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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.

Back to the fabric store after a few weeks. Pulling into the parking lot, I shook my head. How could I have forgotten Nina and her gift?

I sighed and got out of the car. Work and crazy intense schedules is how I could have forgotten -- crazy schedules made worse by a supplier. We'd finally gotten some samples of a very promising new RF amplifier, a little integrated circuit about 3mm on a side, hoping... But those parts turned out to be crap. I was stopping at the fabric store because I remembered seeing some nice gold plated posts in their crafts section -- I was going to mount the ICs on posts and turn them into earrings, as that's the only thing they were good for.

One thing I *did* remember, approaching the door, was screeching kids. Sigh -- either ours were never that bad, or I have very selective amnesia of those times; probably a combination.

But the store didn't look that busy. In fact the gal at the cash register greeted me, "Hi -- can I help you find something?"

I smiled. "Think I know where the jewelry stuff is, thanks. Is Nina here tonight?"

She glanced up for a moment. "I think she's in the back. Want me to call her?"

"No thanks, not now." I headed off to the crafts section.

Stuff of this nature, earring posts, backs, catches and clasps, are called "findings." Don't ask me why. Anyway, I soon found the findings I needed -- gold plated posts with a flat circular piece, just right for mounting junk integrated circuits, and gold plated backs for the posts. And just like hot dogs and hot dog buns, the number of posts in a package was different from the number of backs in a package. Don't ask me why on that one, either!

"Find what you need?" a woman's voice asked.

I was squatted down by the floor as the stuff I was interested in was near the bottom of the display rack. I looked up to see a woman probably in her mid to late 30's, grey slacks and a simple blouse, very curvy. Short curly brown hair, glasses, and a nice smile.

“Yes, just what I needed,” I told her as I stood up.

She held out her hand. “I’m Carol, the store manager.”

I shook her hand lightly. “Roger. Glad you folks are here.”

“Would you have a few minutes to chat?” she asked, still holding my hand lightly.

“Sure. About?”

“Nina...” she said, still smiling.

The shock had to show, and she was still holding my hand. I smiled and took a slow breath.

Her smile broadened a bit. “It’s all right -- I am her Mistress; she is wearing my collar,” she said quietly but formally.

I nodded and put my other hand on hers. “It is an honor to meet you, Mistress. Somewhere private?”

She chuckled. “I think that would be best.”

I followed her to her office off in a front corner of the store, only accessible through the department labeled “Notions,” the door between racks of buttons.

Medium sized office, a desk with her chair and some guest chairs on the other side of the desk, a sturdy long wood table along one wall piled with fabrics and stuff, and a semi-ratty couch. She indicated one end of the couch. I took a seat and she sat at the other end; we moved so we were more or less facing each other.

“What can I do for you?” I asked.

She smiled. “You certainly made an impression on my little Ninny!”

“Ninny?” I replied.

She nodded. “My pet name for her -- she’s so sweet, but some times...” she shook her head.

“She has quite the active imagination,” I suggested.

“And she’s been known to act impulsively on that imagination,” she responded.

“Yup -- she was a big help!”

Carol laughed, freely and easily. "And what is it that you were making, if I may ask? It wasn't clear from what she told me..."

"Not quite what she had in mind, although I might consider... I needed straps for holding test equipment, radio gear, to racks in the back of my Jeep when I have to go up to a site in the mountains. Not at all as exciting, I'm afraid."

She nodded, an eyebrow raised. "You might consider?"

I nodded. "I might..."

"You hypnotized her," she stated flatly.

"Not the first time, I'd venture to say," I parried.

She nodded, lips slightly pursed. "You have training?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Some -- Omni in Florida a number of years ago, working with some local therapists as a client. I did grad work in psychology, but that was ... Just how old is she?"

A lopsided smile. "She's legal -- she'll be twenty in April."

I sighed and shook my head. "My grad work was years before she was born."

She nodded again, a more gentle look. "What did you do? I've tried; she's tried, but what she remembers is such a jumble, like a mixed up dream, a *very* pleasant dream."

I had to chuckle. "I improvised -- and framing the experience as a dream afterwards was part of it. I'm not sure what happened, either -- I caught her, deepened, and recognizing the state she was in, took her on a brief but intense ride, then reframed and brought her up."

Carol nodded, smiling. "Interesting..." She frowned a bit, still smiling. "She said she was in her bedroom, tied down..."

I thought. "Not sure where that came from... Oh, she started getting noisy, so I told her ... Think I told her to be really quiet so we didn't wake the others. Her vivid imagination filled in the rest."

More of that smirk. "She can be *quite* vocal... And you got her off quite well..."

I nodded; she'd needed it.

Again that look of concern going with the smile. "But afterwards, in spite of her enticements, you didn't do anything..."

I sighed. "Very complex... Among other things, wrong place, wrong time. And ... Don't get me wrong, she is a very pretty girl, and a sexpot..."

"Not your type?" Carol suggested.

Another sigh. "I'm more than twice her age. At her age, she probably needs someone who can shag for hours, and that ain't me. I'm more interested in snuggling, holding, being held -- before and especially after. Looking for someone ... more mature, fuller, riper, I guess -- you for instance." I smiled more.

So did she. "Oh?"

I chuckled. "I don't know how graphic I should be -- but you look like you'd be delicious to snuggle with. A compliment."

"Oh, that's how I take it," she agreed, smiling and flicking her hair back with her right hand. "You're single?"

I nodded. "Widower."

She gave me an intense look. "Ninny told me your mouth was *all* over her."

"Glad she enjoyed it -- seemed like it. A guess on my part, for both of us."

She nodded and stood up, walking to her desk. She wrote something on a slip of paper, folded it, then picked up the phone and pressed a button. "Is Mary here? Yes, if you'd have her come to my office? Thanks, dear." She hung up the phone and returned to the couch.

We were talking about my background, moving from research labs to a startup, when there was a knock on the door.

"Yes?" Carol called out.

A woman stuck her head in the door -- dark skinned, Indian? "You wanted to see me?"

"Please come in," Carol said, inviting her in.

She was maybe my height, and top heavy. She closed the door behind her.

"Mary, this is Roger Marsh," Carol introduced. I nodded and Mary smiled and said, "Hello."

"Are things busy?" Carol asked.

"Oh no -- very quiet tonight," Mary told us.

“Good -- would you take care of this, please?” Carol asked, holding out the note.

Mary stepped closer and took the note, standing just about in front of me as she glanced at it. She smiled, looking at me briefly, and said, “Oh yes, Mistress! I’ll be right back!” She went quickly to the door and exited the room.

Mistress? Damn -- I didn’t remember if she was wearing one of those collars or not. Didn’t remember if the gal at the register was, either. Oh well.

Carol and I talked about the economy, surviving trouble in Silicon Valley. Her business had fallen off, as had everyone’s, but not as bad as some -- there were still those who were willing to make their own, and more who would at least try. Sewing, fabrics, those lines were still active. Some of the more discretionary lines, such as scrapbooking and some of the crafts had plummeted.

While I was at a startup, we had real products and real customers -- a high-tech niche product, but one in demand, and one with some interesting barriers to entry, so we weren’t going to be knocked off by someone in Shenzhen, at least not easily, and probably not this month.

She thought that was pretty good -- she’d seen that in her business; a supplier innovating a product only to be undercut by an offshore copy at under half the price. As a businessperson, it made for hard decisions on her part -- whether to stick with the original product, go with a knock-off that was cheaper, or offer both. So far, she was letting her customers vote by what they bought -- and she’d learned from those customers that some of the knock-offs just didn’t have the quality.

I agreed -- we faced that dilemma as well when selecting parts. And these days, just because a supplier had been around for a number of years, and reliable, that was no promise for the future.

Another knock on the door. “Yes?” Carol called out again.

Mary returning -- but she’d changed clothes? At least her top -- before she’d been wearing a simple, light colored button top. Now she was wearing a bulkier looking pull-over top, I couldn’t quite tell what was with the front of it. If anything, her breasts were even more prominent, even through the bulk of the fabric.

And she looked at me hungrily, smiling.

“You may begin,” Carol told her.

I looked to Carol, wondering what was going on, but turned back to Mary -- she was right in front of me, climbing on to the couch on top of me, unbuttoning one side of her top?

“Oh thank you, Mistress,” Mary almost growled. Looking at me, she whispered, “Come here, baby...”

One hand on her top, the other hand reaching for my head, pulling me forward as she slipped down, her body contacting mine...

Pulled to a firm, experienced nipple and a full breast; my arms went around her. She moved us around until I latched on properly. When I did, she held me closer, cooing, and I moaned -- so good. Moving some more, cushions rearranging, becoming wrapped up in her, filled with her, my nose filled with perfume; I couldn't get enough. She cooed, holding me, whispering to me, telling me I was safe; she had me.

I let go, giving myself to her and barely holding on. Some time later Carol started whispering to me as well. So good, so relaxing, so safe where I was.

I don't know what happened. I probably never will; I don't know that I want to. For a long time, I drifted in Mary's embrace. Then I was rocking in someone's arms, talking? It was all so far away, and when things got uncomfortable she held me, a hand behind my head, moving me from a cloth covered breast to her nipple, comforting me, but only for a while. But I didn't want to let go! Things got fuzzy again.

Opening my eyes, being held, looking up to see Carol above me, her nipple in my mouth, surrounded by her softness. She smiled and said something, and I was floating again, drifting.

Opening my eyes, sitting up on the couch, Carol at the other end. Both of us clothed.

She smiled. I sighed.

“How are you?” she asked quietly.

“I don't know.” I sighed again. “So good -- I didn't want it to end... But some parts...” Some parts had been uncomfortable, but part of me knew they'd been necessary.

She smiled more, nodding. “I know. You're much better now, though...” She stood up and moved closer. I started to get up, but she wrapped her arms around me, holding me to her bosom. I recognized the feel, the scent. I held her waist and whispered, “Thank you, Mistress.”

She sighed, holding and rocking me. “Oh you...” With a squeeze, she let go of me and stepped back, pulling me to my feet and a brief hug. “You should go,” she whispered to me.

She walked me to the front door of the store.

Starting up the car -- a little after eight. I'd been there two hours.

At home, I noticed I had two little bags of findings, the posts and the backs, in my pocket.

What a trip! I fixed myself a light dinner, then settled into the office to make some earrings. I put the nylon jaws in my pin vise to hold the posts, mainly because the nylon jaws wouldn't soak away the heat of the soldering iron as fast. Hold the integrated circuit in place with the tips of the tweezers with one hand, touch the soldering iron to an integrated circuit pin and the post with the other hand, and push in a bit of fine silver solder with the third hand... I used the same hand for the tweezers and the solder; you learn to do things like that. An important step is to *let the damn things cool* before taking them out of the pin vise with my fingers! I'm still learning that one, it seems... Didn't make that mistake on subsequent posts.

The doorbell rang -- at a quarter to ten at night? I hit the power switch, turning off my Metcal soldering iron; those tips are expensive.

Turned on the front porch light and opened the door. "M... Mistress?" I stumbled.

Carol stepped in, carrying a small bag. She closed the door, set down her bag, and smiled to me, extending her arms. "Come here, baby," she whispered.

My head was buzzing as I stepped closer, leaning down a bit, my arms going around her, pressing my mouth against a cloth-covered breast.

Her hand behind my head, confirming this was where I belonged. Her perfume and her whispers made me hungry and dizzy, even though I didn't understand what she was saying.

We made it upstairs and into my bed, naked. I was so hot and hard for her, but she held me to a nipple again and melted me into her. Later though, her touch and her whispers set me on fire, and she rode both of us to delirium.

Exhausted, panting, still dizzy and on my back in bed -- I didn't want to move, but she pulled me closer, pulled me to where I should be, attaching me to her once more, her hand at the back of my head as she sang and rocked me to sleep.

I woke in the dark needing to pee. I sat on the toilet, naked. Usually I wore a t-shirt to bed. The clock on the bathroom wall said a little after three. I got off the can and was brushing my teeth in the dark when the door opened a bit more and Carol came in, taking my place on the can. She finished, stood up, and flushed. I rinsed my mouth.

I smelled something -- as I turned to her, she was putting a perfume bottle back on the counter. She took my hand and pulled me back to the bedroom.

She pulled the comforter off the bed and onto the floor. She tossed some of the throw pillows and one of the bed pillows on it. "On your back," she whispered to me, her fingers lightly touching my shoulder.

She put one of the throw pillows under my bottom, then moved to straddle me, holding my hands above my head. She teased me with her breasts, sliding them across my face, not letting me get her nipples for any length of time, then smothering me to one side or the other, or

between them. Pulling my hands down by my sides she slid down, teasing my cock with her breasts, grinding against me. Finally sliding up again, she smothered me between her breasts as she slid us together. After some gentle motion, she put her entire weight on me -- intense! She pulled pillows under my head, and as she held me to a nipple and started moving her hips again, she started speaking. Her whispers went deep into me, raising such hunger. I held on as best I could. I didn't expect to last long -- but when I got to the edge, she slowed, moving her hips, and moving my head so deliriously, repeating something over and over. I didn't know how much more I could take, yet I wanted more. Something changed, and I came. I tried to hold on. Her cadence changed, so soothing, and I floated away in her embrace.

I woke to the alarm clock going off. I was on the floor, wrapped in the comforter.

As I moved to all fours to get to the nightstand and the clock, I felt something on my right wrist.

I looked and a wave of dizziness mixed with comfort washed through me -- around my right wrist was a black velvet ribbon, with a clasp bearing the letter "M." For "Marsh?" Me?

FIN

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