

Sensory Deprivation

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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.

*Some gifts from my Muse are gentle, yet vivid.
This one was a red-hot wire stuck into my brain.
Thank you, beautiful Muse!*

She calls it "Sensory Deprivation."

I call it bliss.

She has a way of holding me, surrounding me, enveloping me in her voluptuous breasts. I don't know why she calls it "sensory deprivation," as I'm filled with sensation -- her softness, her warmth, the sound and feeling of her heart beating so close. My eyes close and the world fades away. She squeezes me, and the world disappears -- only she exists.

She knows. She knows very well. She knows how much I need to be held, to be squeezed, to be taken by her.

She plays with me. We'll be snuggled up and she'll ask me something. Then as I'm in the middle of a sentence, she'll do it to me -- her hand slides sensuously behind my head, pulling me to her, and with a sigh my mind goes blank. I don't mind -- she takes my mind away from me, and I love it.

A couple of months ago, we had a celebration for the team I led handling an acquisition for the company. We had a nice dinner and weekend for team members and their spouse at a local spa/country club. I was surprised when the head of the company praised me for being so tenacious, yet fair, in negotiations.

I pulled my love to her feet beside me and told everyone that I couldn't have made it without her help. And it's true. I remembered those days, getting home late after another day of tough negotiations worn and frazzled, with my head still spinning. But within moments of being in her arms, all that would be gone. She'd hold me again in the morning and I'd be healed, recharged, and ready to go again.

The head of the group we'd bought, now one of our senior VPs, stood up and told people that I was firm and fair.

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As people applauded, I turned and kissed the woman I love.

Later in our suite, I was helpless in her arms in minutes. She had me begging to please her, to make love with her -- so much for tenacious. Well, at least I was firm.

She loves doing that to me. She's told me so. And she's asked me if it bothers me -- no, please don't stop.

Sometimes she'll hold me and rock me to sleep in her arms. It doesn't matter how aroused I am, how awake and excited I am -- within minutes I'm asleep in her arms. She can tell by the way I look when I get home sometimes, that's what I need. Other times I'll ask her, beg her -- please...

But other times she doesn't want me asleep, not at all. She holds me, squeezes me, whispers to me, and gets me so aroused, so excited, so hot and hard for her. And what else she does -- it's hard to explain -- she gets me so lost, so confused, so weak -- she takes away my mind, my strength.

How? She has her ways; her favorites, my favorites.

One of my favorites is her burgundy stretch velvet dress. She calls it her "Empire" dress. I call it her "Goddess" dress. It has a high waist, a delicious neckline, and it's wonderful to be lost in. If she really wants to tease me, the only thing she'll wear under it is perfume. One of her favorites is a very soft embroidered top. She likes the way it leaves marks on my face.

The favorite we share is skin against skin. It's still the best.

What does she do? I've already told you about the way she slides a hand slowly, sensuously behind my head and pulls me to her. She's got me so well trained that by the time her hand reaches the back of my head my eyes have closed and I'm melting in her arms. Even when I'm holding her, sucking on her, there's something magic that happens when she cradles my head.

How she gets me so lost, so confused, so relaxed in her arms, I don't know. She holds me to her breasts. She caresses and cradles my head. She whispers to me.

She holds me to a nipple and tells me to suck. She tells me to suck on her at the same time she's cradling me, telling me to let go and relax in her arms. I get so confused, so lost. She gets me to the point where I can't even hold on, and she has to hold me to her breast. She loves that, and so do I.

She'll squeeze me, holding me between her breasts, smothering me. I can't breathe, and when I'm enveloped in her, I don't care. But my body responds and she lets me go to gasp in air, only to fill my mouth with her softness again. A few times now she's trapped me between her breasts, smothering me, and at the same time stroking me to delirium. She calls the results "spectacular." I don't have words for what happens to me when she does that.

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You might get the feeling that she's manipulative, controlling. She's not. Sometimes, depending on our mood, she gives me the softest, most sensual pillow in the world. She holds me gently, playing with my hair, occasionally whispering to me, other times letting the sweet sound of her heartbeat hypnotize me.

I love to caress and tease her nipples, and to suck on them. They respond so well to attention. I know they're hot-wired directly to her clit. I can suck on her, tease her, and get her to that place where all it takes is a gentle bite and a soft caress to push her over the edge.

I've asked her how she does it, how she learned. She smiles and tells me it's instinct, guided by my response. Oh, she knows me so well -- she knows where to touch, how to touch, when to tease, and when to finally give blessed release.

When Frank Zappa said that "Anything over a mouthful is a waste," he didn't know what the hell he was talking about.

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