

The Lump

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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.

It started the morning I woke with the Lump from Hell. I woke up and felt it. Appeared overnight. It was hard to miss -- by my right shoulder, a few inches in diameter and sticking up an inch at least, with a divot off to the side.

Oh, the lump was in my mattress. I did some reading online -- you're supposed to care for these things? I thought the only thing you needed to do with a mattress was avoid the wet spot. Hah -- as a widower the last few years, I hadn't even had to worry about *that*. I learned you were supposed to rotate them, and if they were built for it, flip them as well. Like rotating tires. Or not; how many people rotate their tires?

I needed a new mattress. I had an idea what I was up against. If I read it on the web, it must be true, right? I should at least stop and look around, at least get the process started, sooner rather than later. And I kept driving by one place on the way home from work, night after night.

I sighed again. Traffic was ugly, as usual for this time of night. And my mattress wasn't going to get better on its own; all turning it had done was to put the problem in a different place. "Let's do it," I told myself. I signaled for a right turn and made my way into the right lane. I turned in and parked in front of the mattress place. One car parked in front -- not too busy. I saw two people inside, two women.

I dumped my pocket contents except for my wallet and car keys into the passenger seat; I might be trying one or more, and that was best to do sans pocket crap. I got out of the car and took off my leather jacket, tossing it on the passenger seat. Cold out! Locked the car.

Please use other doors.

Almost turned around and went back to my car (which was warm) when I saw that sign on the closest pair of doors. But I walked to the other doors, seeing my breath in the air as I did. Cold! Well, anything under 50 degrees F is cold for Silicon Valley.

Going in the other doors to the ringing of a small bell. The two women in the store turned to me, one in blue, the other in red.

"Thanks for stopping by!" the one in blue said, "What can we do for you?"

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I walked over. Both were about my height. The one in red was pear shaped, a very full bottom and smaller but still good sized on top. Her outfit was red velour or velvet, a long-sleeved top with darker red fabric along a v-shaped collar. Her outfit went nicely with her pink skin and complexion. Her top flared out at her waist, hiding the tops of her slacks, which were of the same material. Light brown hair to her shoulders, cute dimples, quite the smile.

The one in blue had a nice smile as well. She was more top-heavy, wearing a light blue sweater over a gray top and dark slacks. Her skin was pretty and pale. "I'm Rachel. What can we do for you?"

"Andrea," added the one in red.

"I'm John. I need to replace my mattress. And warm up!"

"Would you like a hot cup of tea?" Rachel offered.

That sounded good. "Thanks. Anything without caffeine," I replied.

"Dear? Want me to take care of it?" Andrea asked.

"Yes, please," Rachel agreed.

Andrea walked over to a different corner of the room.

"Have a seat -- how old is the mattress you have now?"

I sat down. Rachel sat at the corner next to me. "Over twenty years?" I guessed.

She nodded. "Do you remember how much it cost when new?"

I shook my head. "A gift from my in-laws. My father-in-law never cheaped out on things, so I'd guess it was mid-range if not high-end."

"What size?"

"Cal king, I'm pretty sure."

"You just started looking?" she suggested.

I nodded. "Yeah; not really looking forward to the process."

She smiled and nodded. "You've done some reading on the Internet?"

I smiled. "Oh yeah, and that's why I wasn't really looking forward..."

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Andrea came back, handing me a mug of tea. “Oh, I’m sorry, milk?” she asked quite suggestively, leaning forward.

Her perfume, her scent was interesting... “Not in tea, thanks,” I told her with a smirk, warming my hands on the mug. She had a nice suggestive jiggle when she moved her shoulders.

She put another mug down for Rachel, and then sat on the desk behind me, opposite Rachel. The way she sat, her bottom looked quite comfortable.

Rachel picked up hers and blew on it. “Yeah, scary stuff. Like most of what’s on the Web, half of it is true -- and the other half is an understatement in this business. We don’t have wild sales and price swings here -- we think our prices are very competitive all the time. When a manufacturer does something crazy, we’ll pass that along. If you look hard, you can always find something for less, but we’ve been here a while, and we expect to be here.”

“This used to be a pet store,” I mentioned.

“You live in the area?” Rachel asked.

“For over twenty years -- a mile or so from here.”

“Well, you know then, we opened here, I guess twelve years ago? I’ve only been here a little over a year.”

I turned to Andrea. I could feel warmth radiating from her, and that scent. “And you?”

She smiled, sipping her tea. “Oh, I’m a customer.”

“And a friend,” Rachel added. “Why do you think it’s time to replace your mattress?”

“This is very good,” I told Andrea, after having another sip of the tea. My hands were warming up, and so was I. I looked back to Rachel. “It’s developed a lump, something sticking up, with a divot next to it. When I started reading, I learned you’re supposed to turn the things, like rotating tires. I just did that, first time in its life, so now the problem is by my feet, instead of at my shoulders.”

“Someone else complaining?” Andrea suggested, with inflection in her voice.

I tried not to frown. “I live alone,” I said, pausing for a moment and then as she opened her mouth to add something, I said, “Widower,” in a tone of voice that usually cuts off comment.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Rachel offered genuinely. “What kind is of mattress do you have and what are you looking for?”

I’d just about finished the tea. It had helped a great deal. “It’s a mattress -- not my specialty, sorry -- but I imagine that’s a problem you face regularly.”

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She chuckled, as did Andrea behind me. “Yes, it is. If you’ve done your reading, there are three major types: coil spring, foam, and adjustable, which are air bladders. You can have various combinations, with toppers added on.”

“I’m leaning against the adjustables on complexity, and I’d guess mine is a sprung spring with foam, but no topper.”

Rachel nodded with a smile. “Good! Why don’t we start with a test drive?”

She stood up, as did Andrea and I.

Test Drive

I thought we'd just walk over to one of the many sets in the showroom. But instead Rachel headed to a door near the back. The showroom was "L" shaped, and the door went into the section that turned the "L" back into a rectangle. Opening the door she said with a smile, "This is a nicer environment," and ushered us in.

She was right! Where the showroom floor was large, cold-fluorescent-lit and spare, save for the bedding on display, the smaller area we were in felt more comfortable. It had warm indirect lighting which seemed to be dimmed, and six sets of bedding in two groups of three. One side of the room had three sets, pushed together side by side, without the topper section, with the other side set up the same, but those three all had toppers a few inches tall.

Rachel was standing next to a table with some small baskets on it. "If you'd like to take bulky things out of your pockets," she suggested, "that works better."

I nodded, dumping keys and wallet into a basket. "Left most of my goodies in the car."

She walked to the middle of the set without toppers. "The end one," she pointed, "is an adjustable so we'll skip that, at least for now, and start here. This is a conventional spring set with foam. It's mid-range for us, durable and popular. The end one is higher-end. Why don't you take off your shoes and make yourself comfortable?"

"That sounds like a great idea," I agreed, slipping off my shoes.

"With your head by me, so I can get you a pillow in a few minutes," she suggested. "Relax on your back to start."

A good idea -- I could do this. I relaxed back with a sigh, closing my eyes.

"Move down a bit more," she suggested.

I shuffled down a bit, not bothering to open my eyes.

After a bit, I felt the bed moving. Weight on top of me! I opened my eyes to red cloth filling my vision, a hand slipping behind my head. Andrea! She pulled my head between her breasts and whispered, "Hold me."

The shock -- the shock of her on top of me, of her hand behind my head holding me so well, holding me to scented fullness, softness, warmth. That scent, so dizzying, and I couldn't get enough! I put my arms around her and held her closer.

"Oh, that's better," she whispered, pulling me closer, her hand at the back of my head. "I've got you," she whispered, filling me with softness. I sighed and held her.

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She started whispering, telling me what to do, to take a deep breath through my nose and let go, just let go and let her hold me. She whispered to me, holding me, relaxing me. How could her voice get so far away, even though she was holding me so close?

All so fuzzy... She was singing, chanting softly, holding me so well as we rocked.

She was moving off me, away from me, and I didn't want that! But we were just moving to a different bed. She helped me, moving to a place that was softer and would hold us better but I itched and wasn't comfortable, so she helped me out of my scratchy clothes. Now I was cold, but only for a moment as we snuggled together again, skin against skin.

Something changed -- I was so hard and needed her so much! She eased down on top of me, sliding us together. I held her waist, lifting my head and shoulders off the bed to get to her breasts again. Something under my shoulders held me up as she leaned forward. It seemed like the more noise she made, the harder I got and the more I needed her. She teased me with her breasts, not letting me have her nipples, moving side to side as she rocked her hips, suddenly smothering me between her breasts, releasing me as I gasped for breath only to do something with her hips that made me gasp more.

She moved her hands to hold the sides of my head, her forearms across my shoulders. My eyes popped open and locked into hers. Was she singing again? I don't know -- the only thing I knew was to look into her eyes as she took us to paradise, rocking her hips. I was moaning, so close... One of her hands moved to behind my head. She moved and my world was filled with a breast lowering closer to me, closer... Her nipple touched my lips and I lost it, coming so intensely. She rocked on top of me, draining me as she held me close. My eyes closed as I let go, hearing her chanting far away in the distance.

I woke up disoriented, covered by a light blanket. It took me a while to remember, to figure out where I was -- the mattress place? What a trip! I got dressed. My watch was in a back pocket of my pants -- I didn't remember taking it off. As I put it back on, I shook out my right hand, something stinging in the palm of my right hand? An hour had passed?

I left the back room. Rachel was standing across the showroom with a couple, talking about a mattress. No sign of Andrea. A hotel "Do Not Disturb" sign was on the door I'd just come through. I moved it to the other side of the door, shaking out my right hand again.

Rachel looked at me, raising a hand, smiling, gesturing to the desk. I walked to the desk.

"Go ahead; take off your shoes and try it. I'll be right back," I heard her tell the couple.

Rachel hurried over. She put a hand on my arm. "Oh, please wait? I'll just be a few minutes with them? I need to talk to you, please?"

I nodded. She gave me a quick hug and hurried back to her clients.

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But I didn't feel comfortable. Something wasn't right. The heel of my right hand hurt, like I'd been stuck with something. When it didn't sound like she was wrapping up with the couple a few minutes later, I left. I walked out the door and didn't look back. I tried not to look in the store as I got in the car, started it up, and drove home.

Getting home, even though the house was warm, I felt cold and rattled. Sitting down to a gourmet repast of microwaved fish fillets with Trader Joe's Salsa and a glass of white wine, I was confused. That had been intense. It had been good. How I loved to be held, and held that way. But still, there was something weird about it. Like it happened at all? Didn't make sense! But what a way to sell mattresses!

I finished dinner and cleaned up. Going upstairs, I turned up the heat on the upstairs thermostat. The whole thing didn't make sense, but would I mind more of that kind of not making sense? That's what I asked the clown in the mirror as I brushed my teeth. Parts of me were all for it; other parts weren't sure.

I took the body pillow I have to bed with me. I left the simple white cover on it. I needed something to hold tonight.

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Tuesday at work was nominal. Parts of it I was too busy to be rattled. Driving home, I actually pulled in to the mattress place, parking by the unlocked side door this time. But as I looked in, I saw two women I didn't recognize. No Rachel.

I didn't even shut off the engine; I drove home.

Going in the house, the red light was flashing on the answering machine. First time I'd seen that in a while... My outgoing message starts with the signaling tones that indicate a disconnected phone line -- that and the "do not call" list cut down on crap considerably. Well, that and not too many people call me at this number -- it's work or my cell.

I hit the button. "Johnny, this is your Aunt Miriam in Everett, Washington. We haven't spoken in a while, and I was concerned about how you were doing. Please give me a call, dear, I'd like to speak to you. Miriam in Washington," she left her phone number. I copied it down onto a post-it by the answering machine.

Walked into the kitchen to see what was edible. Last time I'd heard from her was when my wife and kids died in the crash a few years ago. Before that, when my dad died, and then when my mom, her sister, died. "Who died this time?" I muttered as I foraged for dinner.

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Wednesday afternoon at work, I wasn't comfortable. It took me a while to suss it out -- I wasn't comfortable driving by the mattress place! So I stuck around work later, allowing time for traffic to dissipate, and took an alternate route home.

The usual lights were on when I got home and the house was warm; benefit of geekdom, automagic lights and thermostats. Further benefits of automagically scheduled lights -- they come on dimmed, using less energy, and the lights last longer. One of the lights that comes on is in the skylight at the top of the stairs, making them safer to navigate when it's dark.

First stop before contemplating dinner was upstairs to get into something comfortable.

Stepping into the bedroom, illuminated only by the dim light from the hall skylight, I slipped off my shoes. I startled as I turned -- something on the bed? Someone? The body pillow? It was on the other side of the bed than the one I sleep on.

I walked around the bed. Looked like my body pillow, with something on it? I smiled -- something simulating breasts and a waist? Definitely things sticking out on the upper part, narrowing down to a sort-of waist. Who? How?

As I bent over, reaching down to touch it, I caught the scent, or the scent caught me -- *her* scent, from Monday night! Closer, touching it, covered in something soft and enticing...

In a flash I was undressed and on top of it. Squeezing it to me, pressing my face into and between the two huge breastlike mounds filled me with a dizzying, erotic scent. The covering was soft and plush, a fake fur. I held and squeezed it, trying to drown myself in the dizzying scent as my hips thrust with abandon. Holding, feeling, thrusting, filling myself with her scent.

Until suddenly -- that point of no return -- I was going to come! I managed to grab the tip of my cock as I moaned, mouthing a breast, pushing my face into it as I inhaled through my nose, that scent so intense, making me so hungry, so dizzy, coming, pulsing, trying to hold on to my cock even as I was letting go, pushing my head between those mounds again.

Managed to roll off, still holding the tip of my cock. Managed to get up and get to the bathroom. I let fly into the toilet, then turned and sat down, eyes closed, panting, pausing and taking a slow inhale through my nose, shuddering at that scent. It took a while before I could pee, but I did, getting up and flushing afterwards.

Stumbling back to the bedroom, I picked up my underwear and wiped myself off.

That seductive thing was still on my bed.

I was wiped out. I pushed it up near the pillows and flipped down the bedspread. I got in bed, laying on top of the blanket, and pulled the thing next to me, pulling the bedspread on top of us. On my side I pulled it to me, burying my face between those scented mounds once again, squeezing it to me, breathing it in, drowning myself in softness and scent.

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For a while I pulled it on top of me. Wrapping my arms and legs around it, pulling it closer, I wanted that weight again, wanted *her* weight on top of me again. What was it that was so comforting about her weight pressing all around me? Ended up on my side, nestling into it, just for a few minutes, my head buzzing again.

She came to me in the night, on top of me once again, her weight so good as she surrounded me, engulfed me in her. On top of me, chanting, rocking, so good...

I woke on the verge of orgasm, on my back with that thing on top of me. I managed to cover my cock with a hand as I raised my knees, pushing the thing up as I unloaded onto my belly. My head was between those two full, scented mounds, still so dizzying. I managed to get my other hand around the top, pulling it more into my face, panting.

I usually sleep in a t-shirt which I stuff under my pillow. I grabbed it and used it to clean myself up, a first pass before getting out of bed. Stumbled to the bathroom again, sat on the can, got up and drank some water. Four in the morning -- at least I could sleep some more!

Back in bed, I ran my hand over the blanket, and then over the thing; they were clean. Got back in bed and pulled it on top of me again. I exhaled and put my arms around it. As I inhaled, I buried my face between those two mounds and squeezed it to me. So good...

I woke to the alarm clock, still on my back with it on top of me. I hit the snooze bar, then held the thing and rolled to my side, nestling into it. Red; it was covered in red fake fur. I held it and rolled more, so I was on top of it. I was careful not to push my face between those seductive mounds, just brushing them. Still, even doing that, my eyes closed and I breathed through my nose, wanting her dizzying scent to fill me and take me away again.

I pushed up on my arms, then sat up straddling it. I ran my hands over the top. Definitely separate padding; some effort had gone into making this thing! Sitting on it, straddling it, damn it felt good... With a sigh I moved off it, turning it over. Velcro down the back, with what looked to be hand stitching at the top, bottom, and two other spots!

The radio popped on again -- I reached for it, hitting the off button by reflex.

As I did, I looked more at the nightstand -- a folded piece of paper sitting in front of the radio. I picked it up, and as I did, something fell out and on to the bed -- a string of condoms, unlubricated...

I opened and glanced at the note. Flowing script, signed "Andrea." Something struck me, I don't know what; I closed the note quickly, without reading it further, and put it back on the nightstand. Put the condoms there as well. Gave the thing on the bed a cross look and headed for the bathroom; another day, and I needed to get to the Salt Mines.

Standing in the shower, rinsing shampoo out of my hair, I wasn't sure what to do... I'd had the body pillow for a few years, since I'd been widowed. When I'd first gotten it, I'd slept

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with it quite a bit, but had grown away from it, I guess. Yeah, I'd gone through a phase of covering it in something enticing and humping it, but that got old. Like me, I guess, getting old. Anymore, bed was for sleeping.

And I still wasn't sure about what happened Monday night. Part of it, a lot of it, I'd been in a dreamworld. A nice dreamworld, very pleasant, but I wasn't sure what had actually gone on.

Dammit, she'd been in my house! *Someone* had to have been in my house to put that outfit on the pillow, an outfit that represented a nonzero amount of effort and/or cost. That definitely bugged me -- she knew where I lived and was willing to waltz in. Yeah, I hadn't been locking the back door, but that was past tense, I'd lock it today for sure. We had a dog, until last year. The neighbors had dogs. I still had the dog house in the back yard.

"Fuck," I said out loud. I missed having a dog, but being gone during the day, it wouldn't be fair to the dog, even an older, used dog.

Drying off, looking at the fool in the mirror -- I'm in better physical shape than I've been in years. I'm well off financially; the house is paid off and I'm debt free. I could retire, comfortably, right fucking now. I could do what Phil did at work -- bring in a bunch of kites for management -- even though I smiled remembering Phil going out in style, I still liked what I did, and they still paid me to do it.

They paid me well enough that I'm looking to replace my damn mattress, I thought. Doing my research, I'd read that you're supposed to turn the damn things every so often, like rotating tires. Since my mattress was polarized, with a definite top and bottom, I could only rotate it, not flip and rotate. I figure I rotated it for the first time in its life, which had to be twenty two years, at least? Not good, digging up those memories.

So now the lump-and-hole is by my feet, instead of at my shoulders.

Considering I lived with the lump-and-hole at my shoulders for a month, I should be able to put up with it by my feet for a while, no?

"So, what the hell do I do with you?" I asked my red temptress, stepping back into the bedroom. I stood it up on the bed, looking at it more. Usually the body pillow sat up at the top of the bed on top of the normal pillows, just a big, long pillow, and I dumped it on the floor at night, or put it in the reading chair if I was being neat.

Inspecting it again. Yeah, some work went into this. Just looking at it, not touching the fake fur, my interest was picking up... I looked at the front. What's this? My interest definitely picked up -- a slit a couple of inches wide down low, six inches or so from the bottom. I slid a finger into it, and my cock responded. And it was down low enough... I glanced to the nightstand, to the condoms... Famous last words, I know -- just a little... Standing there by the bed, I slid the thing on to my rapidly hardening cock. Damn, I should get a condom...

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Standing there, feeling it, letting it settle on me, sliding my arms up, my head rested right between those seductive mounds. Oh God, it felt good... I stepped closer to the bed, getting on the bed on my knees and letting myself fall forward as I held it loosely at the sides, my mouth on a breast. The impact engulfed me in a cloud of softness and scent. Two breaths and my head was spinning and my hips were moving... I rolled to my back but my hips were still moving as I held it close. "No!" I managed to push it away, knowing I was a few strokes, very few, away from paradise.

I lay there panting, dizzy, oh so close. Grab a condom, or just grab it, it wouldn't take long... No, I've got things to do. No!

I got off the bed, picked the thing up, and put it in the closet, the side of the closet I don't use anymore. Closed the closet doors affirmatively.

I got dressed and made sure the house was secured before I headed to work.

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I'm a researcher, a physicist. Some of the work I do, such as one of my continuing side projects, involves collecting and collating data. I've thought about automating things. A summer ago, I had a summer intern look at one of them for me. I thought he'd automated the process, but it turns out he did the same as I did -- look at a website, flip to a spreadsheet window, type in the data, flip back to Firefox and go to the next webpage, rinse and repeat.

A simple process, accumulating data for analysis. I'd learned that it was easier for me to rely on my usually superb short-term memory to look at the screen, flip to Excel, and type in the data, rather than moving the mouse to select text on the web page, hitting command-C to copy, flipping to Excel, clicking on the cell and hitting command-V to paste, and so on. Using the meat clipboard rather than the digital one, once I clicked on the beginning cell in Excel, I entered a number and hit return. Faster and easier.

Except this morning my short-term memory was for shit! Even the fallback trick of grouping digits as a phone numbers didn't help! Very frustrating! And that was *after* my usual morning Dr. Pepper, my sugar and caffeine fix! The ritual that usually went so smoothly, this morning just wasn't flying.

Ten o'clock staff meeting, blissfully short. I got an e-mail on my iPhone that our research library had received a reference I'd wanted. Let's swing by and pick it up!

Walking over, something was bugging me. Yeah, my morning data collection. What the hell was wrong? Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday -- all fine, as had been the weeks before. Yet today my short-term memory is for shit.

I stopped in the hallway. "Bloody hell," I muttered none too quietly. The last time I'd had such an issue -- I had a colonoscopy for my birthday a year ago, and they gave me a tranquilizer before the process. The next day, my short term memory was for shit.

Because I'd been drugged.

Damn, fit pretty well, didn't it? A few breaths and I'm wobbly, hot and dizzy? Head buzzing, euphoria? Definitely good stuff, whatever it was. Definitely short-term side effects!

When I'd had the periscope up the ass, it took two days for the short-term effects to go away. Wonder how long for this one? Interesting.

I walked to our company library and picked up the reference they'd gotten for me; borrowed from the Stanford library just down the road. I thanked them very much. Decided to sit at one of their tables and skim part of it.

Chirp from my iPhone, the chirp for a call forwarded from my office number.

"This is John," I answered.

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“Did you enjoy my gift?” a female voice purred -- Andrea!

“A number of times, but that isn’t the important part,” I told her.

“Oh, I’d rather it had been me as well, darling,” she continued in a low, seductive tone.

“I was thinking more about the breaking and entering aspects, and the drugs,” I interrupted.

“Why darling! I thought you enjoyed it! And we both certainly enjoyed it when I held you close and...”

Her voice swirled in my mind; so hard to keep my eyes open, my head slipping, falling into softness again...

I blinked semi-alert as my head snapped forward almost hitting the table and my iPhone clattered to the floor as my hands and arms went limp. I pushed the chair back a bit, almost squashing it. I took a breath and shook my head, trying to clear it. I picked up my iPhone, pressing the button to drop the call. Damn! What the hell was that?

I cleaned my phone and put its case back together. I gathered my book and headed back to my office, trying to clear the dust out of my head and put *that* back together too....

She called again and I dropped the call.

At lunch, Gary mentioned one of our IT guys was an XML/parsing wizard, and was looking for side projects. I gave him a call after lunch and he dropped by. He was excited about automating my data collection. Looking things over, he said he would probably dump it into a SQLite database. He also liked the fact that I used Macs, as that would make it easier.

I stayed late and took the alternate way home again, bypassing the mattress place.

Another message on the answering machine when I got home -- another message from Aunt Miriam, wanting me to call. Okay, I’ll call later, or from the salt mines tomorrow.

Upstairs to change clothes. I dress up a bit for staff meetings, wearing a long-sleeve dress shirt and a sweater-vest. Shirt and sweater are dry-clean, so I change when I get home, not wanting to risk dinner.

The closet in the master bedroom runs along one side of the room, one continuous space with two sets of doors, one that’s “my” side, and the other set for what had been my wife’s side. Opened my side to hang up shirt and vest. Reached for a hanger, and as I did, stepping inside the closet, the scent from that thing caught me. Not overpowering, but enough -- like the light touch of a lover’s fingers sliding down your belly to your groin...

I hung up my clothes and stood there, closing my eyes, breathing slowly.

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I was *so* screwed and I knew it -- now or later, it was just a matter of time -- I was going to do it. I was going to grab it.

Took off my pants, putting them on the dresser to wear tomorrow. I'll put my shorts and socks in the laundry later. Accepting my fate, I went to the other closet door and opened it. I picked up my red tormenter, and held it lightly, gingerly. I inhaled, my arms around it, taking in remnants of that scent. Those drugs. I slid my cock into the slit, oh so good. Still holding it gingerly, I brushed the top with my face. So good, sliding in and out of that thing.

I lifted it up, then let it slide down again. Damn, that felt good! Lifted it up, slowly, and put it on the bed. I hadn't felt my cock that hard in quite a while. Opened one of the condoms and rolled it on, then picked up the thing again, sliding into it.

On my knees on the bed again, holding it lightly at the sides, my face on one of those plush mounds, I exhaled and let myself fall forward. I inhaled deeply through my nose as I hit, taking in as much as I could. I breathed deeply, relaxing and letting it happen.

Holding on, breathing deep, letting it happen, moving against it, feeling the softness of the fur against my skin, my hips moving, trying to take it slow, savoring each stroke. Moving my head around as well, my hands pressing the sides of those mounds into me, squeezing my head as my hips moved, getting close, close, coming strongly, holding on and still moving.

Rolling to my back, holding it to me, still coming. Dizzy, my head buzzing, and I didn't care. It felt good on top of me. I wanted more, more weight on top of me. I grabbed the edges of the bedspread and flipped it over me. That helped. I wiggled around to pull the bedspread tighter around me, holding us together more. Oh that helped. I pushed my face into one of those soft mounds, trying to drown myself in it.

This time when she came for me in my dreams, I welcomed her. I took the nipple she offered and took it hungrily, pulling her on top of me, wanting her weight, her scent, her softness. She chanted as she held me, then rode me, slowly and deliciously.

I woke up as I came, instinctively reaching for my cock, but I was tangled in the bedspread and still inside the thing. I managed to get my arms around it, one high and the other low and press it into me, filling myself again with that scent as I came. I let it happen.

I woke on my back some time later. I extricated myself carefully, and made it to the bathroom to post my well used French letter. My head wasn't buzzing, so I must have gone back to sleep for a while.

Clock on the wall said a little after five. The alarm would go off at a quarter to seven. I had a sip of water, and cleaned myself up a bit.

The Lump

Back at the side of the bed, I asked my bed companion, “What the hell do I do with you?” I could be the optimist and put on another condom. Put on another condom and slip inside it again? My cock thought that was a good idea. Or just snuggle up close?

Instead I pushed it onto the floor, straightened up the bed a bit, and got between the sheets.

When the alarm went off, I hit the snooze bar and reached over the side of the bed, pulling it to me. As I nuzzled gently, I imagined bending Andrea over the edge of the bed, riding her large soft bottom. I also imagined having her on top of me on the floor, pounding on top of me.

I rested for a while on my back with it atop me. But I still couldn’t find the nipple I wanted so much. So I got up and went to the bathroom.

Looking at the character in the mirror -- no regrets for the night, or the morning. Hell, I’d skipped dinner again, which could only help my weight.

But when I looked into the bedroom, looking at it again there on the bed... I went to it, moving it and the pillows it was stacked on to a corner of the mattress and straddled that, keeping my face away from the breasts. Nice. As I rode it, it started sliding down and before I knew it, I was plowing between those furry mounds. Something about that -- looking down and seeing my cock slide between those furry mounds pushed together, the sudden image of Andrea, her head back as she pressed her breasts together around my cock -- the feeling of the fur around my cock and my balls, the image of her in my mind once again, the sound of her voice and suddenly I’m coming.

The first spurt got away from me, but cleared the red plush and hit the white pillowcase. I grabbed the tip of my cock as I pressed in, moving my hips, imagining coming on pink skin. Made it to the bathroom and into the shower. Damn! I turned on the shower and closed the shower door.

Standing under the spray hitting the back of my neck, my legs spread, the sudden image of Andrea on her knees before me, cock in her mouth as she touched my balls -- another spurt.

“Jesus,” I muttered, turning and taking a mouthful of water.

Out of the shower and dried, brushing out my hair, the character in the mirror looked a bit confused. Satiated, but confused. “What the hell is going on?” I asked him. He didn’t know either. But he grinned -- yeah, I agree, if it takes a bit longer to figure it out, that won’t be all bad. Friday morning -- how many times had I come since Monday? And in comparison to the last *n* months?

Straightening up the bedroom, looking at that thing again. I used my towel to wipe the spot off the pillowcase and dumped the towel into the laundry. The faux fur was undamaged.

The Lump

“But as for you,” I told the red thing... I took it into what had been my daughter’s bedroom and put it on her bed, closing the door as I left.

Still early! I locked up the house and headed in to the salt mines; I’d see what they had for breakfast in the cafeteria.

The Lump

Not surprisingly, my short-term memory was still for shit. And that was after breakfast, when I nominally felt awake and alert. The IT guy dropped by before lunch and showed me what he had -- still problems pulling data from one site, but the others were a piece of cake. He already had tools (python hacks) to go from my spreadsheet to the database and back again. This was a fun one for him; he thought he'd have it licked in a couple of days.

A meeting after lunch with some people from a product division our research group in Labs supports. They were grumbling that we hadn't been able to do the impossible quickly and cheaply enough. My boss reminded them we had given them a factor of 15 boost in performance over their nearest competitor. Yes, but it used some expensive parts. Yes, we were looking at cost reduction. If you want to do a full custom chip, we can drop the per-unit cost significantly, but with around \$250k of NRE and a few months to produce and test it. One of their managers frowned and asked if I could do better. I told him I could have a kite for him Monday. Jerry, my boss's boss, was sipping coffee at the time. Coffee came out his nose, distracting the rest of the group. Guess he still had the kite Phil got him. My boss gave me a nasty look. I smiled.

I also reminded our colleagues that these estimates were just that, estimates, and they could probably improve them considerably if they got *their* purchasing people to arm-wrestle the chip house over NRE and schedules; that's what their people are really good at. We're good at research, and you folks are really good at production. We can optimize chip area and gate count; you guys work with us and the fab to optimize cost and time. That smoothed some feathers.

Afterwards on our way down the hall, Jerry came up and asked me quietly, "You weren't serious in there, were you?"

"Jerry, I like what I do -- that's what keeps me showing up." Besides, I was also contemplating little buckets of sand and small mallets, as in pound sand...

I decided to cut out a bit early Friday afternoon. I also decided to stop in at the mattress place. Maybe Rachel could shed some light on this crap.

When I went into the store, one woman was there, one I'd seen the night I stopped by but didn't go in. "Is Rachel here?" I asked.

She smiled. "Why yes; I believe she's still in back. Who should I say is calling?"

"John from earlier in the week if you would," I told her.

She gave me a nod and headed for the other door in the back of the place, the one marked, "Office."

Rachel stepped out from the back, a concerned look on her face. Her hair was pulled back, not out and full as it had been Monday night. She was wearing a wrap-around dress with a wide belt around her waist, accentuating her curves, her voluptuousness. I sighed and smiled.

The Lump

She smiled as well, rushing up to me but stopping a few feet away, stepping closer much slower. "Oh, thank you for coming in! Do you have time ... to talk?"

I nodded. "I'm confused -- I was hoping you could explain some things to me."

She nodded, her smile fading somewhat as she took my hand, leading me to the other door and the room we'd been in Monday night.

"I was so worried when you left suddenly Monday... I wanted ... to talk to you. Have you seen her since?" She sat us on the edge of one of the beds.

I took one of her hands. So soft and so warm. "Only in my dreams," I whispered. She looked so young, so ripe.

She frowned a bit, wrinkling her forehead. "You haven't ... gone ... to her?"

I shook my head.

She sighed and smiled a bit. "Monday night, I was supposed to wake you, but ..." She sighed again, her head down a bit, looking up at me, smiling more. "She hasn't..."

I held her hand. "She was in my house. She left ... something," I sighed, shaking my head. "What has she done to me? I see her; I smell her. I want her. What is it about weight on top of me, of her on top of me?"

Rachel pushed me back on the bed and rolled on top of me. "Like this?" she whispered with a wonderful smile.

I pulled her closer and moved one of her hands toward the back of my head.

"Scoot up," she whispered, moving us more on the bed. I slipped off my shoes as I did.

She held me, and I held on to her. Feeling and hearing her heart beat, that brought back so many memories of going to sleep night after night in my wife's arms, and waking there.

But as my breath caught and I held Rachel close, she held me and started singing softly. Her heart, which had been racing, slowed down. I relaxed. I faded.

I woke to a kiss on my forehead. I woke in the arms of a warm, soft woman. I held her close, not wanting it to end. She kissed me again. "We need to get up."

I didn't want to let go.

She squeezed me gently for a moment, enough to melt me in her arms again, and when I did, she made her escape, pushing up and sitting beside me. She straightened the top of her dress; I'd had my lips against the satiny fabric of her bra. She smiled and put a hand on my

The Lump

shoulder. "I did what I could -- I'm not giving you up without a fight," she told me. She leaned over me again and kissed my forehead, relaxing atop me for a moment.

We got up. She straightened her clothes, then mine, and we hugged.

Walking back to the showroom, the other woman was with people, talking about the difference between quilting and ticking. Geez, I thought what I did was jargon-laden!

Another hug and Rachel said, "Go -- I'll call you."

I held her to me for a moment, then turned and went back to my car.

An hour had passed -- in her arms. I sighed. Heading home, I made a right turn at the junior college, and drove to the next big intersection, turning in just before the light. Starbucks -- I wanted a hot chocolate. That one, right across the street from the junior college, also across the street from Whole Foods, was open late. I ordered my usual grande hot chocolate with whipped cream and sat in a corner, looking at traffic on the sidewalk and street beyond. I wasn't rattled; I don't know what I was. I sat with my knees up, almost fetal I guess, sipping slowly, not really thinking of anything, drifting.

"May I join you?"

I looked up to see a woman, mid 30's perhaps, standing there holding two drinks. I'd been curled up looking out the window, lost in the background susurrations of the crowd and the lights of the traffic outside. "Certainly -- be my guest."

She handed me a drink. "I thought you might like another. Peter told me what you usually have, grande hot chocolate with whipped cream," she said with a smile.

I accepted it with a surprised smile. "Thank you! I'm John," I held out a hand.

She shook my hand gently. "Patricia. Long week?"

I nodded, sipping another hot chocolate. "Long and ..." What do I call it? Weird doesn't really fit, but it's been more than strange or unusual. I shook my head. "Don't know how to summarize it succinctly, so I won't. At the end of it I'm still breathing, so I guess I'll declare victory and move on."

She laughed, a free, full laugh. "It has been a week," she agreed, much the same yet different from all before it, and all likely to come.

I asked what she did. She furrowed her brow for a bit, then smiled, nodding. She told me she'd had a revelation during the week, realizing that at her level, a director, she was no longer a mere cog in the machine, but a complete gear in and of herself. She mentioned the name of the company, a multi-national software outfit. I liked her wry smile.

The Lump

I told her I knew where she worked, on Deer Creek Road in Palo Alto. I'd worked across the street at the research labs for many years, but moved with a bunch of folks to Page Mill Road further down the hill a few years ago when the company jettisoned that building. I missed being able to go talk to the horses in the adjacent pasture about the problems I was working on.

With a smile she asked if they gave me good answers.

Not often, but talking to them forced me gather my issues so I could present them in a way which held their attention, and that was helpful.

She nodded with a smile and told me she'd have to try that; explaining the problem cogently and coherently was often the first step to solving it. Was I a researcher?

I nodded. And proud to be a peg with an odd number of sides and unequal angles, still with the ability to conjure the occasional interesting critter out of the hat, so they kept me around, at least until they could outsource my work to Bangalore, Beijing, or Malaysia.

"But it's never enough," she whispered.

I sighed, agreeing. "It's never enough, and they don't understand -- hell, it's..." I paused and sighed, sipping my drink. "Sorry... You get enough of that all day -- and in German."

She nodded, a knowing smile. "Yes, and it's so nice to come here some times, sit and look out the window, letting the background noise wash over you like waves, breathing in and out, letting the waves wash away the week, all the little things, washing them away, carrying them away, letting go of all the little details, not having to do anything, letting go and letting it wash over you, relaxing into it..."

I was aware she'd moved closer, leaning against me, our faces close, her eyes and smile filling mine, a soft hand caressing the side of my neck as she spoke.

I guess I faded again, losing track of time, of place, just watching pretty eyes and a pretty face, feeling the closeness of someone sitting next to me.

A piercing, shrill whistle startled me; I practically jumped. Someone yelled as glassware crashed to the floor, shattering. More noise, different noise.

I looked at Patricia. She was frowning, now rubbing her forehead.

I glanced at my watch -- almost nine! "I need to be going," I told her.

She smiled, but it was forced; she looked to be in pain. She picked up her purse and got out a card. "Call me? Please?"

I took her card, touching hands. Our hands were warm. We stood and shared a hug; not a just-met hug, but an intimate body-contact hug. "Thank you," I whispered.

The Lump

She smiled and nodded. “I’ll clean this up,” she told me.

I went out into the cool of the evening and made the short drive home. I went upstairs, cleaned up, and went to bed. Alone.

The Lump

The last few years, between Thanksgiving and Christmas I've been going to the Dickens Faire, held on the weekends in the old Cow Palace up the peninsula. For years my wife and I went together, went with friends, dancing at Fezzwig's, drinking and watching the shows at Mad Sals... The last few years, just me. I tend to shy away from the dance floor; too many ghosts out there.

Saturday morning, I headed to the Faire. No costume, no dance shoes, not even the camera. Just me. I thought of Patricia -- her cell number was on the card. I could have called her, offered to take her. Remembering sitting in Starbucks, looking into her eyes...

The ticket queue ahead of me had moved; I took a few steps to catch up before those behind me got louder. Another moment from the last week for the "What was *that*?" pile.

I wandered from the entrance to Mad Sals, past the eating establishments and shops.

So many people in costume, more every year. I still had my tail coat and top hat, from an antique clothing store on Portobello Road in London. Hadn't worn it for three years.

Walking along, a hand touched my arm, pulled into the arms of a woman, kissing and holding me. I held her, partially to keep from falling over, opening up and kissing her. She stepped away, turning, and waved to me, "Merry meet!" and walked off laughing.

Fifty feet farther down the way, I stopped, seeing a group in front of me, three ladies dressed as witches/wenches. And they certainly saw *me*, surrounding me, passing me from one to the other like a lollipop, kissing, squeezed, feeling. I was dizzy, my ears burning, confused, yet at the same time enjoying the experience, enjoying kissing, hugging, being squeezed and felt, holding and squeezing them...

Standing there surrounded by them, in the arms of a blue-eyed cutie who was pressing her hips against mine and holding one of my hands to a full and prominently displayed breast. "Mad Sals at five tonight, sweetie, unless someone has taken you home before then," she growled, then tickled my tonsils once more. I got hugs from the others before they headed off.

I managed to sit down at a bench for a few moments. What was going on? Elbows on my knees, leaning forward, I had to laugh. I sat up and took a breath, closing my eyes for a moment, letting the buzz of the crowd distract me. Five, huh? Best offer I'd had so far...

Getting up, I even contemplated the thing in the closet. I could grab it and have a very pleasurable time.

Not the right turn of phrase, but it didn't rub me the right way... Something wrong with that. I should go back to the mattress place and talk to Rachel. Maybe call Patricia.

Shit -- what I should do is call my Aunt! I hadn't even looked at the damn answering machine since Thursday! Oh well. When I get home today, for sure.

The Lump

Wandering along again, looking in different shops. A cloak vendor, one of the established ones who shows up year after year if my memory serves me, and up to the last few days my memory usually served me well. Something drew me in. Scent? Feeling? Not sure.

I found myself in one section of cloaks, capes -- long, with hoods, made from heavy velvet, lined, almost the weight of a theatre curtain. Feeling one, the weight of it... Something about weight again, to be...

I was turned and swept into a dark cape, feeling it swirl around me, engulfing me, pulling me -- to a woman's body, clothed, tall, full, and soft, wrapping me up and holding me. My arms went around her waist as my mouth searched her cloth covered breasts.

Surrounded on one side by her warm, full body and on the other by that heavy velvet, held in darkness. I held her waist as my lips searched, a hand behind my head encouraging me.

A shriek, the blast of an air horn, people shouting, more blasts from the horn, turning and falling awkwardly, landing on top of her, pushing up onto my arms, backing and turning, crawling out through a side entrance, standing and trotting off a ways, heart pounding.

What the hell was happening? Was I wearing a big sign that said, "Grab me?" I shook my head, trying to clear it. Then I chuckled. Was it so bad? I had the feeling I could go back there, and ... Or just wait until five!

A place with crystals and charms on Ale House Alley, down by Mad Sals. Nice looking stuff, with some really nice looking pieces in a closed case on the counter. Interesting the way the light caught them. I looked at some in the case -- interesting use of technology as well, with what looked to be white Cree LEDs mounted on the inside upper corners of the display case.

Looked at a group of them, and I guess I caught the lighting just right as a flash of color from one caught me, really bright in my eyes. I straightened up and backed up, trying not to run into other people looking around. I managed to make my way out to the Alley again, still with a colored flare in my vision.

"Young man! Young man!"

I stopped and turned to see what was going on. An older white-haired woman, who couldn't be five feet tall, came up to me, putting a hand on my arm. "Young man!" she said again, looking at me intently. I was confused; I'm not used to being called "young!"

She wore a long dark dress with long sleeves, various chains and necklaces around her neck. Her hair was white in a bun at the back of her head. Her eyes were green and sparkling bright. She raised a monocle from the end of one of the chains to her right eye and looked at me with it. Funny monocle -- faceted glass?

The Lump

“Oh my! What have you gotten yourself into!” she said, frowning and looking at me intently through the multi-faceted monocle.

She shook her head and made clucking noises. “We’ll get to the bottom of this -- come with me.”

She took me by the hand and led me back to the booth, cutting through the crowd and to the back. “Nancy, please get Veronica -- we have a most interesting problem!” she called out. I glanced at the display case as we walked by, and one of the crystals -- the same one? -- flared as we passed. She glanced at it, gave me a concerned look, and shook her head. “What *have* you gotten yourself into!”

She led me to the back, sitting me at a folding table, and sitting adjacent to me on the corner. We were surrounded by shelves with boxes of stock. She pulled a carpetbag from a lower shelf and dug into it, producing a cloth bag six or eight inches in size.

“What...” I started to ask.

“Shh... We’ll know more in a minute. You’ve been having an interesting time, young man! Ahhh...”

She took a curved shallow round glass out of an old wooden case, turning the bottom of the case upside-down and using it as a stand. She poured a little water into the glass, and then from a small bottle she took from the cloth bag she added a few drops of what looked to be black ink, which swirled and mixed in the water.

She held my right hand in her hands, then tilted her head. “But you’re *left* handed!” she said with a smile and a nod, and took my left hand. She closed her eyes, and her lips moved as if she was saying something.

She opened her eyes and smiled at me. Holding my left hand in her left, she raised her right hand. “Look!” she whispered, gesturing with her right hand. I looked at it and she did something, I’m not sure what, and tapped me on the forehead with her right index finger.

I couldn’t move -- it was like I was wrapped in a soft blanket, the softness enveloping body and mind both. And I wasn’t scared, either; somehow I knew I was safe, safer than I’d been the last few days.

I knew I was safe even when she reached to the bun at the back of her head with her right hand and pulled out a hat pin that must have been six inches long! She held my left hand over the glass and stuck the pin into the heel of my hand!

So weird! I felt a little pressure, but that was all. And the pin had to have been six inches long, and my hand is only about two inches thick at that part, yet the pin went in all the way and didn’t come out the other side? How?

The Lump

She pulled it out, pressing the heel of my left hand with her thumb. A few drops of blood dripped into the glass -- drops of blood, and when she pressed again, a squirt of something clear?

I looked at the contents of the glass, which were swirling, swirling more energetically than I would have expected them to.

“Nancy, we need Veronica!” she called out loud, looking into the glass, now holding both my hands, moving them to the cloth that covered the table and looking intently into the glass.

“Well... That’s not good... No, that’s not going to work! Ha!” She muttered, pausing as she looked into the swirling liquids. She smiled and nodded, “That’s better -- she’s more ... you’re drawing crowds, young man!” She looked at me with quite the smirk, but only briefly, looking down intently at the glass again. “Oh! More?” She chuckled a bit, but turned serious again. “Hmmm... Right under our noses, too... But that’s of secondary importance...”

“You called, my Lady?” another woman said.

The old woman looked up; I still couldn’t move. “Yes -- look here...”

I felt a hand on the back of my neck, a warm touch, and felt someone moving at my side. In my peripheral vision I could see another woman, a full dark-skinned woman, gazing into the glass beside me.

“Oh my!” she gasped.

“Yes, he walked by one of the wards, and it practically jumped out of the case!” the old woman told her.

“But I don’t understand,” the younger one said after a bit, “Why did it...”

The old woman chuckled, almost a cackle. “Good! Now dig out the rest! I’ll be back in a few minutes!”

With that the old woman let go of my hands and whisked the glass and its contents out of my sight.

The hand on the back of my neck slid across my shoulder and down an arm. I heard a chair moving. “Let’s find out,” the younger woman whispered softly.

I could move again, some. I looked at her. She was dark skinned, full. She was wearing a dark dress, and a shawl over her shoulders. She pulled the shawl back to reveal a very low cut bodice showing a substantial amount of her quite ample bosom.

That’s where she drew me. I went down on my knees, moving to her, moving between her legs as she drew my head to her bosom. My arms went around her waist as one of her hands found the back of my head again, drawing me closer.

The Lump

That shock again, the shock of being plunged into softness and warmth. My eyes closed and I sighed as I tried to hold on. I felt her pull the wrap around me, holding me close. I felt safe and protected, something I'd not felt for days. In that cape earlier, I'd felt trapped. But here, now, I felt safe and protected.

Later, responding to her gentle questioning, I told her what had been happening, from that first night at the mattress store through to today, the cloak shop, and the crystal flaring out in front of me. I think I remembered more. Yes, Monday night, Andrea had been singing or chanting when she held me. And she sang when she was riding me, moving in time to her song. Yes, I could remember some of the words she used, even though I didn't understand them... Thursday night, last night -- things didn't fit. It was like brushing away cobwebs.

She started singing softly, rocking me in her embrace. I let go.

The Lump

Blinking my eyes open, sitting in a folding chair. Reorienting, sitting in the rear of a booth at the Dickens Faire. Next to me was the woman who had been holding me -- Veronica? Next to her was the old woman. She was smiling, but it was a smile with an edge on it. And next to her was a younger woman, late twenties perhaps, brown hair, something twinkling at one side of her nose. Like Veronica, she had a full figure, but unlike Veronica, her skin was pale.

“What’s going on?” I asked. “Who are you?” I turned to Veronica, holding out a hand. She took it in hers, smiling, her hands warm. “Thank you for holding me. I feel much better,” I told her softly.

The old woman chuckled. “You can call me Aunt Emily,” she introduced herself. “You’ve met Veronica, and this is Kathy.”

I nodded to Veronica, then Kathy, finally to Auntie. “Veronica, Kathy, Strega Amalia,” I said with a smile.

Kathy chortled; Aunt Emily smiled and nodded. “So you didn’t just fall off a turnip truck; that’s good.” Mild laughter from the other women.

She sighed and continued. “But you have gotten yourself into somewhat of a mess, young John, which we are going to straighten out. Correct?”

“Yes, my Lady,” and nods from the others.

Emily smiled and nodded curtly. “Good! John, you and Kathy are going back to your house; Kathy will protect you. Veronica and I have work to do.” She stood up, as did the ladies.

“And what do I do?”

She looked at me, glanced to Kathy, and then looked back to me with an air of, “Did you really say that?” The ladies chortled. She smiled and told me, “Just do as Kathy tells you, dear,” patting my shoulder. She looked to Kathy again, who blushed.

I sighed and stood up.

“It won’t be that bad,” Veronica chided, generating more chuckling.

Emily left. Veronica gave me another hug, and a kiss on my forehead that felt electric. As I was regathering my wits, she left as well, leaving Kathy and me.

“What now?” I asked her.

She smiled. “You drove here?”

“Yup. Parked in one of the upper lots.”

The Lump

"I'll change, and we can get going," she replied.

She was wearing a typical Dickens Faire costume, complete with hooped skirt, and I'd guess she was wearing a corset underneath her top. She turned and picked up a cloth bag, then hiked up her long skirt partway and undid a white inner skirt with hoops in it. And all the time she was looking right at me. "There! Now I'll fit in a car! We'll do the rest later." With a few twists and flips, the hoops doubled up on themselves, turning into a surprisingly compact package, which she put in the bag. "I've got normal clothes as well," she told me.

Then she took my arm in hers and picked up her bag. "Shall we go?"

Her arm felt nice. Having her next to me felt nice. "Should we get lunch here?"

She shook her head. "No -- we need to leave."

We made it out and to my car.

"Glad I changed!" she said as I opened the passenger door of my Mini Cooper for her.

I know the streets around the Cow Palace; I'd parked in a seemingly out-of-the-way area because it was near a not-so-obvious parking lot exit that leads back to the 280 freeway, avoiding a lot of traffic.

"I'm glad you could drive," she told me, "I can't drive a stick! And you seem to know this area pretty well."

I nodded, "Used to come up here every year for the dog show, end of January, as well as this one. Where do you live? Do we need to pick up anything?"

"San Mateo near 101; I'm good through tomorrow. I imagine someone can give me a lift home tomorrow night or so."

"I'll be happy to," I told her.

"Tomorrow's going to be interesting," she muttered, nodding.

"Can you give me any clues?" I asked.

She sighed. "Not quite yet, I'm afraid, other than someone is going to be very sorry they tried to mess with you. Lady Emily was quite upset, and she is one person you do *not* want upset with you!"

I had a thought. "What I told Veronica -- were all of you listening?" My ears were getting red, I could tell.

The Lump

She put a hand on my right leg. “Yes, we were. And to answer your other questions, we are going to spend most of the evening in bed together, after we give you and your place a cleaning. And I am looking forward to it very much.” She patted my leg.

“Cleaning?” I had to ask. “Do you do floors?”

She laughed and moved her hand up to my shoulder. “No, I don’t. But we might do it *on* the floor...”

I managed to relax a bit more. “Actually, I still have a cleaning service that comes in every two weeks. They do a good job.”

“Where are we headed?” she asked.

“South bay -- South of Palo Alto and Stanford, off 280,” I told her. “If we stop and pick up a baguette, I’ve got cheese fondue we could have for dinner. How does that sound?”

She smiled. “That sounds very nice!”

I tried, directly and obliquely, to find out more, but got nowhere. I felt different. “I feel different,” I said out loud. “Like something’s been opened up. Like that feeling of going outside into fresh air after you’ve been cooped up for a long time.” I glanced to her, but she just smiled and nodded.

We made a quick stop for bread, then headed for the house.

Walking inside, the red light on the answering machine was flashing. Yeah, my Aunt again, right?

But when I pushed the button, Andrea’s voice started out, low and sultry, “Darling, I need you -- I need to hold you to my...”

I whacked the answering machine, knocking it off the desk! The power connector popped out of the back, leaving the thing hanging over the edge of the desk by the phone cord.

I was angry, at her, at me, at a lot of things.

Kathy put a hand on my shoulder, standing side to side leaning against me slightly. “That was her?” she asked quietly.

“Yes,” I replied tightly but quietly. I put the answering machine back on the desk, but didn’t bother to reconnect it. I sighed and looked at my hands -- shaking.

She rubbed my back lightly. “It’s okay -- you’re safe. I’m going upstairs to change. Slice up the bread and start our dinner? I could use a glass of wine.”

The Lump

“So could I,” I agreed with a sigh.

We turned and hugged. She was wearing a corset under her top.

“I could help,” I suggested.

She leaned back, hip against hip, and with a smirk said, “I bet you’re a *big* help...”

I nodded with a smile. “I’ve been told that in the past...”

She nodded and gave me a quick kiss on the end of the nose. “Thought so. Get started on dinner.”

“Yes dear,” I told her, then gave her a hug. I even let her go. She headed upstairs with her bag.

I washed up and started prepping dinner, which mostly involved cutting the bread into chunks. I got two packages of the fondue out of the fridge and got out the electric fondue pot (an abomination to some, but convenient as hell). I’d rub down the inside of the (Teflon-coated) pot with garlic and swish it with Kirschwasser before adding the packaged fondue.

I was just about finished slicing up the bread when I heard something from upstairs, or did I? I put down the knife and walked to the stairs, looking up and listening.

Sounded like a muffled moan to me! I headed upstairs to check.

There naked on her back on my bed was Kathy, holding the red thing to her with one hand, while her other hand seemed to be busy elsewhere!

Dinner can wait! I stripped quickly, and got on the bed. I pressed the top of the thing around her face, smothering her for a bit, and then I moved down and dived in between her legs, moving her other hand.

She was hot, wet, and tasty. Also loud and animated! After the second or third good one, she pushed the body pillow away and pulled me up on top of her. I didn’t pause at her breasts, instead moving up and sliding into her. She grabbed me as we kissed, still making noise. I guessed she was still in that euphoric but not-quite-there place, and where I was felt damn good!

Kissing, holding her, just getting a whiff of that scent and I was along for the ride, which was intense and noisy. Separating after, grabbing my t-shirt from under my pillow, we held each other, resting and recovering, I chose to recover attached to a nipple, and she didn’t mind. Oh, I pushed the red thing off the bed.

“Like to have some dinner?” I asked Kathy a while later.

The Lump

To my (pleasant) surprise, she rolled over partially on top of me, holding me to her other nipple. "I guess so," she sighed eventually.

We got up and took our turns on the loo. I offered her a robe, a plush teal robe, and I wore my old blue one.

"This is nice and snuggly," she said, putting it on.

I felt her through the plush fabric. "I agree," I told her, kissing her neck and feeling her.

Downstairs, I poured a glass of white wine for each of us.

Don't remember what we were talking about, but Kathy shook her head and remarked, "That was amazing -- I walked into your bedroom, saw that thing on your bed, and ..."

"It was on the bed?" That surprised me.

"Yeah, and I leaned close and got a whiff of it, and it was all over!"

I'd wiped the inside of the fondue pot with garlic and swirled some kirsch in it. I added the packaged fondue, putting the pot on the heating stand. "I put it in the front bedroom and closed the door. When I left the house this morning, it was *not* in my bedroom!"

The smile disappeared from her face. "You sure you locked the doors?"

I shrugged. "I had to use the key to get in the back door when we got home -- that's the door I use the most."

She shook her head. "Could she have a key? Maybe she copied one or had one made?"

My turn to shake my head. "Medeco -- restricted keyways, bevel cuts, and a deliberately difficult pattern. Lockpicking was practically a required class where I went as an undergrad."

"So?" she asked realistically.

I smiled some. "I'd still say it would take you a day to get one made." Then I had a nasty thought. I went to the hall closet and looked on the little board behind the coats. "Except that the key I put out for the cleaners every other week is gone. I'd say she has the spare key. Oh well. So much for high security locks."

She frowned more.

I shrugged. "Let's have dinner."

I made a simple mixed green salad while the fondue heated up.

The Lump

We sat at the dining room table for our dinner. I got her to talk about herself; when she mentioned she'd moved down here from the Seattle area, actually near Everett, I remembered... "Damn! That's what I didn't do, again today!"

"What's that?"

"Give my Aunt a call -- she's been calling the last few days. She's up near Everett as well."

"Oh, what's her name?"

"Miriam -- not sure of her last name anymore; might be Burke, like mine."

She changed the subject, wanting to know more about me. My parents met while attending Stanford University -- my mom's sister Miriam went there, too; she's five or six years younger than my mom was. Miriam lived with us while she was finishing her Ph.D., and then moved up North. We lived in Palo Alto near Stanford, and I guess I went to school a lot with Miriam when I was little. All my life I expected that's where I would go to college, and that's what I did.

Kathy thought it was an interesting story. After cleaning up in the kitchen, we went to the living room and I dug out an old photo album of family pictures. I stopped before I got to the pictures of my married life and my family; some of those still hurt.

"What now?" I asked the pretty young woman sitting next to me as I rubbed her back.

She smiled, curving her back and shoulders to get more attention. "Actually, there are some things I'm supposed to do, but we need to get you into a different frame of mind first..." She ran short fingernails along the inside of my left thigh. "But first," she told me, "close your eyes. ... Left handed, right?"

I kept my eyes closed. "I am left handed," I confirmed.

"Tell me if you feel anything," she said softly as she turned both my hands palms up.

I felt something touch the heel of my right hand. "Anything, right hand," I told her.

She giggled. "Good. Now..."

I nearly jumped out of my skin! My eyes flew open and I pulled my left hand back, yelping, expecting to see something large and sharp sticking in it! But Kathy was sitting there smiling, holding something in *her* left hand.

"I thought so," she said with a grin. "Relax -- that's all done. Close your eyes for a moment. No more, I promise, and we'll go upstairs. That will be far nicer..."

The Lump

I took a breath, rubbing my hands. That had been intense! “Okay,” I told her, and closed my eyes.

After a few moments I felt her hands holding mine, and then a soft warm kiss on my forehead that spread warmth all through me. “Upstairs,” she whispered.

We went upstairs... After doing my nightly routine, she had me lay down on the bed, still in my robe. Snuggling up together, my head between her breasts, she held me and rocked me as she sang softly.

I was half asleep in her arms. I think we talked more about growing up, and Aunt Miriam. She taught me a song, and some other things.

I was half asleep, drifting peacefully when she opened my robe, still singing or chanting. But I opened my eyes when I felt a tingling running over my skin.

Kathy was kneeling on the bed to my side, waving some kind of branch over me as she chanted. She put a hand on my forehead and I faded again.

I woke with a gasp to her straddling me and running her hands up my thighs and groin. I moaned as she ran fingers across my groin, cock, and balls as she chanted, pausing to breathe heavily on my cock. When I didn't think I could get any harder, she kept going, chanting, stroking. But this time as she paused, she took me in her mouth. I arched my back, so good -- but suddenly cold as I was waving in the air again, but not for long as she moved up and started easing me into her.

“Look in my eyes!” she commanded. “Hold my hips!”

As she rocked on top of me, she started chanting again. I caught on quick, learning I was supposed to repeat things every so often. And where before her chanting wiped me out, now it was making everything more focused and intense. Every breath, every sensation, every stroke sliding in and out of her, so intense.

I was getting close; I could feel it. And from the way she was moving, I hoped she was as well.

She grabbed my head with both hands, moving her face closer to mine, her eyes becoming all I could see. Her hips moved slowly, strongly, moving me around inside her, oh so close now... She said something, did something, and coming was like lightning going through me from one end to the other. I could see the tremendous smile on her face as her hips moved more gently, encouraging me as I tried to push into her deeper, to fill her more.

We kissed, holding each other, relaxing and unwinding. I tingled from one end to the other. She sat up on me, rocking gently, and I felt so good, she felt so good, so deep inside her.

She moved off me with a big sigh and cleaned both of us up.

The Lump

“Get up,” she whispered, pulling on my arm.

“Come back to bed,” I whispered, pulling on her.

She chuckled. “Get up -- just for a bit.”

I sighed and swing my legs over to the floor and got up. I reached for her, but she took a few steps back. I moved after her.

“Stop,” she said. “Close your eyes and stand up on your toes, arms out; yes, like that, now close your eyes.”

I balanced on my toes, arms out, and closed my eyes. I heard her voice again, heard her moving around me. Now I felt a glowing sensation, glowing from head to toe.

The glowing sensation faded, and I noticed she was quiet. I was about to open my eyes when my arms were full of a soft, warm woman. We hugged and kissed. “Let’s go to bed,” she whispered.

We crawled in between the sheets. I held her close, and soon fell asleep. Or did I? We were in an outdoor clearing under a full moon. She taught me a chant. She drilled me on it -- it was the most important thing I would ever learn. I practiced with her. Funny, even though we were naked in the moonlight, we stayed warm.

The Lump

Waking in the morning, holding her, snuggling up close and getting amorous.

“Go to the bathroom and come back,” she told me.

I can do this. But as I got back into bed, she got up!

“Oh, don’t pout! I’ll be right back,” she chided with a smile.

I relaxed on my back, taking up most of the bed, letting my eyes close. Still early.

She flipped the bedcovers back, moving closer, running a hand over me, so tantalizing.

“Close your eyes and let me take care of you,” she whispered.

Certainly sounded like a good idea to me!

So good, not knowing where she would touch me next... Then the touch of something familiar -- I gasped and opened my eyes as the red thing descended on me!

I heard Kathy say, “Enjoy...” as I was engulfed in it, with what must have been her weight on top of the pillow. I let it take me, filling myself hungrily, getting even harder and so dizzy.

Only to have it pulled away, to be replaced by a warm, soft body, sliding together.

She was chanting again, holding me to a nipple, rocking so nicely...

Oh, I remember -- I’m supposed to be chanting too! We practiced this. The first part I do to myself, quietly...

Still dizzy, still spaced out and feeling so good, chanting to myself, and that makes things clearer, stronger. I like it. Easier to remember and do what I’m supposed to do.

She chanted and rocked, holding me. I chanted to myself, and held her hips. It was like I was getting harder and bigger inside her, feeling it more. Interesting -- some times the words we were saying were the same. Some times they were different by a little, and some times different by a lot.

There was a point where she paused, went quiet, and I continued chanting to myself, in time with our motion. I could tell we were getting close. We were getting close but I knew I couldn’t come until a specific point; I had to hold out.

Everything felt so good! I held her hips, thrusting to meet her, enjoying the noises she was making, wanting to help her along, to increase her pleasure. Moving a bit, moving my legs, oh that helped, I could feel the difference, and hear the difference in the noise she made.

The Lump

As I heard and felt her coming around me, I chanted at first softly, increasing in volume as I got to the edge, pulling us together and coming with the last words of my chant.

She shrieked and all but collapsed atop me. I felt stronger than ever, holding her, pulling us closer and filling her. I was glowing, feeling strong, feeling so good, repeating that final phrase. I held her and kissed her, rolling us to the side and grabbing my t-shirt to tuck between her legs as we parted. She grabbed me and held on, her head at my shoulder.

Snoozing and snuggling together afterwards is the best part... When we woke again, we showered together. It was amazing how she looked at me, the smile on her face. She was so happy, even if it was washing us in the shower or drying us afterwards. It took us a while to get dressed, as we got distracted kissing and rolling around on the bed.

But we got dressed, carefully relegating the red thing to the closet once more.

Downstairs, she insisted on fixing breakfast; lucky I had things in the fridge! She let me help by making toast, but she did bacon and eggs for us. After we ate, she insisted on cleaning up, running me out of the kitchen!

But afterwards we sat together in the living room, just holding each other, her head on my shoulder. I wandered one hand over her back, rubbing gently.

I was coming out of the half-bath downstairs when I heard the doorbell. Kathy answered the door, opening it with me still about fifteen feet away.

Emily, Veronica, and Rachel! Rachel had been crying!

Emily looked imperious, in command, with Veronica her adjutant.

Kathy greeted her with, "Good morning My Lady."

Emily was smiling, but as she looked at us she frowned. She turned on the smile again and gestured to me.

There was something about her gesture, the way she reached for me. I did something, brushing it off with my left hand, as I took a step back away from her. Rachel rushed to my side. I held her to me.

Emily turned to Kathy; turned *on* Kathy was more like it. "Insolent child! What did you do?" she demanded angrily. Emily looked to Veronica and pointed to me.

Veronica took a step towards Kathy and me, and as she did, Kathy stepped away from me, between us, balling her fists at her sides and taking on a defiant look. Rachel did the same, stepping to my side!

The Lump

And into the open front door behind them all stepped my Aunt Miriam, accompanied by more women!

As Veronica approached Kathy, Rachel, and me, she raised her right hand. I didn't like that one bit, and did something with my left hand, I'm not sure what, other than it was defensive, blocking, and didn't work too well -- suddenly I was dizzy and light-headed.

Aunt Miriam from the back shouted, "Stop!" raising her left hand, which held a stick.

My dizzy light headed feeling vanished!

Kathy gasped as she saw Miriam and said, "Lady Miriam!"

Emily turned and took a step back, saying, "Miriam!"

Aunt Miriam smiled coldly, shaking her head as she intoned, "I thought better of you, Emily," pointing the stick at her menacingly.

The Lump

I turned and bolted out the back door, out the back gate, into my car, and was two blocks away before I bothered with the seatbelt! What a party! Glad I was missing it!

But I was on autopilot -- where was I going? I didn't know where I was going, or should go. I headed down highway 9 towards Saratoga. I had a funny feeling -- another mile or so, turn left at the light, two blocks, left, *that* house.

Getting out of the car, I was still feeling weird, disoriented, like that first time I'd pulled in to the mattress place -- that's it, *pulled in* -- that was the feeling -- I was being *pulled in*!

I rang the doorbell and Andrea answered! She was wearing a pale pink satin robe. The perfume that had affected me so much over the last week reached out for me once more.

"Darling! I was worried you wouldn't come!" she purred, taking me by the arm and pulling me into the house, into her arms.

Closing the door she hugged me close, engulfing me in her perfume. I pulled her closer, inhaling deeply at her neck. She wasn't wearing anything under the robe. She turned us, pressing me against the wall at the bottom of the stairs.

"Oh that's good, darling," she growled, moving a hand to the back of my head and holding me gently. But she pulled away, leading me up the stairs. "More when we get upstairs, darling -- come with me."

Up the stairs and into a very feminine bedroom, standing by the side of her bed, holding her once more, inhaling her deeply, holding and kissing.

I was dizzy and had trouble standing; she leaned me back against her bed, then pulled off my polo shirt. I managed to slip out of my shoes without falling over. She peeled off my pants and boxers, and as I stepped out of them, I collapsed against her as she ran a hand up my groin.

With a laugh she toppled us back on to the bed, me on my back, and her on top where I wanted her, so warm, so soft. She reached for something on the nightstand, and I felt a sharp poke on the heel of my right hand. Looking up, she was holding a thin rod, maybe three inches long, with what looked to be a very thin and short needle at the end.

"Sorry about that, darling -- a bit of insurance," she said, leaning back down to kiss me.

I had a flash of almost nausea and something like a chill, with my arms and legs going weak -- that sting? -- she doesn't know I'm left handed! What would it have done there?

She sat up on me. I was so hard, and wanted her so much!

She leaned forward, hands on my shoulders, moving her shoulders so I could see her breasts moving under her smooth satin robe. "Oh darling, I'm so glad you're here. And I'm so

The Lump

glad you enjoyed my gift the last few days! I thought you would! But now, we've a choice -- I would have dropped both off tomorrow if you'd not stopped by today... Let me show you..."

She held up a satin pillow in the shape of pursed red lips. "So soft, so full, so luscious," she said, lowering it gently to my face, pressing just enough to entice me and make me moan.

"Oh I'm so glad you like that, darling... But I think *this* is the one for you -- it has so many possibilities!" She picked up a larger red heart-shaped pillow, maybe a foot and a half across and a few inches thick. The edge looked to be satin, and the heart-shaped side she was showing me was the same red plush as the tormenter at my house. She moved to sitting next to me. "Doesn't this look inviting? And just for you..." She put the cleft at the top of the heart by my rock-hard cock, and slowly slid it on to me, sliding me *into* the heart, making me moan even more! She pushed it on to me further, sliding me into softness. "Oh, that is good, isn't it? Perhaps a bit *too* good, and I want all of you, every last drop. So..."

She pulled it away, oh so slowly. "But think of the times when I'm not there, thinking of me as you pick this up.... The part I think you'll really like..." She turned it over. The side of the heart I'd seen was red fake fur. The other side had a pair of very full red satin breasts, with pink areolas and darker red nipples. I sighed and shivered at the sight.

She sat astride me once more. "I'm glad you like it, darling, because that's how we're going to start; just for you." She held the pillow to her chest and leaned forward, moving a hand under my head and lining up a satin nipple with my mouth.

I moaned, wanting it so much, wanting to be drowned in it, but she held it there, barely touching me.

"I know, darling; I know. I want you to want me. Do you want me, darling?"

I tried to move and she pressed down into me, giving me what I wanted.

Filled with that scent again, and with the tightness of a nipple, I was soon dizzy and lost.

She turned it over and pressed my face into the fur, moving the pillow around. She was saying something, but I couldn't tell what.

The pillow disappeared, replaced by her breast. I suckled hungrily, greedily. She squeezed me and told me to be gentle.

Drifting in her, so hot, so hard, so dizzy -- she slid us together and let her weight rest on me, holding me.

She started chanting.

Like a spark touching the top of my head, that woke something in me -- I'd done this! I started my chanting as well, holding her as best I could.

The Lump

As we chanted, I could feel things changing, as they had with Kathy. My head cleared. Sensations became more focused and more intense.

She paused every so often, pressing into me, oh so good. I kept up my internal chanting, repeating certain parts. It went on and on, much longer than with Kathy. Her chanting was slightly different from what I'd practiced and done with Kathy -- little differences, but the overall pattern was the same.

It was like there was pressure building, pressure building inside me, and tension between us. I kept at it, repeating things, matching her. Pressure and tension -- tension and pressure -- she was trying to force something, to take something from me.

This was a battle! This was a battle I *had* to win! But how? Realizing it was a battle took me further away from coming -- I knew I would come eventually, but it had to be when *I* wanted to. Focus on chanting, on movement, on her.

She pressed that pillow into me again, smothering me between those silky satin breasts!

So good, filling me again, but I tried, I tried to keep going, keep up my chanting, keep going, keep going. So dizzy and lost as the pillow disappeared and her nipple replaced it, but easier to hear her, and that helped my chanting.

The dizziness helped -- it wasn't that I lost my focus, it's more that it broadened to take in more.

Things were clearer; my head was clearer, feeling myself inside her I felt harder and I could feel her better. Her nipple tightened in my mouth, and I could feel her breathing and motion change.

I shifted my chanting to match, moving my lips, enjoying her nipple.

"Oh God," she moaned, breaking her chant. I kept up with mine. She chanted a bit more, louder, with more energy, and I felt the change, like being enveloped in sex and softness, oh so good, but I countered with my own chanting, pressing into her, giving her pleasure -- that was the key, give! Give her pleasure! I sucked on her nipple as I moved my legs and hips to make it better. I moved a hand to her other nipple, caressing it as it tightened, rolling it in my fingers.

She moaned, holding me, and as I sucked in time to her rocking and my thrusting, I chanted, louder and louder at least in my mind, doing what I could to increase her pleasure.

She stuttered, her chanting pausing, then turning into panting and moans.

The Lump

She moaned out, “Oh yes!” and moved her hips differently atop me. I felt her whole body tremble as she started coming. Keeping her nipple in my mouth, I was all but shouting the final part of my chant in my mind as I let it happen, let my own orgasm approach.

She was moaning, trembling, coming all around me. She pulled her nipple away, sitting up, and I moved both hands to her nipples as I thrust those final strokes, chanting the last few words out loud.

And as I said those last words, sending her further over the edge, I felt that glow again, so much stronger. I was strong, pleasuring her nipples, pushing my hips, pressing deeper into her as I came. I did something, getting her to rock her hips in a particular way, oh so good, coaxing that last bit from me, coaxing those last few moans from her.

She collapsed on top of me. I moved her to the side, her hips still atop me.

“Hold me,” I told her. Her hand behind my head moved me to a nipple again.

Drifting, almost asleep. So different than with Kathy.

Holding Andrea, pulling her closer. She held me more, gently. Her touch was so different from earlier. I didn’t understand, but I knew it was different now.

I was more awake. I sensed she was, as well.

She held me and kissed my head. “What is your wish, my Lord?” she whispered.

Even though I accepted what she said, it startled me. More understanding -- the same with Kathy. That’s what we’d done. That’s what the battle had been -- a battle for what, dominance? Ownership?

No, this felt different; more like dominion or fealty. But what Andrea had been attempting? Different from Kathy, or what I had done; more visceral somehow.

“Clean us up, please,” I whispered.

She kissed me on the head again, then moved away. I stayed on my back, eyes closed.

I heard water running in the bathroom for a moment. The bed moved; I felt a warm washcloth, then a towel. She kissed my cock, and my navel, then moved away again.

I sat up, moving to the edge of the bed. I saw the heart and lips pillows.

When Andrea came back from the bathroom she was wearing her satin robe again. She gave me such a pained look, approaching, going down on her knees in front of me, putting her hands on my thighs, her head down.

The Lump

I put a hand on her, drawing her closer. She rested her head on my left thigh, her arms more or less around my waist, her breasts between my legs.

“You’ve been naughty, Andrea,” I chided softly, a hand rubbing her back lightly.

“Yes, my Lord. I’m sorry.” She looked up at me, her face filled with contrition.

“You need to return my key.”

She started to get up, to pull away. I held her where she was. “In a while. You did naughty things to me, Andrea.”

She nodded, head on my leg again. She kissed my leg and asked, “May I undo those, my Lord?”

I rubbed her back. “Yes, you may.”

She actually sniffled! She moved, looking up at me from between my legs. “Did I give you pleasure, my Lord?” she asked with a smile.

I looked down at her firmly. “You gave me pleasure, Andrea, but even that pleasure -- was it well intentioned?”

Her smile faded. “No, my Lord,” she sighed dejectedly, looking down, avoiding eye contact. Then she looked at me again, with such pleading in her eyes. “Let me undo what I have done, my Lord. Let me make it up to you. Please.”

I smiled a little. “Undo the damage you have done -- and teach me. I want to know what you did, and how.”

She frowned for a moment, then smiled. “Yes, my Lord!”

She moved closer, arms around my waist, looking up at me, smiling. And pressing her breasts around my cock and balls, moving, squeezing.

I sighed, resting my hands on her shoulders.

“Enjoy, my Lord,” she whispered.

So weird, so dichotomous, looking into her eyes as she teased me, pressing into me, all the time explaining what she’d done. It had started with her wanting a new lover. She’d met Rachel a while earlier, and decided to show Rachel how to Summon, and in the process catch Rachel and use her for a while as well. She showed Rachel how to do a Summoning, but in a way leaving Rachel vulnerable to her. They were surprised when I showed up so promptly, but a little disappointed in my age. In the back room, she began my enchantment, catching Rachel as well. Holding me and enchanting me had been a lot of fun, taking me that first time.

The Lump

All this time she was sliding my cock between her breasts, pausing occasionally to take my tip between her lips as it pressed out from between her luscious mounds. She moved away from me, a dazed look on her face. I looked at her longingly, almost panting.

She stood, quickly pulling me to my feet, and just as quickly she was on her back on the bed, her bottom at the edge, legs up and open. "Take me, my Lord!"

I didn't need a second invitation! I slid into her, my arms holding on to her legs, pressing into her bottom.

Her bed was high enough that all I needed to do was spread my legs and I was at the perfect height to plow her. I held her legs, pushing into her, enjoying her so much.

She said something -- a few words from that chant. Something in me responded; I pulled out of her, rolled her to her stomach as she gasped, and plunged back in. Hands on her hips, looking at her bottom, feeling her bottom, I started my chant again, out loud.

Surprisingly, she reached for the satin lips pillow, burying her face in it as I pounded into her. I chanted as I enjoyed her bottom, going to the last part of the chant, thrusting and shouting as I did, drowning out her ecstatic cries, riding her bottom, holding on to her, the glow around me building into glowing heat surrounding me as I chanted.

As I got to the edge I slowed down, moving around, moving to make it better, enjoying riding her bottom. So good, so close -- and when I came, the heat that had built up around me collapsed in a spark, like a shock wave that ran through my body from my extremities out through my cock. I held her waist, pushing into her, filling her, and collapsing on top of her, feeling both our hearts pounding, leaving me once more tingling, glowing, full of energy.

When I was with it again, I was on my back being held. Can't get enough of that!

We got up and got dressed. Andrea was bubbling over, so happy now. She cleaned me up and dressed me, pausing to tease, tantalize, or just hold me. As she dressed herself, she paused as she put on her bra to hold me briefly to each side. So happy and bubbly, asking what top she should wear, which one excited me more.

So happy and bubbly until I asked for my key.

She hurried off, returning quickly, and handed it to me with a very sad look. "Does this mean you're leaving?"

I nodded. "I need to get home."

She pulled open her blouse, slipped off a bra cup, and held me to a nipple. "This is your home, whenever you want."

The Lump

“We’ll get together again in a few days,” I whispered, resting my head between her breasts and kissing her before I stood up and took a step back.

She ran off again, returning with a business card. She’d added home and cell numbers to it. “Call me any time, and I’ll be there,” she told me.

I took the card, then held and kissed her again.

The Lump

Driving back to my house, what a trip! I knew a lot more, but I also knew I didn't know an awful lot.

She tried to *bind* me. I knew, I felt, if she'd been successful, I would have been emotionally and sexually tied to her, helpless without her. I also knew she would have gotten tired of me after a while, and there's no way she could cut me loose without inflicting major damage, emotionally and psychologically. And she'd done this to others before! Not nice!

But now, she was tied to me. Not *bound* as she'd tried to do to me, but more like dominion or fealty. She still had her independence to a great extent.

As did Kathy.

Kathy -- what a trip! She taught me, trained me, and at dawn *tested* me -- and I'd passed the test, tying her to me! She knew the possible outcomes, she had to! It would end with one of us tied to the other -- it had to!

At the bottom of it all -- I was a witch! Untrained and unawakened, at least until now. That added so much to what had happened. Andrea's plans derailed by my latent talents, and the fact that I was left handed; some things have to be done differently with left handed people, left handed witches! Jabbing my right hand earlier, all but paralyzing me for a while -- that would have left me helpless if she'd poked my left hand. I'd be bound to her now!

How did Kathy know? Did Emily know? I wasn't sure. Loose ends, major loose ends! Aunt Miriam? I smiled, remembering events from earlier this morning. Hell, from last night! Miriam knew, somehow. Those puzzle pieces and more fell into place. I damn near drove off the road when a bunch of things fell into place. What would have been a wild assumption a week ago now seemed a certainty.

I laughed out loud. But what the hell awaits in my house? Will I need to get the carpets cleaned? How is Coit with blood? Does 1-800-got-junk take bodies? I laughed some more.

Pulling up to the house, the absence of emergency vehicles and crime scene tape was reassuring to a certain degree... Then again, maybe I was just early...

I backed into the driveway, just in case I needed to make another quick getaway. My trip this morning had been guided by Andrea, her hooks taking over in a moment of confusion.

More than confusion -- Veronica had attacked me. I tried to deflect, to defend, and failed. Until Miriam appeared, I was going down. Miriam's appearance gave me the opportunity to escape -- to Andrea's arms. Some escape!

I stuck my head cautiously in the back door. Sounds of polite conversation; a good sign. Smells of cooking in the kitchen, too. Walking in, passing by the kitchen, the two younger ones with Miriam were there. Twins? They smiled at me as I went past.

The Lump

The rest of the ladies were sitting in the living room drinking tea! A damn hen party! A lot better than returning to bodies and blood-spattered walls!

Emily and Miriam were sitting together on the loveseat. Conversation stopped as I entered the room. Standing at the foot of the stairs, I nodded toward the two elders. "Aunt Emily," I said politely, then going with my gut, added, "Mother."

Oh the expression on Miriam's face! Smiling, moist eyes; she put down her teacup and came to me quickly. We hugged.

Separating from her, I went to Kathy and Rachel, who were sitting on the piano bench. I held both of them at the same time. To Kathy I whispered, "Thank you," and to Rachel I whispered, "Are you all right?" They both held me.

The three of us displaced Veronica and the other one who had been with Emily, sitting on the couch.

"The other young woman?" inquired Emily.

"Andrea?" I replied. "You may wish to speak with her later, but I believe everything is under control for the moment, all according to Kathy's plan." I held Kathy's hand in one of mine, and one of Rachel's in my other.

Emily frowned briefly, giving me a cross look. "We should speak with her."

"Would you like me to invite her over?"

Emily looked to Miriam, and to Veronica. Miriam nodded slightly.

"Yes, please," Emily told me.

I pulled out my iPhone, and the card Andrea had given me. M.D. and Ph.D. -- interesting. I called her home number.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Andrea?"

"Yes, My Lord!" she gasped.

I thought about what I was going to say. "Please get dressed and come to my house. Please drive safely."

"Yes, My Lord! Right away!"

The Lump

“Andrea, I want you to be careful, and drive safely!”

“I will, My Lord!”

I hung up my phone, pocketing it again, a little exasperated. Going to have to work on things with her. “She’s on her way,” I told Emily.

Miriam looked at me, such a complex look. “When did you know? How?”

I stood up, sighing. “I’m not sure; some time today. Left-handed and blue eyes confirmed it. Be right back.” I have blue eyes, and so does she. Her sister’s eyes were brown. And seeing her in the doorway, that wand in her left hand. Her sister and her husband had both been right-handed.

I needed a can of Mountain Dew from the fridge. Smelled like quite a meal being put together! The oven was going, both sinks in use, pots on the stove.

Both young ladies -- twins? -- turned and looked at me, smiling.

I looked at them -- and was suddenly *very* dizzy.

Next thing I know I was on the floor in the living room, Veronica looking at me from one side, with Kathy and Rachel on the other side.

“Don’t get up,” Veronica told me. “How are you feeling?”

“Like I fell down the rabbit hole,” I told her. I closed my eyes for a moment, but opened them quickly. “Sunday afternoon, in my living room, and I’m still not sure just who called this party, or why.”

Veronica nodded, smiling. “Here times four. I’m a medical doctor, by the way. Feel like sitting up?”

“Yes,” I told them.

They moved me to leaning back against the couch. The rest of the crowd was nowhere to be seen.

“Do you have any idea what caused you to collapse?”

I sighed. “I wanted a can of Dew from the fridge -- I still do,” I added loudly. Then looking at Veronica I replied, “The twins? I don’t know how, but I know -- they’re mine?”

Veronica nodded, smiling. She looked up.

I looked up to one of them leaning down with a can of Dew.

The Lump

"I'm Kristen," she said. "Lisa is still in the kitchen. It's wonderful to meet you at last." With that she stood up and went back to the kitchen.

Kathy opened the can for me. I took a sip. "I think I need to sit quietly for a while as someone tells me stories." I looked to Kathy and Rachel. "And I need both of you very, very close to me. Please."

That seemed the right thing to say. They sat very close on either side of me.

Miriam sat on the floor in front of us. "What have you figured out so far?" she asked.

I sighed. "All of us are ... witches, for lack of a better term. I'm one as well, untrained. Kathy saved my life, but in the process..." I turned to her. "What do I do to release you?" I whispered, holding her hands.

She smiled, tears in her eyes. "First you have to convince me I want to be released," and kissed my hands.

I sighed again and looked back to Miriam. "What about ... mom and dad? Your sister Michelle, and Tom?" The two that raised me as mother and father. Her sister had been seven years older.

Miriam nodded. "Correct so far. Witch is an okay term; a lot better than others. With males, we're never sure if or when their talent will awaken. With girls, it awakens at puberty, like it or not. My father, your grandfather Benjamin, was a very good and very powerful witch. He passed it to me, but not to my sister. When I started Stanford, I met a man, an awakened, powerful witch, and got gloriously pregnant. He was visiting faculty -- his school ran him out on a rail, I'm afraid. I was already living with Tom and Michelle; they agreed to adopt you when you were born. I lived with them until I finished at Stanford, then moved up North."

"I took you to school with me a lot, and walked you to school when you started," she added with quite the smile.

I remembered another time... "I don't know how old I was -- three or four? You'd taken me with you to Stanford, and I wanted a drink of water. I wandered out of the room we were in, and I got lost. I went through some doors, but got to a place where I couldn't open them anymore, not even to get back. Finally I sat down in front of the glass in one door leading outside. I couldn't open it. People would walk by and I'd wave to them, and they'd wave back, but they didn't help! I don't know how long it was, and you found me."

She smiled, tears on her face, nodding. "It wasn't long, and I was so afraid..."

I held her hands. "I remember what you told me -- wherever I was, you could find me, because wherever I was, you could hear me laugh, and you could hear me cry." I whispered the last part, in tears myself.

The Lump

After more hugs and drying of faces, Miriam continued. "That's right -- it's a very special bond. That's why I knew Monday night that *something* was happening, growing through the week. Feeling it grow, not hearing from you, I *had* to come down, ready for anything."

I nodded. "With them? They're my daughters?" I was choked up again; my family had died years ago.

She nodded, smiling more. "I knew from the moment you were born, that you had the talent. The genetics are complicated. Do you remember Whistler, winter break, years ago?"

I sat back. "Do I!"

Kathy shook me a bit. Rachel demanded, "Tell us!"

I smiled, shaking my head. "Junior year at Stanford? Got an invitation to go to Whistler, the ski resort, on winter break. I went -- the resort lost my reservation but I ran into a beautiful woman and we spent the next six days in bed! I don't even remember her name!"

Miriam laughed. "Her name is Doris, and she'd love to see you again. She's a good friend, and was already a very strong witch back then. I left her in charge and brought her daughters."

I shook my head. "Why, other than shock value?"

Miriam looked at me. "What would they do to protect their father?" she asked softly.

Anything... I turned to Kathy. "What did *you* do to protect me?"

She beamed. "I did something very, very selfish."

Miriam nodded. "As you took off running, and Emily and I were on the verge of a battle which would have leveled this house and a few of the neighbors, Kathy picked up your old photo album and showed Emily a picture of me holding you."

I hugged Kathy a bit more. "I figured you knew each other."

Miriam nodded. "My early training was with Emily. Walking in here, seeing her again, seeing Veronica attempting to take you, I initially assumed... But thanks to Kathy..."

"Yes," Kathy said. "I was trained in the Everett coven, studying with Lady Miriam, and then moved down here to learn from Lady Emily. We move people around like that a lot. The first time you said Lady Miriam's name last night, I almost wet myself! Suddenly so many things made sense! And they didn't have a clue!"

The Lump

“Neither did I -- but I don’t understand -- why didn’t they have a clue? Emily and friends, let alone Andrea?”

Miriam shook her head. “Males are just so rare! The only way to be sure they have the talent is to try and ... awaken them, and even then, it might not work. Certainly didn’t for you in Whistler!”

My turn to shake my head. “So it was just the right time? I certainly felt something different, Monday, Tuesday, and later in the week.”

Kathy gave me a squeeze. “Partially the enchantments Andrea used -- those stirred the pot. And she didn’t figure you were left handed; I’m betting she’s a solo, self-taught, and doesn’t know the difference.”

“She stuck something in my right hand earlier today, the heel of my right hand -- I had the feeling if she’d done my left hand, I would have been so screwed.”

From the look on Miriam’s face as she nodded, I guessed I was right on that. “I protected you from the beginning, before you were even born -- very strong and very basic.”

Kathy smiled. “That’s what I felt! That’s so cool! It’s like it’s part of him!”

Miriam smiled. “It is -- you’ll learn more about that.”

“What happened to me Friday night, Saturday? It was like I was walking around with a big ‘Grab me’ sign or something, drawing them to me.”

Rachel sighed. I held her a little closer.

Miriam chuckled. “Good intentions -- Rachel, Friday night... Do you want to explain, dear? Can you?”

Rachel sighed again, giving me a half-smile. “I’m another of those solo, untrained ones; everything I’ve learned has been on my own, or from Andrea in the last few months. I think we all go through those periods, thinking we’re the only one... I was supposed to wake you Monday night, the fun way ... but that didn’t work out. When I got you Friday, I tried, I wanted you so much, but something blocked me, so I tried to undo some of the things that were in the way, that I thought Andrea had done, but... I guess I messed those up, too.”

Miriam smiled and shook her head. “And if you hadn’t, I’m not sure so many things would have gotten resolved. Kathy, dear?”

Kathy nodded. “Yesterday, once I figured out what and who you were, all sorts of things fell into place! Friday night Rachel ran into not only Andrea’s enchantments, but also some of Lady Miriam’s, your mother’s, protection. Andrea increased your sexuality, your drive, and your desirability, at the same time shielding those, holding them for herself, and for Rachel.

The Lump

Rachel undid some of what protected you and hid your desirability, so you were indeed wandering about wearing a big sign! Do you know if Andrea had ulterior motives?"

"Toward Rachel as well? Yes, she did," I told them. Rachel sat back a bit, surprised. I pulled her closer. "The first time I saw you," I whispered warmly in her ear. "And the way you were dressed Friday..." I kissed the side of her neck gently, breathing her in, holding her. She responded with a soft, moist sigh.

Miriam cleared her throat noisily.

I looked up, questioning.

Her frown turned to a smirk. "And *you* are going to have to learn -- you have to be careful, or you're going to have women throwing themselves at you!"

Shadow on the walkway outside -- "Andrea is here," I said, but Veronica was already walking to the door, and opened it before Andrea had a chance to ring the bell.

"Come in, dear, we've been expecting you," Veronica said warmly.

Andrea saw me and rushed closer, pulling up a few feet short. She looked at the others with a confused frown.

I pointed to the floor between Kathy and Miriam. "Please sit down," I suggested.

She sat, quickly and quietly.

I motioned to Miriam. "This is my mother, Lady Miriam."

Miriam smiled; not an imperious smile, but a warm smile. "Welcome to the family, dear."

Andrea looked shocked.

"This is Kathy, also part of the family. And I hope Rachel will join us. I believe you owe Rachel an apology..." I held the ladies on either side of me.

Andrea sighed and nodded. "Rachel, please forgive me. Oh, I'm sorry for the mess I've made."

Emily walked into the room, frowning a bit, hands on her hips.

"Andrea, this is Lady Emily."

Andrea took a breath. "I'm sorry, My Lady."

The Lump

Emily shook her head slowly. “You have a great deal to learn, young woman.” She looked up and turned back to the kitchen, poking her head in and announcing, “Set the table for one more, please.” She walked back to the other side of the house, the family room, I guess.

Miriam extended a hand to Andrea and told her quietly, “That was an offer to teach you! All you need do is ask.”

Such a complex look on Andrea’s face! I didn’t know if she was going to cry, or what. “But what about...” Andrea took one of my hands, looking at me, then back to Miriam.

Miriam smiled, a warm smile once again. “Dear, there is nothing that I can, or would do about that -- it is entirely between the two of you.”

Andrea looked at me, cautiously optimistic?

Veronica walked in, accompanied by the other woman who’d been with Miriam. “Andrea, we’d like to speak with you for a bit?”

Andrea nodded, and with a look of mild panic to me, got to her feet.

“We’ll be in the front bedroom,” the other woman said.

“Oh forgive me -- John, this is Carol, without whom I’d be lost,” Miriam announced.

Carol smiled. “Thank you, My Lady.”

“I’m bewildered, mystified, and pleased to meet you,” I told her.

That caused the laughter I hoped for.

The three of them headed up the stairs.

I sat back, pulling Rachel and Kathy closer, looking to Miriam. “Short term, what’s in store for me? I mean besides dinner.”

Miriam frowned and shook her head. “Are you trying to start another battle? You need to be trained, quickly and thoroughly, for your own protection as well as ours! You have one superbly trained witch attached to you already, and a madwand. You should take the other madwand as soon as possible, tonight at the latest.”

I looked at Rachel. She beamed and kissed me.

When I looked back to Miriam, she laughed! “Yes, that’s exactly what I meant! And then the rioting starts! Three madwands to train! All at once, and all with strong talent! Kathy, for all her skill, can’t train you or Rachel, because she’s too close. I’m certain Lady Emily and I will discuss the matter at length, but what makes the most sense to me is for the three of you to

The Lump

come North, with Lady Emily taking Andrea under her wing down here. Two weeks and then re-evaluate.”

Emily spoke up, standing by the bottom of the stairs. She was smiling a little as she leaned on the railing. “I’ll agree with you on the initial training, but then we should switch them, or perhaps send them to Lady Julia for...”

“No!” I interrupted suddenly, feeling cold and scared. I held Rachel and Kathy closer.

“What is it?” Kathy asked. “You’re all goosebumps!”

Miriam and Emily came closer, touching me, looking concerned.

“Tell me,” Miriam whispered.

“I’m scared -- something about feathers, choking in old moldy feathers. I can’t go there, wherever it is.”

Emily and Miriam exchanged glances, serious ones. They did something -- that feeling of feathers, choking in old feathers got stronger, and I wanted to run. No! Face it! A sudden flash of warmth ending with a snap and it was gone. I wasn’t as scared, but I still felt cold.

“What was *that*?” I asked.

More looks exchanged between Emily and Miriam. “A measure of your talent,” Emily said darkly. She was still frowning.

“You’re leaving Thursday morning at the latest,” Emily told me, then looked to Miriam, who shook her head and with a firm look replied, “Tuesday. He’s run into at least six others -- the one Friday night that we know of.”

“But they can’t know,” Emily challenged. “*We* didn’t know until today.”

“I’m not willing to risk him,” Miriam said. She looked to me and grilled me. “Friday night at the coffee shop -- one was taking you when suddenly someone whistled really loud? And Saturday, you were being taken in the cloak shop when someone sounded a very loud horn nearby? Correct?”

I nodded. “Yes, and?”

Miriam looked to Emily with a raised eyebrow and a frown. “Coincidence? A protector?” She looked to me. “How soon can you leave?”

Emily frowned more. I had the feeling it was one of the things she was very good at!

The Lump

I thought for a moment. Didn't take much longer than that. One full week before Christmas; a lot of people were taking it off, and we were shut down Christmas week, and the first two days of the following week, with most folks blowing off the remainder. It would be good to get away from the house; way too many ghosts around here on the holidays. I pulled out my phone and had it dial my boss at work. Voicemail, as expected. "Ralph, this is John. It is Sunday, December 16. I've retired. Maybe I'm only on vacation until January 7, but I've probably retired. I'll see you in January and drop off kites."

"You're scaring me," I told them as I put my phone back into my pocket.

"Good! You've thrown quite a scare into us!" Emily replied, sitting on the floor. "I'm getting too damn old for this," she grumbled.

I looked up and took a breath. I let that goosebumps feeling flow over me again. "Surrounded by trees -- I'm safe there," I said, looking up through the ceiling. Curious... "Trees and frogs?"

Kathy gave me a big hug, grinning from ear to ear. Miriam was smiling. Emily nodded and started to get up. Kathy sprung to her feet and helped.

But as she helped Emily, Emily wagged a long bony finger and warned her, "Young lady, you will not let that young man out of your sight for a second! I want to see skin contact! At least!" She gave an almighty sigh, looking up momentarily, then at Miriam. "Now you've got me doing it! I'd be happier with a trained adept wrapped around him until you're safely out of here..." She gave me a scowl that turned to a wicked grin, "and I'm sure you wouldn't mind..." She turned and started to speak, but stopped and threw up her hands with an exasperated sigh. She looked upstairs, then to the kitchen. She scowled again and announced to nobody and everybody, "I'll do it myself! Did someone remember to bring the thread?"

"Kristen! Thread!" called Miriam.

"Yes, My Lady," came the immediate reply from the kitchen. She headed to the family room, returning shortly, holding a spool of thread.

Emily took it.

"May I assist?" Kristen offered.

Emily looked at her and smiled. "Yes, that would be nice, dear." Emily gave me a frown, then went to the front door, followed by Kristen.

"Do I want to know?" I asked after the door closed behind them.

Miriam sighed. "Protecting us all." She turned her head to the kitchen, and in a much louder voice called out, "How long until dinner?"

The Lump

“A little over an hour, My Lady,” came the reply.

Miriam started standing up. She looked to us. “Take him upstairs and comfort him,” she said. With a smirk and a shake of her head she added, “Both of you! Comfort him, but don’t let him get too randy! Go!”

Kathy giggled. “Let’s go.”

The Lump

The three of us went upstairs to my bedroom.

Rachel ran her hands over the mattress, over the bad spot. “You need to replace this!”

“Later!” Kathy scolded, “Or do you want *me* to hold him?”

I sat on the edge of the bed, slipping off my shoes.

Kathy told me, “Lose the pants, sport.” She leaned to Rachel and whispered something, to which Rachel readily agreed, nodding and smiling.

I left my boxers on, and my socks, but removed both shirt and pants. I got in between the sheets with a sigh.

I deliberately closed my eyes, rather than watch two beautiful young women undress. When I realized that, I started laughing to myself. That’s how crazy things had become!

“What’s so funny,” Rachel whispered, crawling into bed on one side.

“Yeah, tell us,” said Kathy, getting in on the other.

Rachel pulled me to her, nestling my head between her breasts. Kathy snuggled up behind me, sandwiching me in, sandwiching me in heaven.

As I got my arms around Rachel, Kathy whispered something. She kissed the back of my neck and a tingling ran through me, melting me. I held on to Rachel as best I could.

“Dinner in fifteen minutes,” a cheery voice called out.

I was sandwiched between two soft, warm women. Why would I want to get up?

The one I was holding moved, enough for me to take a nipple. Rachel. She held me and sighed for both of us, “Oh, I don’t want to get up!”

But she let me go and moved away.

I turned in bed, and Kathy eagerly drew me closer. Just as delicious, and more animated! I started pulling her more on top of me, but Rachel played the spoilsport.

“Oh no you don’t! If I can’t have him, neither can you!” she cried.

A sigh of agreement, and Kathy let me go. We got dressed, washed up, and headed downstairs. Not surprisingly, I was feeling much more relaxed!

We’d inherited my wife’s grandmother’s dining room set; table with three leaves, server, two piece hutch and cabinet, nine chairs, china, crystal, silver. Used to be ten chairs, but her

The Lump

family didn't talk about that individual very much... When we remodeled the house a decade ago, my wife designed the dining room to hold, no, to present and honor the dining room set.

Standing at the entrance to the dining room, seeing the table in all its glory, set for ten, brought a smile and a sense of peace to me. I didn't say it, but I thought it -- thank you, darling.

And adjacent, in the kitchen, the twins plus Carol and Veronica were loading up serving dishes.

Andrea and Rachel came through the laundry room with bottles of white wine -- they'd evidently found the refrigerator in the garage.

A hand on my back -- Miriam. I looked in her eyes and smiled.

"What a beautiful home," she told me quietly.

I shook my head. "I provided the house -- someone else made it a home," I replied emotionally.

She hugged me gently. "*Both* of you made it a home."

"Let's sit down!" Emily called out.

I returned to the dining room, Rachel and Kathy close by. I moved to "my" end of the table, only to be moved to the side. "Tonight, you're sitting here," Emily told me, putting me between Rachel and Kathy.

Emily sat at one end of the table, Miriam at the other. Pork roasts, garlic potatoes, veggies, salad, wine; the table and the dining room hadn't seen such a crowd or a meal in years!

"Thank you all -- I think," I toasted them.

"Indeed," Emily agreed dryly.

"It's good to see you again," Miriam tossed in.

Andrea, sitting across from me, looked more lost than I was!

Agreement around the table was that proximity to the holidays provided an excellent opportunity for training. Andrea admitted that her manager, she was a researcher at a biopharm, wanted her to take time off for quite a while, so it would work out well. She apologized once more to Emily and Veronica for any trouble she may have caused.

Discussion was more circumspect about my training, and Rachel's. Part of me was already planning, figuring, questioning -- so many loose ends! I had topped out my accumulated vacation time at work long ago, at six weeks. And it was a slower period, with so many other

The Lump

people taking the time off. But still, leaving for two weeks? Who'd take care of the... Garbage, mail, bills, stuff in the fridge turning science project, some of the things I wanted to do...

Later! I was sitting at my table, in my house, eating a marvelous meal, and the crowd wasn't that bad, either!

I glanced across the table to Andrea, and almost dropped my fork. With the expression on her face, I could imagine many of the same things going through her mind -- and she wasn't leaving the area! At least I didn't think so.

After dinner, Andrea insisted on helping the twins clean up. Miriam thought that was a good idea, and Emily agreed.

Back in the living room, sitting on the couch with Rachel and Kathy, Miriam, Emily, and Veronica close by.

My mind started into high gear again. I took a breath...

Emily interrupted me before I even got started. "Veronica will be staying here, taking care of the house, and anything that needs to be done. We've handled these situations in the past, young man! Kathy, you're helping here as well."

I closed my mouth and smiled.

Veronica chuckled. "I'll put together a list tonight; we'll review it in the morning. And we will be able to talk to each other, you know."

Miriam added, "We're all sleeping here tonight -- including Andrea; she'll be in the front bedroom with Carol. Andrea will leave around seven tomorrow morning so she can go to her place and change; but for now..."

Kathy and Rachel headed upstairs together -- they were giggling!

I turned to follow, but Veronica put a hand on my shoulder. "In a few minutes..." she pulled me to the nearby loveseat. She sat down, pulling me in front of her. She slipped the top of her dress, and her bra, from her left shoulder, exposing a breast. She pulled gently on my hands and I went to my knees between her legs, moving closer.

I moaned, and I felt her shudder as I took her firm nipple in my mouth. Her hands cradling my head surrounded me in softness.

We were in the middle of a storm, winds howling and whipping around us, but as long as we held each other, we were at peace. We could hear the howling, and feel things shaking around us, but the place we were in was calm and safe.

The Lump

I was small again, standing beside Miriam, my mother, holding her hand. But we were standing in front of me? I didn't understand it. I was small, three or so? But I was also an adult, standing in front of mother and me? No, it wasn't me, but he looked like me. I don't remember having clothes like that. The belt he (I?) wore, the buckle was silver with turquoise in it. He went down on one knee, smiling and putting a hand on my shoulder. His hands -- they were rougher than my hands. His hair had more silver in it, but his eyes, like my eyes and my mother's eyes, so blue.

He wanted to give me something? I was scared; what he wanted to give me scared me. But mother knelt down on one knee as well and told me it was very important. Would I take it? I would need it very much later.

I nodded and agreed.

He put both hands on my shoulders. He said something I don't understand, then kissed my forehead. It was like a spark, and it hurt! It went on and on and I thought I was going to wet my pants. But then Mother held me and kissed my forehead, and that made everything better.

In Veronica's arms, she kissed my forehead and I took a deep breath through my nose, inhaling her perfume and her scent, sucking on her delicious nipple. So good, and the way she held me, and the sounds she made let me know she enjoyed it as well.

She held me closer, melting me into her, and kissed me on the forehead once more.

I understood, and sighed as we eased apart. I kissed the side of her breast, and she held me, comforting me with the beating of her heart for a while.

She helped me to my feet and with a hug I headed upstairs.

I closed the bedroom door behind me. In the dim light I could see Kathy and Rachel standing at the foot of the bed naked. I quickly shed my clothes, putting them on the dresser.

I pulled Kathy to me, holding and kissing her. She kissed me with her whole body, offering, almost demanding...

But I turned to Rachel.

I touched her shoulders, then ran my fingertips down her chest along the outsides of her breasts, cupping them from the bottom as she gasped in air. I swirled my hands and fingers on her breasts, feeling her nipples perk up.

Going down on a knee, I kissed her navel and her mound. Perfume -- nice.

Taking her hands, I moved her to sitting at the edge of the bed. I moved between her legs, and still holding her hands, moved closer and briefly sucked at each nipple. Oh, I wanted

The Lump

more, so much more, and so did she -- but I held her hands at her sides, so the only thing she could do was press herself forward in offering.

I moved back a bit and pressed against her shoulders, easing her back. I pulled her bottom closer to the edge of the bed. Placing my hands on her knees, she sighed. I moved my hands up her legs, letting my fingernails drag lightly on the insides of her thighs, making her moan and quiver.

Interesting -- I chanted to myself as I stroked her thighs, my hands occasionally straying up to her waist. I felt as if I was being guided; not the same as what Kathy had done at all.

At the end of one chant, I leaned in and kissed her glistening jewel, inhaling deeply, my hands feathering up the insides of her hips to hold her waist. She moaned loudly, throwing her legs wide open.

I chanted silently as I adored her. As she came, she closed her legs around my head, holding me as she thrashed on the bed. I slipped a finger inside her, helping her along, leading her up to the edge once more.

But as she got to the edge, I pulled back. I sat back and to her demanding moans turned her to her stomach. I whispered the first part of my incantation and held her hips. My cock felt almost on fire; the sensation as I plunged into her was intense and exquisite.

I chanted out loud as I plowed her. I did something, holding us both off, keeping both of us from coming. As we got to the end, I nudged her legs closer together, intensifying everything. Rachel was clutching a pillow, moaning into it as I held her waist, chanting, so close, almost there, incredible heat built up around us, and with those last words, letting go and coming, feeling a flash followed by surging waves of energy. Her bottom felt so good, pushing against it; the sounds she made had me holding her waist tighter, pressing in more, wanting to fill her more.

Hands helped me as I collapsed forward -- I'd forgotten about Kathy, I'd been so focused on Rachel. She helped me to the bed, cleaning us up. I was still delirious; I pulled them both to me, kissing, holding, feeling. I was still tingling from one end to the other, almost on fire. But Kathy pulled me to a nipple, wrapping her arms around me, wrapping me in softness. Holding me, getting me to slow down, relax...

Waking in the morning, waking to snuggle close, one in front of me and one behind me. Shared between them, held in softness, one side, then the other, then on my back with both covering me, trading me side to side.

A knock on the door and Veronica calling, "John? We need you for a few minutes."

I was helped (grumbling) out of bed. I took a quick stop at the loo, then put on my robe and went into the hallway. Veronica was there, wearing a pretty robe, smiling.

"Andrea wanted to say goodbye. You should let her go as well," she told me quietly.

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I knew that... Into the small bedroom, Andrea sitting on the bed, almost wringing her hands, half dressed, naked from the waist up. She sighed, opening her arms to me. She held me briefly to each side, telling me again she was sorry, how much she wanted to make it up to me.

I was sitting on the edge of the bed with her on her knees between my legs. She held me, pressing her breasts into my hard cock, looking in my eyes with a sad smile.

I held her, leaning over and kissing her forehead. As I did, I did something, the feeling of something loosening. "Study hard," I told her.

Dizzy, confused -- standing in my own bedroom again, Kathy and Rachel taking me back to bed, putting eyeshades on me, teasing me, one holding me to a nipple while the other teased me.

"Who is your favorite?" one asked. "Which?" the other teased. They moved me between them, teasing me, wanting to know...

Only to be filled with faux fur and that scent again, pressing into me, filling me, taking me away again. Rachel suckled my brains to mush and then set my body on fire! Kathy on top of me, rocking so slowly, making me fall into her eyes. I did something and she sat up, her head back, moaning. I held her hips, feeling it build in both of us. Kathy moaned and quivered, coming around me. I let my eyes close, enjoying the feelings. As I reached the edge, I felt fur touch my face again, softness and scent filling me again as I came. But before I faded completely, cloth was replaced by warm, soft skin and a delicious nipple.

They made me get up a while later, and shower by myself. When I got out, though, I had help drying off, and help packing -- ten days or so, informal, colder and rainy.

Downstairs to breakfast and review with Veronica. Kathy and Rachel were off to pack. Emily and Miriam had gone off with Andrea. Carol and the twins were cleaning up the place.

I was packed and ready to go -- where and when?

Veronica smiled as she put her papers back into a folder. I knew the house was in good hands with her present.

"Now we get you ready," she said with a smile, taking my hand as she stood up.

She tossed a throw pillow on the floor in the living room and smiled broadly to me.

I got the idea -- on my back on the floor!

She sat on the floor next to me and loosened her top, unsnapping her bra, running her hands over her breasts and taking a sighing breath. "Now I'll hold you the way you need to be

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held,” she whispered. Moving on all fours, she moved closer, lowering a breast to me and sliding a hand under my head. Filling me, engulfing me, carrying me away.

END of Part 1
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