

Gamma: A Tale From the Dork Side

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“Are you ready yet?”

“No, hang on.”

“Okay.” I looked into the mirror and adjusted my mask. Halloween was not one of my favorite holidays, especially since the candy-distributors began to scowl at us and say that we were too old to be trick-or-treating. Of course, our classmates had been telling us that since we were freshmen. The scowling parents were at least nice enough not to steal our pillowcases and punch me in the stomach. But Gemma always looked forward to the 31st and spent a lot of time on her costumes, so going trick-or-treating was pretty much a given. Part of our Halloween ritual—her favorite—was the Unveiling of the Costumes, when I would finally meet the reason I couldn’t see her outside of school for the entire month of October.

“Alright, I’m ready now,” she said through her bedroom door. I pushed it open and stepped inside. Gemma was wearing a black unitard with a string of white digits sewn into a spiral pattern from her toe to her neck. She beamed happily at me, and I couldn’t help but chuckle.

“So it’s my turn to go first, right?” I asked.

“No, you went first last year.”

“Are you sure? I’m pretty sure it’s my turn.” Of course, I knew it wasn’t, but I enjoyed building her anticipation.

“Yes, you went first last year. It took you an hour to guess ‘innovation,’ remember?” It was true. I tended to have trouble with the “abstract idea” costumes.

“Oh yeah. Okay, you can go first. I’ll give you a hint if you need—”

“Spider-Man.”

“Damn!” I tore off the flimsy plastic mask and tossed it onto her desk. “Toys ‘R’ Us costumes are always so unsubtle.” She giggled.

“The logo on your apron didn’t help. Now you.” I pondered the carefully sewn numbers on her costume for a moment.

“Are you the set of natural numbers?”

“Nope.” She did a pirouette, then clasped her hands behind her back and grinned. “Guess again.”

“Umm,” I turned my head sideways, as if the different perspective would make everything clear. “Pi?” She gave me a dirty look. Of course not. Gemma would never choose something that obvious. “Well. . .”

“Look more closely,” she suggested. I examined some of the numbers on her belly: . . . 420513754. . .

“Where does it start?”

“That would give it away! Keep looking.” I followed the spiral with my eyes until the string of numbers disappeared behind her back. Guessing where they continued on the opposite side, I traced my gaze upward along them. . . 190587755. . . Soon my gaze discovered her breasts. I don’t normally spend a whole lot of time staring at my girlfriend’s tits—not that I don’t love them, I do—but I suppose a month of Gemma-deprivation had altered my priorities a bit, and I found myself marveling at their roundness and how they struggled valiantly against the confinement of two layers of spandex. “Hey,” she mock-protested, “don’t get distracted!”

“No, I think I found something. . .”

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"I think you have, but they're not going to help you identify my costume."

"But isn't that a decimal point?" I extended my finger toward her left breast.

"I'm sure there's no decimal point there," she said as she swatted at my hand. I proceeded anyway; however, instead of pointing at anything, I placed my palm on the side of her breast and rubbed her nipple through the fabric with my thumb. It stiffened a bit under my touch, and as further confirmation of her position regarding the issue at hand, she said, "I guess you ought to double-check. Just to be sure." Leaning forward, I kissed the base of her neck. "See it?" I let my eyes focus on her back momentarily. . . . 33593992. . . .

"Nope, not yet." My lips moved up until they found hers, and locked together. I slid my tongue in-between her lips, where it met its counterpart. They played a game of cat-and-mouse, advancing and retreating from each other while my lips moved against hers and my hands moved against her frustratingly covered breasts.

"Hmnn," she moaned as she wrapped her arms around me and stepped backward. Her calves touched the side of her bed, and without separating our lips, we sat on the edge. I brought my hands up her arms to her shoulders and slid the straps of her unitard over them. It took some some effort to work the tight fabric down to her waist, and she eventually had to pull back from me in order to free her arms from the spandex restraints. Once liberated, her arms crossed over her chest and she pulled her sports bra up and over her head in a flash of 88% nylon and 12% Lycra, releasing a pair of bouncing breasts into my waiting hands.

We leaned into each other again, and while our tongues squirmed together, I caressed the soft flesh that rested in my palms. Her breathing grew heavier, but unfortunately the pollen count that Fall was unusually high, and so to avoid asphyxiation she once again had to break our kiss. Out of courtesy more than anything, I moved my mouth from her lips to her breasts and licked at her swollen nipples. Actually, I probably would have done that anyway, even if she had remembered to take a Claritin.

After a few minutes I moved to kneel on the floor, forcing my lips to reluctantly part with her chest; they did, however, manage to plant a trail of kisses down her stomach to her belly button. I was once again face-to-face with a sequence of white digits: . . . 2817638879. . . . Not for long, though. Gemma lifted her hips from the bed, allowing me to wriggle her costume past her waist and then her feet, onto the carpet at my knees. Pausing only to remove my shirt, I plunged myself tongue-first between her legs. As I lapped at her outer lips, her breaths came more frequently and with greater intensity. Once her clitoris revealed itself, I re-concentrated my efforts; accordingly, her panting became more voiced, turning into squeals and whimpers. Suddenly, her body stiffened and she arched her back, while her lungs apparently tried but failed to force out a scream. I continued to flutter my tongue over her most sensitive area, prolonging her pleasure as best I could. When her orgasm faded, I crawled up beside her to deliver her a kiss, which she enthusiastically returned.

Meanwhile, her nimble fingers located the front of my pants and worked fervently to undo them. As she pulled them down, I rolled onto my back and blindly groped around in her night-stand until my hand found the foil packet it aimed for. I fumbled with the wrapper while Gemma removed my socks, one-by-one. Rolling her eyes, she took the packet from me and

tore it open with a swipe of a hand; then, she unrolled the condom over my erection while I reclined onto my elbows. She crawled over me and seemed to smirk slightly before guiding my penis into her with one hand. While she lowered herself onto me, her eyes lightly shut and her head rolled back a bit. We both held our breath until, at last, she completely engulfed me, at which point her eyes snapped open and she gave me that same smirk as she began to rock her hips. It wasn't long before she reached an aggressive pace, causing her hair to flail around her face and her breasts to bounce excitedly. I brought a hand up to be pummeled by one of them and to let her erect nipple brush against my palm; with the other, I adoringly stroked her thigh. Her pace quickened still, and soon I was blinded by the sensations almost as much as I was by the layer a fog on the inside of my glasses. Moments later, my orgasm was triggered by the concurrent spasming of her inner walls, and I poured myself into the latex membrane while she shuddered against me.

Once I recovered, I withdrew from her and disposed of the spent condom, careful to disturb as little as possible her semi-prone position, half on top of me. Then I wrapped my arm around her shoulder to pull her closer. She nuzzled her cheek against my neck. I'm not sure how long we remained like that, but at some point, Gemma looked up and said to me, "We're not going to be able to go trick-or-treating and make it to Constance and Victor's party now, you know."

"Yeah, that's okay. I hate parties." She smiled broadly and gave me a little hug. "I found it, by the way."

"What?"

"The decimal point. . ." I turned onto my stomach and retrieved the pile of fabric from the carpet; I brought it between us and displayed the part that would be under her right arm. 0.57721566. . . . "You're the Euler-Mascheroni Constant!"

"Yep, accurate to twelve-hundred digits." She paused and bit her lip. "Too unconventional?"

"No way, this is the best costume yet!"

"Really?" Her eyes broadened.

"Really." I leaned forward to give her a quick kiss.

"I love Halloween."

"Me too." I suppose I do.