

SUFFER FOR ME

© Copyright 2001 Amity Harris

It was clear that he had no idea what suffering really meant. Although he probably had a clear understanding of what pain was, it was obvious that his mind stopped where pain ended and suffering started. It was time to provide him an appreciation of what it took to make her happy and that involved suffering on her terms.

Jonathan needed to learn and he seemed to love learning these lessons. Allison adored the instructional process and making a certain special few men her own.

Silently and expectantly, Jonathan knelt between her legs as she closed them around him as if to encircle his body with her presence and let the full extent of her need drip through his hot skin into his core. Only his muffled breathing broke the room's deafening silence and his occasional shudder made her remember how much she loved his joyful passion. Kneeling silently, he was expectant with a sort of anticipation mixed with suspense because he knew her well enough to understand that something was different tonight.

He just didn't know what it was and that uncertainty made his heart beat faster and his skin glow brighter with the heat of anticipation.

Allison's hands draped his cheeks and pulled his face within inches of her own. Jonathan's neck strained at the uncomfortable angle she managed with him and his body, as if with a mind of its own, rose expectantly to meet her. He was stunned when she gripped him tighter with her legs and forced his body back to the floor. Yet she continued to pull his face toward her own.

Something certainly was different and Jonathan's omnipresent calm dwindled in the face of his growing apprehension.

Jonathan's neck burned with discomfort, chagrin and confusion and his thoughts swirled with soft misgiving. Something was new - - different - - and his nature insisted that he understand it. As his thoughts raced, her grip on his face tightened and snapped his attention suddenly back to the present. Staring into his eyes, she held not only his face but also his full concentration.

"Suffer for me," she whispered.

She felt the heat from his skin radiate against her palms that were intentionally covering his ears so as to muffle her voice. Whispering almost silently while her hands still blocked the majority of his hearing, she challenged him to hear her words. Barely able to hear her voice or distinguish her words, Allison wanted him to read her mind.

The word 'suffer' stuck in his thoughts while he tried desperately to discern her meaning. They were new to each other and were still learning but Allison was confident that he could rise to the occasion she thrust upon him. In the night's darkness that was punctuated by a single candle's glow, she watched his eyes try to derive meaning from the stifled words and anticipate what she wanted. He prided

himself on always knowing what she wanted but this time, his assuredness failed and his thoughts raced as he tried one meaning after another, hoping that something would fit his present predicament.

"Suffer for me," she whispered again into his eyes.

There was no controlling his racing heart or his tightening muscles and he knew she could feel it in her hands that kept drawing his face closer to her own. Soon there was mere air between them and he shut his eyes to concentrate.

Suffering. He hadn't either counted on suffering or considered it before this night. The word had a sort of heady ring to it and was as enticing as it was frightening. With his neck straining at the angle into which she forced it, Jonathan's thoughts leapt between non-comprehension and a significant ache that grew to encompass his shoulders and back. Her hands refused to relax; instead, she pulled him closer.

Soon, he couldn't think at all. The only feeling that filled him was the soreness that engulfed his neck and the throbbing that moved down his back toward his waist. No longer able to concentrate enough to figure out what she meant by her mysterious command to suffer, Jonathan focused on his body's torment. He never noticed her leg slide between his own and press against him firmly and expectantly.

Allison knew exactly what she would find there and he didn't let her down.

Rock hard and dripping, he unconsciously rose to meet her pressure against him. With his head still in her stolid grip and his cock hard and wet against her leg, there was no room left inside him to attempt to understand her motives or translate her mysterious edict. Instead, Jonathan managed merely to visualize her eager and expectant face through his closed eyes while he struggled not to groan in his discomfort.

His voice betrayed him.

After an interminable period of agony, his throat groaned and filled his ears, as well as the darkened room, with the sound of agony. Had his eyes been open, he would have seen her smile.

Soon another groan followed and once his voice started, it continued as if it had a mind of its own. Unable and unwilling to stifle the expression of his misery, Jonathan's lips and tongue emitted incessant grunts, moans and whimpers that filled the room with a cacophony of anguish that brought yet another small smile to Allison's lips. Through his tightly shut eyes, he could feel her pleasure and that gave him enough energy to remain in the distress in which she obviously wanted him.

The sweat that poured from him was as honestly produced as any one of his mammoth workout sessions in gym. As if he were running until he could no longer feel his legs, Jonathan's body seemed to degenerate into a mass of agonized flesh as he knelt on burning limbs between her legs. He felt himself move downward without understanding how much farther down than the floor he could sink.

She whispered again into his hot ear. "Suffer for me," she hissed.

In seconds, or minutes, or even hours, he no longer felt the excruciating soreness. Instead, his body felt warm and slightly elevated, as if he were floating a few inches above the carpet. Unable to differentiate between the ache that had begun in his neck and now encompassed his entire body,

Jonathan felt only the security of her legs pressing against him and her hot voice in his ear. Even with her hands still closing off the majority of his hearing, he heard her clearly.

"Suffer for me," she whispered lovingly.

An inexplicable feeling of floating overtook him and he had no strength with which to try to interpret it. Instead, he allowed himself to hover in his head and pressed his body toward her, toward her voice, toward her comfort. Elevated emotionally, Jonathan sought her succor with the remaining power he could manage.

Allison felt his back arch toward her and the widest smile imaginable graced her lips. Her mouth hovered above his as she forced his jaws apart to admit her deeper into himself.

Speaking directly into his parted lips, she murmured soft words directly into him.

"Pain with a purpose," she spoke softly.

His body danced in her hands when the meaning of her words finally besieged his agony and replaced it with an amazing and startling sense of well being and a wonderful feeling of calm engulfed him.

Other stories by Amity Harris can be found at <http://www.amityworld.com>