

What Sings The Steel To Sleep - Chapter 1

The light clicked on. It was set to do so. Usually it woke me up. Today the urge had been too strong. I'm the only one in the apartment, always am.

There is a kitchen, and I use it often. There is a living room, and I sit and watch TV. But the bedroom is where magic happens.

My thoughts dripped out between my legs, painting the simple curved toy with delight. I'd just got it yesterday. The plan was to use it after work. Going to work horny had its advantages in this job.

I couldn't wait.

Drool sliding from my lips, my eyes rolled back. The sensitization cream rubbed on my clit had it tingling and rigid. Poking out from its hood made the vibe almost too intense. A buzz in my brain that sweetly set me off. Most people condition themselves to be quiet. In my well soundproofed bedroom with a sun lamp set to 8 AM to wake me up, I could be as loud as I wanted.

As loud as I needed.

"Ahhh fuck me use me take my holes train me, nooo please let me cum..." I pulled the vibrator out and held it close enough I could sense the vibration of air from it on my clit, without getting any relief.

"Mmmph I need it." I clenched my ass to make the hole send signals. Once I'd discovered pleasurable places back there, all it took was the right muscular work to make me horny. Still holding the vibe, my fingers are wavering. I love the delicious way my brain orders me to keep going, tells me I need to cum.

I don't have the discipline to hold out, even if I really want to deny myself and drive my pussy crazy. The toy invades me and I manage to ignore my hands and pretend someone is pinning my heavy hips and wielding it.

The wet lips of my pussy are smacking like it is kissing the toy, the fluids are so thick I can feel them oozing over the heel of my hand.

A curved dildo with variable speed vibration. Bigger than my vibrating bullet, smaller than the "back massager" wand... curved to hit my insides just right.

I'd made due with those first two sexual releases for four years now. I never dreamed an insertion toy would be so good, the vibration is strong and variable and I can make it pulse over a looong gap so it feels like I'm being denied just that little bit and it's - I'm just so happy.

Read about it, sure, read reviews, picked the perfect one.

The vibrator moving in and out, curved perfectly to hit my g-spot. A little button near my thumb to

turn up the vibration. I'm getting close.

Eyes closed, surroundings fade out. Images flow in.

Pinned, a wolf grin from someone with a fall of messy brown hair past her shoulders. Brown-green eyes, little glasses. She's slow at first but then she learns to aim, learns what turns me on.

I push the toy so close that its vibrating curve is right against my clit too, hitting both spots at once using its pronounced curve. G-spot inside inducing a heavy and peculiar want: a desire to cum, but coupled with a feeling like I'm going to let go, like I'm going to slip off an edge and lose myself. Love my body.

I'm a bit more sensitive than most, and forcing myself to keep going makes my thoughts a little disorganized.

In my head, the girl keeps me pinned and pulls the toy out again. She reaches a free lubricated and gloved hand down to my well cleaned rear entrance, and begins teasing the hole with circular motions.

She dives the toy back into me at the second I notice the anal sensation - and the vibration resumes in my pussy.

Both hands working, lost in reverie. My head feels hot. My thoughts are dripping from between my legs. I'm trained to obey my body, to give in. Right now I would happily welcome anyone who would tell me what to do, force me to feel it.

Force thoughts into my head to replace the ones drooling out. I need it. It's all I dream about. My legs are shaking.

The muscles in my thighs are tensing as though electrified. The muzzy haze in the back of my head has spread and my entire brain exists for the orgasm. I exist to cum.

The grin widens, becomes drooling, the girl staring at me is getting off on this, in my fantasy. Getting off on making me cum for her. The dimple in her cheek, the scar over each eye. One bisecting the eyebrow, one a pair of little holes above and below.

One hand moving the toy making me whimper for it...

The stimulation stops. All of it. My pussy was an inch from climax. The toy slides out. My fingers stop touching behind.

Empty.

So empty. I take the moment to feel it, to really understand what it means. Buzzing brain was loving every drop of chemical lust and sexual nervous system shocks.

There is nothing between the dripping slick lips of my sex, there is nothing in my clenching rear, even though my body is still involuntarily sending signals to make it squirm and make me feel pleasure.

Euphoria. It's like I'm drugged into aphrodisiac lust. I'm sad most aphrodisiacs are unsafe, or I'd drug myself up. Hell if pheromonal control was real, I'd find someone whose sex chemicals made me a slave... but nope.

The closest we have is denial.

The sudden denial, the ceaseless stop. I know nothing about when the pleasure will start up again. Only problem is my butt and belly...

My body is so desperate to climax. Even when I stopped the vibe, my butt is still clenching over and over. My pelvic floor muscles are arcing and sparking signals to my brain. Like I'm gonna cum either way.

Imagine that girl, pinning me, looking disappointed and vicious: "Stop. No cumming.", her voice, a familiar voice. One of her legs between my legs. Trying to move my hips to rub my empty pussy against her, imagine her slapping my inner thigh and tsking at a naughty girl. Her naughty girl.

I stop. My body ceases all stimulation as my ideal lover commands it. Even the subconscious tenseness that was making me close.

In fact, in the submissive void my masturbation has made me, suddenly nothing below my neck matters. Autohypnosis also helps. I am just my mind thinking and my mouth drooling. I try to send the command to stop grinning, to suck up the drool, to wipe my face.

Doesn't work. I'm a good girl and good girls are still when they're edged.

She edged me. More than once. I'm so wet. I can feel the puddle on the towel under me. It often soaks through.

This is mind control. The moment of denial makes your whole body need something, and then for someone, some impulse, to be even stronger than your sexual needs.

Well, there are other ways too.

The vibe is still buzzing in my hand, but I am unaware even of my fingers. The cure I need, held inches from my slit. I wait, drool running down the corner of my mouth. On my laptop, the camera records everything for my later perusal. It caught me babbling, caught me edging before I even put batteries in the toy, caught me telling myself stories, making myself wanton.

I watch them all, I get off to them all... imagining...

I see the mirror above my bed. I stare right into it. Double edged sword... it proves she's not over me pinning me down. But it lets me see my own face. I'm lost in it. My eyes are glassy, they barely focus enough to bring that detail home.

Dripping pussy, the little purple toy sticking out, curved and vibrating, my hands holding part of the vibrating bit to my clit while the rest does its work inside.

Heat up my spine. Mirror-me with sweat glistening on her breasts, nipples pointed, muscles in her belly contracting rhythmically. It's like she's a machine, another toy, wringing the sheets with her legs and feet. Using her hips to close around the toy.

Wait, the tension, the look on her face, the gasp from her lips...

Shit. She can't hold back.

My body unfreezes, I see the girl above me pushing the toy in, I imagine her gloved fingers teasing my rear, I barely need to imagine... diving two fingers deep and curving them to hit the very opposite spot from where the toy is vibrating. My dream lover, the sight of me lost in it. Tipping, tipping, can't hold on. Breathing deep desperate labored. Tears real and down my cheeks and wetness added to drool and sweat and juice.

Over the edge.

Entire body outside my control, vibe held on the spot. Being horny makes that spot bigger. The tingling cream is wearing off but clit still so big. Cumming! Oh yes, finally, waited so long. Edged all day yesterday. No wonder I was so horny this morning.

So big so big, big inside, brain simple, third finger, squeeze, make cum, make me cum, me make me cum want hot drip good want. Yes.

Simple thoughts are stronger. I feel movement, I barely know where it has come from. I've changed position.

Screaming on my side with my voice resounding. Staring at my laptop open nearby, toy shoots out too tight dripping cloudy juice I look down see how wet I am. Butt tenses, can't keep touching it, hand flops uselessly behind me with a pop as muscles get too tight.

Too hot inside. I'll burn I'll break so good. Begin to shake like shocked like electrified need more tense my thighs keep my dripping pussy happy keep her happy see her in my vision see her need her control submit good so good pussy happy.

"Good girl", I hear her voice murmur, inside my head, familiar, imagined but familiar... an easy trick, and it sets off a second small climax amid the aftershocks.

Legs don't work. Mind doesn't work. Can wipe drool though. I must look so dirty and deep.

Triggered freedom. I stir my legs but no standing. Only un-tense. Relax. Drip. Thighs painted with thoughts.

Slowly recover, make new thoughts. Drugged though. Happy afterglow. I hug myself. I love my body. I love my apartment. I love my new toy. I love my job-

Oh shit, right, I have a job.

Downside of cumming that hard - and I thought about it the second my thighs clenched in climax, the instant the vibrations stepped up - is that I need to get turned on again before work!

Slide to edge of bed. Adrenaline. Look at clock. Still have forty-five minutes but I can't show up smelling like sex.

Ironic. The suits would complain though. I need to go INTO my office looking professional. It's late before I leave so I can cum in my office as much as I want.

I rarely do though. Edge at work, cum at home, recipe for bigger orgasms. Into the bathroom I go. Get cleaned up, toss my towel in the basket. Clothes are laid out, hung in the little temperature controlled closet to keep them from being humid when I take a shower. Big shower, separate from the bath tub. Dance my way in there across the tile.

I look out through the door at the big waist-height mirror that runs the full length of the double sink counter.

A girl with long brown hair, dimpled cheek, scarred eyebrows, wolf grin, sweated brow. I like my breasts, just one good handful each. I like my curves. I like my wet pussy with its one little thatch of pubic hair above and nothing else, to keep my fingers slickly sliding in. I edge now. Can't help it. The girl in the mirror is commanding me to do it.

I shiver and close the frosted glass door, staring in the mirror the whole time, at myself, at my lover, the door clicks, and I lean back heated against the shower wall to let the water wash everything away.

My silhouette through the frosted glass is obfuscated enough that I imagine she's getting hot, I'm getting hot, enjoying my body.

I guess that's true. And...

That was the fantasy. A bit narcissistic? Sure. But they do say to love yourself first.

Washed clean, towel off, resist touching my pussy. Slide on some cute panties with little hearts and skulls on them, brush my hair for a bit. It's soft anyway, I like it, I wish I could bury my face in it and breathe deep.

A long held fantasy.

Time to go to work, and make it a reality.

Grabbed my Dreambots ID.

“Ivy Reynolds - Programmer”, alongside the gear and DB logo. This was the dull version of my title.

The equipment is more exciting.

My neural interface kit, and a briefcase containing chiefly porn, porn comics, porn manga, an EHD full of fetish porn bought as a work expense. Out the door to the bus stop.

If someone asked me what I do, how would I answer?

“I’m a fucksmith,” would be my preferred take.

Probably I’d say I write porn.

I don’t. I write fetishes.

Into brains, into bots, into the world.

Then I set them loose.

I love my job.

And as of next week... it’d be MY dream cumming true for a change.