

Intimate Adventures

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*You are cordially invited to experience an
INTIMATE ADVENTURE*

It was a small tent card, parchment-colored, with that intriguing opening imprinted in flawless calligraphy on the front.

“Look inside,” Peg urged, so I flipped the card open and held it so that Helen could read over my shoulder.

*In honor of your anniversary
This card entitles you,
Bob and Helen,
To an introductory program.*

It was signed by Larry and Peg. There was another name and a phone number on the back of the card. Helen and I just looked at each other for a second, then back at our friends. They were sitting on the edge of their seats, holding hands, and watching us with ill-concealed excitement.

“Umm, thanks,” I finally said. What I was thinking was more like, “Huh?” Here we were in our favorite Italian restaurant, sipping great wine while waiting for a mouth-watering dinner to arrive. It was our seventh anniversary, and our best friends had invited us here to celebrate. We do something like this for most occasions, but we’ve always had a rule against elaborate, expensive gifts. Something told me that this probably broke that rule. “What exactly is this?”

Larry and Peg exchanged a conspiratorial look before Peg explained – if you can call it an explanation. “It’s a service. A very unique, inspiring service. You are in for the most exciting week you’ve had in years.”

“What service?” I asked.

“It’s kind of hard to describe in one sentence,” Larry answered.

“Take as many as you need.”

Larry has a lower bullshit tolerance than anyone I know, so I was surprised at the way he was dancing around this thing. We first met about four years ago in a vanpool. There were five of us in the pool, all near the middle of the GS scale working within a block or two of 7th and D in Southwest DC. It was a sweet deal. The fleet company provided a nice passenger van, not fancy but comfortable. We each paid the fleet company a share to cover the cost of the van, gas, parking and maintenance. We took turns driving, one week per turn. When people spend 3 hours a day in an enclosed space, as we generally did, they can get pretty tight. Larry and I have the same sort of outlook on a lot of things: protesters, Congress, Rush Limbaugh, Dr. Laura, and of course the ineptitude of the local government. It made slogging through the District’s pathetic streets more pleasant, that’s for sure. By the time the vanpool broke up, Larry and Peg and Helen and I were like quadruplets. We took vacations together, had dinners out almost every week, vented our spleens when necessary. Life was good. It still is. But this card, this ‘adventure’ thing, seemed out of character.

Taking a deep breath, Larry tried one more time. “Look, there’s a lot we can’t tell you because it would spoil the surprise. Think of it as a sort of Fantasy Island for the nineties. You tell them what you’d like to do, and they arrange to make it happen. You don’t have to take time off work or fly to some distant island, they do it right here, worked into your regular schedule.”

Helen stirred behind me. “Like that movie, ‘The Game’?”

“Yeah, that’s pretty close. Except you and Bob get to decide what the adventures will be, and you’ll experience them together. Trust me, you’ll love it.”

“We certainly did,” Peg added, giving Larry’s hand another squeeze.

“What did you do in your adventures?” Helen asked.

Peg mimed zipping her lips as Larry answered. “We can’t tell you yet. Afterwards, if you still want to, we can talk about it.”

Still perplexed, I handed the card to Helen and watched her slip it into her purse. “This is certainly ... unexpected,” she told them. “You really didn’t have to go to this much trouble and expense.”

“It was no trouble at all,” Peg replied. “You won’t believe how much fun you are going to have.”

“And don’t worry about the expense,” Larry added. “It’s a gift, for Chrissakes. And it’s not refundable, so make sure you enjoy it.”

Peg elbowed Larry in the ribs, almost causing him to spill his wine. I wanted to pursue this a little more, but just then the waiter arrived with our entrees and all non-culinary thoughts were temporarily banished from our minds.

We had a great meal, slipped over to a nearby bar for some adult beverages, and called it a night. The subject of our strange gift never came up again, but I could see Helen puzzling over it the same as I was. Sure enough, once we were alone in the car she asked me what I thought of it.

“It sounds kind of wacko to me,” I told her. “What are they gonna do, make us king and queen for a day? What’s the point in having adult people play make-believe?”

“Maybe the point is to have fun,” she answered after a minute. “How long has it been since we did something really crazy, for no other reason than to laugh about it later?”

“Offhand, I’d say seven years,” I replied, twiddling my wedding band.

Helen made a show of looking at her watch. “Seven years, six hours, 42 minutes ... but who’s counting?”

I had to smile. “Would you like to have an intimate adventure right now?” I snuck a hand over and slid it along her thigh suggestively. She laughed, removed my hand and kissed it.

“That’s a little too adventurous for me, thanks.”

With a great show of reluctance I took my hand back. Seeing my wounded puppy-dog look, Helen gave me a sly smile and added, “Let’s get home and see what happens.” That’s as close as Helen ever gets to an overt sexual invitation, so I was a pretty happy guy.

The rest of the evening we worked from the script we’ve been following for years. When we got home, Helen needed some time alone to unwind so she went to bed and I went to the study and pattered around on the computer for an hour. When I came upstairs, she was lying in bed mostly asleep with the TV tuned to the all weather channel. Helen often uses the TV as a night-light; I’ve gotten used to it for her sake.

To wake Helen up a little, I made a bit more noise than was really necessary as I undressed and took care of business in the bathroom. Sure enough, when I came out of the bathroom (leaving the bathroom light on so it would illuminate the bedroom area too) she was stirring a little. Wearing only my briefs, I crawled into the bed and snuggled right up against her, planting a lingering kiss on her forehead. “Hi there,” I whispered.

“Hi there.”

Helen was wearing a thick terry cloth bathrobe over a simple cotton nightgown. Not the most accommodating outfit for what I had in mind; with the thickness of the robe, I couldn't even tell if she had taken off her bra. She rolled over towards me, so all I could really do was put my arm around her and start silently running my hand up and down her back. With each pass I let my hand wander a little lower, until I was stroking smoothly from the base of her neck down the spine and around her butt. I'd linger on the butt cheek for a few seconds, trying to get Helen's libido to wake up.

After about 10 minutes, my efforts paid off. Helen sighed and snuggled a little closer, then rolled away from me a bit, undoing the belt that held her robe together. That gave me a clear path to Tittie City, so I reached inside the robe and gently cupped one of her tits in my hand.

“No bra,” I observed. “Are you trying to seduce somebody?”

“Shhh!” I expected that; Helen was never big on playful banter in bed.

Feeling my way along (pardon the pun), I found a nipple and started gently teasing it with my fingers. Soon I felt it starting to stick up and get hard. I switched from just frigging the nipple to cupping the entire tit in my hand, squeezing the way she likes, and I was pleased to hear her start breathing more heavily. A couple of long, open-mouthed kisses later I felt one of her hands trying to get a grip on my cock so I shifted a little, partly to make it easier for her and partly to make it easier for me to reach between her legs. We lay there for a little while stroking each other through our underwear, kissing and fondling and panting. When I started to reach inside her panties, she stopped, kissed me once more and said, “I'll be right back” before disappearing into the bathroom.

As usual, I slipped off my briefs and wondered what she was doing in there. I could hear running water, maybe the faint sound of a toothbrush against teeth. Why do women have this need to stop and primp in the middle of sex? (Yeah, I know, a lot of women stop to put in a diaphragm or something. That's fine, but Helen and I decided a few months ago that it was time to let nature take its course in that area.) After a few minutes I noticed my hard-on dwindling so I started picturing Helen naked, stroking me off while I sucked on her tits. That got my little soldier back to attention.

Just in time, too. I saw the bathroom light go out and the door open. I could just make out Helen's nude body moving toward the TV before she turned it off. She slid back in next to me, pulling the sheet up to her armpits, and snuggled up close. I pulled the extra sheet out from between us and hugged her to me, kissing her neck up and down and stroking her back again. She put a leg up over me and pressed her crotch against my cock, which was once again as hard as when she had stopped earlier. Feeling her short pussy hairs tickling my cock doesn't do much for me but Helen loves it so I let her move in and out, rubbing herself against the side of my shaft. I could tell she was getting into it

because her eyes closed and she started grunting just a little with each breath. I grabbed a handful of her ass and pulled her tighter against me.

Helen arched her back, giving me easy access to her tits again. I went to work on them with my lips and tongue, one at a time, getting the nipples nice and hard, then took turns sucking on them, licking around them, frigging them with my tongue, listening to Helen's breathing get more labored. Finally, she grabbed my ass and rolled onto her back, pulling me along on top of her.

"I want you inside me," she whispered. "Sit up and I'll get you ready."

I assumed the usual position, kneeling on the bed between her legs. She hooked her legs around my waist and curled forward a little so she could reach my cock. She used the fingertips of both hands to tease my cock by running them from base to tip, over and over, several at once. It's a great technique and never fails to get me ready to fire. After only a few seconds my hips started pumping all by themselves, and her pussy started getting closer to the end of my rod. She grabbed my cock one more time and rubbed the head up and down along her slit a few times, then guided me straight in.

Here is where things got dicey. Helen has a very long fuse, you see. Thanks to that hand trick I was ready to pop my cork any time, but if I did it too early I'd be leaving Helen in the lurch. Instead of pumping in and out right away, I buried myself as deep into her as I could and then held still, pulling her into me tight and clenching my groin muscles hard as I ground my jaw together.

In a moment her hands rose up and pushed mine away from her hips where I was pulling on her. "Don't grab," she said. God, I hate when she does that! So I flattened my hands and started rubbing my palms up and down the sides of her legs. She seemed okay with that and we started moving together, grinding our hips in and out. The tempo started to pick up slowly, but I was still too far ahead for safety so I reached forward with my left hand and started diddling Helen's right tit again, figuring it should really get her juices flowing. I got three or four good squeezes in before she lifted my hand off and put it back on her leg. "Just keep your hand right there," she said. Did I mention that I hate when she does that?

One immediate result of all that was that I no longer had to worry about coming too soon; instead, I needed to worry about keeping myself hard enough to do the job. It wasn't easy, because I could feel my knees slipping backward as Helen pushed into me. Much more and I'd have to either break stride to get back in position (losing all momentum in the process) or fall down on top of her. Helen was still panting and pushing, her face strained, her cheeks puffing with each breath. I held my ground. Watching her tits bounce around while her chest heaved provided just the stimulus I needed to stay hard, and it finally seemed as though Helen was just about ready. Digging my toes into the mattress for support, I pushed against Helen to get a few deeper thrusts in.

That did the trick. Helen's breathing got super heavy, then after seven or eight gasping breaths she breathed in sharply, held it for a few seconds, and collapsed as she let it go. Without Helen's weight pushing against me anymore I lost my balance and landed on top of her, my face right between her tits.

Sensing that I wasn't done yet, Helen rolled us both over so that she was on top of me and slid herself back down onto my cock. Helen sat straight up on me, eyes closed, face straight ahead. Soon we had established a rhythm and I could feel myself getting closer to the brink. I reached a hand up to her breast again. She caught it partway and interlocked our fingers, leaning forward a little more and putting some weight on the hand.

"My legs are getting tired," she said, taking my other hand the same way.

"Sorry!" Having her restrain my hands like that was kind of hot. Thinking about that and watching her delicious tits bobbing up and down provided the inspiration I needed. Moments later I felt that growing, any-second-now feeling and started panting hard myself. Soon after that I shot my wad, my whole body going tense and then letting go.

Once she was sure I was done, Helen started to climb off me. I've never understood why, but she always wants a shower right after we have sex. I wanted her to stay with me for a little bit, so I held onto her hand to keep her in bed.

"Let me go, please."

"Aw c'mon, just lie here with me for a while," I appealed.

"I'll come back, I promise." I let go and she slipped into the bathroom. While the shower was running I fixed the covers and located her TV remote.

Helen came out of the bathroom already dressed in her nightgown and panties. I was disappointed but not surprised. "You got dressed," I protested gently. "Where's the fun in that?"

"You know I don't like to be naked," she scolded.

"Why not? You look great naked."

"No I don't," she argued. "How much more fun did you want in one night?"

I made an exaggerated pout and Helen chuckled, slipping into bed and cuddling up against my still-naked body. We kissed and said goodnight. I was left with a vague, unfulfilled feeling so I got up, put on my briefs and went downstairs to watch some late-night trash TV. Helen was sound asleep when I crept back into bed.

The next day was a Friday, hot and humid per the norm. As I sat down to my Cheerios and juice, I saw Helen holding that strange card from the night before. “I was thinking I might call the number today and check it out,” she said.

“Okay. Can’t hurt to ask a few questions.”

“What if they won’t answer questions?”

“Bugger ‘em. We’ll give the card back to Larry and Peg for Christmas.”

Helen didn’t comment, but I could tell the discussion was not over. She’d have me at her mercy soon enough. When the vanpool broke up, I wangled a transfer from GSA in Southwest to the VA in Northwest, which is only a few blocks from Helen’s office at the World Bank. We tried doing the mass transit thing for a while, but the only good thing you can say about the DC Metro system is that it’s clean. It’s not quick, not all that reliable, definitely not affordable, but it’s clean. Our ride from suburban Montgomery County, MD cost us \$9.60 a day just for subway fare plus two bucks to park our car at the nearest station, and the total commute typically takes an hour and 45 minutes from door to door. By getting a monthly account at a commercial parking garage on H Street and driving together, we cut our commuting time in half and saved a third of the cost. It’s very convenient, and if one of us has something to discuss it ensures a captive audience for a while.

Helen waited until I was done merging onto I-270 before taking advantage. “Bob? Are we okay?”

That surprised me, especially after the previous evening’s activities. “I guess so,” I told her. “What do you think?”

“I think we’re okay too,” she said. “But I also think that maybe we’re getting a little complacent, a little set in our ways. I feel like sometimes we’re just going through the motions.”

“Is this about having kids?”

“No, it’s not that. I know that will happen sooner or later. It’s more about you and me. We don’t really get excited about things anymore.”

Grinning, I answered, “We both got pretty excited last night, didn’t we?”

Helen blushed a little bit. “That’s not what I mean and you know it.”

“Then what do you mean?”

“I’m trying to explain, just give me a minute.” I could see the gears turning in Helen’s head. “Have you noticed Larry and Peg lately?”

“Well, I noticed we were having dinner with them 12 hours ago.” That’s me, master of the obvious.

“You can be such a pain,” she admonished. “I mean, have you noticed anything different about them lately? How they act, how they look at each other, how they talk to each other. Don’t they seem different?”

Different? I thought about it for a few seconds. “I don’t know, maybe they’re a little more touchy-feely than normal.”

“Exactly.” I could see Helen nodding next to me. “There’s some kind of very strong connection between them, something that wasn’t always there or wasn’t always that strong. They’ve been married longer than we have, but they act like newlyweds. Don’t you wonder why?”

“Hadn’t really thought about it,” I admitted. “I take it you have an idea?”

“I’m starting to. Look at us, Bob. When was the last time we just sat and held hands? Two years ago, in Hawaii. Remember?” I remembered. Ten days at a Honolulu resort, made possible by five years of clipping coupons and comparison shopping. After the first few days the crazy urge to see and do everything wore off and we spent most of the time quietly together, just soaking up the sun and being a couple. “I think we ... enjoyed each other more in those 10 days than in the entire previous year.”

One of the nice things about I-270 in the morning is that you don’t have to worry if you lose your concentration for a few minutes – it’s hard to have a wreck when nobody is moving. So I let most of my mind wander back to the vacation. Yes, I had to agree, we did ‘enjoy each other’ (which was Helenese for having sex) almost every day instead of the usual once a week. It was a lot of fun, and the benefits carried over for a couple of weeks after we got home.

“That vacation brought us closer together for a while,” Helen continued. “What if this ‘Intimate Adventures’ program can do the same thing? Larry and Peg are so excited about it they broke the standing rule on gifts. I think the least we can do is play along.”

“I guess I can’t argue with you there,” I said.

“Not if you know what’s good for you.”

I let a lecherous grin form on my face. “I wonder what they mean by ‘intimate’.”

Later that morning, my telephone rang. Seeing Helen's number on the phone's display, I picked it up right away. "Hi, Hon."

"Hi." She sounded happy enough. "I can't talk long, I have someone on hold. Can you get loose for an appointment Monday afternoon?"

I checked my calendar. "Looks free. What for?"

"Intimate Adventures. I've got them on the other line; they say we need to schedule an initial consultation. Can you do Monday at one?"

"Sure. How long will it last?"

"Hold on." I heard silence while she switched lines to consult with the other caller. "They said plan on it taking up the whole afternoon. Is that okay?"

"Jeez, should we pack an overnight bag?"

"No, but they do suggest that we eat a substantial lunch."

"Okay, it's on my schedule."

"You're a dear."

Friday afternoon rush hour is the absolute pits, especially in the summer with people trying to get to the beach. Since I had driven down, it was Helen's turn to drive back. After the morning's discussion, though, I thought it might earn me some brownie points if I volunteered.

Helen was strangely quiet on the trip home. I guided us out H Street past the White House, but instead of joining the paralyzed masses on Canal Road I opted for 15th Street straight up until it merged with 16th and took us out of the District. Helen remained silent the whole time, so once I had merged onto the Outer Loop and established a devil-may-care 5mph pace, I tried to get her talking.

"You look unsettled," I told her. "What's wrong? More of what we were talking about this morning?"

She shook her head slowly. "No, I'm all right."

Okay, I thought, maybe a change of subject will help. "What did you find out about Intimate Adventures today?"

I could see her mental gears switching a little bit. A puzzled look came over her, which was a definite improvement. “Not nearly as much as I wanted to. Mostly they said they would explain everything when we show up for our appointment. We’re supposed to be there at one, have a substantial lunch before hand, and stay away from caffeine that day.”

“Those are strange instructions,” I mused. “What are they going to do, take our blood pressure?”

“Who knows?”

“Is there anything else they want us to do, like take up jogging?”

Helen was struggling with something. “We do have an ‘exercise’ we are supposed to do before Monday.”

“Let me guess – one of those idiotic compatibility tests, right?”

“No,” she said, still searching for words. “It’s a bit more physical than that. We’re supposed to do ... what we did last night.”

“You mean fool around?”

She nodded, blushing. “And we’re supposed to talk about it afterwards.”

I made a series of loud buzzer noises. Looking at Helen beside me, I realized I was being a jerk and stopped. “Sorry, Hon, but my bullshit detector is on overload. I can’t believe this crap.” As apologies go I’ve done better, but I was mostly trying to shut the door on a nasty conversational surprise. There are some subjects that Helen and I just don’t talk about, and I had just blundered into a Big One.

That night we had Chinese carryout for dinner. We cleaned up the kitchen together, started the dishwasher running, and Helen announced that she was going to bed early.

“Ooh,” I said, perking my ears up. “Is that an invitation?”

Helen let out an annoyed-sounding sigh. “I don’t know. I need to relax for a little while, okay?”

“Okay.” Since we’d just been together the night before, I didn’t really think she was looking for more already. I got engrossed in an action movie or two on cable and crept quietly into bed at 2:00am without disturbing her a bit.

Saturday was a busy day for both of us. Larry and I went kayaking up on the Patuxent while Helen and Peg went on a minor shopping spree. By dinnertime we were all home and exhausted, so Larry and I grilled up a few boneless chicken breasts while Peg and

Helen whipped up a hearty salad for four and popped open a can of ready-to-bake biscuits. The four of us sat around the kitchen table and ate hungrily. Larry and Peg kept looking at each other and at us, some kind of message passing between them. “Something up?” I asked, trying to bring it out into the open.

“Not really,” Peg answered. “Just wondering if you’ve contacted Intimate Adventures yet.”

Helen had just taken a big bite, so I answered for her. “Helen called them yesterday. We’re supposed to go out there for some kind of consultation on Monday.”

“Did you get the name of the person you’re meeting with?” Larry tried to sound nonchalant but his eyes, and Peg’s excited face, betrayed him.

Forcing the food down her throat quickly, Helen waved a hand. “Somebody named Madeline.”

Larry and Peg exchanged another of those co-conspirator looks. A spit-eating grin formed on both their faces. This was getting annoying.

“Are you going to share the joke with us?”

“No way, buddy,” Larry answered. “Can’t do it. Wouldn’t even if we could. You’ll understand after you meet with her.”

“The payoff had better be worth the hype,” I growled.

“It is. And then some.”

That night as I crawled into bed, I looked at Helen’s sleeping face and thought about our homework assignment for the weekend. She’d had a couple of hours to sleep; I figured it couldn’t hurt to try. Her back was turned to me so I nuzzled close behind, kissing the side of her neck and working my way up to her cheek. When she started to stir, I whispered very quietly in her ear: “I want you.”

Helen rolled partway towards me and looked up at me through half-closed eyes. “I’m pretty beat,” she said. “Can we do this tomorrow night?”

I was crestfallen, but it wouldn’t help anything to get into a fight. “Okay, you’ve got a date.” I kissed her gently and let her go back to sleep.

We spent most of Sunday together in the house, just relaxing and killing time. A couple of times I alluded to our appointment and the homework assignment, but Helen always

changed the subject. She fixed dinner and I cleaned up after it. She went to bed at nine; X-Files was a rerun so I joined her about twenty minutes later.

She was lying on her back, on top of the covers. She wore a long, thick cotton gown with about a gajillion little buttons holding it together from bottom to top. Every single one of them was buttoned, holding the neckline up to just below her collarbone. The sleeves were long and baggy and gathered at the wrists. The material was just thin enough that I could tell she was still wearing a bra underneath. I wasted no time dropping my clothes and climbing into bed with her.

Helen looked pointedly at my exposed crotch. "Somebody is getting a little presumptuous," she observed.

"We still haven't done our homework yet. Wouldn't want Miss Madeline to send us to the principal's office, would we?" She chuckled a little, so I got bolder. My hand reached over and started undoing buttons, beginning at the top. Helen doesn't normally let me undress her, but doing it really turns me on so I tried to distract her with a long, passionate kiss while I manipulated the buttons.

My tactics didn't work any better than usual. Lifting my hand and setting it aside, she murmured, "I'll be right back" and escaped into the bathroom. Several minutes later she crept out of the bathroom, turned off the TV and came back to bed, tucking herself inside my right arm and putting her leg across my thighs. Her right hand started stroking my chest in a gentle arc up and down while her leg worked up and down my thighs. There was nothing for my right arm to do but hug her to me, so I did. At the same time, I tried reaching over with my left hand to play with her tits, but when my hand got close she grabbed it gently and pushed it back to my side.

Since I couldn't get access to the upper deck, so to speak, I tried knocking on the dugout. I opened my legs a little so that the right one pressed up against her mound, while at the same time pushing her into it with my right arm. She must have liked the extra pressure, because the hand that had been caressing my chest went directly south. She hooked her thumb around the base of my cock and used her fingers to play with my balls. It felt really good for the first few minutes and then she started doing it faster and harder, making my balls tingle and my cock stand up like a rocket on the launch pad. When she didn't slow down or stop after a few seconds I realized what she was doing: she was trying to make me come without getting inside her. Helen does that sometimes, usually when she knows I want her but she's too tired, not in the mood, whatever. She knows that if she can get me off quickly I'll be done for the night and she can go to sleep. Most of the time I let her get away with it, but that night I was too horny. Our last encounter, though recent, had been unsatisfying; a quick jerk-off and goodnight would not be enough.

Scooting myself over a little, I rolled onto my right side and pushed Helen down onto the bed. Getting up on all fours, I lowered my head down to one of her tits and sucked gently, working the nipple with my tongue. My left hand wandered down over her

mound and I started running fingers gently over her slit. She was hardly wet at all. I felt her hand groping around my lower body. Soon it found my stiff cock and started working it like a pump action shotgun. I worked my fingers inside of her dry slit, found the button and just brushed against it a few times. I felt a hitch in Helen's breath; after a few more light touches I was rewarded with a flow of moisture. Holding my hand flat against her mound, I worked the whole thing up and down, letting my fingers smear the fluid around. She was starting to lubricate seriously now and her lips were parting on their own, so I reached way down and slid my middle finger right into her box and reached up as far as it would go. Helen reacted with a strong sigh, so I pulled out for a second and then stuck the finger back in, again pushing it in as deep as I could. She was really wet now, juices flowing all over my hand, and her hand let go of my cock and just fell to the bed. I did another withdrawal and reentry; this time I not only got the sigh, but her hand reached down and covered mine, rubbing it hard against the top of her mound. Her hips started gyrating up and down and her breathing quickened. I could tell I had her close to her orgasm and a sense of power flooded through me. Then I felt her free hand lock around my dick again and I knew that I wouldn't last much longer either.

I pulled my hand out of her box and assumed the kneeling position between her legs. Putting both hands under her ass, I lifted her up and pulled her to me, letting Helen guide my rod into the right socket. I had a pretty decent stance this time, more balanced, so I started pumping away. I could see Helen was getting into it: her eyes were closed, head tilted back into the pillows, and she was breathing through her mouth. *That's it*, I thought to myself. *She's getting closer ... closer ... closer ...*

Then I blew it, literally as well as figuratively. I was paying so much attention to Helen's face and body that I had forgotten to keep tabs on myself. My cock jerked and spit several long bursts and then started deflating right away. I ground myself into Helen, hoping to get her off before she noticed my dwindling member. I saw her face scrunching up and felt her inside muscles start squeezing on what was left of my rod. Just when I thought it was hopeless, I felt Helen go into mild spasms and her breathing switched into the heavy, quick gasps that usually mean she is coming. Her body clenched and released a few times then relaxed, slipping off the flaccid remains of my cock and down to the bed.

We both took a few minutes to recoup, and then Helen padded back into the bathroom for a quick shower. I pulled on my underwear and waited for her. She came back out shortly, dressed again in the gown of many buttons, and lay down on her side facing me. "Did you have fun?" she asked me.

"Yes I did," I answered (as if there could be any other answer!). "Did you?"

"It was nice."

"I'm glad you enjoyed."

"Good night, dear."

“Good night.”

Helen was a little distracted the next morning. By the time we got onto 270 I had a pretty decent idea what was on her mind, and she soon enough proved me right. “We didn’t really talk much last night,” she said.

“Not much,” I answered, stalling for time. “Sometimes there isn’t a whole lot to say.”

Helen pondered that in silence for a few minutes before continuing. “Was there one part that was extra good for you?”

Another loaded question. “No, it was good. It was great. You have a very talented hand.”

“I try,” she answered, flexing and examining the hand in question.

My turn. “Did I ... take care of you okay?”

“Hmm? Oh, yes. You did fine. You’re pretty talented yourself.”

“I try.” Another awkward silence followed. “Do you think we’ve done enough homework now?”

“I think so,” she answered.

“Cool.” I flipped on the radio and we listened in silence for the rest of the trip.

Part 2

The address that Intimate Adventures had given Helen was in Bethesda, so we had our choice of about seven thousand restaurants within a few blocks of their office. We settled on a German place we knew and had a nice filling lunch – maybe a little too filling, we were getting a bit sleepy toward the end of the meal. I wanted to order coffee but we were told no caffeine before the meeting, so we got up and walked around a little to wake ourselves up.

At five minutes to one we entered the office of Intimate Adventures, which was tucked discreetly in the corner of a Wisconsin Avenue office building. A strikingly pretty young blonde greeted us, took the invitation and gave us each a clipboard with a multi-page form to complete.

Looking over the form I thought for a second we had wandered into a medical office by mistake; besides the usual name and address stuff the form contained questions about height, weight, allergies, medications, chronic injuries and illnesses, and immediate family medical histories. Then it moved into lifestyle questions: hobbies, work schedules, food preferences, friends and neighbors, TV habits, things like that. The last section had the look of one of those personality assessment tests. It took forever to finish, and more than once I started to hand it back uncompleted. Every time, though, I looked at Helen and saw her answering each question; if she wasn't uncomfortable, I decided I didn't have to be either.

After a very long twenty minutes we were done with our forms. The receptionist had left us alone, so I was giving mine the once-over while I waited for her to return. I heard voices approaching from inside the suite just as a man and woman came through the door to the inner offices. They were holding hands and talking softly to each other. The electricity flowing between them was almost tangible. They saw Helen and me toiling at our clipboards and smiled at us, then exchanged a knowing look with each other and walked out.

Shortly after that the receptionist reappeared. We handed our forms back to her and she accepted them with a dazzling smile and told us to wait “Just a few more minutes.”

She didn't lie. Maybe three minutes later, a woman emerged from the back depths of the suite and smiled at us both. She was tall and broad shouldered, white, with dark brown hair to just below the ears framing her face. I'd guess her age at around 40, certainly not much more. She wore a navy blue suit with an all-business, slightly masculine cut but it couldn't completely hide the fact that it enclosed a curvaceous female body. “Bob and Helen?” We looked up and nodded, and that's when I first noticed her eyes. Big, clear,

sky blue eyes, the kind of eyes that command immediate attention. “My name is Madeline. Will you come back to my office please?”

We stood up and shook Madeline’s hand, then followed her into one of the back offices. Hers was very elegantly made, furnished with a natural cherry desk, credenza, and a very nice set of barrister’s bookcases. Opposite the bookcases was a daybed, also in cherry, with an assortment of pillows. Instead of standard office chairs she ushered us into deep, high-backed easy chairs that seemed to conform immediately to our bodies. On the wall behind her desk was a series of official-looking framed documents; I couldn’t make out all the fancy writing at that distance but it looked like Madeline had multiple college degrees and a state-issued license or two. Madeline encouraged us to sit back and relax as she walked around to her side of the desk. There was a folder of papers on the desk, and though I couldn’t see anything specific I assumed our questionnaires were inside it.

“You’ve been married seven years, right?” She had a great voice – deep, resonating, clear.

“That’s right,” Helen said.

“No children?”

“Not yet,” Helen answered and looked at me.

“And you were referred to us by Larry and Peg, yes?”

“Yes. They gave us that gift card for our anniversary.”

“Okay. Before we go any further, I want you both to know that everything we say in this room stays in this room. Nothing will be recorded and a bare minimum will be written down. You have my personal guarantee of complete privacy whether you choose to enter the program or not.”

Helen and I looked at each other, then nodded our understanding.

“Good. Why don’t you tell me about yourselves?”

“Isn’t that what the questionnaire is for?” I asked.

“Partially,” she answered. “But I’d like to hear how you describe yourselves. This way is so much more interesting than reading a standardized form.”

“Okay. I’m 34, I’m a procurement officer at the VA downtown.” Madeline looked as if she was waiting to hear more, but I didn’t quite know where to go so I let it be.

Helen broke the pause for me for by chiming in. “I’m 32, and a manager in the telecom offices of the World Bank. I’m originally from western Pennsylvania. I’m an only child,

and my parents are retired and living in Arizona. We don't have much contact with either of them aside from the occasional phone call or letter. There's no friction, we've just grown apart somewhat."

Seeing Madeline's approving smile, I decided to extend my own remarks. "I'm the oldest of four, most of whom still live in or near Pittsburgh. We go up there for a couple of days every summer and catch up, no big deal. I met Helen during college."

"Which college was that?"

"St. Francis."

Madeline looked mildly surprised; she opened the folder again and leafed through the papers. "That's a Catholic college, isn't it?"

"Yep."

"But you listed your religion as 'None' on the form." The arch in her eyebrows made the question clear.

"I was raised Catholic," I explained. "Catholic grade school, Catholic high school. St. Francis was my folks' choice, not mine. By the time I got out of there I'd had Catholicism in my face for 20-plus years and I was sick of it. I guess I'm technically still a Catholic but I don't go to church unless somebody I know is getting married or buried."

"Is there something in particular about the Church that bothered you?" Madeline's voice stayed even, but her eyes said that she really wanted to know. I was finding her very easy to talk to.

"No one huge thing," I answered. "There was a growing discomfort with the people I'd come to associate with the Church. They seemed a little out of touch with the real world. And despite being force fed the doctrine for my entire young life, I never really accepted it all. My folks were, and still are, very devout so I went through the motions to please them, but once I was on my own I stopped pretending."

"I see," she replied. "Helen, you listed yourself as Catholic. Do you still practice?"

"No," she said, shaking her head slowly. "I never had a big problem with the basic teachings of the Church. I still carry most of the Catholic values, as does Bob." I nodded agreement. "By the time I met Bob I had already become uncomfortable with the Church as an organization. It had become so political, so intent of trying to force some of its doctrines into laws that would then affect everyone whether they believed or not. That just felt wrong to me, so I sort of dropped out."

"Were your parents angry about that?" Madeline was looking at Helen when she asked, so I stayed quiet.

“At first. But when I explained how I felt, they were very understanding. I think they’re still a little disappointed that I don’t go to church, but they like Bob and they know that we both try our best to be good people.”

“Mine were pretty steamed,” I volunteered. “They stopped talking to me for a few weeks, but their parish pastor convinced them that Helen and I might come around in time if they would show us a good example of Christian love and forgiveness.”

Madeline kept nodding. Behind the blue eyes I could see her digesting the information and filing it away. “Let’s talk about your relationship,” she said to both of us.

Helen and I looked at each other, silently debating who would begin. I volunteered. “We get along fine most of the time. We work near each other, so we carpool every day. That gives us more time together than a lot of couples have.”

“We share the housework pretty evenly,” Helen added. “Bob and I both cook and clean, but we do eat out a lot because it’s so late when we get home most of the time that neither of us wants to spend an hour fixing dinner. Larry and Peg are our best friends and we do something together with them almost every week.”

“How about the sexual part of your relationship?” Madeline asked without batting an eye.

Helen’s face froze instantly, and the sense of comfort I’d been riding on was suddenly pulled out from under me. “Pretty much normal,” I ventured after a very long pause. “Once a week or so, on average. Nothing kinky.” Madeline looked over to Helen, but no way was Helen going to step into that bear trap.

“Did you have sex over the weekend?” Madeline continued, her voice still smooth and casual. Helen’s face turned beet red and I felt the heat rising in my own cheeks too.

“Last night,” Helen allowed

“That’s good,” Madeline replied. “Did you talk about it afterwards?”

We both sort of shrugged our answer, knowing we had copped out on the conversation. I think we also knew that she wasn’t going to leave it that way.

“Why don’t you tell me about it?” she asked us both.

Helen started to stammer: “Well ... I mean ... we—“ but I interrupted her.

“I think we’d rather not,” I said, in a tone designed to shut down that line of questioning entirely. “There are some things that decent people just don’t talk about in public.” Helen nodded her agreement.

“I’m sorry, I was not trying to offend you.” Madeline made a conciliatory gesture, then changed the subject. “Any trouble in the relationship? Recent arguments, disagreements, anything like that?”

Puzzled, I shook my head. Helen met Madeline’s gaze directly and said, “No. Nothing important, anyway. Where are you going with these questions? Why do you need to know all the things in that questionnaire we filled out?”

“Most of that you can blame directly on the lawyers. You know how ridiculous they can get. With what we do here, we need to cover all sorts of possibilities.”

“And what exactly do you do here?” Helen had shifted forward in her chair, but it wasn’t really made to be perched on that way. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her give up and sit back again as Madeline answered.

“Intimate Adventures is a very unique kind of counseling service. Our clients are all couples who are in strong, committed relationships and who are looking to take their relationship to a deeper, more satisfying level. We help them to do that by arranging safe opportunities for them to have new and exciting romantic experiences.”

My bullshit detector was starting up again. “What kind of new and exciting experiences?”

“Whatever you and Helen would like,” she answered. “If you decide to enter the program, we will spend the afternoon discussing your relationship in detail. We’ll talk about your feelings for each other, your likes and dislikes, your sexual habits and boundaries, your dreams, your fantasies. That information will be used to script several encounters that you will both enjoy and that will help draw you closer together.”

“What makes you think we need drawing together?” I challenged.

Madeline closed the file folder and set it aside. “At this point, Bob, nothing other than the fact that you are here with me. Nobody is suggesting that there is anything wrong with you, with Helen, or with your marriage. Larry and Peg have been through the program, and they clearly believe that we have something to offer to you. Our program works best when the relationship is strong and stable, like yours appears to be, and just needs an extra spark.”

“We’ve been together seven years,” I argued. “Nobody can be like newlyweds all the time. People grow and change; naturally the excitement level drops a bit along the way.”

“You’re absolutely right, Bob. In a successful, long-term relationship it is very normal for a couple to start out very hot, very romantic, and then to cool down over time. At one time or another almost every couple experiences a period of ennui. Maybe you and Helen are having one now, maybe not. If so, then I believe that I can help you to

overcome that in a way that will permanently enrich your relationship. If not, I'll shred your file and arrange a refund."

The word 'ennui' struck a chord in me. Yes, that was a pretty good word for what Helen and I were having. Nothing was exactly going sour between us, but we were definitely in a rut. We'd certainly been going through the motions in bed recently.

While I pondered that Helen raised a question of her own. "What is your role in all of this, Madeline?"

"I'm your facilitator," she answered. "Together we will talk about your deepest desires, fantasies, hopes and dreams, both romantic and sexual, in explicit detail. Armed with that insight, I will then script and facilitate encounters that will let you explore some of those fantasies in a safe, controlled environment."

"Why all the secrecy? Why not just advertise yourselves as marriage counselors?"

I could see an extra gleam come to the facilitator's eyes as she answered. "Marriage counselors are professionals who take troubled relationships and help to repair them. There's nothing wrong with that; I've done quite a lot of it myself. But at Intimate Adventures we take good relationships and work to improve them. We take normal people and talk very frankly, sometimes clinically, about habits and desires and feelings that most people don't even discuss with their partners. Our clients have to know that all of their dealings with us are absolutely private; therefore we don't advertise, we don't sell our client list, and we keep very few records. If you choose to continue with us, you too will appreciate that."

Helen's face took on a nervous look as she asked, "What if we're not comfortable talking clinically about our private thoughts?"

Madeline gave us both a reassuring smile before answering. "I understand completely. Most people are shy about what really turns them on. Sometimes they are afraid they will scare off their partner by seeming too sleazy, sometimes they are just generally insecure. It's perfectly normal and perfectly okay to be like that."

Helen wasn't giving up. "How do you get around it, though?"

"Hypnosis," she answered casually, sitting back in her chair. "All of our facilitators undergo hypnosis training so that they can put clients completely at ease. I happen to be a licensed clinical hypnotherapist. If you and Bob decide you want to enter the program, I will place you both under hypnosis. While you are hypnotized, I will ask you a series of questions about your life, your relationship, your sexual needs and boundaries, favorite erotic fantasies, and secret desires. I will also implant into your subconscious a number of carefully designed posthypnotic suggestions that will cause you to act out some of those fantasies in a safe way. To avoid spoiling the surprise, neither of you will

remember exactly what fantasies we discussed or what the subconscious triggers are. A week from now you will have done some things that will amaze and delight you both.”

At the word “hypnosis,” Helen’s eyes got wide. “So you take control of people’s minds?”

“No, but that’s a common misconception.” Those incredible eyes were warm, smiling. I had no trouble believing she could put people into a trance. “Being hypnotized does not mean giving up control. If I were to hypnotize you right now and command you to commit a felony you would wake up immediately and tell me off. No hypnotist can make you do something that is against your personal morals and beliefs. What hypnosis can do, what we do here, is to temporarily relieve some of your natural inhibitions so that you and Bob can explore your erotic boundaries a little.

“That’s why we only work with couples, Helen. Couples with a stable relationship enjoy our program so much that their referrals keep us in business. No couple has ever left my office unhappy.” Then she turned to me. “What do you think about all this, Bob?”

I couldn’t answer right away. Mostly I’d been thinking about the idea of watching this woman hypnotize Helen, or better yet having her do it to me. I felt the beginnings of a hard-on stirring in my groin and wasn’t sure how to hide it. Madeline just waited, an enigmatic smile on her face. “I’ve never been hypnotized before,” I finally said. “I’m not sure I can be.”

“How about you, Helen?”

“Once,” she responded. “Ages ago. When I turned 19 some friends took me to a hypnotist show. I was watching from the audience and then I sort of faded out. When I woke up I was on stage and everyone was laughing and clapping. My friends told me I did some strange things, but all I remember is how good I felt afterwards.”

“You must have been in a very deep trance. It’s a very useful ability to have, Helen, don’t be ashamed of it. Are you willing to let me hypnotize you today and talk about your private thoughts?”

Helen considered. “Does it have to be in front of Bob?”

“Huh?” I started to protest, but Madeline motioned for me to stay quiet.

“Does that make you uncomfortable?” Madeline’s manner stayed smooth and unsurprised, like a practiced shrink. “In order to completely enjoy the adventure, you have to trust one another. Having you here together while we talk is an important step in building that trust. It’s natural to be uneasy about how Bob might react, especially knowing that we will be discussing your sex life with him in great detail. Is there something more than that troubling you, Helen?”

Helen thought about it a little before answering. “No, that’s pretty much it.”

“Then relax, Helen, and don’t worry about it. Bob will be here, and Bob will witness everything we talk about, just as you will be here and witness everything that Bob and I talk about. But by the time you leave here today neither of you will remember any of those discussions. You have my solemn word on that. Remember, satisfaction is guaranteed.”

“Okay, I can accept that.”

Madeline nodded approvingly. “Very good. Bob, are you willing to let me hypnotize you today, in front of Helen, and talk about your most intimate fantasies and thoughts?”

Putting on a brave front for Helen’s benefit, I answered without hesitation: “Absolutely.”

“Very well, then. Why don’t you both use the rest room while I get some final paperwork together? We’ll begin in about 15 minutes.”

Helen looked at me sheepishly as she emerged from the ladies’ room. “Are you upset with me for not wanting you there?”

“It surprised me,” I admitted. “I still don’t quite get it.”

She nodded. “When we go back in there, Madeline is going to start asking me frank, intimate questions about our life and I won’t be able to do anything but answer honestly. We don’t talk about ... bedroom things ... very often, and I’m afraid that you might find some of those answers a little disturbing.”

“Is there something wrong? Something we need to talk about?” An icy chill ran up my spine.

“No no no,” she replied at once, grasping my hand in hers. “Nothing wrong. It’s hard to explain. I really don’t want to try to explain it in a public place, if that’s okay.”

“It’s okay, I can wait. But understand this, Helen: you are my wife, my lover, and my best friend. If you confess to a closet desire for a big, strong guy in a leather mask to handcuff you to the bed and screw your brains out, I promise I won’t think any less of you.”

That got her smiling again. “You wish.”

When we returned to Madeline’s office, she handed each of us another clipboard. “One more piece of paperwork before we start,” she explained. “This is a standard release form. In simple English, it says that you consent to being hypnotized, that while under hypnosis you will answer questions of a frank and intimate nature, and that you will be

given sexually explicit suggestions while under hypnosis that will compel you to perform sexual acts. We guarantee to keep all information we gather about you confidential, and you agree not to hold us responsible for any accidental injury, illness or pregnancy that might result.”

“More weasel words from the lawyers?” I asked.

“No, this one was my idea. I’ve found that a client’s subconscious is even more cooperative if the client has already consciously agreed. In your mind, you are giving me permission to hypnotize you and prime your subconscious with erotic suggestions. That permission helps to break down any low-level resistance or fear you may still have.”

I just had to ask: “Has anyone actually gotten pregnant doing this?”

Madeline favored me with another delicious smile. “Only once that we know of. One of my colleagues had a couple conceive during their program. They named the baby after him.” We all chuckled at that one.

Helen and I signed our forms and handed them back to Madeline. Setting the clipboards aside, she continued. “Okay, let’s try a little test. I want both of you to listen closely and do what I say. This will help me to gauge how good your imaginations are and how best to help you enter the deepest trance states.

“First, I want you to hold your arms straight out in front of you. Don’t clench them, just extend them forward and leave them as relaxed as you can.” I extended my arms forward, seeing Helen do the same. “Good. Now I want you to close your eyes. I am going to count to five. With each count, I will say the word ‘in’ and when I say ‘in’ I want you to take a nice, slow, easy, deep breath. You will hold that breath until I say ‘out’. When I say ‘out’ I want you to slowly, easily, gently exhale and feel your body relaxing and settling into the chair. Ready?”

“Ready,” we said.

“One. In ...” I inhaled slowly and deliberately until my lungs felt full. “... Out ...” I loosened my jaw and let the air escape through my lips. I think I heard Helen doing the same. Madeline praised our early efforts. “Very good, both of you. Now two, in ... out ... Fine, now three, in ... out ... just letting yourself settle a little further into the chair. Four, in ... out ... your mind should be clearing and feeling quiet. Five, in ... out ... excellent, both of you.

“Now for an imagination exercise. I want you to imagine that I have placed the handle of an empty bucket in your left hand, allowing the bucket to hang down below that hand. The bucket can be metal, plastic, wood, whatever you want it to be. It can be shiny or dirty, old or new, your choice. Now, I want you to imagine that I have tied a string loosely around your right wrist. Just an ordinary, everyday piece of household string,

like kite string or package string. It's soft and not too tight. See it in your mind. Do you see the bucket and the string? Nod when you see them."

I felt myself nodding. Yes, I could see them. The bucket was a simple metal pail with a wooden grip in the middle of a simple wire handle. The string looked exactly like a kite string, strong but soft on the hands, and it was looped gently around my wrist.

"You are both doing very well. Now please imagine that I have placed a brick inside the bucket. A big, heavy brick like you'd find in a chimney or a fireplace. You can hear the 'thunk' as the brick lands in the bottom of your bucket. ... Good, you are starting to feel the weight of the brick in the bucket. Now I am going to add five more bricks, each one making the bucket heavier and heavier. One ... Two ... Three, feeling the bucket get so heavy, your left arm feeling the strain from holding up so many heavy bricks ... Four ... Five. There are now six heavy, solid bricks in your bucket. You can feel the great weight of all those bricks pulling down, pulling down against your hand as you struggle to hold onto the handle. Don't let the bucket fall. Hold those bricks as long as you can."

This was getting strange. I knew it was just an imagination exercise, but I really did feel a huge, heavy weight pulling down on my hand, just as if I really was holding a bucket of bricks. With my eyes closed it was tough to be sure, but I thought I could feel my arm slowly starting to sink down, pulled down by the weight I was holding.

"Wonderful, Bob. Wonderful, Helen. You are both doing so well, you should be very pleased. Now, while you continue to hold your bucket of bricks, I want you to turn your attention to your right arm. The string is still loosely tied to your right wrist and now you can see what is at the other end. You see a balloon, big and round and brightly colored, attached to the end of the string. It is a helium-filled balloon. I now release the balloon and you can see it rising into the air until the string around your wrist stops it from rising further. Watch the balloon as it tugs gently on the string, trying to pull your arm upward ever so slightly. Now imagine that as you watch the balloon, it begins to grow. Bigger and bigger, the balloon fills with more and more helium. The bigger it grows, the more it wants to fly away, the more it tugs on your wrist. Keep watching the balloon, watching as it get bigger and lighter. Feel it pulling up on your arm as it strains to break free."

There was silence for a few moments while I watched my balloon do what Madeline had described. The string around my wrist went tight, and I started to feel a strong pull upward as the balloon got bigger.

"Very good, both of you. Now you can open your eyes and see the results of your work."

I opened my eyes and blinked a couple of times. My arms were still outstretched in front of me, but my left arm had dropped almost to my lap and my right had risen so that hand was just above eye level. "Cool!" I remarked, putting them both back on the armrests of my chair. Then I looked over at Helen. Her left arm was pointing almost straight down, having missed the armrest. I could see her fingers trembling as if from heavy exertion as they remained hooked around empty space. At the same time, her right arm was pointing

at the ceiling, the hand bent at the wrist as if held up by wires. Her face looked strained, uncomfortable, and she was looking pointedly at Madeline. “This is getting very uncomfortable, and I can’t seem to stop.”

Madeline beamed. “I’m sorry Helen, I didn’t mean to cause you discomfort. Please let go of the bucket, let it fall to the ground and roll away. On the count of three the string tied to your right arm will break and the balloon will float off on its own. One, two, three.”

It was amazing. Helen’s right arm dropped like a stone on the count of three. Her left arm relaxed, then she slowly brought it up before herself and flexed the hand a few times, like you would do if you had just put down a heavy load.

“Did we pass the test?” I asked. For some reason it seemed important to get Madeline’s approval.

“You did,” she answered. “Both of you will have no difficulty entering a deep trance. In fact, you were both in a moderate trance during the test, which is why your bodies reacted so well. You are very hypnotizable. Who would like to go first?”

Helen put her hand up right away. “I will.”

“Are you sure?” I asked, remembering her reservations about having me there.

Helen nodded firmly. “I’m sure. I trust you.”

Madeline nodded. “Then let’s begin.” She rose from her chair, came around the desk and sat down on a short upholstered stool with ball casters. Rolling up close to Helen’s face, she lowered her voice and started talking. “Watch Helen’s face very closely, Bob. She is about to enter a deep hypnotic sleep and you need to be able to recognize the signs that she has done this.”

I scooted my chair around a little to get a better viewing angle on Helen. Her face looked a little uneasy, but not too scared. I saw Madeline hold up the first two fingers on her right hand in a V and point them toward her own face.

“Helen, I want you to look right here. Don’t take your eyes from mine. Don’t move or speak or nod your head or make any sound unless I ask you to. I know that you hear and understand me just as you know it. If you follow my simple instructions, there is nothing that can keep you from entering a very deep, pleasant state of hypnosis in just a fraction of a second. Take a deep breath now and fill up your lungs.” I noted the slow rise of Helen’s chest, even as my eyes remained locked on her face. As Helen inhaled, I also noticed Madeline’s right hand moving upward. “Now exhale.” Helen’s lips parted and she exhaled as Madeline’s hand slowly sunk back down. As Helen let the breath go her face started becoming softer, more relaxed, like when she is asleep. They repeated the cycle of inhale and exhale several more times. On the second exhale, Helen’s eyes went

glassy like she had stopped focusing, although they were still pointing right at Madeline's face. A couple more breaths and they started tearing and blinking more frequently.

Then I started to notice things about myself. My own breathing had begun to follow Helen's and Madeline's, slowly inhaling and exhaling on her command. And as I watched Helen and realized that she was really falling so easily under Madeline's spell, a raging hard-on took hold of me. I shifted involuntarily, trying to make room in my pants for it.

“Very good, Helen. You are relaxed, you are feeling wonderfully drowsy, ready to enter a deep, satisfying state of hypnosis.” Madeline raised her hand well above Helen's head level, but far enough in front that Helen's peripheral vision could probably pick it up. “Now, I'm going to count from five down to one. As I count down, your eyelids grow heavy, droopy, drowsy, and sleepy. By the time I reach the count of one, they close right down and you go deep in hypnotic sleep, deeper than you've ever gone before. All right, five ...” Helen's eyes reacted exactly as she was told, I could see her struggling to hold them up. Madeline's hand moved slowly downward as she continued counting. “Four: eyelids heavy, droopy, drowsy, sleepy ... Three: Eyelids getting heavier and heavier, ready to close and relax completely ... Two: They begin closing, closing, closing, closing, closing ... One. Sleep now, Helen.”

All through the count I could see wrinkles forming on Helen's forehead as she fought to keep her dazed, empty eyes open. The second Madeline said 'One', something snapped and Helen's face went totally slack. Her whole body just slumped down in the chair like a rag doll. I had to bite my lip to keep from coming in my pants.

Madeline shifted and looked back at me, pointedly observing the tent pole trying to push through my zipper. “What's your first impression of hypnosis, Bob?”

No point in denying it, the physical evidence was too obvious. “I've never seen anything so hot in my life,” I told her. Suddenly I wondered what I would feel when it was my turn with Helen watching, and my cock got even stiffer.

“I thought you might like that induction. You'll enjoy it even more when your turn comes, I assure you.”

I just gulped and stared into those powerful eyes, still painfully hard and closer to an embarrassing solo orgasm than I ever thought possible.

Madeline's voice brought me back to the here and now. “Bob, I'm going to spend some time on deepening Helen's trance state. This would be a good opportunity for you to get up, stretch, walk around a little, have some water if you like. Come back in about ten minutes.”

She didn't have to tell me twice. I got up and hustled to the bathroom like a little kid at the end of a long drive. Once there, I started splashing cold water on my face and

commanded my cock to stand down. It took most of my ten minutes and lots of cold water, but I did manage to get hold of myself, figuratively speaking. Fortunately for me, nobody else came in during that time. (Had I known that I would have the restroom to myself for that long, I probably would have jerked off into the commode instead.)

When I returned to Madeline's office I was surprised to see that Helen had moved. She was now lying prone on the daybed, a body-length pillow underneath her. Except for the fact that she was fully clothed (other than her shoes, which I saw on the floor near her feet), she looked like someone about to get a massage. Her face was beautiful, completely loose and at rest. Even asleep, Helen didn't usually look this relaxed. Then I realized she was talking, slowly and deliberately. "... My brakes were wet and I couldn't stop in time. I ended up hitting the car in front of me. The driver came running back toward me and I thought he was going to start yelling at me, but all he did was ask if I was all right. He was so nice."

"Luckiest accident I've ever been in," I added, but Helen paid no attention.

"He used his auto club card to get a tow truck for my little car and drove me home. He kept asking me if I was all right, and I kept telling him I didn't know. A few days later we had our first date."

Madeline had been listening intently, as if making mental notes. She looked up at me with approval in her eyes. "Thank you, Helen. Please relax, let your mind wander for a while, until I touch your leg. While you are wandering, pay no attention to anything you might think you hear. When I touch your leg that means it is time to continue our conversation."

She turned to me. "Were you really upset with her?"

"I was pretty pissed," I answered truthfully. "By the time I got close enough to see her, I knew she was embarrassed and upset already. I figured, why be an asshole?" She wrote a little more. "I see you've started the Q and A without me," I observed.

"Not really. I just moved her to a more comfortable position and asked about how you first met, mostly to get her used to the idea of answering my questions while still in hypnosis. Now that you're back, we can begin in earnest." She reached over and touched Helen on the back of her leg. Helen didn't move a muscle. "Helen, it is time for me to ask you some very personal questions. Bob is here with me, but neither you nor he will remember anything we say. You will want to answer me as honestly and completely as you can so that I can help you, do you understand?"

"Yes, Madeline."

The question and answer session went on for over an hour. I was completely awake during the whole time, but for the life of me I can't remember a damn thing either woman

said. I do remember an emotional thrill ride that had me constantly switching between surprise, shock, arousal, and disbelief.

In hindsight, I have a pretty good general idea what information Madeline was gathering. Some of the questions had to involve Helen's feelings about sex: preferred locations and positions, where and how she likes to be touched, orgasms, taboos, things like that. Fantasies, of course. There also had to have been a few questions about how she and I were getting along and what our schedules for the coming week looked like. She planted at least one posthypnotic trigger, which she would demonstrate shortly.

The next thing I remember clearly is Madeline telling Helen to wake up. Helen's eyes popped open, blinked heavily a couple times, then opened wide as she took a good look around. "I seem to have been transplanted," she remarked.

"The chair wasn't supporting your head and neck very well," Madeline explained. "It seemed uncomfortable and was interfering with your breathing a little, so I had you move."

Then I saw she was looking at me. "Bob, honey? Are you okay?"

I remember a strange, disturbed feeling. After all, at that point I hadn't been hypnotized yet. Whatever Helen had said in her trance, I had witnessed it and still remembered everything. I remember putting on a smile mask and telling her I was fine. She didn't seem convinced, but Madeline came to my aid.

"He's having a very intense emotional reaction, Helen," she explained. "He has heard a lot of things in the past hour, and some of them were very surprising to him. What's important for you to realize is that he listened to everything and that he still loves you, despite what you feared."

I made good strong eye contact with Helen, whose face was flushed again. "She's right," I told her. "Some of the things you said surprised me. Some of them excited me. All of them are your thoughts and your ideas, and none of them have made me love you any less. Besides, in another hour or so I won't remember any of it, so don't worry."

Helen rose off the daybed and met me in the middle of the room for a long, warm hug and kiss. Madeline let it go on for several minutes before suggesting that we take our seats and continue. She had us turn our chairs toward each other more to improve Helen's view, then rolled her little stool over next to me.

Making a V with her fingers, she pointed them at her own eyes. "Bob, I want you to look right here. Don't take your eyes from mine. Don't move or speak or nod your head or make any sound unless I ask you to. I know that you hear and understand me just as you know it. If you follow my simple instructions, there is nothing that can keep you from entering a very deep, pleasant state of hypnosis in just a fraction of a second. Take a deep breath now and fill up your lungs. ..."

Just like Helen I woke up prone on the daybed, fully clothed except for my shoes. It was a very strange sensation – one second I was in a chair taking that first deep breath, the next I was in a different place and position entirely. As my head cleared I became aware of Helen staring at me, her face a mixture of puzzlement, fear and wonder. Much like mine must have looked to her when she woke up, I thought.

Madeline's voice asked, "How do you feel, Bob?"

"Good." Even as I said that I was double-checking and discovering that good was an understatement. I felt positively radiant.

"I'm glad. Bob, can you please tell me some of the things you heard Helen say under hypnosis today?"

"Sure. Let's see, there was ... she said ... I think ..." It was the damndest thing.

"It's okay, Bob," Madeline assured me. "You don't have to remember. You will never need to remember anything that you heard during Helen's trance, or anything we talked about during your trance." That was a relief. "Helen, why don't you sit down next to Bob and we'll try another exercise?"

Helen muttered a subdued "okay" and joined me on the daybed. We sat facing each other, arms touching at the back but with enough space between our bodies for a third person as Madeline continued. "I want you to watch each other very closely. We are now going to practice a simple suggestion that I gave to each of you. Helen, I want you to start reciting the alphabet to Bob. Do it slowly and maintain eye contact."

Our eyes locked together, Helen began saying the letters. When she reached 'E' I heard Madeline's voice say "Helen, sleep now." She never made it to 'F' – instead, her eyes turned glassy and rolled back into her head, her mouth dropped open and she melted into the cushions around her. One second she was there, the next she was gone. I remembered the time she had an outpatient surgery and the anesthesiologist let me stay with her to keep her calm; I saw him insert a hypodermic needle in her IV tube, and within five seconds Helen went from being a nervous wreck to a peaceful, sleeping angel. The strange mixture of memory and reality was getting me hard again as I heard Madeline say, "Helen, wake up."

Helen awoke with a start, looking around, then sat straight up again. "F ... G ..."

"You can stop now," Madeline said. "Quickly, though, look at Bob. Watch Bob."

Helen's eyes locked on mine again as Madeline spoke: "Bob, sleep now." Something grabbed onto my eyelids and dragged them down, and my body went totally limp. *So this is what it feels like*, I thought as I let go to the fog engulfing my mind.

Madeline kept doing it to us in turns, putting us under with a word and then waking us up again. I lost count of how many times we repeated the cycle, but I did notice that waking up seemed to be getting more difficult with each try.

“This is called fractionation,” Madeline explained. “A series of rapid reinductions helps your mind get used to going into deeper and deeper trance states quickly.”

“Wonderful,” I said sarcastically. I was starting to wonder if this was really such a good idea; the power this stranger now had over us was unnerving. “How many more rides on this elevator?”

“Just one, I think. Bob and Helen, sleep now...”

“... Fully awake now, refreshed and alert.” And just that easily we were, although it took me a few minutes to be sure we would stay that way. Helen and I were still on the daybed, but now we were sitting closely together, arms intertwined across the back edge. I felt great. Helen’s face had a glow that I hadn’t seen in a long time. The watch on her wrist read 5:40, but somehow that didn’t surprise me.

Madeline offered us each her hand. “That concludes this session,” she said. “I must say I’m looking forward to working with you both. You are a very special couple.”

“What happens next?” Helen asked.

“Next, I take everything we discussed here and work up a plan for your adventures.”

“Can you give us a hint?”

Madeline gave us a thoughtful look. “It’s a little too early to say. I can make a few general observations if you want.”

“Please,” we said together, bringing a broad smile to Madeline’s face.

“Very well. Like many couples in long-term relationships, you two have defined roles for yourselves which feel safe and comfortable, but which are also very confining. You are both strong personalities accustomed to being in control; that leads to unwitting power struggles in the bedroom while you each try to ensure that the other is satisfied, with the unintended result of less enjoyable sex for both of you. Finally, you are also both very shy about discussing your sexual needs and feelings with each other, not just during sex but in general. These are things we will work on early and often throughout the program.”

“What about the fantasies?” Helen asked anxiously.

“You both have some very interesting fantasies,” she answered. “Not surprisingly, control figures prominently in them. Each of you has fantasies in which you are completely in control, and also in which you are completely out of control. We should be able to give you each an opportunity to experience both while hopefully fulfilling some other desires. I still need to sketch out the details, but you have my word you will enjoy it.”

“What will you do, call us or something?”

“I’ll be calling you both often,” Madeline assured us. “Most of the time you won’t remember it, but we’ll be in frequent contact.” She pressed a button on her phone, and right away the cute blonde receptionist poked her head in the door. “Kym, I want you to meet Bob and Helen. Kym will be assisting me with your program.”

“Hi,” Kym said, coming forward with a hand extended. At close range I confirmed my initial assessment: twenty-something, very pretty, with fine blonde hair so pale that the fluorescent lights in the office made it seem almost white. Like Madeline she was dressed in simple business attire, but her jacket and skirt were clearly designed to highlight, rather than mask, her feminine charms. We shook hands politely.

Madeline asked Kym to show us out, so she led us into the hallway, closing Madeline’s door behind her. Once clear of the office, she bent toward us and in a low voice said, “That was a very long appointment. Madeline must like you a lot.”

“Is that good?” Helen asked.

“It’s great,” the girl answered. “I mean, don’t get me wrong. Madeline is a professional; she always does her best for each couple she sees. But when she really likes a couple, her creativity just soars. You two are in for a wild ride.”

Something in her face aroused my curiosity. “Has Madeline ever hypnotized you?”

Kym nodded, flashing a dazzling smile. “Oh, yes. More often than I realize, I’m sure. Madeline is training me to be a facilitator myself. I just hope I can be half as good at it as she is.”

Ushering us out the door, the girl bid us goodnight. I heard the turn of the lock as she closed the door behind us.

Part 3

We were quiet on the way home from Bethesda. I think we were both trying to digest everything we had been told about ourselves.

It didn't take long for me to realize that Madeline had me pegged. I do have a thing about being in control, I always have. That's why it drives me nuts when I try to do something for Helen in bed and she stops me. As you can probably guess from my background, talking about sex was a big taboo in my family. Most of my sexual education came from antiseptic-looking men in lab coats giving "Family Life" lectures at school. I knew I was pretty square, maybe even uptight, but so was everyone else in my circle. By the time I met Helen I had found a system that worked – get her wet, hide the salami, make sure she comes first – and I was afraid to try much of anything else. Helen seemed to like my technique enough; she never suggested anything different, anyway. There was that one time she surprised me by taking my cock into her mouth for a few seconds. It felt so good that I almost came right in her mouth, but I was afraid of grossing her out so I asked her to stop. Later I tried to go down on her, but the strong smell and the fluids everywhere made me gag (not real romantic) and I had no idea what to do down there, so I gave up. From that point on we stuck with good old-fashioned boning, and I figured we were okay as long as I made sure Helen was satisfied.

That's not to say I didn't have fantasies. Sure, sometimes I'd get all hot and bothered thinking about Helen tying me up and having her way with me, or about Helen seducing me in a strange or public place, or about me slowly undressing Helen and driving her wild. But if Madeline thought a few suggestions were going to turn this square into a swinger, I figured Larry would be getting his refund after all.

After overindulging at lunch neither of us felt like a big dinner, so we just pulled out some leftovers and ate off paper plates. Helen was still pretty much silent, looking thoughtful and a little bit distant as she ate. Madeline had more or less said we should try to talk more, so I figured it couldn't hurt to try. "Penny for your thoughts?" I offered.

Helen smiled a distant smile. "Nickel for yours."

"I asked you first," I countered, and resolved to wait quietly until she was ready. She only kept me waiting a few seconds.

"I was thinking about Madeline, and about us," she explained. "How we do seem to have fallen into habits that maybe aren't working as well for us as they used to. How we don't try new things any more. How we don't really talk about things – not just bedroom things, but feelings in general."

“Same here. That lady has our number, all right.” A lot of my insecurities came flooding up, and I added: “Is there anything you’d like me to do for you? In bed, I mean?”

She gave me a sad smile and took my hand in hers. “I honestly don’t know, dear. Why don’t we just see what happens this week and take it from there?”

I was going to say “I can do that,” but it came out “I love you.” That works too, I decided.

“I love you too.”

That night when Helen went to bed I flipped on the computer for a little recreational surfing. The plan was to read up on hypnosis, but for some reason my heart wasn’t in it. I could hear Helen moving around in the bedroom and half my brain kept picturing her up there getting changed, brushing her teeth, climbing into bed. I decided to shut off the computer and go to bed myself. As soon as I walked into the bedroom, I began to feel strange. My body started its usual routine of undressing, but it felt different somehow.

“You’re up early,” Helen observed as I started taking my shirt off.

“Yeah, I know.”

“Any particular reason?” Helen had the strangest expression on her face, a kind of nagging puzzlement that looked a lot like what I was experiencing as my body continued stripping almost by itself. I decided to stop and think about it, but my body paid no attention – it just kept peeling off clothes.

“I don’t think so. Do you mind?”

“Not at all.” Something was up – Helen had seen me strip almost daily for years, but tonight she seemed to be really watching as my pants dropped to the floor. I saw that her eyes were aimed straight at my crotch. Then I noticed her bare shoulders above the edge of the sheet. Helen doesn’t own any sleepwear that doesn’t cover the shoulders (she doesn’t even own a strapless bra); that meant she was topless at least. I was so surprised I barely noticed that I had dropped my briefs into the dirty clothes pile instead of wearing them to bed as I usually do.

She scooted closer to the middle of the bed as I approached it, lifting the sheets to allow me to slide in underneath them. I caught just a glimpse of her body as she held up the sheets, and even in the murky light of the TV I could tell she was naked. Right about then I realized that I was too, naked and starting to get hard.

I let Helen pull me closer as she draped the sheets over me and slid an arm under her head to hug back. Our mouths locked together in a long, delicious kiss. We kept kissing and I felt my cock rising and stiffening even more under the sheet. Helen's hand slid down my belly and found the proof of my arousal. I drew in a sharp breath and heard myself moan when her hand started to caress its length.

Things got really strange at that point. Part of me knew that I was getting too excited too soon and wanted Helen to stop so I could work on her first. But my body wouldn't respond to that part; instead, the more Helen stroked me the heavier my limbs felt and the lighter my head felt. I couldn't speak and I couldn't move, not even to try and return the favor; I was overcome by the heaviness. It was very similar to what I'd felt in Madeline's office as she sent me off to sleep; I felt a creeping anxiety, just as I had felt in Madeline's office, as I realized how completely powerless I was. At the same time, I became totally fixated on the sensations in my cock and then in my balls as Helen continued to stroke and fondle me. All my nerves were tingling where she touched me; soon my fears were drowned in growing ecstasy as I moaned uncontrollably with every move she made. My cock felt longer than a baseball bat and harder than an iron spike, and then in a flash I realized it was about to explode. I took a deep breath and groaned loudly as I felt myself fly over the edge. My cock kept pumping and pumping for longer than I'd ever imagined possible. I was so absorbed in the pleasure of the physical release that it seemed like ages before my cock finally went still and my breathing began to return to normal.

Helen's arms were around me, her head resting on my shoulder and her leg draped over mine. I found that I could move again; the heaviness had lifted sometime during my orgasm. Then I realized what I had just done – I'd violated my sexual prime directive by not bringing Helen to orgasm with me. Saddened and a little ashamed for not trying harder to please her, I kissed the top of Helen's head. "I'm sorry, honey," I began.

Helen's face tilted up toward mine. She locked her eyes on mine and asked, "Why?"

"Because I didn't ... I mean, you didn't ..." She put two fingers over my mouth to silence me.

"I got what I wanted," she said.

"I love you," I said as I pulled her up on top of me for another deep kiss. We held that position for several minutes, kissing hungrily, until I noticed that her nipples felt hard against my chest. Holding her to me, I rolled us both over and slid down to take a nipple into my mouth. Her hand started to pull my head away but I resisted and in a moment I felt her muscles relaxing under me. I looked up and saw a blissful expression on her face and realized she must be experiencing what I had felt earlier. While still sucking and teasing one nipple, I reached down between her legs and started massaging her mound. Helen's breathing became faster and more labored as I worked, even though her other muscles were limp. I kept working on her, stroking and licking and sucking, until I realized that I had a hard-on again. I've never been hard again that soon after coming,

but I wasn't about to question my good fortune just then. Instead, I got up on top of Helen and worked the tip of my stiff cock up and down her slit a few times. A sound I'd never heard before started coming out of Helen's mouth – she was moaning with pleasure. With a sense of wonder, I did a few more up and down strokes and then buried my rod inside her. She gasped when she felt me penetrating and her hips began flexing up and down automatically. I stayed low and well balanced, keeping my weight evenly distributed, and adapted quickly to her rhythm. Soon I felt the muscles in her groin clench as Helen burst into orgasm. I kept thrusting into her, watching her face, then was surprised to feel a surge in my balls as I came again, filling her with what little seed I had left. When we were both done I slipped down next to Helen and held her tightly against me while our breathing returned to normal. I was almost asleep when I felt her get up, kiss my forehead, and head for the bathroom.

When the alarm clock woke me up Tuesday morning I was still on my back, still naked, with a sticky bed sheet over me to let me know it wasn't just a dream. Helen stirred next to me, back in her customary nightgown. “You can shower first,” she told me and dropped back into sleep.

While Helen finished getting ready for work, I made us each a bagel with cream cheese and a travel mug of coffee. We were running a little bit late and needed to make up some time. By the time we made it to the highway our breakfast was done and we had time to talk.

“How do you feel?” I asked as a general opening. I was thinking about what Madeline had said, about how we have trouble discussing intimate things. Would Helen keep it general, or was she thinking the same way I was?

“I feel good,” she answered. “About last night...”

“Yes?” I did my best to sound encouraging.

“Did that feel ... strange ... to you?” she asked, looking around as if for hidden microphones.

“Strange doesn't cover it,” I replied. “I wasn't even thinking about doing anything when I came upstairs, but once I got into the bedroom something came over me. I saw how you were looking at me, and that you weren't wearing a gown, and before I knew it my clothes were on the floor and I was trying to jump your bones.”

Helen was nodding. “I went upstairs to go to sleep, but when I got my regular clothes off I just didn't want to put anything else on so I got in bed naked. Then, when you came up, I couldn't stop watching you. The more clothes you took off, the more I wanted to, well, have you.”

“And you did,” I replied. “That really spooked me at first, not being able to move or do anything for you. I can’t believe how fast you finished me off.”

“I was just glad to see you relax and let me do things for you,” she said. “I would have been perfectly happy if we had just gone to sleep after you ... finished.”

I kissed her hand. “I know. But as soon as I could move again, all I wanted was to return the favor. Did you get that dreamy, heavy feeling too?”

“Oh, yes. The more excited I got, the more I seemed to melt into the bed. I’m sure we can attribute that to Madeline’s influence.”

“I guess that’s one way to avoid bedroom power struggles,” I mused.

We let that soak in for a while. Afterwards Helen kissed me on the cheek and turned on the radio. As usual, the traffic reports were too late to help us and the news was lame, but that morning it didn’t bother me at all.

Our next contact from Madeline was a UPS package waiting for us when we got home that afternoon. Inside we found a VHS tape and a handwritten note:

Dear Bob and Helen,

The enclosed tape is part of your adventure. It contains a number of hypnotic suggestions that will shape some of your experiences over the next few days. You should view it together at least once a day, or more often if you have the time. Choose a time when you can be alone and uninterrupted.

Your adventure begins now.

Madeline

The tape was clearly labeled “View Daily” in the same flowing script. We set it aside in the living room and put together a simple dinner. We were both curious about the tape, so we wasted no time getting things put away. By about seven thirty we had waited as long as we could stand. Helen locked up the house while I turned on the answering machine, setting the volume low. I grabbed a couple of extra pillows for the sofa and settled in to wait for Helen.

“Should we make popcorn?” I quipped as she took a seat beside me.

“Somehow I don’t think it’s that kind of movie,” she answered.

Picking up the remote, she pushed the Play button. A few seconds of snow gave way to a black screen. The lights came up and there was Madeline, sitting at her desk, just as we had left her the previous day. The camera zoomed in tight as Madeline looked straight at us and began speaking.

“Bob and Helen, this tape is a very important part of your program. It contains erotic suggestions that you will act on at appropriate times. I’m going to ask you to view this tape together at least once per day. The program lasts about 90 minutes; if you are not together and in a place where you will not be interrupted for at least that long, then please stop the tape now and begin again when you can pay complete attention. Do not start or stop the tape partway through, the sequence is important. Either one of you can view the tape alone if you have to, but I’d prefer you do it together. I’ll pause 30 seconds while you decide whether this is a good time or not.”

Helen and I just looked at each other and shrugged. Sure, we had an hour and a half to kill.

“Good. From this point, I’ll assume that you are watching and that you are in a safe place, together, with no interruptions. Please make yourselves as comfortable as possible. Grab an extra pillow or a footrest, so that your whole body is supported. If you need more time to prepare, just pause the tape here.”

We were pretty well nested in the sofa already, and starting to realize what was likely to happen to us in a few seconds. My cock swelled in anticipation.

“Clear your minds of every thought, please. Bob and Helen, sleep now ...”

The familiar haze descended over my brain. I felt my body let go and melt into the sofa. All I remember is Madeline’s voice, smooth and powerful, speaking directly into my mind. I had no idea what she was saying, but some part of me was paying attention and kept thinking, “Yes.” Time has very little meaning in that state, but it felt as if I stayed under for a very long while. At one point I was dimly aware of something heavy landing on my lap. Eventually the voice stopped and I felt myself rising up from the depths again. I opened my eyes in time to see Helen start to sit up – she had fallen over and her head had landed in my lap. Then Madeline’s voice spoke and we were plunged down into trance again, even deeper than before. Fractionation, I remembered she called it. We fractionated until I lost count of how many times, and then did it some more. Finally we came up to stay and found the VCR already rewinding.

Helen rose slowly, pushing herself up with her arms. One hand inadvertently landed right on the bulge occupied by my throbbing cock. “So that’s what kept poking me in the head!” she remarked. “Somebody has been enjoying the movie a little too much.” She rubbed me gently up and down through the pants. “Let’s see if you saved anything for the encore.” Still stroking my cock, she rose up and locked her lips around mine in a kiss

that had to be rated NC-17. I was thrilled, but also confused – Helen never makes love anywhere but the bedroom. Every time I try to start something in a different location, she always retreats to the bedroom before things get very far. But here she was, reaching in through my zipper on the living room sofa. I couldn't reach her tits the way she was sitting, so I reached up under her skirt and pulled her underwear down to her knees, our tongues dueling in our mouths the whole time. I heard a click and a few mechanical noises, but I was so engaged in trying to get my hand between Helen's thighs that it didn't register right away. We shifted position a little so that I was lying on my back with Helen perched above me. Her face looked like that of a predator in the moments before a kill – an expression of intense concentration, excitement and unadulterated hunger. Somewhere in the background Madeline started to speak, but neither of us paid any attention. Helen lifted herself up, shifted forward, and pounced on my rock-hard cock, gasping as she squeezed down. She rode me up and down twice, eyes locked on mine. Then, all of a sudden, her face went blank. I saw her start to fall over on top of me, but my own eyes were closing too...

And so we spent another 90 minutes, bodies still joined, while Madeline took us through the program once again. During the fractionating part we barely had time to realize we were still coupled before passing out again on command. Finally we awoke once again to the sound of the tape rewinding. My cock was still hard and still buried in Helen's box. "I've heard of coitus interruptus," I joked, "but this is ridiculous."

Shaking the sleep from her head, she glared back at me and squeezed me with her legs. "How long do you think we've got?" she asked, the look on her face rapidly changing from NC-17 to XXX.

"Probably 3 or 4 minutes before it starts running again."

Helen looked at the TV and appeared to make a decision. "Time enough." She resumed riding my cock, sliding up and down on it and squeezing hard while she arched her back. I took the opportunity to quickly separate her from her blouse and undo the front clasp on her bra, then took one tit in each hand and went to town on them. Helen shuddered and gasped and rode harder and faster until I couldn't stand it anymore. I heard the VCR click, and the idea of what might happen if we didn't hurry up pushed me over the edge. I came like a fire hose, seeing spots before my eyes while my body jerked and fired. At almost the same time, Helen started to twitch and her pussy alternately clenched and released, milking me as she came too. As we lay together trying to catch our breath, we heard Madeline begin speaking again, giving us 30 seconds to decide whether we had time for the video or not.

"See?" Helen said, still panting heavily. "We made it."

"We sure did," I agreed. "Where's the remote?"

Helen gave me a wide-eyed 'oh shit' look. "I thought you had it!"

“Not me.” Wasting no time, we started probing between the couch cushions. I thought about getting up and hitting the stop button on the VCR, but with Helen on top of me it would take more time than we probably had. When we still hadn’t found it at the end of our 30 seconds, I gave up. “Screw it,” I said, pulling Helen back down to my chest. “We can look ... for it ...” The darkness washed over me before I could finish the sentence.

It was after midnight when we woke up again to the sound of the VCR on rewind. This time we found the VCR remote – on top of the VCR. Neither of us knew how it had gotten there, but the possibilities were pretty limited. *Very sneaky, Madeline*, I thought.

“So,” Helen asked me in the morning as we joined the masses on the highway. “Whose fantasy was that last night – yours?”

“I guess so,” I answered, thinking it over. “I’ve had some pretty hot dreams where we start spontaneously doing it in various places other than the bedroom. Last night was the first time we’ve actually done it, though.”

“You’re right,” she agreed. “Normally if we started getting frisky I’d lead you back to the bedroom before we started taking things off.”

“Why is that?” I asked, surprising myself a little. She thought about it before answering.

“I can’t think of a single good reason,” she told me. “I guess I just feel like that is the appropriate place for adults to make love.”

“Did it bother you, doing that in the living room?”

“No, it didn’t. I wasn’t really thinking about where we were, just about how randy I was feeling after watching the video.” When I didn’t say anything more, she steered the talk in a different direction. “I remember feeling this hard lump poking my head when I fell over into your lap. Hypnosis is a major turn-on for you, isn’t it?”

No point denying it, especially not with my cock starting to swell just from thinking about it again. “Yes, it is. Watching you go under was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“What about going under hypnosis yourself?”

I had to think about that one a minute. “That was good too, but I think I enjoyed watching more. She put me out so fast I barely realized she was doing it and of course I don’t remember a thing. With you, I could see you going deeper and deeper and obeying her every command. I almost lost it right there in the office. And the longer we talk about it the harder it is to drive, if you get my drift.”

Taking a long, obvious look at the pup tent in my lap, she chuckled. “Wouldn’t want to cause an accident, would we?” We practiced thinking pure thoughts for the rest of the trip.

Wednesday evening after dinner we sat back to watch our video. I woke up with a hard on again, but we did not have a repeat of Tuesday night’s fireworks. As soon as I was awake I picked up the remote and turned off the VCR. I was almost out of the room before I realized the anomaly.

“Hey,” I remarked out loud. “Did you see that?”

“See what?” Helen asked, coming back out from the kitchen.

“The VCR remote. It was right there between us.”

“So?”

“So last night it magically moved itself to on top of the VCR.”

“I wouldn’t worry about it too much,” she said. “All sorts of strange things seem to be happening this week. I’m going to bed now.”

“Okay,” I replied, kissing her goodnight. “I’ve got some work to catch up on, I’ll be along later. If you need anything I’ll be in the study.”

My study is more of a playroom than a working room. Occupying one corner of an otherwise unfinished basement, it is a quiet place where I can read, think, or mess about on the computer. Sometimes, like that day, I bring some paperwork home and do it in there. I have a simple desk, which I made myself by laying a plain interior door on top of two cheap 2-drawer filing cabinets. One wall is covered with bookshelves, mostly full, from floor to ceiling. I have a nice adjustable office chair for the desk and a convertible sleeper sofa for company under the small hatch window.

I was just finishing up with my paperwork when Helen came down.

“I thought you were going to bed,” I remarked, noticing that she was still fully dressed.

“I am,” she replied. “But I think I need your help.” She looked really confused.

“What can I do?”

“I can’t seem to remember how to take these clothes off.”

“Say what?”

“It’s the oddest thing,” she continued, her face showing clearly how puzzling this was to her. “I’ve been upstairs for almost an hour, and I just can’t seem to remember how to get undressed. My hands don’t know what to do.”

“No problem, honey.” I took a long look at her outfit: dark green skirt just above the knees, hose, and simple low-rise shoes on her feet. Above the skirt was a plain white button-down shirt, short sleeved with a neckline that plunged just enough to show she had breasts. She was wearing a jade necklace and matching bracelet that I’d given her for a birthday long ago. *Yes Helen*, I thought, *I’ll be happy to help you with your problem.* “Why don’t we start with the shoes?”

I had Helen lift her left foot and demonstrated for her how to remove a shoe. Then she switched, raising her right foot. Her arm reached down toward the shoe, but stopped part way. “I can’t seem to do this,” she said. “It just won’t work.”

So I reached over and took the shoe off for her. That earned me a grateful look. “What next?” she asked.

“Let’s get rid of the skirt.”

“Okay.” Helen turned her back to me and lifted her arms, allowing me to unzip the skirt at the rear and let it drop. Once it was on the floor she had no difficulty kicking it aside.

“Those panty hose look uncomfortable, let’s do them next.” Helen turned to face me and I gently rolled the panty hose down over her hips and pushed them toward her feet. My face came very close to Helen’s crotch and I caught a strong scent of sexual excitement. This was getting to be fun.

The blouse came next, unbuttoning easily and sliding off Helen’s shoulders. She was wearing an off-white lace-trimmed bra and matching hip hugger panties. I could see both nipples clearly outlined in the soft fabric of the bra cups. I stood up, and Helen turned her back to me to give me easier access to the back closure on her bra. When she did the slick smoothness of her panties brushed sweetly against my crotch. I undid the hooks and then put my hands on the straps, pulling them off Helen’s shoulders and down her arms. When my hands reached the level of her tits I let go of the bra and cupped one hand around each tit. The nipples were hard already, and she moaned when I started to knead them. Her head lolled back and I started planting gentle kisses up and down the side of her neck. The moaning picked up and I knew she was ready to finish.

“Sit down on the couch,” I suggested to her, “and raise your hips.” She obeyed. The dazed, aroused look on her face and the sight of her hard nipples distracted me for a moment, but I soon grabbed onto the waistband of her panties and pulled them off, savoring the strong smell of the juices they were steeped in. Putting my hands under her ass I pulled her up to me and started kissing her on the mound, on the thighs, inside the

thighs. I hadn't tried eating Helen since that first disastrous effort some years before, but I decided then to give it another try. I took a deep breath and started to move my face into position, but I just couldn't quite do it. I didn't gag, but the feeling of helplessness, of not knowing what to do, was still there and I couldn't shake it off. Frustrated, I became determined to make it up to her. Already on my knees, I pushed my own pants and underwear down to the floor, straightened up, and guided Helen down onto my loaded barrel. The height of the couch was just perfect for this position, letting Helen's weight rest against me without pushing me over. I could tell I was penetrating way deeper than normal and Helen confirmed that by clutching and moaning. After a thrust or two I felt a warm spot pressing against the top of my cock; every time I brushed against it Helen would gasp sharply. It didn't take long before the gasping gave way to shuddering as Helen came, moaning and squeezing me between her legs. Once I knew she was coming I relaxed and in a few moments enjoyed my own release. Our bodies twitched and rocked together as we lost ourselves in the sensations.

Afterwards she slid off the couch and we ended up sitting on the floor in a knot made of arms and legs, our backs resting against the couch. We sat there for quite a while, still panting from the exertion.

"That was really good," Helen said, surprise in her voice.

"You're damn right that was good," I agreed. "Boy was that good."

Another deep sigh or two followed, then Helen made a tentative sound. "Bob?"

"Hmm?"

"It's okay that you didn't ... with your mouth."

She had noticed. "Guess I've still got a few inhibitions to work on. I'll get there someday."

"It's okay," she repeated. "I don't want you to feel like you have to."

"Do you like being ... done ... that way?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I've never really had it but once or twice, and I don't think he was especially good at it. I don't miss it, but sometimes I do wonder about it."

"I understand."

"But it's not that important," she added sternly. "If we never do that, I'll still be happy with what we have. Never forget that, Bob."

"I won't," I promised, but silently vowed that somehow, someday I would figure out how to do it and do it well. We sat quietly for a while, then went to bed tired but happy.

“That must have been a strange feeling,” I remarked to Helen the next morning as we inched our way down the highway. “Not being able to do something so simple.”

“Very strange,” Helen agreed. “It was like that part of my brain just short-circuited. I was fine in every other way, but I just couldn’t figure out how to get my clothes off. After a while it just sort of hit me that the answer was to get you to do it for me.”

“Any time you need that kind of help, I’m your guy.”

“Why does that turn you on so much?” she asked. “What difference does it make who undresses whom?” Her tone conveyed sincere curiosity rather than recrimination.

“I’m not 100 percent sure,” I told her, still thinking. “Part of the fun is in the feeling that I am seducing you in stages, getting both of us more excited with everything that comes off. Another part is probably just the thrill of doing something you don’t usually let me do.”

“That’s true,” she mused, “I usually just get naked and jump right into things.”

“But sometimes it’s more fun to go slowly,” I said. “A slow undressing helps to set the mood. It’s a chance to touch and to be touched, and not just in those couple of hot spots. Does that make sense?”

“I think it does. It was really nice feeling your hands run down my legs and over my shoulders. It was very ... arousing.” She turned just a little pink as the last word came out.

“It would be really hot if we were to try undressing each other.”

“We’ll have to do that some time soon,” Helen agreed. I looked over, amused but not surprised to see a wistful smile on her face.

Part 4

I knew Thursday was going to be a slow day. One of the bigger liberal interest groups was planning a rally and demonstration downtown. The group's spokespeople had the local news stations predicting half a million protesters and all kinds of major traffic problems. For most people with any seniority, it was a good time to take a day of leave. For the rest of us, it was a good time to catch up on backed-up paperwork.

To my mind it was a great day for a protest: 96 degrees, 95 percent humidity. There's no worse place to be than in DC on a day like that. We left the house a little earlier than normal to allow some extra time, but it turned out to be unnecessary; despite the fact that Helen's office is only about 3 blocks from the White House and mine is right across the street from it, we had no problem getting around.

As I suspected, there was very little intelligent life in my building. I spent the entire morning and early afternoon hip-deep in the endless administrative minutiae of government processes. If I ever meet one of the bastards who passed the so-called Paperwork Reduction Act I'll personally stuff a wad of new forms up his pigeonhole. Anyway, by 2:30 I could see a light at the end of the inbox. The phone rang; Helen's number came up on the display, so I answered quickly. "Hi, Honey. What's up?"

"Nothing yet," she answered. "Anything happening on your side?"

"Nope," I replied, looking out the window. "Maybe they got a taste of the weather and wimped out."

"No meetings or anything this afternoon?"

"No such luck. Even that would be better than facing this pile of dead trees."

She chuckled softly. "Poor baby. I was just thinking about how great it would feel to impale myself on your thick, hard cock."

BAM! Like a Mike Tyson uppercut, Helen's comment came from nowhere and knocked me senseless. I was shocked to hear Helen actually say the word 'cock', let alone use it in a sentence, let alone in that sentence, let alone on the telephone. At the same time I felt an immediate, powerful jolt in my groin, and before I could draw breath my cock was indeed thick and hard and aching to bury itself in Helen's pussy.

Helen's voice took on a sense of urgency. "Wouldn't that feel just incredible, lover, to pound that massive cock of yours into me right now? Over and over, harder and faster, getting hotter and hotter as we go?" Still too stunned to speak, now I found my

imagination running wild with visions of me and Helen locked together at the hips. “Feel your hands squeezing my breasts, making me so excited, so wet, so hungry for your body. Feel my hands tickling up and down your immense shaft, making you so ready you just know you’re going to explode any second. Feel the pressure building, building, building ...”

As Helen talked, the sensations in my crotch got more and more powerful and after a few moments I realized that I really was feeling things as if she was right there with me, giving me the screwing of a lifetime. I could feel her wet pussy squeezing down on my dick, see her nipples pointing straight out as she rocked up and down. I started to shake my head, trying to clear it, but quickly saw it was useless. Instead I just let go to my wife’s voice, my hips starting to flex in rhythm as she kept talking to me.

“Oh, Bob, this is so incredible. I feel SO good with your big dick inside me, it’s so HUGE, so HOT. I think it’s going to make me COME any second.” A series of progressively louder moans filled my ears and my brain; for a few seconds she was really there on top of me in all her naked glory, jamming herself down on my cock over and over and coming loudly. I felt the heaviness start creeping into me again and knew what was about to happen, so I just took a deep breath and relaxed with it. Almost immediately my cock jerked and fired round after round of semen, soaking my underwear and causing a sticky wet spot to form in the front of my pants. I sat there and rode it out, still clutching the phone to my ear, groaning every breath.

Before I could assemble a coherent sentence, I heard Helen smooch the phone. “Thanks for coming, lover,” she purred. “I’ll see you after work.” Then the line went dead.

I think I sat there for 20 minutes with the idle phone in my hand, staring into space and wondering what the aliens had done with my wife. The image of Madeline as a mad scientist, controlling our minds and altering our personalities, filled my senses. The idea was both frightening and arousing – enough so that I felt my dick starting to press against the soggy front of my pants again. I looked at the stain and shook my head ruefully; it looked like I’d be spending the afternoon right behind that desk.

Thanks to the high absentee rate and my dark blue pants, I was able to escape the office with my dignity intact. I made for the parking garage with head held high and briefcase held low, arriving in time to see Helen tip the attendant and slip behind the wheel. She waved at me with a big, loving smile on her face.

Once we were on the road, Helen’s hand reached over and lightly held mine. It felt nice, so I gave hers a little squeeze. “So,” Helen began to ask, “How was your afternoon?” Her face was all sweetness.

I made a show of thinking about it before answering. “Pretty boring, really. Except for when some lust-crazed woman mistook my office number for a phone sex hotline.”

Helen shrugged. “An honest mistake, I’m sure.” For a split second I thought she didn’t remember the phone call, but the gleam in her eye told me she was pulling my leg.

“Oh, yes. Perfectly natural. So many nubile women call me to fulfill their sexual needs.”

“Maybe she was trying to fulfill *your* sexual needs,” Helen countered.

“Maybe indeed, but why over the phone? The hands-on approach has been working so well lately.”

Helen’s face took on a curious look, like she was asking herself that very question and wasn’t sure of the answer. “I don’t know,” she finally concluded. “Things were a little slow, and I kept thinking about what’s happened this week. All week we’ve been doing things I never thought we’d do, saying things I never thought I’d have the nerve to say.”

“It is pretty amazing,” I agreed. “What prompted you to take it that far?”

“I really don’t know. It was a normal day up to then; at one point I found myself dialing the phone and just went for it. I’ve always wanted to try something like that with you, but I was always afraid you’d think it was too kinky.”

“Before this week, I probably would have.”

“And now?” Her face looked a little nervous.

I took an extra deep breath and let it out slowly. “I started out in shock, but I have to admit it grew on me. Let’s try it again the next time one of us goes out of town.”

“Count on it,” she replied with a wicked grin.

It was the kind of day when air conditioners were so overworked that you didn’t dare cook in the kitchen, so we stopped for some Italian carryout on the way home. Helen set the table while I got cleaned up from my afternoon surprise.

After dinner we retired to the living room and put on the Madeline video. It knocked us out cold after the 30-second warning and kept us that way until the tape started to rewind itself. Something didn’t feel quite right, though. I looked at my watch. “Are you sure that’s the same tape we’ve been using, Helen?”

She looked at me curiously. “It’s the only one we have, isn’t it? Why?”

“Something strange. I didn’t check the time when we started, but it doesn’t feel like we were out of it for an hour and a half.”

“What time is it now?”

“My watch says 7:44.”

“Why don’t we find out?” Instead of pushing the Eject button on the VCR she hit Play, then scuttled back to the couch and snuggled against me. The fog descended and we let ourselves drift away.

As soon as I realized we were awake, I checked my watch again. “8:19,” I observed. “Barely 35 minutes. The original tape was an hour and a half.”

“Maybe she has us fast-forwarding through some of it now,” Helen suggested.

“Or maybe someone is changing the tape for us.”

I went up to bed at the same time as Helen for a change, slipping off my clothes as usual while she was using the bathroom. By the time I was down to my briefs I was feeling randy; I could hear Helen brushing her teeth, so I dropped my drawers and joined her in the bathroom. She had already changed into a cotton granny gown and panties. As soon as she put her toothbrush and cup down I put my arms around her from behind and started kissing the nape of her neck.

“Didn’t you get enough this afternoon?” she asked, laughing and smiling broadly.

“It was kind of one-sided, wasn’t it?”

“Not entirely,” she replied.

“Oh?” That was a surprise. “You mean you ... came?”

Helen giggled. “No. I just got really, really hot listening to you.”

“Then I owe you one.” Suddenly an idea struck me; I put my mouth right next to Helen’s ear and whispered, “Relax.” As if I’d thrown a switch, Helen let out a blissful sigh and collapsed into my waiting arms. Her legs just folded and her head fell back on me. Thanks to the position I had it was easy to catch her, but I was still surprised at how heavy she felt. I assumed from the dead weight that she was unconscious. As gently as I could, I carried her over to the bed and laid her down. She wasn’t asleep, I discovered, just dazed. Her eyes were open and staring straight up at nothing in particular.

“Payback time, lover,” I told her. Her granny gown had large soft buttons running down the entire length of the front. I started at the hem and worked my way up, undoing the buttons. When I had the last one undone I gently laid the gown open and stopped to admire my work. Helen’s nipples were already erect and her breathing had deepened; I

took that as a sign that I was on the right track. As gently as I could, I slipped my hands inside the waistband of her hip huggers and worked them down her legs and off. It was harder than on recent nights because Helen couldn't help me, but I managed well enough. The crotch of the panties was damp to the touch.

"Close your eyes and just feel," I said to Helen, and her eyes fluttered shut. Kneeling on the floor beside her, I opened up my right hand and laid it palm down on her abdomen. Slowly, deliberately, I started to move my hand in a circular motion, just a little at first, and I heard Helen sigh and her breathing become slower and easier. Gradually I let the circle get larger and larger, letting my hand brush ever so lightly against the bottoms of her tits and the top of her thatch. Helen's nipples grew stiff and hard and I could smell the juices flowing between her thighs. I decided to have another try at going down on her.

Parting her thighs with great care, I maneuvered myself onto the bed from the foot end and eased my way up to her slit. I got my nose right in there and took a deep breath; her scent was strong, but sweet and inviting. There was no hint of the unpleasant reaction I'd previously had. Tentatively, I reached out with the tip of my tongue until it made contact with a coarse, curled pubic hair. *What are you doing?* I asked myself. The truth was, I didn't know. I pulled my head back and looked closely at Helen's pussy, half hoping for some kind of 'Lick Here' sign. There wasn't one, of course. How was I supposed to figure this out?

Just being there was a victory, so I accepted that much and opted for a more familiar technique. I went back to my kneeling position next to her, put my right hand over her pussy and started to massage it slowly. I put a little extra pressure on the mound, and Helen started to moan her appreciation. With my left hand I started working on her nearest tit, squeezing and kneading, pinching the nipple gently between my fingers. When Helen's moans had gotten nice and loud and deep, I leaned over and put my mouth where my left hand had been, sucking hard on her tit, letting my tongue flick the nipple around. Helen's throat opened and each breath became an "Oohhhh", getting higher-pitched and faster the more I worked. When she sounded about ready to burst I slipped my middle finger straight into her slot and pressed in hard, reaching for that spot near the top. I pegged it the first time and Helen climaxed, crying out loudly again and again. After three or four cries I was startled to feel a surge in my balls and suddenly my cock unloaded, spewing semen into the bedspread while I clung to Helen's body to keep my balance. I felt the muscles in my groin clench in sync with Helen's panting, slowing gradually until we were both limp and still. I was about to get up when I heard Helen speak.

"That was intense," she said, turning her head to face me.

"For me too," I replied truthfully. I still couldn't believe I'd come all over the side of the bed.

Helen's face took on an expression of wonder. "Can you do that again?"

Why not? “Sure, honey. Relax.”

Helen’s face blanked as her head dropped back to the bed, and I happily performed an encore for her. This time I brought her right to the edge and then slipped my revived cock into her at the last moment, thrusting deep while she shuddered and came again. I rode her until she stilled, having a second small orgasm of my own in the process. When we were both finished, I flopped my exhausted body down next to Helen and snuggled against her.

“Do you have any idea how that felt?” Helen asked after a while, her voice quiet and full of wonder.

“Maybe a slight one. Why don’t you tell me?”

She blew a long sigh up toward the ceiling. “It was like Monday night, but even more so. I couldn’t move a muscle, not for anything. My whole body just turned to jelly. My mind got lost in this wonderful, warm fog. I knew what was going on, but I couldn’t do anything about it if I’d wanted to. And then when you touched me ...”

“Yes?”

“It was like nothing else existed except my body and your hands. I was so tuned in I didn’t hear anything or see anything or think anything except about how good your hands felt on my body. I’ve never felt like that before.” Turning her head weakly, she gave me a loving smile. “Thank you.”

I returned the look gladly. “Thank you too.” We went to sleep in each other’s arms.

Friday was another slow day, which isn’t unusual for the summer. The mass migration to the beach usually begins Thursday night, so the Friday traffic was about half normal. Taking advantage of the light workload, I called up Helen and persuaded her to meet me for lunch at the Bottom Line, a cozy little restaurant and bar on I Street. I had a Texas Chicken sandwich, which is excellent there, and some fries; Helen went for the French onion soup and a hearty salad. We lingered over our iced tea after the dishes were cleared away, just holding hands and talking about nothing in particular.

“This is nice,” I said at one point. “We should do things like this more.”

“Mm hm. The way we went to sleep last night was good too. I felt so comfortable, so safe. I didn’t miss my nightgown at all.”

“Me neither. I like going to sleep in your arms. It makes me feel very loved and wanted.”

Helen's face lit up in a broad smile. "Will you just listen to us?" We started laughing at ourselves.

Friday evening was video night. A couple of times a month Helen and I get together with Larry and Peg; one couple acts as hosts, the other brings a rented movie or two. It's a cheap night out that doesn't put a lot of pressure on anybody to be sociable.

Helen and I stopped at the video outlet on the way home and cruised the aisle in and around the New Releases section. Helen seized a tape almost immediately and held it out to me: "Look Bob – *Titanic*."

I feigned retching for a few seconds and she took pity on me, returning the godawful thing to its undeserved place on the shelf. "We've had chick flicks a couple times in a row now," I complained. "Let's get something with some action, some suspense. A dead body or two would be nice."

"Not to mention gratuitous nudity and sex?"

"Only if it's in good taste," I insisted playfully. Another new release, *Kiss the Girls*, caught my eye. "How about this one? It's got Morgan Freeman." I've been a Morgan Freeman fan ever since he was E. Z. Reader on 'The Electric Company', a short-lived PBS program. (Out of respect for Mr. Freeman I won't tell you exactly how long ago that was.) After seeing *The Shawshank Redemption* Helen became a Freeman fan too.

"That's almost too perfect," she remarked. There was a bit of a line at the checkout counter, so I decided to go start the car and get the AC working. I was about to summon up a search party when she finally emerged, looking furtively each way before crossing the street. She tossed the bag into the back seat.

By 6:45 we had finished a light dinner at home, which was normal for movie night. Show time is usually 8:00 and it takes about 10 minutes to get to Larry and Peg's from our place. I thought we were getting ready to go, but then Helen plopped down on the couch and motioned for me to join her.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"We need to watch our Madeline video," she answered.

I pointed to the wall clock over the TV. "We don't have time now, we'll be late."

She looked up at me with a hurt expression. "If we wait until we get home we'll be too tired. Are you coming?" She started the tape without me, which meant I had something

like 30 seconds to either join her or get out of earshot. I opted to join her, making my way to the couch just in time to feel the world go spinning away.

“Hey,” I remarked while the VCR rewound. “It’s 7:40. The tape got longer again.”

“It did?” Helen responded, still blinking the sleep out of her eyes. “We still have time, though.”

We zipped off to the bedroom to change. I put on a pair of casual slacks, walking shoes, and a pocket tee; no undershirt, it was a very hot and sticky evening. Helen changed into a bright yellow tube top and cutoff denim shorts, an outfit she usually reserves strictly for inside the house on the hottest of days. She used a lightweight button-down shirt to cover her arms and shoulders, tucking it in at the waste but not buttoning any buttons.

“That’s a pretty sexy outfit,” I observed.

“Do you think so?” She looked herself over in the dressing mirror from a couple of angles. “It’s so hot out that I don’t want to have too much on. Does it look too trampy?”

“No way. It looks cool and comfortable, and easy to take off.”

That brought a smile to her face. “Maybe later,” she said.

It was 7:55 when we rang the bell at Larry and Peg’s place with our video bag in hand. Larry was dressed much like I was, ready for a casual evening’s entertainment. Peg looked admiringly at Helen’s outfit. “I can’t believe how good you look,” she told Helen. “I tried a tube once, but I kept popping out of it.”

“You have a lot more up front than I do,” Helen answered. That was true. Helen is right about average, each tit measuring a little bigger than a handful. Peg is a breast lover’s delight; she must be at least a DD cup with hips to match. “It makes a difference. See?” Helen tugged a few times at the front of the tube top. It stretched suggestively but didn’t fall. I felt the first stirrings of arousal in my groin.

Larry cleared his throat elaborately. “I hate to interrupt this titillating conversation,” he began, giving us a moment to express our collective agony at his choice of words, “but I believe we have a schedule to keep.”

It took us until 8:10 or so to grab some pretzels and drinks and settle down in the living room. Larry and Peg have one of those big L-shaped pit group sofas, so Helen and I sat together on one side and they took the other. The video equipment was in a freestanding armoire turned diagonally in the opposite corner, which made for great viewing angles from anywhere you could sit.

“I’ll do the honors,” Helen volunteered, grabbing the bag from the video store. She stepped quickly up to the VCR, took a tape out of the bag and pushed it in. Larry hit Play on the remote while Helen sat back down.

“So what are we watching tonight, Helen?” Larry asked.

“It’s a surprise,” she said. “I hope you like it.”

We all kept talking while the standard FBI warning filled the screen. Eventually the preliminaries ended and the screen picture changed to an aerial view of a major highway. As it zoomed down, it centered on a small sports car with a very cute redhead in a tight leotard at the wheel. She was bopping to loud music from her stereo. Suddenly she looked back and saw a police car behind her with lights and siren blazing. She pulled over and the cop car stopped behind her. She rolled down her window as a highway patrolman approached the car.

“License and registration please, Miss,” the officer deadpanned.

The redhead looked scared as she handed over the documents. “Was I doing something wrong, officer?”

The cop consulted her license. “Miss Burton, do you know the speed limit on this highway?”

“Sixty-five?” She had a hopeful look on her face, but it dissolved into dread as the officer shook his head slowly.

“No, Miss Burton, the 65 mile an hour zone ended when you got within the city limits. The speed limit on this part of the highway is 55. I clocked you at 72.”

The redhead broke into tears. “Oh please, Officer, please don’t give me another ticket. If I get another ticket I’m going to lose my license, and if I lose my license I’ll lose my job, and then my apartment, and everything. I’ll do anything if you would just let me go without a ticket.”

The camera zoomed in on the cop’s face, the redhead’s terrified expression mirrored in his reflective sunglasses. “I’m not in position to offer you any leniency, Miss, but things may go easier for you if you’ll just talk to the judge.”

The girl started crying and pleading even louder, and the cop hushed her. “Allow me to introduce His Honor.”

The cop’s hand went down to his belt. After opening his zipper, he pulled out a really impressive-looking erect cock and aimed it right through the window. The redhead’s face took on a look of wonder, then her lips formed an O and she took the entire length into her mouth. The camera cut back to an aerial shot and we heard a series of muffled

moans and gasps of increasing intensity. Finally a big musical chord was struck, and the word "LAWMEN" appeared in huge yellow letters.

"That was not Morgan Freeman," Helen observed, but she made no effort to get up and correct the mistake. I looked over at Larry and Peg, expecting shock and maybe annoyance. Instead they were watching intently as the opening credits rolled down the screen. From their expressions you'd think they were watching a Disney film. I thought briefly about getting up myself to change the tape, but it just never translated into action.

The film turned out to be a series of loosely connected incidents similar to the opening sequence. There were so many lurid sex scenes that it's hard to remember exactly what happened and in what order, but rest assured that no avenue of intercourse that I'd ever heard of was left unexplored. Hardcore porn like that usually does nothing for me, and at first this was no exception.

About halfway through the movie, though, I felt Helen shift in the seat next to me. She leaned forward a little and pulled off her shirt, fanning herself with it and blotting up little bits of sweat from her upper chest before setting it aside. She also scooted closer to me and snuggled up against my side, pulling my right arm around her. My hand was right there at the top edge of her tube, tantalizingly close to the swell of her breast. I didn't do anything about it right away but I was definitely getting ideas.

Another scene began, this one involving three cops and a prostitute. The hooker took one cop in her mouth, another in her box and had the third one rubbing his cock between her tits. The coarse, unreal stupidity of it all didn't impress me, but with Helen's scantily clad body up against me I was starting to get seriously worked up. Then Helen's hand found the beginnings of an erection in my pants and she rubbed on it, slowly and smoothly, getting me hard as a fencepost. I looked over at Larry and Peg apprehensively, but they were intent on watching the movie.

As Helen kept rubbing my cock I found myself growing more and more aroused. I bit my lip, thought about baseball, all those things that guys do to try and control their hormones, but none of them worked. I imagined how Larry and Peg might react if they looked over and saw what we were doing, and instead of helping that made things worse; I felt the growing sexual need overpowering my growing fears, just as it had on Monday night. Helen's free hand took mine and guided it straight to the bulge in her tube top. When I felt the swell of her breast under my hand, I think my cock grew an inch and suddenly I didn't care who else was in the room or what they might see or do. In fact, in a few seconds I switched from fondling her through the tube to sliding my hand inside the tube, feeling her up with the same intensity she was using on me. She responded by pulling down my zipper and reaching through, parting the cloth panels in front of my briefs to get a direct grip on my shaft. God, that felt good! I undid the clasp at the waist to give her more maneuvering room down there and she took full advantage right away.

I had her tube top pushed completely out of the way now and was fondling her tits with both hands. A sense of great urgency and desire took over me and I lowered one hand to

Helen's shorts, undoing the snap and working the zipper so I could snake my hand inside her. The hand on my cock clamped down hard; I felt her hips rise and before I knew it her shorts and underwear were down around her ankles. That gave me a clear and easy angle so I took it, sliding my fingers right down her slit and in. We both started moaning, but still Larry and Peg didn't notice.

The fist locked around my cock was really getting to me, so I cast aside my last shreds of humility and lifted my butt. Helen stopped stroking long enough to help me get my pants and underwear down, then she pulled my hand out of her box and stood up, glaring down at me with more lust in her face than I ever thought possible. She crept forward again, kneeling astride me on the couch, and pulled my head forward until I had a mouthful of breast. I sucked and licked and teased, listening to Helen's moans get louder and faster and feeling the juices running down her legs onto mine. After a while she rose up and dropped herself down hard on my lightning rod, shivering as it seated deep inside her. Our hips started rocking in unison, slow at first but growing faster and faster. All that stroking had made me so hot there was no way I could have held out very long; I shuddered and let fly with a long, sustained series of spasms. Helen was right with me, twitching and groaning loudly with her own climax as she pumped me dry.

It took me a few minutes to regain awareness of our surroundings. Helen was slumped over me, still panting as she came back to earth. My dick was still in her but had resumed 'at ease' status. Her underpants and shorts were caught around one ankle, and her tube top was a yellow band around her midriff.

The movie was still going on. Our heroes had busted a drug lab and were hip-deep (literally) in teenage girls, mostly from the rear. Clouds of white powder filled the air as they swept the packages aside to make more room on the tables for the girls. Larry and Peg continued to watch intently, from all appearances completely unaware of what Helen and I had been doing.

I felt Helen stir and joined her for a deep, satisfying kiss. "Wow," she sighed.

After a minute or so, we both got up to fix our clothing. There was a big wet spot on the couch where we had been; we cleaned up the couch and ourselves as best we could using washcloths and water from the powder room. We returned to our seats fully dressed just in time for the closing credits.

At the end of the credits the tape ended abruptly. Larry and Peg jerked back to awareness at the snap of the auto-rewind kicking in. Shaking their heads as if to clear them, they looked over at us with mild awe.

"That was a very ... interesting movie," Peg offered, in a tone that made the most of the word 'interesting'. She didn't seem offended, just perplexed.

"Definitely," Larry agreed. "Crude, vulgar, sick, but somehow fascinating. I couldn't take my eyes off it."

Helen and I exchanged a knowing look and decided it was time to go home. We hadn't made any specific plans, but when Helen climbed into bed naked again I decided to follow suit. We scooted close together and held each other, letting our bodies touch from head to toe like we had before. I didn't feel any burning need to start anything and apparently neither did Helen, so we just cuddled together and luxuriated in the skin-to-skin contact.

"So when did you become a fan of porno?" I asked, keeping my tone of voice light.

"I didn't," she answered. "I thought I was putting on *Kiss the Girls*. That's what the box said it was. Somebody must have accidentally switched the boxes."

That didn't sound very likely to me, but I could easily imagine why Helen might believe it. "I wonder if Madeline was in the video store."

"We'd remember seeing her, wouldn't we?"

"Not necessarily." I remembered the receptionist's answer when I asked if Madeline had hypnotized her: *Probably more often than I realize*.

"It surprised me how much I got turned on watching that movie," Helen continued. "What little porno I'd seen before tonight always left me wanting a shower to wash off the slime."

"Same here. What surprised me even more, though, was when your hand landed in my lap. What were you thinking?"

Helen took a deep breath before answering. "I wasn't thinking, not really. I was warm, so I took off the top shirt. Then I wanted you to hold me, so I snuggled in. I wasn't really paying attention to my hands until I suddenly became aware that we were fondling each other. After a while I got so stirred up that I just forgot there were two other people in the room. I completely lost control."

"Me too," I replied. "It was scary at first, but you got me so turned on that eventually I just didn't care. Larry and Peg could have been staring right at us and holding a camcorder, it wouldn't have stopped anything."

"I hope we didn't freak them out too much."

"I'm not sure they even realized what we were doing." I wondered if Madeline had worked with Larry and Peg too.

Saturday is shopping and errand day for us, as it seems to be for everyone in the Washington metro area. It was my turn to do the running around, but for some reason I asked Helen if she'd like to come along. To my surprise, she agreed immediately.

So we cruised up and down the Rockville Pike together, holding hands a lot and enjoying each other's company. We took my watch to the jeweler for cleaning, had the oil changed in the car, returned our rented video, then headed for the big Giant Food off Randolph Road. Normally the grocery stores are jam packed on a Saturday, but on that day things were not really all that busy. Maybe a lot of people went to the beach for the weekend.

We started out in the produce section. There were enough people in the aisle to make it difficult to move the cart through, so Helen had me wait in one place while she picked out some apples, carrots and bananas. She came back with three neatly tied plastic bags. "Who was that?"

"Who was who?" I replied, confused.

"The woman you were just talking to," she explained. "The blonde in the wind suit. She was right here with you a minute ago, then she went over toward the next aisle."

This wasn't helping. "I don't remember any woman," I said truthfully.

Helen's eyes blanked for a heartbeat or so. "No, of course not. My mistake." A quick shake of the head brought the sharp focus back. "Let's see, lettuce ... we need some fresh lettuce." The crowd had thinned a little, so I followed her to the lettuce bin.

Helen is a very picky shopper. The lettuce bin was full of fresh heads of lettuce, all of which looked fine to me, but she took her time picking through several before deciding to go for one on the upper deck of the display area. Helen was dressed very casually in white running shorts and a bright red halter top, and I found myself enjoying the view of as she stretched to reach a head of lettuce down from the top of the pile. Looking it over carefully, she nodded her approval and turned to show me her prize.

Without thinking, my mouth opened and I heard my own voice: "Have I mentioned to you lately that you have a delicious-looking ass?"

Helen's reaction was immediate and powerful. With a sharp intake of breath, I saw her face change from innocent pleasure to shock and surprise, which in a second or two gave way to something else entirely. Her skin flushed, her mouth fell open a little, and her eyes locked themselves onto mine. Then they started to smolder. Moving like a huntress, she placed the lettuce in the shopping cart and walked around it slowly to where I stood. Looping her right arm around my neck, she pressed her body tightly against mine and pulled my face down to hers. Her lips parted on contact and I felt her tongue exploring my mouth. After getting over the initial shock of such a hot kiss in such a

public place, I returned the embrace. Without breaking the kiss, she reached back with her left hand, took hold of my right, and moved it from the small of her back to right under her ass, then wiggled it up and down. Afraid of drawing an audience, I took back my hand and with no small effort managed to disengage myself from her clutches.

“Take me now,” she demanded, backing me up against the produce bin.

“Easy, girl,” I replied. “Save some of that for at home.”

“I can’t save it. I don’t want to save it. I want you.”

“Do you want to get arrested? Come on, we’re almost done here.” I made a determined show of grabbing the shopping cart handle firmly and heading for the meat department, hoping the cart would conceal my hard-on. Helen hesitated for a moment, looking around at the other shoppers in the area (who in turn were trying not to look as though they had been watching us). I made it as far as the poultry case before she caught up with me.

“You don’t understand,” she insisted, cupping her hand over my package. “I need this inside me now. Not tonight, not when we get home, right now.” My cock didn’t help things any; at Helen’s touch it snapped to attention. “If you don’t find us a broom closet or something in the next few seconds I’ll rip my clothes off and jump you right here.”

My mind flashed back to the night before, when we had been overcome with lust at Larry and Peg’s house. My brain sputtered trying to come up with an idea as Helen pressed her body against me and openly stroked my cock. I could feel myself responding to her and knew there was no way I was going to keep this under control. Just as Helen started pulling at the waistband of her shorts, my eye fell on the unmarked doorway at the back of the meat section and I remembered what was behind it. Grabbing my wife by both wrists, I led her quickly through the doorway like a child with a potty emergency (which it was, in a manner of speaking). Fingers crossed, I bowled through the door marked “Men” with Helen right behind me.

The bathroom was fairly small, with two stalls and a urinal against one side and a double sink and mirror opposite. Fortunately for us it was unoccupied at the moment. Turning her back to the mirror, Helen pulled me close and started feverishly fumbling with my pants. No sooner did they hit the floor than I felt one of her hands lock around my cock in a death grip and start pumping. Helen’s sudden fury was amazing and arousing – I was rock hard already and nothing mattered anymore except getting my dick into Helen immediately. I helped her push her shorts down, followed closely by her underwear. The panties left a wet smear along the insides of her thighs on the way down.

She squatted down and turned her attention to my briefs, pulling them roughly down to my knees. Pulling herself tightly against me she slowly stood up, kissing and licking my thigh. For a second I thought she might take me into her mouth, but she passed over my cock and kept licking and kissing up my belly and chest as she rose. It was probably just

as well; Helen's condition had me so hot I probably would have lost it right then if she had sucked me.

Once she was standing up again she guided my right hand to the back of her neck and squeezed on it. Taking my cue, I grabbed her by the nape of the neck and pulled her face up to me for a strong, open-mouthed kiss. Her face melted into mine and she let out a deep, stirring, whole body sigh. I started to ease off, thinking I was getting too rough, but she pressed even harder against me in protest. Turning my own head sideways, she placed her mouth right over my ear and whispered, "Take me from behind."

My inner voice cried out, "Do *what*!?" but there was no time for discussion as Helen had already spun around and was leaning over the sink, pressing her ass against me and rubbing herself on my shaft. Reaching between her legs, she guided my cock into her slit and pushed back more, burying my sword to the hilt.

She kept thrusting harder and faster, balancing on the edge of the sink with both hands and hooking her feet behind my calves. I had one hand on the counter myself for support but the other was free, so I reached around and up inside her halter top and squeezed a handful of tit. I heard a raw, animal type noise and realized that Helen was starting to moan loudly. I let go of her tit and clamped my free hand over her mouth, worried that the noise would draw attention to us. That seemed to turn her on even more; she continued moaning even more lustily into my hand.

Five or six strokes later, the moans turned into a series of muffled squeals as Helen came, squeezing my shaft with all her might and biting at my palm. Pulling her to me out of some animal instinct, I thrust into her one more time and exploded, pulsing with each squirt between her trembling thighs.

We had maybe ten seconds to recover when I heard a single loud knock on the door, followed shortly by male voice coming from outside: "It's right here, Jason, let's hurry up." Helen dropped off the counter and together we grabbed our discarded clothes and bolted for the handicapped stall. We were just in time – the door opened and we heard a man and a young boy enter the rest room. We sat together on the commode, Helen on my lap, trying to be silent but betrayed by our still-heavy breathing. The guy must have heard us, because he rushed the kid through a quick pee and practically dragged him out again without even washing his hands.

Helen and I looked at each other and broke into uncontrollable laughter, holding each other for support. When the giddiness passed, we put our clothes back on and made a discreet exit. Our shopping cart was still where we had left it.

The afternoon was uneventful, even a little boring. I spent most of it outside picking up the yard while Helen caught up on cleaning inside the house. We were planning a cookout and pool party Sunday with Larry and Peg and a few neighbors, so we wanted the place to look good.

After a shower and a simple dinner of cold cuts and salad, I plopped onto the sofa and grabbed the TV Guide, looking to see if there were any interesting movies on cable. Being a Saturday night, I had my pick of several action films or the usual lame sitcoms on network TV. I settled on a Steven Seagal flick; I forget the name but let's face it, they're all pretty much interchangeable. Seagal had just finished beating the crap out of a bar full of thugs when Helen came quietly over and sat down next to me. She snuggled in close, lifting my right arm and draping it over her shoulders while resting her head on my chest. I gave her a light squeeze and asked, "To what do I owe this pleasant surprise?"

Her arms snaked around me in a gentle hug. "Just an impulse."

"I like this impulse," I said honestly. It felt good to just sit there with her. We stayed quiet for a while, enjoying each other's company. Helen eventually broke the silence.

"You were very understanding at the grocery store today," she said.

Ah, yes. "What exactly happened there, anyway?"

"More hypnotic voodoo, I think. One second I was all right, bringing back the lettuce. Then you said something and it was like I'd put my finger in a socket. My thinking brain just shut down and I was left with this sudden overwhelming need to have sex. Nothing else mattered, not where we were or who would be watching or anything. If you hadn't gotten me into that bathroom, I honestly think I would have dropped my drawers in the aisle."

"Same here," I concurred. "I tried to steer us to someplace reasonably safe, but I couldn't have held out much longer either. It was pretty scary."

"It was. Terrifying. And exhilarating. The more I thought about the possible consequences, the more I needed to do it anyway. I was totally out of control, but I never doubted that somehow you would keep me safe. And you did."

"Just lucky, I guess."

We sat together in silence for a little longer, and then Helen held up the VCR remote. "Ready to do our homework?" she asked.

"Might as well," I answered. Helen hit the Play button. Madeline's voice spoke and the world stopped turning, at least as far as we were concerned.

Part 5

Sunday was another typical summer day in the Washington area. By 9:30 in the morning the temperature was 85 degrees and the humidity was 97 percent. You get used to it when you live here long enough, but that doesn't mean you ever get to like it. We were prepared, though. We had two huge coolers full of iced down beer and sodas ready to go, and the pool was freshly cleaned. We knew we'd be using it extensively that day.

The cookout was a lunch affair. Guests started arriving around 11:00, most of them in bathing suits already, and hit the pool in short order. Helen and I prepared food and set up a self-service buffet table, then changed into our own bathing suits for a sociable dip.

By two o'clock the afternoon sun and the near toxic air quality were getting to people, and the party had dwindled down to just Helen, Larry, Peg and me. We were beating the worst of the heat by staying mostly underwater. Our pool is an odd style, almost like a hotel pool. There is a big kidney-shaped section deep enough for adults to swim and dive in, and set into the bend is a smaller, shallow part that was designed to be a kiddy pool but works equally well as a sitting-around tub for adults. There are no jets like a real spa would have, but the recirculating pump does generate a soothing current. A brick patio surrounds the pool on all sides, and a redwood privacy fence around the whole back yard gives the pool area an open but intimate feel.

The four of us were sitting in the shallow part, talking and joking and sipping beer, when the doorbell rang. Not wanting to slog sopping wet through the house, I climbed out of the pool and went to the front most corner of the fence. "Come on around to the right," I told the unseen caller. "We're in back."

"Coming." The voice was female, young and familiar but I couldn't quite place it. Then I saw a blonde head following the fence and I knew who it had to be.

"Hi, Kym," I greeted her as I opened the gate. She was dressed in a simple white dress and boat shoes. "Glad you could make it."

She smiled that beautiful smile of hers. "Me too. I'm sorry I'm late."

"No problem. To tell the truth, I'd forgotten that we invited you. We've already put the leftover food away, but if you're hungry we can fix you up in no time."

Larry and Peg stood up when we turned the corner to the pool area. Peg looked at Kym curiously. "Have we met somewhere?" she asked.

"Allow me," I said. "Larry and Peg, this is Kym. She works at Intimate Adventures."

“Oh, of course,” Larry replied. “No wonder you looked so familiar. You’re the receptionist, aren’t you?”

“That’s me,” Kym confirmed. Just then Helen came out from the kitchen and greeted Kym with a cold beer and a sandwich, which she accepted gratefully. “I have something for you too, Helen.” She produced a small, shiny gift bag tied shut with a sparkling ribbon.

Helen’s face lit up. “Oooh. Can I open it now?”

“Go ahead.”

Helen carefully untied the shiny ribbon and reached into the bag, pulling out a wad of white tissue paper. Then she took a long look inside and squealed with glee. “Oh my god, I can’t believe it.”

“What is it?” I asked, but instead of answering me she clutched the bag to her chest and retreated into the house with it. I turned to Kym and repeated the question.

“You’ll find out in a few minutes,” she assured me. The rest of us stayed in the pool while Kym ate her sandwich, waiting for Helen to come back out. I was starting to wonder where she was when I heard her voice from inside the house.

“Ready or not, here I come!” The patio curtain moved and there was Helen standing in the doorway. She wore only a gleaming white string bikini, tied in bows at the sides with a triangle top that clung provocatively to her tits. Seeing that she had our complete attention, she turned around and showed us the narrow strip of fabric covering her crack. Looking over her shoulder, she asked, “Well? What do you think?”

Despite having a really nice body, Helen has always tended toward modest, one-piece suits. Standing there in that skimpy little bikini, though, she looked damn good to me. “You look great, honey. Two thumbs way, way up.”

“Hey, that’s not your thumb!” Larry joked, pointing to my swim trunks. No, I didn’t have a lump in my shorts, but I knew if Helen wore that suit into the water I would. Every time Helen moved the tiny patches of cloth would shimmer, drawing my eye back to her body. Not just my eye either, although Peg didn’t seem to mind how Larry watched.

Helen stopped posing and turned back to Kym. “Can I actually swim in it?” she asked.

Kym nodded. “Oh, definitely. I’ve got one just like it and I’ve never had a problem with it. In fact, I’m wearing it now.” That was when I realized that what had looked to me like a dress was actually a cover-up. Kym reached into the deep front pocket of her outfit, pulled out a rubber band, and proceeded to bind her long platinum hair into a tight

cluster that sat just off her neck. Then she popped the snaps on the front of her wrap and slipped it off, revealing a magnificent young body in a powder blue bikini exactly the same style as Helen's. "See? We're even the same size." They were, for the most part, but Kym has slightly bigger tits than Helen does. From our vantage point in the smaller pool we could see the bottom curves of Kym's tits as they strained against the fabric.

All three of us stared shamelessly as Helen and Kym shed their footwear and dove into the large pool. Kym was a natural swimmer, fast and graceful, switching smoothly from breaststroke to backstroke to butterfly. Helen circled the pool with a lazy backstroke, letting the sun sparkle off her wet skin and watching me with a lusty look. We continued to ogle in silence until the girls swam up to the partition dividing the small wading pool from the big one. In one joint motion they dipped down to the neck and then pushed up, clearing the water and deftly swinging their legs over the partition to land sitting on its top edge. The sight of all that water sliding off all that exposed skin was almost a religious experience. I was glad the swirling water made it difficult to get a good look at my swim trunks, because they were tenting badly.

"Did you miss me?" Helen asked sweetly, sliding off the divider into the wading pool and snuggling up to me. Her hand quietly reached down and squeezed my cock through the baggy shorts, but she didn't say anything.

I was going to answer, but my brain vapor-locked when I noticed that instead of joining us in the wading pool, Kym was crawling along the top of the divider and around the edge of the pool. Even Helen stopped talking and watched the girl in silent appreciation. When she reached where Larry and Peg were sitting, Kym placed her head between them and whispered something. My friends' faces blanked for a split second, then they nodded and seemed to be fine. Seeming satisfied, Kym slid into the space between me and Larry, then crossed the pool. She sat facing us, letting her head fall back and stretching her arms out along the divider, which afforded us guys an irresistible view of her rack. "You have a wonderful house, Bob. So quiet and private. You and Helen must be very happy here."

"Those are the benefits of an older neighborhood," I explained. "The houses in this neighborhood are on much bigger lots than they use nowadays. It's easy to have quiet when your neighbor's house is 50 feet away instead of 10. And it's a lot easier to relax in your back yard when it isn't butted up against someone else's front yard."

"Truly spoken," Larry chimed in. He and Peg had lived in a flag lot in one of those modern cramped developments for eight years and had the devil of a time getting rid of the place when they couldn't take it anymore. Anyone who has ever lived in a place where the main view out the front window is someone else's back window understands how great it is to have some land around your house.

"This pool is unbelievable," Kym continued. "It must have cost a fortune."

“Actually, we lucked out,” I said. “The previous owners had it built, and then got transferred and had to sell. There was a major drought that year, and the pool ended up dragging down the sale price instead of holding it up. Upkeep isn’t too bad as long as we keep it covered in the off seasons.”

Larry stirred. “Speaking of homes ...”

Peg finished the thought: “... We probably ought to get back to ours. It was great meeting you, Kym.”

Larry and Peg dried off and changed, then we said our goodbyes on the back porch and they left through the gate. When I got back to the pool area Helen and Kym were sitting together in the shallow part looking thick as thieves. “What are you two planning?” I asked with mock suspicion.

“Just a little good clean fun,” Helen answered. “Why don’t you come here and help us up?”

They didn’t need my help to climb out of the pool, but both women were holding up their hands, so I went along with it. Grabbing each by a forearm, I gave them a good strong tug to help them bound out of the pool, once again getting a generous eyeful of glistening wet skin for my trouble.

To my great surprise, the girls didn’t let go of my hands once they were clear of the pool. Instead, they each grabbed me high on the arms and started dragging me backward. I started to protest, backpedaling frantically in an attempt to keep my balance. “What’s going on here? What are you doing?”

“You’ll find out soon enough,” Kym promised. My heels struck a metal object – the foot bar of a chaise lounge. We have a pair of them; big, sturdy pieces of furniture with tubular steel frames and thick cushions of dense foam. Still holding me by the elbows and armpits, the girls hoisted me up easily and set me down on the lounge. I didn’t know what to say, so I said nothing. The girls exchanged a look and then, in perfect unison, reached behind them and pulled out the knots on their bikini tops at the back and the neck. Without hesitation they picked up the upper strings and pulled the tops away from their bodies, leaving me with the very difficult choice of which set of tits to gawk at first. I started with Helen’s but moved quickly to Kym’s since they were a new sight to me. God, were they nice. Teardrop shape, full but in exact proportion to her shoulders and waist, perfect as only nature can do. Both sets of nipples were engorged and standing proud.

While I was sitting passively admiring the display, the girls were busy. Before I knew what was happening, each had wound her bikini top around one of my wrists and tied a quick knot to hold it. They leaned over me together, each one pressing a tit into a side of my face, as they lifted my arms straight up. Suddenly I realized what they were doing – in five seconds flat my hands were securely tied to the top of the chaise lounge’s steel

frame. The wet bikini straps worked as well as any twine or cord would have, with the added advantage of keeping me distracted until it was too late to escape. “Hey!” I shouted, but those delicious pillows in my face muffled the sound.

After making sure I couldn’t free my arms, the girls stepped back to the foot of the lounge. Still moving as one, they tugged at the strings on their bikini bottoms, catching them as they tried to fall to the deck. Not saying a word, they each bent over a foot and used the bottoms to secure my ankles to the lounge frame. Once satisfied that I was thoroughly bound, they stopped to admire their handiwork.

Kym nodded approvingly. “Nicely done, Helen.”

“Why thank you, Kym,” my wife answered with exaggerated courtesy. “Is it just me, or is something still wrong with this picture?” They both studied me, looking up and down my body repeatedly. I’d had fantasies about something like this happening, but the reality was frightening. The more they looked, the more afraid I became. I knew Helen wouldn’t do anything to hurt or humiliate me, but Kym was an unknown factor. How far would she go, and would Helen go along?

“I know what it is,” Helen concluded. “He’s overdressed.”

“I believe you’re right.” They each grabbed a leg of my swim trunks and tried to pull them down, but they were wet and tended to cling. The eight-inch trailer hitch in front didn’t help things either. After struggling with them for a minute, Helen had an idea and sprinted back into the house. She emerged again a few seconds later, still stark naked, and held up a long, gleaming pair of sewing scissors. Grinning wickedly, she slid the open scissors up the leg of my trunks, deliberately letting the lower jaw rub against my leg. In three quick strokes she had cut completely through the side seam of my suit, including the elastic waistband.

“Don’t worry, honey,” Helen told me. “You needed new trunks anyway.” She handed the scissors to Kym, who repeated the cut on the other side. Grasping the loose front fabric, they pulled together and the trunks came off as easily as a disposable diaper, releasing my cock to sway in the breeze.

Kym whistled softly and pointed to my cock. “Very impressive, Bob. Why, that looks good enough to eat.”

Eat?

“It really does, doesn’t it?” Helen mused, studying my cock. “It’s been a long time since I’ve tried that, though.”

Kym seemed surprised. “Really? Why?”

“He doesn’t really like it that much,” Helen answered.

“Say *what?*” I exclaimed.

“Well, you’ve never asked for it,” Helen retorted. “The one time I started to give you head you asked me to stop right away.”

I opened my mouth to answer, but I really had no idea what to say. The truth was I never asked her to go down on me because I knew I wasn’t prepared to do the same for her. I ended up stammering, “Yeah, I did ... but ... I mean ... well ... never mind.”

Kym let out an exaggerated laugh. “Well, he’s at our mercy now. Let’s blow his mind wide open, shall we?” Kym’s remark caused a lump to rise in my throat. Then I was startled to recognize that underneath the fear lurked a small but growing sense of anticipation. Was I starting to get off on this?

Helen started forward, but hesitated. “I’m a little rusty,” she admitted tentatively.

“Would you like me to start? Maybe give you some pointers?”

“That would be great!”

“My pleasure.”

Grabbing a nearby towel, Kym folded it neatly and dropped it on the brick floor, using it as a cushion as she knelt down by the side of the chaise lounge. She took on the persona of an X-rated Martha Stewart, addressing Helen in a friendly, professional tone.

“Most of the fun with this dish is in the preparation,” she began. “Here we have an excellent specimen. You can see here that you have plenty of extension,” she continued, running a fingertip up my twitching shaft, “and very impressive thickness.” Wiping her finger on the very tip of my cock, she picked up a drop of oozing fluid and tasted it. “Nice flavor and consistency, too.” Helen was nodding and watching calmly, as if it was the most normal thing in the world to have a strange woman playing with her husband’s cock.

“Now how you approach this depends on what you are looking to get out of it,” Kym continued. “If you just want a quick snack you can skip most of the preparation and go straight for the payoff, like this.” Forming her lips into a big O, she rose up and then dove down into my lap, taking about two thirds of my length into her mouth. Her lips closed on the shaft and she sucked hard, stroking the underside of my shaft with her tongue. I let out an involuntary groan as Kym pulled off. “The important thing is to keep your throat relaxed and take it easy,” she instructed. “The more you relax your throat, the more you can take at one time. Why don’t you try it now?”

“Okay.” Putting down a towel as Kym had done, Helen kneeled on the other side of the lounge. Taking a deep breath, she opened her mouth and plunged it down over my rod, getting a little less than half way down.

Kym was ready to provide coaching. “Good, Helen. Now make believe it’s a giant drinking straw sticking out of a milkshake and suck. You have to suck really, really hard to get the ice cream to come through.” Helen was an apt pupil; she sucked fiercely, sending shivers up and down my body. “Very good, Helen, you are a natural at this. Try running your tongue along the bottom a little bit while you work.” *Oh my god, she’s doing it* I thought, reeling from the sensation. I couldn’t move my limbs much, but my pelvis was free enough to start rising up to meet Helen, a sure sign that I was about to come. Touching my wife on the shoulder, Kym quickly interceded. “That’s enough, Helen. It’s time to learn another important technique – how to keep the juice from squirting out too early. Watch.” Making an ‘OK’ sign with her left hand, she pushed down firmly at the base of my cock and held it there. In a few seconds that any-moment-now feeling subsided and my hips became still again. *The girl knows more about dicks than I do*, I said to myself. “Why don’t you practice that a couple of times, Helen? Try some more sucking. When you feel his hips flexing or when he starts to twitch, pull off and press down like I did for about ten seconds. If you do it well, it’ll drive him bonkers.”

Helen went down on me again, this time taking me a little deeper into her mouth, and started sucking and running her tongue along my shaft. I felt the tide rising again and so did she, pulling off at the last second and pressing down on the base of my cock the way Kym had, pulling me back from the edge. All I could do was groan in frustration while she repeated the sequence time after time. Somewhere along the line my fear vanished only to be replaced by a raw animal hunger; all of my thought processes shut down while wave after wave of intense sexual pleasure pulsed through me. At first my arms and legs strained against the restraints, but I quickly discovered that every proof of my helplessness only inflamed me more. Eventually I abandoned all resistance and just surrendered to the sweet agony.

“Okay, Helen, I think you’ve mastered that approach. What shall we do next?”

“Hmm,” Helen replied, thinking. “Why don’t you show me the sensitive spots?”

“Certainly,” the younger girl replied. “First, of course, is the top. This whole area here is very sensitive, especially right on the tip.” As she explained, she traced the outline of my throbbing head with a fingertip. “Also along the edges here. There’s a line running down the underside of the stalk, right here, which is also very sensitive.” She wasn’t kidding. More groans escaped my lips as I felt her fingernail raking down the underside of the shaft. “There is a similar but even more sensitive seam right down here, in the middle of the root ball.” I twitched and strained as Kym’s fingernail traced the centerline between my balls, prompting her to press against my groin again to keep me from coming. “Notice how far back that goes, Helen? The further back you touch it, the more

sensitive it is. And if you really want to drive him wild, apply just a little bit of pressure right *here*.”

I'm still not sure what she touched, but I felt it from head to toe. Forget moaning, I howled in ecstasy. This time Kym held her fingers against the base of my rod for almost a full minute, giving me plenty of time to calm down again before Helen took her turn.

“He seems to like this,” Helen observed, watching my face while she traced the edges of my head. “What if I do this?” Making a circle with her thumb and forefinger, she encircled my cock at the head and ran the circle up and down it a couple of times, which brought forth several more gasps from me. “That’s a keeper. Oh, have you tried this one?” Looking up at Kym, Helen started running her fingertips from base to tip the way she does, sending exquisite shivers through my body.

“Very creative,” Kym noted with approval. “Do you mind if I try that one?”

“Please, be my guest.” A few seconds to cool off, and then Kym’s fingernails were dragging across my aching cock. I thought for sure I was going to go into orbit.

“So,” Kym asked, “Would you care to finish him off?”

“Not just yet,” Helen answered. “I want to play with him some more first.”

“Do I get a vote in this?” I interjected. They ignored me.

Kym turned back to Helen. “What’s his specialty?”

Hefting her tits in both hands, Helen answered right away. “Boobs. He’s great with boobs. He can take you to heaven without ever touching you below the waist. Bob, show Kym how well you handle boobs.”

I pulled at my bonds but they still wouldn’t budge. “That’s going to be difficult,” I pointed out. Kym responded by standing up and moving toward the back of the chaise lounge, putting her tit neatly in the palm of my hand. What else could I do? I went to work on the offered tit, squeezing and stroking and frigging the nipple as much as my bonds would allow. I got quite a reaction from Kym. She relaxed and sighed, then started to hum. “Mmmmm ... mmmmm ... that’s so nice ... you are so right, Helen, he really does have great hands.”

“He uses his mouth well too,” Helen added. “Try it.”

Kym leaned over a little more and put a hard, erect nipple into my mouth. I sucked gently and tickled the tip with my tongue while I listened to Kym’s hums turn into soft moans. The smell of her arousal was strong, sweetening every breath I took. I knew I was getting to her, and that knowledge started having an increasingly powerful effect on

me. From somewhere behind Kym, I heard Helen's voice. "I think I'm ready to finish him off now."

"I'll get out of your way, then." With a sense of reluctance, Kym pulled her tit away from my face.

"Nonsense," Helen corrected. "As you were, please."

"Don't mind if I do." Kym leaned over me and put her nipple back in my mouth, pulling my head to her with her left hand. Her chest blocked my view of Helen, but when I felt a warm, soft pair of lips close around my cock I knew what she was up to. All I could do was keep sucking and hang on as she ran her tongue up and down the shaft, sending shivers up my spine. Kym pressed me closer and I picked up the pace as I felt my own pulse racing, teasing Kym's nipple while I sucked harder on her breast. Kym and I were both moaning freely, and I guess Helen would have been too but her mouth was full. My cock, having endured a good half hour or more of repeated teasing by these women, felt like it was four feet long and solid steel. I felt fingers running up and down my balls, tracing the seam, and then suddenly I saw stars. My whole body tensed with the power of the orgasm. I tried to breathe but my mouth was full of Kym's tit so I ended up sucking even harder, hard enough to make her gasp. Helen's mouth stayed locked around my twitching shaft, draining me. I zoned out for a few seconds – or maybe it was a few minutes – and came back just in time to see Helen standing over me, wiping her mouth.

"Tasty, too," she said in her best Lucille Ball voice. "Just like candy."

I was too exhausted to laugh. Kym laughed enough for both of us, then started walking around me toward Helen. I could see the glint of moisture running down the inside of the girl's thighs.

"What shall we do next?" Helen asked.

"A little surprise for you, I think." Kym stood behind Helen, snaked her arms inside of Helen's and held firm. She placed her mouth near Helen's right ear and whispered something. Instantly I saw Helen's eyes go blank and slam shut. Her head fell back onto Kym's shoulder as the rest of her body sagged. Kym held Helen up and carefully eased her limp body onto the other chaise lounge.

"You look like you've had some practice handling unconscious people," I remarked. Sure, it was lame, but I couldn't think of anything better.

"Just a bit," she agreed. There was an extra sway in her hips as she approached me again. Something about that sway, and the way she had rendered Helen unconscious with just a word, brought my cock back to life.

"What happens now?" I asked nervously, knowing she could do anything she wanted to with me, part of me hoping she would.

For answer, she leaned forward and kissed me on the lips, then whispered something that put my lights out. The last sensation I remember was the feel of something wet, warm, and strong pressing down over my cock.

When I opened my eyes again, Kym was gone. Helen was still asleep in the other lounge. My hands and feet were free. The two bikinis had been left on a patio table between the chairs, but the white cover-up and boat shoes were gone. Looking at the bikinis gave me an idea...

“Wake up, Helen.”

My wife’s eyes fluttered open and focused slowly on my face. She noticed right away that her arms were up over her head and tried to put them down. It only took her a second to realize why they wouldn’t move.

“You didn’t!”

“Of course I did. Turnabout is fair play.”

Grimacing, Helen pulled hard trying to slip out of the bonds. I’d taken the precaution of wetting the bikini parts before using them again, though, so they were not about to slide by. Trying her level best to project calm, she looked right at me and said, “Okay, you’ve made your point. Now let me go.”

“Sure thing,” I replied with an evil glint in my eye. “But let’s have a little fun first, shall we?” Helen strained against the bonds again, which put a really nice arc in her back; her tits stood out beautifully, just begging to be handled. The nipples were already hard, too. I grabbed one tit in each hand and just gave a good squeeze. Helen threw her head back and groaned.

“Do you want me to stop?” I teased, squeezing them again.

“No ... No ... NOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“Can I really send you to heaven without touching you below the waist?”

“Yes ...” she gasped. I gave her a few more squeezes, then rolled the nipples between my fingers. “Yes ... YES ... YOU’RE DOING IT ... NOWWWW!” Her whole body tensed and tried to rise off the chaise lounge as she climaxed; I thought for a second that she might hurt herself and made a move toward the bonds on her wrists. Helen saw me and breathed out, “No ... it’s okay ... don’t ...” She was still riding the tail end of her orgasm. Finally her body relaxed, although she continued to breathe heavily.

“Was that good?” I asked, gently stroking her body with my hand. She was too out of breath to answer, but she did give me a blissful nod. “Let’s see what else we can do.”

Moving to the foot end of the lounge, I parted Helen’s legs and nudged them aside. I hadn’t tied her at the ankles, only the wrists, but her body was so spent she made no effort to stop me. I crawled forward into position, stalking my prey. At just above the knee, I started planting little kisses on the inside of her left leg, working my way up the thigh. Each kiss got me a moan from Helen, and as I moved higher she opened her legs more to make room for me.

For the third time that week I had my face within striking distance of Helen’s pussy. This time I felt no uncertainty, no reluctance. She was already dripping in juices; I swabbed some up with my finger and tasted it. The taste and the smell combined to get me seriously aroused. Pushing my face further into the sweetness, I traced the outer edges of her slit with my tongue and felt Helen shudder and gasp. I changed directions and got the same reaction. Emboldened, I started working the inner lips, then turned my attention to the middle. Putting my tongue between the inner lips, I worked straight down until I felt the little nub I was looking for. The second I touched it Helen howled with delight; I felt her powerful thighs tightening around my head. My tongue started circling the button and Helen went over the edge into another full-body orgasm. I held on for the ride, trying to keep my tongue on the button, continuing to stimulate her. I wanted to see how long we could keep it up. At some point I became dimly aware that I was having another orgasm myself, shooting semen all over the vinyl cushion.

An eternity later, I finally pulled back and let Helen come back to Earth. She clenched and released a few more times and then crumpled. She was barely conscious of me as I untied her wrists and massaged the chafed areas.

I picked up a damp towel to clean my face and a small plastic bottle fell off the table. It was sunscreen, SPF 50, but it wasn’t our brand. *Left nothing to chance, did you Kym?* I thought.

We retired to the house for a good long nap and had leftover party food for dinner. After dinner we watched the Madeline tape one last time, sitting naked on the sofa. When it was over we just sat there and cuddled, amazed to find ourselves so comfortable with the bizarre events of the day.

Part 6

Our closing interview with Madeline was scheduled for 9:00am Monday. We both took the day off so we could enjoy each other's company afterwards.

Madeline was waiting to greet us when we showed up at her office. We passed over the offered easy chairs and went straight to the daybed, where we sat together hand in hand. Madeline nodded approvingly and turned one of the easy chairs to face us before sitting down in it.

"If you don't mind," she said, "I'd like to have Kym sit in with us. She played a very active role in your program, as you now know."

Helen and I looked at each other but didn't need to think. "Sure," we said in unison.

Kym grinned at us both again as she adjusted the other chair and sat down. "So," Madeline began. "Why don't you tell me about your week?"

Helen and I took turns telling the story, starting with the evening after our first meeting. We went over every detail: every thought, every feeling, every desire and action. Madeline listened intently the whole time, making encouraging sounds, but seldom interrupted. We talked for a very long time. After a long while, Kym left us briefly and returned with a pitcher of ice water and four glasses. By the time we finished the story, the pitcher was almost empty and morning was nearer to midday.

When we were done, Madeline spent a few minutes digesting what we had told her. She hadn't taken a single written note, but I had no doubt that she had every detail in her head. We found ourselves waiting silently for her response. Turning to Helen, Madeline asked: "Do you think you've changed any this past week?"

"Absolutely," Helen answered right away.

"How so?"

"Hmm ..." she mused. "For one thing, I feel more confident in myself. I also seem to relax more when I'm with Bob."

"Same here," I added. "I feel like a few walls have been knocked down and we have all this new space to live in."

“That’s wonderful,” Madeline replied. “You are both learning how to relax and enjoy each other instead of vying for control.”

“Is that what the program was really about?” Helen asked.

“Your program was based on several goals,” Madeline explained. “Definitely, one was to get both of you used to the idea of releasing control, giving in to your own feelings instead of trying to engineer each other’s orgasms. Great sex comes easily if you are both willing to just let it happen.”

“Those tapes didn’t hurt either,” I remarked. “You sure loosened some of my knots with those. What was in them?”

“General suggestions similar to ones I gave you in this office. They were designed to increase your sexual confidence, promote a more positive self-image, increase your libido, and foster a desire to talk with each other about your experiences. The first one included a fractionation exercise to reinforce your training and some specific suggestions that would cause you to physically relax when you became aroused. There was a new tape every day which repeated the basics and also set up the encounters.”

“Yes, the encounters,” Helen said. “Where did you get the ideas for those?”

“Mostly from you and Bob, by way of your fantasies. While under hypnosis, you described scenes in which you were overcome with passion, or instilled that passion in Bob through the telephone. Your fantasies, like Bob’s, revolved largely around either taking control or surrendering control to someone else, usually Bob. Based on that, I scripted encounters that would help you push your boundaries a little.”

“You mean, like having sex in a public bathroom?”

“Certainly. You also got opportunities to let Bob bring you to multiple orgasms, which is something both of you wanted but which you had been reluctant to allow for fear of seeming too demanding.”

“What about me?” I prompted as Helen digested the information.

“Your fantasies were also very interesting,” she continued. “Especially in the way that they dovetailed so nicely with Helen’s. Helen dreamed of being more open sexually, and you dreamed about having sex with her in unusual places. You described several different bondage fantasies involving Helen and sometimes a second woman tying you up and taking their time with you, and you also expressed a strong desire to have Helen let you undress her. Most of these things were easy enough to arrange. As with Helen, the important part was to get you to open up to her, to let yourself enjoy the sex without thinking too much about the nuts and bolts. I especially wanted you to realize that even if you do orgasm earlier than you’d like, you can still please Helen in other equally effective ways.”

“I think we both got that,” I said. “Some of those night sessions were intense.”

“They certainly were,” Helen agreed. “That first night, when Bob came so fast, it amazed me how good I felt for being able to please him so much. Then, when he started on me, I just blissed out. I’d never felt anything like that before.”

Madeline nodded. “Did you find that it got easier to release control as the week progressed?”

“Yes, I think so. Mind you, a lot of the time I didn’t really have a choice. When Bob snuck up behind me on Thursday and turned me into a rag doll I pretty much had to do whatever he wanted.”

“Did that frighten you as much as the first night?”

Helen thought it over. “No, I’d have to say it didn’t. It was a lot like the Monday night, only more so. I felt like a queen letting Bob service me like that.”

“It was my pleasure,” I interjected. “A pleasure that you took plenty of opportunities to return, I’ll point out. Like that phone call, for instance. I was the one out of control for that one.”

“That’s right,” Madeline agreed. “That was one of Helen’s fantasies. It dovetailed nicely with some of your fantasies about being seduced by Helen in unusual places.”

“Unusual places. You mean, like Larry and Peg’s house? I still can’t believe we got away with that one.”

“I wouldn’t have tried it if Larry and Peg hadn’t been clients recently,” Madeline assured us. “I had Kym pay them a brief visit before you two arrived. All they remember is that you did some pretty heavy necking during the movie.”

“About that movie,” Helen said. “How did I end up with that tape? And why did it affect us that way when we were never into that sort of thing before?”

Now it was Kym’s turn to blush. “I was waiting for you in the video store. After suggesting to Bob that he go to the car alone, I got behind you in line and switched your tape for one I’d taken from the adult room.”

“And then made us both forget seeing you, is that it?”

The girl nodded, smiling. “We did a similar thing at the Giant on Saturday. I gave Bob a trigger and walked away, but he didn’t remember seeing me. Then I watched from a safe distance while the scene developed.”

“It worked,” I replied. “I don’t remember you at all. I just remember saying something about Helen having a nice ass, and then she went nympho on me. I tried to deal with it, but seeing her in a frenzy like that put me out of control too.”

“It was a different kind of control fantasy,” Madeline explained. “Being swept up by a grand passion, as the novelists say. With both of you out of control, it adds an element of risk that you both had ideas of exploring.”

“It scared the hell out of me,” I replied. “I thought for sure we were going to get busted.”

“It scared me too,” Helen interjected. “My body was going nuts and I couldn’t stop it. Bob saved me.”

“Your trust in Bob is what saved you,” Madeline corrected. “You looked to him for help, and he did the best he could for you. Remember that.”

“When I heard that guy coming with his kid my whole life flashed before my eyes,” I complained.

Kym looked back at me sheepishly. “I’m sorry about that. As soon as you two bolted into the bathroom I hung an ‘Out of Order’ sign on the door and stood guard just in case. I would have left it up longer, but that poor little boy was in such dire need. I couldn’t make him suffer, so I knocked once to warn you and ducked out of sight.”

Okay, I could forgive her for that one. “If we go back there and find extra security posted near the restrooms, we’ll know why,” I joked. “I guess that brings us to the pool party. We didn’t really invite you, did we?”

Kym giggled. “Of course you did. Right here in this room.”

Madeline took over. “When you told me about the party you were planning, it seemed like an excellent opportunity to end the week on a high note. Helen got an opportunity to be openly sexual while still feeling safe and among friends. It also proved the effectiveness of the program at strengthening her overall sense of self. Helen, I’m extremely proud of you – it takes a lot of self-confidence for a 32-year-old woman to put on a string bikini and stand next to someone like Kym.”

“And even more to take it off,” Kym added. “I was feeling a little insecure myself about then.”

“I’d never thought of myself as being very sexy,” Helen mused. “Not until this past week anyway. You don’t mind if I keep the bikini, do you?”

“Keep them both,” Kym told her. “I bought them just for that occasion.”

I had one more question for the younger girl. “After you put me to sleep by the pool, Kym, did you give me any extra suggestions?”

“Like what?” she asked innocently.

“Like Oral Sex 101.”

Everyone started laughing, including me. “Yes,” she finally answered, “I did. You were trying so hard, but you really needed someone to teach you the basics.”

“Whose basics did you teach me with?”

A sly grin crossed her face for a moment. “Helen’s, of course.”

Madeline cleared her throat. “Normally we don’t go to quite those lengths with our encounters,” she explained. “I agreed to the threesome in your case because Kym volunteered the idea herself, and because it fit in so closely with fantasies both of you described.”

“You taught him well,” Helen said to Kym. “You taught me well also; thank you for that. I’m sure we’ll be using our new skills frequently.”

We were silent for a few moments, sensing the meeting’s end but not wanting to part company just yet. Madeline gave us both a pleased look and asked one final question: “Now that you know how the magic was done, how do you feel about it?”

Helen answered first. “I feel great,” she said with authority. “I feel sexy and attractive, and able to enjoy things I couldn’t let myself do or feel before. I’ve never been more in love with this guy than I am right now.” She gave me a big squeeze as she finished.

“Same here,” I added. “You’ve lifted a couple of big weights off my shoulders that had been holding me down for years. My only regret is that I didn’t have experiences like this long ago; if I had, maybe I wouldn’t have developed those hang-ups in the first place.”

“The past is done,” Madeline replied. “The important thing now is what you make of your relationship in the present and future. I am truly happy to see how you have grown so much closer together in this past week. Going forward, I want you to think about this: many of the physical responses you went through this past week were scripted; however, the emotions you experienced together did not come from anything we said to you in this office or on tape. You had them within you all the time. You will continue to have them as long as you believe in and cherish each other.”

We ended the meeting in a group hug. Madeline assured us we could always come back if we wanted to, and we made sure to take her card and a fee schedule with us. Suddenly I had a thought. “Madeline, could I ask you for a special favor?”

“What did you have in mind?”

When I told her, all three women’s eyes lit up and broad smiles graced their faces. “It would be my pleasure,” Madeline answered.

On our way back through the lobby we saw a man and woman about our age, sitting near each other, squinting quizzically at clipboards containing the IA questionnaire. Helen and I exchanged a knowing look and beamed smiles at the couple on our way out the door.

Two weeks later, it was our turn to host video night. We got the house together and fixed up an assortment of the usual snacks and drinks. Larry and Peg arrived promptly at 7:45, so we got to talk and munch a little before the movie. At 8:00 I rose and walked to the VCR.

“What’s the feature tonight?” Larry asked.

“It’s a surprise,” I said, remembering Helen’s answer to that same question at their house. “I hope you like it.”

“Debbie Does Dallas’?” Larry guessed, eliciting laughs from all of us.

“Just watch,” I told him as I rejoined Helen on the sofa. My arm around her shoulders, I pressed the Play button on the remote.

In a few seconds, Madeline’s face appeared on the screen. “Good evening, Larry and Peg,” she began. “This tape is a gift to you from Bob and Helen and can be used as often as you wish.” I heard gasps and turned to see Larry and Peg staring open-mouthed at the TV, like kids getting their first peek at the goodies on Christmas morning. Before they could get a word in, Madeline’s voice said, “Larry and Peg, sleep now.” Their faces went blank and their bodies melted into their respective chairs. Helen and I tiptoed to our bedroom, leaving the door open just a crack.

“This was an ingenious idea,” Helen said, hugging me tightly.

“What better way to thank them?” I replied, returning the embrace.

We waited in silence for a little while. From upstairs we could hear Madeline’s voice but couldn’t make out the words. After fifteen or twenty minutes her voice stopped. It was soon replaced by the unmistakable sound of moans, both male and female. The moaning got louder and faster as it continued. I felt my body responding to the passionate noises,

and one look at Helen told me hers was doing the same. We stripped quickly and made love, adding our own joyful sounds to the mix.

Epilogue

It was a cold, rainy day in early April. The clock on the wall said 4:00am, but I didn't care. I kept my place next to Helen, holding her hand, talking to her, helping to keep her relaxed and disassociated from the pain. The fetal monitor kept up its steady rhythms, letting us know that our baby was doing fine.

Dr. Agnes Kennesaw came in, as she had been doing about every 20 minutes for the past 16 hours. It took a lot of searching to find an OB/GYN willing to work with deep hypnosis for anesthesia, but Helen and I both knew it was worth it. Dr. Kennesaw checked Helen's cervix one last time and pronounced her ready to start pushing.

I took Helen deeper into trance, telling her that her work was almost done. "Now you can relax, Helen, relax and breathe deeply, gathering your strength for the last effort. Pay close attention to your cervix and pelvic muscles, Helen. Feel them relaxing, relaxing, stretching, opening wider and wider to allow the baby to pass without pain, without injury to you. Relax, let go, and enjoy." I kept up that patter as the hypno-anesthetist had taught me, then coached Helen through a series of hard, short pushes designed to pop the baby out without tearing Helen's tissues.

Four pushes were enough to clear the baby's head and shoulders. Dr. Kennesaw took it from there, gently pulling the baby free with gloved hands. A nurse quickly came up and clamped the umbilical cord while another wrapped the baby in a blanket for warmth. Dr. Kennesaw offered me a pair of surgical scissors. With tears in my eyes, I cut neatly through the cord.

"Do you have a name for her?" Dr. Kennesaw asked.

"Yes. Welcome to life, Madeline."

-wg
8/15/99