

Private Tasting

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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.

David pulled in to the winery parking lot. As it was a Tuesday afternoon, they didn't look too busy. The Gold Country was beautiful, he thought to himself -- two hours from Silicon Valley, but yet another world. He'd been in the area for three days, and felt as if he'd dropped a year of stress and overwork. He walked down the gravel path to the small tasting room -- a small building that had been there for quite a while, considering the grass and moss growing on the sides and roof. The door was open.

Connie was daydreaming, cleaning and restocking glasses. Spring afternoons, especially weekdays, were slow -- not too many people, and more often than not the ones that stopped in were lost. Sheep Ranch Road was not exactly a major highway, even in Calaveras county. Still, she'd had a tingle this morning -- something was in the air.

David walked in the door, saying, "Knock, knock," as he did so. A friendly sounding voice from the back of the room said, "Come on back!" His eyes adjusting to the interior lighting, he stepped to the bar at the back of the room and sat on one of the stools.

Connie looked at her guest. Late twenties, early thirties she guessed. No rings, no watch -- but a pale area on the left wrist. Brown hair, blue eyes (nice eyes), simple polo shirt and jeans. Medium height, well built -- looks like he takes care of himself. She extended a hand. "Hi, I'm Connie. Thanks for finding us this afternoon."

David extended his hand and shook hers. "David." He looked around for a clock, didn't see one, so he reached into his pocket and pulled out a watch -- stainless steel Rolex -- glanced at it and put it back. "Guess it is afternoon already." He looked over his host -- Connie was very attractive; a few inches shorter than him, slim build but really filling out her winery shirt well. Long brown hair straight down her back to just below her shoulder blades, twinkling green eyes, wonderful smile. He wondered how well her pants fit her. He was definitely going to spend some time here.

Connie noticed the Rolex. They exchanged pleasantries -- he was taking a week off between jobs in Silicon Valley. He left his old job last Friday, got in his Jeep, and headed up to the Gold Country. It had taken him this long to work his way up to Angels Camp and Murphys.

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Connie's tingle was getting stronger. She kept reminding herself to stay calm, take it slow. "Where are you staying locally?" she asked.

"Well, I stayed the first two nights at a B&B in Copperopolis. I spent this morning up at Mercer Caverns -- I was going to check the Dunbar House in town later, but I don't have reservations. If I don't find anything, the folks at the caverns said I could spend a couple of nights down the hill from them. The stars are beautiful around here, without all the city lights."

Connie agreed. "We specialize in dark around here. The night sky is wonderful." (And if things work as I hope they will, I'll be sharing it with you, she thought to herself.)

They started tasting wines, and continued their small talk. Connie tasted them along with David.

Connie was convinced -- it was time to move. "We're not busy this afternoon -- if you have the time, I'd love to give you a private tour." She hoped her smile was alluring; she was feeling quite predatory.

"That sounds wonderful. I don't want to impose on you, but I can't think of anything else I'd rather do this afternoon."

"Would you like to try one of our special dessert wines? It would be just the thing for our walk."

"You are the hostess," said David.

Connie excused herself for a moment and went into the back office. The door closed automatically behind her. When she heard it close, she jumped up and down a few times, saying, "YES! YES! YES!" to herself softly to work off the excitement. She picked up the CLOSED sign from the desk, wrote "Private Tasting" and the time underneath it with a marker. She opened her desk, retrieved a small wooden box and removed a droppered vial. She shook it, and put it in the front pocket of her jeans. She grabbed the wine glass with her name etched on it from the desk. She took a couple of deep breaths and told herself to relax; she'd done this before -- just not recently.

She returned to the tasting room, placing the sign on the bar, and her glass behind the bar. She bent down, hidden from David's view, removing the vial from her pocket and quickly placed three drops of liquid into a clean glass. She placed that glass next to hers behind the bar.

"This is a very special dessert wine -- my specialty, really." She removed a small bottle from a different refrigerator, opened it, and poured about half a glass for each of them. She picked up both glasses and swirled them. "Look how much thicker and syrupy this is. It's a good indication of the sugar content. These grapes were botrytis grapes."

"Like the German trocken Beerenauslese," said David.

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“That’s right -- so people down in Silicon Valley do know important things as well.” She smiled and handed David his glass.

He raised his glass in a toast. “Here’s to hospitality and a wonderful afternoon.”

“Yes,” Connie answered, and a wonderful evening to follow, she thought to herself.

They each took a sip, and then another, and then over a few minutes, finished the glass. It was a very good wine.

Connie took a peek at her watch, then put a cork halfway back into the bottle and slipped it into a cloth carrying bag. She stepped around the bar, picked up the sign, put the wine bag on one arm and David on the other arm. “Shall we start our private tour?” she asked, twinkling.

He’d caught his breath when she took his arm -- a very pleasant surprise. “Yes, please lead on.”

They left the tasting room; she closed the door and hung up the CLOSED sign. “And now let me lead you down my garden path,” she said, trapping his arm, and with laughter in her voice.

David chuckled and replied, “I’m all yours.”

In a couple of hours, hopefully you will be Connie thought to herself, as she led him through the garden toward one corner of the property. It was a great spring afternoon, sun shining and a few high clouds. It was also a very quiet day at the winery, not a sound other than the two of them talking and walking. Connie got him to take the occasional deep breath, commenting on how wonderful the air was, how relaxing it was to be out here, with the warm sun and a warm arm.

After some walking, they came up to a maintenance shed. Connie stopped and looked closely at David’s face. His eyes were starting to look a little glassy -- good. She peeked at her watch; it had been about fifteen minutes since his first sip. The last five minutes of their walk had been gradually uphill. A little exertion helped speed the process. “How are you doing?”

David looked at her and smiled. “Good, a little tired.”

“Don’t worry, we’re only going a little further -- that little cottage on the side of the hill - - it’s only a few minutes walk from here. It’s a beautiful spot to sit, rest, and relax.” She put a hand on his back and gently stroked his shoulders as she spoke. She saw him shiver at her touch, his eyes closing a little.

He looked up the hill to where she was pointing. It did look like a wonderful spot. “No problem.”

“But while we’re here, there is a bathroom -- we’ve been drinking and walking a lot -- do you need to go?” She was being as suggestive as she could, both to see if the drug was kicking in, and because she didn’t want him to be uncomfortable later on.

“Now that you mention it, that’s a good idea. Where is it?”

She pointed him to the door. He went in and through the building to the toilet on the other side.

After the door closed behind him, she hugged herself and laughed gently. She thought back -- how long ago was it? Eight, nine years? She was nineteen then, and her uncle Don, not quite thirty, walked her along this same path, in that same state, stopping here to suggest she use the toilet, and then taking her up to the cabin. How many times had she taken people along this path now. Six? Seven? She smiled back at the sun; this time felt different -- David felt different. There was something special here.

David stepped out of the shed, back into the sun. He squinted briefly, shielding his eyes. Connie looked close again -- it looked like he had splashed water on his face -- too late for that, she thought. Don’t worry, David -- I’ll be very gentle with you, she said to herself as she took his arm once again and they started up the hill.

She kept talking, softly, about how relaxing a place this was, how comfortable and safe the cabin was, where they could sit and relax, rest for a while and enjoy the afternoon. She knew what David must be feeling; she remembered it herself, getting so tired walking up the hill, yet so relaxed and so looking forward to getting there, mind buzzing, losing control. He would be so ready. But, she reminded herself, there were still some stumbling blocks -- this could end in the next half hour, and her enjoyment for the evening would be provided by a pair of AA cells. That’s how her last walk up this hill had ended.

Much to David’s relief, they reached the cabin. It was built into the side of the hill, with only a small door and window showing on one side, and another window opening through the earth on an adjacent side. The door was low; they had to stoop to get through.

As they stepped through the door, David let out a loud sigh. It was cool and dark inside, full of the smell of earth. Connie quickly sat him down in a wooden chair. “Just sit down and relax. It’s pretty dark in here -- I’ll get some light.”

She picked up a box of matches and lit a candle in a holder hanging from the low ceiling. From where David was sitting, he had to look up slightly to see it. With only the door and a window sticking out of the earth, the size of the cabin was only apparent when you entered. They were in the front section, and a curtain behind them hid the rest of the cabin going back into the hill. She closed the door, with David sitting in the chair a few feet from the wall.

Connie stepped behind the chair and rested her hands on his shoulders. “Just look up at the candle and relax. It’s so cool in here, so relaxing. The darkness and the coolness are so nice. We’re so safe and comfortable here. Take a deep breath and relax.” As he exhaled, she pushed

down gently on his shoulders. “Another deep breath and relax. You’re relaxing more and more. The dancing candle, the coolness, my hands, everything is helping you relax more and more with each breath.”

She watched him carefully and continued her induction. She spoke softly, gently, for another couple of minutes until she could tell he was having a great deal of trouble keeping his eyes open.

“David, you’re so relaxed, you don’t have to keep your eyes open if you don’t want to. You can just let your eyes close; think of the dancing candle and relax more and more as you listen to my voice and breathe in and out. You’re so relaxed and so safe.”

She reached behind her opening a small cabinet on the wall and took out a device the size of a large paperback book. She put it on a stool behind the chair, and pressed a button. It beeped once, and a display lit up.

“David, you’re so relaxed now, so comfortable. Your right arm is very, very heavy, but your left hand has a bunch of balloons tied to it. The balloons are lifting your left arm up, up, up -- your left arm is so light that it’s drifting up to the ceiling.”

As she spoke, his right side slumped, and his left hand and arm started drifting up in the air. When his left arm was straight out at his side, she stopped it. “Now your left arm has stopped drifting, it’s just floating there. You just feel the floating, nothing more. The only thing you feel in your arms is a slight tingle.”

She took his left hand and used a spring-loaded lance on the tip of his index finger. No reaction as he was poked by the sharp blade; good -- he was in a deep trance. She carefully squeezed a few drops of blood on to a small plastic strip, being very careful not to contaminate herself. She then slid the strip into the device on the stool, and pushed a button. The display changed; it was analyzing.

She smiled to herself as she watched. How long ago had that been? Three years? Thomas? She was watching a fully portable blood diagnostic unit that in under two minutes would give her the results on blood tests for a number of diseases, drugs, and even cholesterol levels. It was still under development, but was now being tested by organizations around the world. Thomas had given it to her and kept her in supplies and updates. He had been a good catch. She had been quite surprised when he told her he had found the perfect match -- and even more surprised when he asked if Connie would give her a “private tasting.” She had, and everyone had been pleased with the results. Connie hadn’t gone to their wedding, but had sent a case of dessert wine.

As she waited for results, she continued her induction and planted the triggers she’d need to wake David, to relax him, and if need be, control him and have him go away if problems showed up. She started asking him carefully about his medical history -- looking for risk factors and potential problems. All his answers were clear.

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Beep! She looked down at the stool. Green light -- good news, but a yellow light as well. What did that mean? She picked up the unit and scrolled through the display. Negative on nasties -- AIDS, STDs, herpes, hepatitis. Cholesterol level -- very impressive; he did take good care of himself. She kept scrolling down. Negative on marijuana, cocaine, uppers, downers -- there it was -- a hit on morphine analogs. She scrolled to the end of the list; no more hits. She was relieved. Her last walk up the hill, late last fall, had looked very promising -- but he lit up for AIDS, hepatitis, and half a dozen drugs. He got a short nap and a walk back down the hill.

“David, have you been in pain recently?”

“Yes,” he answered, head still down.

“Where do you hurt?”

“Right ankle. I had surgery.”

“Do you take something for it?”

“Vicodin sometimes. I twisted it last week and took some.”

She smiled. Everything was a go. She lowered the candleholder so the candle was closer to eye level for him; she didn’t need the strain on him anymore. She turned off the diagnostic unit and put it back in the cabinet. She’d clean it tomorrow.

“David, I want you to open your eyes and raise your head; just look at the candle, just look at the candle. You are feeling very good, very relaxed. Your body is tingling lightly. You are so comfortable you don’t need to move; it would be hard to move, but you could if you needed to.”

As she spoke, she was undressing. She changed into a soft, simple robe. She put perfume on her breasts, neck, and pubic hair. She put a spritz of perfume on her hair brush and brushed it into her hair to scent it; ready to move on.

“David, you are doing so well, enjoying yourself so much. I really enjoy your company.”

She stood beside him, and saw him smile as he continued to look into the candle flame.

She moved behind him. “David, do you believe in witches?”

He said, “No.”

“Well, David, I’m a witch. A good witch.”

She saw goose bumps appear on his arms, and the hair on the back of his neck stand out. His mind worked fast -- even drugged and in a trance. His breathing picked up. She put her hands on his shoulders.

“Relax, David, I won’t hurt you. No harm will come to you. Relax. Does it excite you that I’m a witch?”

“Yes.”

“Are you afraid?”

“Yes,” he said, very softly.

“David, I don’t want you to be afraid. I won’t hurt you; I’m a good witch, a very good witch. Please relax for me.”

She felt him relaxing as she gently kneaded his shoulders; actually he couldn’t help it.

“David, I’m a good witch, and I’ve decided I want you for my new lover. Do you want to be my new lover?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Good. I’ve cast a spell over you, David. Witches do things in threes -- my spell has three parts. The first part of the spell was when you drank my enchanted wine. We are starting the second part of the spell now. The third part of the spell will make us lovers. Do you want to be my lover, David?”

“Oh, Yes! Please!”

Connie felt the warmth filling her. If he’d said no, she would have given him amnesia and turned him loose.

“That makes me very happy, David. You need to understand though that this will only be temporary; I can only fall in love with another witch. When you’re away from me, you’ll be able to meet and go out with normal women, even fall in love if you want to. But for the next few days, you are going to be mine. And that’s the next step of the spell.”

He smiled. She poured some more wine in their glasses. She could tell by feel which one was hers -- she learned to be sure of that her third trip up the hill with someone -- she had kept control, but it had been difficult with the drug affecting her.

She handed David his glass, about a third full. “Do you like my wine, David?”

“Yes, very much.”

“Then drink if you want to be my lover.” She emptied her glass in one gulp. He quickly emptied his, and she took the glass from him and set them down.

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“Now I’m going to start making you mine, body and soul. Do you feel good, David?”

“Yes, I do.”

“I can give you great pleasure, David -- do you want that?”

“Oh, yes.”

“If you want me to give you great pleasure, you have to obey me. What do you have to do?”

“Obey you.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Obey you.”

That’s not good enough David, what are you going to do?” She raised her voice a little, sounding stern.

“I will obey you.”

That’s more what she wanted! “Very good David. That’s better. Just repeat that.” She placed her hands on his shoulders and started massaging him again. “Now you’re feeling more pleasure. What are you going to do?”

“I will obey you.”

She continued on his neck and shoulders. “If I tell you to kiss my breasts, what will you do?”

“I will obey you.”

“If I tell you to kiss my lips?”

“I will obey you.”

She started making small circles with her fingers at the back of his neck, and whispered warmly in his ear, “If I tell you to make love to me?”

“I will obey you,” he sighed.

She stood back again, and used her stern voice. “That’s not good enough, David, you still haven’t given yourself up to me. You have to give yourself totally to me -- all control to me. Your arms are getting stiff. They’re floating up on you so they’re straight in front of you.” As she spoke, his arms raised in front of him until they were extended straight. “Close your eyes,

David, and keep repeating. As you give yourself more and more to me, your arms will sink. They will only go limp when you've given yourself totally to me. As your arms get lower, the pleasure will increase. As you give yourself more and more to me, your pleasure will increase.

He started repeating, "I will obey you. I will obey you."

His arms moved down a bit. She moved closer to him and started stroking his temples. His voice changed to somewhere between a sigh and a whisper, then picked up again. His arms dropped more.

She moved closer, resting her breasts against the back of his head. His arms dropped more as he kept repeating, softly. She whispered, "Good, David, give yourself to me so we can be lovers." His arms dropped some more. She held his head to her breasts and felt him tremble and his arms lower substantially -- almost there. She moved his head around, squeezing him into her breasts, then with one hand brought her perfumed hair around and caressed his face with it. He caught the scent and the softness. He inhaled deeply through his nose and trembled. As he exhaled, he said, "I will obey you," and his arms dropped limply to his sides.

She drew back, placed a hand on his head, and said, "Wonderful, David. Deep trance now." His head slumped forward.

Her heart was pounding. He was hers now. She knew that a few minutes in deep trance could accomplish much the same thing, but this was so much more rewarding -- both to her, and to him. That was where she disagreed with her uncle -- he still used, insisted on, traditional authoritative hypnotic techniques. She saw it instead as an art form -- weaving a fantasy using hypnosis, an archetypal fantasy that would bind him to her even stronger. She wasn't a witch, but in his fantasy she was, and his deep desire to live the fantasy would compound the strength of her hypnotic suggestions many fold.

She pulled up the stool and sat next to him. She hadn't had a chance to sit down since they left the tasting room. She spoke softly and clearly to him, giving him the suggestions she'd need to control him during their lovemaking. They were controls both of them would greatly appreciate.

She pulled back the curtain revealing another larger section of the room, containing a king size bed, a dresser, and a door to the rear. The bed had a number of pillows and cushions on it and a velvet spread. Both she and her uncle had tried fur; it was more sensuous but hell to clean. Even witches have to compromise sometimes, she thought, giggling to herself. She stepped through the door in the rear of the room to use the toilet that was beyond.

She returned and took off her robe, putting it on the dresser. She let herself fall back on the bed. She lay there, breathing deeply, relaxing recharging. She got up again and retrieved their wine glasses and the bottle. The bottle was quite cool again -- thanks to a thermoelectric chiller, another gift from Thomas. She poured a little into David's glass, and about half a glass in hers.

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The foot of the bed frame was heavy, dark wood. The center was carved to form a seat. She put her wine glass in a small recess to one side of the seat. She put David's glass on the wood at the head of the bed. She placed some cushions on the floor in front of the seat, then lit the candles around the bed. She blew out the one in front of David, leaving him sitting in his chair.

She sat in the seat at the foot of the bed, spreading her legs, the cushions on the floor between her feet. She smiled, rolled her shoulders, and took a deep breath.

"David, wake up, please."

He raised his head, and blinked a couple of times. He was facing away from her. He turned first to the closed door, and then around and saw her sitting naked at the foot of the bed, bathed in candlelight. He looked but did not move.

"David, stand up please," she said in a soft, clear voice. He stood up, and looked at her. He looked a little confused, still assimilating it all.

"David, you are still under my spell. You have taken my enchanted wine; you have given yourself to me; now we will become lovers and you will be mine."

She sat and watched him; he was breathing faster, smiling. "David, take off your clothes please."

Without hesitation he began undressing. Damn, she thought, should have lit a candle at the other end of the room so I could get a better look at him undressing. He undressed quickly but unhurriedly, folding his clothing and putting it on the chair. She smiled again -- a neat one at that.

He stood again by the chair, naked and with a tremendous erection, awaiting her next command.

"Very good, David. Come kneel before me." She indicated the cushions in front of her and between her legs. He walked over and knelt. She saw him sway and his eyes close momentarily as the mixture of her perfume and feminine scent filled his head.

She put a hand on his head. "David, look in my eyes. This is third part of my spell; we will become lovers and you will be mine." He shook briefly. "You are going to be filled with incredible pleasure, and you will fill me with incredible pleasure." She picked up her wine glass and held it in front of him, holding his head with her right hand and looking into his eyes. "Now you are going to taste my enchanted wine three more times. You are going to taste it from my nipple, from my loins, and finally from my lips. Your pleasure will be intense, but you will not have your release until you taste the wine from my lips. When you taste the wine from my lips, only then will you have your release, and you will be mine." She smiled at him; his breathing was getting ragged as he stared hungrily into her eyes.

She took her right hand off his head and dipped two fingers into the wine glass. She withdrew them, dampened by the heavy wine, and moistened her left nipple. She put the glass down.

“David, taste the wine on my nipple.” She extended her arms and pulled his head to her breast. He took her nipple hungrily. “Gentle, relax, gentle, relax.” He slowed down and relaxed as she spoke, still sucking on her, his arms around her waist. She held his head close, rocking him. “Taste the wine from my nipple. Only when you taste the wine from my lips will you have your release.”

She let herself be carried away by the sensation, holding him and feeling him gradually relax. He moaned occasionally, his unconscious signal to her that he was close to coming. After a while, she said, “Thank you, David,” and gently eased him off her breast. “There will be more for you later, don’t worry,” she told him, as she picked up her wine glass again.

This time, she leaned back on the bed a bit. She held the glass over her mons, and poured a little of the wine on her, running down her slit. The cold wine hitting her sex shot bolts of pleasure through her, and she gasped, almost dropping the glass. She put it down quickly, and said, “David, taste the wine from my loins,” in a husky voice.

He pressed his face into her, tasting the mixture of the wine and her own heady juices. As he put his hands under her bottom, she leaned back on the bed and closed her eyes. “Good, David, taste the wine from my loins and give,” she gasped as his tongue hit the mark, “me pleasure.” Her head was swimming as he licked, sucked, and teased her. God, he was good at that. She started to say something when her first orgasm hit. As she stiffened, he did something different, and it hit her suddenly, strongly, wonderfully, taking her breath away.

She let go and he took her to orgasm after orgasm. Finally she couldn’t take anymore, for fear of becoming exhausted. “Stop David, rest,” she said breathlessly.

He sat back, breathing hard, smiling.

It took her a minute to sit up. She briefly worried that she had let him take her too far, then smiled -- she was supposed to be a witch, wasn’t she?

She sat up and looked at him. He was still smiling, his breathing pretty much back to normal. She looked at his erection, still standing tall, with a drop of moisture at its tip. She reached out with a finger, collecting the drop and sending a shiver through him, and tasted it. Mmmm... The next few days were going to be great.

She swung a leg over his head and slowly stood up. She stretched and wiggled holding on to the foot of the bed for a moment. Then she turned back to David, on his knees in a trance.

“David, open your eyes and stand up, please.” He opened his eyes and stood up. She led him to the edge of the bed. “Lay down on your back in the middle of the bed, please.” He got on the bed and lay down. She stretched out his arms and legs and put them into padded restraints

with Velcro closures. She set her wine glass in an indentation in the wooden head of the bed next to David's glass. She crawled on the bed and straddled him, hips over his navel and hands on his shoulders. Another deep breath, she closed her eyes briefly, then opened them ready to go.

"David, wake up, please."

He opened his eyes, looking into hers directly above him. He tried moving his arms and legs, turning his head to see the restraints on his wrists, then looking back at her, a little anxious.

"David, don't worry." She wouldn't say relax now -- she didn't want to affect his erection. "This is the last part of my spell, when we become lovers and you become mine. You've tasted my enchanted wine. You've given yourself to me. You've tasted my wine from my breast, and from my loins. When you taste my wine from my lips you will have your release and you will be mine."

She enjoyed the look of anticipation, excitement, and a little fear in his face. She smiled and drew her face closer to his.

"Don't worry. Soon I'll release you. Now I want you to enjoy the sensations; feel the pleasure, as I will. Enjoy them, and when you taste the wine from my lips you shall have your release and you will be mine."

He moaned, arching his head back, eyes closed.

"David, open your eyes and look at me, please." He opened his eyes and looked at her. As he looked, without taking her eyes from his, she reached between her legs and introduced his cock into her. She slid down on him slowly, locking his eyes on to her gaze. He moaned and shook on the bed as she took him deep inside her. Still looking into his eyes, she started grinding her hips. He moaned. "Enjoy, David. When you taste the wine from my lips, you will have your release and you will be mine."

She sat up on him, breaking eye contact. When she did, his eyes closed and his head arched back. He moaned and thrashed as much as the restraints would allow. She closed her eyes and ground on him, quickly having another orgasm.

She then leaned forward a little, stroking him, running her hands over his chest, squeezing his shoulders, feeling and caressing him. "Feel the pleasure building. Soon you will taste the wine from my lips, have your release, and be mine!"

He moaned, thrashed, and buckled beneath her as she rode him and explored him with her hands. Then she felt her own climax coming. "Get ready, David. Your release is approaching," she said through closed eyes as she felt her climax mount. She opened her eyes, quickly picked up her glass, and took a sip of wine in her mouth, holding it.

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She rode him, back and forth, up and down, breathing raggedly through her nose until she was at the edge. Then she leaned over him, grasped his head with both hands, and plunged her tongue into his mouth as she came.

He felt her tongue and the sweet wine enter his mouth, and he exploded in orgasm. She held his head as she kissed him, feeling him fill her, pumping into her again, and again, and again. She wiggled her hips and pressed down on him; he shuddered and continued pumping into her.

She continued kissing him after he stopped. He was laying more or less still, twitching occasionally. She pulled away from his mouth, put her head next to his ear and said, "My spell is complete. Now you are mine."

She reached up and tugged open the restraints on his wrists, then lay on top of him. "Hold me please, lover," she said to him. His arms encircled her, twitching a little, holding without much strength. She smiled in his arms; they were both drained.

After a while, when she had more or less recovered, she reached for a towel at the edge of the bed. She slipped off him, placing one end of the towel between her wobbly legs. Sitting next to him on the bed she used the other end of the towel to clean him up. She kissed his limp cock. She then reached down and released the restraints on his ankles.

She lay beside him, propped up on an elbow. She ran a hand over his chest. He moaned a bit, opened his eyes, and looked at her, then sighed.

"What's the matter? Never made love to a witch before?" she asked with a smile.

As he started to speak, she kissed him again, wrapping her arms around his head, and pulling him over on top of her. When they separated for air, she said, "See, that wasn't so bad. I told you I wouldn't hurt you."

"My God, what have you done to me..." was the first thing he said.

As she looked at him, smiling, waiting, he continued, "Please do it again." He smiled and collapsed back on to the bed.

She laughed softly, rubbing the hair on his chest again. "I will, lover, I will. Would you like to share some wine with me?"

She helped him sit up, and handed him his glass. She picked up her own. They clinked, then drank in silence. She took the empty glasses and put them down. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked him in the eye again.

He just looked at her and smiled.

"What would you like next my love?" she asked.

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In response he pulled her to her back, placed a pillow under her head, and tossed another one down by her hips. He leaned over and began kissing her.

About four in the afternoon, Don walked over to the tasting room. He saw the sign on the door, "CLOSED -- Private Tasting," and smiled. He took the sign off the door, and opened the tasting room for business again.

FIN
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private tasting
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