

Cleanup

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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.

Sitting by the big fireplace off the main lobby, sipping on my scotch and water, finally getting to unwind a little. Damn, two long hard days, eight down and one left to take care of.

Took care of number eight when he stepped away from their group dinner to visit the loo a while ago. Didn't even have to prod him to go -- but I had to keep another guy away from that men's room until I was done. All it took was a touch at the back of number eight's neck, a minor readjustment, made easier by the arguments the rest of the (recently converted) group had been making, checking to be sure nobody else had been rummaging through the mess between his ears, a few improvements and helpful changes, and I was done. I try to leave people better than I found them. Well, if I leave them alive.

I got to finish my dinner, in the main dining room, in peace. Nice place, a lodge in Estes Park, Colorado. Glad they picked it for their meeting -- a hell of a lot nicer than the Marriott in Nashua, New Hampshire, where I'd been two weeks ago... This was a lot nicer, but I was still cleaning up someone else's mess.

After dinner, sitting in front of the roaring fire, sipping scotch and water as I sat alone on a couch, not really thinking about anything, my mind open, taking in the ambience of people's surface thoughts and emotions.

All the usual -- the seven deadly sins in their current facades. I'm a big fan of *luxuria* myself, well usually, but tonight I was too pooped for lust. Over the years, I've learned to avoid *ira* (wrath) as it usually leaves a mess. Like here, a more subtle approach is far more effective. *Superbia* (pride) also tends to leave messes, such as the one I was cleaning up.

Dammit, we warned him -- don't do it, they won't listen, you'll only get yourself, and us, into trouble. And what did it get him? Killed and dissected, that's what. And he raised enough alarm and suspicion that they started another effort to find us, or at least screen for us. We lucked out, they didn't have enough for a good start. It helps that we're all genetic mutations, so it's hard to tell which genetic oddity is the one you're interested in, let alone what governs its expression, overexpression, or suppression. Cheek-swab tests to show susceptibility to Alzheimer's, all for it. Cheek-swab tests to show potential telepathic abilities, if we can postpone that for another decade or three, I'll sleep better. The current view, well, most still relegate us to fiction, bad dreams, and bad analytical work. Some, though, hold stronger views.

Cleanup

At least until they actually meet one of us, and after that, they pass it off as fantasy and highly wishful thinking. That's *my* approach, anyway.

On this one, we got wind of the study groups being formed. Luckily, they were underway when we learned of them. I think it's lucky, anyway -- I think a study that documents failure after failure is more valuable to us than one which never really gets underway. But since I was the most vocal supporter of that position, I got to clean up the mess.

That involved a lot of watching, involving a few of us, and then weeks of actual work, almost all of it mine, crisscrossing the country, doing a little here, a little there. Worked over one of the teams a few weeks ago, and that was a pain in the ass! They met in a big hotel in a populated area. I (we) hate crowds. They make it *very* hard to focus and to work. We have to work all the time to keep our guard up, and not get overwhelmed by the sheer volume of people. Things I could do here from a meter or two away easily, were hard to do with physical contact there, because of all the people. This place was blissfully uncrowded.

I was finishing up with the last group, meeting to do their summary report and recommendations. Much better location, for both of us, a resort in the mountains. Careful waiting and watching, waiting for opportunities, making opportunities, acting. Subtle, whenever possible. Damn hard work! Waiting, watching, evading security, changing and adapting continuously. But now I could relax some, and didn't have to hold my guard up all the time.

Oh, I've had some good luck along the way. Finding a still-jealous spurned lover in a lab in Atlanta, one who could (and did) swap the labels on someone's sample plates and then forgot about doing it, generating inconclusive results for everyone else down the line. Getting to one team member, Peter, early on, learning all the things he hadn't written down, his doubts, his analyses, his opinions, being able to leverage so much based on that information.

It didn't hurt that many of them felt it was more likely they'd find the tooth fairy, Bigfoot, or Jimmy Hoffa tending bar in Cleveland, than genetic evidence of a group of telepaths.

Chuckled to myself as I took another sip of my drink. Had one real die-hard, Gloria, who was convinced that *we* were *out there*. Peter was a big help, the feeling that she was a whacko, a feeling he thought others shared. I had fun, polarizing her even more. Her University lab is in a nice secluded wooded location, and on the ground floor. I hung around for most of a week, oh I had three targets in the area, so I bounced among them, but when I wasn't busy, I was out at her site. Paranoia is a wonderful thing, particularly in a creative person -- feed it and oh how it grows! One morning she noticed a pair of rabbits (hares, actually) outside her lab... I was sitting in a Uni library nearby, and nearly fell out of my chair from trying not to laugh out loud.

It was hard, and it was a learning experience. I'd never taken over hares before. I've done people, dogs, cats, even had a parrot carry on quite the conversation once, but never hares. Harder than dogs or cats; not much wiring in a hare. One animal though... After a while, he was sitting on the window ledge outside her lab, looking in. When she went to the cafeteria for lunch, there he was, looking at her, the same head tilt. After lunch, peering in her lab, again! When she left for the day, he was sitting on the hood of her car, six others nearby!

Cleanup

The really hard part was the following morning, getting the critter to actually go *into* the building, controlling him while one of her cow-orkers held the side door to the building open, then opening the door to her lab and getting the critter to go in, working to contain and overcome such primitive terror. Had him walk around carefully on her desk, leaving prints on papers, let him chew on some things, leave some comments, and when Gloria came in that morning, she opened the door to her lab, and *he* ran out! She screamed, and I had a hard time getting him to take the route I needed to get him safely out of the building!

Didn't take too much more; paw prints on her car, the occasional sighting -- she was convinced -- *they* were watching her. Who, Gloria, who is watching you? *Them* -- *the rabbits* -- one was even in her lab, on her desk, reading her notes...

Add to that the results she needed from Atlanta being highly inconclusive at the least, and she was written off. But look on the bright side -- she got a vacation out of it ("Gloria, we think you should take some time off..."), and I helped her make some connections on other problems she was working on. She'd come back rested and refreshed, full of new ideas, and make some significant contributions in her field. Just not to finding *us*.

But back to lust... I felt someone coming into the room, felt her looking me over. Twenty eight years old, here with a wealthy boyfriend for a brief opportunistic fling, except he had been showing off on a half-pipe and was currently hospitalized with a concussion and broken bones, and she oh did she have an itch that needed scratching...

Looking through her eyes, I observed as she looked me over. Older man, neat and tidy, dressed casually but well, looked to be in nice shape, She liked the French cuffs on the dress shirt I was wearing, the crease on my pants, thought the salt and pepper in my moustache made me dashing... Liked the lack of a glowing blue thing in my ear, something she disliked about her current and past boyfriends -- she wanted them to pay attention to *her*, dammit!

I know, you think all I do is go around using my abilities to get hotties like her into bed... But I was *pooped*. I just watched -- I didn't touch, not even to dissuade her. I could still enjoy the show, though.

And a show is what I got -- she walked around the side of the couch I was sitting in, looking at the roaring fire. She moved up closer and leaned forward, extending her hands to the fire, and her shapely ass towards me. She was wearing a close-fitting designer velour or velvet après-ski outfit that showed off her charms quite nicely. She made enticing noises as she moved her hands and arms in front of the fire, and her ass in front of me. She turned slowly, eyes closed, sticking her ass out to the fire, moving those fine young hips slowly as she put her hands on her knees, puckering slightly, her more bountiful charms pushed to even greater prominence between her arms, more of the carnal moans and smiles.

She opened her eyes, and feigning surprise, standing up quickly, almost popping up, imparting motion to her chest that would arouse the dead. She put her hands to her face and squeaked something like, "Oop!" followed by, "I'm sorry, I didn't notice you there!"

How charming; she even managed a blush.

I smiled. "Quite all right," I replied and took another sip of my drink.

She moved to sitting next to me, putting a hand on my leg as she asked, "Mind if I sit with you? The fire is so nice." She leaned in closer, inviting me into her big brown eyes.

"Not at all. I'm Jim," I offered.

"Suzanne," she said, holding out a pretty hand.

I took her hand and kissed it, sending a thrill through her.

She started to speak again, but I put an arm around her and pulled her head to my shoulder, holding her. I settled her a little, and she snuggled up, sighing nicely.

Oh, such a delectable young morsel... And at the peak of her fertility, a little more prodding revealed. Something about me, about us, draws them in, particularly when they're fertile. She was filled with such conflicting desires, such confusion... She sighed as her eyes closed and I imparted some wisdom to her. She was going to be here for another two days at least, maybe longer, depending on how long Barry, her beau, was in the hospital. Well, I just might be here few days, and tomorrow I *wouldn't* be pooped... I gave her some suggestions.

She sat up after another minute or so and moved into my lap. On her own, really! She pressed her C-cup charms into me, then gave me a very nice kiss. I put my arms around her, enjoying her, holding her. We hugged after the kiss. She gave me another squeeze, then got up and said, "Good night, Jim," and headed off to bed.

I sat up a bit more and had another sip of scotch, watching her sway down the hallway. A good night's sleep would do her better than a night closing the bar. Especially if I'm still here tomorrow night...

Another woman approaching...

"Well, I think I've seen everything now!" she said, standing by the side of the couch holding a cognac snifter. "Mind if I join you?" she asked with a smirk.

She looked to be late thirties, dressed professional casual, slacks, collar top under a bulky sweater. Curly reddish-blond hair, reading glasses on a chain sitting on her prominent shelf.

"Please!" I replied with a smile.

"Joan," she said, extending a hand.

Cleanup

I took her hand with a chuckle, kissing it as I'd done a few minutes before -- she'd observed the whole thing. "Jim," I replied.

She sat back, looking me over. I peeped her surface thoughts. She was intrigued. "Waiting for someone in particular?" she asked.

I chuckled a little as well. "No, just unwinding after two long, hard days, finishing up a longer project."

She gave me a most puzzled look, swirling and taking a sip of her cognac.

After a bit she asked, "Jim, I don't mean to pry, but..."

I laughed openly and looked down the hall where Suzanne had gone. "Her?"

She nodded. "Are you two ... connected?"

"Nope," I offered, at least we weren't connected tonight.

That nearly crossed her eyes!. "I'm surprised you're here; that certainly seemed like an invitation to me!"

I smiled and sighed. "Oh, I agree -- a very nice invitation. But tonight, I'm pooped. Would have been frustrating for both of us. Not what I need, not what she needs."

Joan leaned back a bit, showing more of her figure.

I guessed DD, and not a saggy one, either.

She smiled more. "And what *do* you need tonight, Jim?"

I looked her over, openly, smiling and sighing. "To rest my head between two wonderful soft pillows, relax and snuggle close, and go to sleep to the soft music of a gently beating heart." I took another sip of my scotch.

She nodded and sipped her cognac. She extended her legs to meet mine, slipping off her shoes.

We sat for a while, enjoying the fire, sipping our drinks. I knew her nipples had tightened up, but other than surface feelings and thoughts, I wasn't prying. Didn't need to.

She moved a little closer, still keeping leg contact. "Tell me, Jim -- are you married?"

"Nope," I answered truthfully. "You?"

Cleanup

My question surprised her a bit, but also pleased her. "I'm single as well, an old divorcee," she replied with a sigh.

I gave her a little frown and a "Hmpf," as I glanced at her chest. Her nipples tightened a bit more. I smiled. "You're beautiful, I dare say succulent, and you know it."

"Do you snore?" she asked with a lusty smile.

I looked in her eyes. Blue-gray. "No, but I'm a compulsive snuggler."

She nodded, raising an eyebrow. "Will you keep me warm?"

"I promise," I told her.

"Then what are we doing here?" she asked, and drained her glass.

I drained mine, and stood up, offering her my hands. "Indeed," I agreed. I helped her stand. She was a bit taller than me. We hugged. It was going to be a good night. We shared a soft unhurried kiss. Yes, it was going to be a *very* good night.

"Your place or mine?" I asked.

She glanced up in thought for a moment. "Mine, I think. Easier in the morning."

"As you wish. I'm on two -- I should get a few things."

We walked up the stairs and to my room. I grabbed my overnight case, clean socks and undies, and the boxers I sleep in. We kissed again and walked up to her room on the third floor.

My room was tidier than hers; surprisingly, she had papers all over the little table, and her laptop on her bed. At least it was closed.

She sighed and shook her head, looking at me, and then to the mess. "Why don't you clean up, while I do the same out here?"

I smiled and nodded. Took off my sports coat and hung it in the closet. Used the loo, washed my face, brushed my teeth.

She came in, sweater off and top unbuttoned, running a hand up my back as I leaned over the sink, rinsing my mouth. I stood up, turned, and held her. "Oh, you feel delicious," I whispered to her. "Mmm, so do you," she replied.

I left her to the bathroom. I folded my clothes neatly on a chair, putting on my boxers. She'd turned down the bed. I sat on it and waited.

Cleanup

She came out of the bathroom wearing a cotton nightie and carrying her clothes. She glanced to my clothes on the chair, nodding with a smile, and put hers atop mine.

“You are beautiful,” I told her.

She smiled and sighed. “You’re biased, and I’m pooped too,” she offered as a warning.

“I think I’m going to sleep very well,” I told her as she stepped closer.

Letting her pick the side of the bed she wanted, lights off, crawling in with her. Snuggling up, holding her.

“Oh, you are warm,” she whispered.

I didn’t have to prod, didn’t have to suggest. I rested my head between her soft breasts after kissing them through her nightie, held her gently, and let go with a sigh. She held me and matched my sigh with her own.

After a bit, I felt a nipple tightening under me.

She started moving. I held her closer, and she whispered, “I know what you need...”

She slipped her nightie off a shoulder as she turned, moving me to a delicious nipple and holding me close. I moaned in appreciation and held her, settling in.

I tried to move a while later, but her hand behind my head held me closer, and she whispered, “Go to sleep,” and kissed my forehead.

I can do this.

Normally, I have to work to peep inside people’s heads, to sense what they’re feeling, let alone what they’re thinking. If I’m more than a few meters away, let alone a few meters away in a crowd, it’s work. Touching makes it so much easier. Six of the eight I’d fixed in the last two days had involved physical touch. The two I didn’t touch were standing within two meters of me when I got them, one at the check-in desk, the other at the concierge desk. The first, at check-in, had been easy, because she thought the whole thing was crap to start with. The second, at the concierge desk, had been harder. He strongly suspected there was something to it. I was about to abort and try again later when the concierge stepped away to look for a brochure, his mind wandered briefly, and that’s all the opening I needed. Some minor adjustments, and after all, he didn’t want to be lumped in with Gloria, did he?

But intimate contact, the way Joan and I were in bed, connected at her nipple and plenty of other skin to skin contact, feelings flow easily. Not only do they flow, a sort of feedback sets in. When we’d first curled up together, I was pooped. So was she. That first contact, snuggling in, both of us relaxed into that glow of holding someone and being held. As we relaxed, it was probably both of us, my hunger as well as hers, that got her nipples tightening up. That first

contact, mouth and nipple, both of us holding on, intensified things. Both of us floating in comfort and bliss, Joan rolling through a continuous low-level but deep orgasm, so satisfying.

I woke in the middle of the night being held to a very taugth nipple. Joan was so aroused, on the edge of orgasm, and the mental contact between us had me quite aroused as well. I kept myself from coming and squeezed her, sucking more vigorously.

“Oh Jim,” she moaned, running a hand over my stomach to my very hard cock and pushing me to my back. We slid together quickly and easily, and I held on. She started coming after a few strokes, but I held back, letting her take her fill. She squeezed me as she rocked, riding me, moaning, almost laughing. I hovered us both in half-awake, half-asleep dreamland, letting so many feelings come out in her, feeling her savor the sensations, the complex satisfaction of so many desires at the same time, the feeling of me deep inside her, holding her waist, and yet sucking on her, the deep satisfaction, almost a feeling of triumph, as she moved my head gently and I moaned and held on, sucking more.

Something changed, and she was on her way to a new plateau. I felt the change in her, the new hunger. She cradled my head, moving her hips with more purpose. “Oh Jim, please...” she whispered, rocking intensely. I let go and let it happen, moaning as I got to the precipice, trying to push in a little more as I stiffened up. She sighed out, “Oh yes...” and pulled my head tight to her, swirling her hips, taking both of us over the edge. I could feel it, sharing the sensation of pumping into her, and her ecstatic response. Such a feeling of fulfillment, of satisfaction as she rocked atop me and squeezed me to her breast.

I was a little surprised when she moved me off her breast, but she switched me to the other side, whispering, “Here you go...” She kissed my forehead as we wrapped ourselves around each other and fell back asleep.

She turned in my arms to whack the alarm clock as it went off in the morning. “We’ve got a few minutes,” she whispered, turning back to me and pulling me closer.

“Gentle,” she whispered, squeezing the back of my head a little and melting me into her as I sucked. I pulled her more on top of me, rubbing and scratching her back lightly. She sighed, “Mmm... That’s nice...”

I drifted in her embrace, in her glow, our glow.

I could feel her mind as she daydreamed, part of her drawn to what she needed to do during the day. That woke me some, and I held her close, taking more of her in, inhaling deeply.

She responded by holding the back of my head, holding me, pulling me closer, oh so well, making me moan, the only thing I could do was hold on. Oh, the feelings of satisfaction and triumph in her, as she squeezed me, held me, melted me into her and whispered, “Suck, baby...” I moaned again and the combination of the way she moved my head and the way I tugged gently on her nipple shot an erotic charge through her sending her into orgasm. She reveled in it, moving my head around, moving her shoulders, letting go to her side, holding me

Cleanup

close. I held on, burrowing closer to her. Such deep feelings in her, satisfaction that she was still desirable, that she could still do *this* to a man ... she held me gently, moving my head, making me moan, rocking me to sleep again in her embrace.

The alarm went off again. Both of us sighed. She moved to her back, releasing me. I kissed the side of her breast and moved to my back as well.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you,” I whispered, letting my eyes close, trying to hold on to the feelings.

She sighed again. “Oh thank you,” she whispered, moving on the bed and kissing my forehead. “But I need to get up and shower. You don’t have to get up.”

“Good,” I sighed.

She chuckled and got out of bed. She gurgled and giggled, grabbing the washcloth on the nightstand and tucking it between her legs as she headed to the bathroom.

I was going to peep her, but I was so comfortable -- I fell asleep again.

Woke quickly to the bed moving. I stretched and sat up. She was drying her hair with a towel.

“Good morning, beautiful,” I greeted her. “Sleep well?”

She smiled. “I haven’t slept that well in too damn long. You?”

I nodded. “Wonderful -- thank you so much.”

She sighed. “Oh, you’re quite welcome...” She put a hand on my bare shoulder and stood up, returning to the bathroom.

I sat at the side of the bed, stretching. It had been a good night -- we fit together quite well.

She returned from the bathroom, a sad look on her face, her bra in her hands.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

Her look turned to a slight smile as she stepped closer. “Say goodbye to them?”

I closed my eyes and raised my arms as she moved closer. She held me to one nipple, then the other, then holding my head between her breasts and rocking us slowly.

“Thank you so much,” I whispered, arms around her waist.

Cleanup

She stepped back and put on her bra, bending over and moving her shoulders to arrange herself in it. When she stood up, she looked at me and sighed. "I could do something very unprofessional this morning, something I would both enjoy and regret..." Another big sigh. "Oh Jim... I decided -- I don't want to know your last name, where you live, or anything. I want to leave here today without knowing any of that."

I pulled her closer and nuzzled the soft satiny cloth of her bra, kissing each side, kissing her stomach and resting my head on her once more, holding her. "I understand." I let go of her and stood up. "It will be one of those things we remember, and smile, and when people ask us what we're thinking about, we'll just smile more." I gave her a soft hug, which she returned.

I used the loo briefly, then dressed.

She was putting folders into a case, and paused, an interesting look on her face as she moved a shoulder.

I stepped closer, putting a hand on her back. "Okay?"

She turned to me, smiling, a quizzical smile. "I'm going to be sore for a while," she said, lifting a breast gently.

I touched the sides of her breasts gently. "I'm sorry -- kiss them and make them better?"

She hugged me. "Oh, I should be sore like that more often..." she whispered.

"I was so safe in your arms -- so good having you on top of me," I whispered back.

She gave me a squeeze and grumbled, "We'd better get out of here while we can!"

We separated. I took one of her hands, raised it, and kissed it once more. "Joan, thank you once again."

She sighed. That's the last we spoke to each other.

I stopped briefly in my room to brush my hair a bit and shave.

Went back downstairs. Thought about breakfast, but that room was going to be crowded. Picked up a paper instead and sat down on the same couch I'd occupied the night before, going through the motions of reading the paper in front of the roaring fire. The radiating warmth felt good, but not as good as being in her arms...

Peeped into their breakfast meeting. Strong feelings from one of the guys, so I popped into his head. He was pissed that he'd spent a while writing up his thoughts and conclusions, then spent more time editing them into a more professional tone before e-mailing them off last night, and their leader hadn't even read the damn thing.

Cleanup

“As I see it, our challenge is to convince people this is a pile of crap, without using that phrase,” he told the group. “We do not have *one* result that supports these hypotheses.”

He looked to his side as one of the ladies spoke up. Liu, the one I’d gotten at check-in, said, “I agree completely. I hope that we can put an end to such silliness.”

He looked to their leader.

“Any dissenting views?” Joan asked, moving her left shoulder a bit. She was still a little sore, and it brought a smile to her face. “Good. Paul, I’m sorry I didn’t have the opportunity to read your summary last night. Why don’t you walk us through it, and we’ll use that as our final report. I deliberately haven’t spoken to Doctor King and the Nashua group; I’ll be meeting him later in the week to discuss our findings and prepare a combined report.”

I smiled and sat back. Another success! Another feeling, a more primitive feeling, had me turn and look down the hallway to my left.

Suzanne was coming down the hall -- she’d just seen me, and I liked the look she had!

It was going to be another good day!

FIN

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Cleanup

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