

# Play Time

(c) Copyright 2000 by Wiseguy

Dr. Paul Evans, psychiatrist, clicked the OFF button on his mini tape recorder and set it down. He'd give the tape to his assistant for transcribing later; for right then, he set it aside and looked over the hypnotic script on his computer screen one more time.

One eye crept back to the clock -- 2:45pm; his wife Joyce would be in soon to say goodbye as usual before going home. It was an arrangement they'd made once Jeremy, now six years old, had started school. Paul's office hours started at 10:00 and ended at 6:00; it was his job to get Jeremy up, fed, ready, and on the school bus every morning. Joyce came in at 7:00 to open the office and take the first appointments, and left by 3:00 each day so that she would be home when Jeremy's bus dropped him off. From Joyce and Paul's perspective, it was an ideal solution to the age-old work/family/daycare dilemma -- they each played a role in Jeremy's daily life, yet they could both continue to practice their profession on a reasonable schedule without stressing out over the hassles of modern day care. Some of their patients, who found the available early and late appointment slots convenient, benefited as well.

Right on schedule, his office door opened and Joyce poked her head inside. "Busy?"

"Not for you."

Joyce came inside the office, closing the door behind her, and plopped onto the analysis couch. "Help me, Doctor," she said in mock distress, "I think I'm having a nervous breakdown."

Paul clucked his tongue sympathetically. "The Donahue twins?"

Joyce smiled and nodded, a tired sigh escaping her lips. "Very perceptive, Doctor."

Paul nodded. Joyce's specialty was children with behavioral disorders; the Donahue twins were her most difficult patients: a pair of identical 12-year-olds with a talent for draining the patience of the adults around them. Paul had put them on a medication that seemed to help, but the parents were inconsistent about making sure the kids took it.

"I think I know exactly what you need, young lady," he said, putting on a comically fake Austrian accent. "You need to spend a night making wild, passionate love with your psychiatrist."

"But Doctor," Joyce objected with a twinkle. "What will my husband say?"

It was an old joke, of course, but they both laughed anyway. Paul came over to his wife's side and took her hand, stroking it gently. "Seriously, hon," he said. "You look pretty stressed out. I want you to relax some this afternoon. Relax, let go, take it easy."

At the words 'relax, let go' Joyce's eyes fluttered a little bit. "I know what you're doing," she said, "and I fully intend to. Jeremy is spending the night at Alex's house, remember? All I have to do is drop him off, and we get the whole night to ourselves."

"I remember," Paul confirmed, his voice staying low and steady. "In fact, I'm looking forward to it. We've both earned a little *play time*, Joyce..."

His wife's eyes widened in surprise for all of half a second, then glazed over and closed as she slipped into trance. Paul savored the image; they'd done this to each other hundreds of times in their 10-year marriage, but the sight of his wife going deeply under at his command still put a lump in his throat -- not to mention his pants.

"Relax, Joyce," he continued. "Deeper and deeper, not worrying about the time, just listening to my voice." One eye on the clock, he deepened his wife's hypnotic state until he judged she was well under. Then he reached into his briefcase and pulled out a shiny plastic toy: a gun, adorned with colored lights and thunderbolts, labeled **Galaxy Blaster Stun Gun**.

"Now listen to me very carefully, Joyce ... "

Joyce's eyes snapped open. She looked up at her husband in surprise, then chuckled softly at the impish grin on his face. "Why do I keep letting you do that?" she asked.

"Because you always feel better afterwards," he suggested.

Joyce smiled back at him. "You're right," she agreed. "I do feel better. Calmer, more refreshed, all good things." She peeked at the clock. "But if I don't get out of here now, I'll be late for Jeremy's bus."

"Sorry, dear ... I just hate to see you leave here so fried."

Joyce rose from the couch and kissed him, a deep kiss that promised more to come. She brushed a hand across the front of his pants and, feeling the erection inside, added, "Save that for later, okay?" She walked out of the office at 3:05, feeling content and in control.

For Joyce and Paul, it was a much-needed evening out: dinner at a four-star restaurant, followed by drinks and dancing. By the time they got home it was late.

"That was wonderful," Joyce said to her husband, "but now I'm beat. It's bed time." She kicked off her shoes, picked them up and headed for the bedroom.

"Not so fast," Paul countered. "I've got a little surprise for you."

Joyce turned and winked at him. "If it's what I think it is, I've seen it before ... but you can show me again if you do it soon."

"You go ahead," he told her. "I'll be right behind you." He watched appreciatively as his wife slinked up the stairs in her clingy black dress. She put a little extra sway in her hips to encourage him.

Paul waited until she was out of sight then retrieved the ray gun from his briefcase. He hid it behind his back and followed her into the bedroom.

Joyce was standing in front of her vanity when he reached the bedroom. She had already let down her long brown hair, and was in the process of removing jewelry. "I hate to waste the opportunity," she said to his reflection in the mirror, "but honestly, I'm too tired for anything elaborate."

Can we just have a quickie tonight, and maybe set the alarm a little early?"

"Sure," he said with a sneaky smile, bringing the toy gun into view and aiming it at her.

Joyce froze and looked quizzically at the gun. "What are you going to do," she joked, "screw me at gunpoint?"

"Close," he said, and pulled the trigger. Red and green lights flashed where the gun's muzzle was, and it emitted a high-pitched warbling sound.

Joyce gasped at the sound and dropped the earring she had been in the process of removing. A sensation gripped her, that of a half-dozen hands and mouths kissing, stroking, licking the most sensitive areas of her body. In seconds her nipples became hard and distended, her breathing labored, her sex steamy and slick. "What the --" she turned to face her husband, bewilderment on her face, to see him pull the trigger again.

The sensation hit her again, twice as powerful as the first time. She moaned out loud and fell back against the wall, one hand pawing at her breasts, the other going straight to her crotch -- whether her hands were there to protect or to further stimulate she didn't know or care. Part of her mind, the professional therapist, detached itself a little bit and admired the strength and ingenuity of what must be a posthypnotic suggestion while her body quivered with sexual energy.

Paul fired the gun a third time and Joyce's mind shut down completely for a few seconds as a thundering orgasm ripped through her body. She squealed with delight as her legs buckled beneath her, her body sliding down to a sitting position on the floor.

Paul watched with lust in his eyes as Joyce's orgasm subsided, letting her catch a couple of breaths. He came closer, standing over and her, smiling wickedly. When Joyce's eyes opened and looked up at him, he lifted the gun and fired one more time.

Joyce saw the lights and heard the sound, and then squealed again with the impact of a second orgasm. She quivered and heaved on the floor, feeling the aftershocks, waiting to see if he would do it again.

But he didn't. Paul set the toy gun aside and knelt down next to his wife, who was slowly collecting her wits. "Two orgasms," he said teasingly, "and you're not even undressed yet. How's that for a quickie?"

"Hoo-boy," Joyce panted, regaining her breath. "A little foreplay would have been nice, though."

Paul took his wife's hands and helped her to her feet. He reached behind her, found the zipper at the back of her dress, and pulled it down slowly. "Baby," he said in a low, sexy voice, "that was the foreplay." His hands slipped the dress off her shoulders as he drew her in for a kiss. Their lips met and their tongues met as they kissed, each of them now working at the other's clothes. In a few minutes they were both naked and made their way to the bed. Joyce sat down first and let herself fall backward; Paul took the hint and positioned himself between her legs, then inserted himself into her dripping, waiting slit. Joyce was still highly aroused from the two orgasms, and Paul was high on the sexual thrill of watching his suggestions work on her; it wasn't long before they were both grunting and moaning through their climaxes -- her third, his only.

"That," Joyce declared at breakfast the next morning, "was depraved."

"What?" Paul looked across the table at her, liking the sparkle in her eyes.

"Turning an innocent child's toy into an orgasm gun, of course."

He grinned sheepishly at her. "Yeah, a little bit," he agreed. "But you have to admit it was fun."

Joyce shivered as her body remembered the sensations that had come from Paul's use of the gun. "Of course it was fun. More than fun -- I'm tempted to take the day off and spend it in bed shooting myself every few minutes."

"In that case, let me get you some fresh batteries."

Joyce wadded up her napkin and threw it at Paul, who ducked. "Were you this much of a pervert when I married you?"

"Of course," he replied innocently. "That's why you married me."

She made a show of smacking her forehead. "I knew there had to be some reason!" Her eye fell on the stove clock. "Yikes! I need to get out of here." They shared a tender kiss, then Joyce fled to the office.

Jeremy would be riding to school with the friends who'd let him stay overnight, so Paul had the morning off. He spent some time straightening up the kitchen and bedroom. He started to put the gun back in Jeremy's toy box, then stopped -- the night before had been an awful lot of fun, and Jeremy hardly ever played with the gun himself. Smiling broadly, he took it back to the bedroom and dropped it on the night stand by his side of the bed.

Joyce got home at 3:20, just in time to see Jeremy's bus drive up to the end of the block and discharge a few dozen kids. Jeremy, a leggy six-year-old who enjoyed showing off his long stride, saw his mom at the mailbox and covered the half-block between them at a full run. His arms flew around her waist and he almost pulled them both to the ground with the impact. "Mommyyyyyyy!!!"

"How was your day, sweetie?" she asked, adoring the happy look on his face.

"Great!" he replied emphatically. "I got a 'Great Job' sticker on my math paper, and I got to play with Elliott at recess."

"Oooooohh," Joyce said. "Are you ready to go inside now?"

"Yup -- I'm hungry!"

Joyce chuckled. The school served lunch at 10:45, a ridiculously early hour in her opinion when the kids were in school until 3:00. As a result, Jeremy always came home from school looking for a snack. "Okay, hon. You go wash up, and I'll fix you an apple."

"Cool!" Jeremy vanished down the hallway and into the powder room. A few seconds later he came out again. "Mom, the soap pump is empty."

Joyce took the empty hand soap bottle from him. "Why don't you use Mommy and Daddy's bathroom, and I'll fill this up later?"

Jeremy made the 'OK' sign and dashed upstairs to his parents' bathroom. Joyce selected a red delicious apple from the fruit bin in the refrigerator,

cored it, and cut it into slices the way Jeremy liked. She set it on the table in a plastic bowl, then added a glass of milk and a graham cracker. At that point her maternal sense told her that Jeremy had gotten sidetracked; he'd been gone too long. "Come on, Jeremy, I've got your snack ready."

As she was washing the knife, she heard the boy's footsteps stomping down the stairs. She put the knife down and turned just in time to see him leap into the kitchen doorway with one hand behind his back. "An alien!" he shouted. "AAAACK!" The hidden hand came out, and there was a shiny plastic gun pointed at Joyce. Before she could react, Jeremy pulled the trigger.

Red and green lights flashed, and the high-pitched warbling sound came out loud and clear. Joyce felt her body quiver as the sensation of a half-dozen hands and mouths tingled and teased her once again. She let out a gasp to go with her surprised face.

Jeremy waved the gun menacingly at her. "Die, alien scum!" he shouted, and pulled the trigger again.

Joyce's mouth dropped open, but no words would come out, only a heavy groan as the stimulation doubled. Her entire body caught fire once again; her arms grabbed and stroked, and her legs buckled.

This time Jeremy giggled gleefully at his mother; *she's so funny*, he thought to himself as he watched her gasping and moaning, pretending that his little ray gun was stunning her. He took a few steps closer and shot her again. His mommy shrieked and made a really funny face, and she plopped down on the floor like she was really being hit by a ray gun. Cackling with sadistic pleasure at his mom's overacting, Jeremy fired the gun again and again. Each time Mommy reacted by making more of those really funny noises and clutching herself like she'd been hit.

After a few more shots, Jeremy decided he'd had enough. His mommy, however, stayed on the floor panting and gasping. "You can stop dying now, Mom," he told her with all the wisdom of his years. "It's not a real gun, you know."

Joyce gathered herself together enough to speak. "I know, honey," she said between heavy breaths. "Why don't you give Mommy the gun, and you can sit down and have your snack now?"

Jeremy looked over at his apple and graham cracker. "Okay," he agreed cheerfully. He handed the gun to his flushed, prostrate mother, sat down at the table, and started eating.

Joyce slowly regained her feet. Her legs felt wobbly and weak, but they carried her upstairs to her bedroom. She sat heavily on the edge of the bed. Her fingers found the little trap door in the butt of the gun and opened it, letting two AA batteries fall into her hand. She tossed them under the dresser and let herself fall backward onto the bed, the now-unloaded gun landing somewhere beside her, for a much-needed rest.

She lay there for maybe a minute in silence, regaining her breath, and then started to chuckle softly. *Isn't that just like a 6-year-old*, she thought. *The one toy in the house you don't want him to pick up ...* The more she thought about it, the louder her laughter became. She pictured herself in the kitchen, gasping and moaning out of control, in the throes of orgasm after orgasm, and her little boy laughing himself silly thinking she was playing along with his game. *What else would it look like from his point of view?* she thought, laughing even more at the surreal image in her mind.

In a few minutes the weirdness wore off and Joyce was back to slow, easy breathing. She grabbed some fresh clothes -- her panties and hose were sopping wet in the crotch, and there was a corresponding wet spot on the dark skirt she'd been wearing -- and cleaned herself up, then rejoined Jeremy in the kitchen.

Later, while Jeremy was engrossed in the day's episode of *Digimon*, Joyce had a mischievous thought of her own. Retiring again to the bedroom, she picked up the phone and dialed Paul's direct number.

"Hello?"

"Hi there, loverboy," she said, her voice low and sultry. "Are you wearing your headset?" She'd given him one for his last birthday to make long phone consultations more comfortable.

"Not at the moment," he replied. "Should I be?"

"I'll make it worth your while," she promised.

"Well, since you put it that way ... " She heard a soft click, then Paul's voice came back. "Okay."



"Are you alone?"

"Yes. And the door is closed. Is this going to become an obscene phone call?" She could hear the anticipation in his voice. *Good*, she thought.

"Deep trance, darling," she said, slowly and evenly. "Deeper and deeper, letting go, letting me take care of you." She pictured his head dropping down on the desk, his ears picking up her words as they always did when she used this trigger on him. She talked him deeper, making sure he was completely under and ready to receive suggestions. A slow, satisfied smile grew on her face as she readied for the next step.

"Now listen very carefully, darling ... "

Back in his office, Paul looked at the phone in mild annoyance. *Who the hell was that?* he thought. *I hate it when people just call and hang up.*

"Mommy, Mommy -- Daddy's home!"

Joyce came out to the family room and looked out the window. Sure enough, Paul was just getting out of his car. She grabbed a nearby toy -- a big, round, clocklike toy with a pull string and a single arrow-shaped hand. Around the perimeter of the toy's face were pictures of common barnyard animals. "Here, Jeremy," she said, handing him the toy. "When Daddy comes in, show him how you've learned to spell all of the names of the animals. If you pull the cord, he'll make the noise of whatever animal it points to. "

Jeremy looked puzzled. "Daddy doesn't make animal noises," he said.

Joyce grinned broadly. "He does tonight."

-wg  
9/20/00