

Magic Hands (excerpt, beginning)

by Christina

I loved feeling her there behind me, her delicate hands caressing my belly, pinching the soft parts, getting me into the heart of her sensuality. As she continued to fondle me with those extraordinary hands, I could feel the fever rising so much with that velvet touch on my breasts, the gentle squeezing and playing with my nipples made me wild, I could only turn around to be able to return the favours and after engaging in those long and deep kisses we could only go futher. It never ceased to amaze me how skillfully she could use those hands to please me, as I worked her G-spot, then thrusting while she first did those nipple things and then touched my ass and my clit in a way that I became high myself before having her inside me. It was like dealing with a real concert master and I never could get enough of her playing my keys, driving me nuts with that teasing foreplay of hers that she loved so much. After coming, there was such a deep affection in those hands, I could feel the way she always wanted to take care of me, all of the respect, the nurturing and so assertive and loving sentiments behind it. It felt like there could be no other one for me, ever, because being with her and getting all the satisfaction and love from those magic hands really meant the world to me.

There was one morning, I had already awoken, sitting there at the table in my tank top and thais, barely up to eating those sandwiches, staring absentmindedly out the window, green hills but in the midst of a shower. She came downstairs, the sound of those lively feet made me look up: I watched her sexy features, she had nothing on except for the soft panties. It was so awesome watching her grabbing that juice, often drinking some straight out of the bottle, then making scrambled eggs and ham sandwiches; As she beat the

eggs her whole body followed the motion and her breasts kept bobbing in a way that excited me so that I wanted to come nearer. She finished her tasks in the kitchen, then headed for her chair at the table. I could not do anything but watch, dumbfounded. She put the plate and glass down, smiled and then came around and behind me, starting to feel her way under the thin fabric, cuddling with my breasts and belly.

"Ohhh, love, I moaned. I feel like I don't really want this breakfast. I just want you! "

"You do?" She giggled and bent over to kiss me, that wonderful kiss that could make you really come alive.

"It's so boring with this raining, too. We should stay in bed, don't you think?"

"Well, I can't, but maybe just for a while, if we go back up now", she said.

She turned and went for the stairs. I sort of sped up from the chair just to be able to touch her beautiful ass cheek before she raised her foot up the first step. She turned to me and we came together in a warm, delicate kiss. My tongue did things on its own, it all felt so very natural with this wonderful lover.

"Oh, how I love you", I said. "How can it be like this? I adore the ground you walk upon!"

"What are you saying?" she giggled. "Yes, I heard, I think I feel the same way, sweetheart. I love you so much!"

She looked at me, her lovely eyes had that indescribable, tender expression again. She began caressing my hair, then held my cheeks with both hands and pressed her lips against mine once more. I had

to hold her close, feel the soft skin on her back, let my hands wander, come around to slide up her thighs, getting closer but keeping from doing it to her just yet. I knew we both enjoyed the foreplay tremendously, we had to have a lot of it, so I proceeded to follow her soft, beautiful lines. Sensing the warmth and sensuality of her moving, delicious belly, I pinched a bit and then my fingers ached to go over her ribs and reach her breasts that seemed like an inviting, calm harbor of lust. She had her way with my body, too; There was no way I disliked, on the contrary: That was one reason that I had stuck with her, because she seemed to know how to please and also willingly received the love of another. Her nipples had responded to her arousal: They were hard, waiting to be invaded by my hands and mouth, slowly enough but eagerly and filled with passion. She was also in a hurry to feel my back, my ass and my waistline, leading her down to my folds and clit.

"Ohh, I want this so much", I whispered. "But don't make me come...yet, wait a bit..."

"Honey love, what's that you're doing...ahhh..."

She sighed out of satisfaction as I played with her nipples, fingering them almost like small pieces of clay, waiting to become snakes in a child's hand. Further encouraged by her sweet response, I licked and sucked vigorously, followed by gentle nibbles. The palm of my hands seemed to engulf them as I started working more of her breasts. I pressed and did circular motions for a while, then gripping and pinching at those lovely bulbs. We were making out so frantically now, but having only gotten to the foot of the staircase, it seemed ridiculous.

"Wait, darling", I managed to somehow whisper in the midst of the lingering kiss.

"What", she said. She made a sound almost like gasping for breath.

"We gotta go upstairs, sweetie", I said. "Come on, I'll show you what you've been missing this last week."

It had been a hectic week, I had been out of town to do interviews and shooting for some articles while she had been at work in town as usual, doing that financial advisory thing I thought I knew very little about. Company strategies, acquisitions, mergers, loans, development plans, those things were all on her agenda. I had asked her what she really got out of it, I didn't care so much for what I thought was mostly very abstract matters.

"Abstract?" she'd said, "it's very real for our customers, it's what makes or breaks a whole company! To always keep an eye on expenditure, cash flow, how much assets and what you do with them, that's essential for any business! Really, Marge, I thought you understood that. You've been working with your own freelancing for a while, and those questions are bound to arise!"

"Oh, I know, but I've tried, and I do better taking my hands away. I leave it to my accountant. We've had this conversation before, haven't we?"

"Well, yes." She smiled. "Look, we can at least talk about basic principles, and I'll show you how you can take advantage....."

"And you're such a good teacher, babe! I'd like to take advantage of you then...."

"Wo, wo! Like, not now, honey pie! You have to go soon, and I'll be missing you. We'll restrain ourselves now. I have to work, same goes for you! Just focus!"

"So hard to focus on anything but you, yes, but maybe I'll pull through. Maybe I can make out with my zoom lenses....."

I suppose she giggled again. That was how the conversation went a week ago. I knew I had to rush soon enough, I looked very yearningly at her, but I then went to our bedroom to gather my clothes and photography gear. I knew I had better bring several telephoto zoom lenses, they were always handy, but you had to be somewhat of a body builder to drag your gear bag around. There should have been training camps, because you were always short of breath, sleep, water, clothes, time, light, anything! Well, I was not about to chase after lions or panthers, but some asphalt jungle characters were just as hard to get a hold of, I guess. One just had to be prepared. And dresses, panties, jeans..... Wait, I think there was someone watching. I turned and she stood there, afternoon sun making like a bright aura around her. There was something uneasy about her posture, crossed arms over her chest, her shoulders and chin somewhat drooping. Maybe she looked a little sad, though she had previously told me she would focus and really needed to only work and rest for a week.

"Sweetie, don't be sad, I said. This week will pass in no time. I'll soon be back. Think of me, I'll be in a strange territory while you're with your friends at work as usual!"

I rose from the bed, went over to her, caressed her cheek, softly. Her lips were trembling, I thought that this made me too sad, why was she almost crying about this? Was there something else troubling her? I tried to give her a kiss to make her feel better, oh, that was so wild once we started....

"Annie, hey, look at me, I said. Are you sure you're telling me everything? Is there something that bothers you?"

Why were we so short of time now? I felt we should have been together that night. I was eager to please her, to try to get her relaxed, her veil of secrecy removed if it were possible. This was so

typical, this would be bothering me for my whole journey if I did not get her to talk it out.

"Ah, Annie, you're my darling. Won't you tell me what's wrong? Look, we could share a quick shower, I'll need it before I leave anyway. Would you like that?"

Annie seemed to look away the whole time, her eyes as if glued to the corner of the ceiling. But now she moved her head slightly, sighed and turned to me:

"No, really nothing wrong, honey. I just got so emotional, I was thinking about another weekend and ah.....that was so good!"

"Well, let's go shower "sis"."

I patted her arm, just faintly, and I tried to dart by to get to the bathroom. She stopped me, however, held out her arms for a warm embrace and a lavish, long kiss.

"Let's get you just a little bit hotter", she whispered in the midst of kissing. "We don't want you to freeze on your way to the shower....."

"You're making it hard to leave, baby", I said.

She had those hands working for me again, feeling me from the waist and upwards in such a sensual caressing motion. Boy, did I get hotter by the minute! She wanted to feel my skin, badly, she tugged my t-shirt up and I felt her fingers beginning those arousing motions with my breasts again. I tried to say something about the shower but now we became lost in that timeless space of sensations and pleasure, where stimuli to your eyes and ears seem so irrelevant. I was delving into her love, so sweet and true. Moments like these

would hold on to your soul forever.

After that wave of emotions and boundless sensations, we came to open our eyes and look at each other. The glance in our eyes would tell you that our souls were in a deep bond, a relationship that was transcendental, so inexplicable by any other means than body language.

"Oh, sweetie", she said. "We could stand here forever. But let's get wet for real now."

She began to undress. I think it was my turn to get my eyes glued. I felt a throbbing through my body, the swelling coming on. I really ached to touch her with that latex all over. The dizziness made it hard for me to take off my jeans and panties without falling! She undressed slowly, as if she really wanted me to look very closely at what she was doing. I stepped in real close and embraced her from behind. I helped her get her bra off and I nibbled at her earlobes before beginning to explore those wonderful breasts again.

"Ahh, that's so lovely, she moaned. But maybe even better in the shower?"

We finally stepped inside the shower. We kissed, she proceeded to place some more kisses along my neck and chest. I turned the knob and the water came pouring down. It felt warm, refreshing. She giggled, probably at my lusty eyes, and worked up the latex, then she rubbed me very gently, passionately. I had to kiss those juicy lips again and wondered whether there'd be any time to actually wash the latex off of us later. Lord, those magic hands again! And with the way she could use the cream to work my body even more sensually than in bed, there was no such thing as staying in a calm state. I wanted her to feel relaxed now, I used my hands to do a careful massage of her shoulders and neck, then a bit of her forearms, but then I had to pinch at her breasts and belly while we kissed so

deeply. She ran her hands down my mound and folds, and my mind was as if lost in a trance when she rubbed my clit.

"I love you, baby. Never knew before it could be like this, it's crazy", I said.

"Darling, perhaps we're the perfect match then", she whispered.

Always that smile, even her eyes were smiling now, that's how they looked to me. The caressing motions I made on her back and ass, and up and down the sides of her smooth body, had her excited as well as me. My fingers played with her folds and clit now, she moaned and sighed at the touch.

"Oh, never leave me, sweetie, she said. This feels so perfect....."

We could probably have stood there for hours fondling each other, but now I knew we had to wash off the lather, I had to go, however painful that felt. I helped her get her hair washed thoroughly and she helped with mine too, even if it was shorter and really didn't take much effort to do. We got wet and relaxed, it was such a great feeling. After the long shower I took her towel and rubbed her, it was wonderful whatever I did for her. She must have felt real tired afterwards, she just threw herself upon our bed, watching my last preparations.

"Oh, she yawned. That was some shower experience, honey! Ah, couldn't you postpone this trip? Stay with me tonight!"

"Sorry, baby, I gotta go, can't do anything about it, I'm afraid. You know I want to stay home as much as you want me to, but it's beyond my will. Those darn deadlines! I'm lucky to get these interviews now, we'll get some exclusives, that will be worth a lot for the magazine!"

"Yeah, I get it. And with those beauties you'll be interviewing....they won't be hitting on you, will they?"

"No, I don't think so. But I would never be interested in anybody but you, you know that, silly!!"

We kissed again, briefly. I knew now that I had better be stacking up my gear in the car, otherwise I would never be able to leave.

"You sure you have everything in there now?" she asked.

I was finally behind the wheel. I felt just totally relaxed, as satisfied as I could be at the moment. I had my Ray-Bans within easy reach and a freshly made thermos with coffee. There were also some new CD's that I wanted to play on my way to the big city.

"Just one thing I can't take with me, and that bothers me a whole lot", I said.

"What's that?" she asked, and she gave me that smile again.

"You!"

So, we just had to come together in one last kiss, lingering, deep, heavenly, I thought. I was going to miss her one hell of a lot back in the big city. But it was out of our control, and those tasks were bound to come up now and then, we had to get used to it. I put the car in gear and waved one last goodbye.

