

Carpet Laid - 1M

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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.

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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.

It was my last installation of the day, of the week. The previous job hadn't quite been the carpet installation from hell, but it was close. (The installation from hell was the one where I ripped the carpet out of a rental house and got covered in what I thought were fleas; I was wrong -- crabs. Cost me a girlfriend.)

Experience had taught me to review the work with the person that placed the order before I start hauling materials in or out of a job. The client at this last order had insisted this wasn't what she ordered. After she had a somewhat psychotic phone conversation with our salesman, he and I decided that I wasn't trained to solve this woman's problem, so I got the hell out of there as quickly and quietly as I could.

Back in the truck, I called to see if I could start early on my next job. A wonderful, melodious voice answered; she told me it would be no problem, I could get started right away.

It took me about fifteen minutes to get to her house; a new place in an up-and-coming neighborhood. Good looking house. My job, of course, was in an upstairs room, installing one of the best (and heaviest) wool carpets we carried, on the floor and parts of the walls in one room. I'd done similar jobs; this would be a very quiet room. I was hoping for a wide staircase at least.

As I walked up to the door carrying my sample and the order sheet, I could see piles of boxes through the windows, typical moving in chaos.

I rang the bell. The door opened. So did my mouth -- I was stunned. Even though she was wearing sweats and her dark brown hair was up in back, she was gorgeous. About five foot ten, incredible curves, long legs, and incredible sparkling green eyes.

"Hi, Jeff? I'm Elaine. Come on in, please excuse the boxes." She took my hand and pulled me in the door.

I sort of held out the order and sample, and tried unsuccessfully to get my mouth to make noises.

She took the sample from me, brushing my hand in the process and adding to my confusion. "This is going to look great; come on up stairs, I'll show you where it's going."

She took off up the stairs. I followed, enjoying the view, trying to figure out how to talk again. I tried thinking business -- nice wide hips, um staircase. The room was right off the stairs -- a straight shot, no problem. It was clean, so my prep work would be minimized. There were marks on the walls to show how far up the carpet should go. Chair rail height under some windows and on the wall with the door, full coverage on one wall, the other wall being mirrored closet doors. She described what she wanted to me. By the time she finished talking, I got my mouth to work well enough to say, "Okay, I'll get started."

I hauled up my tools, pad, and carpet; there was plenty of room in the hall. I started by measuring the room to see if it was square; you'd be surprised how bad most new construction is. I was impressed -- this place was well built. "Wow," I said out loud.

Her voice came from out in the hall, "What? Something interesting?" She stuck her head in the door.

I told her that the builders had done a superb job; the room was square, which I was finding to be the exception rather than the rule with recent construction.

"Gee, you can talk!"

I guess I turned red; I didn't know how to respond to that. She just laughed, walked over to me and put a hand on my arm. "I'm sorry, I know I do that to people some time. It's just that when you first came in, you sounded like, well, a carpet installer."

It was my turn to laugh. I told her I was a college grad, working on my MBA; my uncle owned the chain she'd bought the carpet from. He was helping me through school. During the summers I did installation work because I liked it; during the school year I worked with him on the thinking side of the business. She told me she was glad I could talk again.

For some reason I asked her if she minded if I worked in my T-shirt. She told me to go right ahead.

Good construction makes life so much easier. I also felt like I had extra time to spend. I did the walls first, and even did chair-rail height strips on the sides of the closet doors and a narrow strip behind the door, just to make it look polished. I was hoping she'd like that -- I knew I'd do anything to please her.

I was just setting the last edge on the floor piece when I heard her behind me. "This looks great!" I turned to see her running a hand over the strip by the closet doors. I was smiling. She closed the door a little and looked behind it. "Wonderful! You're terrific!"

Hearing her, I certainly felt that way. Then I gave the stretching tool one more whack with my knee and felt my back go haywire. I must have grimaced in pain; I know I put a hand on my back. She rushed over to me.

“Your back hurt?” I nodded. She pulled me to the middle of the room. “Lay on your tummy,” she said as she pushed me down. I felt her hands on my back, searching. I was in too much pain to enjoy it.

She pressed gently; I guess I must have gasped. “Right there?”

I tried to nod.

She said, “You’ve got a muscle spasm, but I can take care of it. I want you to take a deep breath.”

I took a deep breath and it hurt more.

“No, not so fast; take a slow, deep breath for me now, and hold it.”

Her voice had changed; it was softer. I took a slow, deep breath -- the pain didn’t get worse this time.

“Now exhale, slowly.”

I exhaled, and as I did, she pressed on my back. I could feel the muscles loosening up.

“Good, another slow, deep breath, and exhale.”

I did it again, and as I exhaled, she pressed on my back. I could feel it getting better.

“Here,” she said, and she grabbed a couple of pieces of rubber padding, folded them, and put them under my shoulders so my head was more or less straight, not turned to the side as it had been.

Then she told me to just relax and breathe deeply, and she started massaging my back. She told me to just relax, feel her hands taking the tension out of my muscles, feel myself relaxing with each breath. Her voice was so soft, so soothing. At some point she told me to start counting backwards from 100. It seemed to be a good idea. I don’t remember if she suggested that I close my eyes or not; after a while it wasn’t important to keep them open, and I don’t think I could have if I had wanted to. Her voice and her hands were so relaxing, so soothing.

I was feeling so relaxed; her voice was somehow distant, but still clear. Somehow my T-shirt came off, and I felt something cool being put on my back, and then her hands were back massaging me and her voice was carrying me to a wonderful place. When she started massaging

my feet and legs, it felt wonderful; I don't remember my shoes and pants coming off. Her voice and hands were the only things in the world to me. So relaxed, so pleasant.

And I remember being on my back, somewhat awake. She was sitting lightly on top of me. Her hair was down; it was long and beautiful. She was only wearing a bra and panties. I started to say something. She spoke and the world whirled away again, back to that peaceful place.

I remember making love, her on top of me, her hands and her voice speaking to my body, sensations I'd never known before. I remember her moans, and mine, and feeling her climax and her passionate kiss push me over the edge.

I remember being in another room, on a bed. I remember being on top of her, looking into her eyes, and saying, pleading, praying, "Elaine, please keep me." I remember her smile, her passionate kiss, being wrapped in her arms, her legs, lost in her eyes, her hair, her scent as we made love again.

I remember her laughter as I was on my back, exhausted and still dizzy, as she started making love to me with her breasts, exciting me again, and talking to my body with her hands and voice, riding us both once more to ecstasy.

I remember looking into her beautiful green eyes, the sweat on her brow, her kiss and the smell of perfume in her hair, and her saying softly, "Sleep..." and the world fading away as she kissed me once again.

And the next morning I remember waking next to her, seeing her looking at me, and asking once more, "Please keep me."

And I will always remember her saying, "Don't worry; I'll keep you -- forever."

That was weeks ago now. We're living together. I know now she hypnotized me that first day, but I don't care; she can do it whenever she wants, and I sometimes ask her. Next week we're going to New Mexico to a five-day long massage workshop. I told her I wanted to learn to do for her what she does for me; I think I surprised her. Next week I hope to surprise her even more -- I pick up the ring on Thursday, and some time next week I'll ask her to marry me.

I pray to God she says yes.

FINI
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