

Eyes

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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.

This one is for Jean.

I knew what I wanted.

I needed to let her rest for a moment anyway -- she was getting close, and I didn't want her to come again, not just yet.

Sitting next to her on the bed, I moved my right hand from between her legs, slowly stroking up her groin and abdomen. She moaned and arched her back a bit. She looked so delicious, so sensual, tied to the bed. Padded cuffs attached to the headboard held her arms over her head, and similar cuffs held her ankles to the base of the bed, spreading her legs.

She moaned again as I rested my hand on her abdomen. Her head moved from side to side between her arms.

"It's okay, my sweet," I purred. I picked up the small piece of fur from our toy bag and ran it over her body, starting at her knees. She moaned and shuddered incoherently, her head moving more. I could hear the need in her voice.

"Soon my sweet, soon," I whispered as I caressed her.

Her reply was another moan of need -- I'd taken her past the point of coherent thought and speech some time ago, peeling away the thin veil of intellect to reveal a sensuous creature of ecstatic reflex and response.

Oh how her nipples tightened deliciously as I approached them with the fur! So I stayed away from them, watching as she arched her back and thrust her chest up as best as she could.

I leaned over and took her in my mouth, opening wide to get as much of her breast as I could, sucking as I moved in to just her nipple, teasing it with my tongue as she moaned and moved beneath me. I rolled her nipple between my teeth, eliciting a gasping cry from her.

I pulled away and soothed her breasts with the fur. She made more noises, and I saw a smile on the part of her face not obscured by the eyeshades.

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I knew what she wanted. And, I knew what I wanted.

I slid the fur down her abdomen, her groin, over her mons. I held the edge of the fur and pulled it down between her thighs, the only pressure that of the fur itself. It was enough, as she thrust her hips up and her thighs wide in acceptance and desire.

I scooted closer to her side. I placed my right hand on her mons lightly. She whimpered.

I reached behind her head with my left hand, undoing the tie on her eyeshades. I slid them off, then returned my hand to the back of her head and neck. I pressed on her mons gently as I squeezed the back of her neck. She shuddered and arched, making joyful noises.

“Look at me, sweet,” I said softly.

She opened her eyes slowly. Her eyes wandered around -- had I taken her past the point where she could coherently respond?

“Look at me, Jean!” I commanded, squeezing the back of her head and neck again.

Her eyes popped open and she looked at me, surprise on her face. Yes my sweet, I thought, I learned that tone of voice from you -- and I love it. Please forgive me for being so familiar with you

I smiled, looking down on her, looking into her eyes.

“Good, sweet -- look into my eyes,” I said as I slid a finger down her mound between her lips.

She moaned and her head arched back, her eyes rolling up, her eyelids fluttering.

I pulled my lower hand away, tilted her head back, commanding, “Look into my eyes!”

She whimpered, but looked into my eyes. I could see the need in her face, in her eyes.

“Look into my eyes -- keep looking into my eyes,” I said as I slid my hand back to pleasuring her.

I wanted to study her eyes, her face. The glow on her face told me of the pleasure I’d given her in the hours before.

“Look into my eyes,” I said again, pulling my hand back as her gaze wavered and her eyelids fluttered.

Oh the effort it took for her to fix her gaze on me again! But she did -- and that told me of her trust and her love.

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“Good, look into my eyes -- keep looking into my eyes,” I whispered as I pleased her more.

The need filled her face, from her forehead to the shape of her eyebrows, to her cheeks and her mouth -- and the look in her eyes as she gazed into mine -- filled with need.

“Soon sweet, soon -- keep looking into my eyes,” I whispered with a smile.

She did, and I saw the pleasure mix in with the need, the pleasure changing the wrinkles in her brow, easing the corners of her mouth.

“In my eyes sweet, in my eyes,” I whispered as I moved my hand, shifting from a finger to my thumb on her button, poising two fingers at her entrance.

She moaned again, but this time with joy, her brow smoothing out, her eyes closing partially but her gaze staying in mine. She knew what was coming -- she was, and soon.

“Soon, sweet -- keep looking into my eyes.”

As she gazed into my eyes, her breathing shifted, becoming looser, fuller. Her expression was one of bliss. A sound started deep in her, letting me know she was oh so close.

“Look into my eyes,” I said again, applying a little more pressure with my thumb, squeezing the back of her head with my other hand.

Her eyes answered, her breath answered, her hips answered.

She pursed her lips, the request forming on her face, desire pushing away the bliss for a moment.

As I pursed my lips and lowered my head a bit, I thrust two fingers deep inside her, flicking her clit with my thumb.

“Look into my eyes!” I commanded loudly, my face inches from hers.

Her momentary look of surprise was washed away by pleasure, her face relaxing, her breath deepening as my hand took on the rhythm of her hips.

She held her gaze in mine as her body sighed and shuddered in her release. As I curled a finger inside her, pleasuring her from the inside and out, she exhaled into a blissful smile, her eyes closing a little more, but still keeping her gaze in mine.

I followed the rhythm of her body, slowing now, moving her head back and forth a little, feeling her relax more and more.

Mixed in with the bliss on her face came a look of wonder.

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And that look of wonder warmed me so, that look warmed me and pleased me as much as anything I'd done for her. That look told me I'd surprised her.

I held her head in my hand and pressed gently on her mound.

"Look into my eyes," I commanded once more.

The look she gave me was one of acceptance, of peace.

"You may close your eyes now," I whispered.

With a sigh and a smile, she closed her eyes. I moved her head a little side to side. She sighed with pleasure, her smile expanding, as tears filled my face.

I leaned down and kissed her forehead. "Thank you, Mistress," I whispered. "I hope I've learned well."

With a sigh, I put my head down on her chest.

Fin

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