

Tool

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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.

They're coming for me again tonight; I know it. There's nothing I can do about it. I've been crying for the last five or ten minutes. I feel.... How do I feel? I feel ashamed, sad, angry, scared. I can feel the tension in my arms, in my thighs, in the pit of my stomach. Yet with those feelings, the anger, sadness, apprehension, there's a longing as well. I can feel that in my thighs, too, and in my chest. I feel the anticipation growing, as my erection grows, listening to the clock above the mantle tick. It's almost seven thirty -- they'll be here any time now.

It started Sunday night. My wife left Sunday morning for a week-long business trip. We live in an older house in an up-and-coming section of Silicon Valley. We bought years ago, and thought we were crazy, spending \$60,000 for our house. Today, we could sell for a million. That's nuts.

The only ones who can afford to buy in our area anymore seem to be Orientals, especially Chinese. The schools draw them in. We're one of the few Caucasian families left in the neighborhood. We know most of our neighbors, though. We've supported the neighborhood, and the schools for years, even though we don't have kids of our own. My wife Karen teaches piano and flute in the evenings, and I tutor in math and science.

Sunday night, half past seven, there was a knock on my door. I'd had dinner, and was relaxing in the living room. Two of our neighbors were at the door, Alice Huang, and a new gal in the area, Bin Yung. They're both in their early thirties. I invited them in.

I remember closing the door, seeing them smiling. I asked what I could do for them, and felt a sharp sting on the back of my neck. I started to turn and raise my hand to feel what had happened, but they held me. Alice was in front of me, and Bin was behind me. They held me, squeezed me gently but firmly between their bodies.

Bin said, "It's okay, Don. We've got you, Don -- just relax." Alice looked up at me with a smile and echoed, "Relax, Don. Relax, Don." As they spoke, I began to feel dizzy and light-headed. A wave of cool buzzing relaxation seemed to sweep down my body, then up my neck into my head. I would have collapsed if they hadn't been holding me.

"Good Don, enjoy it," one of them said as they moved me into the living room. I was on my back on the floor, my head on a pillow. One was holding my head gently, the other was running her hands over me gently, and they were both talking to me. I wanted to -- I don't know

what I wanted to do. I wanted to get away, I knew I should get away, yet what they were doing was so good, and part of me wanted to give in to it, their voices wanted me to give in.

I struggled, and felt a sting in my left arm. Warmth flooded my body. Hands and bodies caressed me, voices caressed me, and I let go to them. I was drifting, floating sideways, sensation running through me. I could hear voices somewhere in the distance.

I opened my eyes, still on my back on the carpeted floor. Bin was sitting at my head, naked. Alice was at my side, also naked. She held up a perfume sprayer and sprayed her long dark hair, smiling all the time. She moved to straddle me -- I was naked as well. She leaned over and her hair touched my face. Bin did something, moved my head, and said something. I was filled with softness and perfume, and fell into softness, my eyes closing once more.

I was caressed by softness, perfume, soft hair, soft voices, and warm soft bodies. I awoke, partially, only to be sent back to bliss by perfume, soft voices, and soft caresses.

After some indeterminate number of those cycles, something changed. I was still relaxed, but so horny. Someone rode me, squeezing my shoulders as I squeezed her waist, and someone held my head and the back of my neck. Hearing Bin speaking in Chinese startled me a little, and I came up some, able to open my eyes. Alice was riding me, her gaze unfocused, her face filled with bliss, the flush of ecstasy on her face and chest. Bin spoke to Alice, and Alice responded, breathing deeper, faster, rocking on me more, and crying out as she shuddered and shook around me.

I moved my head to look up at Bin. She smiled and moved her hands to my temples. Smiling, she spoke softly in Chinese. I wondered what she was saying when I felt Alice's hair on my face again, filling me with softness and perfume as she continued to rock on top of me.

Bin spoke in English as she ran her fingers along my temples. I sighed and fell into bliss, overcome by sensations, feeling my orgasm build and build and build, finally erupting from the base of my spine up through my head. As it subsided, hands, hair, and voices carried me away.

After timeless drifting to soft voices and caresses, I was filled with lust and perfume again. I opened my eyes to Bin riding me, looking into my eyes and speaking, even though I couldn't hear her. She took her pleasure, once, twice, and then with her eyes softening but still full of lust, she leaned forward, rocking at a different pace, running her hands up my neck. Her eyes started to close, and the corners of her mouth turned up as her head went back a little. Suddenly I needed to hold her waist, to pull deeper into her, and I did, pulling, holding, rocking. She moaned and rocked, and then looked to me and spoke again.

I fell into her eyes and came, pulsing into her, pulsing and falling back, my eyes closing.

I woke up in bed to the alarm going off. I sat up and whacked it, my heart beating rapidly. I was confused, not sure of what had happened. I stumbled to the bathroom. Could detect a faint air of perfume? Was it real, or just in my mind? As I got into the shower, I saw a

mark on my left arm -- a puncture mark over a vein. I felt a bump on the back of my neck. It had happened.

I showered in a daze, dried, shaved, and got dressed. On the way downstairs I noticed I was running about an hour ahead of my normal schedule. Why? I gave the dog her morning snack, then went out the front door to get the newspaper. I locked the front door when I came back in -- or did I? I went to our downstairs office and gathered my things for work.

I turned, and Bin was standing behind me, wearing a dark colored velvet top and pants, her long hair cascading onto her shoulders. As I started to speak she smiled and ran her hands up my arms, sending tingles through me. Even though I'm at least a head taller, she easily pulled my head to her shoulder, burying my face in her hair.

Her hair was full of that perfume. My knees went soft as she held me to her, whispering. I tried to hold on, but slid down her, collapsing to the floor. I wanted to run, but I couldn't. I wanted to get up, but I was so hungry for her. At first her perfume, her softness, her body on mine melted me. Then she filled me with fire. She rode me, and we sat up together, my arms wrapped around her, holding her as I kissed her and tried to drown myself in her perfume. She cried out and ran her hands over me, sending tremors through me as I came deep inside her.

She released me back to the floor, and I was engulfed by the softness of her perfumed top as she held me, and her voice carried me back to that drifting, soft void.

I woke up on my back, naked in my office. I could still smell her perfume, feel her touch. I looked at the clock -- I had to get going. I dressed quickly and headed to work.

I don't know why, but I didn't think about her, or what had happened all day. I didn't think about it until that night, sitting on the couch after dinner going through the mail, I heard a knock at the door.

Suddenly I was full of those feelings -- anticipation, dread, lust, longing, anger, shame, surrender -- the feelings in my thighs, arms, chest, the strange pressure in my temples.

I opened the door, knowing they would be there. Bin was there, with Christy, another oriental neighbor. Christy had shorter hair, and was wearing a cashmere top. I heard the door being closed behind me as I looked at Christy. I caught a whiff of perfume and felt soft hands on my back. Christy reached to me, running her hands up my arms and pulling my head to her, enveloping me in softness and perfume. Bin spoke behind me, and my legs started to fold.

I moaned as Christy held me to her chest, holding me to her firm perfumed breasts.

I ended up on my back again, someone holding my head, rocking me. Curious -- I know I was on the floor, but still I felt as if my whole body was being held and rocked gently, lovingly, and if I close my eyes I can feel it, and hear Bin, and Christy saying, "Rocking deeper and deeper, more and more relaxed." God, it felt so good to let go to them.

I know I struggled at some point, but was overcome by perfume and softness, and Christy riding me, grunting and moaning low as she came, and then releasing me to come, filling her and carrying her over the edge once more, collapsing on top of me.

I woke partially to hearing Bin speaking in Chinese again. I couldn't move or open my eyes, I was so relaxed, but I knew nobody was on top of me. I heard Bin's voice falter, with pleasure, I think, and then the room was quiet except for panting and intimate noises.

Bin set fire to me again, and I was on top of her, sliding into her, feeling her legs wrapped around my waist. I was in a dream on top of her. The phone rang -- I blinked, and was disoriented and confused. What was I doing? What was going on? The phone rang again -- it must be Karen calling. I looked down to the woman on the floor underneath me -- Bin -- I was making love with her! How could I -- how could I do this to Karen? Bin pulled me into her with her legs, the surge of pleasure heightening my confusion. In that confusion I saw her smile and reach up, pulling my head down easily with one hand as her other hand lifted some of her soft, dark hair to my face. I cried out as something in me struggled, knowing what would happen when

But it was too late -- as the softness of her perfumed hair touched my face, she squeezed the back of my neck, and I collapsed on top of her. I remember rolling to my back, and the sound of a phone ringing off in the distance as I was filled with perfume and softness again, coming so intensely, her delicious weight on top of me, drifting down to her voice, her touch.

Waking Tuesday morning to the alarm, I thrashed around wildly in bed, shouting, crying out for Karen, heart pounding. I showered, got dressed, and headed downstairs. My heart was still pounding. I knew I was supposed to No, I wouldn't -- somehow, I grabbed the food for the dog, and my bag, and went out the back. I fed the dog, got in my car, and drove off to work.

The switch flipped again as I got into the car. What had happened? It was all so blurry. What should I have done this morning? I'd escaped, narrowly avoided something. Yet there was that mix of avoidance and longing again, fear and desire, need to flee and need to surrender.

That mix of feelings and sensations overwhelmed me after dinner. After dinner, I'd found myself standing at the front door. It was Tuesday -- Karen said she'd call on Monday. The memory of the phone ringing, and all that transpired, flooded back into me. Rather than do whatever I was supposed to do, I threw the deadbolt with a shaking hand. Then I went into the living room and sat in the middle of the floor, hugging my knees and crying, rocking, squeezing my eyes shut.

I wanted to run -- I wanted to surrender. I was filled with fear -- I was filled with desire. My arms twitched and my legs ached with fear -- my cock surged and my temples tingled with the sensation of that soft void claiming me again, that tantalizing soft void.

And then they were standing around me, all three of them. They knelt down in the dimly lit room, and I was engulfed in softness, long perfumed hair, perfumed bodies, and Bin's voice. I cried out, trying to pull away, and barely felt the sting in my right arm.

They took me on a roller coaster, up and down, taking me to the edge, tearful, tense, and frightened, only to plunge me into blissful surrender. Over and over, leading me to the tense discomfort of the fear, and then into the relaxed bliss of surrender.

And then in surrender, I rocked in such a comforting place, rocking slowly and gently, knowing I was making love with them, gently rocking through orgasm and back to comfort.

That happened twice more. The last time was magic, sitting up with Bin on me, the others holding, caressing, kissing. A hand at the back of my head, being pulled to Christy's breast, and riding waves of bliss through orgasm, back to rocking again, rocking to sleep.

I woke up calm in the morning. But in the shower I broke into tears. What was happening? How could I explain this to Karen? I'd been faithful to her all these years, but....

I dried off and shaved, the shaking of my hands making me glad I'd switched to an electric shaver again. Why hadn't Karen called? She usually calls. Had she called? I had strange memories of a phone ringing. As I put on my after-shave, I had other memories -- the smell of medicinal alcohol and a sting on my arm. There was a mark on my right arm, near the elbow, like the mark I got from donating blood -- a needle mark.

When I stepped back into the bedroom to get dressed, Bin was there, naked. The cloud of perfume around her caught me, her voice caught me, her eyes caught me. I fell to my knees, and she held me to her body, a hand going to the back of my head.

I was so hungry for her. I got her on her back on the bed and ate her, delirious for her taste. She laughed and moaned, finally pulling me up on the bed with her. She looked in my eyes and spoke, and as her hand touched my cock, my eyes closed and I went deeper for her. She took me to that relaxed place with the waves rocking both of us through a gentle release.

When I woke up alone, I sighed and got dressed. The smell of perfume in the room started to fill me with sensations, but they faded, replaced by calm.

I threw myself into work that day, working furiously, frantically. At the cafeteria at lunch, the woman at the cash register was oriental -- when she smiled at me, I almost dropped my tray. I wanted to run -- I wanted to throw myself at her feet -- I wanted to give myself to her -- she filled me with anguish and pain, and I knew she could hold me and take all the anguish and pain away with her soft, small hands and her sweet voice.

I worked late, and would have worked later, but I knew our dog needed to be fed. Karen should call again tonight. She should have called Monday. Did she? Twisted, crumpled, confused memories -- terror and sex, fright and softness, medicinal smells and the smells of perfume and sex -- had she called? She always calls.

They knocked at the door again that night. As much as I didn't want to open it, I had to, I needed to. There were three of them again. They stepped in and closed the door. They

surrounded me, and I felt them touch me gently. I caught a whiff of perfume, someone spoke, and I fell into a dream again.

I woke up in bed to the alarm going off. I cried for a few minutes, then got up to shower. Water hitting the back of my neck sent shivers through me, bringing back memories. I'd made love with all three of them. They rode me, used me. I remembered cries of ecstasy, theirs and mine. During part of it, I remembered sitting up with Bin impaled on me, her eyes half-closed and her head back as she spoke in Chinese. The others held us, caressed us. Someone held me, and I was filled with softness. I came enveloped in softness, and floated down again.

I opened my eyes, shuddering and making incoherent noises, almost at the point of orgasm as I stood in the shower. I washed and dried off, dressed and went downstairs. I sighed as I went to the stereo cabinet. When I opened it, the VCR was still on, at the end of its tape. I hit rewind, and went to the kitchen to fix some toast.

I'd set up a small camera last night, hidden in a large plant, positioned so it would record the entryway and the living room. It should have caught images and sound of what went on.

Buttering my toast, I heard the VCR stop rewinding. Did I dare look at the tape?

I turned off the sound and started the tape playing. I fast-forwarded to where I went to the door. I saw my hands shake as I opened the door, my erection tenting my sweat pants.

They surrounded me. They touched me. My head fell back, eyes closed, and I fell into their arms. They moved me to the floor, sitting around me, Bin at my head. She nodded to the others, and they undressed, and undressed me. It was strange, seeing my body being handled, carefully, lovingly, seeing my arms and legs so limp, my cock so rigid.

Bin placed her hands behind my head, leaning over me. I thought I saw her lips moving. She moved my head back and forth slightly, and I saw a smile form on my face. As I sat watching, I closed my eyes momentarily. I could feel the rocking, so comforting, and felt myself drifting down again, almost hearing her voice. It was so easy to let go to her voice, let go and

I snapped my eyes open, looking at the television again. I fast-forwarded to see the two others running their hands over me as Bin remained over my head. I moved a little under their touch. Even though the sound was turned off, I could feel their touch, and hear myself moaning as Bin's voice spoke to something so deep inside me. I could feel it in my temples, in my thighs.

I hit fast-forward again, and had to back up a little to watch Bin reach over and run a hand up Christy's side, sending her head back and a shudder through her body. Alice moved to my head, and Bin moved behind Christy, running her hands over her body. I could see Christy breathing in gasps, her nipples so erect, the flush of lust descending from her neck to her navel.

I hit fast-forward again, watching Christy being moved into position atop me, watching high speed humping as Christy rode me and I bucked beneath her, Bin orchestrating us. Christy collapsed; Bin and Alice moved her to her side on the floor.

Bin was in front of Alice. She slid her hands up Alice's arms. As she did, I could feel the tingle Alice must have felt as her head fell back. Bin inflamed her, running her hands over her chest and down to her groin, sliding a finger into her. I fast-forwarded to Alice riding me, throwing back her head and crying out.

Alice got off me. Bin touched her again, and then Christy. Christy sat up, and both of them started caressing and kissing Bin. I watched Christy and Alice pleasure Bin, her eyes closed as she gave herself to pleasure.

After watching Bin's mouth open wide, one hand clutching Christy's head to a breast and the other hand clutching Alice's head between her legs, shaking and collapsing for a while, she moved to sitting. She stroked her two thralls, and all three of them started stroking me.

They helped me sit, Bin taking her pleasure seat, crossing her legs behind my back. Her head released back as she held my shoulders and rocked her hips. Watching Bin's lips move again after a while, Alice started caressing us. Christy did something -- putting something on her chest? Christy had larger breasts than either Alice or Bin, but nowhere close to my wife. Oh, how I wanted Karen's nipples again, how I wanted to be safe in her embrace, safe on a nipple.

And as I thought that, watching the tape, watching Bin and I rock towards bliss, with Christy and Alice caressing us both, Christy sat up on her knees. Bin turned her head to Christy, with a blissful look on her face, and opened her mouth slightly. I could see the look of lust on Christy's face as she reached for my head, pulled me to one breast, and pulled Bin to the other.

As I watched Christy's face reflect the bliss she'd experienced, I could feel her nipple in my mouth again, and feel myself engulfed in perfume. I could hear her cries, feel Bin around me, rocking, and arms holding me. I backed up the tape to see that again.

I heard something and turned around. Bin was standing behind me, slipping out of her clothes. I could see her nostrils flare, and the look of lust on her face.

I managed to make it to my feet, and take a step to the back door -- if I could make it out the door, I'd be safe. I had to get away, for Karen. I couldn't do this to Karen.

I felt Bin's hand on my arm, and kept moving -- she couldn't stop me. But then the soft top she'd been wearing was on my face. Softness and perfume -- her voice -- I melted, sinking down. She had me. She took me.

I was on the bed again. She caressed me, inflamed me, but wouldn't release me until I surrendered to her. No -- I needed to -- I wanted to.... Help me, Karen! But the only way out was to give myself to her, surrender to her. I cried, I pleaded for her to let me go.

I was on my back, tied to the bed, crying, with her sitting on my chest. The way she smiled, I thought she was going to let me go. But she got up and took the sprayer out of her bag.

She sprayed her hair, and her chest with more perfume, then rubbed it enticingly over her body. She walked slowly back to the bed, and I pleaded again, pleaded for myself, and for my wife.

She smiled, and straddled me again. She shook her hair down to my face, and as she lowered herself on top of me, she slid her hands to the back of my head and squeezed me gently. She carried me into relaxation, and then so deep, deeper than I'd been before, deep to the place where I could lose myself in her, let go to her, surrender to her. Her weight on top of me was so enticing, so comforting.

It felt so good to surrender. I was surrounded by her warmth, softness, and perfume. The rocking, relaxing waves took us over again, and I gave myself to the waves, letting each wave help me relax and surrender more, finally letting the waves engulf us both in bliss. And after that, she held me, rocked me, comforted me, and I was hers.

When I woke, she was still there. I held her, burying my face in her chest and silky hair, crying. She held me and swept her hair into my face. She spoke softly, gently as she held me and rocked me, turning my tears into passion.

She smiled and laughed as she moved to my lap, impaled on me once again. I put my arms behind her and pulled down on her shoulders. She moaned and rocked, and as I felt her approach the edge, she looked into me and pulled my head to her shoulder. The perfumed softness of her long hair engulfed me again, and as she cried out, I held on as I pumped into her. She held me and rocked me, then eased me back, covered my face with her hair, and caressed me with her voice and her hands once again.

I was alone when I woke up next. I got dressed and managed to get in to work just before lunch. I was relaxed. It was all right. On the way home, I got flowers for my darling wife, my one true love. I'd checked with the airline -- her flight was on time, so she should be home a little before eight. I made sure the house was clean for her.

It was about nine when I heard the back door open. Tears filled my eyes as I walked toward her. All those feelings filled me again, in my legs, my arms, my head, and I cried out her name. She smiled and pulled me to her, pulling my head to the fur collar of her coat. I hugged her, burying my head in the soft collar, giving myself to her embrace.

She said softly, "It's all right darling. I know; I know."

The collar was full of perfume -- that perfume. My head spun as she held me, a hand going to the back of my head, squeezing the back of my head gently as she whispered those magic words. As my knees went weak, I let go to her. She knew. She would protect me. We ended up on the floor, tugging at clothes. I wanted to keep my head in the softness and perfume. It slipped away from me for a moment, only to be replaced by a perfumed nipple.

We were sitting up, and she was on top of me. I held her, kissed her, rocked her, gave myself to her. I took in more perfume from the softness of her hair. We rocked together, and she started to moan. I opened my eyes to look at her. Her head was back, her face filled with

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bliss. And as my eyes followed the hand that was cradling the back of her head, turning to see Bin beside us, smiling at us, Bin's other hand found the back of my neck. She whispered something, squeezed, and I closed my eyes, surrendering once again.

The music -- Waveglider by Mystical Sun --

<http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/6/mystical_sun.html>

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