

Through a Mask, Darkly

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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.

Thanks once more to my wonderful Muse!

Randy looked at his watch nervously. They'd agreed -- Cafe Ricci, 11:45. Then he smiled -- he was always early. He took another sip of iced tea. The weather was superb, perfect for outside dining. Still...

He'd been in e-mail contact with them for a few weeks, having met on the discussion list, quickly moving their conversations off-list. They all lived in the same area; that was the point, after all, to eventually get together.

He shook his head. Right now, he couldn't remember who had proposed getting together for lunch. He'd suggested the place, and they'd agreed. He'd sent them a description of what he'd be wearing. Now it was wait and see.

"Randy?" a man's voice said.

Randy looked up, then stood. He smiled, looking at the couple. "Right. You must be David, and Moira."

David was about his age, maybe a little older, with a little more gray hair at the sides. Trim, a little shorter, confident handshake. Moira seemed to be younger, a little taller than her husband, thin build. All three of them were dressed professionally.

Randy was surprised by a brief hug from Moira. "It's good to meet you at last!" she said with enthusiasm.

"Yes, it is -- a relief as well," Randy said as the three sat down.

They ordered lunch. As the salads arrived, they were engrossed in small talk.

At one point, Moira chuckled, shaking her head.

"What is it?" Randy asked.

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David looked across the table at Randy. "From our e-mails, I take it you'd like to learn more about ... our interests?"

Randy smiled and nodded. "Jane and Doc suggested the two of you. I have some first-hand experience,"

"Which shows in your writing," Moira interjected.

Randy raised an eyebrow. "And I'm good at picking up material quickly. But I'd like to learn more..."

"Experience more?" Moira suggested.

Randy picked up his glass and took a sip, nodding.

The conversation moved gently into their love-affair with the mask.

More lunches followed, at different places. They talked -- about stories, about experiences, about each other, about safety, all the while gaining comfort and understanding.

At the end of one Tuesday lunch, when Randy said, "Where next week? Thursday?"

Moira and David exchanged glances. David nodded, and Moira reached over to take Randy's hand.

"How about next Friday instead? Could you free up the afternoon?" she asked softly.

Randy caught his breath. "Y... Yes..."

David said, "Then why don't you plan on coming over to our place."

Randy let his breath out with a sigh. Then, with determination, he said, "I'll do it."

David nodded. "You'll be out the door by six, if you want. Or, you can stick around for a light dinner, and some other friends coming over. You've met some of them on the list."

Randy laughed, looking up into the clear, blue sky.

When he looked down again, David looked at him seriously.

"Yes?" Randy asked.

David nodded. "We've talked about safewords, and gestures. One of us, either Moira, myself, or someone we trust fully, will always be present as a Safety Master."

Moira nodded, and continued, “But in this play, you’ll reach a point where you won’t be able to use a safeword, or a gesture. Then you’ll be entirely in our hands.” She smiled. “To some, that’s part of the allure -- but you need to decide if this is for you.”

Randy sighed. “Thank you. Yes, it’s scary. And as you say, that’s part of it. I’m ready.”

David and Moira exchanged glances. “We thought you were,” she said.

“One more thing,” David said, producing a business card from his pocket and handing it to Randy.

Randy took the card. It was for a local doctor.

“If you’d call her this afternoon, and schedule an appointment with her in the next few days. It’s for the safety of the group.”

Randy looked up. “I understand. I appreciate that.”

David looked to Moira once more. They stood up, as did Randy.

Moira gave Randy a hug. David shook his hand. “Until next week, then.”

Randy nodded. “Until next week. I’m looking forward to it.”

Exam

A phone call made during his walk back to the office secured him a four thirty appointment that afternoon with the doctor. He'd given his name to the receptionist, who'd replied cheerily, "Oh, let me get Doctor for you -- she's expecting your call."

He'd supplied basic details -- which the doctor found "refreshingly boring."

Randy arrived at the doctor's office, the sign on the door said "General Practice," a few minutes early to take care of anticipated paperwork. He wasn't disappointed. The questionnaire was multi-paged and detailed, but he completed it quickly, returning it to the front desk.

"That was quick," the receptionist said as she returned his insurance card. "Have a seat -- Gloria will be out for you in a few minutes."

Gloria was dark-skinned, heavy set, and had a bright, cheery smile.

"Randy?" Let's get started.

After he changed into an exam gown, Gloria quickly took his temperature, blood pressure, height and weight.

"Have any problem with needles?" Gloria asked as she led him around a corner of the office, and had him sit next to a small table.

"I don't do that much sewing," Randy replied.

Gloria laughed. "I like that. We're going to take a blood sample, and do a quick finger-stick test as well," she said as she put on latex gloves. "Let's do the finger-stick first so Doctor can have those results."

The blood tests were fairly painless, and soon Randy was waiting in an exam room again.

At least the room had a window, he thought. The window was high in the wall, but let in light from outside. He could see leaves on a tree moving gently.

The door opened, and Randy turned. In walked a brown-haired woman in her mid-thirties. She was slender, and in addition to the traditional medical garb, wore glasses and a smile. She held out her hand as she approached.

"Randy, I'm Doctor Southern. It's a pleasure to meet you. Why don't you have a seat."

Randy sat down on the exam bench again as the Doctor pulled over a chair, sat down, and started flipping through papers.

She glanced up with a smile. "You're in very good health. You don't have a regular physician?"

Randy shook his head. "Haven't needed one."

She looked at the papers briefly. "Did you have a big lunch today? When did you eat?"

Randy said, "Around noon -- I had a salad, with chicken. I tend to go light on lunches."

She smiled. "You're doing the right things. Let's check that blood pressure again."

She stood next to him, holding his arm in hers, holding it to her body as she inflated the blood pressure cuff, looking in his eyes all the time.

"A little higher than before, but that's understandable," she said with a lilt in her voice.

"Stand up, please," she said.

Tom stood. She listened to his heart and his lungs, had him balance on his toes.

"Very good. Let's lose the gown and have a look."

Randy was a bit startled, but took off the gown and placed it on the exam table.

The Doctor looked him over professionally, having him return to the table so she could probe his abdomen.

"Hmmm," she said, "I don't like the look of this mole on your right collarbone. Has it changed in the last few months?"

Randy felt it. "No, but it's at a spot that gets rubbed some by my biking jerseys."

He looked into her eyes. She had a serious look on her face.

"I'd suggest removing it. It won't take long, and it's covered by your insurance."

"Fine by me," Randy said.

She smiled, and walked to the phone on the wall, picking up the receiver and pushing some buttons. "Gloria? Can we set up for a modified V-Y-plasty please? Nevus, oh 4 millimeters, right clavicle. ... Oh yes, sevo, I think, at six. ... Good, thanks."

Hanging up the phone, she returned to Randy. "That will take a few minutes to set up. Gloria will let us know when things are ready."

Randy was quizzed more on diet and exercise, interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Ready, Doctor,” Gloria said, putting her head in the door.

“Wonderful. Shall we go next door then?” she said to Randy, helping him sit up.

Randy quickly slipped the exam robe back on, and hurried to the door. He saw the Doctor turning into a room down the hall, and followed. He stepped into a small surgical room. The Doctor was at the sink scrubbing her hands, as Gloria did things to pedals on the central table, raising the head portion and attaching a head rest. A sliding screen was behind the table.

“Up here, Randy,” Gloria said, patting the table.

Randy got up on the table, and Gloria did something that raised the leg portion. He felt fairly secure on the table. Then she reached for the top of his gown.

“Let’s slip this off your arms and down to your waist. I’ll get a blanket to wrap around you to keep you warm.”

As Randy slipped off the top of the flimsy gown, Gloria got a blanket and covered him from waist to toes. The blanket was warm and comforting. Then she pulled a strap over his waist, and another just above his knees.

“Don’t worry -- we don’t want you falling, is all,” Gloria chided.

By this time the Doctor had on gloves and a mask dangling down from her neck. She moved to Randy’s side, pulling down a high intensity lamp to take a better look at the offensive area. Randy closed his eyes to protect them from the glare, frowning.

The Doctor put one hand on his forehead, gently smoothing out the wrinkles. “Yes, you’re going to be happier in a few minutes,” she said. “Gloria?”

Randy heard the metallic screech of something like wheels, and some other mechanical noises. Then the bright light turned off.

“Randy?” the Doctor said.

Randy opened his eyes. The Doctor was on one side of him, Gloria on the other. The Doctor was holding a black rubber mask. It was hissing slightly. She moved it towards him.

“Would you hold this for me please?” she asked with a smile.

Randy’s hands shook as he touched, then held the mask. Suddenly his heart was beating rapidly, and his breathing was fast. He looked to the Doctor, questioning, anxious.

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She put a hand behind his head. "It's okay," she said soothingly, "It's just oxygen at first. Hold the mask near your face, and breathe slowly. I know -- you're anxious. We'll take care of that. A little closer, yes, that's good."

Randy held the mask close to his face, and tried to take control of his breathing again, slow and deep, slow and deep. His heart was thumping in his chest, and he could feel the pulsing in his neck. It was easier to steady his hands by holding the mask more to his face.

"Relax your head back sweetie," Gloria said, touching his forehead. "Let the headrest do its work. That's better."

Randy let his head move back against the headrest. The Doctor moved her hand down to the back of his neck. Her hand felt cool and warm at the same time. He shivered at her touch.

"Slowly, please," said the Doctor, caressing his neck.

Randy focused on his breathing again, slow and deep. He closed his eyes and tried to relax. He was actually holding the mask!

"Randy, open your eyes for me," the Doctor said.

He opened his eyes and looked at her, smiling above him.

She looked directly into his eyes. "Five more really deep breaths before we start the gas. Hold the mask as you are, a good seal. Would you like me to help hold it?"

Randy nodded, his heart pounding again.

She put a hand on the mask, her fingers touching his. She pressed it a little firmer on to his face. He looked into her eyes, letting his head be pushed back into the padding of the headrest. He didn't know how he felt -- he wanted this so much, yet...

"Blow out, hard for me, now Randy..."

He blew out as much as he could.

"Good! Deep inhale now, and don't blow out until I tell you to. Hold it, hold it... Exhale."

He exhaled, as she said, "More, more, don't inhale until I tell you, more, okay -- inhale, deep for me."

Randy inhaled deeply again, looking at her in surprise now, surprised by the odor he detected.

The Doctor smiled and nodded, "More, more, now hold it, hold it, almost there..."

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The world buzzed as he tried to hold his breath as long as he could. Finally she said, “Exhale, more, more, more! Hold the mask!” and he let it all out. He thought she told him to inhale, but he wasn’t sure as his hands slipped from the mask.

“Another deep breath, Randy,” the voice told him. He breathed in, and fell back, falling...

He moved a little -- he felt held down, and tried to sit up. Warm hands pressed on him.

“Just relax and breathe normally.”

His eyes popped open, remembering. The mask was still on his face. He could feel straps at the sides of his face. He closed his eyes and took another deep breath, exhaling slowly.

“That was good! Two more like that, and we’ll take the mask off.”

He’d done it. It had happened. He’d actually held the mask -- and she’d fooled him. He chuckled a little. It was perhaps better that way. He’d heard her say “sevo.” Must have been sevoflurane. He sighed and chuckled a little more. He felt the mask being taken away.

“What’s so funny? Eyes open, please.”

He opened his eyes and looked at the Doctor. She smiled. “What’s so funny?” she asked again.

“Me,” he said. “Thank you. Thank you very much.”

She had a pixy-smile on her face. “You went through that very nicely. Care to see?”

He nodded, and the back of the table rose up. He started tilting his head down, but she held up a mirror. He repositioned it slightly, looking at a small bandage on his collarbone.

“Don’t shower or get the area wet for 24 hours. I’ll need to see you Monday afternoon to check things. It was small and shallow, which is very good. I put in three stitches, and you shouldn’t show any scar. I do *very* good work.”

He looked in her face again. “No complaints from me!”

They both laughed. He dressed, made an appointment for a quarter to five on Monday, and left laughing. It had actually happened!

Follow-Up

Monday morning he got a phone call at work.

“This is Randy,” he said.

“Randy, this is Doctor Southern. How are you doing?”

Randy sighed and smiled. “Fine, Doctor. What can I do for you?”

“Could you come over early? At four?”

“Sure. Things are slow today. I’d be happy to.”

“Great! See you at four, then. Oh, light lunch, please.”

Randy caught his breath at the last request. “Will do. Bye.”

As he hung up the phone, Randy couldn’t help but wonder. Her card had been produced quickly, and she’d been expecting his call. He touched his collarbone. He’d had skin things removed before -- always with a local. He smiled.

He showed up at the office right at four. A different woman was working; she was short, possibly Mexican-American with light chocolate skin, a very attractive figure, and a kilowatt smile.

“Hi, Randy, I’m Tina. I’ll let Doctor know you’re here,” she said, offering him a seat in the empty waiting area.

Randy glanced back to the door he’d just entered. Reading the lettering on the glass, he saw that office hours were from seven to four. The office was nominally closed. He shrugged his shoulders.

“Doctor will see you now.”

Randy looked up to see Tina standing in front of him. She looked much better standing up than sitting down behind the desk. She was only about five foot three, but very nicely put together. He liked the way her hips moved as she led him back into the office.

“Randy, please have a seat,” the Doctor told him as Tina showed him into the office.

“Thanks,” Randy said to Tina, enjoying her scent as she walked by, and watching her walk down the hall a ways before he took a seat in front of the Doctor’s desk.

Doctor Southern chuckled a bit. “Well... First off, I’d like to thank you for selecting me as your personal physician -- we received notification from the insurance company on Friday.”

Randy shrugged his shoulders. "You're welcome."

"How are you doing? Any problems?" she asked.

"Nope, what with the rain over the weekend, I didn't go out riding. I've tended to keep it covered, mostly so the stitches don't catch on things."

She nodded. "We're going to take care of those later. Any lunch today?"

"I had toast and a banana this morning, and an apple at lunch time. That's it."

"Good! Today I wanted to get some more history from you, and then take care of those stitches, and get a sample. Okay?"

"Sounds good to me."

She opened the folder on her desk. "No surgeries as a child -- you still have your tonsils?"

He nodded. "Yup. Pretty healthy."

"You had your wisdom teeth out, let's see, seven years ago?"

"Yes. That wasn't fun."

"What kind of anesthesia was used? Local or general?"

Randy glanced up at the ceiling, remembering. "He didn't call it a general, but he set up an I.V. in the back of my hand, shot something into it, and I was gone."

She took some notes. "No unusual reactions? How did you do?"

"Oh, I was swollen and sore for a few days, but no complications."

"No other medical anesthesia, then?"

"Other than last week, no. Locals for fillings, stitches, that kind of thing."

She smiled and nodded, put down her pen, and closed the folder. "Okay, that's good. Now tell me, any non-medical use?"

Randy chuckled a bit. "I did have some exposure to nitrous in college. Is this confidential?"

She nodded. "Yes, quite. I'm not taking any notes. I'm interested in your experiences, and any problems you may have encountered."

He frowned and shook his head.

"Is there a problem?" she asked, concern in her voice.

He smiled. "No. The problem was how I got involved. It was back in college. Some of the crowd I hung out with got into nitrous. Somehow they got a tank, and were doing it straight - plastic bags, that kind of thing. I was surprised none of them had gotten seriously screwed up."

"That bothered you?"

"Yeah. I'd certified as a SCUBA diver, so I'd learned a little about oxygen deprivation. Now with the hazmat stuff I do at work, I know more, and it's even scarier. Anoxia isn't my idea of a thrill."

"What do you do at work? I thought you were a researcher."

"Oh, I am -- we have emergency response teams for medical and hazardous materials calls. I'm on both teams, so I'm trained to use breathing apparatus, hazmat suits, advanced first aid, triage, CPR, that kind of stuff."

"How interesting -- have you had much use of that training?"

"Oh, we get a medical call a month. The last real spill we had was last summer. We have more drills than actual incidents, which is the way we all like it."

"I think we all like that better. Back to college, though -- what did you do about your friends' nitrous use?"

Randy nodded. "I built them a fixed-ratio mixer. I designed it to be 50/50, but it came out more like 60 nitrous and 40 oxygen."

"But all they had to do was disconnect the O2 supply..."

Randy nodded, smiling. "And the pressure balancer shut off the nitrous flow completely."

She laughed. "Very nice. Did you try it?"

"A few times." He shook his head. "I didn't trust that crowd. They thought it was funny to strip people, or shave their heads once they were out. Not for me."

"Trust is very important," she offered. "Did you try solo?"

He shook his head. "That's like diving alone. D -- U -- M -- spells dumb. I want someone awake and unimpaired to be watching."

She nodded again. "That's a surprising attitude."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I want to live to a ripe old age." He sighed, looking at her, taking a guess. "I'm willing to take certain risks, but..." he said softly.

She nodded and stood up. "Let's go down the hall. Need to use the restroom first?"

He took that as a hint. "Sounds like a good idea to me."

"Third door on the left," she said, motioning to the door.

As Randy used the toilet, he wasn't sure what that had been about. His school buddies had claimed "he wasn't any fun." How about this thing coming up Friday? He felt pretty good about that -- things had moved slowly. Still, once unconscious...

When he stuck his head out into the hall, he saw light coming from a door a ways down. He walked over, and into the same room he'd been in last week to have the growth removed. Tina and the doctor were there. A blanket was covering the table, which was in a semi-reclined position. The sliding screen was in place behind the table. Were they going to ... ? His heart was beating fast again. He admitted it to himself -- he hoped they would.

"Okay, strip down to shorts and socks and on the table, please," the Doctor said with a cheery voice.

When it became clear that neither Tina nor the Doctor were about to leave, Randy sighed, slipped off his shoes, and started unbuttoning his shirt. Not only did Tina not leave, she folded her arms and watched with a smile. He stripped down to his boxers and socks quickly, and walked over to the table after folding his pants and placing them on the chair.

Randy leaned back on the table with a sigh. Tina stepped up and folded the blanket around his legs and waist, up to his chest. She ran a wide strap across his lower chest, and one over his thighs.

"Comfy?" she asked with a sly smile.

"Uh, so far," he replied. He tried to turn as he heard the metallic screech of the wheels on the sliding screen, but the straps prevented it.

Doctor Southern pulled up a chair with a raised seat, and sat at his side. She picked up the black rubber mask. She looked to him with a smile.

"I tricked you last time. I hope that was okay," she said.

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Randy sighed, his gaze shifting between her smile and the mask.

“Yes, that was undoubtedly the best approach.”

She nodded. “You get choices today -- fast or slow, who holds the mask ...”

Randy blinked. “Slow, please. I’m not sure about holding it.”

She smiled. “Why don’t we hold it together at the start then?”

Randy watched her as she turned back to the machine and opened some valves. She surprised him a little by placing the mask on her own face as she turned back, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, sighing as she exhaled.

“Ah, that’s better. Hold it with me, please,” she said, lowering the mask to his face.

Randy raised his hands slowly, shaking slightly, and was soon holding the mask, his hands under hers.

“Good. Slow, deep breaths. Look at me, please. That’s it. Look at me and breathe slow and deep. We’re starting with just a little nitrous at first, then we’ll increase it for a bit, and back it off again. Oh, don’t frown. We’re going to take very good care of you.”

Randy was feeling the tingle. He closed his eyes for a moment, and his eyelids fluttered on their own. Surprised, he forced his eyes open again.

“Oh, that’s okay. Relax and enjoy it. Tina, up to seventy, please,” she said, looking in his eyes the whole time.

Soon Randy couldn’t control his eyes. His hands were on the mask because she was holding them in place. A hand touched his forehead, and slid down, helping his eyes close.

Randy drifted back up, the mask feeling a little hot and slick on his face, contrasting with the coolness of the gas. He rolled his head a bit, and took a deep breath of the sweet gas, letting go as he exhaled, and starting to open his eyes.

“That was good! Another deep breath like that, and we’ll move on,” said the doctor, moving back into his vision. Randy started to lift his arms to touch the mask...

His breath caught with a start -- his arms were tied down! He tried to raise his head, but it was forced back, the mask pressing him down.

“Don’t struggle now, or I’ll just have to turn up the nitrous, and you won’t enjoy it as much, I promise you. Breathe slow and deep for me. That’s it. Relax and enjoy -- you’re not going anywhere for a while yet.”

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Rand tried his arms, but they were secured. So was his waist, and his legs. He let his eyes close, and took another helping of the cool, sweet gas, letting it fill him again.

“Much better. Okay, Tina. I’ll turn it up a little just in case.”

Randy was filled with a buzzing, floating, tingling sensation, and then something else -- his hips moved as hands started stroking his groin. He moaned at the touch, trying to arch his back and throw his legs open wider to give those hands better access.

But his moaning and deeper breathing only succeeded in taking him deeper into the gas. He knew his hips were moving, but he wasn’t sure who was doing it.

Then he felt lips on his cock, warm, soft, and insistent. He moaned again into the mask as it pressed against his face.

He couldn’t tell if it was a minute or an hour, but he knew he was coming. Something changed, almost as if something cool was up against the tip of his cock, but it was too late, as his body responded. He hardly noticed the change in the scent of the gas, dropping into the void.

“Back with us so soon?”

This time he could move his arms. But now he didn’t want to -- he just wanted to enjoy where he was.

“The ride is over, sorry...”

Randy sighed and moaned, lifting a hand to hold the mask, to touch it once more. It felt hot and slick where it pressed against his face, even though the gas was cool. He opened his eyes.

Tina was on one side of him, the doctor on the other.

The doctor was smiling. “That didn’t hurt a bit now, did it?”

He tried to laugh, holding the mask.

“A few more deep breaths, another minute or so, and then you can get dressed. I think you’re all done for today. See you again soon.”

With that, and a twinkle in her eye, the doctor walked off.

Randy looked over to Tina. She had a carnivorous look on her face, and he thought he could see tight nipples poking against her white cotton top.

“Oh, how I’d love to...” she whispered, moving the mask around on his face, moving his head slightly.

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Randy quivered, from head to toe, surprising himself.

“I know sweetie, I know,” Tina whispered. “All I’d have to do is move over and turn a valve...” She pressed the mask deeper against his face.

Randy’s eyes closed, and he breathed deep and slow for a few breaths.

Then the mask lifted away.

With a sigh, he opened his eyes. She was still standing there, wearing something between a smile and a smirk. She put a hand on his shoulder. “Need help getting up?”

Randy moved his head a little. “Join me for dinner tonight?” he asked.

She chuckled, taking a step back and securing the anesthesia machine. “I think not,” she replied curtly.

Randy sighed again. “Thank you for everything. I hope to see you again.”

“Oh, I think you will,” she replied with more of a smile, “I work here two afternoons a week.”

She helped him up, and he got dressed.

“Hope to see you again,” he said as he walked past her at the front desk.

“So do I,” she added with a smirk.

Outside, he threw his head back and laughed at the sky.

Private Party

Randy parked in the driveway, as had been suggested. As he shut off the engine, he looked at his hands. He laughed -- here he was, ready for an adventure. But after the events of the last week or so, was it really an adventure?

As he got out of the car, he saw Moira standing by the back door to the house. She smiled. Randy got out and walked over to her. He'd decided on slacks, loafers, and a short-sleeved sport shirt. Moira was wearing a matching skirt and top of some soft material.

"Welcome," she said, inviting him in the house.

"Thank you," he said as he went in.

He looked around -- he seemed to be standing at the edge of a normal family room -- couches and chairs, television in one corner. He heard Moira laughing, and turned to her.

She closed the door and stepped over to him, shaking her head.

"What?" he asked.

She smiled. "Looks like normal people live here, doesn't it?"

Randy laughed. "I'm sorry..."

She put a hand on his arm. "Don't be, it's quite expected. Let's find David. I expect he's in the office."

"In here," David's voice called out.

They went into the kitchen. Light snacks and beverages were being assembled on the counter.

As David wiped his hands with a towel, he said, "The good Doctor gives you a clean bill of health."

Randy muttered, "That's not all she gave me."

David and Moira laughed. Moira said, "She usually finds a reason..."

Randy sighed, looking at them. "What a trip!" He didn't know what else to say, shaking his head.

David looked to Moira, then to Randy. He said, "Well, are you ready for more?"

Randy chuckled. "Yes."

“Let’s go then,” David said, folding the towel and putting it on the counter.

David followed them to a smaller room. Bookshelves filled two walls. A love seat and two reading chairs filled the middle of the room. Slightly behind one end of the loveseat sat a well-used gas rig, complete with black rubber mask and pink corrugated hoses. Something else seemed to be behind one of the chairs.

Moira sat in the loveseat, up close to one of the arms, and gave Randy a smile.

“Would you like to help with one of my fantasies?” she asked.

Randy’s heart started beating faster. “Of course,” he told her.

She patted the loveseat next to her. “Then sit here with me.”

As he sat down, she pulled him closer, an arm going around his waist.

“Lean back against me, Randy,” she said softly.

He leaned back against her somewhat nervously. She snuggled him between her breasts, one hand stroking his forehead.

“I enjoy holding a man in my arms, feeling him in my arms, knowing he’s a little nervous at first, unsure as to what’s going to happen. Are you nervous, Randy?”

“Y... yes,” he managed to say.

One of her hands was on his head, the other on his chest, both moving slowly, sensuously. “It’s okay to be a little nervous. I want you to try and relax, though, and enjoy being held, enjoy being in my arms. Do you like being held, Randy?”

He closed his eyes, whispering, “Yes.”

She held him, rocking a little. “That’s good. And it’s okay if you get aroused; it is arousing to be held in the arms of an attractive woman, isn’t it?”

He could smell her perfume, and feel the softness and warmth of her body. “Oh yes,” he whispered.

“Ah, I can feel you relaxing. That’s good. I’ll hold you a little more, letting you nestle in. Do you like my fingers on your head, Randy?”

“Yes,” he whispered.

“I’m glad. And now I’m going to help you relax even more...”

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Even though he tried to stay relaxed, he tensed a bit in anticipation. Her hand moved from his chest, and he felt the mask descend to his face, hearing the soft hissing, feeling the coolness of the gas. He let go and took a deep breath.

“Oh, good! Relax and enjoy; I’ve got you. Breathe normally and let me hold you...”

He could smell and taste the nitrous, letting go in her arms, enjoying the softness and warmth of her body, and the coolness of the gas.

Moira smiled, holding the mask to his face, moving his head slightly side to side. “Oh so good -- you know how to enjoy it. I love doing this, having a man in my arms, so relaxed, holding him, taking him deeper and deeper. Now we’re going to take you all the way, slowly and gently, holding you...”

Randy tried to pay attention, tried to sense the change in the gas. He felt something in his throat for a moment, something like the onset of a cough, but he was buzzing from head to toe, buzzing and starting to drift sideways somehow.

Moira held the mask to his face, moving his head.

He was sliding sideways more, drifting, immersed in a tingling, buzzing sensation... With a last effort, he blew out all the air in his lungs, and took a big, deep breath...

Randy came back, his head in a soft, warm lap, fingers playing with the hair on his forehead. The mask was gone. He breathed deep and slow, relaxed and comfortable. He moved his head slightly.

Something felt different. He opened his eyes and looked up.

He looked into Tina’s eyes. He started to move, startled, but the mask clamped on his face again. Surprised and panicked, he took in a deep breath. The odor, the taste was strong. Tina grinned at him, one hand holding the mask, the other digging fingers into his stomach, moving down to his groin. In his panicked state, he breathed fast and deep -- the gas covering him in a thick buzzing blanket, sweeping him away.

The next time he woke, the mask was still on his face. He fought off a momentary surge of panic, focusing on the blissful relaxation, remembering the warm buzzing blanket that had engulfed him. He was sort of sitting up. The gas from the mask was cool and odorless -- must be on pure O2. What a trip, he thought.

He opened his eyes, finding himself in one of the chairs, a recliner leaned back a bit.

Looking over to the loveseat, he saw Moira, a beatific look on her face as she held a mask to David. She moved the mask, and his head slightly. He was out. She sighed.

Randy felt a touch on his shoulder, and jumped a bit. He turned -- Tina was at his side. He reached up for his mask. She leaned over and unclipped something, taking the mask away.

"Welcome back," she said with a smirk. "How was the ride?"

He rolled his head a little. She slipped a hand down to his neck and kneaded it a little.

"Fantastic -- it's so good to see you again!"

She laughed softly.

"Tina?" Moira called.

Tina got up and did something to the gas machine feeding David.

"Need to save that," she said, returning to Randy and sitting in his lap. "It's good to see you too! Did I surprise you?"

Randy managed a chuckle, and put his arms around her. She put hers around his neck.

"Yes, quite," he said as she snuggled in.

She wiggled in his lap a bit as she laughed. "Would you like to do anything for me?"

He sighed. "I'd like to do what Moira did for me, and evidently for David -- hold you, protect you, and melt you in my arms." From the shudder that went through her, and the goosebumps appearing on her arms, she must have liked the idea. "What about that?" he asked.

She moved slowly in his lap. "That sounds very nice -- I'd like that."

She leaned down and kissed him.

When they paused for air, he said, "I think you could teach me a lot."

"Mmmm," she said, pulling his head to her chest. She was wearing a short velvet dress which fit her superbly, emphasizing all her curves. She held him to softness and perfume.

He took a breath through his nose and snuggled in, letting go to her.

She chuckled, cradling his head in her arms and kissing the top of his head. "I don't need to use gas with you..."

He kissed her softness at his lips. "Please..." he whispered.

She gave him another kiss on the head. "Would you do something for me?"

Through a Mask, Darkly

He took another breath of her perfume. "Anything..."

She chuckled. "I need something to drink. Pepsi with plenty of ice?"

He sighed. "Sure. Come with me?"

She moved off his lap, unfortunately. He liked her there, and let her know with a sigh, sliding his hands along her hips as she stood.

She kissed the top of his head again. "Nope, need to stay here."

He looked her over again. She was quite tantalizing in that dress. "I understand. What can I have, safely?"

She looked up for a moment. "Anything carbonated. You've done quite well on everything so far, but we don't want surprises."

He stood up, slowly. "I feel great."

She moved close to him, hugging gently but sensuously. That felt even better. "I agree -- you do feel great. Only pleasant surprises," she added.

"I agree with that. Be right back. Moira, anything?" he asked our hostess. She still had the most amazing look on her face as she held the mask to David's face. She shook her head no.

In the kitchen, Randy poured Tina a glass of Pepsi, and poured some ginger ale for himself. Things looked interesting in the family room as he walked past -- another gas setup, maybe two?

When he stepped back into the office, Tina was moving away from the gas machine. He handed her the glass.

"Thanks," she said, taking a sip. "He's back on O2 now. It will be a few minutes before he wakes up."

She gave Randy an interesting look.

"What?" he asked, taking a sip of his drink to quench his thirst.

"You're trained in emergency medicine, right?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Company crash team, that's all."

"Do you practice carries?"

He looked at David. He looked like he weighed about 190 pounds. “Yup. Want to move him to the chair?”

She smiled. “That would give us a place to curl up, and get him on the straight O2 setup.”

Randy started moving toward the loveseat.

“Talk it out,” Tina told me.

He knew the drill, telling her what he was going to do, picking up David by the shoulders, having her take his feet. They worked together, moving him easily and safely. Moira helped, reclining the chair once David was settled in.

Moira put the O2 mask on him, and stayed by his side.

Tina and Randy curled up in the love seat, necking.

“You are so enticing in that dress, such a compact, erotic package,” he whispered.

“When you gas me,” she whispered between kisses, “I want you to tease me, and play with me. Put your hand in my panties, and do your best.”

He ran his hands over her appreciatively. “Would anyone mind if I went down on you? I’ll bet you taste even better than you look.”

“I certainly wouldn’t mind,” she whispered, running her hands down his front.

They were interrupted by noises from the chair -- Moira was sitting atop David. From the way his hands were moving over her, he was awake again. Moira and David separated with a giggle and a laugh, standing and hugging. They walked out of the room, arm in arm.

“How long will it be before we see them again?” Randy muttered.

Tina chuckled and snuggled in, wrapping herself around him.

He put an arm around her and kissed her head. “How should I hold you?” he asked.

She snuggled, turning so her back was to him, pulling one of his arms around her waist. She sighed very nicely.

“Hold me like this,” she sighed.

He put his other arm on her shoulder, feeling the fabric, working down slowly.

She arched her back up to him, sighing, “Oh yes, feel me, please...”

He felt the gentle curve of her breasts, so sensuous under the soft fabric. “Do your nipples taste as good as the look?” he whispered, kissing her hair again.

“Mmm... I hope so...” she murmured.

He held her, caressing her gently. “I’ll hold you, cherish you, protect you...”

“Mmm... Don’t protect me too much!”

He kissed her head. “Don’t worry about that!”

As he raised his head, he saw Moira standing in the doorway, with a finger at her lips. He raised an eyebrow as she tiptoed into the room, going behind the loveseat to the gas machine.

Randy swirled his hand around Tina’s breasts as he hugged her waist. “I’ll hold you, comfort you, let you relax in my arms, so safe, so relaxed.”

“Mmm... That’s nice,” she whispered, snuggling in.

Moira tapped him on the shoulder, showing him the mask.

“And as you relax, getting comfortable, you can almost feel the coolness of the gas, remembering what it feels like, what it smells like, what it does to you...”

“Mmm...” she murmured again.

As she did, Moira moved the mask about an inch from her face.

“I’m holding you, so you can relax and remember how good it feels, breathing deep, taking in the cool gas, letting it fill you... It was so nice when I was being held, letting go, breathing deep, relaxing, letting the buzzing feeling fill me.”

A sort of shiver ran through her, and she moaned. Her eyes opened and she started to move. He held her firmly around the waist, and squeezed a breast. Moira pressed the mask to her face.

“Relax and let me hold you,” he said.

She moved in an unusual way, not very coordinated, moaning more. As he stroked her breast, her hips started moving as well. Moira slid a hand under Tina’s dress, making her moan more, her head moving around, her eyes moving in an uncontrolled manner

“Deep breath, Tina,” Moira said.

Through a Mask, Darkly

Tina's hips were rocking, almost right on top of his cock. He moved his other hand from her waist so he could pay attention to both her breasts. That seemed to help, as Moira had trouble holding the mask on her face, Tina's moaning increasing.

Then she gave a head-to-toe shudder, and went limp. He stopped his caressing, but Moira said, "Keep going, slow and gentle for a while. She's still with us."

He enjoyed her, the combination of her firmness and the soft fabric. He kissed her head, and whispered, "Relax and enjoy."

Tina seemed to move a bit. Moira said, "Hold the mask."

Randy held the mask to Tina's face. Moira got up, licking her fingers, and went behind the loveseat.

"Have her take a deep breath," Moira said.

He squeezed her chest a little as she exhaled and said, "Big sleepy inhale for me! Big inhale!"

She took a deeper breath, and exhaled. He coached her next breath as well, feeling the effect the gas was having on her body -- she was going quickly.

"That's good," said Moira. "After her next breath, I want you to exhale completely, then hold the mask to your face for two good, full breaths. Okay?"

He nodded, and started exhaling as Tina inhaled. As she started to exhale, he held the mask to his face, increasing his grip on Tina. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, taking in cool, pungent gas and holding it. As his ears started to buzz, he exhaled hard, and tried to take in as much as he could, holding it again. His head was spinning, buzzing, and he was having a hard time holding the mask, his hand slipping away.

Then he felt it being held to his face, and David's voice said, "One more breath for me..."

He did his best, feeling his arm slip from around Tina as that soft buzzing blanket engulfed him once more.

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