

Another Trap

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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.

The end of a long week; I managed to escape from work a bit early. Since I left early, I didn't bother stopping at the loo on the way to my car. Which of course meant I hit heavy traffic, with just enough of a drizzle to turn the highways into a giant skid pad...

But I managed to make it home intact, pull into the garage, dump my bag on the washing machine in the laundry alcove between the garage and the rest of the house, and make it to the half bath a few steps farther down the hall. Relief! Sitting on the can, letting my eyes close and letting more than the week drain away... Gave my hands and face a quick wash, physically and symbolically distancing myself further from the week.

"Tee?" I called out, walking into the kitchen. Something smelled good -- a casserole in the oven?

As I approached the living room, I could hear the fire crackling in the fireplace, its flickering illuminating the room.

I stopped at the entrance to the living room, my breath catching.

She was on her knees in front of the fireplace, her head on her folded arms resting on the loveseat. She was wearing one of her devastatingly soft velour outfits, the peach-coloured one. The stretch nature of the fabric emphasized all her curves, particularly her luscious bottom.

With her head and shoulders on the loveseat and her knees on the floor, she was swaying and rocking her bottom slowly, deliciously, seductively.

I watched in awe as she moved, rocking and swaying, so hypnotic, so seductive... I felt it in my thighs, in my stomach, in my chest -- so hungry for her. And I felt it in my rapidly hardening cock. How long had she been doing this? Since she heard me come in the house? A small voice reminded me that women have been doing this for millennia...

I slipped off my shoes and approached, going to my knees, touching her bottom gently, almost reverently, feeling her as she moved. She'd put on some of her good perfume, which piqued my hunger. For a while, I'm not sure how long, I ran my hands lightly over her bottom as she moved.

I ran my hands down her legs, back up to her bottom, and slowly up her back as I leaned closer.

Her head was resting on folded arms; her eyes were closed and she was smiling. I leaned closer to place a small kiss on her cheek. "Is this another one of your traps?" I whispered.

She smiled more and nodded, not opening her eyes, moving her hips still.

"Oh, I missed you," I whispered, letting my eyes close, leaning on her, running my hands over her. She wasn't wearing a bra -- her breasts were hanging off the edge of the loveseat. I caressed them gently through the soft fabric, feeling her nipples respond to my attention. "You held me so well this morning," I whispered. "I didn't want to get up."

I was kneeling more or less beside her, resting my head and shoulders on her back as I ran my hands over her. She was still swaying her luscious, seductive bottom, bumping me.

With a sigh I moved back a bit, sliding my hands down to her waist, moving more behind her, but not pressing up against her just yet. I was hard and getting harder; as soon as I pressed up against her, my pants and her pants would be down in a flash...

I held her waist, kissing her bottom through the soft fabric as she swayed, resting my head on her. "Your bottom is such a wonderful cushion for making love," I whispered to her.

I straightened up, and as she swayed seductively, ran my hands over her bottom, occasionally using my fingernails. I started paying attention to the insides of her thighs, and she moved her knees apart a bit more. I slid one hand up the inside of her thigh and to her mound, easing a finger into her cleft as I pushed down on her sacrum with my other hand, feeling the heat she was radiating from her core. That elicited a hungry, sexy, vocalization from her. "I want you," I whispered, searching for her button.

She moved her knees apart more, making a noise letting me know just how hungry she was.

I moved directly behind her and pressed into her bottom as I pulled off my sweater and unbuttoned my shirt. She pressed back against me, moving so deliciously.

I got the shirt off and undid my belt, unzipping my pants. I moved back a bit and she let out a disappointed and frustrated moan. I slipped out of my pants and boxers, tossing them to the couch behind me, and pressed into her again, my cock straight up. I grabbed her waist and pulled us together.

Glorious! "Oh, you feel so good!" I sighed, holding her waist as she continued to sway and rock.

I couldn't take much more -- I pulled her soft and sexy pants down. But rather than slide into her, something I wanted so much, I felt her bottom, running my hands over her once more, going down the outsides of her legs and coming up on the insides of her thighs, running one hand to her mound and her button. She moved her hips sharply and made a sound letting me know exactly what she wanted. She rocked and swayed as I teased her button, moaning all the time.

I couldn't take it any longer -- I moved closer and eased my cock into her. I held her waist as we

D24 - Another Trap

joined, my movement helped by hers. When I was where I wanted to be, I held her waist as she continued rolling and swaying her hips, now with me deep inside her. "So good!" I called out. The noise she was making let me know she agreed.

I held on, leaning my shoulders back, pressing my hips forward, sighing and moaning as she continued to move her hips, rolling them, swaying, doing so many delicious things. She did something that got me to press in more, and soon I was holding her shoulders, sliding in and out, pounding into her luscious bottom as she thrust and rocked her hips back in counterpoint. She moved and I felt something a little different, like she was helping herself along. Her breathing and moaning changed; she was getting close. "Oh yes, come for me, please," I whispered, holding her shoulders and pulling myself in more. I reached down to hold her breasts. As I held them, her cries and the way she moved let me know she was close. I pushed in more and rolled her nipples between my fingers. That did it for her, and she carried me over the edge. I managed to straighten up a bit, holding her waist again, helping her as she moved her hips. She caressed my balls, eliciting a bit more from me, and kept up the attention until she was sure I was done.

And done I was -- I started collapsing to one side. She turned and moved with me, ending up sideways in my lap, one of her legs in front of me, the other behind. We both like that, even though her nipples are so far away. "Thank you," I gasped.

"You're not getting away from me," she growled, grinding her hips against mine, "You're trapped!"

FIN?

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D24 - Another Trap

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie/>