# The Piano Bar Ch. 2/2

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*Lay down, I want to show you that chakra massage I told you about on the way here*

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"I hate you, you know that!?" you half-yell, trying to get over the sound of your own laughter as you close the door of your apartment behind me.

"Yeah, yeah." I throw back at you over my shoulder as I look around the place, checking random doors. "You can say that as many times as you like, but you very well know your mind and body are saying the exact opposite - especially the latter."

"Psh, yeah ri-..... Hey! Where're you going?"

In a surprised yell you follow me as I've disappear into the newly-discovered-by-me bedroom. I promptly throw my coat off on one of the nearby chairs, jump back and greet you with a wide grin, lying on the queen-sized bed as you run after me into the room. In a moment you smile back at me and sit down on my knees, your legs on both sides of mine.

"You're quick to the point, now aren't you?"

"Get your mind out of the gutter, girl." I sit up, grabbing you by the waist and lifting to position you next to me. "And lay down - I want to show you that chakra massage I told you about on the way here."

Semi-reluctantly you lay down on your stomach and look back toward me.

"Just trust me on this." I smile at you and give you a small half-nod. "Also, take your top off, it'll get in the way."

A quick 'Alright' and soon you're lying on the bed with your face resting on the large pillows and only your bra and beautiful hair left on your back.

I lightly brush your hair to the side of your neck, unhook your bra, throwing the straps aside. This is

soon followed by a small gasp from your side.

"Don't worry. This'll just get in the way otherwise."

Saying that, I place the tips of all my fingers on the lower end of your ribcage, on both sides of your spine. "Now, what I want you to do is focus on my fingertips, on their touch.. Feel how at first it's just grazing your skin, but the more you focus on it, the deeper it goes."

I start to apply a little pressure just to my thumbs, not moving any fingers yet.

"Notice how the more you feel it, the more you want it to go deeper and deeper until each finger is like the blade of a rake, going through your entire body beneath."

Slowly extending my other fingers upward I lower my voice and lean in over your back.

"Feel how as they move they go over each knot of distress or discomfort in your body and transform it to just pure pleasure and peace. Feel how it reaches and unties and unlocks every fiber of your heart."

I continue as I hold my left hand over where your heart would be, applying pressure with my palm as my other hand slides upward.

"Notice how with that single press, just like a button, all of your emotions have both been calmed and then set into a rush."

Both my hands reach up to your shoulders and while gently applying pressure to them I caress your lower neck with the tips of my fingers.

"Let the calm take over your entire body - enjoy its soothing peace - until the rush starts lighting up each part of your body, like drops of oil falling into a fire."

My hands slip to your side, sliding down as they brush the rim of your breast with their fingers, until they are at your lower back. There they converge on your spine, slowing down to an agonizingly leisurely pace.

"Do not be afraid of it," I whisper having leaned down to your ear. "Let it feed the blaze in you. Let it transform each part of that fire into a storm of smoldering bliss."

One hand swiftly moves up to just beneath your breast as the other lays comfortably above your

beautiful cheeks. In one quick movement I turn you around onto your back, moving the former to stroke the side of your face.

"Let go."

I lean in, your puckered lips instinctively parting to meet mine.

As if having waited for just that moment, the moment they connect, your arms shoot out to wrap around me and pull me in tightly to your body.

The hand that was stroking your face has quickly made its way back to your thighs, hovering and gently caressing just on the outside of the warm crease between them, as the other hand has made its way to beneath your left breast, teasingly stroking the sensitive flesh underneath it.

As my hands roam your body, dripping oil into your raging flame, it all becomes a blur.

As my lips part yours and take their well-expected and long-awaited trip downwards the blur starts to take the colour of these flames.

As tongue and fingers converge between your thighs the blur starts to burn your entire consciousness.

By the time our hips have met and are rocking together it has burned every single piece of physical consciousness and primal instincts - both good and bad - are gone from your being in the form of ashes blown away by the winds of lust. The only thing left lies in the center, pure bliss and pleasure.

Finally, as that core explodes, as our merging has come to what seems like its glorious end the blur clears to reveal my eyes, channeling your every emotion into them and sending them back to you in ten times the strength, continuing the endless parade of pleasure even after its end.

The blur returns with full force.