

## Liz Over Time

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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 Party

I first met Liz at a party in my junior year in college. I'd gone with my then girlfriend (whose name I can't remember now). Our relationship was on the downhill slope.

I was sitting by myself nibbling munchies when a woman came over and introduced herself as Liz. She was a few inches shorter than me, with long brown hair pulled back, sparkling green eyes, and a wonderful smile. Her simple outfit showed an attractive figure. She certainly had a much better developed bust line than my then girlfriend.

She sat down next to me and we chatted for a while. We were both going to the same University; she was doing her masters in Library Science, and working for the school library through the chemistry department. I was a physics major with a minor in music. I was pleased that an "older woman" was interested in talking to me -- she must have been three years older, but when you're 20, it matters.

We talked and she scooted closer to me on the couch. I didn't mind a bit. It was more physical contact than I'd had in a while. Well, I get quite a bit of physical contact in Judo, but it's not the same.

Then my (ex)girlfriend came into the room and gave both of us one of her infamous icy cold glares. She made some snide remark I've blissfully forgotten. The response from Liz I'll never forget; Liz put her arms around me, gave me a hug, and said, "But he's so warm and cuddly!"

I started laughing. My girlfriend just glared. Warm maybe, but cuddly? I was skinny -- bones and not a lot of muscle. My laughter infuriated my girlfriend even more; she was fuming. Liz responded with another hug and squeeze.

Then another character came into the room. Seeing an incendiary scene, he threw fuel on it. He said, "Oh, I see you've met dear Ann. Be careful, you might be better off now..." He gave my fuming girlfriend a sideways glance and continued, "Perhaps not," in a droll voice and left the room. My girlfriend stomped out. I turned to Liz; now she was glaring and fuming.

"What's the matter? Don't let that asshole get to you."

She gave me an askew look, then closed her eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. Then she opened them again; it was as if someone had pushed her “relax” button. I needed a button like that, and bad.

“You’re right. He’s an idiot.”

“But what...” I started to ask.

She smiled at me. “My given name is Anne Elizabeth; I dislike the Anne part. I never use it.”

I tried to take what I saw as an opening. It looked as if I was in the market for a new girlfriend. “Well, I’ll always call you Liz.” I tried to give her a sincere look; I probably looked like a lonely puppy.

She chuckled. “I should warn you. I’m a witch and I treat men like Kleenex -- use them once and throw them away.”

I looked her in the eye. “Please keep me in mind if you feel a sneeze coming on.”

She chuckled again. “You’re sweet. I’ll do that. Let’s get some more to eat.”

We wandered the party together for a while. I split off to go to the bathroom. On the way back through the kitchen, I got a scrap of paper and put my name and phone number on it. I looked for my girlfriend, and ran into Liz in the hallway. She was upset again.

“Liz, what’s the matter? Relax.”

She looked at me, started to speak, then closed her mouth, taking a deep breath through her nose. She smiled a little; it was a forced smile.

I handed her my scrap of paper. “I meant what I said earlier; if you feel a sneeze coming on, please give me a call.”

She snapped back, “What ever could YOU do for ME?”

I answered calmly, maintaining eye contact. “Whatever you ask me to do. Whatever you teach me to do. Whatever I’m capable of doing for you.”

Her demeanor changed; she softened visibly. “You mean that, don’t you?”

I smiled at her, still looking into those green eyes. “Yes, I do.”

She took my note. She smiled, gave me a quick peck on the cheek, and then zipped into the bathroom.

I shook my head as I walked out of the hall into the living room full of people. I spotted my girlfriend, sitting in a chair, surrounded by an empty five-foot lethal zone. I went over to her, got down on one knee, and touched her arm. "Not feeling well? Want to go?"

She gave me a strange and not too friendly look and sighed. "Yes. I'm not feeling well, and I've got a lot of studying to do this weekend."

We left, and as I drove us back to the dorms. I knew the next physical contact I'd get would be on the Judo mat.

That evening was our last together, no big surprise. The big surprise came about two weeks later on a Thursday night. I was studying for the physics midterm from hell when the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Is this James?" said a woman's voice.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"This is Liz. Do you still mean what you said a few weeks ago?"

This was a surprise. I thought I'd seen her around school, including a judo meet and an orchestra recital. I was thinking about tracking her down in the library in a few days. I never dreamed she'd call me. "Yes, I do. What can I do for you?"

"If you still mean it, be at my place Saturday morning at 8 sharp. If you're lucky, you might get to spend the weekend, so be prepared," she gave me her address, but no phone number. I read the address back to her; it was a couple of miles from school. After I read it back, she said, "You got it," and hung up.

I held the phone away from me and looked at it. I wasn't sure what had just happened. "Wow," I told the phone. Did I want to do this? Only one way to find out.

## Housework

Since I didn't know what to expect, I tried to be prepared for just about anything. I got some flowers Friday night, yellow baby roses. I also got a bottle of white wine and made sure I had some cash. Even though I don't go to USC, I had a fresh pack of Trojans.

The weather Saturday morning was ugly -- gray and drizzly. I loaded up the car and drove to the address Liz gave me. It was a smallish house in an older residential section of town. I parked in front, got the flowers and my bag with the rest of the goodies, and walked to the front door. There was a note pinned to it marked "James." It said, "Go to the back door."

Okay, I can do this. I went around to the back door. Another note -- I picked it up. "Go in the back door. Take off all your clothes and put them in the basket by the door. You may wake me at 8:45 sharp with toast and tea. Clean up the kitchen."

Wow. Do I go in, or head back to school and work out in the gym? Oh well, hope it's warm inside; I went in.

Lucky for me it was reasonably warm inside. I took off my clothes and put them in the wicker basket as instructed. Out of habit I put my wallet and car keys in the side pocket of my gym bag. I looked around and put the bag in a closet.

The kitchen was smallish, with a small table and two chairs in one corner. I started looking around quietly, finding out where things lived. I found the tea, bread, butter, and some jam. I found a tray I could use for serving. The teakettle was on the stove; I refilled it. I found some kitchen linens, including a fairly good white dish towel I could use to dress up the tray. I also found a white apron, which I put on; the ceramic drawer handles were very cold and at just the wrong level! I set up the tray and left it on the table; all I needed to do was make the toast and boil the water.

That took about eight minutes; might as well clean up the place I thought. I took care of the dishes and utensils in the sink, then cleaned off the counters. I gave pretty much everything a once-over with a damp cloth, picking up a lot of dust. I also took care of a couple spots on the floor, then did the window sills.

It looked to be time, so I put on the kettle and started the toast. I used a juice glass for a bud vase for one of the roses.

I took the tray with tea, toast, butter, jam, and the rose out of the kitchen a little before 8:45. The living room was smallish with a comfy looking chair and a small couch, stereo in one corner, no television. I stepped into the narrow hall. One room on the right had bookcases and a wide empty floor; interesting smells in that room; incense? Things were in weird places. Bathroom on the left, the last doorway on the right must be my destination.

I stepped into the room; it had a queen size bed, a pair of night stands, the usual furniture and clutter. Liz was stirring. I said, "Good morning," from the doorway.

She sat up in bed, wearing a T-shirt. She smiled at me and said, "Nice outfit." I placed the tray on the bed next to her and took a step back, waiting. She picked up the rose and smelled it. She looked at me and said, "Turn around. Slowly." I did so, and gave her a slight bow when facing her again. She smiled and nodded in approval. "Okay, back to cleaning."

I had been dismissed. I bowed again, turned and walked out of the bedroom. As I was walking down the hall, I heard the rattle of an alarm clock and a tap as she turned it off. Some confidence; I returned to work on a couple of spots on kitchen tile.

I listened to noises of Liz in the bathroom, rummaging around for a while, and a few minutes to 9 she appeared in the kitchen. She looked around and nodded with approval. "Good job. Clean up the place. I'll see you around five." With that she picked up the wicker basket with my clothes and went out the door!

I was stunned. After I heard the door close behind her, I started laughing. What had I gotten myself into? After watching her drive off with my clothes I got my gym bag out of the closet where I'd stashed it. I put on underwear, sweats, and my sandals -- lucky habit, that.

Be back at five, huh? Clean up the place? I laughed some more. Well, that's what I've gotten myself in for; let's go.

I spent the next couple of hours doing a general cleanup. I took a break around noon and checked out the refrigerator. Not much for lunch, but there was a grocery store just down the block. The refrigerator had some chicken breasts, a few veggies, some random things. I looked in the cupboards and found some rice. Okay, I knew what I'd do for dinner. I made a list of the things I'd need for that and hopefully breakfast. I figured I'd do the chicken sort of marsala, saffron rice, steam the veggies, a salad. I put the white wine and a couple wine glasses in the fridge to chill.

I made a quick trip to the store and got what I needed; the saffron was expensive, but worth it. Sweats and sandals don't raise eyebrows in a college town.

I worked my kazoo off cleaning the place that afternoon. I started cooking about four. Things were pretty much taken care of by four thirty, so I set the table for two.

I went looking for a pair of candles for the table. What I found was weird. The room could have been a library, with all the books, except it didn't have any chairs. Things were in strange places for the room; the wall that logically should have the bookcases had instead a small low table and that's all. In the closet were lots of candles on a couple shelves. Big candles, small candles, candles in twos and threes, candles in bundles tied with ribbons, white, blue, red, all sorts of colors. I started to pick out a pair, and then remembered, "Oh, she's a witch? I'll leave these alone." That room did smell interesting; definitely incense.

I put my sweats and clothes back in the bag, and put "my" apron back on. I puttered around in the kitchen; the chicken and the rice smelled great. I opened the wine, poured two glasses, and set them back in the fridge. I stretched for a bit, then sat in the kitchen and waited.

A little after five, I heard the front door open. I went to the fridge and got the two glasses of wine.

I took them into the living room and handed one to Liz. She was sniffing the air and looking around. I told her, "Dinner will be ready at five thirty if that's acceptable." She nodded approvingly, and started walking through the house; I followed. The library and her bedroom didn't get any comments. When she walked into the bathroom, she looked around, ran her

fingers over the tile counters, felt the towels, looked at the sparkling clean mirror. She turned to me and said, "Very nice job!" I'd spent a lot of time in that little bathroom.

We went into the kitchen. She nodded her head approvingly. She peeked at the rice on the stove, and the chicken in the oven. She looked in the fridge and saw the salads. She closed the refrigerator door, then looked at me and put her hand on top of the refrigerator and wiped her fingers around. She looked at her hand. It was clean; yes, I'd wiped that off too. "Well, you've had a busy day."

I said to her, "We need candles for the dinner table. I didn't feel comfortable choosing them."

She laughed. "Good thinking," she walked out of the room, giving my bare bottom a pat on the way.

She returned with candles and candlesticks. "The red one goes in the middle, the white one on my side, the yellow one on your side. I will light them." I bowed my head as she placed them on the table.

"Would you like to freshen up for dinner?" I asked.

"Yes, a very good idea." With that she walked off again. I heard her in the bathroom for a while, then it got quiet. I thought I heard her singing or something.

At half past five I moved dinner to the table. I stuck my head into the living room and said, "Dinner is served. Candles please?"

She walked into the kitchen wearing a simple flower dress. It was very pretty on her. She had a wonderful glow about her, a very serene and relaxed look. She took a book of matches from a pocket and stood by the middle of the table. When I moved behind my chair, she reached over and pulled me beside her. She closed her eyes and bowed her head for a moment, then lit the match, and the red candle. She used the red candle to light the yellow one, and then the white. She allowed me to seat her. I sat down and served.

As I dished out the rice, she smelled it and asked, "What's in the rice?"

"Saffron," I replied.

"Where did you find saffron?" she asked, a puzzled look on her face.

"Second drawer on the left with the other spices," I said. That's where I put what was left.

After serving us, I raised my wine glass and waited. She picked up her glass. I said, "Thank you for inviting me."

We clinked our glasses together and had a sip.

“This is a very good wine. Where did you get it?” Liz asked.

“From the box in my dorm room.”

We ate in mostly silence; I wasn’t sure how much to push conversation.

A few minutes later she asked, “Salad?”

“I like my salad after the main course. Is that acceptable?”

She nodded. “Yes, very civilized.”

I smiled, thanking my aunt and uncle for those summers teaching me to cook and enjoy a good meal.

We ate mostly in silence; she had a glass and a half of wine, I followed suit. After we had finished the salad, she smiled and stood up. I started to stand up to get her chair, but she said, “No, sit down for a moment.”

I sat down again. She stepped behind me and put a hand on my head. She bent over and gave me a kiss on the head; it felt like she tugged a hair or two.

“I’ll be busy in the other room. I’m not to be disturbed. Thank you for a delicious meal. You may clean up.” With that she pulled a candle snuffer out of a drawer and put out the candles: red, yellow, and finally white. And with that she walked out of the room. I turned around to look, and felt the top of my head.

Well, at least the dinner didn’t go to waste. I recorked the wine and put it back to keep cool, then went about cleaning up the dishes. I did some prep for breakfast, but didn’t hold my hopes up too high. After that I went to the bathroom. Through the closed door I thought I could hear her chanting or singing; I couldn’t understand what she was saying. I went back to the living room to stretch and relax.

I was still stretching on the living room floor when Liz reappeared a couple of hours later. She was holding a pillow and a blanket. She motioned to me; I got up and followed her as she headed down the hall.

She went into the library, and plopped the pillow and blanket on the floor. “You can sleep here,” she told me. The incense smells were stronger, different.

Oh well, not quite what I’d hoped for. I told her, “Wake me and I’ll start breakfast. Sleep well.” Might as well be civil. I’ll give this deal until Sunday afternoon.

She gave me an enigmatic smile and headed out of the room.

I sighed. Then I went back to the kitchen and retrieved my bag from the closet. I went to the bathroom, brushed my teeth, and took care of the usual duties.

Earlier in the day I'd thanked my aunt and uncle for their culinary instruction. Now I had Sensei, our Judo instructor, to thank for his weekend retreats where we learned to "enjoy" sleeping on hard floors. After the work I'd done today, the floor and pillow looked inviting.

I turned out the light and then noticed the full moon through one window. I told myself the light wouldn't matter; I'm tired. I plopped down on the floor and did a few minutes of stretching. I did my breathing exercises; Sensei was teaching us breathing and meditation as well. I wasn't into that, but when Sensei says, "Do this, please," you do it.

I put my head down on the pillow; it had a definite scent; it was strong but nice. I took a few deep breaths, pulled the blanket over me, and tried to relax; it was surprisingly easy.

## **Moonlight**

I woke up some time later. I was still on my back; someone was in the room with me -- I could feel it. Moonlight was flooding the room. I looked over my head and Liz was standing there naked.

"Shhh... Quiet. Close your eyes and relax."

I finally pieced things together -- I was an idiot. For someone supposedly so bright, I couldn't generalize some times. Full moon, witch, lots of candles, no chairs in the room, some of my hair, what next -- cold steel between my ribs?

Oh well. I closed my eyes and tried to work on breathing, what Sensei called "being there." I heard a match being lit. Through my closed eyes I could sense flickering light; must be a candle. Sounds and sensations of someone moving around me; more flickering light -- must be more candles. I started to smell incense as well.

Focus on the breath; Sensei says it all starts with the breath. She was moving around me now, shuffling, walking, talking softly to herself, almost singing; whatever it was, it wasn't English.

She stopped. "Let your eyes stay closed, relax. I'm going to take the blanket off you."

I didn't know whether to be relaxed, scared, or horny. I was trying for relaxed but attentive, ready to cut and run. The blanket was lifted off me; I raised up a little so she could pull it from under me. "Thank you," she said.

More shuffling, soft talking, soft singing as she went around me. I focused on my breathing. I noticed after a while I was breathing in time to her voice. Between the scent of the



pillow, the incense, and the sound of her voice, I was very relaxed, even a bit spaced out. I was having to work on not falling asleep again as her voice seemed to get strangely distant.

Her voice got louder; she was standing over me, there was a tingling in the air. I wanted to open my eyes but felt somehow I shouldn't. Her tone changed and she spoke loudly, clearly, with emphasis. I recognized Latin from my altar boy days. The room was still doing strange things as she spoke. I caught, "Raphael," Gabriel", "Michael," and "Uriel," then something about flames and stars? All of a sudden the room seemed to cool off; the tension disappeared and I felt calm again. Had I been holding my breath? I exhaled and felt as if I was falling backwards.

Then I felt a hand on my forehead. Had I been asleep? Her hand felt good. I felt very relaxed. She started speaking again, softer. More Latin? I couldn't understand it. Her other hand touched my chest; I took a deep breath. She ran her fingers across my bare chest. I wasn't worried about falling asleep now. She started running her hand further down to my belly, to my thigh. I was breathing faster now, and my cock was paying attention as well. From my thigh her hand went to my shoulder, moving lightly then touching my shoulder in a way that sent energy through me. She slid her fingertip to the other shoulder, pressing again, then down to my other thigh. As her hand moved up from my thigh it felt as if she was trailing fire on my skin. Both hands stopped on my forehead and I felt as if a flashbulb went off inside me, the tension dissipating again.

The room felt cool again and I was floating as her hands moved from my head. I felt a touch at my throat, then my chest, then sliding down to my navel. Her hand slid down further, running over my hard cock and encircling its base as she felt my balls. She ran her fingers over my balls a few times, slowly, then started pumping me gently. She was repeating the same phrase over and over. I was dizzy and breathing hard.

She squeezed the head of my cock and held it for a few moments; I calmed down a bit. Then I felt her swing a leg over me, and felt her astride me, both hands on my shoulders, her hips now on mine. I could feel her heat and dampness pressing against my cock, and smell her.

"Open your eyes and look at me," she said.

I opened my eyes. Her face was inches from mine; she was smiling. The room was lit with an incredible blend of candle and moonlight.

"Keep looking into my eyes," she said, "Look into my eyes and let it happen."

I looked into her eyes, inches from mine. I felt her slide forward a little, and then slide back catching my cock in her slit. I slid into her, so hot, so tight, so incredible. It was hard for me to keep my eyes on her. "Good," she said, and started rocking slowly.

I looked into her eyes as she rocked on top of me. She smiled, such a soft smile. She moved her hands from my shoulders to hold the sides of my head, sliding her fingers on both sides of my ears, holding the back and sides of my head. The sensation was incredible, and

almost pushed me over the edge. “Good,” she said again, and started moving with greater intensity. “Deep breath now, start breathing deep.”

I was so dizzy, looking into her eyes, I took a deep breath and she ground into me, speaking softly. As I looked at her and listened to her voice her eyes seemed to get bigger and the room seemed to fade, her voice started getting strangely distant again. After a few minutes she suddenly started speaking faster, louder. I moaned and came deep inside her, falling into those green eyes. Her smile broadened and she leaned down and kissed me, rocking, draining me. I put my arms up around her, holding her as we kissed and she rocked on top of me.

We kissed for a while after she squeezed the last spasm out of me. Then she slowly sat up, moving her hands over my face, closing my eyes. For some reason that completed my release. I sighed, my arms dropping back to my sides. She leaned forward and kissed my forehead; I could smell the mixture of her sweat and perfume and feel the gentle pressure of her breasts. She sat up, with her hands on my chest, and whispered for a bit as I started drifting off once more, and she touched my head, my chest, my hands, my legs.

Some time later I started to slip out of her; she moved off me, and I felt a cloth on me, wiping me off. I opened my eyes and looked at her. She gave me a wonderful smile and I put a hand on her thigh.

I started to speak; she put a finger on my lips, “Shhh.” She pulled me up to sitting; I saw we were sitting in a circle of four candles. The three candles from dinner were sitting on the little table. I sighed. She pulled me to her; I put my arms around her, closed my eyes, and we kissed again, up on our knees, I held on to her, I was dizzy.

She stood up inside the circle, holding something that looked like a gnarled branch in one hand and helped me stand. I was a bit woozy still. She turned a little and stepped back between two of the candles, then pulled me around and out of the circle in the same manner. She turned me so we were both facing the circle again. She whispered something I couldn’t quite hear, then bent down and used the snuffer to put out one of the candles. Whispering, she went around the circle putting out the rest of the candles and returning to me.

“Come to bed with me, please,” she said, taking my hands once more.

I smiled and followed her into the bedroom. We got into bed and she snuggled up to me as I lay on my back. I put an arm around her and closed my eyes. Housecleaning has its rewards.

I awoke the next morning to Liz cuddling up to me. As I turned over, she moved on her side and pulled me over to her, pulling my head between her breasts. I put my arms around her waist and held on. The sound of her breathing and her heart beating was wonderful. She put her arms around me and we held each other.

After a while she started running her hand along my back and sides; I had been almost asleep again, and I woke up quickly. I felt along her legs and bottom, then moved between her legs.

She rolled on to her back. I slid my hand between her legs, feeling her sex. I moved my fingers up along her slit until I touched her nub. She inhaled sharply, then said, "Yes, there, gently." My fingers continued on her nub, my lips found a nipple. She held my head, and after a while moved a hand down and started stroking me. "I want you inside me, now."

I moved on top of her, sliding between her legs. I introduced my cock into her as she wrapped her legs around mine. I slid into her, and she put her arms around me. I looked into her eyes again. This was something new for me; I hadn't been with that many lovers, and looking into someone's eyes while making love was something new, special, and very intense.

We moved together, faster. She started breathing deeply. I felt the pressure start to build inside me, and moved a little slower, savoring the sensations. She started moaning underneath me, and suddenly reached up and grasped my head, sliding her fingers along the side of my head and holding me as she had done in the middle of the night. This time the sensation was too much and I came as she squeezed my head.

She caught her breath and quivered underneath me, smiling. She pulled my head down next to hers. We held each other and rested together.

"Good morning," I said. "Would you like me to start breakfast?"

She smiled again. "Yes, if you'd like."

"Yes, I'd like."

I got up and went to the bathroom. After cleaning up I went into the kitchen and put "my" apron back on.

I looked outside; still gray and dreary. Well, things were quite nice where I was. I thought a quick thank you to my aunt and uncle and started working on breakfast.

I'd spent five summers with Aunt Jane and Uncle Alex while my parent's marriage was falling apart, and afterwards. They taught me so much. What with my parents still trying to use me against each other, I really treated Jane and Alex as my parents now.

I make a pretty good Eggs Benedict; Aunt Jane made sure I learned the basic sauces. I heard Liz in the bathroom, showering and singing. Her voice filled me with joy.

She entered the kitchen a few minutes later, hair still wet, wearing a robe. She came over to me as I was stirring the sauce and ran her hands over my bare back and bottom. "You can have your clothes back, you know."

I turned to her a bit. "I like what I'm wearing."

She felt my bottom and gave me a kiss on the shoulder. "So do I. What's for breakfast?"

"Eggs Benedict. Would you pour us some juice?"

She poured us each some orange juice, then went to get two plates out of the cupboard. Silverware was already on the table.

"No," I said, "plates are taken care of -- have a seat."

I had two plates in the oven keeping warm; the English muffins toasted and the slices of Canadian bacon cooked and on top of them. When the eggs were ready, I grabbed a hot pad and pulled out the plates, putting them on the table. The eggs went on top of the bacon, and then the sauce.

"Rats!" I said.

"What?" Liz asked, a concerned look on her face.

"I'm a failure! No white pepper!" I put the back of a hand to my forehead in mock despair.

She laughed. "It looks great. Nobody has ever fixed me a breakfast like this before."

"What, the costume?" I asked with a small curtsy, holding the edges of the apron.

She laughed some more and I sat down. I raised my juice glass. "Thank you, again."

"Thank you."

Breakfast was great. I grabbed another muffin and split it with Liz to mop up the remaining sauce.

"Where did you learn to cook? Dinner was great, and this is fantastic!"

I told her a bit about my aunt and uncle; just the positive parts, not the ugly parts about my parents.

We polished off the sauce. "Thank you so much. You did an amazing job cleaning yesterday, and putting up with me. I..."

I interrupted her. "Don't apologize. I'm happy I did it. Thank you so much for waking me last night, and again this morning."

She quieted down, and squeezed my hand. "Thank you. For the cleaning, the laundry, the cooking, the love making, the patience."

I kissed her hand. "You're very welcome."

"Why don't you go shower while I clean up?"

"It's a deal." I got up, and we kissed again. I got my bag from the kitchen closet and went to the bathroom. The shower felt very good. I dried off and got into my sweats. I went back to the kitchen, but Liz wasn't there.

I found her in the library, sitting in the middle of the floor, eyes closed.

"May I join you?" I asked quietly.

She took a deep breath, then opened her eyes. She looked so wonderfully relaxed, filled with peace.

"I don't know how you do that, but I need to learn," I told her.

She smiled and motioned to the floor in front of her.

I went over and sat down, formally, bowing slightly.

She tilted her head to the side a bit. "You are something special."

We talked about the coming week and our schedules. I had classes and practice for Judo. Liz had classes and work at the library. She told me she worked at the library every other Saturday as well.

She took both my hands. "Stay with me?"

I sighed; "Of course."

## Learning

Our schedules fit together pretty well; we could go back and forth to school together. I needed to get some things from the dorm; we made a trip about lunch time, stopping for more groceries.

As we finished unloading, the rain cut loose. We decided on an early dinner. We were almost done when the power went out. Liz sighed and looked at me across the table through the candles. Aunt Jane had always insisted on candles at dinner; she said they added atmosphere. I had to agree. I also felt the color of the candles and the sequence of lighting and putting them out had a significance to Liz I didn't understand.

“This happens every storm we get. Power could be out until tomorrow,” she told me.

I smiled. “We’ll just have to go to bed early then.”

She laughed softly. “Let’s clean up the dishes first.”

We cleaned up the kitchen to candle light. She handed me the yellow candle and took the white and the red, and led me down the hall. “Go to the bathroom and then join me,” she said as she went into the library.

I went to the can, brushed my teeth, washed my face. When I came out, the library door was closed. I could hear her inside, moving, chanting. I sat down on the floor and leaned against the wall. I let my eyes close; the sound of her chanting sent chills through me.

I didn’t hear the door open, but I felt her leaning down next to me. I opened my eyes and she was there, naked.

“You said this morning you wanted to learn. Do you?” she asked, looking in my eyes.

I nodded my head. “Yes, will you teach me?”

She smiled. “Take off your clothes,” she told me softly. This was my kind of education, I thought as I undressed in the hall.

She took my hands and looked in my eyes. “All you have to do is relax and trust me.”

I lifted her hands and kissed them. She opened the door, leading me in.

I could smell the incense. Seeing the room this way the small table cried out “altar.” A number of cushions and a blanket were piled up in the middle of the room. There was one candle sitting in a holder a few feet in front of the altar. She moved us both into the middle, then sat down on the cushions.

“Come sit in front of me, facing the candle,” she said, motioning to the space between her legs.

I sat down in front of her and she pulled me back towards her. “Lean back on me. In a few minutes you are going to be more relaxed than you’ve ever been in your life.”

That sounded great. I scooted back; I was on a low cushion nestled back between her legs, leaning against her. I could feel her breasts on each side of my head. She pulled a blanket over our legs and up a bit. When she pulled the blanket up, I saw the pillow that I’d slept on in the room the night before. My heart was racing and my cock was tenting up the blanket. She pulled my arms on top of the blanket, then rested her hands on my shoulders for a moment.

She held my head and said, “Look at the candle, James, look at the candle.”

I looked at the flickering flame as she held my head, her fingers making circles on my temples. She started speaking to me, focusing me on the candle, letting it grow larger and brighter as she relaxed me from head to toe. I felt as if I was floating; it was so hard to keep my eyes open. She kept speaking to me, finally letting my eyes close. They closed with a big sigh. Her hands were still at my temples, making circles on the sides of my head as she started chanting once more, things getting distant once again.

She chanted, then she talked to me, leading me to incredible places in my mind. I was so relieved when she said I didn't have to remember what she told me, that I could relax and enjoy being in her arms. I could still hear her talking, and some times I answered, all the time enjoying floating in her embrace, swaying gently. We moved to the floor, but it felt more like a cloud. She stretched out my arms and legs, and I watched her light candles and set them around us in a circle.

I closed my eyes as she started moving around the circle, chanting again. I found that I could make sounds get closer or more distant and played with that sensation for a while. I caught more of the Latin this time, names of angels, "around us flame the pentagrams?" The room cooled again and I faded out. Then I felt my head being lifted, and a cushion going under my head and shoulders. "Open your eyes, James," she said.

I opened my eyes to see her kneeling astride my shoulders. I could smell the perfume of her sex and feel the heat radiating from her as she moved closer to me. She leaned forward and I started kissing her mound, relishing her scent. She reached a hand and spread her labia; I started kissing and licking, learning what she liked.

She put a hand on my forehead and began a chant anew, rocking back and forth. I moved my lips and tongue in time to her, feeling her smooth motions interrupted by small jerks and twitches as I explored and learned. Her chanting and rhythm changed; I felt as if I was on fire. I reached up with my hands and pressed on her bottom, lifting my head to force myself into her. She shrieked and shuddered on top of me and the heat passed.

Her chanting resumed in a lower tone after a few moments and she moved back away from my face. She straddled my chest now. She ran her fingers down my forehead over my eyes; my eyes closed and all the tension went out of my forehead and face. She ran her hands lightly down from my head to my shoulders and out my arms to my hands; my skin felt as if it was on fire again as my arms went limp and heavy. I felt her move off of me, then felt her hands move from my shoulders down my chest to my hips and down my legs to my toes. My legs went limp under her touch.

She slid her hands up my legs, using her fingernails on the insides of my thighs and ran them up my balls and my cock. I inhaled sharply as the world started to spin. I was so hot for her as she slid on top of me. She rocked on top of me and spoke with her hands and her voice, taking me deeper. I was at the edge, about to come, and I stayed there, and stayed there, teetering on the edge for so long, panting and arching my back, feeling the fire of her touch and

her voice speaking to something deep inside me until I felt her lips touch mine and I came inside her and drifted off.

I woke up in bed next to her the next morning, the alarm going off. Before I could grab her, she slid out of bed. She tried the light; power was still off. "Let's get moving -- traffic will probably be bad," she told me.

I sighed and got out of bed; today was the first day of a new physical conditioning program for Judo. I couldn't be late, as much as I'd like to. We dressed and had a quick breakfast. She drove us to school in the rain. The windshield wipers flicked back and forth, back and forth, back and forth; I floated into a fog.

We were in the parking lot at school and she was holding my head, speaking to me again. This time I felt alert and awake. I blinked a few times and looked around. It was raining lightly, and we were in one of the staff parking lots, a good deal closer to the buildings than I usually got to park.

She asked, "How are you feeling?"

I sighed. "I'm awake now. Thank you for an amazing weekend."

She smiled and said, "Thank you. I thought it was too."

END (of part 1)

Liz Over Time

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