

Touch Control

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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.

I tapped the switch to shut off the thing vibrating between my legs, took a sighing breath, and forced my eyes open. I looked out the bus window; we were still stuck in traffic part way across the bridge, still forty minutes or so to go until we got to my office. I could feel Roger's head on my shoulder, feel him breathing slowly, asleep. I closed my eyes as a shiver went through me. How long had I gone? Half an hour at least, countless orgasms. When he'd gotten on the bus he'd found the wire coming out of my slacks; I told him I thought he was telecommuting today and I didn't want to be bored on the bus. He gave me his wonderful laugh, and when I started the vibrator, he pressed a hand on me gently and used the other to gently squeeze one of my breasts, something he knows I love. I let go to the ecstasy, to his touch...

It started months ago. What with the disagreements with my overseas relatives on their attempts at forcing me into a relationship, and breaking up with that bloody fool Vivek, I wasn't having anything to do with men. But that didn't mean I was celibate; in fact I'd ordered a three-pack of vibrators to replace my favorite that had died from glorious overuse.

Vibrators are a lot better than men. They don't talk back, they don't leave dirty clothes on the floor, they don't make rude noises and sit around on weekends watching sports. They don't complain about going to romantic movies. If they're slow and lethargic, you just put in a new set of batteries. Of course they can't hold you in the middle of the night when you're cold, but that's what electric blankets are for. And, electric blankets don't paw you at night when you just want to sleep -- electric blankets are easy to turn off.

I'd been thinking about my favorite vibrating friend and daydreaming on how I'd make it better. I knew I wanted a pulsing action; I'd done that with the controller it had, but it wasn't designed for it. Ideally I'd have something that would let me set the rhythm, and then it would follow along until I changed it.

I do software; I work with object models and class structures for distributed computing. I knew what I wanted dealt with the other end of the business, microprocessors of the kind that went into toys and appliances. I looked at the usenet groups dealing with them, even looked at some spec sheets for the parts that were mentioned. I had to admit it; even with a graduate degree in Computer Science, I couldn't figure out how to get started with these things. Can you really do anything with only 32 bytes of RAM?

Touch Control

Then I saw a post on one of the micro groups. A guy had mistakenly posted a private message to someone he was building a gadget for. This gave me the idea -- the thing I wanted didn't sound too complex, let's see if I can get him to build it for me.

Someone once said that the great thing about the internet is nobody knows you're a dog. Well, with the proliferation of free email accounts, nobody knows where on the planet you are either. I used my free account to send a message to his free account asking if he'd build a gadget for me, outlining it in fairly vague terms.

We traded emails over a few days; he told me it sounded simple and started asking questions. As I said, I'm a software type. You want to talk about object persistence and binding mechanisms in distributed systems, I'm your gal. When he asked if I wanted to run an AC or DC motor, I didn't have a clue.

He sent me a very nice email, not exactly calling me a dummy, but suggesting he'd be able to get information easier if we talked on the phone. He sent his phone number, which I recognized as belonging to another high-tech company in Silicon Valley.

That got me thinking; I was dealing with someone local. Did I want to deal with someone local? All of a sudden the comfortable anonymity and isolation of the net was dissipating. Could I talk to someone about what I wanted? I didn't know if I wanted to be alone in the same room with him, but the phone was okay.

I gave him a call Tuesday morning. When he answered I asked for his email name, and he said, "that's me." I introduced myself by my first name, confirmed where he worked, and surprised myself by telling him where I worked, another high tech place a few miles away.

We chatted for a bit and agreed to talk at my office that afternoon. That would be safe; a public place, and I had to take off to catch the bus home so there would be no problem with entanglements, or so I thought.

I gave him my extension and told him to ring me up when he arrived. When he told me what he was wearing, I freaked out. I don't know what I said, but he laughed. Once I got over the initial shock I laughed as well and told him I'd see him later.

I was still in shock when I hung up the phone, but still laughing. What a small world! While I work in Silicon Valley, I don't live there -- too bloody expensive. I live across the bay and commute by bus, paid for by the company. I'd been doing it for years; you have to get up a bit earlier in the morning, and I "telecommute" occasionally, staying at home and dialing in to work, but it's survivable.

When he'd described what he was wearing I recognized him as one of the commute regulars. If I was right, he's about my height, well built and a little on the thin side, blue eyes and brown hair with some salt and pepper in his moustache. He was quiet and dressed well; we exchanged magazines and sat together on occasion. Did I have one handy with his address on it? I'd have to look; this quiet character with the wry smile?

Touch Control

I thought about this for a while and tried to rehearse telling him what I wanted. It wasn't working; I'd just have to go with it and see what happened. I could still blow the whole thing off, but when I thought of doing that, I remembered those blue eyes of his and his gentle laugh.

I got a call from the lobby at a little after four. I'd already packed up my things, if I took an earlier bus I'd have a better shot at a seat for the ride home. As I walked out to the lobby desk I saw him standing looking out the window, his back to me; it was he. I laughed and called out his email name.

The look on his face when he turned around and recognized me was priceless, going rapidly through shock, happiness, surprise, confusion, and ending up with that gentle laugh and a smile once again. We hugged briefly and went to a small conference room off the lobby.

We sat down, he was still laughing, and I laughed along with him; such a small world. We talked about it for a little while. I think I suggested we take the express bus and talk some more there.

Then he asked me for more details about the motor I wanted to run, and I felt myself blushing; I lowered my head a little. His voice got softer and he told me he needed one to work with, just the motor, not the rest of whatever it was. Had he figured it out?

I was flustered. I told myself he wouldn't be embarrassed, neither should I. I told him I could give him a motor to work with; I thought of my dear departed friend that I'd been too sad to throw away. He asked me some more questions and I had difficulty handling them. I changed the subject and got us on track to catching the bus.

We got good seats on the express bus; it would save some time getting home. He smiled and held out his right hand. He looked at me with his beautiful blue eyes and softly told me that he wanted me to pretend he wasn't there, but his hand was the controller for my motor, and I should push it as I'd do the real thing, times, durations, just like I was using it, and squeeze his hand when I was done. He needed the information to do the code. I nodded my head; I understood that. Then he closed his eyes and leaned back in his seat.

He moved a little as I put his hand on the book in my lap; he was warm. I closed my eyes for a moment then took his hand in mine. I went through my ritual in my mind. My mouth watered as I thought of moistening the vibrator with my own saliva, feeling its coolness and smelling the plastic smell as I put it in my mouth, lubricating the jelly-like coating. I moved my hips a little and shuddered as I imagined sliding it down into place, the initial shock of its coolness against my labia and clit.

When I touched his hand imagining it was the control button, I was surprised as I felt that same shock of pleasure I get when it first turns on, that incredible wave of pleasure running from my clit through my body. I touched his hand gently, the sensation fading, wanting to feel my hand on myself, then trying to get that imagined sensation back.

I took it through the cycle I wanted to do, the cycle I'd imagined since first getting this insane idea, getting hotter and hotter all the time. As I got farther and farther along, I started feeling it again, getting close. I pressed on his hand now, imagining that little pink vibrator

Touch Control

humming between my thighs, taking me over the edge. I held my breath so I wouldn't moan out loud as I usually do, and moved my other hand beneath my stack of books, reaching, touching... And the orgasm I had was phenomenal, holding my breath still, then taking a ragged breath in. My toes tingled, the hair on the back of my neck tingled, my nipples were on fire. I thought of those blue eyes and those soft pink lips of his, almost feeling them on my breast as I breathed deep and slow.

Then we hit a little bump and I popped back to the real world. I took a deep breath and squeezed his hand, after a while opening my eyes. He was looking at me and smiling. How much had he seen? I blushed down to my toes.

After a moment we started talking about design issues, timing, counter lengths. It was so crazy; part of me was talking about all these computer architecture issues, while another part of me was imagining the sensations this thing was going to flood me with, the orgasm I just had.

We finished talking technical; if he did see what I'd gone through, he was very cool about it. We wound down and he asked me, "Anything else?"

I knew what I wanted. I raised the armrest between us and said, "I'd like to hold your hand again."

He held out his hand again and I took it in mine, then I leaned on his shoulder and closed my eyes. He was warm and comforting; I drifted off to sleep.

I woke up to the driver announcing a stop a couple before I got off; I remembered he got off at the stop before me. I sat up and squeezed his hand, feeling more content than I had in a long time.

He smiled at me and then asked where I got off. I blushed and chuckled at his wording. Was that deliberate? Had he seen me coming? Did he know what this was for? I told him I was at the stop after him.

Then he asked me to dinner the next night, promising not to talk about "my gadget" if I didn't want to. I laughed and accepted. That would be nice. As he got up to get off the bus he said, "Sweet dreams." I felt myself blushing again; how much had he seen?

I had a quick dinner, and then got out my dead friend. Should I just give him the whole thing? Maybe he hadn't figured it out; he just could be nerd enough to not have. I looked at the pleasure end carefully; it looked like a plastic coating on an inner shell; easy enough to disassemble.

I should stick to software; I got it apart, but only after cutting myself and almost destroying the little motor removing the off center weight from the end of its shaft. It looked so simple, such a simple gadget that could do such incredible things to me. I put it in a sandwich bag and dropped it in my purse so I wouldn't forget it.

Touch Control

Later that evening as I got out my new friend, the yellow one, I knew I was going to fantasize about him, his laugh, his face, his warm hands. I thought about him, what I'd seen on the bus over the last year or so. He was quiet, on the shy side, reserved.

I laughed and stopped thinking, stripping down and putting on my robe, starting for real the ritual I'd imagined so incredibly successfully on the bus earlier in the day. After I'd come a few times I told myself it was time for me to break out of my shell again, and he was the one to do it with. As I crawled into bed I laughed to myself; if he's too shy and reserved, I'll drag him out of his shell as well. It will be fun.

I saved him a seat the next morning. As he sat down I dug the motor out of my purse and handed it to him. He asked about my injury and I told him I'd stick to software in the future. He toyed with the motor for a moment, then put it in his bag.

I told him I'd made dinner reservations for us at a place on our side of the bay; that gave us the most flexibility going home together that night. I chose my words carefully, and watched him as I mentioned, "going home together." He is either a superb poker player or missed it entirely; either way I laughed. I took his hand in mine again and leaned on his shoulder, drifting off to sleep.

I heard one of my friends call my name, just as he was about to touch me in a dream. I woke up and held his hand softly; I was starting to get hung up on his hands; he has very pretty hands, long fingers and long oval nails, well trimmed, clean, soft, warm. As I got up I looked in his face and saw such an innocent adoring look; I brushed his smiling face with a hand and told him I'd see him later.

Denise bugged me about him on the short walk into the office. "What do you see in him? He's so shy." I laughed and shook my head. "I don't know. His hands. I'm not sure."

That day at the office I daydreamed about him, his hands, that look on his face. Either he's really good, in which case he's leading me down the garden path, or he doesn't have a clue. Does it matter? I should be able to find out tonight. If it was the former, I'll be careful and take things slow. If it's the latter, I'll be the tigress and he won't know what hit him until it's too late.

When I got on the bus I told Jerry, our driver, where we were going tonight. He's good, he told me he'd take care of it. I was lucky Roger saved me a seat, otherwise I wouldn't have gotten one. I sat down next to him and raised the armrest; he gave me another one of those adoring puppy looks, so happy to see me. When he asked if I was going to read on the way home, I took his hand and pulled him over to lean on my shoulder. I put his head down on my hair, he nestled in for a moment, and I heard him sigh.

Jerry woke us, announcing the restaurant loudly over the bus intercom. As we got off thanking him, he said, "Have a wonderful evening, folks." Two steps away from the bus we had our arms around each other.

We got a very nice table with a good view. Our conversation seemed strained; he seemed constrained or something, I could feel it. I asked him, "Roger, what's the matter?"

Touch Control

He closed his eyes, shook his head, and smiled. “Emily, I don’t know what to say. You’re so beautiful, I agreed not to talk about the gadget if you didn’t want to, and we shouldn’t talk about work; I’m at your mercy.”

He opened his eyes and I squeezed his hand and laughed. I’d be gentle with him, after I pounced, and after I was convinced this wasn’t a clever ruse. I also watched as his gaze drifted down to my chest and he sighed again.

“Roger, it’s okay, don’t worry. Actually, I felt very safe sitting next to you on the bus. You don’t have a steady girlfriend?”

He sighed again and told me a long-term relationship had come apart some months ago. He looked me in the eye and told me he’d learned, “...no matter how well you think a relationship is going, if one person thinks it’s over, they’re right.”

I sighed and nodded. How could anyone hurt a sweetie like him? Then I thought of that fool Vivek; he’d thought that just because our families thousands of miles away had talked that he owned me. He’d thought that at least until I threw him out. I guess we’d seen both sides of this.

I held his hands again, looking at those expressive fingers. “Roger, you have such beautiful hands.

That got a wistful smile. Why don’t men appreciate compliments like that?

We got into our dinners then and talked about a lot of things; writing code, how we both did the same kinds of things with the code we wrote. We both envisioned worlds and shaped the code to make those worlds become real. He also did that with micros, realizing physical things you could hold in your hand. Once he opened up his eyes sparkled, his gestures were so expressive, the phrases he used, “making those worlds become real,” the way he said that, I could feel the energy, the spark. ... And I wanted to knock him down and rip his clothes off.

I excused myself and went to the ladies room, to cool off and to think. I thought about his hands, and the contrast between him and Vivek jumped out at me. Vivek was short and skinny; his hands were stubby, crude, and devoid of grace. His touch was never soft, never expressive; he was crude. It was a wonder I put up with him for as long as I did. Vivek never understood what I did for a living, and how important it was to me. The way Roger swirled his fingers, holding an imaginary world balanced on his fingertips as he’d said, “making those worlds become real” was so sensuous, so powerful, knowing that by force of will we make those worlds appear -- he knew.

I looked at myself in the mirror and smiled. I dug through my bag and got out my perfume and hair brush. I opened up my blouse a good bit and put some perfume on my breasts. Then I gave my hair brush a spritz and brushed out my hair. I buttoned up my blouse, then unbuttoned it a bit and arrayed my hair. I laughed at the predatory smile I saw in the mirror.

As I walked back to our table I envisioned those hands caressing me and my nipples perked up. I sat down at the table and looked at Roger. After a moment his gaze again drifted

Touch Control

down to my chest. This time he got a better view. When he raised his eyes a while later, I looked into him and smiled. It was probably a predatory smile, as he actually blushed.

We split the bill and headed back to the bus stop. The wind was picking up a bit, cool and crisp. We stood close in the shelter of the bus stop; I leaned against the enclosure, looked at him, as open and inviting as I could be with clothes on, and said, "Well?"

He sighed again -- then said, "Emily, I'd like to kiss you, and squeeze you, and..."

I made my decision. I closed my eyes and pulled him to me, kissing him. He put his arms around me, sliding those sensuous hands over me softly. I held him closer, surprised at how hungry I was. When he didn't follow suit quickly enough, I turned us around and pushed him up against the enclosure, pressing with my hips and breasts. I felt the stirring in his pants; good, I was beginning to worry. I moved one of his hands up to my breast and his touch was so sensuous, so gentle, yet strong. I moaned and held on as my knees wobbled.

The bus pulled up and finally the driver called to us to see if we were going to get on or not. I turned and pulled Roger on to the bus. I smiled to the driver and she gave me a wink. We stood and kissed gently as we made the short journey to where we lived. I gave Roger one more opportunity to take the initiative; if he didn't ask me over tonight, his fate was sealed.

We arrived at his stop without a word. I told him goodnight and kissed him gently. He looked dazed as he got off the bus, and stood there dazed as we pulled away. I stood by the door as I got off at the next stop.

"Well, you've got him under control," the bus driver told me, laughing.

I laughed as well. "He doesn't know what's hit him."

I walked into my little apartment. Small, but home. I found a magazine with his address on it; it was about two blocks from the bus stop. I was deciding on what to do before I went to bed, whether or not to spend some time with my yellow battery operated friend. As I held it in my hand my plan crystallized. I laughed; this would be fun. I put my hair up and had a good hot bath, reviewing my plan.

I told myself I would hold off with my yellow friend; I almost changed my mind during the night. My dreams were filled with his hands, his soft touch, his lips, wanting to feel them roaming all over me.

I was in a tizzy when I got on the bus; I'd packed my bag for later that night, even found some condoms in the back of my dresser drawer. When Roger got on the bus and sat next to me, he started to thank me for dinner with that innocent smile on his face. I grabbed him and pulled him to me. This morning he was less hesitant, feeling me, squeezing me, kissing and holding me.

Just before we went over the bridge I heard Denise say, "Oh wow! Nerds in lust!" as she walked by. We both started laughing so much we had to come up for air. I pulled his head into

my hair; I'd remembered to perfume it this morning. I was rewarded with a sharp inhale and a very good squeeze.

We necked the rest of the way to work; we both had hands inside each other's tops. He was careful to stay above my waist; I could feel a very encouraging bulge in his pants but didn't want to risk it. I ended up scrambling off the bus putting myself back together. I was glad I had spare panties in my desk drawer.

Denise carried my bag as we walked in so I could straighten myself up. "Well," she said, "we haven't had a show like that in a while." I laughed and told her I was just getting started, I might be "telecommuting" more in the near future.

The sweetie called me about an hour later, thanking me for dinner and the bus ride. He'd told me last night he had a prototype working; now he told me the motor I'd given him was dead. I wasn't surprised. I almost told him right then I'd bring him a new one tonight, but I held back, telling him I'd think about it. I told him to save me a seat in the back of the bus, and thanked him again. I told him to think about me just before I hung up. I laughed as I put down the phone; the bulge in his pants was thinking about me at least.

When I got on the bus that afternoon he was in the back, the same place we'd been in the morning. I liked the positions we'd been in, but had a different plan. I'd perfumed my breasts again before leaving the office. He was sitting next to the window. I told him to move over so I could have the window seat; he slid over and started to get up.

I put a hand on his shoulder and told him, "I'll slide over." I tossed my bag to the floor then slid into his lap, grinding my bottom into him gently and tossing my head to caress his face with my hair. When I felt his hands start to move up my waist to my breasts I slid over into the seat. Success; he looked dazed.

"Did you have a long day?" I cooed to him.

"Yes, very slow. I stayed up too late last night coding your gadget as well."

I made myself comfortable and said, "Then why don't you rest on the way home." I reached over and pulled him to me, resting his head on my chest. I heard and felt him take a nice long breath, and he slid his arms around me. I held his head gently, feeling my heart pound and feeling the hot dampness between my legs. He relaxed in a few minutes; the sweetie was asleep in my arms.

I sort of dozed on the way home. It felt so good to hold him. I laughed once thinking of what I was going to do tonight; he moved a little but nestled in again. As we got close to his stop I kissed his head and gave him a squeeze. "Wake up, sweetie."

He kissed me through my blouse, took another deep breath and sat up with the most serene look on his face. He thanked me for holding him, then said, "See you in the morning?" We'd been talking about telecommuting one day this week.

But that wasn't what I was thinking about; this was my opening. "Actually, I thought I'd bring you another motor tonight, say around eight?"

The look on his face was priceless, going from serenity to panic in half a heartbeat. He recovered pretty well though and told me, "Okay, bring it over, whatever you need, it won't take too long."

Another wonderful opening; I leaned back pulling my shoulders back a bit and bringing my hair over my shoulder with one hand slowly and told him, "I was thinking of bringing my pillow..."

His eyes were fixed on the hand on my breast; his jaw dropped. I laughed and reached up, closing his mouth. "This is your stop, sweetie, I'll see you at eight." I handed him his bag and he staggered off the bus.

I had a light dinner and got my things together. Then I waited the longest time in my life until I went to the bus stop and caught the local to his place. I looked at my watch and sat at the bus stop for a few minutes, then walked to his place, getting there a few minutes before eight. As I stood there on the sidewalk in front of this charming little house, I could see a shadow inside rushing from room to room. I laughed, wondering what kind of bachelor mess I was walking into. Well, if I could stomach New Delhi, I could certainly survive a night here. The place was very well kept up on the outside; it might not be that bad.

Right at eight on my watch I rang the doorbell. He opened the door out of breath and I couldn't help laughing. I stepped in and dropped my bags and the pillow on the floor. I handed him his magazine and asked him if he'd been busy, but grabbed him and gave him a kiss before he could answer.

He held me so gently as we kissed; I felt him slow down and relax a bit, and he held me tighter; good, I'd begun to worry. I asked him to give me the tour; he had a charming little place, and it was surprisingly neat. He laughed and told me his parents beat him as he grew up, and their dogs destroyed anything left on the floor.

We poked our heads in his office for a moment, then went into the guest room. It had a great looking futon with a little table right next to it. I sat down and wiggled; this would be perfect. I let him help me up; he had that deer in the headlights look, but it changed to a wry smile as he led me back into the office.

I could recognize most of the stuff in the office; computers, printer, that kind of stuff. One bench looked like one of our hardware labs. He pointed proudly to a little bit of stuff sitting in a small vise. It had a few integrated circuits and some other stuff, and three wires leading off. One wire went to a battery pack, one to a little switch with an LED on it, and the other went to a small motor. I looked around the room. I definitely wanted to be in the guest room.

"Roger, can we move this into the other room by the futon?" I picked up the switch gingerly; my hand was shaking a little. I pressed the button and almost jumped as the motor started spinning, whirring and hopping about on the workbench. My heart started pounding as I let go of the switch and the motor stopped. I pressed and released it a couple of times, then let it

go and watched as the motor continued to turn on and off to the rhythm I'd set. My nipples were hard as rocks and I was soaked.

He told me it wouldn't be a problem. I tapped the switch the way he told me, and the motor turned off. I smiled and told him to move it and take whatever he needed to connect up my motor; I'd go to the bathroom and then join him.

He smiled and started gathering things. I went to get my small suitcase and tossed it in the bedroom, taking out my perfume, brush, and the paper bag with the condoms and the new blue vibrator in it. In the bathroom I emptied my bladder and then washed myself off with warm water and a washcloth. It took all the self-control I had not to push a couple of fingers deep inside and finish myself off right there. I perfumed my breasts again, and my hair. I tidied up my clothes and went back to the guest room.

Roger had his little vise set up on the table next to the futon. I sat down, holding my paper bag. The lights were pretty bright, but he dimmed them for me. I reached into the bag and carefully pulled out the battery holder end, giving it to him to connect, asking him to leave the other end in the bag for now. He nodded and took care of the wires. I smiled; he really hasn't figured it out; this is going to be such fun.

I thought of how wet I was and the fabric on the futon. Normally when I give myself to my battery operated friend I'm wearing a thick terrycloth robe; I soak it pretty well sometimes. "Roger, can you get me a small towel please?" I asked. "And dim the lights a bit more?"

He smiled, dimmed the lights, and left the room. I quickly took off my blouse, bra, and pants. He stepped back into the room and froze. I smiled to him and pointed to a spot on the floor next to me.

"Have a seat. I want you to see what you've made and what it can do."

He sat down wide-eyed and I took the towel from him. I sat up a bit and slipped off my panties, putting the towel underneath me. The cool air in the room made my nipples crinkle up even more; I heard him take a breath as I slipped my panties off.

I leaned back in the futon and looked him in the eye. I took the pleasure part out of the bag and slowly put it in my mouth, rolling it around, moistening it. Then with one hand I spread my wet labia a little and slid it home.

I looked at him; I don't think he was breathing. I picked up the switch with a trembling hand and leaned back. I tapped it a couple of times. The shock of pleasure when the vibrator started up was incredible, as was that shock when it stopped. I must have moaned, but I couldn't tell. I was tapping the button, feeling it pulse on and off, changing the rhythm until the waves of pleasure overlapped. Part of my mind was still with me and reminded me why I'd wanted this thing; I stopped tapping the button and it kept on cycling on and off, on and off. I was in heaven. As I got further along I tapped the button again readjusting the timing; this was going to be quick and intense.

Then I felt a gentle touch on my breast. I opened my eyes and grabbed him, pulling his mouth to me; I wanted him on my breast, now. His mouth touched my nipple and my back arched; I felt him hold me and suck hungrily. I hit the switch again, faster, faster, now stay on all the time. I held his head to me, squeezing him, my other hand squeezing the switch, and came intensely, finally going limp. My hand twitched on the switch, stilling the thing between my legs.

He continued to suck, moved to my other nipple, then rested his head on my chest. It took me a while before I could sit up; it would be so good to start it over again, just give in to it again, but I had other plans, better plans.

He sat up and I opened my eyes, trying to focus. "Thank you. It works, it works really well," I panted.

He laughed a bit and smiled, shaking his head from side to side. He moved a hand on my thigh, giving me a look of lust, and my passions flared again. I looked into him and commanded, "Strip! Now!" He grinned and quickly started getting undressed.

I wobbled around on the futon, letting the switch and my tormentor drop on it, and avoiding the wires, I pulled the futon out to its full length. I looked at him, now sitting back almost naked, pulling off his socks, with a wonderful erection. "On your back!

As he lay on the futon, head held up looking at me, I got a condom out of the bag. I moved closer to him and one hand went to his erect cock. As I stroked it moving from his circumcised tip down to his balls I heard him moan, and he dropped his head to the futon. I laughed to myself; so much better than Vivek, and so pink! I rolled the condom on to him, then slid down on to him.

I moaned as we slid together; he fit so well. I reached for the vibrator again and said, "Roger, please sit up and kiss me."

I slid the vibrator in place between us as he sat up. He was smiling and had a hungry look. He held me, squeezing me with his arms as we kissed. I rocked on him gently from side to side; I wanted him to last. He bent down and kissed my breasts, his hands around my waist. I crossed my legs behind his back and gave him a squeeze; he looked up and moved to kiss me again. I asked him, "Are you ready?"

We kissed and he held me, squeezing me with his arms as I squeezed him with my legs, his fingertips working into the muscles in my back. I found the switch and cradled it, feeling my heart accelerate.

I tapped the switch and we both moaned, holding on to each other, kissing at both ends. As I tapped the switch setting the timing, I felt the vibrator pressing on the base of his cock, sending its delirium deep into me.

We moaned and moved together; he had one hand at the base of my spine, the other on my neck under my hair. I pushed forward a little and his hips shifted, filling me that little bit more, the tip of his cock now pressing at my core, the pulsing driving me higher than before.

I was holding on for dear life when he pulled his mouth away from mine and panted, “I can’t take much more.”

Neither could I; I held the switch so the vibrator went on continuously, pushed my tongue into his ear, and leaned forward on him a little more. The tingling pushing on my cervix sent me over the edge, I felt myself spasming around him, then felt him pulsing within me as he collapsed on to his back. Oh, how I wanted to feel his delicious warmth fill me, spread through me. That would have to wait, but for now I rode him until we were both finished. I tapped the switch turning off our tormentor and pulled it out of the way, collapsing on him and kissing once again.

I slid off to the side and he held me, sucking gently. “Thank you for a great gadget,” I told him, and kissed him on the head.

I propped myself up on an elbow; he gave me a dazed smile and said, “You’re welcome; I think it still needs some work.”

I laughed and shook my head. Some of my hair fell over my shoulder and into his face. His eyes closed and I heard him take a deep breath. I brushed it gently out of his face and said, “There’s just one problem...”

His eyes opened slowly and with a look of concern he said, “I can fit it into a small enclosure, that won’t be a problem.”

I pulled him back to me as I slid down on my side and said softly, “No, that’s not it. Why should I use it when I have its inventor?” He kissed a nipple and then relaxed his head between my breasts. He chuckled and said, “Well, it is only a prototype -- we need a lot more testing.”

I held him for a while; then he gave me a strong squeeze, and we moved again, getting up. We both stood slowly, holding on to each other. Now I touched him gently and he hugged me tight as we kissed once more.

He stepped out of the room and I started cleaning up the debris. I was on my knees just folding up the futon when I felt him behind me. I felt him press into me from behind, and I spread my legs, pressing back. He felt glorious, and as I moved my hips slowly I could feel him growing again.

“Time for more testing?” I asked him.

He put his hands on my shoulders and let me feel their strength as he pulled us together. “The price of progress,” he sighed.

I tossed him another condom from the bag. I put a pillow with the towel over it underneath me, and gently positioned the vibrator once again. He touched me with a hand and it sent shivers down me, then I felt him guiding his hard cock into me again. His hands slid up my back, his fingertips feeling the muscles, and I let go on the futon, hitting the switch again.

His hands were holding my shoulders, his long strong fingers pulling and kneading. I was delirious pushing the switch, moaning as my body took over. I was coming, and coming, and coming, then I felt him push into me and stiffen, I heard him moan, and I felt that pulsing in me again.

He collapsed on top of me, kissing my hair; I turned off the vibrator and lay there.

The weight of his body on top of mine felt so good, I felt as if I could go to sleep right there; I was going to sleep right there. Then I heard a clock chime, and part of me counted, ten o'clock. We both stirred; the bus doesn't wait, and it arrives early.

We got up and kissed again, both of us worn out. We agreed on a time for the alarm clock; we both should shower. We got into bed and I lay there for a moment, head still spinning a little. He reached over and pulled me to him; I nestled into him, my head on his chest. He put an arm around me and kissed my head, then took a deep breath of my hair. This was another thing Vivek never understood, how important it was to be held.

I was momentarily disoriented when the alarm went off Friday morning, until I saw those beautiful blue eyes and that smile. He started to get up and a thought flashed through me. I pushed him on his back and ran my fingers down his stomach to his cock. He moaned appreciatively and arched his back.

I pulled his T-shirt off and moved between his legs, stroking him. He was hard so quickly; I moved and stroked him with my breasts. He moaned again, his head back, his arms out. I watched his hands flop around as I pressed into him, feeling his hips move. I said, "I'm not going to stop. Enjoy it." Another thing poor Vivek never learned.

I was fascinated by the way his head tossed back and forth, the way his shoulders and arms twitched. I had another thought and flipped some of my long hair down, so he was now plunging into my hair and my breasts. Let's see how long he lasts with that.

He moaned louder and his hips twitched; he didn't last very long, and I felt his warmth spread between my breasts, pulsing strongly.

We showered, had something to eat, and got to the bus on time; when we got on together, both looking quite satiated, the regulars gave us a round of applause. I squeezed Roger's hand and looked back at him; he was blushing again.

We slept on that bus ride in; Denise woke me just before our stop. I kissed him on the head and as I got off the bus told one of his colleagues to be sure and wake him.

On our walk in, Denise said, "Well, by the way you look and walk today, he must be pretty good."

I laughed and told her, "Denise, he's so pink!" Denise laughed with me; it had been a long time since I'd had a Caucasian lover.

Touch Control

We necked on the way home that evening; I was more subdued and he was more forward; not overly aggressive, and definitely attentive to what I liked. If he did something and I moaned, he'd do it some more; he was definitely trainable.

I went to my place and picked up some more things for the weekend then went back to his place. I found out that he might be neat, expressive, have sensuous hands and a wonderful touch, and be able to bring out feelings in me that Vivek never knew existed, but he couldn't cook. He wasn't a rotten cook, he wasn't starving, and didn't have take-out every night. Hell, Vivek didn't even try to cook, expecting me to do everything. But I quietly told him that I would fix dinners for us.

After dinner and cleaning up we went back to work on my gadget. It was insane. He moved his laptop into the guest room, a cable going from it to the gadget. Through that he could download new code in the blink of an eye. We'd talk about new things, code them up, download the code, and then I'd "try" it.

One of the things we learned is the motor ran full on for the brief time it took to download the code; just long enough to get me to gasp. Then I'd try it for a while; it was so hard to stay coherent, stay conscious, and oh so easy to just let go.

After a while that evening I just looked at him and moaned, my arms outstretched. He hurriedly put on a condom and was in my arms, inside me. I wrapped my legs around him and held him to me, kissing him, feeling him, enjoying his weight on top of me. He felt so good inside me. I held him, pulling him into me as I felt him come. We rolled on our sides afterwards and I held him to me suckling gently, his arms around my waist. Oh, how wonderful to be held and squeezed again! How wonderful to feel his mouth on my nipples! I started laughing as he held and squeezed me, it felt so good. He squeezed me more, running his hands over me, finally blowing a loud wet raspberry in my navel.

And then we went back to working on code. It was so strange, I was delirious, looking at the code, understanding how it worked, seeing the code dancing in my mind as it took me to the heights again, losing track of what was real.

At some point I noticed it was late; it was almost eleven at night. I took a break to go to the bathroom, and told Roger to do the same. I had two condoms left; one for tonight and one for the morning. I put some perfume on my breasts and when he came back into the room I told him to lie down on his back. I moved on top of him on all fours, lowering my left breast to his mouth.

"Now I'm going to thank you for your hard work," I told him as he moaned.

I brushed some of my hair into his face, telling him how good he felt as he held me and sucked on me. Soon I was able to put the condom on him and slide him back into me.

"That's where you belong!" I told him with a sigh. He only moaned; his mouth was still full. I rocked on top of him, enjoying him so much. He moved his hips and the angle now had him filling me completely, his tip pushing against my innermost gateway. I held him to me and ground my hips around, surprised as I felt myself nearing orgasm. He started moaning and I kept

moving, squeezing his head to me, spreading my legs a little more to push him further into me. I felt the motion of him pulsing inside me, how I wanted to feel the warmth that accompanied that. Then he surprised me by squeezing my nipples, sending me crashing over the edge.

We made it to bed after a while, cleaning up our debris and getting ready. He surprised me in bed by saying, "I have to hold you," and snuggling up to my back, like a pair of spoons in a drawer. I moved one of his hands from my waist to my breast, holding him, feeling him. He kissed my hair and my neck, and I went to sleep in his arms.

We made love gently in the morning; I suckled him for a while, and he teased me with his fingers. Then he went down on me, kissing me, tantalizing me with his lips and tongue, then slipping a finger inside me, hooking it back, pressing on me from the inside and the outside. How I wanted him inside me, even as that incredible orgasm swept through me. Then he was inside me, on top of me, kissing me.

We spent a dizzying, delirious weekend together, going out for more condoms, groceries, and clean clothes. The next week we spent part at my place, part at his. When he found I used a Laundromat to do my clothes, he was between begging and ordering me to bring them over to his place so he could do them. He looked so surprised when I hugged and kissed him, taking him down to the floor and laying on top of him. How could I explain to him how wonderful this was, compared to someone that had never picked up or washed his own clothes, let alone offered to do mine?

He isn't perfect; he can't cook even though I let him do breakfasts on the weekend. He thinks he can eat spicy foods; I'm afraid one of my family recipes was too much for him. But he was so sweet when I had my period, massaging my neck and shoulders, using his strong hands to massage my feet while his little gadget had me in bliss.

After two evenings of that, my mind was made up, what little was left. I called my gynecologist to get back on the pill. I called the landlord and gave them notice; Roger had been asking me to move in after the first week we were together. That night I had him on his back on the futon and I did something I've never done before. I knew I was going to get him off, using my hands, breasts, and hair, but I didn't expect to take him in my mouth. It just happened, and it was exciting. One moment I was watching him thrash back and forth on the futon as I caressed his shaft and balls, listening to him moan, then I looked down at the hot pink thing between my hands and bent over and took him in my mouth. He tasted so good, and it was so much fun feeling him respond as I licked, sucked, and played with him, listening to the noises he made. And when he came in my mouth I wanted him, sucking on him as he sucks on me, enjoying the new taste.

Afterwards as he lay there panting I told him it would only be a day or so before we could make love again and we wouldn't need condoms anymore.

The bus finally started moving again, slowly crossing the bridge. I felt his hand move a little. What's he doing? Oh! He's found the switch... Maybe I'll go down on him again tonight, this time with his gift between my legs.

Touch Control

FIN
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