

Sacrament

© Copyright 2001 by silli_artie@hotmail.com

This work may not be reposted or redistributed without the prior express written permission of the author.

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.

Sacrament

I waited nervously, standing in the hallway, wearing the robes I'd been given by my Sponsor, my Mistress, the hood over my head. I think there were eight or nine people ahead of me. The queue moved slowly, one person every few minutes, taking their turn for the Sacrament.

I'd arrived a few minutes earlier than my Mistress had told me. She greeted me warmly, helped me sign in, and showed me to a small room where I could change into the robes.

She quizzed me when I stepped outside -- had I fasted all day as I'd been told? Yes, Mistress. Was I ready to receive the Sacrament? I shuddered a bit, with anticipation, fear, I'm not sure what, but I managed to answer -- Yes Mistress. She gave me a surprisingly warm hug, and told me, "I know you are, dear boy." She led me to the queue, a line of hooded people in a narrow, dimly lit hallway.

The queue moved again. I think I'm standing behind a woman -- from the size, the way the robe moved around the hips, and the scent. It's hard to tell, with the long robes and hoods covering our heads. Her (?) robe is a different colour than mine, darker, but I know my robe colour signifies I'm taking the Sacrament for the first time.

Oh, how I want it -- how I long for it, even though I'm not sure what exactly I'll experience. I've heard different stories.

I closed my eyes, breathed slow and deep, trying to regain control of my racing heart. I don't know how long we waited before we moved again -- that had been a long one -- there were short ones, and long ones.

And the next one was short -- fifteen breaths. I was pretty sure I was behind a woman now, she sighed as we moved forward.

Eventually it was the two of us, her in front of me, standing at a door. After a while, the door opened inward. With a sigh, she turned and stepped in. The door closed and I stepped forward.

The other side of the door -- my heart pounded in my chest. My legs and arms quivered.

Sacrament

The door opened! I stood there for a moment. Someone cleared their throat -- behind me or in front of me? I stepped in.

I stepped into a small room. Three others were there, in front of another door. Two had hoods hiding their faces. My Sponsor had her hood pulled back. She stepped to my side and pulled my hood back.

One of the hooded ones spoke, a woman. "Is he ready?" she asked.

My Sponsor answered, "He is, My Lady."

The other hooded one spoke, a man. "Are you ready?"

"I am, My Lord," I said, nervously.

He moved to the door. "Your Sponsor will accompany you," he said as he opened the door.

I felt a hand at my back urging me forward.

The room was dimly lit. The Guardians stood on each side, one robed in blue, the other in green...

...Of the vessel holding the Sacrament. I hadn't known what to expect. I knew I should kneel, I saw where I should kneel. The vessel was cylindrical, about a meter and a half tall, half a meter in diameter. It was black, the colour of Oblivion. Then, with my eyes adjusting to the light better, I saw the darker spot, an indentation, an opening.

"What do I do?" I whispered.

She urged me forward. "Kneel, wrap your arms around the vessel, press your head forward, and take the Sacrament. I'll assist," she whispered in return.

I knelt before the vessel. When I touched it I was surprised at how erotic it felt.

"Closer," she whispered, pressing me closer.

It was soft. My heart started beating rapidly again. It was so erotic. As I placed my arms around it, to hug it, my legs hugged it as well. My head was at the dark opening. I expected -- what? A sound? A scent? Nothing.

"Exhale deeply, then accept the Sacrament," she whispered.

As I blew out my breath, I felt her hand at the back of my head. As I blew out the last of my breath, she pressed my head forward.

Sacrament

My face descended into darkness, into Oblivion. I felt the cool touch of the mask, smelled the rubber. She pushed my head forward, and the mask pushed snug against my face, and went forward as well.

And with a click, a sigh, the gas of the Sacrament filled my lungs. I held on with my arms and legs, taking it in, holding it in.

“Breathe out!” she whispered loudly, pressing on my back, as well as holding my head in place.

As I exhaled, she said, “Breathe in gently, slowly.”

As I did, I caught the faint odor of the Sacrament. I breathed slowly, deeply, taking it in, letting it fill me, letting it take me, giving myself to it.

My head started to buzz, my lips tingled. Still, I held on, clutching with my arms and legs, my hips moving against the vessel on their own.

Her hand moved from my head, replaced with her body against me. I could feel her holding me up as she pressed against me, her breasts cushioning my head, her hands reaching down to hold my arms, her legs straddling my waist.

I was dizzy now, my arms starting to lose their strength. She must have noticed that.

“I’ll hold you,” she whispered. “Now give yourself to the Sacrament. Exhale fully.”

I tried to say, “Yes, Mistress,” into the mask as I exhaled. My ears were buzzing, my lips, my fingers, my thighs. Parts of me were floating away.

When I inhaled again, the odor was different, fruity and pungent. I took the Sacrament deep inside, feeling my arms slip away, feeling my Sponsor holding me to the vessel.

I moaned in pleasure as I gave myself to the Sacrament.

Some time later, I drifted up...

To find myself on my back, my head in her lap, the two of us on a cushion of some kind.

“Hello, traveller,” my Mistress and Sponsor said, one of her hands on my head, the other on my chest.

“Thank you, Mistress,” I sighed, closing my eyes and enjoying her warmth and presence.

She laughed. “Silly boy.” She moved underneath me, spreading her legs on both sides of me, then starting to pull up her robe.

Sacrament

“Why don’t you thank me properly?” she said huskily.

I managed to get an arm under myself and turn to my stomach as she raised her robe higher. I could feel the heat radiating from her thighs. I kissed them, and moved closer, to take her Sacrament.

Acolyte

Early Friday afternoon, the phone rang.

“Bialystock and Bloom,” I said, answering it with the firm name.

“Josh?” inquired a female voice.

“M... Mistress? How can I serve you?” I stammered into the phone.

“We could use your assistance this evening. Could you be available?”

“Of course, Mistress,” I replied quickly.

“Good. Did you have a large lunch?”

“No, Mistress, not today.”

“Even better. Please be at the premises, a quarter to six, the side door.”

“Y... Yes, Mistress. How long will I be there?”

She laughed. “With luck, you won’t get home again until Sunday. You’ll be well cared for, dear boy.”

“Thank you, Mistress. I’ll be there. Do I need to bring anything?”

“Just yourself. Nothing more to eat. You know the drill.”

“Yes, Mistress. I’ll see you there.”

“You might; you just might. Make me proud of you, Josh.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She hung up. My hand shook as I hung up the phone. I looked around the office. I hadn’t drawn attention, or at least it didn’t look as if I had.

Sacrament

Work in Progress
4/202001

Sacrament

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

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