

D6

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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 enjoying the joys of being a homeowner -- sitting on the walkway along the side of the house, in the sun, playing in the dirt, actually a dug-up edge of the lawn as I worked on a broken lawn sprinkler. I suspect the gardeners did it in, either by stomping on it or by repeatedly running it over with a heavy lawnmower. I'd excavated enough to discover that one of the PVC water lines had a crack in it. I'd also spoken to a friend who was in the landscaping business about how to attempt the repair.

I was trying the less invasive approach, just digging a small hole around the sprinkler, and once the problem spot was exposed, gluing a splint-like section over the crack to seal things up. That's the theory, anyway.

I had my tools arranged, my attack planned out, but was struggling to keep some clearance around the troublesome section. Problems such as dirt falling from the sides of the hole were challenging me. So far, I'd managed not to use many of my "special words."

"Roger! This is something I didn't expect!" a woman's voice called out.

I looked up from where I was sitting to see a young woman in denim pants and a cotton top, make that a very nicely filled out cotton top with a low-cut front, approaching along the walkway.

"Joys of homeownership," I replied. "What can I do for you?" Didn't know her, but might not mind...

"I'm Christine -- do you have some time to talk?"

"Sure -- have a seat. I'm in the middle of something right now," I said, obviously.

She moved closer, frowning a bit, still trying to smile, "It's getting hot out here..."

I nodded. "That's another reason I need to finish this."

She stopped a few feet away. I liked the profile.

"Oh! Can I help?" She chortled, almost giggling. "I feel like I should glove up..."

“The garage door is open -- plastic sandwich bag in the driver’s side door of the car is filled with nitrile gloves,” I told her.

“Really?” she said, then hurried to the garage, avoiding my nasty look.

Whatever. I was prepping the bailing wire loops to hold the new sections together, looping them around the PVC pipe in the hole when she sat down next to me, wearing a pair of gloves.

“Okay, what can I do to help?” she told me with a smile.

I liked the look down her prominent top, showing a nice amount of skin. Sigh... Job to do -- “Okay, reach in, palm out, try your left, this part of the hole, and try to keep more soil from falling in.”

She reached in, holding things. I know I should have just excavated two bloody feet around each side of the thing as Rich suggested, but I didn’t. I’d done enough that we could both get our hands in the hole, and I could work. “Great -- can you reach in with your right and lift up a bit on the white pipe? Yeah, that’s great...”

She chuckled. “I’m a surgical nurse -- I spend a lot of time like this.”

“Do you get to sit down?” I muttered, feeling around the bottom of the pipe, making sure I had enough room. “I’m trying to repair a sprinkler aneurism -- damn gardeners stomped on a sprinkler hard enough to damage the supply line.”

“That’s vascular work -- I do mainly orthopaedic,” she added.

“I try and avoid surgeons, ortho or otherwise... Did get to work with a good one locally, everyone calls him ET... Damn, I hope that isn’t a crack under there, or I’ll have to take out the whole section.”

“Oh? Let me try -- that’s a crack on top, about three centimeters from the fitting?”

“Yup,” I confirmed.

She “looked” with her fingers, as I’d been doing, looking up in the air as she felt the areas. Very pretty -- brown eyes, short hair, not a lot of makeup. She looked me right in the eye -- out of necessity we were sitting shoulder to shoulder. “Doesn’t feel like a crack to me; it doesn’t have the edges.”

I nodded. “That’s my hope as well. Now what?” I heard another car pull up, a familiar silver one now blocking my driveway.

My landscaping friend Rich approached. “And I was worried about how you were

doing... Honey, come look at this!” he called back to the car.

“Great,” I muttered.

Christine sighed.

I heard Barbara, Rich’s wife, chuckling. But when she saw us, Christine gasped, and Barbara called out, “Oh God! Where’s my camera! I have *got* to get a picture of this! I’ve *got* to!”

She dashed to the car and returned moments later with a digital camera. She took a couple of shots and said, “Why Em, this is what you do on your day off?” Moving closer to get another shot, she called out, laughing, “My God! Rich, look! She’s even wearing gloves! Doctor Walsh will be impressed -- although I’m not sure how he’ll feel about one of his star nurses working with another doctor...”

Em? Weird things were starting to click. “Post that on the net and I’ll burn your house down -- and I know where you live!” I growled.

“And I’ll help,” Christine, or was it Em, added.

Rich stood there, hands on his hips. “And I was worried about how he was doing.”

Barbara took another shot and said, “It looks like he’s doing quite well, dear -- how long have you known this charmer, Em?” she asked.

Em looked me in the eye and smiled. “Oh, a while,” she said, confirming my suspicions. I was still frowning a bit, and she leaned closer and gave me a kiss on the end of the nose.

“Yeah,” Rich agreed. “Let me know how it works out -- the plumbing...” he added.

“Look like they’re doing quite well... Have fun,” Barbara added and they walked back to their car and drove off.

“Em?” I accused.

She nodded. “Emily Christine actually...”

We’d been exchanging e-mails for months; she’d moved from a reader and sniper on my stories to much closer, practically a muse. “Let’s get this deal done, then talk,” I suggested.

She giggled. “Good idea. How long have you known them?”

“Rich and I worked together a company or two ago; we worked together for about a decade. He was the finance head for our group. When the company imploded, we were both ‘invited’ to leave; he went into the landscaping business, and I went to another research outfit.

How do you know Barbara?" I knew she was a nurse, but didn't remember where.

"Oh, we work together. She's really, really good. You're a doctor too?"

I shook my head. "Ph.D. in physics -- you're safe."

She chuckled again, touching foreheads. I was still wearing my sunglasses.

"Let's get this glued up -- don't know what this is going to do to your gloves, so be ready," I warned her. "Hold things in place -- I need both hands to open containers," I told her, pulling both hands out of the hole. Opened the purple cleaner and the solvent/cement. "Your side of the fitting first -- cleaner, then solvent along the crack, and on the clip-on pieces. I'll put them in place, holding them for ten seconds or so, then start moving the wire loops into place, and tightening them with those pliers."

"Just let me know what you need me to do," she offered.

I coated the pipe with the cleaner first, then put solvent on the two halves of the clip-on section and carefully lowered them into the hole. "Don't want to contaminate the surfaces now," I said, pushing things into place. I clipped them together and held them. "Push the closest wire loop onto the splice?" I asked, holding with one hand as I took out the other hand to get the pliers. She slid the first loop on to the splice. "I'll take it -- I want it at the end closest to the tee." "Want me to move up the next loop?" she offered. "Yes, and squeeze that end of the splice gently," I suggested.

She was very helpful! We got that side done. The other one wasn't as easy, but eventually it cooperated. "Replace the sprinkler and repack?" she suggested.

I nodded. "Replace the sprinkler, but we're not going to fill it in just yet -- Rich suggested checking for leaks, and if there are, I'll call him and he'll send a professional out to dig up the area and fix it right."

She smiled. "That looks pretty secure to me," she said, sitting back. "Nice suture material," she said, prodding the roll of wire.

"Bailing wire -- the real thing," I told her.

It took another half hour to get the fittings for the sprinkler sized properly and installed. I used the material Rich had given me; it had some flex to it, to take impacts and shock and protect the supply lines.

We picked up tools, leaving the sprinkler by the side of the house. Stepping into the garage, it was cool. "Hot out there," I muttered. "Should have worn a hat." She slipped off her gloves with professional ease, dropping them in a trash can. "Something cold to drink?" she asked with a smile.

I pointed to the refrigerator. "Take your pick -- I'll have a Gatorade," I suggested.

She got out two and handed me one. Good and cold.

I leaned back against a workbench. "Now then, Miss Em -- to what do I owe this visit?"

She raised a pretty eyebrow and stepped closer. "I'm sorry if I surprised you... No I'm not..." She looked at me, uncertainty fading from her face, replaced by a big smile. "I decided I'd stalked you long enough -- I came over to kidnap you and have my way with you..."

I smiled. "Sounds good to me," I agreed softly.

She moved closer, fanning the bottom of her cotton top with a hand. "But I could use a shower -- I hadn't expected to sit out in the sun working!"

I nodded. "That's what I was going to do -- shower. Care to join me?"

She called my smile and bravado and raised, moving closer and saying, "Let's go!"

I nodded and headed for the door to the house, hitting the garage door button as I did. We shed shoes in the laundry room. Upstairs quickly to the master bedroom and the master bath, I peeled off my shirt and socks, then started on my pants.

And stopped, leaning back on the sink, looking at the beauty before me. Em had taken off her top and bra, and was slipping off pants and panties.

She smiled and moved a bit. "Like what you see?" she asked, eyes twinkling.

"You are beautiful," I told her.

She tilted her head to one side. "I bet you say that to every naked girl you have in here..." She twirled around.

"You're right," I managed to say. I stepped out of my pants and shorts and grabbed my towel and one for her. A towel in each arm, I stepped to the shower.

Only to be intercepted by Em, who put her arms around me, tilting her head and closing her eyes.

I took the hint, holding her, skin against skin, kissing gently, and not so gently. So good, so full... I managed to drop the towels on the edge of the tub, which is right next to the shower, and turned us so I had my back to the tub. I moved back a bit.

"We could shower after, if you ..." she started to say.

I interrupted her by sitting on the edge of the tub and pulling her closer, taking a nipple in

my mouth.

We both sighed. She wrapped her arms around my head, holding me. My arms went around her waist.

I tried to move after a while but she held me tighter. "Not yet," she whispered.

She let me move to the other side, settling me in, both of us sighing again.

Resting my head between her breasts, listening to her heart, my arms around her waist, rocking gently.

"Why don't we shower after," she suggested again.

I squeezed her and stood up. "No, let's shower." I kissed her on the forehead and stepped partially around her, opening the shower door.

I nearly fell over when she ran a hand over my cock. "Sure?" she asked.

I turned on the water and pulled her into the shower with me. I had other ideas.

"I like a shower head that's higher than my nose!" she exclaimed.

"Benefit of custom building," I replied.

She liked the Neutrogena bath gel, and we both liked the way I spread it around and worked up a good lather on both of us.

We were kissing and feeling, working up a good lather when she got her hands on my cock. I retaliated by slipping fingers up her slit. "I think we should rinse off and get out," I suggested.

"Good idea," she agreed, pulling us closer again. We helped each other rinse off, and get dried. "I like that soap," she told me. "It leaves my skin feeling really nice..."

I took our towels and tossed them on the tub. "Let's find out," I told her.

I knew what I wanted -- her on her back at the edge of the bed. She didn't complain, especially when I crossed her legs over my back. I was so hungry -- it had been a long time. I wasn't slow, or teasing, or subtle. I was hungry, and she was delicious.

After her shrieks diminished to moans and her legs eventually stopped squeezing my head tightly, I moved up with her on the bed, pulling her legs and feet around, and curling up at her side. I kissed the side of a soft breast. She flopped an arm over me. I could feel her heart beating quickly still. I relaxed, enjoying holding someone.

Some time later, she moved in my arms; I'd been almost asleep, so comfortable. She moved me to a nipple, leaning on me. I pulled her more on top of me. She put a hand behind my head, holding me.

I sighed and let go. Just where I wanted to be!

"You know," she whispered, kissing me on the head, "the idea was for *me* to have *my* way with *you*..."

I hadn't noticed her complaining, and I certainly wasn't complaining now...

Holding my head with one hand, she teased me with the other, finally moving atop me when I was noisy and delirious. We slid together and she let go of my head, putting her palms on my shoulders pushing as she rocked us together. I raised my knees and rocked with her, helping as best I could.

"Much better!" she growled. I held her waist, agreeing as best I could.

She leaned forward with a fierce smile, putting a hand behind my head again, and held me to a nipple, moving her hips oh so well. When I started moaning more, she slowed down, moving more intensely, rocking, smothering me to her. She was whispering to me, telling me what to do, telling me to enjoy... I felt her quiver around me as I filled her.

My turn to be the one with the racing heart... A towel under us, she moved us around, settling me on the other side, holding me gently, rocking us, humming a gentle wordless song.

Waking to feeling someone soft and warm next to me; breathing through the pains of the past and staying with the simple pleasures of the present; eyes still closed, kissing her side and moving to hold her better.

Hearing her take a deep breath, feeling her move, rolling slightly to her side closer to me and holding my head to her, resting on the two softest and nicest pillows in the world. My arms around her waist, holding.

She sighed and kissed the top of my head. "You bastard..." she whispered.

I moved in her arms -- not quite what I'd expected to hear!

She chuckled and kissed the top of my head again. "You wonderful bastard -- I knew from your stories you had quite the thing for breasts, but I didn't realize how nice it could be on *this* side..." She held me and sighed again. "We should get up and do something about lunch. That and talk about what comes next."

"Get out of bed?" I queried, holding her and snuggling in.

She chuckled again. "Don't worry -- I want to do a lot more of what we've been

doing...”

“But I only had one broken sprinkler!”

She growled, smothering me between her breasts as she rolled atop me. We might not be getting up that soon after all!

FIN

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