

A Portal To One's Heart

The sound of office workers, trapped in their cubicles rings out through the office. The pitter patter of keyboards that only make noise so others around them can *hear* each other working to keep up productivity. A petite woman with shoulder length blond hair busily works at her desk, biting her cherry red lipstick lower lip, thinking, "*Today of all days they have the must come into work day.*" Her fingers work at a feverish pitch, dancing across the light blue holographic keyboard.

She slows her pace, her light blue eyes glancing at her phone that is placed on the desk, checking the time, while also staring at the 'no signal' at the top right hand corner, "*I hope he doesn't mind I'll be a little late,*" she continues to mull about in the back of her mind, leaning back in the chair, taking a moment to collect and calm herself, her albino hands running across her phone, tensing a little.

"Relax Sara. What happens will happen," she mutters, resuming her work, with appropriate pauses to keep herself from being *too* productive. The hours ticking by weighting in the back of her mind, as her ability to focus on the job at hand wanes under the restrained excitement of what is to come. That old saying is so true, "Put your hand on a stove for a minute and it seems like an hour. Sit with that special girl for an hour it seems like a minute," could not be more so as this workday.

But all good things come to those who wait, and it doesn't help she has no choice but to wait, rushing to her car once the day is over, making her way through the city toward the red light district of town to a small shop called, "Discreet Delights."

The shop's entrance is down an alleyway, with only a small sign sticking out in front giving any indication that there's even anything happening down here. Having parked in the nearest parking garage she could find, rushing to the store, "*Please Craig, you better not have chickened out on me and sold it to another,*" she thinks, the thought of it making her blood boil.

She steps into the shop through what could be described as a 'hole in the wall' revealing it to be an adult sex shop with all sorts of gear and pleasure items that one could hope for. The place is busy given how out of the way it is with a dozen or so customers perusing the place, checking over dildos, latex or leather gear. One customer who bashfully looks over the gas masks they have off to the side, but she's a woman on a mission and she knows what she wants.

She passes a display that says, "Coming Soon! Portals! Now it's not just a game! You could have mind boggling fun with your partner in ways that only science can bring you!" And then there's display boxes that will contain the various types of portal items with bland cut outs of what could be done. The thing that catches her gaze though is the sign that reads, "Sorry Sold Out!"

She beelines straight to the cashier, where a curly haired redhead with freckles works. Dressed in casual clothes. He bags a customer's purchases into a black plastic bag, bidding them a good day before turning to her, "Sara, good to see you. You're rather late, I was getting worried."

“Work had their mandatory work in the office day, and they have anti-phone devices that prevent any cell calls. It’s all a bunch of bull crap.”

“Ah, terrible. I didn’t hear from you and with so many people knocking on my door that I--,” he says, his words cut off when he catches Sara’s predatory glare.

“I tried to call you when I got off of work that I was a little late. You better not have gone back on our deal.”

He smirks, “Relax. For a good customer as yourself? I wouldn’t dare go against our arrangement after just a few hours, but I will say, it was rather difficult to hide it from those looking. With the new inventory system, it tells customers we have one when *technically* we don’t, if you catch my drift.”

She relaxes slightly, “Then you, have it?”

“Come on, I’m Craig, anything I list for you is genuine. But now,” he says, glancing around, “Do you have my service fee?”

She digs into her purse pulling out a wad of cash, “Here it is.”

Craig runs his fingers through the bills giving a quick look over, using a marker to check their authenticity.

She rolls her eyes, “Really Craig?”

“Company policy is I have to check it.”

“Like you care about that.”

He shrugs, “Them the rules,” he says, counting through them, “Ah just enough,” he says, digging under the register pulling out a box already in the black plastic bag. He uses his hand scanner to ring up the item, cashing it out, pocketing anything that remains, “Here you go, and with my keeper’s fee. And we’re done. Enjoy your purchase.”

Sara with a level of restraint takes the bag, glancing around, making sure no one is paying attention to them, “I appreciate the effort you did for me. Thank you.”

Craig keeps one hand in his pocket, feeling up his newfound wealth, “Any time. Enjoy your purchase.”

She grins, pulling the bag close to her, fingers drumming on the box, through the bag, “I think I will,” she says, rushing out like a bandit in the night, keeping the package close to her person, her excitement running to a new crescendo. The small single-story home, a quaint little place in a peaceful neighborhood out in the suburbs of the city.

She bursts through the door immediately hit by the smell of a deliciously cooked dinner that overcomes one biological urge with another. Her mouth waters as she calls out, “Tim deary, I’m home!” She takes this moment to place the bag onto the nearby couch just as a tall light skinned, brown haired guy pops out of the kitchen, ducking down from the small dip between the living room and the kitchen.

His blue-green eyes light up, “Sara! You’re home. I got your message that you were going to be late, good thing too, I just finished cooking the steaks,” he says with a proud smirk, taking the moment to adjust his glasses.

She walks up to him, giving him a big hug, Tim lowering himself so the hug can transition into a tender kiss, “Sorry I took so long.”

“The one time you have to go into the office, and they work you to the bone. Come, sit down, and I for once get to present you with dinner.”

“Thanks, you’re the best guy a girl like me could have,” she says, the two of them going to a prepared dining room table. “You did go all out,” she remarks, checking behind her to the living room, their normal dining experience, moving to sit down but Tim grabs and pulls the chair out for her.

“Allow me.”

She smirks, “I had one day at the office and you’re treating me like I was away on one of your business trips.”

“Do I need a reason to shower you with love?” he asks, pushing the chair in as she sits down, going to the stove, preparing the dishes which he brings out, including two medium done steaks with all the fixings and very full baked potatoes with cheese, bacon, the whole works.

She giggles, her gaze torn between him and the meal he prepared, “Since when did you get so good at cooking?”

“I practiced here and there. A lot of internet videos helped.”

“The internet? You know you can’t believe anything on the internet, *especially* if they are in video format.”

“Come on, who would lie about cooking?”

She cuts into the steak, checking the red juicy insides, “*It’s cooked the way we like it, last thing I want is us to get food poisoning, that would just ruin our fun,*” she thinks before responding, “You’d be surprised especially with those life and cooking hack videos out there.”

He chuckles, “I stay away from shady sites like that... At least I think I did.”

She giggles, “I suppose I did pick you for more than just your good looks.”

“You know, I could say the same about you,” he retorts, a few minutes passing before he asks, “How is it?”

She looks up at him, “Huh? Sorry too busy eating how delicious this food is.”

Hmmph, “I’ll take that as yes then... I hope?” he asks,

She smirks, “It is, it’s absolutely lovely, thank you.”

He nods, visibly sinking into his chair, taking his time to eat before he then says, “So what’s in the black bag?”

Sara takes a moment to chew her food, “A little playful gift for us,” she responds, taking a sip of water that was on the table from the get-go.

He quirked an eyebrow, “Sara, what kind of *gift* is this? Normally you don’t have a black bag unless it’s something you don’t want people to see.”

“It’s a high-ticket item, I wouldn’t want to get mugged on the way to my car, now would I?”

His concerned look continues, “High ticket item? Sara honey, what did you buy this time?” he asks with a slightly concerned sigh.

“Relax, I saved up for this on the side. I didn’t dip into our funds.”

“I’m not worried about the money. I’m worried about what you bought with it.”

She grins, “Finish up love and you’ll get to see,” she says with restrained excitement.

He shakes his head, smiling, “What am I ever going to do with you?” he remarks, taking a sip of his drink.

“I think you know what, but the better question will be what am *I* going to do to you.”

Tim fumbles with his fork but catches it, taking a deep breath, “Okay, now I am *very* curious what you bought.”

“You’ll see, but first this delightful meal you worked so hard on needs to be enjoyed before we go into the desert.”

“I don’t know how you do it, but you always manage to turn the tables on me.”

She bursts out laughing, almost dropping her fork in the process.

He tilts his head, “What’s so funny?”

Slowly she calms down, regaining her senses, “You’ll see in just a moment, but that fits perfectly what I have in mind for us tonight. Once we’re done, head to the bedroom, it’s the best place for me to show you what I got,” she says with a playful wink and a toying smirk.

“I’ll see soon enough,” he says, thinking, “*What did she get now? A strap on? She knows I am not into being taken like that,*” he thinks, trying to figure out what she has in store before giving up on the mental Olympics required to piece it together, retiring to the bedroom once all is said and done.

A quaint bedroom with long dresser along the sides with white frilly covering, that is covered with knickknacks of their times together. The mirror attached it is covered with pictures of them and friends together over the years. He takes the moment to look over them, enjoying the nostalgia, turning to her when she enters the room bag in hand.

“Did you guess what I got?” she asks holding the bag up, revealing just how big the box is.

“It’s not big enough for the new hoverboard that they are advertising, and that would cost an arm and a leg. As much as I’d love to try that, I haven’t done anything like that in a while and it wouldn’t be worth it.”

She smirks, “*At least now I know something else he might like in the future,*” she thinks, shaking her head, “Nope, want to guess again?”

“Sara... you know I am not good at these guessing games.”

“Come on, it’s half the fun.”

“You and I both know that is far from ‘half’ the fun,” he says using air quotes.

She drums the box, approaching the bed, leaning forward her B cup breasts are pushed out to show her cleavage, “Please?”

He sighs, rubbing the back of his head, “Alright. So it’s in a box. Pretty big, not a hoverboard, but a high-ticket item. But a black bag is not required for it being a high-ticket item.”

“Perhaps, are you sure about that?”

“I worked enough retail to know that one Sara. You can’t make me second guess myself there,” he says with a smirk, approaching her, hands gently caressing her back, pressing himself up against her.

“Oh, I can’t get you again like that? Or am I leading you down the wrong line of thinking, knowing that?”

“Sara…” he says, giving her sides a little squeeze, pulling himself up against her, rubbing his light brown short beard against her cheek.

“What? Do you think I’d do that?” she asks with a sheepish grin.

He kisses her on the cheek, “Yes, I do, but back to the mystery box. Everyone loves a mystery box.”

“I know right?”

“Can I get a hint?”

“It’s fun for the two of us.”

“I was already thinking that, could I get another?”

She puffs her cheeks, “That’s a bit of a cheat, don’t you think?”

He kisses her again, hands caressing her sides, “Only if you think it is, if not, it’s just us playing this game, the rules be damned.”

“Okay, okay, one more hint. It comes in many parts with only your imagination being the limit to the possibilities.”

“Legos? Did you get us legos?”

“Pfffft, for heaven’s sake I don’t think I could do that. Imagine having to wake up and avoid the minefield they’d have?”

He nods along, “Fair point.”

“One more guess.”

“One more?! I didn’t know there was a guess limit.”

“It’s in the rules, one more guess then I’ll reveal.”

“Do I get anything if I guess it right?”

“Maybe.”

“That doesn’t sound like much of a prize.”

“A mystery prize.”

“A mystery wrapped in an enigma hidden in shadows.”

“So…” she says, pressing herself up against him, fingers running across the bag, making it crinkle, “What is your final answer?”

“The only thing that could even be possible that I could imagine, but it’s too outlandish to think about it.”

“Too outlandish? Well, if it’s your only idea, might as well use it, what’s the worst that could happen?”

“Alright, you got that new portal kink set that I’ve seen advertised on the internet. But those are in such high demand that it is even making mainstream news.”

She giggles, “Well lucky guess,” she says, revealing the box, “Ta-da!”

Tim takes a step back, “Sara, how in the world did you manage to get that? And what did I win for guessing it correctly?” he asks, his gaze jumping between disbelief and her loving smile, “And are you sure it's the real deal? What if it is a fake?”

“It’s real, I have a reliable source that has not let me down yet.”

“That’s the key word, yet.”

She rolls her eyes, come on, strip down so I can see that cute ass of yours, I have some ideas I want to try out with these tonight,” she says, opening the box to reveal the set of portal gear along with a set of instructions in a not-so-thin booklet, “They give us an instruction manual a novel with this?” she comments, taking the book out, giving it a speed read through.

“That’s because it’s freaking portals. Safety should be a high priority,” he says, pulling off his shirt revealing his lightly tanned perfectly shaven golden skin, revealing his relative average build. Stripping down to his bare bottoms, reveals that even there he’s smooth and very well groomed, his half-masted length expresses the interest he has yet to verbalize.

Sara eyes his hardening dick, returning to her reading, “I know, why I am taking a moment to read as you undress,” she says, handing him the book, “Here read this out loud as I do the same.”

“I don’t know if you know me that well, but it will be hard for me to read and watch you strip down.”

“Who says you had to watch,” she winks, “I left off on the top of the right-hand page.”

“You know damn well I’ll be watching love,” he says, forcing himself to look at the booklet out loud, occasionally stopping to see the delightful progress she’s made in removing her boring old work clothes, revealing the stunning white smooth hairless body of an angel. The only hairs on her body were on her head, and there were no tell-tale signs of wax or shave had ever touched her skin. Within moments his body shows just how dashing he sees her, cock at full mast, begging to be touched, but he keeps reading as more of her supple form is revealed.

She blows him a kiss, “Someone is very happy to see me.”

Swallowing a lump in his throat, his dick jumping, “I’m always happy to see you Sara and the *more* I see you, the happier I get,” he responds, heart pounding, excitement rushing through him as she’s now stripped bare before him.

“I’m sure you are, keep reading,” she says, pulling out two of the portal devices that have long black leather straps attached to them, “These should be the crotch portals.”

Tim flips through the booklet, “Ah, yup here it is. They can be connected to different devices, such as the handle, the disc,” he says, motioning to one portable metal disk portal device, and one that has a clear handle at the end, with another device that looks like a flashlight with a solid metal disk at the end. He picks it up feeling a bit of heft, “This can also be an innie or outie as they like to refer to the portal ends.”

Sara chuckles, tossing her clothes to the side, looking over the items, feeling over them, noticing the markings on them that say “innie/outie” one or the other or ‘null’, with corresponding symbols, “With portals there’s hardly a real innie or outie though.”

“I think it's to keep the average person from making a mistake, or they have safety features built into them to prevent any accidents,” he says, flipping through the pages, “It says that these are hard wired to only be connected to these. If you need to order a replacement, you'll have to contact the company, or get any duplicates.”

“Show me the part where we can use this with some switcharoo fun,” she says, handing him the duplicated crotch portal, “Put this on.”

“H-hey, already? There's still a lot of pages to read through.”

“Find the how-to-use pages?”

“Yeah, right here,” he says, flipping through them.

“Read it to me and let's have some fun.”

He takes a deep breath, adjusting his glasses, giving a read through before looking through the device, flipping the switch on the one end and twist locking it into place, the portal activating, with a serene orange glow, “And with that we just put it on, but we need to assign them to their outie if we want them more than expensive chastity devices.”

“Already ahead of you,” she says, activating hers, “Set your outie to my innie... huh, now I see why they did that.”

“Simple yet effective,” he says, doing as he's told activating the other side of the device, locking it into place, as it glows with a soft blue and a moment later it flickers and he sees a close-up view of Sara's wet silky smooth pussy lips, making his cock twitch, “Sara?”

“Yes dear?” she asks, slipping the device between her legs, adjusting the straps to keep it nice and flush to her crotch.

“What are you planning with this?” he asks, his heart pounding, reaching down to touch her sex, his fingers caressing the warm folds, which twitch to her touch.

She shudders, “Hey now, did I say you could touch? Put yours on,” she demands.

He jumps, “Sorry, sorry it's just... well at least now we know it works,” he says with a soft huff, the excitement building within him, his aching member twitching as he pulls his lover's sex right over his aching member. There's a light tingle at the point between the portals, like there's a bit of static, but then it transitions over to its new location, feeling the same as ever as he guides his balls through the portal, seeing his own hands from his lover's crotch, then taking the straps to lock the portal in place. His heart races, a mix of excitement and fear, plunging himself into the unknown, as he works to wrap his mind around seeing his own dick on his wife and her warm pussy lips on him.

“How do I look?” she says, posing, chest out with a breast jingle.

“You always look great even with my dick on you,” he chuckles.

“Awe, thank you,” she says, gently running her fingers across his aching member, making him jump and moan, “Do you feel this alright?”

He bites his lower lip, grabbing his glasses, putting them off to the side, “Y-yeah... I can say I am feeling that loud and clear, like it's still attached to me.”

She giggles, gripping it, rubbing her thumb across the tip, spreading pre-cum across the end, making it glisten in the bedroom lights, “That's because it is.”

“Right... portals,” he says with a deep breath, reaching down to run his fingers across his lover’s sex, feeling her twitch to his warm touch, his thick fingers spreading her folds slightly, getting loose in the sensation of feeling her warmth while her hands caress him, his mind brought back to reality when Sara’s hands grip his.

“Now, what did I say about not touching?” she says, pulling his hands away from her pussy lips, moving herself closer so his dick presses up against her pussy lips.

“S-sorry, it's just that I thought...” shuddering, feeling her warmth against his aching tip, those wet folds feeling so inviting that he just wants to buck forward to push her sex onto that twitching cock of his, the concept of which is so alien in his mind he isn’t even thinking of it like that.

“Relax, sit back on the bed, spread your legs, I want to warm myself up. Asides I am rather curious how I taste.”

He tilts his head, “Sara?” he asks, doing as he’s asked, his naked butt on the soft cotton bed sheets, the bed creaking under his weight, cock twitching eagerly before him.

“From what you tell me, I give the best head a woman could possibly give.”

He blushes, sheepishly looking away.

“Want to know how I could best please myself, so I can tell you what you did wrong with greater clarity in the future,” she says with a playful wink, her hands gently caressing his inner thighs, keeping the legs nice and spread, the strange sensation of his cock rubbing against the bed sheets while her breath is felt around his crotch but not over his aching twitching dick.

“This is so very weird yet so incredibly hot,” he grunts, looking down at her.

“I know, it’s exciting, isn’t it?” she asks, bring her left hand to his twitching length between her legs, gently caressing it, “And don’t think I’d not give you something while I get myself ready,” she teases, spreading her folds, seeing them glisten before her, *“I do look good down here.”*

“Very exciting love,” says Tim, his toes curling, gripping the bed sheets, taking slow deep breaths to keep himself relaxed as her devilish hands worked his twitching aching length.

She blows across her own sex, making her shiver and shudder, “Oh that’s nice, you should do that more, and a little bit toward the top,” she remarks, doing it again, spreading her folds, revealing the pinkish flesh, giving easy access for her to give slow tender loving lick.

“Hmmm, I don’t taste that bad from the tap,” she giggles, licking along the folds, pushing her tongue in slowly, curling up to hit her clitoris making her really moan. Her lips curl around it, giving a soft tender suckle and tug, “Oh fuck, that is good but not too much, don’t want to get me too hot and bothered now.”

“Yes love,” he moans, suddenly catching himself, *“Wait, why am I responding like I’m doing it... Best if I continue anyway, don’t want to ruin the mood.”*

She moans softly licking across her inner folds, soon using her teeth to gently pull at them, “Nice soft bites, nothing too hard though, you don’t want to leave a mark,” she says, moaning again as she resumes, lapping across the outer folds now, savoring the taste, spreading her natural lubricant across it, helping build up the flames within her loins. She closes her legs,

jerking forward, rubbing his lover's dick against the bed, "Hmm, yes, just like that, don't stop," she moans, running her fingers across her outer sex, massaging it with slow tender massages.

"I-I won't," he groans, his cock twitching, aching in need, looking down at her with growing admiration and love, "*I wish I had a notepad to remember all of this.*"

"What if you... use your palm like this," she mutters, massaging her folds with her hand, dragging it across her lips giving a last bit of pressure across her clit, "That would be better as a warm up before diving in, yes, yes," she remarks, going right back in, spreading her sex again, using her fingers to massage across her folds, while she went straight for her clitoris, suckling it, running her tongue across it before she gives a *very* tender tug with her teeth only to get go when she moans too loudly to keep herself at it. Her fingers dripping with her own juices which she licks clean.

"It does taste different when its been on your hand... also don't stop, keep going, just a bit more and I'll be ready," she says diving into her warm welcoming hole once again, tongue diving in nice and deep, curling up to pool some of her essence onto her tongue so that she may savor it. Her hips buckled harder against the bed, grinding her lover's member across the bed, staining the sheets with his leaking pre-cum.

He grunts, steadily keeping his composure as he helplessly takes what she has to offer, watching her, eating herself out while her hands continue to play and tease with his johnson. A surge of delight yet wanting to do more, "Yes love," he responds to her remarks and comments, reaching down, running his fingers through her hair, massaging her head, gently scratching her scalp, "You're doing great, keep it up."

She pulls herself into the zone, fingers tapping across Tim's balls, hand massaging across his length and her own crotch, almost in the manner as if it was her own folds down there, while she pushes deeper into herself, chin becoming wet with her fluids, as she discovers just how far she can go into her aching wet quivering folds, causing the pressure build up within her, growing steadily higher with each loving lick till just as she feels herself about to reach the point of no return she yanks herself away from the abyss, falling back hands rushing to prop herself up from falling over.

With heavy pants, her chest rises and falls, licking her lips clean, the lipstick somehow managing to stay in place through it all, "That was the best I have ever gotten," she says, calming herself down, looking up at him with wanting eyes, "Did you get all that?"

"Yes Love, I did," he says, with a warm closed lip grin, "*I can't believe that happened.*"

"Good, good. Just... give me a moment and we can continue, that alright?"

"It sure is," he says, holding out his hand and when she takes it he pulls her on top of him, hands caressing her soft smooth skin.

"Hey!" she says with a bit of a yelp, her smooth breasts pressing against his chest as his length grinds up between them, her sex feeling his warm shaft against those wanting folds, "I said I need a moment."

"I know, and you will get it," he says, kissing her on the lips, pressing his beard against her face as he holds her there nice and close.

Sara softly moans into the kiss, the tenseness of what happened, melting away into his warm loving arms, hips pressing up against him with a bit of a thrust and tease, making him do the same.

They take a moment to enjoy each other's embrace, the sweat on their bodies, the warmth they give one another, the flow of air into their lungs and hot breath that is expelled through their nostrils as neither wants to be the one that breaks the kiss from the other, their eyes locked on each other's.

The entire world for this moment fades into the backdrop, all there is is each other and blossoming love for the one before them. Their world, their purpose, is right then and there in front of them, eventually though the kiss breaks, but not before Sara gives a soft bite on Tim's lips as if saying, "No, not yet, just a bit more."

Tim caresses Sara's hips, gently massaging her butt, feeling that mental disconnect that when she moves, so does he, and once she lets go of his hostage lip he says, "I know you've been wanting this, I'll let you be on top."

She chuckles pulling herself across his body, pressing her breasts against his chest as she moves to kiss his nose, "I've always been the one on top dear," she says with a playful wink, pulling her hips back as she somewhat awkwardly works to get his cock into place, having to look down and check if it's all lined up.

He gives a thumbs up, "You got it."

She playfully smacks him on the side.

"Hey! I was trying to help."

"I know and I love you for it," she says, thrusting forward, sliding into her own folds with her own length, both of them letting out a tender grunt. The feeling between them feels *almost* normal, yet there are subtle sensations between them that let their instinctual minds know that there is just something a bit off, a little different than what is happening, and that little uniqueness adds to the moment.

"This is better than I thought it would be," moans Tim, thrusting up into himself, feeling his length disappear into his lover's hot folds, moving and adjusting himself in ways he never had to before as he could easily let her thrust up into him.

"You like that?" she asks with a moan, gripping his hips, thrusting harder up into him, and herself. His aching twitching cock pulsating within her went hungry folds, diving in nice and deep, hitting those sweet spots, again and again, quickly learning how she can move herself to get those areas those spots that she really wanted to be hit.

"Fuck yes," he groans, his cock aching, pressure building up as he tries to hold himself back, not wanting the moment to end, nor to reach his peak before her.

"Shit, this is a bit more difficult than I thought. How do you hit these without me telling you?" she asks, moaning loudly when she hits one of her sweet spots, feeling herself on the verge of climax.

He grunts, bucking up against her, "Lots of practice," he manages to squeak out of his mouth, his cock twitching, ready to blow.

She slams herself against him, pumping faster, his hips bucking up to greet each smack, instinct taking over in these last few moments, the building within them about to break out, a surge of ultimate ecstasy that could only be fully embraced when shared between two lovers overwhelms them. Their hips meet, bodies pressed up tightly, Sara arching his back, clenching hard onto his pleasure pillar as she slams it into herself.

Their minds at this moment are not able to comprehend just *how* they are doing this, but it *feels* like it has always been with an extra twist, like a hint of lime to some chips. That little something that brings it above the ordinary. A surge of his essence, shooting up into her, cooling both of their lustful fires in one swift motion then two, three. Several pleasure thrusts against one another, milking his length, taking it all in, the two working as one.

They pant heavily, holding each other close, not saying a word to the other, simply enjoying the afterglow of the moment, bodies intertwined as they can continue this moment for as long as either of them want.

Slowly, steadily though, they come down from cloud nine, legs rubbing up against one another, soft wordless kisses that tell them everything they need to know about what happened, concerns told through each other's gaze, wants felt through the other's touch. Their fluency in the body language of love, brought to the forefront.

In the end Sara is the one to break the silence between them, hands gently caressing his sides, "That was something, but I have an even better idea."

He chuckles, caressing the small of her back, giving her a peck on the cheek, "A better idea?"

"One that I think you'd like and that I get to relax and have fun, being all warm and snuggling in bed all day."

He tilts his head curiously, "Sara... what are you thinking?" he asks with a hint of concern in his voice.

She leans in, gently biting his earlobe, "I'll explain it all in the morning, before you have to get to work."

He chuckles, "That's early morning. My assistant manager is on vacation, so I'll be opening the store tomorrow."

"Well then, we'll just have to get to bed early then? Good thing we are already here."

He rolls his eyes, holding her hips, "Come on, could it hurt you to tell me what you have cooking up in that lovely noggin of yours?"

"Hmmm, I'll give you a hint," she says, glancing over at the portal box.

"It has something to do with some of the other portal items, doesn't it?"

She kisses his nose, "Bingo. I knew I picked you for more than your good looks."

"Didn't you say that already?"

"What? Is it not worth saying more than once?" she says, giving him a peck on the nose.

"You always know what to say, don't you?"

“Of course, I do, I’m me, aren’t I?” she chuckles, snuggling up against him, the two enjoying the moment for a bit longer before they take off the gear and get ready for bed, knowing the following day will have a lot more in store...

Showered, groomed and having enjoyed a breakfast with Sara they pair head back to the bedroom, “Are you sure this is a good idea?” he asks with a hint of worry, looking at the portal items laid out. The four limb limiters as the box calls them. Portal disks designed to go into the either of the ‘portal-verse’ leaving the wearer completely helpless, “What if the power runs out on them? Yeah, it says it can hold a charge for days, but how could we be sure?”

“The attachments are only strong enough to stay on me, if the power gets low, it will eject my limbs from there well beforehand. And if it gets within one hour, it will automatically notify the authorities to handle the situation.”

“Do you really want a bunch of police coming into our home to see you naked and limbless on the bed?”

“I know, I can't put my hands up, but that won't happen, we're playing it safe,” she says, giving his ass a playful smack. Also, I'll have a bit of myself with you,” she says with a wink, grabbing the crotch portal from the previous night, “Just wrap it up in the female condom and you can play and tease me all day,” she says with excitement.

“I'm not too sure how I feel about that.”

“Come on, you know you want to.”

He swallows a lump in his throat, “Ahh... well...” he rubs the back of his head.

“Exactly. And if I squeeze your fingers and hold on tight for five seconds, relax and do it three more times, you know I'll be in trouble, though I will have you to keep me company,” she says, handing him his crotch portal.

“What if someone finds out?”

“No one will. Few people think of portals,” she says, setting up the handle rod portal, Tim's package slipping out as he puts it on.”

“Just don't be too mean, okay?”

She crosses her arms, “I'll have no limbs, there is only so much I can do, but that will be half the fun, struggling, teasing you, a mix between loss of power and having it over another. This is going to be fun,” she says, putting her crotch portal into place, then handing him the small metal disk that is a direct portal to her sex, “Put the condom on. I don't want to leave a wet mess in your pocket.”

He takes out the female condom, sliding most of it into her sex, which milks his fingers in the process, listening to Sara's soft tender moan, makes his morning half-wood sprout into a full tree. He keeps focus though, using a rubber band to wrap the object in the condom so it doesn't easily slip off, “There we go... and I just put this in my pocket?”

“Hmm, yes,” she says, running her fingers across his length as it lays on the bed, “And I told you, you'd enjoy the idea,” she remarks, slipping her first foot into one of the portal disks, which has sticky straps that are pressed onto her skin to tightly but not impossibly tightly lock the portal onto her, “Oh that feels weird,” she giggles, moving her limb back and forth as it

hangs in a staticy either, fully range of motion yet her mind sees nothing there like a true phantom limb.

“How so?”

“It’s hard to explain, next time we’ll have you try, it will be faster that way,” she says, slipping on her other leg, moving and adjusting herself, “Oh, okay that was unexpected.”

“What was?” he asks, rushing up to her, “Is everything okay?”

Everything is fine, I just wasn’t expecting to be so much... lighter.”

“That would make sense, wouldn’t it? You’re only moving your body here, not your limbs.”

“I guess so,” she says, putting on the second to last disk, turning to him as she lays down, heard next to his junk, “I need a hand for the last one, I am a bit fresh out at the moment.”

He sighs, rolling his eyes, “Sure, I’ll lend you a hand,” he replies, placing it on her, strapping it in place, “Do you want any covers?”

She wiggles in her spot, “I’ll be fine,” she says looking over at herself, “I got you here with me,” she says, nuzzling and licking his dick.

He tenses, “Don’t do that while I am driving?”

“I’ll try to keep my hands to myself.”

With a long drawn-out sigh he goes over to her, kissing her on the lips, “I have to get to work, stay safe, and don’t wait too long if anything happens, okay?”

“I won’t. You’ll know exactly where I’ll be if I need you,” she says with a grin, lifting her head to give him a peck on his bearded cheek.

“See you in a few hours.”

“I’ll be right here when you get back!” she yells.

He shakes his head, giving one last look over at her, naked moonlight white body before departing, though not before he tenses, he she gives him a little lick goodbye. The drive itself was daunting, mainly to her *almost* keeping her word. The day itself starts normally enough at the large hardware store.

“Shirly, keep up the good work,” he says to the cashier as she takes the register to the front, the first of many employees that will be coming to start their day.

“I will Tim,” she says with a bit of grogginess.

Another employee checks their stuff in, letting out a big yawn, “I don’t know how you have so much energy this early in the morning,” he says with a yawn.

“Ahh, let’s just say I have good motivation to be up in the morning,” he says, just barely managing to hold himself back from letting out a grunt as Sara gives his dick a long tender lick, suckling his cock head.

“*Oh, a bit soft are we? We’ll fix that,*” she thinks, teasing him slowly, tenderly, pressing her smooth face against his bits.

“Good luck in luck in lumber.”

“Lumber? I work in paint. John should be here already, right?”

“Ah, right, John is running a little late, I’m so used to him being here on time. I hope everything is okay. Keep an eye on it till he gets here okay?”

“Not a problem Tim,” he says, heading off.

He takes a deep breath, putting his hand in his pocket, gently running his fingers across Sara’s sex, “*You little succubus,*” he thinks, slipping his fingers deeper into her hungry, milking sex, “*I hope you like the taste of your own medicine.*”

Sara huffs, groaning, squirming against the bed sheets, “Oh, you want it to go that way,” she says with a soft huff, nuzzling and licking across Tim’s dick, moving and sliding herself slowly across his dick, pressing her smooth breasts against his twitching member, “Liking that huh?”

Tim swallows a lump in his throat, smacking the countertop just as John comes rushing in, “Sorry I’m late!” he says, looking at him with concern, “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah... yeah. S-sorry about that, I slipped, that’s why you heard that thumping noise. Are you doing, okay? You’re normally not late.”

“I had to drop off my little sister to school, she missed the bus.”

“That was nice of you. I know its policy to mark you when you’re late, but there’s exceptions if you have a valid excuse and I think helping family counts.”

“Gee thanks. Did I miss anything?”

He shakes his head with a tense, “Nope. Luckily there’s not a lot of wood demand first thing in the morning... usually. But remember to do your inventory today. It’s just about doing.”

“I’ll do that first thing,” he says, punching in and heading to work.

“Good luck,” he says, waving him off, visibly sighing and relaxing the moment he’s out of view, “We really should have talked about signals when it was *not* a good time to tease me,” he says, going back to his computer, pulling up the chair, “I still have to fiiiinish these reports,” he grunts, “Don’t you worry Sara, come lunch time I’ll be getting back at you. Perhaps I could borrow the paint shaker for a couple of minutes,” he says, before shaking off that idea, “No, no that would be a bit muuuch... dang it,” he says, closing his eyes, “Maybe not... I think I might be able to if I really think about it,” he thinks, his mind fumbling with ways he can return the favor, then operation ‘shake up’ commenced around lunch time.

He casually makes his way to the paint department, the sign that his employee left that he’s out on lunch till the end of the hour, “*Perfect plenty of time to do this,*” he thinks, being stopped to help a few people along the way, eating away those precious minutes but still sticks to his good customer service, finally reaching his goal, the paint shaker.

“*Alright, it’s secure in the base of the paint container, so it shouldn’t bounce around and get damaged,*” he thinks, tensing and stiffening up, feeling himself close to another climax. He takes a slow deep breath, making sure the paint container is secured, the lid is nice and tight, “*I hope you are ready Sara.*”

Sara gently suckles and bobs her head on Tim's length, "What is he up to? I feel cold, did he put me a cooler? No, no, that would be way colder," she mutters about taking his dick again when suddenly she gets a huge shock to her system, making her scream out in pleasure.

"Oh Fuck! FUCK! FUCK!" she exclaims squirming and wiggling jerking her hips up into the air, "Tim, what the world are you doing and please... don't stop!" she moans.

Her pleasure skyrocketing, the mixture of just how sudden it is, and that she's only gotten light tender teasing up to this point has taken her off guard. Her toes curl in the other, her hands, trying to reach down and "grip" herself in the most instinctual fashion as she wiggles on top of the bed sheets, "I will get you for this Tim!" she exclaims, moaning and jerking, unable to get her *vengeance* on her lover at this moment, providing him with a moment of respite.

Tim looks at the paint can shaker, steadily bringing it up higher and higher, sighing in relief, "*She must be enjoying herself if she isn't giving me any attention,*" he figures.

"Excuse me young man but could you help me pick out some paint?" asks a sweet old lady that makes him jump, and inadvertently increases the mixer to max, "Oh, sorry I didn't mean to bother you," she says.

"Huh? What no bother, how could I help you miss?" he responds with a pleasant smile.

"I am trying to figure a good paint for my living room, but my eyes aren't as good as they used to be. Would you care to give me some second opinions as I look?"

"Sure, but I will let you know I need to get back to this in a bit, I hope that's okay."

"Oh, I don't want to cause a problem."

"No problem at all, now tell me what you have in mind," he says, moving to help the old woman for far more than he intends.

Sara huffs and moans, the pleasure literally being vibrated through her, the sensation so strong that she feels it through the portal, making her hump the bed, "Oh Fuck," She groans, climaxing not once, not twice, but thrice before he manages to come to her rescue, leaving her a complete exhausted mess.

Tim disables the device, rushing to take the container someplace private where he can retrieve her, finding the condom soaked with her juices. He blushes, "I should get that cleaned up... I hope she found it enjoyable."

Sara meanwhile is half conscious on the bed, her mind swimming in her afterglow, thankful she can finally get a moment to rest, and deep down, she knows. She'll find a way to turn the tables on him and properly *thank* him for what he did.