

Self Indulgence

(By: xhyra - Posted by SoapyLisa)

"Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Positive?"

"Goddammit...I'm sure as hell not going to repeat myself while talking TO myself"

Standing in front of the mirror...nude. "As if this is some kind of ritual," I think to myself, even while knowing that it is...a ritual. Out with the old, in with the new. A chance for growth. The seasonal shearing of the sheep. Whatever. I flip on the trimmer and listen to it buzz. I'd much rather this be the buzz of my vibrator. It's all I have left for a while anyway. But I've got to do this, no use stalling. I've been thinking about it for a while now. And Demi Moore has nothing to do with it.

"Liar, admit that you are too easily influenced by movies."

"Fuck you."

OK...let's do this. Pulling my hair to the side and scraping the teeth of the trimmer against my scalp.

"The least you could do is just cut it shorter first as a test, instead of scalping yourself."

"Jesus shut the fuck up!"

"Now I know I'm going crazy, who the hell am I talking to?"

No more talk. The hum of the trimmer is all that I hear, thank God there's no more arguing. The Zen of shaving your head. It's almost meditative. As my hair falls to floor the memories come.

<His lips against the top of my head, feeling them move, hearing him inhale deeply.

"Just what do you put in your hair? I could stay here forever"

"It's called shampoo luv, you might give it a try."

"Don't sass me woman" That sexy growl, his hands squeezing my ass, pressing me harder into his thigh. God, how I loved to dance with this man. To run my hand

through his long curly hair, to feel his hard, strong body swaying with mine. In the dark club, we might as well be naked. His hands roving over my body, reaching up against my back, to pull on my hair, so my face turned upward for his kiss...

Being pressed against the bar, his erection poking into me, hands stroking my stomach..."Hey Dave! Bring that fine ass over here. Hurry up and don't forget my drink!" I yell to the pony-tailed bartender. Dave walks over slowly, with my drink in his hand. I could see the lines of his stomach and his nipples through his t-shirt. "Is it cold back there, Dave?" "If you weren't so beautiful, I'd call you a bitch", he says, running a hand through my hair and pulling my head forward over the bar to plant a wet kiss on my lips. "But I am, so you can't" I smirk. "Don't I get one too?" Sergio says from behind me. "Of course," Dave says, climbing further over the bar and turning my head with the hand in my hair, so I can watch them kiss. "Umm...I'll get you your Bud in a minute, but Queen Goddess here called." He laughs...letting my hair trail slowly off his fingers as he walked away. >

"Christ...was my whole experience centered around hair?"

Well that's changed now, maybe it will center around my tits or ass...or maybe, just maybe...here's a good one...my freaking brain. Looking in the mirror, I'm deliriously happy. Who knew? Well I actually did know, I have beautiful eyes...and look at those cheekbones, and those lips. Yes, I am vain...I love me. Why is that so hard to remember? Without him here...

Stepping into the shower to get rid of the hair all over me, little short hairs all over me, making me itch. Hot, hot water, running over my body. It feels delicious. Rubbing shampoo over my head...hey, that feels really good, not even really feeling my hair because it's so short. Scalp massage...my head feels incredibly light. Rubbing soapy hands over my breast and stomach, down over my mound and soaping between pussy lips. Smiling to myself...yeah sure I know it doesn't need that much cleaning. Why do I always feel like masturbating whenever I'm happy?

Who am I kidding? I feel like masturbating whenever the sky is blue. Leaning back against the shower wall, the hot water flowing over me, tightening my nipples. I sink a still soapy finger into my pussy.

Reminiscing again, finger pushing deeper...you know, life was good.

<We decided to wait for Dave finish work...we did that a lot. Sherry, Dave's girlfriend, was there. As we waited for the club to empty out, I danced with her...a little bit away from the bar. She's very sexy...we were the beautiful people, the gorgeous hair group, the bright white smile set, the body built for sex bunch. Sherry's my height, 5'8"...hmmm, maybe an inch shorter and even though her hair was an expensively highlighted honey blond, we were almost the same color, she was so tan. And I loved her body. Her breasts pressed into mine while we danced. I felt her soft ass moving while we danced. I put my arms around her shapely waist and licked her lips while we

danced. Dave, watching us, was through with bartending for the night, much to the annoyance of the heavily made up drag queen trying to get his attention. I guess Sherry and I were quite a spectacle, but so were they. "Look at them" I whispered to Sherry. Dave, he must have been standing on something behind the bar, had his arms around Serg's neck; one hand absentmindedly playing with a nipple as they both watched us. "I'm sure they both have raging hard-ons" Sherry whispered back, giggling.

"Them, and all the queens watching them." We collapsed into each other laughing and headed over to our men. >

I needed to get out of the shower, to put something into my aching sex. I'll do the dyeing in the morning.

Yes, life was good...so what the fuck happened?

Rubbing my head dry with the towel as I walk into the bedroom. I can't believe there will be no more hair ritual -- towel dry, comb though, hair products, blow dry, brush (extra work on the left arm at the gym to compensate), more hair products, hot curl, hair spray, comb through...don't want stiff hair...ohhh no...want soft, bouncy hair...yesss sir -- now I can just wash and go. Well I guess I could have done the wash and go thing before too, it just looked better and felt better after the ritual. Ritual hair was sexy, ritual hair said, "Touch me". Ritual hair whispered, "Fuck me" when I walked into a room.

Well, now my butch hair will sternly say, "Don't even fucking think about it" when I march into a room.

<We sat on the couch, Sherry and I, we liked to watch them undress each other. It was something we thought not many women get to see. Sherry slid down to sit on the floor between my legs and we were a copy of their earlier positions in the bar. I bent my head to kiss her on the cheek. It was our private show. Sergio walking in to Dave's arms, tilting his head Dave looked at Serg and smiled his bright white smile. They rubbed noses, laughing they kissed. Kissing...Dave pulling Sergio's t-shirt out of his jeans, Serg pulling the ponytail out of Dave's hair.

Lying on my bed, two fluffy pillows under my head...my lighter and almost completely dry head...looking down at my moist dark lips and opening them up with one hand. "No playing around, get straight to the point" says my new assertive hair. I turn the vibrator on high and place it directly on my hard clit, groaning loudly. "Nope, no beating around this bush," I say through clenched teeth as the beginning of my orgasm propels my hips forward.

"Hello trusty friend"

Waking up slowly, I pulled the vibrator from under my hip. "You may not have a tight ass or whisper Spanish in my ear, but I can do this and you won't complain..." Tossing it

to the side, I sat up.

<"Serg...babe...I have to go." He said nothing, his hand pressed between my legs, covering my mound, finger rubbing my clit. He was sucking on my nipple, his cock hard against my hip. I arched against his mouth, hips pushing, circling with his hand. "Serg, please...I can't be late." I weakly protested. "Then I guess we have to hurry." He slipped two fingers inside me, curling them up, rubbing. Moaning, I slid back down into bed. He rolled on top of me, long, hard cock piercing my wetness, smoothly, easily... >

How long was it going to take before I stopped having flashes? Groaning, I got up and padded into the bathroom. Breaking into a smile when I looked in the mirror, I did a little dance. The Amazon with the pixie hair and wide sexy eyes, yep, that's me. "Well, let's get this show on the road" reaching for the bleach. Chuckling...no, I no longer wasted time. No trip to the hairdresser for me, no expensive hair coloring. Just bleach. Just one step.

I stepped out of the shower, rubbing my head with the towel. Nervous for the first time...What if it looked stupid? "Who cares?" I said out loud, pulling the towel down. Sighing...it's just not fair, just because I don't have a dick. Look at me...I'm incredibly beautiful. Isn't vanity one of the seven deadly sins. Pride goes before a fall, etc. Whatever. I really don't begrudge him happiness. Dammit, I just miss him.

<The reflection...of his hands lifting my breasts in the foggy bathroom mirror, some of my hair tangled in his fingers as he pinched the nipples. Hands sliding down my stomach, then pushing between my legs. Looking into his eyes through the mirror, pushing against his hand. My breasts falling forward when he leaned me over the sink, my hair in dark curls upon the porcelain. Closing my eyes when he pushed inside of me, filling me up, stretching me, pressing deep into me. >

I stepped into the compound, feeling good. I always felt good when I walked through that fence. Looking down to where my jeans met my dirty work boots, lost in thought, watching the shadow of my cowboy hat on the concrete. I noticed the familiar black boots planted firmly on the ground in front of me and stopped, just in time, right in front of them.

How does he keep them clean? "Hello gorgeous," I murmured distractedly, tilting my head upward. "There seems to be something missing. I guess you finally did it" I watched his lips move as he spoke.

"Ayup"

"Have you ever even been on a ranch?" He chuckled, reaching for my hat.

"Well...no sir," I drawled, hooking my thumbs into my jeans, "but I'm an artist, I'm supposed to be eccentric."

"Artist maybe, piece of work definitely"

"Kiss my black ass, Darryl," I said smiling brightly.

"I thought you'd never ask," he smirked, stepping in closer, "I like the new hair, by the way," He ran his fingers over the side of my head.

I lost my smile immediately, my stomach tightening.

<His fingers, those long dark fingers, slid down the side of my breasts, the material of my blouse crinkling under the soft pressure as he cupped them. "I thought you'd never ask," he said, leaning in to kiss me. Slowly sucking my lower lip into his mouth, running his tongue over it. He reached a hand to the small of my back, pulling me closer; his fingers tangled themselves in my hair.

"I like the new hair, by the way," he murmured against my neck.

"I didn't think you'd notice...it is just highlights"

"I notice everything about you, mi amor" His voice vibrating against my ear, his tongue flickering around it. "Like now...you're trembling, I wonder why?" he chuckled, sinking his teeth into my earlobe.

My body melted into his, "You know I can't take it when you do that, Serg"

"Hmhm...well, let's not waste time" He wrapped his arms around my waist, lifted me and walked us over to the sofa. >

"Alex...what's the matter?" Pulling my head out of reach and grabbing my hat, I maneuvered around him. "Nothing's the matter," I growled, striding toward the building.

"Alex!"

I stopped and turned around. "Yes?" I smiled, "Got something important to say to me, handsome?"

"You're schizophrenic," he laughed, shaking his head.

"Then I suggest you keep the power tools out of reach." I shot back, swiveling around quickly to continue on my way.

This whole thing was beginning to piss me off. I needed a Santera, an exorcism, someone to bath me in holy water. Well...maybe not holy water. This crap, his memory, was messing up my love life...ruining the chance of my having one. Darryl

was a hunk. As if someone up there (or down there) took note of everything I wanted in a man, packaged it and sent it. A package tightly wrapped in well-worn jeans and impossibly clean boots. He was Australian. Actually flew in, fucking here for a year, from Australia. How coincidental is that? Yes...the world does revolve around me. Yet, somehow, I'm floating helplessly between reality and Sergio flashbacks. Cruel Goddamned joke. Objectively, he was better looking than Sergio. He had green eyes and great lips. He was burly - thick arms, thighs, and fingers. His rough, burliness more my usual taste than Sergio's Latin looks. Serg's lean, lithe, smooth, well-toned, incredible sexy, dark body. That was a perfect description of his penis. Damn him, damn him. Whatever. I have work to do.

I wheeled the torch over to the welding tables and opened the bay doors.

Welding was curiously meditative. I never thought it would be. I avoided it for the longest while, convinced I would set my hair on fire or blow up the studio. Now I found myself wanting to make bigger, longer welds--addicted to the state induced by the act of making pieces of metal melt into each other. I liked to use gas; electric welding seemed more violent. The torch allowed me to fall into my enjoyment of exquisite color, the color of liquid metal, bubbling and sparking, like a miniature lava river. I relaxed my body, legs open, feet firmly planted, the muscles in my legs and arms almost imperceptibly moving. I was aware of each muscle, of each breath, of the heat around me as I fell into my familiar rhythm. Well...I fell in to our rhythm, the steel leading while I tried to control. Images in the light balls that bubbled and splashed away in arcs and streaks to bounce against the table or the floor (or sometimes uncovered parts of my flesh...kissed by my dance partner, leaving a lover's mark.) Flashes in the pools of light.

Serg's fingers forming dark outlines against reddening skin, the flushed skin of Dave's cock. In the swells and folds of each bead I saw Sherry's pussy, smooth, rivulets of slowly dripping liquid. Liquid, red-hot sex. It never surprised me, whenever I took a break to go to the bathroom, to find myself warm, tender and slippery wet. One, two, three or four melting bodies entangled, melting into each other. I did nothing then to stop the images, my sordid visualizations in the colors of heat...I just let it happen, regulating my breathing.

I was in just this state, this relaxed tension when I felt him come up behind me. What the fuck was he thinking?!

I ignored him...or hoped I looked like I didn't notice him. There was no ignoring this one. He quietly moved in beside me. With a quick glance down, I verified the boots. That was as much as I would allow myself. I will not take my eyes off my metal, I will not stop welding, I am supposed to be concentrating, and I will not turn off the torch. His arm just barely touching me, he leaned his head in to get a closer look. I just want to weld, I screamed internally. I felt the slow burn building, starting with the tightening of the furrow of concentration between my eyebrows. The tightening traveled through my eyes, narrowing them, a tense locking of my muscles. Tightening

my lips, I slowly pushed my breath through them in an effort to relieve the tension. Tightening throughout my entire body...my toes pressing into the bottom of my boots.

Everything became more compact as my anger grew and I tried to rein it in. Like I imagined the air would be around the head of a match, right before it was dispersed by the birth of flame. I was struggling to control the impulse to turn the torch on him. I knew he didn't deserve it. He can't know I just want to be alone. Can't know that he's intruding. He probably doesn't care. Does he just think I'll welcome his intrusion? Does he think I'm happy that he's standing there watching?

Of course, I'm just here to get his attention. Couldn't possibly have anything important of my own to do. Nope, I'm just hanging on to this torch, sweating my ass off, getting soot up my nose, getting burned by flying steel, because it's sexy, like fucking Flashdance. Any minute now, I'm going to turn off the torch, reach to pull my bra off without taking off my shirt, get up on the red hot table, and dance to 'What a feeling' while twirling the welding helmet around...because there's a fucking man in the room. Fucker. Christ, I'm going off the deep end. I took a deep breath and turned off the flame. I stepped away from him to turn off the dials and bleed the lines.

"I hate being watched." My voice broke into the silence.

"Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt." Do they train them with marbles when they're young? I swear it sounds like he's talking with his tongue against a clit. Words muffled by a pussy, is what I always think. This does nothing to assuage my annoyance. It just grows...now including the both of us. Flashdance here I come. Reduced to an aching cunt by a few words. Senseless slut.

"Well, even with the best of intentions, that's what you did." I sighed, walking outside to the tables. I sat down and lit a cigarette, watching the match burn down, dropping it as the flame reached my fingers. It was dark. As usual, I didn't realize how long I had been working. I sat staring at the burning end of the cigarette. He straddled the chair across from me and sat there, arms folded across the back of it. "I've got the dosh, if you wanna go grab a few beers." He said quietly. That's just what I needed...to have beers with the pussy-muffled conversationalist. Against my better judgement, maybe it was guilt for wanting to set him on fire just now, I said yes. "Maybe I'll get lucky. You'll get pissed and I'll take advantage of you." He said as we left. I chuckled when I realized he meant drunk.

"Pissed, piss drunk..." I giggled as I walked into my apartment. "Not pissed enough to be taken advantage of though," running my fingers over my lips. Closing my eyes, I remembered what it felt like when Darryl kissed me goodbye. His full lips quickly brushing mine...God, my skin's on fire. I can feel small waves of sensation everywhere. Each breath causing my breasts to raise slightly, almost imperceptibly rubbing against the material of my bra, but I can feel it. Gives me goose bumps. Squeezing my thighs together, I can feel my pulse down there.

Oh well, enough of that. I guess I'm going to bed. I walk into the bathroom and turn on the shower. I unzip my jeans and wiggle out of them. The air feels good between my legs. Maybe now I can cool down a little. I look at myself in the mirror, trailing my fingers across my chest, pushing the straps down over my arms. Placing my hands over the front of the bra, squeezing a little. Nice...somehow it's erotic...the different shades - stark white bra, my dark hands over them, the creamy brown of my full breasts peeking over the top. I wish he could see this. Shrugging my shoulders, I reach back to undo the bra, taking it off. I glance once again into the mirror, my nipples hard, and then turn to step into the shower. I've made the water as hot as I can stand...it should relax me. The needles of water, hit my thigh and then the rest of me as I step fully in. I turn to face the onslaught of steaming water...it beats against my breasts, massaging my nipples.

"Well...this isn't working" I think, closing my eyes as I feel a familiar warmth travel through me, the water running down my stomach, then between and over my thighs. I open my legs a bit; the water runs a little further inward, caressing the sensitive skin of my nether region. A soft moan escapes me...wishing it to be his fingers or mouth brushing me there. I place my hands on my hips and press down, arching my breasts forward and throwing my head back...the stretch feels good.

I'm thinking, "I have to snap out of this," so I turn around...the water beats a staccato rhythm on my back, running down between the crack of my arse. Giggling again, I like that word. Yep, I believe that's how I would sound saying ass if I was busy flicking my tongue over someone's clit. I leaned forward, placing my hand on the back of the shower, arching my butt upwards so the water could massage more of the area between my legs. Mmmmm...that feels good. I cup my breast with my free hand and run my index finger over the taut nipple. Tiny shivers run through me. Damn, I thought I wanted to kill him earlier. Now I wanted to feel his touch, feel his fingers where the water strokes me...have him slowly rub my pussy lips then open me up. Hear his clit-muffled voice tell me how good I feel as he insert a finger, twirling it around inside of me, caressing my breasts with the other hand. I'm practically purring, my hips moving in anticipation of feeling his searching fingers, a slow burn traveling up my inner thighs and to my throbbing clit. The water's still beating down on me...

"Oh geez! This is just ridiculous!" I grab the soap and start lathering myself vigorously. "I have got to get some sleep." I turn off the hot water. Needles of cold water wash the soap off of me. Shivering...I step out of the shower, grabbing the towel and rubbing myself dry. I feel like my head has cleared a little. Turning down the AC, I get under the covers completely nude and find myself wide awake. I squirm around a bit...Goddammit!

"That didn't last long" I say out loud. I can feel my clit pulsing still, my nipples rub against the sheets. So...I twirl both nipples between thumbs and index fingers, moving my hips from side to side, relishing the feel of the sheets against me. "I might as well finish this, or I'll never get to sleep." sliding my hand down my stomach, raking

my nails over my flesh. I imagine Darryl kissing me in a trail down my stomach, until he reaches my center. My hand becomes him...softly nibbling on my inner thigh, planting a kiss on my labia. His tongue pokes between the lips and finds my pleasure nub, pulsing with my desire. My hips buck...the feeling is so intense, and I moan loudly. Rubbing back and forth and around in circles, the sensation builds, my hips moving wildly in response. I arch my chest up, my breasts swaying as my finger/his nose slides down my wetness then suddenly enters me. Ahhhh....it's so good. I want so much to feel his hard cock inside of me, filling me up, stroking the walls of my pussy...in and out, sending swirls of pleasure throughout my body.

I reach under my pillow and feel for my dildo, smiling. Cherry red, life-like, jelly dildo...I wrap my hand around it and lick the top of it. Pretending it's his cock...I twirl my tongue around the head and down the length of the shaft, around the jelly balls. Sucking slowly up the length of the dildo/throbbing cock. I get to the head of it again and take it into my mouth. mmmmmfph...so nice...I take more of it in, rubbing my tongue along the underside of it. Moving it in and out of my mouth, I rub my clit with my other hand. Low, soft animal sounds are vibrating from my throat, vibrating against his penis...I can't take it anymore, I have to have him/it inside of me. Sliding it down the front of my body, through the valley formed by my breasts, over my tummy, until I reach my wet pussy...I'm so hot...need it inside of me so bad. I'm breathing hard, rubbing it up and down my slit, groaning with the feeling I get from the friction, then position the head at my opening. Grabbing one breast, I squeeze it hard as his cock plunges suddenly and deeply into my aching tunnel. My pussy hungrily convulses around him/my dildo and I squeeze rhythmically with my interior muscles. "Yes!" It's sooooo good. I pull it out, then plunge it back in HARD.

"Ohhhh...Yeeess!" I groan. Moving it in and out, filling me up, hitting a place each time it plunges in that makes me say his name over and over again. "Darryl....ahhh, Darryl...it feels sooooo good....ooohhhh, Darryl....FUCK ME DARRYL!!!" I'm delirious with pleasure, I rub my clit back and forth faster and faster, fucking myself harder and harder with the dildo...still moaning his name. I feel a wave coming from deep within me...oh yes, YES! A final incredible shudder grips my body, my hips grinding wildly...the waves of my orgasm. Screaming as it hits me fully, my entire body shakes then stiffens, my nipples are so hard they hurt, wave after wave shudders through me.

I slowly pull the dildo out, give it an experimental lick, then lay it beside me. I run my hand softly over my mound and flick a finger lovingly over my oh so sensitive clit...shivering. Then run my hands up my body to massage my breasts and aching nipples. Curling up under the sheets, smiling, thinking to myself "Thank you, Darryl"