

Carpet Laid -1F

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Author's note: I've posted two versions of this story, identified as (1F) and (1M). They are not part 1 and part 2, but rather represent the first person female, and the first person male versions of the story.

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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.

How I found him was incredible. I was just moving in to my new place. The wood floors had been finished three days ago, then came the whirlwind of movers and boxes, and then the next day was the carpet for the exercise/massage room.

I'd wanted a particular carpet and installation for the room, and while the flooring company my general contractor used was good, he wasn't up to what I wanted. I went to a specialty chain, and ordered what I wanted. They came highly recommended, and the sales staff at least lived up to the recommendations.

I got a call from the installer, Jeff, about two hours before he was supposed to arrive. I had an instant feeling of dread, but was very pleasantly surprised when he asked if he could start early. Of course!

A few minutes later, the doorbell rang. I opened the door to find this gorgeous hunk standing on my step holding a carpet sample in his hand. His mouth dropped open. I was wearing sweats -- not too tight, but still good enough to stop him in his tracks. I pulled him in and closed the door behind him. Just my luck, I thought, a gorgeous body with no brain attached.

He was holding the sample and the order sheet in his hand; I took them from him, glanced over them and headed upstairs, telling him to follow me. Brains or not, with him following me up the stairs, I put a little extra in my hips on the way.

I showed him the room; I had clearly marked the walls that were to get partial cover and the wall that was to be fully covered. I went over things clearly and carefully, expecting the worst. He managed to say "OK, I'll get started."

I watched as he took his tools and materials upstairs. He was wearing a denim shirt with a T-shirt underneath and Levi's with no belt. I liked the way he moved.

I was working upstairs unpacking the guest room when I got my first surprise. I heard him say "Wow!", and stuck my head in the door to investigate. I'll never forget what he said.

"You had a superb builder. This room is almost perfectly square, which I've found to be the exception rather than the rule for construction in the last decade."

I was genuinely startled to hear this language; I'm not sure what I said in response, but he blushed. I went over to him and apologized, telling him I had taken him to be a carpet layer and was surprised by such eloquence.

He then proceeded to tell me he was a college grad working on his MBA, and related to the owner of the store. He did installation work during the summer and focused on driving their competitors into the ground during the school year. The reevaluation that went on between my ears was fast, but the reaction from between my legs was faster; I was wet. I had to work hard to control myself, especially when he asked if I minded him working in his T-shirt. Not at all!

I tried to leave the room casually. Then I raced to my bedroom and dug through my bags. I stuffed three condoms into the pocket of my sweats. I rummaged boxes downstairs and got a bottle of my favorite scented massage oil and a couple of towels and placed them in the closet just outside the door where he was working.

I listened to him working, looking in from across the hall every so often. Wow, brains and a body -- I was going to get him, and I had some ideas on just how to do it.

I worked downstairs for a while, and gradually the noise upstairs diminished, so I went up to check. I walked in the room and was very impressed. Even though I hadn't called for it, he had put chair rail height carpet on the narrow wall sections on either side of the mirrored closet doors. I closed the door a bit and peeked behind it- he had even put a strip of carpet on the two inch wide strip of wall between the door moulding and the corner! I was very impressed and I told him so.

He was on his hands and knees whacking something with a knee, setting the carpet. He looked back to me with a big smile, and I told him how pleased I was with his work. Body, brains, and a good worker. What more could you ask for?

Well, you can ask for the Goddess to smile on your plans and give you an easy path. That's what happened next.

He gave the thing another whack with his knee, and I saw him grimace in pain and grab his back. Thank you, Goddess!

Luckily, the therapist in me took over as I rushed to him, taking him to the middle of the room and getting him down on his stomach. I asked if his back hurt; he told me it did; I could see that it did. My hands found the spot; his gasp confirmed it.

His face was twisted in pain; it was good he couldn't see that I was smiling. I told him to take a deep breath, and the big dummy took a deep, fast one that must have really hurt. I didn't laugh; I just told him to take a very sloooow deeeeeeep breath, hold it for a moment, and then let it

out. As he exhaled, I pressed on the errant muscle. I could tell this had helped. I repeated this a few times and relaxed that spot. I grabbed a few pieces of excess padding, folded them up, and put them under his tremendous shoulders. That lifted him up enough so I could straighten his head.

I started massaging his back and told him to just relax. The therapist in me was now in synch with the part of me that wanted him deep in a trance and deep inside me; I started my induction. I had him focus on the relaxation, relaxing with my hands, each breath, my voice. After I saw the large muscle groups relax and his breathing shift; I started him counting back from 100.

I kept up my massage and the induction. Even though working on the floor is a great deal harder than working with someone on a table, I was enjoying it. He was in good shape, but I could tell he didn't get this kind of attention from the way his muscles felt.

I took a chance; I ran out and grabbed the oil and towels (I didn't want to stain my brand new carpet- at least not with massage oil). I talked him out of his shirt. (I had also stripped down to panties and bra, and let my hair down.) My hands were shaking a bit as I rolled him to loosen his pants; originally I just wanted to be able to get to his lower back, but I decided to go for it and took off his shoes, socks, and pants, and got him repositioned on a towel. He was in a deep trance.

I started on his back using some oil. The scent was one that usually excited me. When I first put some on his back, he took a deep breath; he'd noticed the scent as well.

I rolled him on to his back and did his chest and shoulders; just the right amount of chest hair for me. As I massaged him, I gave him a number of suggestions and set some deep, deep triggers.

I could tell I was losing control of myself; I was sitting on top of him massaging his chest and shoulders. I was resisting sitting on him and grinding, but still, in my wet panties and now no bra, I was squeezing him with my legs. It was time to test my work.

I leaned over him, hands on his shoulders, and woke him. His eyes opened; he looked a little confused. He smiled at me and started to speak; I spoke one of his trigger phrases and his eyes fluttered closed. I couldn't help it any more; I lowered myself on to him and kissed him. People in deep trances don't kiss back; that was the bad news. The good news is that I had him.

I stripped, and then took off his underwear. God -- well built, brains, skilled worker, well hung, and all mine -- a dream come true.

I spoke again, to his body, and got him erect. I was having trouble keeping my voice under control, and my hands trembled as they caressed him. I held his cock in both hands and kissed it. I grabbed my sweat pants, took out a condom, and rolled it on. I talked to his body some more, insuring me of a good ride.

I couldn't help myself any more. I swung a leg over him. I told myself I'd take him slowly, savoring the experience. I didn't listen; I started him into me and took him in quickly and totally. As he slid in to me I gasped. I closed my eyes, tossed my head back, and rocked on him. I was starting to think about fingering myself when I felt myself coming. It was tremendous, and probably loud -- I was overdue.

After I stopped shaking, I gazed down on him; I knew he was overdue as well. I spoke one of his triggers and brought him up to a very light trance, still under my control, but now aware. I spoke to him and his body, and felt him underneath me. He writhed, bucked, and moaned as did I. I caressed him, stimulating him with my hands, as well as the rest of my body and my voice. My eyes were closed, and the imagery I was weaving affected me as well. We were both moaning as I felt another climax building. I spoke another phrase as my orgasm began; I kissed him and felt him come underneath me.

I kissed him as I felt him sink back down. After resting on him for a couple of minutes, I slipped off him and lay beside him as the world continued to spin around. I took him into my bathroom, peeled off his condom, and had him use the toilet, still in a trance. I led him to my bed and had him rest while I freshened up and put on some perfume on my body and hair.

I returned to bed, and talked to his body with mine. Soon he was ready for another condom. I lay on my back, and brought him on top of me, and into me.

I woke him. He looked into my eyes and said, practically pleading, "Elaine, please keep me."

I smiled and pulled his lips to mine. We wrapped our limbs together. He buried his head in my hair, kissing, drinking in my scent. He was strong, yet gentle, and brought me to another wonderful climax, following soon himself, descending afterwards into sleep as I had instructed him to.

I dozed for a while and woke with him by my side. I offered him a nipple, which he took and enjoyed. As he held me and we both enjoyed his suckling, I noticed he was once again erect. I pushed him on his back, and changed him again.

Then I woke him. He opened his eyes and I laughed as I made love to him with my breasts, caressing him, feeling him writhe and hearing him moan. I used a different phrase then, and rode him once more to ecstasy for us both.

Afterward, as I was still panting, I looked down on him. He smiled and gently ran his hands over my back. I brushed the hair out of my face and kissed him. After an eternity, I pulled back. We were both exhausted. I combed my perfumed hair over my shoulder with a hand, and draped it on his face. His eyes closed and he inhaled in pleasure. I said "Sleep" to end a wonderful evening. I cleaned him up, cleaned myself up, and didn't remember hitting the pillow.

I woke first in the morning. I watched him beside me, and thought: The Goddess smiled on my plans, but She had her own -- my trap caught us both.

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It was one of those magic moments; as I was watching him, deep in thought, his eyes opened. He looked at me, smiled, and said, "Please keep me."

I closed my eyes and hugged him to me. I told him, "Oh yes, don't worry, I'll keep you forever."

That was seven weeks ago. His classes start in another two weeks. We're going to spend next week in Taos at a massage workshop. He saw the notice on my desk, and surprised me by asking if that would be a good place for him to learn.

He is so wonderful, so strong, so gentle. I caught him, but he caught me. I still use hypnosis occasionally in our lovemaking; he wants it. I know he wants to ask me to marry him. I think I'll let him.

FINI

carpet laid (1F)

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