in disappointment. “He needs to be back at 6:30.” It was signed M P in a flourish.

Gabrielle smiled. Still, it would be fun. “Danny -- why don’t you pull your car around to the back. I’ve got most of her order set aside in the back of the shop. Okay?” She couldn’t help it -- she moved forward, brushing him with her breasts, the moving back.

“Ah, yah -- that sounds fine. I’ll go move my car,” Danny said, trying to regain his composure.

Gabrielle chuckled to herself as she watched him scurry out of the shop -- out of the frying pan... She walked to the back of the shop, giving Teresa a nod -- she’d told her she wasn’t to be disturbed.

Danny laughed as he drove his car around to the back of the shop. Wow -- she sure freaked him out for a moment. He’d get Mistress’s order, then walk through the mall or something until it was time to go back. He was feeling better.

Then he saw her, standing in the light of the open door, the light pouring out around her, emphasizing her figure. His heart took off again.

Gabrielle motioned for him to park next to the rear door. She smiled at the deer-in-the-headlights look on his face. Pamela only wanted her to tease him? Well, she’d tease him, and more...

“Come in, let’s check over the order -- we wouldn’t want to disappoint Pamela now, would we?” Gabrielle said, leading Danny into the back of the shop.

“No, not at all,” Danny added. At least they agreed on something.

He looked around a small room. It was illuminated by industrial fluorescent fixtures suspended from a higher ceiling. Before them, on two long tables, were quite a few bolts of fabric.

“Oh yes, Pamela is an old and dear customer,” Gabrielle said as she saw Danny looking over the array of fabrics. She’d set things out as Pamela liked them, and in the order she thought would be most useful, knowing Pamela’s usual tricks.

Gabrielle moved to the far left end of the tables. “I’ve arranged things as she likes them - an eighteen inch swath cut from each bolt. She uses this particular fabric for her patterns, and for interfacing. Does this feel familiar, Danny?” She moved the fabric closer to him. “Here, feel it,” she said, giving him an edge of the cut piece, eighteen inches wide and the full bolt width, five feet for this fabric.

“Yes,” Danny replied, running his fingers over the material. He had vague memories of a pattern, standing before Mistress as she held pieces of similar cloth to his body. What was Kat going through?

Gabrielle moved along the initial set of fabrics -- what was his particular interest, she wondered. With each, she went through the same steps. She didn’t get any reaction to latex, lycra, leather. Too bad; she liked lycra. She stacked that batch. The next should be more promising...

She moved the bolt of dark green satin forward. Did she hear him sigh, or was that just the sound of the fabric moving over the table?

That was it -- she could tell by the look on his face.

“Feel it, Danny -- nice and smooth. Do you think she will like this?”

Danny shook his head and blinked. He smiled and moved a little closer. “Yes...”

She moved closer to him, sensing victory. “Feel it, Danny -- it’s so smooth and relaxing...” she purred.

Danny sighed, “Yes...” sliding his fingers over the fabric.

She touched him on the back, moving her fingertips lightly. He was wearing something under his shirt; she could feel it. “So relaxing, so nice, like what you’re wearing now, isn’t it?”

He sighed, almost moaned, “Yes,” as her fingers slid over his back.

“Close your eyes and feel it; feel it and relax more for me, please...” she whispered, pressing up against him.

She heard him sigh and saw his head dip forward a little more. “Would you like me help you to relax more, Danny?” she asked, trying to imitate Pamela’s cadence.

Danny was feeling more relaxed. He didn’t have anywhere to go for a while. Why not? He replied, “Yes...”

“Good, Danny -- I’ll help you relax. Let me turn you around...” She turned him gently, taking the swath of cloth in one hand. As his back turned to the table, she took the swath and draped it over her shoulders, covering her breasts. She put a hand behind his head and pulled him to her breasts. “Feel it, Danny -- feel it and relax for me.”

She heard his moan and felt him relax into her. She moved his head around on the tops of her breasts, sliding her other arm around him, pulling him closer. “Hold me; hold me and go deeper, Danny, more and more relaxed with every breath...”

Danny moved his arms around her, holding, being held. He was drifting again, so relaxed, so safe. He was feeling hungry again, so hungry as his head rested in softness.

Gabrielle sighed as she felt his lips moving against her. She hadn’t had the time to go home and get her nursing bra, and now she was paying for it -- her breasts felt swollen and tingling, confined by her bra. The last time she’d worn the nursing bra had been years ago, helping dear Pamela train someone. Ah, she’d be better prepared next time.

But now she had a logistics problem -- how to get her bra off without damaging the spell...

“Relaxing more, Danny, let me help you to your back,” she whispered, lowering him on to the table. She pushed bolts of fabric around, making room for him on the tables and easing him to his back, using one bolt under his head.

The satin remained draped over his face as she leaned over, pressing her breasts into him.

Danny was on his back again. Softness filled him, pressed into him. He moaned, one hand finding the other breast, the other moving along her side, feeling skin.

Gabrielle gasped in surprise as she felt a hand move along the skin of her side. Both her hands were engaged in undoing the hooks on the back of her bra. She spread her legs to keep her balance and pressed into Danny a little more. She felt her nipples tightening further. One more hook to go...

She got it, and pulled up her top and her bra with both hands, moving a bit to put a tight and tingling nipple in Danny’s mouth.

Danny moaned and moved on the table as he felt the soft warmth of skin on his face, and the exquisite texture of a nipple enter his mouth. He sucked with joy, one hand finding the sensuous weight of a sister breast, the other sliding along smooth skin.

Gabrielle's eyes closed and a shock of pleasure went through her as he latched on to her nipple -- a shock that went right from her nipple to her clit. She moved around a bit, a hand finding its way between her legs. She luxuriated in the sensations his hunger sent through her body.

"Good, Danny -- suck and go deeper. Oh, that's it..."

It didn't take long for her to come, her head leaning down on a bolt of cloth at Danny's side.

Regaining some composure, she sighed and raised her head. That had been fun, but now it was time to set the stage for next time...

"Oh so good, Danny. You're so relaxed now, so open now... Here's what you need to remember, Danny..."

*

Pamela smiled. Not much left to do tonight until Daniel returned. "Catherine dear, why don't you get dressed."

Kat smiled and nodded. She sat on the couch again as she put on her clothes.

When she was almost dressed, she gave her Mistress a questioning look.

"What is it, dear?" Pamela asked.

"Mistress," Kat said, "Would you show me how to hold Danny? Please?"

With a smile, Pamela started unbuttoning her blouse. "Why of course, dear..."

*

Danny stopped his car as he pulled around in front of the fabric store. He looked around and pulled into a parking place, then stopped the engine.

He looked at his hands. He felt so weird -- his cock was throbbing in his pants, so hard, yet other parts of him were so relaxed. And Gabrielle -- the whole thing was a daze, going over the fabrics, loading them into the car. If he closed his eyes, he could almost remember ... being pressed to her tits, and ...

He opened his eyes and yelled, “YAHHH!” at the top of his lungs, holding the steering wheel tight. He shook his head -- that helped. He looked around with a sheepish grin, then started the car again. Weird -- Kat was in for it tonight, that was for sure!

Pamela and Kat were sitting in the living room again when Danny rang the doorbell.

Pamela smiled as she stood to answer the door, amused by the look of anticipation on Catherine’s face.

“Daniel, welcome back. Did you have any problems with the order?” Pamela asked as she let Danny in.

“Uh, no Mistress,” Danny said. His eyes locked on Kat, sitting on the couch.

“Shall we bring things in then? Catherine, would you like to help?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Kat responded.

Danny felt a warm glow -- she’d said, “Mistress!”

“Wow, this is a lot of stuff,” Kat said when she saw all the fabric loaded into the back of Danny’s car.

Pamela laughed. “Yes it is, dear -- enough to keep me busy for a few months.”

“Where would you like it, Mistress?” Danny asked.

“Oh, back in the sewing room. Catherine, just follow Daniel, and set things on the table.”

Danny managed to run a hand along Kat’s side as he put a few bolts of fabric in her arms. Their eyes locked again. Kat sighed. Danny whispered, “I want you...” He saw Kat’s nostrils flare.

“Here, I can carry some as well,” Pamela said, stepping forward.

It took the three of them two trips to get everything. As they put the last batch down, Danny had weird memories of Gabrielle standing behind him, running her hands over him, pressing her body into his.

“This is beautiful!” Kat sighed, running her hand over a deep blue velvet.

Pamela stepped over. “Oh yes, this is quite special. This is quite a good color for you, especially with your pretty eyes, dear.” She took the sample swath from around the bolt and held it up. The corners of her mouth went up as an idea took form.

Blind Seams

“This is a very special velvet, made in Europe,” she said, holding the fabric up to Kat’s body, then holding one edge and letting the rest of the material unfold. She stretched it a little on Kat’s shoulders. “Not only is it a stretch velvet, but it’s also double-sided, soft luxurious velvet on both sides.”

Holding Kat’s eyes in hers, Pamela saw a shudder run through Kat’s body. “Yes, think of a dress made of this, or a leotard -- wouldn’t that be so sensuous?”

Kat thought of the fabric hugging her body and moaned.

“Why don’t you get undressed, dear. I’d like to try something,” Pamela said softly. Then a little louder she added, “Daniel, we could use some help.”

Kat undressed, with help from Danny and Pamela.

“Close your eyes, dear,” Pamela said, “And raise your arms over your head. Daniel, hold the edge of the fabric, here...”

Danny took the edge of the fabric; it felt soft and sensuous. He held it where indicated along Kat’s spine.

Pamela reached over to a cup on her workbench and picked up a few safety pins. “Now dear, we’ll wrap this around you, and you’ll feel what it would be like, and we’ll get to see how it looks on your body.”

With the cloth hanging down about eighteen inches from just below Kat’s shoulders, Pamela started walking the two-meter wide piece of fabric around Kat’s body. As she lightly stretched it across Kat’s nipples, the young girl moaned, a look of bliss on her face. “Oh yes, doesn’t that feel lovely,” Pamela cooed.

“That’s fine, dear,” she said to Danny as she slipped her long piece of fabric through his arms. “Keep holding the edges, just like that, for another few moments. One more wrap should do it.”

“Would you like me to pull it a bit tighter, dear?” Pamela asked.

“Oh yes, please Mistress!” Kat sighed.

Pamela pulled the remaining fabric a bit tighter around Kat’s body, adjusting as she made another wrap to bring the end of the fabric close to Danny’s hands. “Hold all the layers tightly for me now,” she whispered, standing behind Danny.

Danny held the layers of fabric, feeling his Mistress behind him, pressing her body into his as she put safety pins through the layers of fabric in three places.

Pamela stepped away, resisting the urge to squeeze Danny between her body and Kat’s.

“You can let go now, Daniel, and step over here next to me. Catherine, lower your arms, dear. How does that feel?”

Kat lowered her arms, squirming a bit, feeling the softness holding the upper part of her body. “Ooh,” she moaned, almost at the edge of orgasm. “It’s delicious, Mistress.”

Pamela chuckled softly. “And what do you think, Daniel?”

Danny gave his Mistress a questioning look.

“How does she feel, Daniel?” Pamela added.

Danny backed up to a folding chair and sat down, pulling Kat closer to him.

Kat opened her eyes as she felt herself being pulled forward. She looked over her shoulder into a full-length mirror. The sight of the velvet stretched around her torso, hugging and defining her curves sent another shiver of pleasure through her.

Danny pulled Kat by the hand until she was standing in front of him. He looked up her body, so close. He waited for her to look down at him, their eyes making contact again, before he started running his hands over her.

“Ooh God!” Kat cried out, her head going back as Danny ran his hands up her body.

Pamela stepped up and held the girl’s shoulders, trying to steady her as she wobbled.

Danny pulled Kat closer, wanting to nuzzle her through the enticing fabric.

Pamela stepped to the side, nudging Danny’s knees together, then guiding Kat to sitting in his lap.

Danny’s arms went around Kat as he pressed his face into her velvet-covered cleavage. Kat wound her arms around his shoulders, holding on as they both moaned.

Pamela nodded, smiling. She leaned close to Kat’s ear and whispered, “Very good, Catherine -- now give him your left breast and hold him as I showed you.”

Kat slid forward a bit on the chair, wrapping her legs around the chair’s back legs, pulling herself into Danny. Somewhere in the distance she heard her Mistress’s voice. With a sigh, she slid the fabric off her left breast, the sensation shooting bolts of pleasure through her, moving her hips against Danny.

“Hold him, Catherine, hand behind his head gently,” Pamela whispered, moving one of her hands behind Kat’s head and holding her as she’d done a short while ago.

Danny moaned as he felt and tasted a tight, luscious, nipple move into his mouth.

Kat moved a hand behind Danny's head as she'd been taught. She pulled gently and was rewarded by his moan and more vigorous sucking.

"Tell him, Catherine," Pamela whispered.

"Relax and obey," Kat moaned, holding Danny to her.

Danny tried to hold on, but his arms were getting weaker. Kat's hand holding his head felt so good.

"Tell him what you want," Pamela whispered.

"Suck..." Kat commanded in a low growl, moving Danny's head a little.

Danny increased his sucking, making Kat gasp and wiggle.

Pamela moved closer to Kat's ear, whispering, "So good; he feels so good. It feels so good that you're going to come, oh so soon. Hold him and let yourself go to the sensation... Oh so good, so close -- obey me and come!"

Kat pulled Danny's head a little tighter to her and moaned as orgasm shook her from head to toe.

Danny heard and felt Kat coming, and that made him hungrier as he held her tighter and sucked more.

Pamela moved back a bit, going down on one knee. She said in a commanding voice for both of them to hear, "Oh so good, so good when you obey. Now relax and go deeper, deeper and deeper for me."

She held them together as she took both of them deeper into trance.

"Now coming up for me slowly, remembering only the pleasure... One... Two..."

Danny partially opened his eyes. He felt Kat in his arms, her delicious breast and the seductive fabric. He pressed the side of his head between her breasts and hugged her tight.

Kat opened her eyes and lifted her head to Danny hugging her, burrowing his head between her breasts.

Pamela laughed out loud. "Should I leave you two for a while?" she asked, breaking the spell.

Both Danny and Kat were momentarily startled. Danny released Kat a little, and she sat back. Both looked to their Mistress.

Pamela smiled and held out a hand to Kat. "Stand up, please dear."

Kat took her Mistress's hand and stood, her legs a little wobbly at first.

"Well, you two certainly did get carried away, but I take it you both like that fabric?"

"Yes, Mistress!" Kat and Danny replied.

Still holding Kat's hand, Pamela turned the girl a little back and forth.

"Ah, I can see a slink dress for you in this fabric, yes, Catherine?"

Kat trembled again, imagining what it would feel like. "Oh yes, Mistress!"

"And I can underwire it so you wouldn't need a bra -- nothing between you and the fabric. And how about a leotard, neck to thighs, a little snug but not too tight? I'll bet you'd like that, wouldn't you Daniel?"

Kat growled and looked at Danny.

Danny sighed. "That would feel grand..."

Pamela chuckled. "I'd include some special features just for the two of you..."

Pamela turned the young girl a little more. "Have you thought of trimming your pubic hair, my dear?"

Kat blinked, a little startled at the change of subject. "No Mistress, but I will, if you'd like."

Pamela mused momentarily and a delicious thought came into her mind. "We'll do it on one of your next visits, my dear -- once I've made a pattern, I'll need to check it for a proper fit."

"Yes, Mistress," Kat replied, longing for Pamela's touch, and to gaze into her eyes.

Pamela turned away from both of them deliberately for a moment, then turned Kat to face Danny, stepping to her back. She undid the safety pins and loosened the fabric from around Kat.

Kat sighed as the softness let go of her. "That felt so good -- so much better than that tight old leotard," she said in a dejected tone of voice.

"Don't worry, my dear -- we'll have you fixed up in a few days, both of you," Pamela said. "Now why don't you get dressed? I'd think you'd be anxious to get home..."

“Yah,” growled Danny, putting his hands around Kat’s waist and pulling her closer to nuzzle her skin.

“Daniel, please!” Pamela said somewhat sharply.

Danny took his hands away quickly. “Sorry, Mistress,” he said apologetically.

“That’s quite all right,” Pamela said, moving over and tousling his hair, momentarily pulling his head to her body. She heard him sigh as her hand automatically found the back of his head, then she stepped away.

Kat saw the dreamy look on Danny’s face as she stepped into her panties and pants. “Let’s get you home -- I know what you need,” she growled to him.

Pamela chuckled. She helped the young dears put themselves together again, and once she was sure Danny was alert enough to drive safely, sent them on their way.

“My God!” Kat sighed as she leaned the passenger seat back.

Danny sighed as well. “I’m so glad you like her...”

Kat closed her eyes, letting her head roll on the headrest. She moved a hand over to Danny and raked his leg. “Oh, thank you so much!”

Danny moved a hand over to feel a breast. He felt her nipple respond.

“Oh God!” Kat cried, holding his hand to her.

“You’re delicious,” Danny growled.

“I couldn’t believe it -- I came from you sucking on me!”

Danny gave her a gentle squeeze, then pulled his hand away to focus on driving. “We’ll have to do that more often, then...”

Kat laughed. “Oh, we sure will...”

V

“This is Catherine,” Kat said answering the phone the next morning.

“Good morning, dear. Did you have a pleasant night?”

“Mistress! Oh God yes!” Kat bubbled.

“Are you in a place where you can tell me more dear?” Pamela asked.

Kat said, “Just a moment, Mistress...” She quickly closed her office door, then picked up the phone. “Mistress, we were both so hot -- we practically tore off our clothes. Then on the bed, both of us wanted to be on top!”

Pamela laughed. “What did you do, dear?”

Kat laughed as well. “I played dirty -- I got him on a nipple, and held him the way you showed me. Oh, I love that, the way it feels, and the way he melts in my arms!”

“That’s grand, dear! Congratulations!” Then in a lower tone Pamela asked, “Did you come again with him suckling?”

Kat moaned, letting her head fall back, remembering... “Almost, Mistress, but I wanted to come with him inside me. I woke in the middle of the night and held him to me, and I came I don’t know how many times before I drifted off again, just with him sucking... But last night, I needed him inside me so bad... Once I got him inside me, I came though, hard. Oh, I want to feel him squirting inside me!”

Pamela cautioned, “Both of you need to be careful. Promise me you’ll be careful?”

Kat sighed. “Yes, Mistress. I’ve got an appointment in two days to get my prescription renewed, so it will be a couple of weeks until after my next period. We both understand and agree.”

“That’s good to hear, my dear. Did you satisfy him?”

Kat laughed. “Oh yes, Mistress. I held him to a nipple and rocked on top of him, holding him while he moaned and thrashed underneath me. Oh, he feels so good inside me. Afterwards we went to sleep holding each other.”

“That sounds very nice, dear. I’m so glad you two found each other. But I have a question, dear. Could you drop by tomorrow evening? Your pattern will be ready for checking. You could drop off a bra or two for me to line as well.”

Kat opened her eyes and brought up her calendar. "Ah, I think so, Mistress -- I'll have to check with Danny. We dropped off my car at the shop for some long needed work, and it won't be ready for a few days. We're sharing one car."

Pamela chuckled. They were nesting together quite quickly. "Please check with him, my dear, and let me know."

"Could he stay?"

Pamela thought for a moment. "I'd rather he didn't, tomorrow night. There will be other nights when he will, as we try things to see what he *really* likes..."

Kat laughed along with her Mistress. "I understand, Mistress."

"And I'll be needing to see him the following evening, alone, for a fitting as well. But aside from an occasional session with one of you alone, I think most of our get-togethers will be the three of us."

"Oh, that sounds nice, Mistress."

"Very well, dear -- would you please call Daniel and check with him, and have him call me when you've spoken?"

"Of course, Mistress. I'll do it right away," Kat replied.

"Thank you, dear. I hope we'll be able to get together at seven tomorrow evening."

"I hope so too, Mistress. Thank you so much for calling. I love to hear your voice."

"Why thank you, dear! Have a pleasant day."

After Pamela hung up, Kat called Danny.

"Hey stud -- how are you?" she said when he answered the phone.

Danny sighed. "God, I want to be in bed in your arms. I could have held you for hours this morning."

Kat let her head fall back again. "Oh, that would be nice -- but it's only Tuesday. I don't know if I can make it to the weekend..."

"We could both call in sick," Danny suggested.

Kat chuckled. "I haven't been sick since I've been here... Mistress wants to see me tomorrow at seven for a fitting. Can you take me?"

“Sure, no problem.”

“She said she wants to see you for a fitting the following night. How about that?”

“Yah, of course.”

“Great. She wants you to give her a call. Oh, I’ll need the car Thursday morning though -- I confirmed my doctor’s appointment.”

“That’s cool -- you can drive me around for a change.”

“Hey! I didn’t think you minded...”

“I’m sorry -- I don’t mind, really. I’ll take you anywhere, as long as there’s a bed there.”

“Hold that, ah, thought -- see you tonight.”

“Yah -- we may have a late dinner...”

Kat ran a hand over her breasts and down between her legs. “You can count on that...”

After Danny hung up with Kat, he dialed Mistress Pamela’s number.

“Pamela’s Passions; how may I help you?”

Danny sighed; her voice always seemed to do that to him. “Good morning, Mistress,” he managed to say.

“Daniel, so good to hear from you! I trust you had a pleasant evening, once you got home?”

“Oh yes, Mistress. I love to hold her, and love the way she holds me...”

“Do you like being held to her nipples?” Pamela asked in a soft, low voice.

Danny could barely keep his eyes open. “Yes, Mistress,” he sighed.

“It’s so fulfilling, for both of you -- you both enjoy it so much...”

“Oh yes, Mistress...”

“And you’ll take care of her, and protect her, won’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress...”

“Good, Daniel -- that makes me happy... Now I want you awake and alert again...”

Blind Seams

“Mistress? Did you say something?” Danny asked with a start.

“Would you be able to bring Catherine by tomorrow evening?”

“At seven? Yes, Mistress.”

“We’ll be about two hours, I’m afraid. Perhaps you could catch a movie. I promise to make it up to you the following evening though -- it seems I have a number of things to thank you for...”

Danny moaned.

Pamela laughed. “I’ll take that as a ‘yes’ then. Take good care of that girl, Daniel. And take care of yourself as well. I’ll see you both tomorrow evening.”

Danny shook himself awake again. “Yes, Mistress. We’ll see you tomorrow.”

Danny rested his head in his hands for a few moments after hanging up the phone.

Then with a strange look on his face, he dug a slip of paper out of his wallet, picked up the phone, and dialed a number.

“This is Danny... Tomorrow night at seven.... Yah, for two hours... Okay, bye.”

He hung up the phone and put the slip of paper back in his wallet.

Danny blinked, looking around his office. What was his wallet doing out on the desk? He shook his head and put it back in his pocket. Things were weird these days. Then he ran a hand over his shirt, feeling the satin against his skin. He sighed. That helped. Being in Kat’s arms helped. Making love with her helped a lot. He looked at the clock and laughed. He’d make it to five thirty somehow.

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Blind Seams

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