

Damsel in Distress

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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.

Saturday morning at Fry's, a Silicon Valley electronics haunt, not really looking at things on the Mac aisle, putting things back the way they should be on their display systems. Someone had been switching machines to a Dvorak keyboard layout... As I corrected one, I heard a woman call out, "Is there *anyone* here who doesn't think a Mac is a form of communicable disease?"

She was easy to spot -- over six feet tall, reddish-brown hair, impressive figure, at least to me.

Why not? I walked over. "Can I help you?" I asked.

She looked *down* at me, in more ways than one... "Do you work here?" she accused.

"No, that's why I offered to help," I told her with a smile.

She managed a slight smile at that. Silicon Valley Fry's -- majority of the staff don't know squat, but if you hang around, chances are someone who designed the product you're looking at will wander by... "Do you know anything about Macs?" she accused.

I nodded. "I've been working with Macs since 1982." I focused on her eyes, pretty and green.

She sneered. "The Mac wasn't even introduced until..." She paused. I smiled more. She smiled a bit more, going quiet, at least for the moment.

"What can I help you with?" I asked again, extending a hand. "I'm Roger."

"Thank you, Roger; I'm Denise." She sighed. "This place can be so damn frustrating!"

"A Silicon Valley Tradition!" I agreed. "What are you trying to do?"

She had an iMac, I guessed an early Intel iMac. She thought her hard disk was full, and wanted to put in a bigger one. She'd heard it was easy, but...

I told her it *was* easy, with the right knowledge and tools. If that's what she needed, moving everything on her system to a new, bigger disk and installing that in her machine would take three hours or so, and I'd be happy to help. Doing the job takes some cables, an enclosure for the disk drive, and some software. I had all the pieces, but not in my car. Was she local?

Yes, about twenty minutes away. Which hard disk should...

Slow down, I suggested; let's back up a bit. *Why* did she want to replace the disk? Well, her system was really sluggish, and one of her friends thought she was running out of space.

Okay, and how much memory do you have in the machine? She wasn't sure. What programs do you use the most? Office, iTunes, Safari, iPhoto, and Photoshop. Okay, lots of memory is important.

We walked back to the area with memory and disk drives. I walked beside her, discussing trade-offs. *Was I imagining it, or could I feel her warmth radiating out, her scent?*

We found terabyte drives with 32mb caches for under a hundred bucks.. I told her that was the sweet spot of the technology currently, in terms of dollars per gigabyte. *So close to her as we bent over to look at things on the shelf, picking up her scent.* Standing up, stepping back, no, we're just looking right now. I told her what a friend of mine who had been in the disk drive business told me, as we walked by a pallet-load of drives -- disk drives are a lot like fish; you only have so much time to move the product. She liked that, and I liked the way she laughed. *The way her head went back, exposing her neck, the way her chest moved as she laughed...*

Looked over other drives; I pointed to one, in particular. She didn't understand -- why would you pay \$250 for 300 gigs when you could get 1000 for a hundred bucks? I showed her -- the 300 was a VelociRaptor, the fastest SATA drive on the market. Different solutions for different problems. We looked at memory; I was willing to bet she needed memory, explaining why that was the first step.

I looked at my watch: eleven twenty. My recommendation: let's get lunch, then swing by my place so I can pick up the goodies I need. Then look at your machine. Let's make sure you need to spend money, and that you spend it where it will help. There are some cleanup things that should be done before a transplant, so we don't spend a lot of time moving trash. We start those going, return here for a disk and memory if that's what we need, then do the transplant.

She agreed, more relaxed now.

So I pushed it.

"We should be done in time for me to take you to dinner," I told her, looking into her green eyes.

She chuckled a bit. "I'll think about it... But we can definitely start with lunch."

I suggested an In-N-Out Burger on the way to my place. She knew where it was, and agreed enthusiastically.

We walked out. "Okay, I'm driving a mini covered with weird antennas," I told her, pointing to where I usually parked, around the side of the building.

"I'll follow you," she told me.

Damn, meant to get more DVD+R media, I reminded myself as I started the car.

Pulled out and waited a bit; a Lexus flashed its lights behind me. Yup, looks like her, pointing and gesturing wildly inside her car. She waved me to go. I led the way.

We got to lunch and found places to park. I saw an open table and tossed my hat and sunglasses on it before queueing up to order.

When I looked at her, she was smirking and chuckling. Guess I raised an eyebrow.

“The hair,” she said. “Bit of a surprise.”

I nodded. “Yeah, going incognito,” I told her. I often hide my ponytail up under my hat; that’s the way it had been in Fry’s.

We placed our orders, got some soda, and had a seat.

“Interesting license plate,” she mentioned. “What’s the frame mean?”

I was thirsty. “Clear seeing -- calm abiding; it’s Buddhist,” I told her.

She crinkled her eyebrows and forehead a little more. “By any chance are you a juggler?”

Where had that come from? “Not so much these days, but I still do some,” I told her. “What do you do?”

She was marketing director for a hi-tech company, not quite a startup, but not out of the woods yet. She gave me a curious look. The job was still hectic, but settling down. With all the antennas on my car, was I a tech writer?

Yes, more or less. Still did some research work, but a lot of work writing.

I focused on her eyes, her smile. She was animated, and I enjoyed her company. *And I knew to let my gaze drift lower, to rest where I wanted to rest, on her bosom...*

She got up to refill her drink, and mine. *Watching her walk, the jiggle of her hips, and even more, the jiggle of full breasts as she walked. I was so hungry...* She returned and I focused on her eyes, on her.

Eating lunch, we talked about how the Valley had grown and changed. She’d been finishing her undergrad degree and doing the MBA at Santa Clara University during the dot-com implosion. Connections outside school got her in the right place at the right time for the startup.

I asked what those were, and when she told me it was local musical theatre, I thought I was going to choke! We were sitting a few hundred yards from a community theatre; I told her I spent all

too much time in that building, running lights, sound, or spot. We knew a lot of the same people; it turned out I'd seen her on stage doing "Rhinoceros -- the Musical" in Saratoga.

She asked if I ever ventured on stage. Well, for little bits -- I'd been the Reverend in "Ernest," the wizard in "Mattress." I liked being in the belfry (booth) better; I could sit down. That and I can't sing for squat; and unlike *some* people we both knew, I admit it.

We swung by my place. I grabbed my MacBook, as it had my bag of tricks; grabbed the tool bag with firewire cables and the external USB jig for the new drive.

Denise liked the place; glad it was fairly clean. We headed to her place, a few miles down the road from me, a two story townhouse with a little office space downstairs.

Good news -- she had DSL, so we could download things quickly. Bad news -- she'd managed to turn off automagic updates, so we had a lot of catching up to do. *Bad news -- the place was full of her scent.* Dilemma -- update then clone, or clone then update? I decided to clone then update, doing minimal cleanup prior to that. Oh, and she had a gig of memory in the damn thing, and was effectively out of space on her 80GB disk. OnyX did a good job cleaning up and got us to almost 10GB free, but still, OSX was cranky... Faster, but still cranky. I know OSX defragments small hotzone files automatically, but I didn't want to think about the rest of the drive contents.

"Denise, if this was my machine I'd do the terabyte drive, partitioned up, and max it out on memory. Photoshop will like you for it, believe me."

She agreed; her Mac at work had 2 gigs in it. She also insisted on driving.

That was nice, getting to be a passenger. Not something I got to do often any more, getting to look out the window at the world going by. *Not looking at her, so close, the shoulder belt crossing her chest, separating her breasts, so round and firm, her scent and perfume filling the car.* Round-trip to Fry's for the drive and memory in under an hour. We discussed partitioning on the way back, how and why, and putting her old drive in an external enclosure after a few weeks. She thanked me not only for the help, but for explaining things along the way. I liked the way she smiled. *I liked the way the shoulder belt rode along the inside of her breast, separating and defining, showing me how full and firm she was.* I looked out the window and thanked her for letting me be a passenger and watch the scenery.

Back at her house, second pass cleanup had completed. Clean off space on the desk and put down a towel so we don't scratch things. Shut down to do memory, start up and hurray, more memory!

I was sitting in her chair, driving things. Putting a hand on my left shoulder, she leaned over my right, took the mouse, and ran across the dock on the left side of the screen, starting up Word, iTunes, and Photoshop in quick succession. "Woohoo!" she announced in pleasure, jumping up and down and squeezing my shoulder when things popped up. "That's a whole lot faster!" *Her scent as she leaned close to me, her breasts pushing into me, her warmth so close, a hand on my shoulder...*

She pulled up a chair; I handed her the hard disk still in its box and told her to open it, just be careful how she touched it and don't drop it. She handed it back to me with a big smile. *Touching her*

hands as I took the box, watching her chest rise and fall as she breathed, her smile and the way her eyes met mine. Put the new drive in my external jig, connect, and initialize. Partitioned the drive with 160 for the system and the rest for everything else. Started Super Duper doing the clone; that would take ... at least an hour. She said, "I'll be back downstairs in a bit." She got up and squeezed my shoulders. I sighed as I heard her going upstairs. I used the downstairs loo and returned to the office.

What the hell, I had enough clear space on the floor. Kick off the shoes, misc pocket contents into my bag. Forward fold to down dog to pigeon, extending into splits. Relax and breathe. *Remembering her breath, her warmth, her scent, her touch.* Leaning forward over my extended leg, breathing into it, extending.

Thought I saw Denise in the hall, her head peek around the door.

"Jesus!" she exclaimed from the hallway, where I couldn't see her. "Are you all right?"

I laughed, straightening up and raising my hands overhead. "I'm fine. Just relaxing."

"Relaxing! If I tried that, I'd be screaming!"

I shook my head, closing my eyes. "If I didn't practice every day, I'd be screaming, too... It's intense, but focusing and relaxing." Deep breath... One of the dichotomies of yoga... "It's one of the dichotomies of yoga," I told her, "learning to relax into the intensity of the pose." *Looking into her eyes, relaxing, yet feeling the yearning, the hunger, wanting to...*

"Roger," she called from the hallway, "do you find me ... intimidating?"

I had to chuckle. "You can be," I replied.

"I ... didn't scare you off this morning, in the store?"

I shook my head again. "Evidently not! And I can't help it -- I had to come to the aid of a damsel in distress. I'm wired that way."

She chuckled out in the hall -- not your reference-standard size-4 damsel, that's for sure...

"Oh thank you for coming to my rescue, gallant sir knight," she overdramatized.

We both laughed.

"Care to join me in the other room?" she asked from the hallway.

Another deep breath. "Sure." Back to pigeon, bow forward, through down dog and forward fold, unwinding to standing and closing. Better, relaxed and centered again. I stepped into the hallway.

I stepped into Denise's arms, into her embrace.

As we kissed, I slipped my arms under hers, around her as she held my shoulders. She squeezed me and I held on, clutching her, turning, backing up against the hallway, pulling her to me.

She pressed me into the wall and I moaned, our lips still together.

I don't know if I moved down or was helped, but I found my head slipping down between her breasts, into softness and the scent of perfume. I held her; I couldn't get enough. She held me, pressing me against the wall. I wanted more; I needed more.

Somehow we moved to the couch in her living room. We started off kissing again. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her close, but she pulled at me, moving my hands to her breasts. Soon I was burying my head between those breasts, holding her again as she wrapped her arms around my head, smothering me in scent, softness, and warmth. I moaned as I leaned back, pulling her atop me.

I burrowed in, my left ear against her chest, nose and mouth against the side of a cloth-covered breast, holding her, losing myself in the sound of her beating heart, her warmth, weight, softness surrounding me. So comfortable; I didn't want to move. I didn't need to move. She moved atop me, murmuring, holding me. As the beating of her heart slowed down, I melted into her.

She moved on top of me; I held on. She started lifting up; I held on. She put a hand at the back of my head and squeezed me into her. I moaned and melted. She lifted up off me, putting more weight on our hips.

"Let's go upstairs," she whispered. She moved off me, and helped me stand. I held her again.

"I was beginning to worry," she whispered as we held each other.

We went upstairs to her bedroom. Soft light through the curtains, a feminine room with a feminine scent, an assortment of pillows and such on the bed, everything color coordinated.

She started to unbutton her blouse.

I put my hands on hers. "May I?" I asked, looking in her eyes again.

"Would you like to?" she replied with a big smile.

"Very much," I told her.

Standing next to her dresser, she undid the top button on her blouse. As I raised a hand, she smiled more. "It's okay..." She turned slightly and picked up a bottle of perfume from the dresser. With a little shake, she took off the top and put more perfume between her gorgeous breasts and on top of them. She replaced the bottle, and led me to the side of the bed. "That better?" she asked.

"Oh yes," I whispered. I reached for her blouse, taking a breath through my nose.

"Let me do you, first," she said. She took off my shirt, then pants and shorts. I put my hands on

her shoulders as she bent down to do my pants, and I'm glad I did; she ran her hands down my legs making me quite dizzy. After peeling off my socks, she paused to take the tip of my cock in her mouth as she cupped my balls. I held on. She looked up, and I thought she was going to stand up. But she moved a bit, squeezing my cock between her breasts, watching me all the time.

She stood up and I held on for a moment, filling myself with her perfume. She pushed me to sitting on the bed, and held my head between her breasts. I felt the soft fabric of her bra as I filled myself with perfume.

"Take it off," she whispered, holding me. I tried to pull my head back, but she held me closer. "I know what you need, baby... Take it off..."

I could feel her nipples, tight under the soft cloth of her bra. I reached around to her back, running my hands over her body, making her squeeze me tighter for a moment, and I found and fumbled with the catch on her bra, four clips -- success! She moved her arms, sliding it down.

I found a nipple, and she held me there. "Oh, that's sooo..." she moaned, moving onto the bed, me holding on, moving with her. She was half on top of me, holding me. We both moaned as she moved my head around. I couldn't get enough. Her nipple felt and tasted so good, and I wanted to drown in softness and perfume.

Some time later... I started feeling her with the hand that wasn't trapped under her. I ran my hand over her and felt her nipple respond, tightening in my mouth. She murmured and held me closer. I managed to get my hand inside the elastic of her panties, sliding it around to her front. She squeezed me more, moving my head around, but rolled her hips to give me better access.

My fingers found heaven. She sighed and moaned, "Oh yesss..." I tried to keep my fingers in synch with my mouth, but she didn't make it easy! A noisy one, a quieter one, and she pulled my hand away, returning her hand to holding me close.

That hand went away after a while. The way she was moving, she must be trying to get out of her undies. I tried moving to help, but she held me where I was. Her undies off, her hand moved to stroke me; I thought I was as hard as I could get, but I guess I was wrong.

She moved to her back, pulling me over.

But I held on, lifting my head for a moment to say, "On top of me, please!"

"Oh yes!" was her enthusiastic reply. She pulled away, but only to grab a pillow, fold it, and put it under me. Then she was on top of me, and we were sliding together. We both moaned as she settled atop me, rocking her hips, easing together more. I rocked my hips as best I could to help, and held on.

She pushed up on her elbows and some on her knees. "Too much?" she asked.

"No!" I told her. "Just rest on me for a while -- I'm not going to last long, and I want to enjoy it!"

She gave me an evil grin and started rocking her hips slowly, putting more weight on me, the pillow underneath me pushing me deeper into her. And she leaned down, taking my head between her breasts, a hand behind my head holding me there.

Drowning in softness and her perfume, rocking, rocking, rocking -- I moaned as I got close, and she pulled up, only to put me on a nipple and smother me there. I held on, stiffening up as I got to that delicious point of no return, moaning ... and she slowed down, but only for a moment, doing something that threw me dizzily over the edge, moving my head to let me breathe a little, filling myself with her perfume as I filled her. Holding on, that's all I have to do.

Waking suddenly, disoriented, coolness on my face.

"Sshhh -- here," she whispered, and I'm moved to her other nipple. Her weight on top of me felt so good, enveloped in her. Content again as she held me and murmured something.

"Hi there," she whispered, rolling to the side. She'd pulled the bedcover over us. She held me and kissed the top of my head, sending an incredible sensation through me. I moved off her nipple, but put my head against her chest, listening to her heartbeat. She moved a hand to the back of my head again and held me a little closer. Delicious.

"Oh, I agree -- that was pretty wonderful. And I haven't had a nap like that in a long time."

I sighed, agreeing.

"But I need to get up." She kissed me on the head again.

"Okay," I sighed, snuggling in more.

She laughed, gave me a squeeze, and sat up.

"Thank you so much," I whispered, rubbing her back.

She smiled and put a hand on my shoulder. "No, thank *you*," she told me. "That wasn't ... too much?"

I shook my head, moving my hand across her back. "Not at all... I'm not sure I can get enough."

She smiled broadly. "That's good to hear! Want to check the computer?"

I sighed. "I suppose so."

She got off the bed. "I thought the knight was supposed to finish off the dragon *before* he got the damsel..."

"Traditionally," I agreed as I got up. She went to the bathroom. I grabbed my shorts and t-shirt

and headed downstairs. The copy was about 80% done. I visited the downstairs loo, got “dressed,” and went back to sit by the computer.

Denise walked in, wearing the same robe she’d had on earlier. “How are we doing?”

“A little over 80% done,” I told her, holding out my arms.

She approached, pulling my head between her breasts and enveloping me once again. I held on.

She stepped away. “I think it’s done.”

I looked at the screen -- the Super Duper window was green, the copy completed. “Yup -- time to power down and swap.” I told the machine to shut down. Once it powered off, I put it face down again and took off the back. The drive swap was easy, moving the hardware on the mounting bracket.

As I set the machine up again, I told her, “Okay, next steps -- we move your photo and music libraries off to the other partition, and while that’s going, I’ll download the combined updater for the system. Let the copy complete, run the system updater, then turn on automatic updates and let those run. Okay?”

She pulled up another chair, sat down, and put a hand on my back. “Sounds good to me.”

Her machine started up without a problem. “Faster!” she said happily.

“Should be,” I agreed. I found the stuff to move to a separate partition and got that going. “37 minutes,” it said.

“Oh good!” she exclaimed, standing up.

I started to ask what was good about it, but she pulled me to standing, and to the living room. I catch on quick -- we ended on the couch again, her covering me, holding me once again where I wanted to be.

We got things moved and updated on her computer -- faster and a lot more room to grow.

“I thought we could have something simple for dinner here,” she told me, running a hand over my back.

“Whatever you want -- we can go out if you like.”

She smiled. “I’m not letting you get close to a door just yet.”

I moved closer so we could hug more.

*

I woke up early Sunday morning, snuggled up to her back. What a trip! I rolled the other way and got out of bed.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Denise called.

I looked back at her in the bed. She was pouting. “I need to pee -- I’ll be right back, I promise.”

She pushed out her lower lip more.

I did my business, pausing to rinse my mouth.

When I crawled back into bed, she pulled me closer. “Get to work,” she whispered, pulling me to a nipple.

I closed my eyes.

She moved me around a little, a little more, again, and that was the spot -- her hand at the back of my head urged me closer gently, but it was enough. It seemed enough for her as well. “That’s it, oh that’s it!” she whispered. I held her, pulling her more on top of me. She started moaning, moving my head slightly. I moved my free hand to gently stroke the side of her other breast. She made delicious noises and shuddered, holding me close.

I was almost asleep again when she moved me to her other side. But the way she held me, the way her nipple tightened in my mouth, and what her other hand was doing, wandering over my body -- I wasn’t asleep for long! I held her, making what noises I could. Soon I was on my back and she was sliding me home, grinding on me, holding my head to her, whispering and growling at me. I didn’t stand a chance! I was along for the ride, and I enjoyed it very much.

After I filled her, she moved me back to her more comforting side, arranging us nicely with a pillow behind my head and shoulders to prop me up a bit. Eventually I moved between her breasts, surrounded by warmth, softness, and the beating of her heart.

Drifting in her, so safe, so comfortable.

She kissed my head and I moaned, squeezing her.

She pulled away, up on her arms. “What is it? Too much?”

I sighed, opening my eyes and looking into hers. “Do you know what that does to me, when you kiss my head, holding me like that?”

She smiled and nodded. “I’m figuring it out.”

I smiled, reaching and caressing the sides of her breasts. “The way you hold me -- you can take your time, you know.”

She smiled more. "But I like it; don't you?"

I sighed. "What that does to me, the way that feels, coming like that when you're smothering me to you..."

She smiled and nodded. "Better get used to that..."

"I hope I never do," I whispered back.

"How would you like to be a kept man for a while? I don't know if we could coexist, but I'd like to find out."

"That sounds wonderful."

She nodded. "We should get up, then. I have some work I need to get done, but it won't take as long thanks to you. I'll need to go to Kinkos to print some things, though."

"I've got a good laser printer, and a color inkjet at the house for anything letter size, A4, or smaller -- and I could load some more updates on your machine as well."

She smiled. "That would work. You know, from where you are, it would probably take me less time to get in to work..."

"Only one way to find out... Okay, let's get going."

She shook her head. "Not so fast..."

I closed my eyes again and let her hold me where I wanted to be.

FIN
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Damsel in Distress
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