

Blind Seams 2

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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.

VI

"Why so quiet?" Kat asked as Danny drove them to Pamela's place Thursday evening.

Danny shrugged his shoulders, then patted her leg. "Going to miss you. I didn't have my quickie right after work."

Kat held his hand, moving it up to a breast. "Yeah, like last night? We didn't eat until after nine!"

"Didn't hear you complaining," Danny muttered.

Kat laughed. "I'm worried about the neighbors complaining..."

Danny stole a glance at her. "My place is bigger, and quieter..."

Kat sighed, using his hand to knead her breast gently. "I know. I'm still deciding."

Danny pulled into the driveway. "Want me to come in with you?"

She leaned over to give him a kiss. "You don't have to. See you in a couple of hours."

"Okay. Have fun."

Kat sighed as she got out of the car. "I think I will. You too."

She waved as Danny backed out of the driveway and headed off.

Kat knocked on the door.

"Come in, dear. Daniel just dropped you?"

"Yes, Mistress. He seemed a little bummed."

Pamela nodded. "I think I understand. He'll have his turn tomorrow."

Pamela sighed; she was going to push the poor dear tonight. Still, she expected complete success. She regretted a tight schedule -- more time would have given her the opportunity to use the tea to insure success. Oh well.

"And how are you doing tonight, dear?"

Kat smiled. "Okay. Pretty good, Mistress."

Pamela nodded. "How is your lovemaking with Daniel?"

Kat closed her eyes and shuddered. "Oh, Mistress!"

Pamela moved closer, taking Kat's head in her hands.

Kat took a sharp breath at the contact of her Mistress's hands.

"Relax, dear -- relax, remembering Daniel holding you, sucking gently on you..."

Kat moaned, swaying slightly.

"His sucking taking you both deeper, relaxing you more and more, so good..."

Pamela deepened Kat's trance, pleased at how deep she went, and how quickly.

"Now Catherine," Pamela said softly, "tonight in my house you will remain relaxed and calm. You are safe and secure. You will enjoy yourself very much this evening. You know that if I yell or use harsh words, they're not directed at you, and you remain calm and relaxed, and open to enjoying whatever sensations present themselves. Whenever I hold your head like this, you return to this delicious relaxed trance state, going deeper every time for me. When I take my hands away, you will open your eyes, calm, relaxed, and alert again."

Pamela removed her hands.

Kat lifted her head and opened her eyes, smiling, looking relaxed.

"Did you say something, Mistress?" she asked.

Pamela shook her head. "No. First thing tonight, you get a trim. Would you like that?"

"Yes, Mistress," Kat said happily, eager to please.

"Good," Pamela said, nodding. Then she turned her head toward the hallway and called out in a loud voice, "Boy! Boy! Where are you! Get in here NOW!"

Pamela took a glimpse at Kat -- still smiling, undisturbed by her yelling.

Kat looked toward the hallway. She giggled as a man came out of the hallway and quickly over to them, going down on his hands and knees before them. He was short, thin, and balding, perhaps fifty or older. He was wearing a shiny pink leotard, enclosing him snugly from the mock turtle neck to his wrists and down to his ankles. A white tutu was around his waist.

"Yes, Mistress?" he said, head on the carpet.

"Sit up, boy," Pamela ordered.

He sat up on his feet.

"Boy, this is Mistress Catherine. If she permits it, you will trim her tonight."

Kat looked down on him in amusement, then to Mistress Pamela.

Pamela was glad to see the look on Kat's face. "Catherine, will you permit this boy to touch you? He hasn't been very good lately."

Kat looked down at him. "Boy," she said, "will you do a good job?"

He nodded quickly, saying, "Oh yes, Mistress Catherine, a very good job."

Kat turned to Mistress Pamela again and nodded.

Pamela smiled, then her face turned stern once more. "Very well, boy -- we'll give you a chance to redeem yourself. But you'd better be on your best behavior! Understand?"

He nodded. "Oh yes, Mistress, I mean Mistresses."

Pamela took Kat's hand and started walking to the hallway. "Come," she said after walking past him.

They walked back to the fitting room, with its couch. Kat sighed as they entered the room, not able to recall all that had transpired in the room, but remembering it as very pleasant.

A larger sheet was on the couch, extending on to the floor. Towels and bowls of water were on the sheet.

"Would you get undressed, and put this on please, dear?" Pamela said, gesturing to a silk robe hanging near the couch.

Kat smiled, and started undressing, slowly and sensuously, tossing her clothes at the "boy" as she took them off.

“Fold those nicely, boy!” Pamela commanded, more to keep from laughing than anything else.

Kat started to reach for the robe when Pamela called out, “Boy! Help her with the robe!”

Kat smiled as he helped her put on the robe. The fabric felt delicious, especially as she slid it across her sensitive nipples to close the front.

Pamela took Kat’s hand and led her to the couch. “Sit on the edge, dear, and spread your legs. I’ll put some pillows behind you for support.” Pamela arranged pillows behind Kat.

“Do you wish to speak, boy?” Pamela said, looking at him as he scooted on his knees closer to Kat.

“Yes, Mistress; please Mistress,” he said.

Pamela nodded. “Very well.”

“Mistress Catherine,” he said, “You are beautiful. May I adore you before we start?”

Kat wasn’t sure; she looked to Mistress Pamela, who was standing by the side of the couch. Pamela gave her a slight nod.

“You may, boy,” Kat replied.

He smiled and said, “Thank you, Mistress Catherine.” Then he closed his eyes and moved closer between her legs. He started kissing his way up the inside of her thighs.

Kat let out a soft gasp at the touch of his lips on her thigh.

Pamela stepped behind the couch and Kat. She leaned over and put her hands on Kat’s shoulders, leaning over more, whispering in Kat’s ear as she squeezed her shoulders, “Relax and enjoy -- relax and enjoy.”

Kat let herself slip back, enjoying her Mistress’s voice and hands at one end, and talented lips and tongue at the other. Soon she was drifting in intense sensation, those lips and that tongue carrying her higher and higher.

Pamela whispered to her as he worked his magic. He was quite good -- she had trained him.

“Enough,” Pamela said after Kat had been transported through some indeterminate number of orgasms. He sat back between Kat’s legs, a smile on his face.

“Proceed,” Pamela commanded, “trim as we discussed.

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, and bent over for a washcloth.

Kat stirred at a new sensation. She opened her eyes, raised her head, and saw him spreading shaving cream on her. She felt her Mistress’s hands on her shoulders again, and heard, “Relax” wash through her.

Pamela kept her in a light trance, whispering and reinforcing suggestions as he used a razor to trim Kat’s pubic hair.

As he was almost done, Pamela brought Kat back up and asked, “How does that look, dear?”

Kat took a breath and looked down. She had a small tab of hair remaining where before she’d had a bushy mound. She put a hand between her legs, feeling where the hair had been trimmed there as well. “Oh, so sexy! Danny is going to be so surprised!”

Pamela chuckled; Daniel was going to get quite a few surprises in the next few days.

“Mistress?” he asked softly.

“Yes, boy?” Pamela answered.

“Mistress, before I put on the oil... Mistress Catherine, this scar can be removed, if you’d like.” He touched the scar on her abdomen where she’d had her appendix removed a few years earlier.

“Really?” Kat asked.

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied. “That’s something I do very well.”

As Kat looked back to her Mistress, Pamela said, “We’ll consider it. Proceed.”

He smiled, taking a bottle out of a bowl of hot water. “Mistress Catherine, it’s important to soothe the skin with oil after shaving like that. As you do touch-up trimming, it’s important to have someone put on oil afterwards.”

He put some warm baby oil in his hands, then touched her gently.

Kat let out a moan as he started massaging the oil into her skin, talented fingers dancing over her clit in the process. She felt her Mistress’s hands strong on her shoulders as his hands brought her to a sudden and intense orgasm.

Pamela let go of Kats shoulders, letting her gasp for air, watching him sit back and wipe the oil off his hands with a towel.

After letting Kat recover, she asked, “Well, Catherine? Was that acceptable?”

Kat looked back at her Mistress. She chuckled, feeling the fabric of the robe tease her nipples. "Yes, Mistress -- quite." She thought for a moment, then asked, "Mistress, may I reward him?"

Pamela smiled. "What did you have in mind, dear?"

Kat motioned to her. Pamela leaned forward and Kat whispered in her ear. Pamela nodded, chuckling, and whispered, "Yes, and I'll help. Repeat what I say..."

Kat nodded and sat up, taking a breath. She pulled back the left side of her robe, revealing a shapely breast.

"You've done quite well, boy. Come here so I can reward you."

Kat saw him almost trembling as he came closer, then up on his knees. She slid a hand around the back of his head and pulled him to her nipple. The way he moaned and latched on to her sent an erotic spark through her.

"Suck... Gently," she whispered, moving his head around. She let her own head go back as her eyes closed. She'd come again, she knew it... "Arms around me," she moaned, "Hold my waist..."

Then in response to her Mistress's whispers, she said, "Oh so good, oh so good when you obey me..."

The stiff fabric of his tutu was brushing her legs. She reached past it, feeling the bulge in his leotards, stroking it. "So good, soo good -- feel the pleasure when you obey." His moaning sent a tingle through her, broadening her smile and tightening her grip on his head.

Kat repeated her Mistress's commands as she held him and stroked him. She felt herself getting close, drifting into that pleasurable place, and moaned.

Pamela smiled, and with a squeeze on Kat's shoulders, she whispered, "Come!" in her ear. Kat called out, "Come!" as she came. She felt him stiffen against her, then felt the rocking of his hips as he moaned, still sucking.

The world started to return to normal; her nipple was getting sensitive. She pulled back, pulling away from him. He sat back with a smile, eyes closed.

Kat turned and looked back at Mistress Pamela, putting a hand on hers and squeezing gently. Pamela smiled back.

"Thank you, boy -- go in the other room and wait for me," she said.

“Thank you, Mistresses,” he whispered. He bowed, then crawled away on hands and knees.

Kat collapsed back again and sighed as Pamela came around to the front of the couch.

Pamela allowed herself to laugh once the door closed behind him.

“How was that, dear?”

Kat tried to sit up, but gave up, sighing again. “Oh Mistress, that was something else!”

Pamela laughed again. “I thought you’d enjoy that. I’ll give you his card -- if you want to be rid of that scar, he’s the one to do it, and I’d bet he wouldn’t charge you for it.”

Kat sat up. “Oh?” she asked.

Pamela nodded. “Yes... Why don’t you wipe off the excess oil, dear, then we’ll try your pattern and see how it fits.”

Kat sighed, leaning over and grabbing a corner of a small towel. “God... Mistress, do you think that would work with Danny? What we did with... him?”

Pamela smiled. “Why, dear? Would you like it to?”

Kat nodded. “Yes, Mistress -- my period is coming in another week. I want to be able to do something for Danny, something special like that.”

Pamela nodded. “I’m sure it will work well with him, dear, especially if you hold him close and tell him to relax for a bit. I could help him along if you’d like, or help you the first time.”

“Thank you, Mistress. I feel so lucky... Thank you for him, Mistress.”

“You’re quite welcome, dear. Now stand up here so we can work on your pattern.”

Pamela went about her adjustments, repinning and marking. “Dear, did you bring some bras for me to work on?”

“Oh shit! Oh, I’m sorry, Mistress! I left them in the car. I’ll get them when Danny comes back for me.”

“That’s quite all right, dear. I hope he’s not too bored...”

Danny wasn’t sure of the directions he’d written down. One street sign was hard to spot, and he had to double-back. He found the house, a short drive from the fabric store, and Mistress Pamela’s, and pulled into the driveway as he had been instructed.

Blind Seams

Kat and Danny were sitting around her place after dinner, still undecided as to which of the two places they'd live in together. The phone rang, and Kat answered it.

"Hello? ... Hello, Mistress!"

Danny looked over to Kat. As she held the phone her eyes drifted closed and she leaned back against the couch. Her other hand drifted to her groin, stroking slowly, moving closer to the split crotch in her satin pants.

"Oh yes, Mistress..." Kat moaned into the phone.

Danny smiled and moved closer. He pulled the small table out from in front of the couch so he could get between Kat's legs. He moved her hand up to a breast, then spread her legs.

Danny reached around her bottom and pulled her closer to the edge of the couch. He moved his shoulders under her legs, and slid his face against the smooth cloth of her pants. He parted the split and moved in closer. Even though his eyes were closed, he remembered the red silk material Mistress had used to form the split in the dark blue pants, and how excited Kat had been to try them on. As his mouth touched soft, warm, moist flesh, he heard Kat moan, moans muffled by her thighs tightening around him.

He ate her until he was pushed to his back on the floor. Kat almost tore off her top and bra; her eyes were wild. She pulled his pants off and impaled herself on him, pulling his head to a nipple, riding him with abandon. It was a short, wild ride for them both.

Going to bed a while later, Danny snuggled up to Kat, holding her close. It was funny, he thought, that she didn't remember the phone call with Mistress. He'd asked her, and told her she'd been on the phone with her, but she didn't remember talking to her at all.

Any more than he did.

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