

Simon Sez

© Copyright 1999 by Wiseguy

The Bet

The absolute hottest, most erotic events of my life came about because of a children's game at a company picnic. Strange, isn't it? It would seem even stranger if you knew me. Within my social circle I'm considered nice, quiet, a little dull but reliable. Certainly the last guy anyone would suspect of getting mixed up in hypnotic domination scenarios ... but in a nutshell that's what happened.

A little background might help you to understand better. I've always been very good with numbers and organization, even as a child, so it didn't surprise anyone when I picked Accounting as my college major. I'm also quiet and a bit bland by nature; I remember when Linda agreed to marry me, her friends gave her some good-natured ribbing about marrying a walking Ken doll. It didn't bother me much, mostly because I was busy passing my CPA exams and gaining experience in a small independent firm. The firm ultimately dissolved in a dispute between the partners, but the experience made it fairly easy to find a new job.

I started working in a regional office of a major insurance company about 3 years ago. One of the things that attracted me to this company is their commitment to helping the community. We sponsor a number of charity-related events during the year, but the most popular one with the staff is the annual summer picnic.

For the most part our picnic is like any other corporate get-together. Employees and their spouses are invited, food and refreshments are provided by the company, and there are various sports and games for entertainment. What gives our picnics a unique twist is that employees are actively encouraged to participate in the activities and to bet on the outcome. Each event has a pool associated with it, much like a regular office football pool. Whoever wins the pool gets half the money and names the charity to receive the other half. Since no insurance company wants to be seen as promoting physical injury, so we don't do contact sports. Instead the events tend to be things like singles and doubles tennis, volleyball, 3-legged races, variations on carnival booths, and simple children's games like Simon Sez.

My first year I volunteered for softball, since that and golf are the only sports I'm reasonably good at. It was great fun, but Frank broke his ankle trying to do a bent-leg slide into second base and Sally got pretty bruised up trying to beat a tag at the plate. That convinced the company to reclassify softball as a contact sport.

Last year I didn't know what to sign up for, so I went the route of all the undecided and drew a slip of paper from a basket. At the time I was amused to have drawn "Simon Sez." I'm a little too gangly for tennis and not quite fast enough for volleyball, so it seemed safe. My friend Marlene, who works in HR and coordinates these events, said it would be fun.

And it probably was for most of the onlookers. A huge crowd of them watched, probably for the kick of seeing their bosses and coworkers taking orders instead of giving them. The contestants were assembled in a group, and then a tiny little guy in a white warm-up suit took the improvised stage before us and started barking out commands. This guy was an evil genius. He'd say "move right" while moving left, preface a commands with "Someone says" instead of "Simon says", use common, body language to invoke an incorrect response – any way he could trick somebody, he'd try it. I was way out of my league and it showed; I set a new record for the quickest elimination which will probably stand for a generation. It was several weeks before I could walk around the office and not hear about my pathetic performance.

The whole affair left such a bad taste in my mouth that I was determined not to repeat it, so I went to see Marlene as soon as the picnic date was published. Marlene is an old friend of mine and Linda's; in fact, I met Marlene first. We dated casually for a few weeks back in college. We became very fond of each other, but our styles were too different to sustain a satisfying relationship. Marlene was (and still is) a firebrand, a daring and playful lady with a natural talent for mischief and I was, well, pretty much the opposite. When it seemed like we had reached the end of our road, Marlene cleverly engineered a date between me and her roommate Linda. From that first date everything just seemed to work for us. We stayed together through college, lived together for a couple of years while I was getting my start, and were married seven years ago with Marlene at our side. She is still best friend to both of us.

She was keying something into her computer when I walked into her office, memo in hand. She shoved the keyboard aside and turned to greet me. "I'll bet I know what you want, Michael."

"I'll bet you do, too. Can you sign me up for volleyball?"

"Are you sure?" she asked, "That's not really your speed."

"Neither is Simon Sez, in case you didn't notice."

Her eyes twinkled at the reference. "You're not still mad about that, are you?"

“Not mad, no ... but why risk further damage to my fragile male ego?”

“Because I had you pencilled in for Simon Sez already and most of the other events are filled up?”

“How can they be filled up? The notice just came out this morning!” I showed her the paper memo in my hand bearing that day’s date.

Marlene looked up to see where I was pointing. “Oh, that. It’s a typo – the memo actually went out last Monday while you were in Seattle. I guess you didn’t see it when you got back, huh?”

I groaned loudly and painfully.

“Let me see what’s still open.” Pursing her lips in mock sympathy, Marlene started flipping through a spiral notebook. After a few moments she had a proposition for me. Her eyes locked onto mine with a familiar, playful expression that she always uses when she is up to something.

The first time I saw that look, we had been dating about 2 weeks. I was trying to show her that I could loosen up and be fun, so we were in this redneck bar and pool hall on the outside of town. Marlene and I were probably the only people in the place with high school diplomas; the rest of the patrons were rough-looking men in dirty denims, power drinkers and similar types. We’d had a beer or two and I mentioned that I played some pool as a teen. She gave me that now-familiar impish look, then she walked up to the biggest, meanest-looking guy in the place and bet him \$100 that I could beat him at nine-ball. While the tough guy was lining up his first shot, Marlene commented on how hot it was inside and slipped off her jacket, revealing a lacy see-through top that concealed almost nothing. His eye kept wandering from his shot to her chest and he scratched in no time. I still don’t know how we got out of there unharmed.

“Tell you what,” she offered, bring me back to the present. “Jay Vogel is looking to get out of the water balloon toss. If you want, you can have that spot. But I’d like to offer you an incentive to stay with Simon Sez.”

“I don’t know, Marlene. It would have to be one hell of an incentive.”

“How about dinner for three?” She mentioned the name of a very well-known, very expensive, premium steak house. “If you don’t win, it’s my treat. There’s only one catch – you have to let me coach you.”

I was impressed. If Marlene was willing to risk a 3-digit dinner check, I reasoned, she must be very sure about the probable outcome. I thought about it for far less time than I should have.

“Okay, you’re on. You must fancy yourself one helluva coach.”

Marlene beamed. “You don’t know the half of it yet. Why don’t you come back here this afternoon after the budget meeting and we’ll start your training?”

Training

The budget meeting started at 1:00 and lasted until after 4:00. Let me shatter at least one of the CPA stereotypes by saying that by 2:05 I was bored out of my mind. Our budget meetings seem deliberately designed to squeeze the minimum amount of productivity into the maximum available time. Sitting through one is more than merely dull; it involves the kind of oppressive tedium that is more tiring than physical exercise. Once or twice I glanced across the conference table at Marlene only to find her eyeing me, her mental gears visibly turning.

You’ve probably already guessed her plan, but when I walked into her office at 4:30 I had no clue what to expect. Marlene was the only one around – no surprise, our budget meetings are enough to make anyone want to skip town in a hurry. Nonetheless, she closed and locked the office door behind me.

“We don’t want to be disturbed, do we?” she said and gave me another one of those looks. I was starting to feel toyed with.

“Okay, you’ve had your fun, now give – what exactly do you have in mind?”

“You’ve been trying to figure that out all day, haven’t you?” I couldn’t deny it. “I knew you would, you’ve never heard or seen anything in your life that you haven’t tried to define, categorize, or analyze until you felt comfortable with it.”

I started to interject. “Wait a minute, now –“

“Easy, big fellow. That’s not a knock, it’s just the way your brain is wired. It makes you great at understanding and following complex processes. It just leaves you a little handicapped in the area of spontaneous action.”

I wasn’t quite sure how to take that. “So you’re proposing ... what? To rewire my brain?”

“Not completely.” Marlene rose up from her chair and came around the desk to me. “I want to teach you how to relax.” Gently, she loosened my tie and unbuttoned my top shirt button. “To loosen up and have fun, to just go with the flow.” Her hands slipped under my jacket and started sliding it off my shoulders. With any other woman I’d have

been out that office door in seconds, but Marlene and I had the kind of intimacy that comes from years of close friendship, so it didn't feel like a come-on. Instead of backing away, I just asked "What does that have to do with Simon Sez?"

She took my jacket and hung it on the back of her door. "It's simple, really. The reason you have a hard time with Simon Sez is because you spend too much time trying to understand the instructions before you follow them. There's no point in doing that, the caller's orders and movements are all designed to confuse. What you need to do is relax, accept every word at face value and above all don't think too much. You'll do better that way and you'll have fun too."

It seemed reasonable to me. "Okay, maybe you're right. How is a guy like me going to learn to do that in 2 weeks?"

"With the help of a little modern technology," she answered, then pointed to the chair behind her desk. "Have a seat in my chair and get nice and comfortable. Face the computer." She had a very nice high-back leather office chair, just worn enough to feel soft while still looking new. My arms rested naturally on the arms of the chair. When I swung around to face her PC, my feet fell right into place on a footrest under the desk.

"Comfortable?" she asked.

"Mmmmm. Who did you bribe to get this chair?"

"I won it in a bet." From the other side of the desk, she reached for her mouse and clicked Start, Run. Before I could read the name of the program, she clicked OK and the screen blanked. A few seconds later it filled with a strange pattern of multicolored dots on a black background. As I watched, a brief flash of bright yellow lit the screen for an instant, then vanished. Then it flashed again. My mental timepiece told me it was flashing about twice per second.

Marlene dimmed the office lights and closed the blinds, making the impact of the flashing image more dramatic to my eyes. "The trick here, Michael, is to learn to ignore some inputs while focusing on others. You see a lot of dots on the screen, don't you? Let your eyes wander over the screen at random, not paying any particular attention to what dots they see. As you do that, I want you to count the flashes in your mind. Don't think about anything else, just count the flashes."

That didn't seem too difficult. I did exactly what she said, letting my eyes wander slowly from dot to dot, counting the yellow flashes to myself. After 50 flashes, my mind started wandering a bit and I had to concentrate to avoid losing count. Around 120 flashes the combination of the dim room and a 21-inch CRT blasting yellow light was starting to irritate my eyes; I found myself trying to blink between flashes so I wouldn't miss one. I became aware of a voice behind me.

“You’re doing wonderfully, Michael. I can see that you are concentrating hard, keeping count of the flashes. Soon your eyes will grow tired and heavy, and that’s okay. When you’re ready, just let your eyes close and rest. You will still be able to sense the flashes even through your heavy, heavy eyelids. Let them close now, and feel yourself sinking a little deeper into the chair.”

My eyes dropped shut immediately, and I felt a wave of relief and, yes, a sensation of sinking into that chair. She was right about my being able to sense the flashes with my eyes closed, so I kept counting. I felt a pair of hands begin gently massaging my shoulders and neck. Instinctively I sighed and almost lost count of the flashes as I felt the tension leaving my upper body. The voice came back – Marlene’s voice, but not quite right somehow. Instead of her usual lively tone this voice was soft, slow, soothing, like a lullaby.

“That’s good, Michael, just relax. Let go. Feel your whole body slowing down as you concentrate on counting the flashes. Feel each flash as it washes over your face, each one relaxing you a little bit more. Don’t try to understand, just let it happen.”

I felt the hands moving down over my chest, down my forearms, all the way with that magical, soothing touch. I became aware of my own breathing, slow and quiet, and almost forgot to keep counting flashes.

“You’re doing **so** well, Michael. Much better than I hoped, much better than you know. Let your body go limp now, Michael, limp and loose and lazy. Feel your mind starting to drift off to a safe, comfortable place. You may find that you start to lose track of the flashes. If you do, that’s okay, you can just start over from the last number you remember. Feel the freedom, feel the peace, feel the comfort. Drift away with me now.”

I did lose count then, several times. My mind just wouldn’t stay focused anymore. Then I heard a soft buzzing sound, maybe it was a voice, maybe not. Counting the flashes was no longer important, I just let the pulses soak into my body and drifted off for a while.

“Three, four, and five. Wide awake now, feeling great.”

My eyes snapped open. It was no longer dim in the office, it was almost completely dark. I blinked the heaviness out of my eyes and looked at the clock on Marlene’s desk.

“Holy shit, it’s a quarter after six! Linda’s gonna be ticked.”

Marlene flicked on the lights. “No problem. I called her a little bit ago, told her you were going to be late coming home. She said to pick up some Chinese on the way.” She sat on the edge of the desk and studied my face. “How do you feel?”

“Now that you mention it, pretty good. Kind of like waking up from a Sunday afternoon nap. I don’t remember much, though. Was I doing it right?”

“Absolutely. Let’s see what you’ve learned so far. Simon says stand up.”

Even as I was starting to get up, I felt something click in the back of my mind. Instead of slowly rising, I almost jumped out of the chair. Marlene saw that extra snap and seemed pleased.

“Very good! Now, Simon says lift your left foot.” Another click, and before I realized it my left foot was already in the air. Marlene picked up the pace.

“Simon says hop 3 times ... Simon says clap your hands ... Simon says stop clapping ... Simon says touch your nose ...” I’m not sure how long it went on, but I was getting into it. Obeying “Simon” seemed to get easier and quicker with each instruction. Finally, she said “Put your right foot down.” Something was wrong; I didn’t feel the little click I’d become accustomed to. Some part of me didn’t want to, but I put my foot down. Then I realized that Marlene hadn’t said “Simon says” on the last command; I was out.

“Oops,” I said. “Guess I’m not ready for prime time yet.”

“Not yet, but it’s a good start.” She tossed my suit jacket back to me. “Now Simon Says go home and take Linda out to dinner.”

That was the best suggestion I’d gotten all day. I was out of the office in nothing flat, and instead of stopping for greasy carryout I took Linda to the Royal Hunan Palace.

The next few training sessions went pretty much the same as the first one. I’d come down to Marlene’s office on a quiet afternoon and practice counting the flashes for a few minutes, then she’d test me with some Simon commands. With each session I got a little quicker and a little smarter. I was starting to realize that the mental click I was feeling was a good instinct that could be trusted, and gradually stopped thinking as much about the actual commands. I still didn’t believe I’d win the contest, mind you, but I was pretty sure I wouldn’t embarrass myself.

The picnic was set for Saturday. On Friday at about 4:45 I poked my head into Marlene’s office. “One more practice before the big show?”

“Absolutely,” she said. “But how about a change of venue, just to make things interesting?”

“Sure, why not?”

“I was thinking of my place. You’re on your own this evening, right?” She was right – Linda, a high school computer science teacher, had been helping out at Computer Day Camp all week and would not be home until late. So we went to Marlene’s apartment

and warmed up some leftovers. We ate quickly and shared the cleanup chores so we could get down to business.

I started walking toward the spare bedroom which was Marlene's home office, but she stopped me. "There won't be any flashing lights tomorrow. Let's see how you do without them." She had me move the coffee table aside, creating a big open space in the living room, and stood there a few feet away facing directly at me. She pointed to her own eyes. "Now keep looking right here, Michael, and focus on what I am saying to you. Remember how it feels when you are locked in, that nice relaxed feeling, that locked-in feeling. Remember it now, relax, and you will do well."

It was working. I thought about how I usually felt at the beginning of a practice, and just as she said, the feeling flowed through me again even without the benefit of the flashes. I was focused, ready, in the zone – pick your favorite athletic cliché.

Marlene started throwing out test commands: raise one foot, turn around, bark like a dog, do 5 pushups. I lost track of how many commands I obeyed, but I knew I was nailing them all. Several times she tried to trick me by omitting the "Simon says" or substituting "Someone says", and every time I responded correctly. Gradually, I became aware of an extra sparkle in those lovely hazel eyes.

"Simon says give me your right hand," Marlene commanded, extending her left hand as if to shake. Before I could even think about it, my right hand came forward to meet hers even as I was realizing that it was the "wrong" hand for a real handshake. Cool, I thought – my new instinct is smarter than I am.

"Simon says kiss me." I don't even remember closing the gap between us; just hearing her voice one second and my mouth locking onto hers the next. Then I realized what I was doing and jumped back, startled and very surprised at myself. "Where did that come from?"

Marlene let out a low chuckle as she licked her lips. "Think of it as the acid test. You were so tuned in that you didn't even think about what you were doing until after you'd started doing it. And doing it very well, I might add."

"Um, thanks. I guess." I still felt unsettled, like I'd just been groped by my sister. Then I heard Marlene's voice again.

"Simon says kiss me again."

Instantly I felt her lips against mine. This time it was harder to pull back, but I did. All I could think was, this isn't right. I needed to get away fast before something unforgivable happened.

"Simon says once more, with tongue this time."

I felt my body lunge forward and reach for her, but I was already resisting and managed to turn my face away. “No, Marlene! You’ve made your point, I think I’m trained enough.” I knew I needed to get out of there, but all I could think about was how much I wanted to kiss her again, exploring her mouth with my tongue. As she watched me, I also became aware that another part of my body seemed to be out of control and looking to explore her.

“It’s okay, Michael. Simon says never mind.”

It was like turning off a light – one second I was frozen, obsessed, straining to resist and the next I was free, sighing deeply and wondering what happened. I looked back at Marlene and started to speak, but she cut me off with a gesture.

“Relax, Michael. Simon says relax, and return to your special place. Simon says relax, trust me, listen to me. Simon says I will take care of you.” There was more, but none of it registered. One moment I was fully alert, the next moment I felt myself falling into darkness. The sensation was like being put to sleep for an operation.

“Four, becoming aware again. Five, fully awake, quiet and still.”

I was sitting in a recliner, Marlene perched on the arm while holding my hand in her lap. I tried to say something – what, I don’t remember – but she stopped me, putting a finger up to her lips. “Don’t try to talk, Michael. You can’t until I let you, so just listen. I need to tell you some things.”

I stopped trying to talk and fixed my gaze on her face. As she talked, my analytical self finally starting putting the pieces together.

“Did you ever wake up in the morning and feel like something was missing, Michael? I do, quite a lot, especially since Ron.”

Oh yes, I thought, remembering Ron. Marlene had dated him for nearly 2 years. He seemed like the perfect guy for Marlene – easygoing, quick to lay down a dare and even quicker to take one up. He had an inexhaustible library of stories in his head and could keep any crowd in stitches telling them. Toward the end he was practically living with her, but we could tell Marlene was getting frustrated and wanted more. Then, while he was away on a “business trip”, a pair of sheriff’s deputies came to see her. Apparently Ron was the perfect guy for a number of women; he had outstanding warrants against him in two states for failure to pay child support. Within a couple of days, the police picked up Ron as he signed for a package he had ordered over the Internet using one of Marlene’s credit card numbers. Marlene seemed to have handled it well but Linda and I noticed that aside from an occasional outing with us, Marlene didn’t seem to date anymore.

“The debacle with Ron got me thinking, I suppose,” she continued. “Did he really have me fooled for almost 2 years, or was I helping him by fooling myself? And what about

the guys before him? They were all pretty much the same. Reckless, unpredictable, spontaneous, maybe even a little unsavory – and, in the end, unsatisfying. They weren't grownups. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that the only real man I have ever dated is the one I set up with my roommate. Don't get me wrong, I love seeing the two of you so happy together and I don't want to hurt either of you. All I want is a small taste of you for myself. I'm offering you a little walk on the wild side in return.

"Simon says watch me, Michael." My gaze locked onto her as she rose up from her perch on the chair side, gently laying my arm down on my lap. She took a few steps, then turned to face me. She was still wearing most of her outfit from work – white blouse with embroidered highlights tucked neatly into a navy wrap skirt with a slit that was daring but still elegant. Dark hose disappearing up into the skirt. Her all-business jacket and shoes had been discarded before dinner, as had my sport coat and tie. As she started fingering the buttons on her blouse, I tried to look away but my eyes wouldn't cooperate. Instead they focused in closer and I realized anew how sexy my friend really was.

"Have you ever wondered what we could have been like, Michael?" The answer was yes, but I couldn't say it. I was still effectively bound and gagged, but certainly not blindfolded. I watched very closely as her hands started undoing the fastener that held up her skirt. "I know you have. Not for long, not seriously, you are too good a husband for that. But sometimes, in your deepest dreams, you imagine what it might be like to have sex with me. I know you do, because you told me so. Simon says imagine it now." I didn't remember telling her any such thing, but it was certainly true now as images of myself and Marlene in various erotic positions began parading unbidden through my mind. Before long I had a major hard-on, my body making a mockery of my will.

The skirt dropped to the floor. Marlene flipped it away with a foot then started slowly unbuttoning the blouse, all the while still keeping eye contact with me. "Tonight, Michael, we are going to act on our fantasies. One time only, no regrets and no guilt. You know you want to. The more you think about it, the more aroused you become. Simon says your arousal keeps building as you watch me undress."

As she said the magic phrase, she slipped the blouse off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. There was no containing my penis now, it strained hard against the front of my pants. Meanwhile, the analytical me was too busy wondering what she would take off next to be of any help. Marlene saw the bulge in my pants and smiled as she stepped a little closer. She was down to a sheer satiny bra, matching bikini panty and the hose.

"You like my body, don't you? I've lost count of how many times, in how many ways, I've tried to show you bits of it. Remember the pool hall by the college? The camping trip when you caught me skinny-dipping? The tiny little swimsuits I wear on our beach weekends? I told you I wanted people to notice; what I never said was, I wanted you to notice too. Are you noticing now, Michael? Simon says look very closely at my body and feel your arousal increasing." The hose went next, smoothly and cleanly, joining the pile of clothes on the floor. She was half-sitting on the arm of the chair again, giving me

a great profile view of her thighs, the flat rise of her abdomen, the perfect curve of her breast. I caught a hint of a familiar scent; I wasn't the only one whose arousal was increasing.

"Do you know what I want right now, Michael? I want to feel your hand on my breast. You like my breasts, don't you? Simon says you like them. Simon says you want to explore them, feel them, excite them. And I want to know the gentle touch of a loving man looking to give me pleasure as I do the same for him. Simon says caress my breast." She reached behind her, unhooked the bra and let it fall. Marlene always did have exquisite breasts. They were average in size to my eye, probably a 34C, but they had that perfect teardrop shape and, I half suspected, would fit perfectly in my hands. I was right. My left hand, acting completely on its own, rose up to cup her left breast. A tingle like a mild electrical shock ran down my arm as my palm came into contact with her already erect nipple. Marlene gasped a little, then exhaled with a long, slow moan. Her right hand covered my left, guiding me into massaging her breasts one at a time. I tried to pull my hand away, tried to make it stop, but I was clearly not in charge here.

Marlene remained silent for several minutes, eyes closed, enjoying the sensations. After a while her breathing deepened and the pace picked up. She moved my hand faster and more insistently, dividing time between her nipples. Next she reached down with her left hand and started gently squeezing and stroking the bulge in my pants. "You are getting me very excited, Michael. I think I am going to come just from your hand. Simon says kiss me deeply until I come."

I was so hot and horny at that point that I not even token resistance was possible. She drew close and our mouths locked together, tongues exploring one another, as I continued to attend to her breasts and nipples. In just a few minutes I felt Marlene start to shudder and sit up. I knew she was coming, and I wouldn't be far behind. At the last second, she realized it too. "No!" she gasped in mid orgasm, "Not yet! ... Don't come yet. ... Simon says ... you can't come ... until Simon ... says so ... OOOHHHHHHHHHH!"

I let out a massive, soul-stirring groan. My dick felt like a fire hose with a knot in the middle: too much pressure, no way to relieve it. All I could do was sit there and watch Marlene recover her breath, my hand still mindlessly caressing her breast. "Simon says you can stop that now" she said, using her hand to disengage mine. The arm went limp again. My dick, on the other hand, continued to stand at attention.

"Whew!" she sighed, wiping some real sweat from her brow. "You have very talented hands, my dear. That was very intense." She look at my face with something like contrition. "But not too much fun for you, was it? I'm sorry, I let myself lose control a bit there. We're not done yet, though. Simon says stand up."

I was on my feet before I had time to realize my body was moving. She stood right before me, naked except for the now soaked panties, and toyed with my shirt front for a moment. "Simon says take off your shirt." Of course I did, immediately and without conscious thought. It had been a warm day, so I wasn't wearing an undershirt. Marlene

ran her hands over my chest, squeezing my nipples lightly in the process and, if I'm not mistaken, purring a little. "Simon says take off your shoes and socks." Out of nowhere, my almost forgotten analytical self noted that while I could easily move to obey Marlene's commands, I still had no ability to speak or move by my own desire. I remembered the hypnosis lectures from college, where we were all sternly reminded that nobody can be hypnotized into doing something against their will. Maybe not, I thought, but you'd be amazed what some people are secretly willing to do.

"Simon says take off your pants." God, was that a relief! Before my slacks had even hit the floor, my dick shot forward through the front of my boxers, a little bit of pre-cum oozing from the tip. "Simon says hold me," Marlene commanded as she reached around and embraced me, pressing her hips against mine. I felt the sweet sensations of my dick against her pelvis and her breasts against my chest, and I wanted her more than I'd ever wanted a woman before. I would have been content to hold that position indefinitely, but after only a few moments I heard "Simon says let go" and my arms dropped to my sides.

She moved back several steps, being careful not to trip on discarded clothing.

"Here's the problem, Michael. I've been very selfish. That flashing light program on the computer is designed to induce Delta pattern brain waves, which are normally associated with deep sleep. I used the program and some script suggestions from a book to hypnotize you and condition you to obey me whenever I say 'Simon says'. I was going to use that conditioning to make you fuck me and then forget that you'd done it, so you wouldn't feel guilty and Linda would never get hurt. But I don't think I can go through with it as planned. I still want you, but I want you to do it willingly.

At this point all we've done is kiss and indulge in some heavy petting. By the Bill Clinton definition of adultery, we haven't done anything wrong yet. But I know you, Michael, and I'm sure that by your standards we already have crossed the line. In a moment, I'm going to give you back the ability to talk and act independently. Before I do, I want to offer you one final choice: do you want to continue this fantasy to completion by making love to me, or do you want to stop, get dressed, and forget everything that's happened since dinner? Simon says you may answer when you are ready."

No man is at his intellectual best when most of his blood supply is holding up his dick. I thought, probably too briefly, about Linda. Never in my memory had I consciously thought about cheating on her with Marlene or anyone else. I loved her deeply and completely. Perhaps it was my raging hormones or the lingering effect of Marlene's 'Simon says' commands, but I realized that I also loved Marlene in a way, and a large part of me (so to speak) was completely in tune with her "haven't you ever wondered?" reasoning. She was right about something else, too – in my mind, I had already committed adultery. He that is down fears no fall. I swallowed a couple of times as Marlene watched, holding her breath.

“Marlene, you are one of the two most wonderful women I’ve ever known. All of the happiest events in my life have involved you in some way. If this is my chance to give something back to you, then I’ll take it. I think Linda will understand.” The raw emotion was getting to us both, although I noticed the pressure and throbbing in my dick hadn’t diminished any.

She ran back over and kissed me fervently. “Simon says you can speak and move freely. Now fuck me, Michael. Simon says fuck me.”

I lifted her up immediately and carried her to the bedroom, kissing the side of her neck as we went. Playfully I tossed her onto the bed, deftly relieving her of the sopping wet panties in the process. She bounced right back up again and slid off the edge, landing on her knees facing me. Within seconds my boxers were around my ankles and Marlene’s mouth was around my dick, working its way up and down the shaft. The sensation was incredible. Linda doesn’t care much for oral sex, whether on the giving or receiving end, so our few forays into that area had been brief and not that satisfying. Marlene must love it, because she was incredibly good. I felt my body responding to her in a way I didn’t know was possible. Soon every muscle and nerve was screaming that I needed to come, but for some reason the fire hose didn’t burst. Then I realized – not until Simon says so. And just then Simon’s mouth was otherwise occupied. I babbled something semi-intelligible about the odds of my having a stroke if she kept that up.

She pulled her mouth off my dick and blew gently on its wet surface. I groaned loudly and felt my knees start to buckle. Marlene stood up, still holding my throbbing dick in her hand, and pushed me over onto the bed. “The only stroke you’re going to have is THIS kind,” she proclaimed, and climbed right on top of me taking my entire length into her easily. We started slowly, then established an ever increasing rhythm of thrust and return, thrust and return, never coming completely out, just enough to tease my sensitive head. I could tell Marlene was losing control again as her face went slack and her breathing got louder and louder. Watching her breasts heave in front of me along with the sensations in my groin left me speechless, all I could do was grunt and hang on. She started talking to me. “Here we come, get ready, we’re almost there, any second now ... COME NOW, Michael, Simon says COME NOW.” She sat up and flung her head way back as we came together, making it look for a moment as though I’d blown her head off with my explosion. I literally saw spots before my eyes, and I think we both passed out briefly.

When I came to I was still lying on my back. Marlene’s spent body was draped across me and she held on tightly as her breathing slowed back to normal. I let us both enjoy the glow for a little while before speaking again.

“Things will never be the same between us, you realize.”

She rose up to one elbow and gave me a quick peck on the cheek. “Of course they will. You’ve forgotten something. Simon says relax, Michael. Simon says relax deeply and listen to my voice...”

“Wake up, Michael, it’s time to go home.”

As I blinked the sleep out of my eyes, I tried to roll over to climb out of the bed. To my complete surprise, I couldn’t do it – I wasn’t in bed at all, I was in the recliner in Marlene’s living room. I was fully dressed except for my sport coat and tie. Marlene was standing over me in her navy skirt and white blouse, looking at me inquisitively. “Are you okay?”

I sat up and put down the footrest, trying to work through the confusion in my mind. Very shortly I gave up hope of figuring this out myself and looked to Marlene. “Will you please explain to me what just happened here?”

“We finished your training, like you wanted. I hypnotized you again and reinforced all the suggestions you will need to stay sharp and focused during the game tomorrow. Then I let you rest a little before waking you up just now.”

This wasn’t working, I was getting more confused instead of less. “But wasn’t I ... didn’t we ... I remember ... sort of ... “

“Having wild, joyous sex in the bedroom?” Marlene finished for me. “Is that what you think happened?”

“Sure,” I answered, and then was suddenly less sure. “I mean, I think so. I remember it vividly.”

“Of course you do, dear. You are an amazingly good hypnotic subject. Nobody touched you, nobody moved you, but in your mind you were kissing, stroking and screwing yourself into a stupor. You almost had a real orgasm from an imaginary experience.”

“Imaginary? Then we didn’t really ... “

She shook her head and held up her right hand in the traditional gesture. “You were a perfect gentleman at all times. Scout’s honor.”

“Okay, I give up.” Still shaking my head ruefully, I used the bathroom to freshen up then headed home.

Linda was already there when I arrived, catching a late dinner of Lean Cuisine and browsing through the newspaper. “And where have you been, young man?” she asked in her best hall monitor voice, a mock scowl coming over her face.

“Would you believe obedience school?”

“Long overdue in my opinion.” She got up and met me half way in the living room, wrapping her arms around my neck in a tight embrace which I was more than happy to return. We exchanged a few kisses, then Linda went back to her newspaper and I announced my intention to go to bed.

“By the way” she said, “there should be another bottle of after shave in the bathroom closet. Third shelf, left side I think.”

I stopped in my tracks, wondering what prompted that remark. “Okay, I’ll dig it out when I finish the open one.”

“Oh, you still have some? I’m sorry. I just noticed you’re not wearing any now and thought you might be out.”

Now it was my turn to be puzzled. “Could have sworn I put some on this morning. All these Simon Sez drills must be turning my brain into Jell-O. G’night.”

The Big Show

The next day was the picnic. It was probably a good thing, since it kept me too busy to think too much about what had happened the night before. We picked up Marlene at her place and arrived at the picnic ground just as things were starting to get interesting. I did my shift on the grill while Linda and Marlene wandered off by themselves. At two o’clock I handed my apron over to my relief and headed for the Simon Sez area.

Marlene and Linda were already waiting for me there. “Time to strut your stuff, pal,” Marlene said.

“You sure you want to do this?” I asked. “You can still call it off.”

“I’m not going to do it, you are. You’re going to win. My only reservation is a table for three at eight o’clock.”

Linda gave me a kiss for luck and a gentle shove to get me started into the play area. I wasn’t at all surprised to see the same “Simon” who had presided over the game last year; someone told me he does this professionally, like a Little League umpire. He didn’t recognize me (why should he?) as I lined up on the outside of the third row.

When everyone was in position Marlene, acting as MC, introduced the players and the caller. I felt the butterflies beginning to churn in my stomach while Marlene was describing the rules and the stakes.

“Now, players, relax and focus, pay attention, and have fun. The game begins now.” At the words “relax and focus” the butterflies fell quiet and I felt that familiar, locked-in feeling again. I saw Marlene hand the caller the microphone and fixed my attention entirely on his voice.

“Simon says let’s give Marlene a hand,” he said, applauding as he watched her step off the improvised stage. Of course we applauded too – the game was on. Simon then addressed someone in the first row. “Should we start out easy, or get wicked right away?”

“Easy, please,” she answered, then slapped a hand over her mouth – too late. My analytical self was amused to observe that my record from last year had just been broken.

“I hate to deny someone their last wish,” Simon continued, “so let’s start slow. Simon says face left ... Simon says face right ... Simon says touch your toes ... Simon says touch your neighbor’s toes ... You can stand up now ... okay, Simon says stand up now ... Simon says turn around 360 degrees (this while himself turning only 180) ... Simon says everybody not facing me is out.

“Simon says do jumping jacks ... Simon says keep doing them until I tell you to stop ... Simon says I’m taking a lunch break, see you in an hour. (The crowd laughed heartily, but the players dared not.)

“Simon says you put your left foot in ... Simon says you put your left foot out ... Simon says you put your left foot in and you shake it all about ... You do the hokey pokey and you turn yourself about ... And those who just did, YOU’RE OUT!”

Like I said, the guy is good. The players’ ranks thinned steadily over the course of about 15 minutes until only about six were left. He had us close up ranks, then hopped off the stage, microphone in hand, and selected each player in turn for a few minutes of personal attention.

“Simon says where’d you get that T-shirt, I like it ... The shorts too? ... okay, Simon says did you get the shorts there too? ... Very good.

The next victim was Natalie, a clerk in my department. “Simon says how do you like it so far? ... Simon says hold your breath ... “ Simon lowered his voice until I could just hear it and spoke into Natalie’s ear. “Simon says did you hear about the constipated mathematician? He worked it out with a pencil.” Her reaction was completely predictable – a groan burst out of her mouth, and she even got as far as “That’s sick!” before realizing that she was out.

Simon worked his way down the line until he came to me, putting his face in mine like a movie drill sergeant with a new recruit. “You’re doing all right for yourself, aren’t you? ... Simon says what’s your name? (‘Michael’, I answered) ... Simon says take 3 steps

backward, Mitch ... Why didn't you move back? ... Simon says why didn't you move back? ('Because I'm not Mitch.') ... Hang in there, Fred, you may just win this one."

It was down to just me and someone Marlene had introduced as Jennifer, a junior manager from one of the claims departments. He started with her.

"Simon says let me shake your hand, honey ... Simon says you can let go now ... (Indicating me) Simon says do you know this guy? ('No') ... Simon says are you afraid of this guy? ('No') ... Then why don't you step closer to him? ... Okay, Simon says take three steps left." As he said this, Simon took 3 steps to his own left, toward me. Jennifer's eye overrode her ears and she took her 3 steps toward me – to her right. Simon pounced. "That's your left? You're out."

He grabbed my right arm and raised it high. "Simon says we have a winner!" I had no idea it would feel so good to win a stupid kid's game. It felt even better a few seconds later, when Linda broke through the crowd and wrapped her arms around me. "You were brilliant," she praised.

"Actually, it was more like the opposite. I was hardly thinking at all."

Marlene spoke up from behind me: "That's why it worked. I knew you had it in you." She gave me a sisterly kiss on the cheek. "Damn good job. I have to go take my turn in the dunking booth. I'll see you two for dinner, right? Eight o'clock."

I started to suggest someplace less fancy, but Linda cut me off. "We'll be there, and dinner's on me." Beaming, she showed me her pool ticket. "See? I was the only one who picked you to win." Her share of the pool was enough to cover our dinner and then some.

Shortly thereafter Linda and I were heading back to our car. We went by the dunk tank to say goodbye to Marlene. She was still in position, sitting suspended over a tank of cold water, a small bullseye connected to a lever at her side. Her hair and her eye-popping red bikini both looked disappointingly dry. I saw on the sign next to her that the current jackpot was worth \$37 to the person who could dunk her.

Marlene saw us and waved. We waved back and started shouting goodbye. "Hey, champ!" Marlene called, "Simon says try and dunk me."

To everyone else present, it was a cute reference to my victory in the game. To my body, though, it was a command which had to be obeyed. As if through a hidden camera, I watched myself give the cashier 5 dollars for 3 baseballs. I heard Linda address Marlene. "Aren't you freezing up there?"

"Nope – nobody's been able to get me wet yet. Not the way Michael can." Marlene's laughter at her own double entendre was cut short when my first pitch hit squarely on the target. The ropes holding her perch aloft let go, dumping her instantly into the water.

She thrashed around for a minute while the attendant reset the perch, then climbed back into position. “SHEESH that’s cold!” she exclaimed, giving a mock shiver before reaching out to either side for the ropes that helped her steady. With so much skin in view, the water streaming off her body captured the attention of every straight male within 100 feet, easily. Yes, mine too – even with my wife standing there, I took a long, lingering look at that splendid body. “You ready for some more?” I asked, holding my second ball at the ready.

As she was saying “Go for it” I threw the ball, again hitting the sweet spot. The bench was released, Marlene dropped like a stone and wild cheers erupted from the audience. I was becoming a hero to my coworkers, apparently – the males ones, at least. They started chanting “Do it again, do it again, do it again ...”

Marlene was a little slower climbing back on her perch this time. Her nipples were clearly trying to poke through the triangle bikini top and I thought I caught a hint of goose bumps on her arms. That water must be frigid, I thought. “Maybe you should put on something warmer.”

She shook her head. “No need. One more dunk and my tour is over. Think you can do it again, stud?”

I grinned. “You bet – I owe you for yesterday, remember?” I reared back and fired my last ball. Once again it pounded the center of the target, sending Marlene into the drink. My cheering section went wild, continuing to applaud and whistling loudly as Marlene climbed out of the tank. Waving back at them, she retired to a cabana behind the stage. After making sure Marlene had a ride home, Linda and I left the picnic and had a very normal, pleasant Saturday afternoon. I had gotten even with Marlene for her Friday night trick, so I was ready to dismiss the whole thing from my mind. I should have known better.

Celebration

The mood of the evening was festive as Linda and I prepared for our victory dinner. I figured we had about 15 minutes to finish when I heard the doorbell ring. Since I was more dressed than Linda, I went down to answer it.

A young man in a black chauffeur’s uniform waited at the door. I could see a long, silver gray limousine parked at the curb. He introduced himself as Charles and offered me a small note card.

The handwriting on the card was Marlene’s. *‘Surprise! Since Linda’s buying dinner I thought I’d spring for some classy transport. See you soon.’*

I hurried upstairs to finish getting ready. Coming out of the bathroom after a quick shave, I caught sight of Linda in front of our dressing mirror. Four years of dating, seven years of marriage and she can still take my breath away.

Tonight she was in what I think of as her angel suit. The main element is a simple white dress, modestly cut in front but wide open in the back, slit on both sides to accentuate her lovely legs. The fabric shimmered as she moved, clinging just the right amount in all the right places. She added a few color accents with diamond earrings and a small corsage we picked up on the way home. White stockings and elegant heels completed the ensemble.

She saw me staring. "Stop that, you'll make me self-conscious," she joked. "Is my hair all right?"

"More than all right. It's gorgeous." I wasn't exaggerating. Normally Linda wears her hair tied back and more or less straight. Tonight, she was going all out. The hot rollers and curling irons came out shortly after we got home, and the result was a cascade of blonde curls that framed her face as naturally as a lion's mane. "If this were a movie, they'd be playing 'Wonderful Tonight' in the background."

She told me to shush, but I knew she enjoyed hearing it. I was ready too (3-piece suit, charcoal gray, with polished Navy Last shoes and emerald tie). Charles' eyes opened just a little wider when he saw Linda come out of the house. I think I saw him say a quiet "wow" to himself as he hustled to open the door for us.

The inside of the limo was every bit as luxurious as the outside promised. We sank into a soft bench seat covered in light gray crushed velour. Another such seat faced us, its back to the compartment where Charles was driving. Between the seats, like a coffee table in someone's living room, was a bar stocked with every major spirit. A bottle of champagne sat chilling in an ice bucket next to the bar. To my left, a console built into the side of the limo held an intercom and a TV/VCR. The remote control rested in a cradle attached to the side of the bar.

Our first stop was Marlene's place. As she emerged from the building it was my turn to mouth a quiet "wow". If Linda's look suggested 'Wonderful Tonight', then Marlene's theme had to be Foreigner's 'Woman in Black.' She was in a tight black strapless dress, plunge cut in the front and laced up the back, with one long side slit going almost to the waist. Her dark brown hair, which normally falls to just above the shoulder and ends in an inward curve, was pulled back tonight and tied into a tight bun. A shining silver pendant adorned the expansive skin area above the dress, pointing down into the valley immediately below. Charles in particular seemed to appreciate Marlene's dress, getting an eyeful of black ultra-sheer leg and thigh as she climbed into the limousine. It's good to see a young man enjoy his work.

After an exchange of compliments, Marlene indicated the unopened champagne bottle with mock dismay. "Is this a party or not, people? Crack that bubbly!" I'm not a big drinker, in fact I usually volunteer to be the designated driver; with Charles on duty, though, I was free to indulge as well. I opened the bottle and poured three glasses.

"To adventure," Marlene proposed, holding her glass up to us.
"To adventure."

The champagne was superb. I'd like to tell you what it was, but I'm a complete oaf about wines and such. All I can say is that I couldn't begin to pronounce the name on the label. We had been talking and sipping from our glasses for maybe 20 minutes when Charles announced over the intercom that we had reached the restaurant.

We were a few minutes early but our table was ready and waiting for us when we walked in. Even in a glamorous place like this, most of the male patrons and staff seemed to look twice at my companions. The hostess led us through a minor maze of semi-private booths and settled us in one of them. The partitions lent an extra measure of intimacy to the place. I sat between the two women, giving them both easy access to come and go.

We took our time browsing the menu. Linda ordered a bottle of wine for us all; I didn't recognize the name she used but it definitely impressed the wine steward. He opened the bottle and poured the first glasses personally. Linda and Marlene tasted theirs and pronounced it perfect. I didn't pick mine up right away.

"Try the wine, Michael," Linda prompted.

"Not yet. It's been a long time since lunch and I'm still feeling that champagne a little."

"Party pooper."

Marlene's eyes lit up as she leaned toward Linda and, in a conspirator's whisper, said "I'll bet I can get him to try it." Then she turned to me. "Michael, Simon says drink your wine."

You know what happened next. I am normally a slow, deliberate drinker when I do it at all, but I felt that little click in my mind and before I knew it I was drinking deeply from the wine glass. I put it down empty. Linda stared wide-eyed at the empty glass for a few moments before noticing the satisfied smile on Marlene's face.

"You look way too pleased with yourself," Linda observed. "What just happened here?"

"I gave him an order," Marlene answered, "and he followed it. He's very well trained, aren't you dear?"

"Brainwashed is more like it," I retorted. "The novelty has pretty much worn off now, Marlene."

Linda was now looking at both of us quizzically. “Will someone please let me in on the secret?”

Marlene volunteered to tell the tale. She told Linda about our first meeting concerning the picnic, when we made the bet, and provided more detail than I remembered about the sessions we had prior to that last Friday night. Hearing how she had hypnotized me and the suggestions she had used to condition me was eye-opening. She was about to launch into the last session when our dinner was served. Saved, I thought.

For the next half hour or a little more, our conversation was limited to how very delicious the food was. The steaks were amazing; we heard the sizzling before we ever saw the waiter bringing the tray, and they continued for several minutes after being placed before us. By the end of the meal we all agreed that this steak house had earned its premier reputation. Allowing our dinner to settle a bit, we started a second bottle of wine and discussed the options for dessert. Just when I thought the subject was well and truly closed, Linda had more questions about hypnosis.

“So Marlene, what other neat tricks did you teach Michael to do?”

“The sky’s the limit,” she replied. “He’ll do anything I tell him to as long as it starts with ‘Simon says...’”

Linda looked incredulous. “Surely not ANYthing.”

“Watch this. Michael, Simon says go limp.” To Linda’s amazement, my arms dropped to my lap and my head started pitching forward onto the table. I felt a strong arm catch me and push me gently backward, steadying my rag-doll body against the back of the chair. My eyes had closed and wouldn’t open for anything. My mouth gaped open as my jaw muscles let go. I could feel a little bit of drool starting to form at the corner but was powerless to do anything about it. Meanwhile, Marlene continued the demonstration. “He’s a superb hypnotic subject, you see. He can carry out any suggestion, even control his body in ways that people normally can’t do. Here’s a demonstration of how good he is. Michael, I know you can still hear us. Simon says you find this situation highly erotic and it’s giving you a hard-on. Simon says when I count to five your penis will be fully erect and will stay that way until Simon says otherwise. One, two, three, four, five. Check him out, Linda.”

I felt a hand – hopefully my wife’s hand – rub lightly along my crotch, discovering quickly the bulge that had just formed. I heard Linda say “Wow!” and felt the hand measuring my erection. Then Linda laughed, a little nervously. “Can you do that to him over the phone? Say, on Monday nights in the fall?”

“Why not? Actually, all hypnosis is self hypnosis. It’s his mind doing all the work, I’m just offering him some suggestions. Michael, Simon says start playing with yourself.”

Linda gasped as she saw my left hand grab pull down my zipper and slip inside my pants, rubbing up and down. "I thought you couldn't hypnotize someone into doing things they don't want to. He never does anything like that in front of me."

Marlene thought for a moment before answering. "I'm a little surprised too, now that you mention it. I think it's a combination of things. First, we're really close friends. Deep down we trust each other, and he knows I would never do anything to harm or seriously embarrass him. That's probably pretty liberating. It's also possible that he enjoys this kind of sexual domination. Maybe it's been a secret fantasy of his, perhaps an unconscious one, and on some level he's having fun playing it out. Speaking of which – Michael, Simon says you can't come. It will make an awful mess if you do."

That last was spoken none too soon, as I thought I was going to explode in the next few moments. Once again I had that kinked fire hose feeling, that need for release with no means of achieving it. I managed a tortured groan through my slack mouth.

Perhaps fearing that some well-meaning waiter might come to investigate the sound, Marlene released me. "Simon says you can sit up and stop playing with yourself now, Michael." I think my face turned eight shades of red as I sat back up and saw Linda still staring intently at where my dick was pushing through my open fly. She was right, I'd never done anything like that in front of her, or any other woman, before. And yes, dammit, on some level I was feeling a strange sort of thrill. "Excuse me," I began, "but am I supposed to spend the rest of the evening this way?"

Linda and I both looked at Marlene. "Of course not, dear, it must be horribly uncomfortable for you. Simon says as I count to five your penis will relax and return to normal. One, two, three, four, five. Better?"

I was extra careful zipping up. "Much. When are you going to give me a magic phrase that will force YOU to do MY bidding?"

"I wasn't planning to," Marlene responded. "But if you're very good, I'll arrange a little ... compensation for you later." She winked at Linda, but I'm not sure Linda understood what she meant. I know I didn't.

The human experiment continued through dessert. Marlene – or should I say Simon? – said that a cherry, which I normally dislike, would taste like chocolate and it did. Simon told me that Linda's cheesecake was delicious and I believed it, though cheesecake doesn't appeal to me at all normally, even to the extent of enjoying a sample bite. Through it all Linda's eyes kept growing wider and an extra shine of excitement started coming through.

"You can do it too," Marlene told her as they sipped the last of the wine. "Try something." Linda thought for a second. She looked around and spied a modest dance floor nearby with perhaps half a dozen couples swaying to a slow tune. She stood up, offered her hand to me, and said "Simon says dance with me."

I hate dancing. I'm not good at it, for one thing – all arms and legs, not much fine coordination between them, and absolutely no sense of rhythm. I felt like every eye in the building was on me as my body stood up and accompanied Linda to the floor. Linda could tell I was tense. "Simon says relax and enjoy the dance," she suggested. Great, I thought, I still dance like a dork, but I don't mind anymore. And, of course, I didn't. (Mind, that is.) After our one test dance, Linda released me and we rejoined Marlene. Linda settled the check and we emerged from the restaurant to find Charles waiting for us. He slipped me an envious look as we climbed back into the limo.

Linda seized the champagne bottle. "Oh, look, we can't waste this." She poured three more glasses and handed them out. "To a terrific dinner", she offered. We clinked and drank. As I put my glass down, I heard Linda say "Simon says give me a big, romantic kiss." Finally, I thought as my lips melted into hers, an order I want to obey.

The ride home took a bit longer than the ride up, thanks to a late-ending baseball game. By the time we reached Marlene's building, the ladies had finished off the champagne and were feeling no pain at all. Marlene gave Charles an exaggerated goodbye hug, which he made no effort to dodge, then handed him an envelope before going upstairs. As Charles closed the limo door, Linda giggled girlishly. "You know what, honey? I'm feeling a little naughty."

"You're acting a little smashed, my dear. But I'm glad you're having fun."

She leaned into me and put her hands over my cheeks. "The fun is just beginning, lover. Simon says let's make out like we did as freshmen." And the rest of the way home we did just that. Mind you, the limo was a lot more comfortable than the back seat of my old Oldsmobile, but the rest was magical. Kissing, petting, grinding hips together. Me trying to reach beneath her dress, and her laughing as she pushed my hand back into view. By the time we got home, I was so hard I could barely see straight and Linda was clearly in full attack mode, her nipples straining against the shimmering fabric of her dress. She nibbled freely on my earlobe as I fumbled with my keys. Then, as I turned the knob, she whispered "Simon says carry me to the bedroom."

So I did, though perhaps not as smoothly as she imagined, kicking the front door shut behind me. I took her straight to the bedroom and laid her out on the bed, kissing her deeply at the same time. Then I climbed on top of her, still fully clothed, and continued necking and petting until she signaled time out.

"Just a minute," she said, her eyes still a little dilated from the alcohol. "Time to get rid of some champagne. Simon says wait here for me." I sat obediently on the bed to wait. When she came out, she asked if I needed to go too.

"Right now all I want to do is come, not go."

She laughed at my joke. "Simon says you can't come until I say so, remember? You're going to have to persuade me to say so." I'd never seen this side of Linda before, and it was driving me crazy. It was also turning me on even more, I realized, even without another Simon command.

Linda reached behind her neck and undid the clasp for her dress, then slid it over her head and draped it carefully over a chair. Now topless, she slowly rolled the panty hose down her legs and pulled them off, leaving only a pair of G-string panties. I reached out to touch her loveliness, but she stopped me again. "Simon says take off all your clothes." Naturally I complied, although I was a lot less neat about it than she had been. She disappeared into the bathroom again while I was stripping, then returned with a bottle of scented baby oil. When I was completely naked, she handed me the bottle. "Simon says give me a massage, Michael."

By no means am I a professional masseur, but I'd read a book or two and long ago learned exactly where and how Linda most likes to be touched. I'd practiced on her a few times, usually when school matters left her feeling grumpy and I wanted to coax her into sex. It works astonishingly well.

Linda lay out on the bed, face down, and invited me to remove her G-string. I spent a good half hour then caressing the back side of her body, using the baby oil a lubricant. I paid special attention to her neck and shoulders, feeling her relax under my touch, then moved slowly down her body. As I kneaded the firm flesh of her bottom and the backs of her thighs, I could see she was already very wet. She was sighing as she breathed, a picture of complete contentment, as she slowly rolled over to give me access to her front. I spent a like amount of time there, starting with her temples and working my way down slowly, gently rubbing the oil into her shoulders and arms. I paused to pay special attention to her breasts and nipples, giving rise to another series of delighted sighs. I was already straddling her and tried desperately to slide my raging dick into her, but I couldn't seem to stop the massage. Goddamn Simon, I thought, this is torturing me. What seemed like years later, I completed my assignment by rubbing her feet.

Linda lay on the bed in total relaxation, nipples pointing straight upward as her chest rose and fell. She was still sighing contentedly, feeling the coolness of the oil soaking into her skin. I had a "naughty" thought of my own and gently moved forward and down, placing my face in close proximity to her mound. Savoring the smell of her excitement, I brushed her erect clitoris with my tongue.

The lick seemed to hit her like a lightning bolt. Linda's whole body arched and rose up off the bed, squeezing my head between her convulsing thighs, as she gave in to her first orgasm of the night. I gave her a minute to catch her breath, and when her body flopped back down I started a repeat performance. She grabbed my hair in both hands and gasped, "No more. Simon says stop." Still winded, she reached for the bottle of baby oil. "It's your turn now, lover. Simon says lie down on your stomach and don't move until I tell you to."

So I lay there, helpless, while a beautiful naked woman applied baby oil to my whole body. If I hadn't already been painfully aroused for such a sustained time, it would have been heaven. It was still pretty great, especially as she dug her fists into the cheeks of my butt. After she flipped me over I was able to watch her working me over, her own body still glistening, and I could tell this was turning her on even more than it was me. I groaned loudly as she got to my crotch area and skipped it, proceeding down each leg instead. "Don't worry," she assured me, "I'm saving the best for last." Finally she applied a generous amount of oil to her hand and wrapped it around my throbbing dick. Squeezing just the right amount, she worked her hand up and down the shaft while the other hand teased the seam in the middle of my scrotum. The sensation was indescribable; I went completely non-verbal. When I heard Linda ask "Simon says do you like this?" I just nodded uncontrollably. She followed up with "Are you ready to come?" Of course I was ready to come, I had been since the ride home, so again I started bobbing my head up and down. "And you will, my darling. But not just yet. Simon says now do for me what I just did for you."

Rising up, I grabbed Linda and pulled her down to the bed, rolling over half on top of her in the process. The baby oil was not necessary, she had plenty of natural lubrication available. My right hand dove between her thighs, exploring, looking for the buttons that when pushed would driver Linda over the edge. Meanwhile, I decided I should keep her mouth busy before she started using the magic words again. Hooking my left arm around her neck, I drew her face to mine and started a long series of passionate kisses. She responded as I hoped, her tongue enthusiastically dancing with mine as the tension built up again in her overheated body. In a few minutes she tried to pull away and I could feel that she was about to come again. I pressed my mouth against hers and reached way up into her canal, gently rubbing the magic spot on the upper side of the tunnel. The result was immediate and just as powerful as any of the hypnotic suggestions I had followed – Linda's body jerked again, her thighs locking around my hand as every muscle went through a coordinated rhythm of tension and release. After a few more spasms, she flopped back onto the bed again, apparently spent. Dammit, I thought, I wore her out before she let me finish!

At this point my dick was hard enough to drive railroad spikes, and it wouldn't ease off no matter what I tried. So I lay down next to my exhausted, semiconscious bride and started absent mindedly fondling her breasts. I've always liked Linda's breasts. They are small, but perfectly formed and very sensitive to touch. Her nipples, which had relaxed somewhat, reacted to my touch by growing hard and standing out again. Soon she stirred and opened her eyes. Becoming aware of I was doing, she placed her hand on my face and said "That's enough foreplay, darling. Simon says get on your knees and put that magnificent cock into me NOW." It was her favorite position, me on my knees rocking up and down, her legs wrapped around my waist as she rose and fell with me. It usually made her come hard and fast, but after two mind-blowing orgasms I was surprised to see the telltale signs that she was about to have another. I was ready to beg, and I did so.

"Let me come with you this time, Linda, please. Say the words, Linda. SAY ... THE ... WORDS ... PLEASE!"

Linda panted and started to convulse as she felt the climax begin. Summoning all of her strength, she gasped, "Simon says come NOW." My dick fired like a shotgun, complete with the recoil. Linda's legs crushed me as she felt the furious burst of my orgasm, touching off another one of her own. We stayed locked together until neither of us had the energy to hold on anymore. I saw Linda collapse into sleep as my own body went limp and dropped down next to her, absolutely spent. Somehow as I drifted off, my face found enough energy to smile.

Compensation

We woke up together, dazed by the sunlight streaming in the window and stunned to find ourselves lying naked on top of the bed covers. Linda has always been modest, even around me, and had never been comfortable sleeping nude. Even after sex she would always get up and slip back into her nightgown and under the bed covers before going to sleep. We shook our heads to clear them, gazed into each other's eyes, and voiced the exact same thought: "Wow!"

The doorbell sounded below, followed by a loud knocking. That must be what woke us up, I thought as I poked my head out the window.

"Who's there?" I inquired, turning my body to allow a view of the front door.

Marlene was standing on the front porch a cardboard box and a paper bag. "Room service," she called. "I bring sugar and caffeine to fortify us so we can face the barbarian hordes. Can I come in?"

"Sure. Use your key, we'll be down in a minute."

"Who was that?" Linda asked as she emerged, still nude, from the bathroom.

"Marlene. She's got a box of doughnuts and a bag, said something about getting fortified before facing the barbarians."

Linda smacked her own forehead lightly. "What time is it?" The bedroom clock read 10:10am. "Oh my god, we were supposed to go to the mall this morning. I completely forgot. I've got to get a shower. Honey, would you go keep her company? Tell her I'll be ready in a flash." With that, she ducked back into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

I threw on some boxers and a bathrobe before joining Marlene in the kitchen. She took one look at me and grinned that Cheshire cat grin. “Holy cow, you look beat. Somebody must have kept you up half the night.” She was clearly enjoying herself.

I told myself to force a smile, but it was actually pretty easy. In fact, the more I moved around the better I felt. Marlene opened the doughnut box and slid it toward me, then removed three lidded coffee cups from a cardboard holder inside the bag. “Black for you,” she said, “and cream only for Linda. From the looks of you, I should have made it a double.”

We munched in companionable silence for a few minutes before Linda joined us, having dressed quickly in green running shorts and a light gray polo shirt. Her hair, still damp from the shower, was tied back under a green bandana. Still a bit flustered, she ate a plain donut, drank her coffee and pronounced herself ready to go.

I walked with her as far as Marlene’s car. She turned and planted a warm goodbye kiss on me which promised much more to come. Marlene grinned at me and promised, “I’ll have her home before bedtime, loverboy. Enjoy yourself.”

And enjoy myself I did. I spent most of the day at the computer, sifting through the Web for information on hypnosis. I found lots of hypnotists with home pages hawking their tapes and books, also lots of stage hypnotists for hire. Finally, and most interestingly, I ran into a series of sites devoted to the erotic side of hypnosis. Things were making more sense after that than they had in a while. The more I thought about the power Linda (and Marlene) had over me, the more at ease I became with it.

Well after sunset, I heard Marlene’s car pull up into the driveway. I’d already had a simple dinner, but I offered to fix them a meal.

“That’s sweet of you,” Marlene said, “but we’ve already eaten. Sorry we’re so late.”

“It’s my fault,” Linda chimed in. “We actually got done hours ago. We went back to Marlene’s and talked for a while, then the next thing I knew it was dark outside.”

“It happens,” I shrugged. Hell, it had happened to me just recently.

Linda hefted a large shopping bag at me. “Come on inside, I’ve got a new dress that I’m just dying to model for you.” She scurried into the house as I turned to Marlene.

She anticipated the question. “No thanks, Michael, I don’t want to cramp you guys’ style. Get in there and enjoy the fashion show.”

As I turned to go, she stopped me. “Oh – one more thing.” She whispered in my ear for a minute, then stepped back to watch the wicked grin spread over my face.

“Really?” I asked, incredulous.

She winked at me as she climbed into her car. “Really. Go get ‘er, slugger.”

I settled myself on the living room couch, pulled the curtains and waited for Linda. She came down in just a few minutes wearing a stylish gold slip dress. It was very smooth, like satin, with lace trim around the bust and spaghetti straps that crossed in the back. Very chic, very Linda.

“What do you think?” she asked, a little apprehensively.

“I love it.”

She let out a little sigh of relief. “I was hoping you would. I want to wear it to the Johnston’s party next month.”

“It looks great, honey.” She made a move toward the stairs. Here we go, I thought.

“Linda,” I said firmly. “Simon says stop.”

And she did, right in her tracks. I felt the blood rushing to my groin as I considered the possibilities.

“Simon says face me.” Her face was a picture of confusion. I knew exactly what she was thinking, because it had happened to me too. Which reminded me...

“Simon says you can’t speak until I allow it.” Her mouth, which had begun to form a word, went slack and her eyes widened as she realized what must have happened at Marlene’s that afternoon. “Now, Linda, Simon says strip for me.”

As I said earlier, Linda is very modest. I don’t think I’ve ever seen her naked outside of the bedroom. Even if she needed to fetch underwear from the dryer, she’d put on a robe to go get it and put the clothing on back in the bedroom. And now there she was in the middle of our living room, slipping the gold straps down off her shoulders and letting the dress fall to the floor. I double-checked that the blinds were all drawn so that Linda could feel a little more secure knowing that no random passers-by would see us. She hadn’t had 2 weeks of conditioning like I had, so I assumed she would be able to resist if I made her too uncomfortable.

“You enjoyed controlling me last night, didn’t you?” Linda nodded, her arms working autonomously to remove her bra. “Did it excite you?” Another nod, and a perhaps a glint of fear in her blue eyes, as she slipped off her panties to complete her assignment. She started toward me with arms outstretched.

“Simon says stop right there. I like to look at your body. Simon says act like a model on a runway, showing off your beautiful body just for me.” She placed one hand on her hip

and took several steps forward, adding some extra sway to her hips. She stopped and turned, then with the same walk went back to her starting point. God, she looked good.

“This is scaring you a little, isn’t it?” Another nod and I saw her eyes tearing a little. “Simon says don’t be scared. Simon says you know that I love you and will never hurt you. Simon says trust me.” That seemed to calm her down measurably. Her deer-in-the-headlights look faded and she fixed her gaze on me, waiting quietly for her next command.

“Simon says you are becoming very aroused by all of this. Simon says your level of sexual desire will increase with every command you obey.” I heard a hitch in her breath as the first command took affect. Her hands absent-mindedly cupped her breasts for a moment as she savored the feeling. I started giving her a series of simple, oddball commands just to watch the signs of arousal increasing as she obeyed.

“Linda, Simon says pick up your new dress. Now Simon says fold it neatly and drape it over the banister. Simon says pick up your underwear. Simon says take it to the laundry room and return. Simon says bring me a glass of brandy. Good. Simon says get one for yourself as well.” When Linda returned with her own brandy snifter in hand, her nipples were standing full at attention and she was breathing heavily. I could see and smell the moisture between her thighs. When I continued with “Simon says drink the brandy,” I could see her thighs pressing together and heard a lusty grunt from her throat. Maybe the brandy was overkill, but I wanted her inhibitions totally lost for the next hour or so. I had a thought. “Simon says that is not ordinary brandy, Linda. Simon says it is three times as powerful as normal brandy. Do you understand?” She nodded again, already starting to look dazed as her mind amplified the anticipated affects of her drink. I decided it was time to turn up the heat. “Simon says come over and kiss me.”

My naked wife practically leaped at me, throwing her arms around my neck and locking her mouth onto mine. Still she strained to press closer against my body, lifting her legs up and wrapping them around my waist. Our tongues danced and teased each other. I slid my hands down her back and cradled her butt cheeks, partly to support her weight and partly because I wanted to. I felt her crotch grinding hard against the bulge in my pants. We kept it up for several minutes, then I put her down. “Simon says stand still now.” Another wincing grunt as another wave of desire flowed through her. She was just standing there, eyes closed, breathing heavily. I sensed that she was very close to orgasm.

“Would you like to come now, Linda?” She nodded so hard I had a sudden fear she would injure her neck. “Very well, darling. Simon says when I count to five you will have a thundering orgasm. One ... two ... three ... four ... FIVE.” With each count her lungs convulsed, sucking in a huge breath and blowing it out while her hand reached down to press on her mound. At five, she squealed and moaned as her muscles jerked. Her knees started to buckle and I steadied her, holding her tightly in my arms and kissing her face while she writhed with pleasure. After a few minutes her breathing returned to normal. Her face was blank, her eyes staring emptily at the ceiling, but she was smiling

too. I let go and let her stand on her own feet. She shifted unsteadily, as if her balance was off. Of course, I remembered, she thinks she's had the equivalent of 3 glasses of brandy.

I held her chin in my hand gently. "Did you enjoy that?" Her head nodded again slowly but deliberately, as drunk people tend to do. "I did too. Would you like to make me come now?" Again she wrapped her arms around my neck, and I could feel her nodding as she pulled me close. "Simon says pleasure me."

Her left arm reached down and opened my zipper, then went searching for the slit in my boxers. At the same time our mouths met and her tongue started working in and out again. I felt her hand find the opening and her fingers slip through it and around my aroused dick. Things were getting pretty crowded in there, so I undid the clasp on my pants and let them drop. Linda used the extra room to improve her grip on me, pulling the shaft out of my boxers and rubbing my engorged head against her mound. Let's go for broke, I thought. "Simon says take my dick into your mouth."

There was a very slight hesitation, then I felt my boxers being pulled down followed by the warm wetness of Linda's mouth closing down on my shaft. She was doing it, albeit a little tentatively. "Simon says in and out, Linda, work it in and out." She got a good in and out motion going, moving her tongue just right. It was starting to feel very, very good, but I wondered how she was taking this. "Simon says you enjoy doing this because you know how much it arouses me. Simon says having my dick in your mouth is as arousing for you as it is for me." She started making moaning noises as she worked harder, sucking and licking. My barometer was about to burst, and I decided not to press my luck. "Simon says you can stop now, I'm about to come." And stop she did, for about 2 seconds. Looking up at me with those dazed, sleepy eyes, she grinned and plunged her mouth back over my dick, sucking harder than ever. I tried to hold off, but it was way too late – I came hard, right into her mouth. As I felt the first shot letting loose, I shouted "Linda, Simon says COME NOW!" I felt her body convulsing against mine, her mouth hungrily sucking every spurt of semen from my dick. She sucked, licked, and swallowed as we both savored our joint climax.

Then my conscience kicked in. I knew Linda didn't like giving head very much and never even dreamed of asking her to swallow my semen. I had let things get too far out of hand. I pulled her close to me and started to apologize. To my surprise, she shook her head vehemently and pointed a finger toward her chest, her mouth forming the words "I wanted to, my idea." Such selflessness deserved a reward, I decided. But I chose my words carefully just the same.

"Linda, Simon says when I snap my fingers you will be able to speak again. Simon says, however, that you will not be able to say the word 'Simon' until I give you permission. Do you understand?" She nodded, fully understanding the implications. I snapped my fingers, mentally preparing for what I was sure her first words would be.

I was wrong. She swallowed a couple of times, worked her jaw a little, and said, "I love you Michael. Please hold me some more."

I slipped my shirt off first, then held her close for a while without speaking. After a very long time, I broke the embrace. "Ready for another round?"

She looked surprised. "I don't think I can come like that again this soon. It was out of this world what you did – what we did."

"I think you can. Simon says you can come again and again, as often as you wish. Simon says that even now you are becoming highly aroused again and want to make love." Her eyes narrowed as she drew in a sharp breath and let it out slowly.

"You drive a hard bargain," she commented, as her hand reached down and started working my dick again. I was erect again in no time from her expert touch. "What's your pleasure this time, oh Master?" She was grinning, mocking me in her loving way.

"Quid pro quo," I answered. "Simon says lie down on the floor, face up, and don't move." I'd been admiring Linda's naked body for over an hour, but I still enjoyed watching her stretch out on the floor in full frontal glory. My dick was telling me to plunge in hot and fast, but first things first – I owed Linda a big one and now was the perfect chance to pay up.

"I hope you're not waiting for me to make the next move," Linda said. "I feel like my strings have been cut."

"Sorry, hon. I was just thinking about how lucky I am to have such a beautiful woman to love. And now, to show my appreciation." I dropped to my knees. Parting her legs gently, I crawled up into position, my face hovering over her damp mound.

"You don't have to do this, Michael," she said. There was an extra note of tension in her voice.

"But I want to, darling. Relax. Simon says it will bring you the deepest, most arousing pleasure you have ever experienced. Simon says you will feel more and more pleasure the longer I keep doing it. Simon says relax and enjoy." I heard her sigh deeply, saw her head relax against the thick carpet and a smile form on her lips.

"Mmmm," she sighed. "Ready when you are."

I started by teasing her outer lips with my tongue. Each long stroke of my tongue resulted in an "Ooooh" from Linda. I worked her inner lips, hearing her moan more urgently as I continued, and worked my way gently teased her clitoris. She was about to come, I could tell. "Simon says you can't come until I tell you to."

Linda raised her head and let out a half-groan, half-cry. "That is SO cruel," she pouted.

“Paybacks are hell, hon.”

“If this is hell, screw heaven. I’m staying.”

I went back to work on her dripping genitalia. Soon she was writhing and gasping with every breath, begging me to let her come. I just kept going, sending her further and further over the edge until she could no longer speak coherently. Finally I stopped, put my face near hers, and gave her the next command. “Simon says climb on top of me and ride me until we come.”

I don’t know if her conscious mind understood a word, but her body certainly did. She jumped me like a predator, pinning my shoulders to the floor and impaling herself on my rigid dick. I felt my boiler pressure rising faster and faster as she pumped up and down, her eyes staring blankly ahead and her jaw taking on a determined set. I reached up and squeezed her breasts in my hands and felt her tighten her pelvic muscles in response. The sensation was delicious, and I could tell we were both teetering on the brink of another explosion. As soon as that any-second-now feeling hit me, I released Linda. “Linda, Simon says come now.”

Linda shrieked again and again as another total body orgasm rocked her. My own release came even as I was speaking, and we both went far over the edge. We lay there for ages, staring into each other’s loving eyes, too exhausted to move. Finally we worked up the strength to climb the stairs, flopped onto the bed and passed out together.

Epilogue

I awoke Monday morning to the sound of the telephone ringing. Straining a little, I forced my eyes to focus on the alarm clock: 6:15am, time to get up. Moving slowly, I lifted the phone from its cradle and managed a sleepy “Hello?”

It was Marlene, of course. “Good morning, sleepyheads. Rise and shine. I thought you guys might need a wakeup call after last night’s fireworks.”

“Marlene!” I just couldn’t get mad at her, so I tried another tack. “Why don’t you get a sex life of your own, eh?”

“Because, darling, I’m having all kinds of fun living vicariously through you. Kiss Linda for me, and I’ll see you at work.”

Linda was still asleep, her naked body huddled against mine. I could get used to waking up like this, I thought wistfully. Then I gave my sleeping beauty a kiss.

She stirred, opened her eyes, and with some effort looked around. “A girl could get used to waking up like this,” she said. “What a night.”

“What a weekend.”

My first stop when I reached work was Marlene’s office. When I strolled in she grabbed a pair of dark glasses and quickly put them on. “You are absolutely glowing, do you know that?”

“I feel like I’ve been on a 3-week Caribbean cruise,” I responded. “Most of that is thanks to you. Before we close the book on this, though, I need to ask you something. How do we get de-programmed?”

“Are you sure you want to be?” she challenged, that famous devilish look stealing over her face again. “It’s up to you and Linda. If you don’t use the trigger, it will get weaker over time until it wears off completely. Otherwise it will last for as long as you continue to exercise it. Once practice session a week should be enough to keep you both sharp.”

I imagined some of the possibilities briefly, then got back to business. “Okay, last question. This is the only time I’m going to ask and I want the truth. Did you use hypnosis to seduce me Friday and then convince me it was a fantasy?”

Marlene pulled off the glasses. “I thought I explained that. What makes you ask?”

“The skin around my neck and under my chin gets irritated very easily. Every day I apply a medicated after-shave lotion to keep from getting all red and itchy. It has a distinctive scent. When I got home Friday, Linda didn’t smell any after-shave. Also, when I used your bathroom that night I noticed that the shower stall was wet inside, but the towels were all fresh and dry. So what was it, fantasy or reality?”

She considered for a minute, then locked her eyes on mine. “Simon says it was all in your mind.”

-wg
3/25/99