

Family Therapy

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

NOTE: This is a work of fiction. Real people don't act like this.

Tom

Sometimes I wonder how I deal with it, and how they find me. But I really enjoy helping people, and there's never a dull moment.

As usual, my initial contact with him had been through email. We'd had some electronic discussions and set up an appointment.

What a surprise it was when he knocked on the door; not a bad surprise mind you, and I'm not going to change the way I screen people, but it was a bit of a surprise.

Most of my clients are in their mid twenties, mid thirties at the oldest; it's a college town, and since my contacts come from the internet and email, that's the age group that's pretty much self-selected.

So imagine my surprise when I open my door to see a man in his late forties, about six foot, slender but well built, graying hair pulled back in a ponytail, smiling and standing on my doorstep. Did I mention beautiful blue gray eyes?

"Hi, Janet, I'm Tom," he said, extending a hand.

I shook his hand and invited him in. We went through my small place back to my "office," a couple of chairs, a small table, and a futon. I had him sit in the victim chair; I sat in the other. I watched as he sat down, still smiling, putting his hands in his lap. We sat there for a couple minutes in silence; I started pacing his breathing, mirroring him.

"You seemed surprised," he finally said, breaking the silence.

I wasn't quite sure how to handle this, especially now; I had been surprised. I decided to take the offensive.

"A little, yes. I could be your daughter."

He laughed, gently, easily. "No, my daughter is six and I love her dearly."

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His breathing stayed relaxed. Let's switch subjects quickly.

"How did you find out about me, Tom? Why are you here?"

He paused for a moment, taking in a slow breath and looking at me before he spoke. "You did such an incredible job with Jim, I've seen such tremendous change in him."

Jim... Didn't ring any bells yet. "Such as?" Good open ended question.

He smiled again. "Well, he bathes and brushes his teeth regularly, that's pretty amazing."

I smiled; I remembered. Francis James -- a math grad student at the university. The first time I saw him, he probably hadn't taken a bath in weeks, and I shudder to think when he had brushed his teeth last. I'd spent four sessions with him; the first two were rough. I was glad the results were still there.

"And how do you know him?" I asked.

"I'm one of his advisors. You don't know what a relief it is to me, and many others, to have him bathing regularly."

I laughed. "I can imagine. But what brings you here?"

"Simple problems; if you can work such miracles with Jim, I should pose no difficulty."

"But surely there are more senior and qualified people at the university..." Let's see how he handles that.

He sighed; I'd struck a nerve, but he wasn't really flustered.

"Yes, but frankly, they are such pompous assholes. I see myself as far more safe in your hands."

I smiled -- a good answer; he's also a visualizer. Let's try a low, fast one.

"Does your wife know you're here?"

All that got me was a little lift in his eyebrows. "We've talked about me seeking help and looking for a therapist. She doesn't know who, but your name and phone number are there in my appointment book."

"How long have you been married?"

"Eighteen wonderful years. My wife is eight years younger than I."

He was still very cool; a little more intense, but not rattled. I was impressed.

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“So what can I do for you? What problems can I help with?”

He moved his hands together, steepling his fingers; a contemplative gesture.

“Some simple things, really. I see myself being able to go to sleep on my back, and in general get to sleep easier. I think I’m a procrastinator some times; I should have made this appointment months ago. I need help dealing better with stress.”

“Any medical problems? Medications?”

He shook his head side to side. “No, my wife takes good care of me.”

“So, why hypnosis?”

That elicited a breath shift; finally some reaction. “After the changes I saw in Jim... And after doing some reading, and I have to admit the idea intrigues me.”

“What have you read?”

He smiled and half laughed. “Well, you can imagine what I’ve got access to. I’ve read quite a bit, but most of it, especially the older material, is pompous, elitist, and egotistical. The material I did find interesting and useful is Erickson, and then Grinder and Bandler. They make no bones about not understanding the “why,” focusing instead on results.”

I nodded. “Self-hypnosis?”

That brought a look of disappointment; he slumped forward visibly. “I would like to be able to use self-hypnosis. I’ve ...”

He started to say a word, then stopped. I said it for him “Tried?”

He smiled again. “Yes, I don’t say that anymore. It has been extremely frustrating, all the time I’ve spent listening to tapes, without results.”

I leaned forward a bit, matching and mirroring him, slowing my breathing a little; this area was difficult for him.

“What kind of results have you gotten? You seem very calm and relaxed.”

He smiled, those blue gray eyes twinkling. “Thank you. I listen to the tapes, I have a couple of favorites; some times I’ll ‘fade out’ during parts, not remember it going by. I think part of the problem is I don’t know what ‘being there’ is; that’s where I look to you for help.”

“So you want me to hypnotize you?”

He nodded his head, slowly. “Yes, deep hypnosis; show me an anchor that I can use to return to that state for self-hypnosis. Show me I’ve been deeply, profoundly, hypnotized; and work with me so I can easily return to that state again.”

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I reached over and grasped one of his hands gently. “We can do that.”

He looked at me and smiled. “Thank you; I know we can.”

I sat up slowly and rolled my shoulders, leading him. He did the same.

“Tom, when you use hypnosis in the future will you be sitting or lying down?”

“Lying down” was his immediate response. Good; take success as a conclusion.

I indicated the futon with a wave of my hand. “Why don’t you take off your shoes and lie down on the futon for me. Would you like to use the bathroom first? We may be an hour or more.”

He stood up. “That would be a good idea.”

“First door on your right.”

He walked to the bathroom. This broke our rapport, but I felt certain I’d be able to regain it quickly. I could tell self-hypnosis had been frustrating for him, but saw the success he couldn’t.

He returned after a moment, standing in the doorway, rolling his shoulders and then loosening his neck a bit, moving his head side to side. He slid off his shoes and moved to the futon easily.

“You move very well.”

He smiled up at me as I sat on the floor next to the futon. “Thank you; Yoga twice a week for the last few years. It helps, mentally as well as physically.”

I was sitting facing him, about even with his navel.

“Tom, you are one of the most relaxed, calm people I’ve met.”

“Thank you Janet. I can do better. With your help, I will do better.”

I nodded. “Tom, do you mind if I touch you?”

He actually blushed a bit. “No, I don’t. I should warn you though that you are a very attractive young woman, and I may react accordingly.”

I laughed. “That’s fine, Tom. I understand. I’ll just think of you like my father.”

He frowned a bit. “That’s what I was afraid of.” Then he smiled.

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I really laughed at that. I looked back down at him and paced his breathing for a bit, my hand on his arm. After a while his face started to soften so I slowed my breathing and he followed.

“Are you ready to be hypnotized?” I asked him. He nodded slightly, relaxing a bit more when I said, “hypnotized.”

“All hypnosis is self-hypnosis. If you follow my simple instructions, no power on earth can keep you from being hypnotized. You can resist if you want to, but that is not why you are here. Just follow my simple instructions, and you are about to enjoy a very pleasant, relaxing experience.” His eyes were wavering; he was practically there already.

“Good, Tom. Would you like to close your eyes for me and allow yourself to relax further?”

He smiled and closed his eyes. Then he took a deep breath, held it momentarily, and let it out, relaxing visibly. This should be easy.

“That was wonderful, Tom. Now feel yourself on the futon; feel the soft cushion holding you up, and feel the relaxation spreading up into your body.”

He moved slightly. “As you move, the relaxation spreads.” He started another long deep breath. “And every breath you take fills you with relaxation, and as you exhale, the tension flows out of you, allowing you to relax even more. As you feel your feet and legs on the futon, you’re surprised by how relaxed they are becoming; so relaxed and heavy. You feel your hips and back and are pleased at how relaxed they are getting with each breath. You feel your shoulders, arms, and hands, and let the relaxation flow into them. Yes, so relaxed. And your head and neck, relaxing more and more with each breath, with every word. It’s so easy with my help. Every word and every breath relaxes you more and more. If you want now, you can go deeper and deeper with every breath.”

I was a little surprised to see him take a slow, deep breath, and then let it out, relaxing even more. He was already pretty deep. I talked him down a flight of stairs into a relaxing room, surrounded by peace and tranquility. I watched his jaw sag, then his shoulders and legs. He was a natural.

I moved my hand on his out to his fingers. “Now Tom, still relaxed, let your subconscious move a finger on this hand for me to show me ‘yes.’ Just move a finger a little.”

I waited a bit until his index finger raised slightly, then a little more.

“Good. Let that finger relax. Now show me ‘no’ please.”

Sooner this time, his thumb moved.

“Good. You are doing very well, so relaxed and so deep in hypnosis. That’s where you want to be, isn’t it, deep in hypnosis?”

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The “yes” finger came up.

“Would you like to go deeper?”

I knew he would; the “yes” finger came up strongly. I smiled.

“In a moment you will start to drift deeper, going deeper and deeper with every breath you take. You can go as deep as you want, take all the time you need, I’ll help you go deeper and deeper, Raise your ‘yes’ finger for me when you are deep enough.”

I watched him inhale, and as he started to exhale, I pressed gently on both his shoulders, saying, “Deeper.” His exhalation was ragged, as if filled with relief from all the frustration. He took a long, deep breath, and as he started to exhale again, I pressed his shoulders again, harder, saying, “Deeper,” a little more authoritative this time. He moaned as he exhaled.

I kept it up for many minutes, pressing heavy for a while, then easing up the pressure until I was barely touching his shoulders when he exhaled, watching for his fingers to sign he was deep enough. His breathing slowed and got shallower. Finally he signaled me he was there.

“Good, Tom. Remember this. This is peaceful, deep hypnosis. You are deeply hypnotized, and it feels so good. It is so easy for you to return to deep hypnosis now. All I have to do is say, ‘dream world,’ and your eyes close, and you go back to this wonderful, restful place. I say, ‘dream world,’ and you will let your eyes close and be back in deep, deep hypnosis, deeper than you are now. And whenever you hear someone say, ‘Wake up,’ you will wake up feeling refreshed, relaxed, and totally alert. Will you do this for me?”

He signaled yes. “Would you like your voice to take you here, Tom?”

He signaled yes again. “Good; when you are in a safe place, and you want to go into hypnosis, all you have to do is hear yourself say those magic words, ‘dream world,’ either in your mind, or from a recording of your voice, and you will let your eyes close and be back in deep, deep hypnosis, deeper and easier every time. Will you do this for me?”

He signaled yes again.

“Would you like your wife to be able to take you here, Tom?”

He signaled “yes,” strongly.

“Do you have a favorite way for your wife to hold you, some way you find very safe and comforting?”

“Yes,” strongly and quickly.

“Please tell me, Tom. Tell me how she holds you.”

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He spoke quietly, but wonderfully; you could hear the love in his voice. “When we are in bed at night, she rolls on her side and pulls me to her. I rest my head between her breasts, and she holds my head. I can feel and hear her heart beat.”

“Turn on your side for her to hold you, Tom,” I told him, as I quickly took off my top and bra. He slowly rolled onto his left side. I moved around him, and lay down on the futon on my right side. I lay down on his left arm, and pulled him to my breasts. I felt a shiver go through him as his face touched my skin. He wrapped his arms around me and held me gently. I cradled his head in my arms; it felt so natural, so peaceful, so comforting.

“Like this?” I asked him.

He moaned; I think I felt him signaling “yes” with his hand on my back.

“Whenever we hold you and say, ‘dream world, darling,’ you will go into deep, deep hypnosis. And whenever we hold you and say, ‘sleep now, darling,’ you will find yourself so relaxed and sleepy, you will immediately drift off to sleep. It’s so easy for you to fall asleep, in any position you want, especially on your back. Your subconscious will always be there to remind you to roll over on to your back before you go to sleep, if that is what’s most comfortable for you. And if you have trouble falling asleep, you know all you have to do is ask your wife to hold you, and have her tell you, ‘sleep now darling,’ so you can get to sleep. Now relax and go deeper, and feel her holding you.”

I held him and rocked him gently, silently for a few minutes. Then I spoke to him and dealt with the procrastination issues, and gave him the ability to relax, and have his wife help him relax. As I held him he moved his lips, as if searching. When I stopped talking for a moment and listened to my body, I knew what he was searching for. I moved his head slightly giving him a nipple. He took it and sucked slowly, gently. “Doing this always relaxes you deeply, and gives you great peace and tranquillity. You feel so safe, so peaceful.” I knew I certainly felt that way with him sucking at my breast.

I held him for a few minutes; I made my own anchor for that state; it was wonderful. But now, it was time to test my work.

I held him, and said, “Wake up, Tom.”

He moved a bit, and took a deep breath. As I looked down watching him, I could see the surprise in his face as he realized where he was. I squeezed him to me, a hand on the back of his head, and said, “Dream world, darling.” He moaned and his eyes fluttered closed. “Dream world, darling, You are back in your dream world, so relaxed, so deep in hypnosis again.” His arms were limp around me, his lips moving slightly on my nipple. “Sleep now, darling,” I said, and watched as he took another breath. I held him for a moment then rolled him onto his back. I leaned over him and kissed his forehead. “Sleep now, darling.” He had the most wonderful smile on his face.

I sat up slowly, looking at him. I moved over him, and put my bra and top back on. I sat on the floor next to him, letting him rest for a bit.

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After about five minutes, I started speaking softly again. “Can you hear me, Tom?” I had to ask a few times before I saw his finger rise.

“Dream world, darling, go back to your dream world. I want you to go to your dream world, back into deep, wonderful hypnosis. Go as deep as you want, and let me know when you are there.”

After a minute or so I saw him signal. “Tom, you are in deep hypnosis. You have done very well, and should feel very good about yourself. The time you spent with the tapes was worthwhile, and now you know how to go into hypnosis, by yourself, or with your wife’s help, or with my help, or even using the tapes again. You’ve just had some wonderful dreams about being with your wife, and how wonderful she is. When I wake you, you will remember these as dreams. When you wake up, you will feel relaxed, refreshed, and totally alert. Wake up, darling.”

He took a deep breath, then stretched, and opened his eyes. He looked over to me, somewhat of a puzzled look on his face. “Do you smell something funny?” I asked.

His face wrinkled in puzzlement a bit more, then relaxed. “No, I’ve just had the most wonderful dreams. And I know I’ve been hypnotized, and it was wonderful.” He put a hand on my arm. “Thank you so much.”

I smiled. Switching his attention to another sense, especially one that’s non-dominant, is a good way to produce amnesia of recent events.

“You have been a wonderful client. We should get together again though, possibly another couple of sessions.”

“I’d like that very much.”

I helped him sit up, slowly. He got up, and as he got his shoes on we scheduled appointments for the same time for the next two weeks.

I walked him to the door. As we stepped outside into the bright afternoon sun, he turned to me again. He was smiling, as he had been when he came in, but his smile was softer, he now had an inner glow. “I don’t know how to thank you enough,” He told me. I could tell what he wanted to do, but he was holding back. I gave him a hug, and his arms flew around me, hugging me tight. “Thank you,” he sighed. I broke away gently and told him “Thank you. You did all the hard work. Now go thank your wife.”

He looked at me and laughed a bit. “I’m going to do that. See you next week.”

Well, I thought, his wife is in for a surprise, the way he’s walking. I remembered holding him, how wonderful a feeling that was. I needed a regular boyfriend.

Lydia

Two days later I got a phone call in the morning. I answered, and a woman’s voice said, “Janet, this is Lydia, Tom’s wife; you saw him a few days ago.”

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I put on my most pleasant voice. "Thank you for calling. What can I do for you?"

"First, I want to thank you so much for what you've done. It's wonderful."

Whew, that's a relief!

"I'd like to get together with you. I have some questions, and a couple of areas to discuss before his next session with you, and I could use your help as well."

Aha... It would be good to get her perspective. I told her that afternoon was free, from one to four. She told me that sounded fine, but she'd need to call me right back, as the kids got out of school at three; she needed to be sure they were taken care of.

She called me a few minutes later; we were set at one. I told her to eat a good lunch before coming over. I didn't tell her that a full stomach dulls the mind a bit; my instincts told me things were okay, but I wanted the edge anyway.

The doorbell rang just before one. I answered it. Tom said his wife was eight years younger; he didn't say she was a bombshell. She was an inch or so taller than me, putting her just about Tom's height. She had a beautiful clear complexion, sparkling green eyes, and a voluptuous figure; full, but not fat, not even plump. Even in the comfortable, casual clothing she was wearing you could see her waist, hips, and beautiful bust line. Now I'm pretty well stacked myself -- a 34C. Lydia had to be a 36D or better.

I smiled and extended my hand. "Hi, Lydia. I'm Janet. Please come in."

She shook my hand and followed me in, right back to the office. I sat her in the victim seat.

"I really must thank you again for what you've done. It's so wonderful."

I sat back and she mirrored me. "So tell me what's happened?"

Her eyes sparkled as she smiled. "Tom came home two days ago a new man. He came in, saying, 'Daddy's home!' and picked up both kids, hugging them, kissing them, and telling them how much he loved them. He gave each a little bag from the toy store and told them to go play outside. Then he walked over to me. I don't know how to describe the look on his face. He said, 'I love you,' but the way he said it was something I haven't heard in him for a while. Then he hugged me, holding me close, and we kissed. From the way he was kissing, and the way I was kissing back, I was hoping the kids were going to be outside for a while."

"That's wonderful," I told her. "Then what?"

"Well, the phone rang and Tom answered it. Unfortunately it was a call he'd been expecting but not wanting. He took it in our office. It was a school thing, politics and funding, not fun, but his problem to deal with. We'd talked about it, and I'd worked up an outline for him. I made sure he had it, and went back to the kitchen to work on dinner."

“Do you work at the University?” I asked, innocently.

She smiled, sitting up a little straighter. “Yes, dear, I teach as well.”

“Oh, what?” I asked, skipping gleefully down the garden path.

“Law,” she said, and watched me carefully.

I tried not to pee my pants and keep tight control over my breathing. It didn’t work; well the breath part anyway. I did stay dry.

Lydia laughed, and then reached over and took my hands. “I’m sorry, dear. I couldn’t help that. I approve of what you’ve done. I love what you’ve done. For what you did with Francis James you deserve sainthood! I couldn’t imagine spending more than ten seconds in a room this size with him as he was before! And I’ve had him in my house!”

I agreed with that as an involuntary shudder ran through me. Boy did he stink when we first met. Well, it looked like I was going to live.

“But again, for what you’ve done with Tom, I approve. You have my blessing, my approval, and my sincere request to use whatever methods you feel appropriate in working with him. Whatever methods. You do what you think best. I will not be satisfied with anything less. Understood?”

I smiled and squeezed her hands. “Thank you, Lydia, I understand. I knew how much Tom loves you, and now I know a little more why. What happened after the phone call?”

“I overheard parts from the kitchen; not the words, but Tom’s tone of voice. I thought he was handling things very well, not going off. The call lasted about forty minutes. I waited a few minutes before I went in to see how he was doing.”

“And?”

“He was sitting on the edge of his chair, looking at his hands; they were shaking. He looked up to me and said, ‘Darling, I need you to hold me. Please hold me tight, and when you do, tell me to relax, over and over. I’ll explain later. Right now I need you to hold me.’ I could see it in his eyes, how much he needed me. So, I...”

Something inside me jumped up. I’d learned to recognize and respond to those signals. “Wait,” I interrupted. I moved to the edge of my chair. “I want you to imagine I’m Tom, and I want you to do and say exactly what you did with him. This is very important.”

She tilted her head a bit and with raised eyebrows asked, “Exactly?” with a smile.

“Yes, exactly, please,” I answered authoritatively. Something inside was telling me this was important.

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I watched in surprise as she stood up and took off her blouse and bra; she was a 36DD at least, and in beautiful condition. She walked over to me, extending her hands around my head and pulling me to her.

“I took off my top and walked over to him. He put his arms around my waist.”

She stopped and put my arms around her, then pulled my head to her breasts again, cradling my head with her hands. I closed my eyes. I couldn’t believe the sensation.

“I held him to me; he gripped me tight at first, then I started repeating, ‘Relax darling, Relax darling,’ as I held him and rocked back and forth.”

The first time she said, “Relax,” while holding me, I melted into her. She was so soft, so warm. I could feel and hear her heart beating. As she rocked me back and forth gently, I held on as best I could. I didn’t even try not to go into a trance; I let myself go deeper, her voice quickly getting farther and farther away, giving in to the bliss.

“When he settled down after a few minutes, I kissed him on the head...”

When she kissed me on the head, I forced myself to wake up. I opened my eyes as she let go of me and took a step back. I thought I had my composure back.

She looked at me and smiled, laughing softly. “When I looked at him, he had that same soft wonderful look on his face. He usually relaxes when I hold him, but this was something more. Then he started telling me how much he loved me, and how much he needed me, and how he’d work to be a better husband and a better father. The poor dear started crying and carrying on, so...”

She stepped up to me again and held me close. I put my arms around her and let go again.

“I let him babble on for a while, letting it all come out, then...”:

She squeezed my head to her; I thought I had been deep before; the world dropped away as she rocked me back and forth again.

“I held him and told him to relax. I just held him for a few minutes, telling him to relax, telling him I loved him, that he was my dream come true, a wonderful father and husband, and that he was stuck with me for a very long, long time.”

The professional part of me followed her with interest; the rest of me blissed out. The analytical/professional part was amused with the other part; that part was telling the professional/analytical part to let go and join the rest, enveloped in bliss.

“When I heard the screen door slam, I knew the kids were coming in, so I kissed him again.”

She kissed me on the forehead. I formed the best, strongest anchor I’d ever made in my life at that instant, then forced myself to wake up.

“And told him it was time to be Daddy again; we’d have time later to talk.”

With that she let me go and sat down. I looked at her and moved my head side to side slowly; I knew how I looked.

“Lydia, Tom is such a lucky man.”

She smiled at me. “Thank you, dear. I’m very lucky to have caught him.”

She gave me a while to regain my composure. I’d thought I knew how powerful touch could be; I had a lot to learn. “What were your thoughts at that moment?”

Lydia took a breath and let it out slowly. “Well, I knew something had happened. I’ve told him for a long time he needs to talk to me more, let his feelings out, but that was the first time in years it had happened.”

This was one of the areas I’d worked on with him; it was usually a problem with men.

“And the way he relaxed when I told him to... That was incredible. How broad is that? Who can have that effect on him?”

Thank you, Lydia; that question popped the professional side back on top.

“Your voice, his voice, and my voice; those are the only three; at the end of my work with him, it can be yours and his alone if you prefer. And, it will only affect him when he feels he is in a safe place.”

She nodded and smiled to me. “Thank you, dear. Three is fine.”

“Did he tell you the other suggestions I gave him?”

“Yes, he did. That was later, after we got the kids to bed. Luckily they were worn out, so we got them to bed early, and it was very easy to get Tom upstairs.”

“So what happened?”

“Janet, you’ve done wonders. You have an incredible gift. I started my usual getting ready for bed routine when he came over to me, put his arms around me, and asked if I’d like to hear about his day. I told him of course I would, actually I was stunned that he even offered! He took me by the hand and sat me down on the edge of the bed. He sat down beside me and started to talk. I could tell it was difficult for him, so I lay down on my back, and pulled him to me, his head on my chest.”

I smiled to her; she had good instincts as well. What had he said? Eighteen years of marriage?

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“He told me he had seen a therapist -- the same one that Francis James had seen. He told me you had helped him greatly. He told me you were young and very attractive; he was right. He told me you hypnotized him, and he enjoyed it tremendously. He told me he had wonderful dreams about being in my arms. He told me how I could get him to relax, how to get him to sleep, and how to put him into a trance. And he told me he loved me very, very much, and pleaded with me to keep him.”

Lydia was smiling; I could see the moisture in her eyes. I could feel it in mine as well, and it wasn't from my skill at mirroring and pacing.

“And what did you tell him?” I asked quietly, almost whispering.

She leaned forward, elbows on her knees. She whispered back, voice full of emotion, “I told him I was very happy he had gone to see you, and that he was wonderful, and that he was stuck with me, and we all loved him very, very much.”

“That is wonderful,” I told her.

“That isn't all!” she said as she sat up again. “After a bit I went back to the bathroom. He came in with a small package for me, a bottle of perfume. When I started thanking him, he stopped me and told me that he picked this out specially for me. He wanted me to wear it only for him, and only for going to bed.”

I laughed. “That's great! What did you do?”

“What could I do? I waited until he was in bed, put some on, and had my way with him!”

We laughed together; she was such an incredible woman. Then she got quiet again.

“Actually, I was very gentle. I put the perfume on my breasts as well as the usual spots. I got into bed and pulled him to me. I held him and told him how much I loved him. I reached a hand between us and stroked him as I held him to my breast; I know this drives him crazy. When we were both ready, I rolled him on his back and got on top of him. I took him inside me, and put a nipple in his mouth. I pulled a pillow under his head and rocked him gently until he came. Then I told him to go to sleep, over and over, as I held him to me.”

“What a lucky man!” I said.

She laughed again, easily. “Thank you again, dear. But that's one of the areas where we could use some help.”

“Oh? Can you be more specific?”

She smiled. “Yes. He loves it when I'm on top of him; I love it too. It's just that he doesn't last very long. I'd like him to be able to last longer. I could be more responsive as well. He also wants to go down on me, kissing my... I'm just not comfortable with that, and I don't know why. I could use some help.”

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“Good, we can address those easily. What other issues are there?”

“I’m very jealous. I want to be able to relax as easily as he can now, and go to sleep as easily.”

I laughed a bit. “I understand. It is a very useful skill.”

I thought for a moment. It was easy to give both of them more ability to control their orgasms -- him lasting longer, her getting off easier. There were more subtle issues involved, ones I’d learned the hard way.

“Better control for him is easy, but takes us into other important areas. How secure is he? Does he have the need to be in control during your lovemaking?”

Lydia nodded thoughtfully. “I understand. We haven’t discussed it in those terms. I believe he’s secure. There are times when he wants to be in control, and I enjoy letting go to him. Then there are times, like a couple of nights ago, when I can tell he’s letting go. He even says that some times, how much he enjoys letting go.”

“Good. Do you feel comfortable with me discussing this with him when he’s in a trance?”

“Yes. I thought I made myself clear earlier. Use whatever methods you think best. Should I discuss this with him as well, or wait to hear from you?”

I thought a bit. “You can certainly get him thinking about it, start the ball rolling. Some men react well to it; some enjoy it at one level, but rebel inwardly; that can lead to problems later.” As I had learned.

“Very well. I’ll broach the subject and wait to hear from you.”

“Okay. Remember, when you’re holding him, even if you haven’t used one of his key phrases, he’s practically in a trance. Whatever you tell him goes very, very deep. So if you tell him you want him, and he’s getting very, very hard for you, and you tell him he’ll last a long time, he will. Always state things in a positive form.”

I noticed her smiling and her beautiful nipples crinkling up. Oh how I’d love to be hanging on one of those nipples, lost in her arms again.

“You can control him. The easiest way is to tell him that his feelings will build and build and he will only come when you tell him to. The other thing you can do is relax the rest of his body while keeping him hard; he’ll be helpless in your arms.”

Her nipples reacted strongly to that. “I think he’ll love that. I think I’ll like it too. I can’t wait to hear from you.”

I laughed a bit. “You’ll hear him say, ‘Take me please, darling Lydia.’ How about that?”

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Lydia laughed. "That would be grand."

After a moment's pause she said, "What about the other areas?"

I looked at her. "Do you want me to hypnotize you?" I always ask my clients straight out.

She looked at me seriously. "Yes, please. I want you to. I want you to do whatever you think best in helping us achieve our goals. I also respect your honesty and want you to continue to be honest with both of us, especially telling us when we're being unrealistic in our expectations."

I took her hands. "Thank you, Lydia. I will do my best and be honest and forthright with you. Now, why don't you go to the bathroom first, and decide whether you want to do this lying or sitting."

She came back in the room and moved down to the futon with grace, still nude from the waist up.

"You practice yoga as well?" I asked.

She smiled as she arranged herself on her back. "Yes, I started just after our daughter was born and dragged Tom along. We both love it."

"Have you been hypnotized before, or had any experience with self-hypnosis?"

"Self hypnosis, no. I went to a comedy club many years ago and saw a stage hypnotist. I was sitting up close to the stage and heard him talking to the people he'd selected; I felt funny at the time, but that's all."

She'd probably been under, then. This should be easy. I sat down on the floor next to her. "Do you mind if I touch you?"

She looked at me. "Not at all, dear."

"Are you ready to be hypnotized?" Asking the magic question is important to both of us.

She smiled and said softly, "Yes, please."

"All hypnosis is self-hypnosis. If you follow my simple instructions, no power on earth can keep you from being hypnotized. You can resist if you want to, but that is not why you are here. Just follow my simple instructions, and you are about to enjoy a very pleasant, relaxing experience. Now take a deep breath for me, hold it a bit, and exhale..."

She went under easily, deeply. I questioned her gently, insuring she wasn't looking to dominate and smother her husband; she wasn't. I worked first at being able to put her back in a deep trance, then worked on stress and relaxation, and going to sleep easily. I gave her anchors that she, her husband, and I could use. Then I woke her.

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She opened her eyes, took a deep breath, and said, “That was wonderful!”

“Good. We’re not done yet. Is there anything special you’d like to do with Tom? Any special way you’d like to be able to hypnotize him or relax him deeply?”

She gave me a low laugh. My instinct had paid off again.

“Yes,” she said, “I have this emerald pendant. I’ve thought about how nice it would be to be able to wave that in front of his face and have him under my spell. I’d also like to be able to inflame his passions with a word, a touch.”

“But you do that already,” I told her.

She laughed and put a hand on my leg. “Yes dear, I do. But I’d like to be able to do more for him. Some times he thinks too much. I want to turn off that part of his mind.”

I held her hand. “Okay. Drop off the necklace and your perfume the morning of his next session. They’ll be in his pants pocket when he gets home, but he won’t know they are, and won’t be able to take them out if you ask him.”

“That sounds wonderful,” she said; her nipples were crinkling up again; just what I wanted.

“Dream time, darling.” I said to her. “Dream time, dream time.” I stroked her arm gently as her eyes dropped closed. I took her deeper and gave her the floating arm test. Then we talked for a bit about their sex life; they were active and equal participants. I eased her inhibitions about oral sex, and told her how she could guide and control Tom in bed.

When I asked her if she masturbated, she said yes. I asked her if Tom ever masturbated her to orgasm, and she said yes again. I talked her into a sexual frenzy and brought her to orgasm, without a touch. She did it again; this time it was Tom doing it, and it was easier and easier every time for her. She had a vivid imagination which helped. Finally it was Tom doing it with his tongue. I almost put my head between her legs, but settled for a pillow; she held it tight. Tom was in for a wonderful ride.

While letting her cool down from that experience, I told her subconscious that she could let Tom know when she was ready for oral sex by putting some of the special perfume on her mound. That would be her signal to him that she was ready.

I sat her up and had her practice swinging a crystal pendant, teaching her how to do it, and coaching what she would say. She came up with some wonderful phrases; I wrote them down. I was sure I’d remember them for my next session with Tom, but I didn’t want to take the chance.

After that I sent her back to the bathroom to clean up, then back to the futon. I took her deeper and deeper, anchoring her again and letting her rest, then I woke her.

She opened her eyes and smiled, tears forming.

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“Welcome back,” I told her in a soft voice. To her, it was all a dream.

“Thank you so much,” she whispered. “How can I ever thank you enough?”

Looking in her eyes something inside me clicked and I said softly, “Please hold me again.”

She smiled and scooted over on the futon, holding out her arms. I lay down beside her, putting my arm under her as Tom has done countless times. I closed my eyes and let go as she pulled me to her, pulling me to her wonderful breasts.

She held me quietly, rocking gently back and forth for a while.

“Relax, Janet. Relax in my arms. Relax and let go. I’ve got you, relax and let go.”

I was in heaven. She held me so wonderfully. Then when I thought it couldn’t get better, she moved a bit and I found a nipple in my mouth. It startled me at first.

“Relax and enjoy, Janet. Relax and enjoy. Let it happen.”

She spoke to me as I happily suckled at her breast. She thanked me for helping Tom and for helping her. She told me again to do whatever I thought best with Tom.

Then she said, “And I’m a mommy, and I know how wonderful it is to hold someone like this, and I know how you need it too. I want you to know that whenever you need to be held this way, all you have to do is ask. I understand.”

I’d never felt emotions that strong before; I was in indescribable bliss and on the verge of tears at the same time. She squeezed me gently to her again, and told me over and over to relax and let go, relax and let go. She held me and rocked me gently, and the last thing I remember was “Relax and go to sleep, darling. Go to sleep for me.”

I awoke on the futon alone, covered with a shawl. I looked at the clock; at least an hour had passed. I cried for a moment at the memories, then sat up. I looked on my little table and there was a note clipped to a check. The note said, “I hope you slept well. Thank you so much. I look forward to our next visit.”

The check was for twenty times what I usually charge. It took me a while to regain composure. Then I picked up the phone and called their home. Tom answered; I hung up. I wasn’t sure what to do; I called again. This time Lydia answered.

“Lydia? I can’t take this,” I said, surprised at how much emotion was in my voice.

“You can, and you will,” she said strongly. “You deserve it, both for what you’ve done, and what you’re going to do. Do I need to come over there and hold you and talk some sense into you?”

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“Yes,” I said, softly. “That was wonderful. I needed that.”

“I know,” she said in a much softer voice. “And my offer stands. Now, I expect you to put that to good use. At least part of it, anyway. I expect you to enjoy yourself as well. Now, are you going to be okay?”

I sniffled. “Yes, I’ll be okay. But I’m going to need to be held by you again; I can tell.”

“I understand, dear, I do. And I will, whenever you need it. I’m going to need you again as well. And so will Tom; he doesn’t know what he’s gotten himself into, does he, dear?”

I laughed a little, feeling better. “No, he doesn’t. But he’s going to enjoy it, and so are you.”

“And we both have you to thank for that. Now he’s getting too curious, so I have to go. I’ll see you Thursday morning. How about nine?”

“That will be fine. Thank you again.”

“You’re very welcome, dear. Thank you.”

With the click on the other end I hung up as well -- what an incredible world, what an incredible couple.

A Diversion

The week progressed with nothing as spectacular as Tom and Lydia. One client Wednesday afternoon did prove interesting; a first time visit from a female grad student in her early twenties. She had very long brown hair, brown eyes, fair skin. She was slight of build and wore an overly serious countenance along with her dark clothing. Her jewelry was modest, aside from a number of rings on her fingers.

We’d had the usual email contacts; she was interested in hypnosis, as she wanted to use self-hypnosis to get through some problems. She’d gotten my name from a friend. She didn’t elaborate much.

We sat down in my office. I sat observing for a couple minutes, matching her breathing. I asked her “What can I help you with?”

She said, “I’m not sure.” Not a big help, but not an uncommon response either.

“Now, you don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to; I can still help. Do you know, down inside, what you want help with?”

This got a reaction from her; slight, but there. She said again, “I’m not sure.”

I smiled, being reassuring. “The first thing we need to do is help you relax. Will you do this with me?”

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She smiled back. “Yes, that would be good.”

I got out my velvet cover and one of my crystals. Seeing her rings and long hair I had an idea, an approach I hadn’t tried, but I thought would fit her well.

“Have you used a Chevreul pendulum before?” I asked as I smoothed the dark velvet out on the table between us.

“No,” she replied, sounding interested. That was good.

“You can think of it as a way to communicate with your inner self, to find out how you are feeling when you’re not quite sure. Let me show you how we get started. It’s really easy.”

I took out one of my crystals on a “fast” thread.

“I’ve got a crystal on the end of a thread. I hold the thread between my thumb and finger, with my elbow on the table, so the crystal is just off the surface.” I held it up and the tension in the thread started spinning. “The first thing I need to do is stop it spinning. I do this by breathing deeply and slowly, just looking at the crystal, and thinking, ‘slow down, slow down, slow down,’ as I breathe in and out.” As I spoke, I slowed my speech and my breathing. I knew from experience this particular thread slowed down very fast. In no time at all the crystal was hanging still. I risked a quick look up at Jennifer; she was intent on the crystal; a good first step.

“Now that it’s stopped, I just think, ‘yes,’ at the crystal. Please show me ‘yes.’ Show me ‘yes,’ And I wait for it to show me.”

After a few seconds, the crystal started moving gently side to side.

“Good. Now I clear my mind for a moment, and think ‘no,’ at the crystal. Show me ‘no.’ Please show me ‘no,’ And I wait for it to show me.”

Again, the crystal soon moved gently in a different direction.

“Good. That’s the first step.” I lowered the crystal to the velvet slowly, and put it in its bag. I handed a different bag to her. “Now, you do it. Take out the crystal and hold it. Use the hand that feels right to you. Use the fingers that feel right to you.”

She took the crystal out of the bag, holding the thread between her thumb and middle finger of her left hand. It was one of my favorite teardrop crystals, with many times more facets than the one I’d used. It’s a magnet for the eyes and mind. It’s also on a thread I know takes a long time to settle down. I adjusted her wrist and elbow a little.

“Good, now breathe in and out slowly, thinking, ‘slow down, slow down,’ to the crystal. Good. Keep thinking, ‘slow down, slow down,’ to the crystal, until it stops. You’re doing very well, I can see it slowing down already. We have all the time in the world to let it slow down and finally stop. Just be aware of it in front of you as it spins and slows. As it slows, you may notice

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it seems to get larger, or brighter in your mind. My voice may start to fade into the distance as it spins and slows, spins and slows.”

As before, I slowed down my speech as I talked to her, matching her breathing and then slowing it a bit, pacing her. I watched as she gazed at the crystal, watching it spin one direction, then the other, slowing, slowing, her gaze softening, her breath slowing.

This is a wonderful technique. I do it myself with this crystal some times when I’m wound up; by the time it slows down and stops, I’m relaxed and my head is clear. Try it some time.

It took a while to stop moving. Jennifer was breathing slow and steady; the frowns and tensions were all but gone from her face. Even if she didn’t know it, we’d achieved a good deal already.

“That’s wonderful. Now think ‘yes,’ at the crystal. Please show me ‘yes.’ Show me ‘yes,’ And wait for it to show you. Your breathing stays relaxed and slow, relaxed and slow.”

After about ten seconds, the crystal started to move. I saw her smile.

“Wonderful. Still so relaxed. Now clear your mind, let it go empty, now think “no” at the crystal. Please show me ‘no.’ Show me ‘no,’ and wait for it to show you. You’re doing so well, so relaxed.”

The crystal soon moved in a different direction. She smiled again, an easy smile.

“Very good. Now I want you to close your eyes, and think, ‘Relax.’ Relax and feel your breathing, slow and steady. You’ve made such progress. You’ve done very well. Think, ‘Relax.’ And as you think, ‘Relax,’ feel your fingers holding the thread, and remember this wonderful state, so open and receptive, and know you can communicate with your inner self, without fear. When you hold your fingers together like this, you will remember this feeling, and go back to it, easily and quickly.”

The crystal was moving in a lazy circle now. I worked with her breath for a while longer, anchoring the state.

“Very good. Now open your eyes and look at the crystal again.”

She opened her eyes and smiled; a very relaxed smile.

“Now put the crystal down, and I’ll show you how you can do this on your own, when ever you want, even better.”

She put the crystal down and looked up at me. She looked very calm and relaxed, smiling.

“I want you to close your eyes again, and think about your rings. If you’re wearing one that’s special to you, that you feel is really you, nod your head.”

She smiled and nodded her head.

“Good. I thought so. Some times it’s one we’ve had for a long time, or one that just feels special. The things we wear, especially rings, become very personal and special to us. I’d like you to take off that ring and put it on the velvet.”

She slipped off a small, plain silver ring. It looked old.

“Now you need a strand of hair.”

She reached up and pulled out a strand of her long hair.

“Good. Now make a pendulum that is you, with your ring, and your hair. Tie the ring onto the hair with a simple knot.”

I watched her tie the knot easily. This was a little risky on my part, as people relax and start going into a trance often times fine motor skills become difficult. I felt certain that even if she did slip out of her trance we could reestablish things quickly. She tied the knot and then picked it up, as she had done with the crystal.

“When you pick it up, close your eyes, and remember the feeling. Breath deep and slow, and think, ‘Slow down,’ to your ring. You’re talking to yourself; your ring, and your hair. Let yourself open up to hear, and be heard. Slow down, slow down.”

“Good. Take your time, and when you’ve gotten the feeling back, open your eyes and have your ring show you ‘yes.’”

It took her about a minute to open her eyes; I think she was enjoying the sensation; her face smoothed out and got more symmetrical. When she opened her eyes, she had a small smile as she gazed at her ring. Soon it started moving.

“Very good. Now think ‘no,’ to your ring. Have it show you ‘no.’”

Her smile broadened as the ring changed its motion.

“Good. Now have it show you, ‘relax.’ Relax and feel your fingers holding the strand of your hair, holding your ring, putting you in contact with your inner self, asking and allowing your inner self to relax. Tell yourself ‘relax,’ and feel it happen as it extends through your fingers. Good. Now you know how to get in touch with yourself and relax. Find a quiet and safe place. Make your own pendulum with your ring and a strand of your hair, and when you hold it, feel yourself relax as you get in touch with your inner self. Feel your fingers holding your pendulum and relax. And you can return to this relaxed, peaceful, place any time you want. Practice this every day; the more you practice, the better you will become, and the easier it will be for you to relax. If you want, close your eyes and continue to tell yourself to relax for a while, and open your eyes when you’re where you want to be.”

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It's wonderful to be able to teach someone a simple technique such as this. I watched her ring drift, moving in lazy circles, then stop, then drift some more.

"Open your eyes for me when you're there." I reminded her a few minutes later. After a couple of seconds she opened her eyes, and gazed at her ring.

"Now ask yourself if you are relaxed."

The ring answered "yes" and she smiled.

"Ask yourself if you like this feeling."

The ring continued to answer "yes," in fact it got a bit stronger.

"And are you willing to let yourself return to this feeling whenever you want?"

The ring seemed to wobble a bit, but then signaled "yes" strongly. She gave out a sigh that was soft, yet felt like it released a lot of pent up feelings.

"Good. Close your eyes for just a moment and remember this very special time. You now know you can return to this special place whenever you want, you can let yourself relax; you have given yourself permission, and nobody can take that away from you."

Her ring wobbled when I said, "nobody" -- I was on sensitive ground. "You can do it. You can relax whenever YOU want. You know how; you will practice so it becomes easier and easier. And I am here to help you, to guide you. Now, thank yourself for learning such a wonderful skill, one that will grow with you and become stronger and more helpful. Tell yourself 'relax,' once more."

I let her sit for a couple of minutes. Something had been released.

"Now open your eyes for me again."

It took a few seconds, but she did.

"Ask yourself if there is something else you want to do with me today."

The ring slowly swung to "no."

"You've accomplished a great deal. Is that enough for today?"

The ring swung to "yes."

"Good. Close your eyes again and relax."

She closed her eyes and took a deeper breath.

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“When you’re through with the pendulum, you need to thank yourself for letting yourself relax, and then count to three. When you get to three, you will open your eyes and feel relaxed, refreshed, and completely alert. Count with me this time, one... two... three.”

She opened her eyes and gave me a wonderful smile.

“You may put your ring back on,” I told her.

She put it back on, hair still attached, then sniffled and wiped her eyes. “Thank you,” she said very softly. We stood up and I gave her a hug. She hugged me; I thought she might start crying, but she just sniffled a bit.

She let go of me and stepped back a bit. She asked, “What do I owe you?” still sniffling, moisture in her eyes.

I shook my head from side to side. “Next time,” I told her softly.

She picked up her purse and I walked her to the door. She left without either of us speaking another word. It was best that way. I went back to my futon, sat down and closed my eyes. I took a deep breath and watched my crystal spin slowly in my mind’s eye.

Lydia 2

I was looking forward to Thursday, both Lydia in the morning, and Tom’s session in the afternoon. It was still hard to believe how wonderful it was being held by her; being in her arms. I knew how it felt holding Tom to my breast, gently nursing. Now I knew some of what he felt in his wife’s arms. Some, but not all; I didn’t know how to factor in years of love and marriage. They were both very lucky.

A little before nine the doorbell rang. I answered it with my heart racing. Lydia was wearing sweats, as was I. She had a gym bag in one hand, and some dry cleaning covered in plastic in the other. She came in, set things down, and we hugged.

“I don’t know who’s happier to see whom!” she said when we separated. We both laughed. “How is Tom? How have you been?” I asked as we walked back to my office. She sat in the victim chair.

“Tom is great. I’m great. That night after I left here was incredible. He was a suspicious of your call, but I told him it was one of my students, and she was shy. I think he bought it. When we went to bed that night, I put on my special perfume, and held him, and talked to him, and it was incredible! He was amazing, and I don’t know how many times I came; it was like nothing before in my life, except for some dreams.”

I smiled at that.

“Afterwards, as we were snuggling and I was holding him close, he said he had a question for me, but I didn’t have to answer if I didn’t want to.”

“And it was?” I asked her.

“He wanted to know if I’d seen you.”

I chuckled. “What did you tell him?”

She smiled. “Why I just squeezed him gently and told him to go to sleep!”

We both laughed again.

“He is such a dear. I held him and told him not to worry about such things. I love him so much.”

“That was a very good solution,” I told her. “I doubt if he’ll ask again.”

She held up the bag she’d brought. I finally noticed she was wearing dress shoes with her sweats.

“Here’s the necklace; it’s a real emerald -- it belonged to my grandmother.”

I took it; it was a beautiful stone in a very simple setting. “You could hypnotize anybody with this,” I told her.

“Well possibly you could, dear. And here’s the perfume. Use it well. It’s special to him, make it even more so.”

I took that and put it on the table, putting the emerald back in its little silk bag. “I will,” I told her with a smile.

We sat there silently for a moment. “What else?” I asked softly.

Her face glowed as she spoke. “If you have the time, I’d like to hold you again. And, I’d like to teach you how to hold Tom the same way. I think you probably did well with him the other day. Actually, I want very much for you to hold me.”

I felt the tears welling up in my eyes. “I would love to. Please teach me, Lydia.”

We moved to the futon together. She took off her top and bra; she is magnificent. She motioned to me and I lay down on my side. She pulled me gently to her as I let go once again, soon engulfed in bliss.

She spoke to me softly, telling me of the joys of cradling the new life you’d carried, holding the head just so. She tickled my cheek and spoke happily of doing that to keep them from drifting off to sleep while nursing. She spoke of the feelings, the sensations; the relief she felt when she was full and she pressed a hungry mouth to her; the hunger and joy she felt from the babe at her breast. She told me of the joy of holding her husband to her, suckling him to sleep, how much he enjoyed her milk. And she told me of the rejection she’d felt when her daughter decided one day she no longer wanted to nurse, and how Tom had helped her for the

next two weeks, and how much that helped her, but how depressed Tom was when her milk stopped. And all the time, she held me and rocked me, cradling and caressing my head.

After she stopped talking, she held me for a while. Then she kissed my head and said, "Wake up, dear."

She let me lay on my back. I looked up at her and sighed. She laughed. "Now don't go out and get knocked up just so you can have a baby. We were married eleven years before we started a family."

I sat up and laughed. "Don't worry. I won't. I just need to find someone a tenth as good as Tom..."

She laughed. "You will dear. You just need to stop looking, stop trying. It will happen."

She looked at me with longing in her eyes.

"Is it my turn, teacher?" I asked.

"Yes, please," she whispered.

"Would you like me to put you under as well?" I asked.

She nodded softly. "I'm almost there already."

"I know," I said, as I slipped off my top, then my bra.

She lay down on her side. "You look delicious, dear."

"Shhh..." I told her softly as I moved closer. I put my hands on her head and moved them slightly until it felt right. She moaned; that was the right spot. I pulled her gently to me and held her. I felt that quiver run through her, and I held her a little tighter. I moved one hand a little and got an appreciative moan. It felt better to me as well. I started rocking her gently, slowly. I rocked her silently for a few minutes; I could tell from her breathing that she'd put herself into a trance.

I moved her slightly, as she had done with me, giving her a nipple. I wasn't expecting the ferocity, the hunger, with which she latched on to me.

I gasped, then squeezed her head and said, "Relax, Lydia, gently please, gently." I rocked her and talked to her, relaxing her as she sucked hungrily. I moved my hands and squeezed and she moaned. I held her to me.

"Feel it, Lydia, feel it and remember it. Whenever my nipple touches your mouth you will go into deep hypnosis for me, and be floating at my breast, so peaceful, so content, so safe. Thank you so much for teaching me how wonderful this feels."

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I held her and let her suckle for quite a while. I needed to stop before I got too sore; I didn't know how long it would take me to recover, and I had Tom coming in this afternoon. "Relax, darling, relax for me," I told her, and eased her onto her back.

She had the most incredible, blissful look on her face. I reanchored her and reinforced some of my earlier suggestions. I thanked her again for sharing something so very, very special, and woke her.

She opened her eyes and gave me an incredible smile.

"Was that what you wanted?" I asked her.

"That was what I needed," she said.

I helped her sit up. I put my bra on, and handed hers to her. She got up and went to the front room, returning with the other clothes she'd brought.

"I hope you don't mind my premeditation; I planned on changing here."

I laughed. "No, not at all. I should give you a key so you could wake me in the morning. I can't think of a better way to wake up."

"Nor can Tom. He loves it when I wake him with a nipple in his mouth. Now I can even get him to last for more than a minute!"

We laughed at that; I told her to be gentle with him.

"Can I really get him to go under at the touch of my nipple? I think I was under when my head touched your skin."

"He's undoubtedly under by then as well. You could use it as an alternative; it might be a nice way of surprising him when he's sitting down."

I held her hands and looked into her eyes. "And I suggested that to you because I think that's going to be my favorite way of putting you under from now on, if you don't mind."

She hugged me. "My God no, it's wonderful. I can't think of anything better."

She finished getting dressed, talking about going to torment first year law students. As she headed out the door, she gave me a kiss on the forehead and said, "Have fun with Tom this afternoon. Wear him out and train him well for me."

I laughed and told her I would.

Tom 2

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I'd blocked two through five that afternoon for Tom. I went to my aerobics class after Lydia left, then came home and took care of book work. I took a long shower, got dried off and back into my sweats.

Tom was punctual. He looked excited as we went back to the office. As we sat down, I asked him, "So what is it?" He was bursting to tell me something, anything.

"I don't know how to tell you how great I feel, how wonderful things are, how much you've helped me. I feel so much better at work, it's so easy to relax and get to sleep, I..."

This is why the second session is important with some people. I stood up, held him to me quickly, and said, "Dream world, darling. Dream world."

His arms drifted around my waist slowly. I held him, rocking side to side, until I felt his breathing stabilize. I took him deeper and reinforced the suggestions I'd given him the previous week. I checked to see if there were any problems; none that he or his subconscious were aware of.

I probed gently about giving up control during sex; I got strong positive reactions, so I laid the groundwork, setting it up so Lydia would finish things herself. I gave him that wonderful phrase to tell her so she would know he was ready.

Then I brought him to a light trance, still sitting in the chair. I swung the emerald in front of him, entrancing him easily. Then I closed his eyes and undressed. I got him to undress as well. I knew he'd had a vasectomy some years ago so I was safe. I'd rely on my timing and control for the next part.

I put the emerald around my neck; it hung between my breasts. I told him when he opened his eyes on my command that his wife would be in front of him. He would hear her voice speaking to him and he would obey it just as he did mine. I put on the perfume; on my breasts, on my neck, and on my thigh. I was careful not to get it too low; I knew from past experience the alcohol burns like hell.

I took him deep and had him open his eyes, unable to move. I stood close in front of him and heard and saw him take a deep breath as the perfume reached him. His eyes focused on the emerald.

"When you see the magic stone between my breasts and smell my perfume, you'll be overcome with lust; you want me more than anything in the world; You want me; you want to make passionate love with me. You need to kiss me all over, feel me, suck me, give me pleasure."

He grew erect as I spoke; he was in good shape. I inflamed him more; his breathing was getting rapid. I told him when I counted to three, he would be able to move again. I'd already told him that when I said, "Freeze," he'd instantly freeze and be unable to move, although I would be able to move him easily.

"One, two, three!"

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He sprang from the chair and grabbed me, kissing my chest and breasts. running his hands over me. God, it felt good. It's wonderful when you can find a job you love.

"Freeze!" I said; he stopped, hands around my waist, getting ready to pick me up. I moved his arms easily, then lay down on the futon. I had him get down between my legs. I instructed him on what his signal was, to recognize that first time when Lydia wanted him to go down on her. I made sure he wouldn't be disappointed if it never happened.

Then I taught him how to please a woman with his mouth. I taught him to tease, gently. I taught him to use his tongue and lips. I taught him to recognize the signs his lover gave him. I squeezed his head between my thighs and let him practice, and practice, and practice. I taught him to add his fingers, finding those special spots. I even taught him to say, "Relax, darling, Relax and enjoy it," if he thought that was best.

When I had about as much practice as I could stand, I froze him for a moment, insuring he wouldn't come until I was ready for him to. Then I let him enter me.

His eyes were closed; I could see the pleasure in his face as he moved in and out of me. He felt wonderful. I let go briefly, knowing he couldn't come until I let him. He put my legs over his shoulders and put a cushion under my bottom, pounding into me. It felt so good. I started to moan again, and he moved a hand to start working on my clit. I moved one of my hands to stop him, but he surprised me by saying, "Relax, darling, relax and enjoy it."

Those words hit me like a velvet hammer. The world spun and I fell back, moaning as he pounded into me and tantalized my clit. When I came, it was incredible. Finally I said, "Freeze!"

I'd caught him in mid stride, pushed deep into me. I wiggled on him, enjoying the deep penetration. I opened my eyes and let the world come back into focus.

I pushed him away gently, then on his back. "Dream time, darling, Dream time," I told him, and watched as he went limp, all of him.

Then I spun a morning fantasy for him and let him wake to his wife on top of him, suckling him. I took him inside me and rocked on top of him as he sucked. Lydia was right; it felt fantastic. I closed my eyes and quickly brought myself to the edge. When I was teetering on the edge I said, "Hold me, darling hold me tight." I felt his hands around my waist as I went over the edge and said, "Now, darling, now."

He moaned and bucked beneath me, filling me as I came. I came in spasms as we pushed together. As he settled into holding me and sucking happily, I told him, "Sleep now, darling, sleep now," and let him drift off.

I pulled myself off him slowly, with wobbly legs. I grabbed one of the hand towels I'd shoved under the futon and used it for me. I took the other one and wiped him off. I wobbled up and went for a wash cloth, dampening it with warm water. I returned to Tom and wiped his face, hands, and then his wonderful cock, and dried him off.

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I brought him up into a light trance again and got him dressed. As I dressed I reinforced the new suggestions I'd given him, and told him once again he'd had some wild and pleasant dreams. I sat him back in the chair, with the emerald and the perfume in his pants pocket.

When I woke him, he initially looked around, confused. I took his hands and looked in his eyes, locking them on mine. "You did wonderfully. It's time to go home to your family."

He smiled; the glow came through again. He shook his head. "I don't know... I do feel much better."

I stood up, as did he. We walked to the door, and I gave him a warm hug. "Don't forget to call me if you have problems, or questions. Have a wonderful week."

He gave me another hug and headed off, still looking a bit dazed.

I closed the door and collapsed on the nearby couch. I started laughing; what a day. I'd deliberately not scheduled anyone Friday. Thanks to Lydia, I was spending the day pampering myself at a local spa getting the works; facial, nails, mud bath, hair, massage. I'd even spent the time recording a couple of cassettes; I had to redo one now, as I had much better memories to relive.

After laying about in a daze for a while, I finally got up. I fixed myself a light dinner, then spent an hour re-recording a tape to pound into my brain the next day. I took a long, warm bath, losing myself in the light of a candle and the memories of the day. When I went to bed I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

Both?

Friday I was up early and off to the spa. I had a wonderful day, my body being pampered and my mind off in a trance, listening to the tapes I'd made. When I returned home I almost bumped into a floral delivery gal.

"You live here?" she asked.

"Yes." I answered.

"Well, sweetie, this is your lucky day. I've got two deliveries for you. I was just about to leave. Wait right here."

I waited as she walked to her van, returning with a beautiful floral arrangement and a dozen arranged roses. I opened the door and she set them on the table.

"Sign here, please, and here." As I did, she said, "You made someone happy this week."

I handed her back her delivery pad. "Two, I think. Very happy. They made me happy too. That's the best kind."

She gave me a smile. "You're right. Have a great weekend."

I closed the door behind her, then looked at my flowers. I looked at the card on the arrangement first. It said, "Thank you for a wonderful surprise! - Lydia." The one on the roses said, "Thank you so much - Tom." They were a lavender shade I wasn't familiar with, and their scent was incredible.

I laughed; flowers from both of them. I wondered what happened last night? I was still laughing to myself as I took the flowers into the kitchen. I had a few messages on the answering machine. The first was a cancellation for Monday. The second was Lydia, her voice full of laughter. "I wanted to thank you for the surprise you gave me last night. I thought I knew what was going to happen when I wore my emerald. What a surprise! Call me if you can. Thanks again so much."

I laughed again. Now I knew; she'd put on the emerald expecting to have her way with him, and wham! Both of them had a wonderful time, I guess.

The last message was from Tom. "Janet, we had an incredible night. It was like something out of a dream. Thank you."

I called Lydia at her office. Her secretary answered, and I gave her my name. A moment later, Lydia came on the line, laughing. "Good afternoon, dear, thanks once again. What an incredible surprise!"

"Well, how are you? Tell me about it."

"I'm still a little sore to tell the truth, but feel wonderful. At bedtime I told him I had a surprise. I came out of the bathroom wearing nothing but some perfume and the emerald. I had my hand over the emerald so he couldn't see it. When I took my hand away, I didn't get quite the reaction I'd expected!"

We both laughed. She continued "He was an animal! A very passionate, very intense animal. For a while the only thing I could do was hold on and hope we didn't wake the kids -- or the neighbors."

"Well, if you swing the emerald in front of him, it will work as you expected." I told her.

"I did, darling, I did, eventually. Then I got on top of him, got a nipple into his mouth, and he was under control. We went to sleep in each others arms, unaided. It was wonderful."

"Well, I'm so glad to hear it. And thank you both for the flowers."

"Both?"

I laughed. "Yes, both. I got flowers from both of you. I'll save the cards; they're precious. You both are. I can't believe this last week."

Lydia's voice crackled through the phone as she laughed with me. "*You* can't believe the last week! How do you think *we* feel!"

FIN

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