

Little Shop of Dreams

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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.

Elizabeth was anxious. "You need to be there by 9:30 darling; Madame Dumay said she would open early just for us. I'll go to the dress shop and then meet you there. Okay?"

Don didn't know why his wife was so tense; maybe it was jet lag; neither of them had slept really well after their long flight. "Don't worry, I'll be there right at 9:30. You know I'll do anything for you. I've got directions, and I even have a map. It's only a few blocks away."

Elizabeth smiled. She hoped she was doing the right thing -- for both of them. It felt right; her talks with her friend Marie, and her talks and correspondence with Madam Dumay told her she was doing the right thing.

They held each other and kissed. "Thank you for taking me to Paris," Elizabeth whispered in Don's ear.

"Thank you for waiting so long for a honeymoon," Don whispered, squeezing her waist. He gave her another kiss on the forehead and said, "I've got to be going. I'll see you in a while."

She gave him one last hug and said, "I love you."

Don left the hotel room and headed down to the lobby. In their room, Elizabeth sighed, then started packing their bags; she had a lot to do in the next hour and a half.

Don stepped out of the hotel lobby and on to the street. Welcome to Paris, he thought to himself, putting on sunglasses in the bright morning sun. It had been a long, hard push at work the last few months, bringing in the project on time and under budget, but this was worth it. The long nights at work, the weekends, even being short-tempered with Elizabeth; now she was getting a proper honeymoon -- no, we both are, he reminded himself. A night in the Latin Quarter, six nights on a barge cruising the wine country, and another three nights in the Latin Quarter -- she was worth it.

He adjusted his sunglasses and set out. They were both still feeling jet lag from the long flight yesterday. Don was actually looking forward to the three-hour bus ride to the barge, sitting next to Elizabeth and dozing off holding her. They still needed to pack and check their bags, sorting out what they'd take and what they'd leave at the hotel. They'd have plenty of time. He chuckled to himself; Elizabeth was probably doing that already.

Little Shop of Dreams

Paris was great, he thought, as long as you don't mind the cigarette smoke and watched where you walked. It was a toss up which was harder to get used to -- smoke or dogs, even in shops and restaurants.

He checked his directions again; streets in the Latin Quarter were tricky.

Ah, here's the street -- more of a lane or an alley, he thought. Five doors down on the right, number 17; it was an old wooden door next to a small display window. The window showed a collection of small perfume bottles and crystal pendants. The faded card in the window said, "*Le petit cabinet du rêve*," followed by "M. Dumay," he wished he'd studied French in school; he thought it said, "little shop" of something. But, he'd taken German, because that's what engineers were supposed to do. Japanese would have been better, he thought to himself.

He tried the door; locked. Then he pushed the button on the intercom next to the door.

"*Bonjour!*" said a cheery female voice.

"Don Williams for Madam Dumay at 9:30," he replied.

He heard the door buzz. The intercom said, "Please come right up!"

He opened the door, revealing a narrow flight of stairs. At the top of the stairs he stepped into a small well-appointed room. Two women were waiting for him, an older woman in her mid forties and a younger one, no older than thirty, if that old. Both were very attractive.

The older woman extended her hand. "Mister Williams, I am Madam Dumay. It is a pleasure to meet you."

Don shook her hand. "Good morning." Her smile was infectious.

Madame Dumay gestured to the younger woman. "And this is Rosemarie; she will be assisting us this morning."

Don smiled; he didn't know what she would be assisting with, but he wouldn't mind her company.

"This way, please," said Madame Dumay.

He followed her to a smaller room. It was ornately decorated, yet had a soft, comfortable feel to it. There was a small, low table in the middle of the room, with a large comfortable chair and a plain chair on one side, and another chair on the other side of the table. There was also a leather covered lounge. The lighting in the room was soft and indirect. He smiled as he looked around.

Little Shop of Dreams

“You like the room?” Madame Dumay asked as she indicated the large chair to Don.

“Yes, very much. It feels very comfortable, safe and quiet somehow,” he said as he sat down.

“Very good,” she said as she sat across from him. Rosemarie sat in the chair next to Don.

Madame Dumay removed the cover from a small velvet lined tray. On the tray were a number of gold capped bottles, and an equal number of small velvet bags.

“Mister Williams,” Madame Dumay started out as she folded the cloth cover.

“Please call me Don,” he interrupted.

“Thank you, Don. Your loving wife Elizabeth wasn’t certain which of these she liked the best, so we decided you should choose. After all, this is for both of you.”

Don’s eyes followed her hand as she moved it expressively over the contents of the tray. “We have here some very special perfume, and...”

She opened one of the velvet bags and removed a small crystal on a simple chain. “A number of crystals,” she said held it up by the chain and twirled it slowly. Don glanced up briefly to spot the pair of bright lights angled to the table, illuminating the crystal and making it sparkle with remarkable brilliance.

Madame Dumay put down the first crystal, a spherical one, and picked up a second, more oval or tear shaped. She moved it into the light; the sparkling colors were breathtaking.

“Your simple task is to choose one of each, the ones you like the best.”

Don stared intently at the crystal, leaning forward as she moved it in the light. She put that one down and picked up a third, again roughly spherical. Don leaned a bit further forward and stared intently; it seemed to have a dodecahedral cut.

Madame Dumay laughed and put the crystal down.

“Don, you are an engineer, yes?” she asked with laughter in her voice.

Don nodded his head affirmatively.

“I thought so. This is not work; this is pleasure. You should sit back and relax. Lean back in the chair. Can you do this for me please?”

Don smiled and leaned back. The chair was quite comfortable.

Little Shop of Dreams

“Good. Now close your eyes for me for a moment, and take a slow, deep breath. Let your shoulders relax as you exhale.”

That did help, Don thought. Sit back and relax; he was on vacation, right?

“Now another deep breath and let the muscles in your forehead, scalp, and around your eyes relax.”

He took another deep breath and let his head relax. He was surprised at how tight his forehead felt.

“Open your eyes when you are ready to continue.”

Don opened his eyes after a few moments. Were the room lights a little dimmer? He smiled; he felt better.

“That is better, no?” Madame Dumay asked.

“Yes, thank you. My shoulders and neck are still stiff from the long flight yesterday.”

“Well, we certainly can help with that,” Madame Dumay said, nodding to Rosemarie.

Out of the corner of his eye, Don saw her move, and was surprised to feel hands on his shoulders; she must have moved behind the chair. Her hands felt soft and warm, yet strong, as they began to massage his shoulders.

“Close your eyes again and breathe as I ask you to, take another deep breath, exhale and relax,” said Madame Dumay.

After a few minutes of this, Don was worried he was going to fall asleep, he felt so relaxed, almost as if he was floating. His head took a dip forward; soft hands caught his head and held it up.

He opened his eyes with a sigh. Madame Dumay was smiling. “Thank you,” he said, “That is much better,” he couldn’t believe how much better, as the room seemed to buzz slightly.

“Good,” she said, “that puts you in a much better frame of mind. Now relax and watch the crystals as I show them to you.”

Don watched as she displayed each of the crystals, swinging and twirling each in the light, describing them in her soft gentle voice. Madame Dumay taught him to signal with his fingers so he could answer her questions. She asked whether it was more relaxing swinging the crystal this way or that, if he could see the image sparkling inside, if he could feel the crystal getting larger and her voice getting farther away. He followed her voice and smiled as the crystals got larger and brighter, and the room faded a little as he started to see the images sparkling in the crystals, and her voice seemed to recede into the distance.

Rosemarie observed Don intently, watching his breathing slow and get shallow, his face relaxing. She had to concentrate to keep herself from going under, from giving in to that soft and very skilled voice.

“Good!” Madame Dumay said with a suddenness that startled him. “We have decided on this one.”

She moved the teardrop crystal quickly, and swept the others off the tray with a large, fast movement. Don shook his head a little to try and clear it; he had been so relaxed, so comfortable. He moved his shoulders and arms, wiggling his fingers, then moved his legs and feet a little.

Rosemarie smiled; Madame Dumay must be sure she had him, to throw this in. She watched closely now; she was sure she was supposed to learn something from this. Would she use the crystal again, or go to the next step? Rosemarie told herself that if she were doing it, she would use the crystal before moving on.

Madame Dumay also smiled as she watched Don try and shake himself loose from his trance. It is far too late for that my dear, she thought. She noticed Rosemarie smiling and watching her. Good, she learns quickly. Madame Dumay was pleased that her assistant hadn’t gone under; she’d tried to catch her again.

Madame Dumay picked up the crystal by its chain and held it in the light again. “Look into the crystal once more, feel it grow again as it fills your mind,” she said swung it slowly as she spoke.

Don’s eyes fastened on the crystal again, and as it moved, he felt the calmness and floating fill him again. He breathed deep to let it fill him.

Rosemarie watched Don go under again, quickly and easily. She looked over to her teacher, bringing a hand up below her eyes so she would not see the crystal, and nodded her head.

Madame Dumay smiled at her assistant, amused that she held up her hand to block her vision of the crystal. Did she do that recognizing her own desires, or out of fear? We must explore this later, she thought.

“That is very good, Don,” she said softly. “You will have the opportunity to see this again in a little while. Would you like that?”

Don smiled and signaled “yes” with his fingers as he watched her put the crystal into its small velvet bag.

“Now we choose the perfume,” she said, moving her hand gently and expressively over the four gold-capped bottles, still speaking softly as she indicated each differently shaped bottle in succession.

“Perhaps you would like to start?” she asked.

It took a moment for Don to realize that she was expecting him to actually do something. He was so relaxed in the chair.

With difficulty he moved forward a little and reached to the nearest bottle, the tall cylindrical one. It was surprising how detached he felt from his own body, how far away it seemed, how hard it was to move his fingers.

He removed the cap and held it a ways away from his nose, moving it around a little, sniffing, then carefully setting the cap back on the bottle.

He heard the two women laughing softly, then Madame Dumay spoke. “No, no, that is not how you select a perfume. Sit back and let Rosemarie help.

Don let Rosemarie’s warm hands guide him back in the chair. He sighed as he relaxed once again.

“We will try first with these,” said Madame Dumay, holding up small pieces of cloth. She uncapped the first bottle again and held a piece of cloth over the top, then inverting the two, shaking it a little. With both upright, she handed the cloth to Rosemarie and capped the bottle.

“Close your eyes for me, please. Now remember, this is perfume your beautiful wife is going to wear just for you. I want you to imagine it on her body, and inhale it as you would on her, letting it fill your body and your soul.”

Rosemarie held the cloth under his nose, and he took a long, deep breath, smiling as the scent filled him, imagining it on his wife.

“That was good, Don, very good. A woman wants you to enjoy her when she wears sensual perfume such as this. Now take a few deep breaths to clear the nose and we will move to the next one.”

The first two perfumes were nice, each in their own way. Rosemarie would hold them up, he would take a deep breath, and she would take the sample away.

The third was different. Don took a deep breath and moaned. It was delicious. He reached his hand up to keep Rosemarie from moving it, even though movement was very difficult.

Little Shop of Dreams

“Ah, this one is special for you,” said Madame Dumay softly as he took another deep breath. He felt dizzy and hungry; he wanted this on his Elizabeth. He felt Rosemarie’s other hand take his gently as she moved the cloth away.

Madame Dumay said, “Do not worry, Don, we will return to that one; we have one more to try. This last one may be better, you will never know unless you try.”

Don smiled with his eyes closed; her voice was starting to recede again, a wonderful feeling. It was sad, that had been so delicious, yet Elizabeth seldom put on perfume for him.

“And here is the last one,” said the soft voice coming out of the distance.

He inhaled. “Mmm...” This one was nice, but not as good as the one before.

“Well, I think we can narrow it down to these last two. Now we will try them again; the scent on cloth is one thing, on skin quite another. Remember, imagine how this would be on your beautiful Elizabeth.”

Don felt warm skin near his nose and mouth; Rosemarie’s forearm. He took a deep breath, expecting to fill his soul again with his favorite. He frowned; it was the last one, not as good.

“Oh, I am so sorry, Don, perhaps this will be better,” said the voice no longer so distant.

The warmth of skin approached him again. He inhaled deeply; it was his favorite, better than before. He moaned and kissed the soft skin in front of him, so soft, so warm, as he inhaled again, kissing...

His head was spinning as he threw his eyes open wide -- what was he doing?

Rosemarie moved her arm slightly, she and Madame Dumay laughed softly. He felt himself blushing in embarrassment.

“Oh, do not worry, close your eyes again and relax,” Madame Dumay said. He let his eyes close and felt a hand at the back of his head, and felt the warmth of Rosemarie’s arm return. “That is the reaction every woman wants her perfume to cause. Breathe deeply; that was your heart and soul responding.”

Don inhaled deeply, kissing the warm flesh in front of him, listening to that soft voice as it receded into the distance so quickly, yet remained so clear. How he longed to do this with Elizabeth, to convince her to put this delicious perfume on just for him. Sadness filled him as he realized this was as close as he was likely to come.

Madam Dumay and Rosemarie looked in surprise as tears started to fill Don’s eyes. Madame Dumay motioned to her assistant to move her arm. “Open your eyes please, Don, no need to be sad.”

Don opened his eyes, the sadness fading away. He loved Elizabeth so much, yet he dreamed of so much more with her.

“Come,” said Madame Dumay as she stood up. “Let us move you over to get a better look at the crystal. Stand up, please.”

Don started to stand up, helped by Rosemarie. The two women helped him to the leather divan. He lay back as Rosemarie slipped off his shoes and then moved to sit above his head. Madame Dumay sat at the side on a small stool.

“Now you can take a better look at this one,” she said, holding the teardrop crystal above his head, swinging and swirling it slowly.

Don let her voice direct his gaze and his breathing; so soon the crystal filled his vision even as her voice moved into the distance.

His head dropped momentarily to one side; he felt soft warm hands move to steady him. He took a deep breath at Rosemarie’s touch. Oh, how he wished for that perfume again.

As if reading his mind, the soft voice in the distance said, “Let us put the pieces together. Please take a deep breath for me.”

Don felt the warmth of flesh again and inhaled deeply, swimming in the perfume. Rosemarie lowered her forearm down a little and he began kissing it gently. He took another deep breath and his eyes started to flutter closed.

“Open your eyes, follow the crystal for a while yet,” said the voice. “I know they are getting so tired; you will be able to close them so soon and rest, yes, rest.”

Don struggled to keep his eyes open, following the crystal, following the soft voice in the distance. He felt as if he were coming to an edge or a barrier of some kind, a barrier he wanted so much to cross, he was so close to something, he didn’t know what, but it was so close.

Then he heard Rosemarie’s lilting voice; it took him away from that edge, from where he wanted to be.

“Relax for me Don. In a moment I will start counting, and with each number you will be deeper and more relaxed, deeper and more relaxed. Your eyes will only close when you let go. You need to let go for your eyes to close. Once your eyes close, you will still be able to see the crystal, even with your eyes closed.”

Don felt her voice get distant as she spoke, bringing him back to where he wanted to be, to where he wanted to go. He knew once she started counting, he could let go, his eyes would close, and he would be there. Please, start counting, please, he thought.

Little Shop of Dreams

Rosemarie looked up at Madame Dumay as she spoke. Madame Dumay held up six fingers. Rosemarie smiled and wiggled three fingers.

Rosemarie started counting. “One... Two...”

When Don heard the voice in the distance say, “One,” it startled him momentarily. Then he was filled with joy, for he knew what to do. He took a deep breath, filling his soul with the perfume once again, and as the voice said, “Two...” he let go and exhaled, falling into softness as his eyes closed.

Rosemarie moved her hands to Don’s temples and massaged them lightly. She looked up to her teacher with a smile on her face. Madame Dumay gave her a quiet “Hmpf” and then smiled; once again Rosemarie had shown her skill, she thought.

Madam Dumay reached under the divan and pulled out a clipboard and pen, as well as a perfume bottle and a piece of cloth. She put some of the perfume on the cloth, held it to her own nose for a moment, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. She removed the cloth as she held her breath for a moment, then exhaled. She took another breath and opened her eyes. As Rosemarie gave her a look of surprise, Madam Dumay smiled again and put the cloth on Don’s face, covering his nose and mouth.

Rosemarie was startled at this display from Madame Dumay. She shook her head and went on speaking to Don.

“Breathe deep and relax for me, see the crystal spinning in your mind, smell the perfume on Elizabeth’s skin as you relax and go deeper, floating and drifting to my voice.”

Rosemarie continued deepening his trance, moving his head gently from side to side as she massaged his temples. He seemed so nice; they all did at this stage. We will know much more in a few minutes, she thought.

“*Hypnose profonde*,” whispered Madame Dumay. Rosemarie looked up to see her mentor smiling. Madame Dumay nodded her head and handed Rosemarie a sheet of paper.

Don was happily lost in a dream world. He thought of his loving Elizabeth; how much he loved her, that he’d do anything in the world for her to see her happy and content. He thought of the last few months of work: long hard days, nights, and even weekends. It had been hard on both of them; perhaps he should talk more about what went on and how he was feeling. Yes, he should, he thought to himself, he should open up more. Elizabeth would like that and she could help him.

Madame Dumay took notes as she and Rosemarie led Don’s thoughts. Now oblivious to their voices, he took them as his own, responding slowly and softly to their questions and suggestions. Both Rosemarie and Madame Dumay smiled as Don talked about how much he loved his wife and how much he cared for her. This was so rare.

As they discussed his work life, Rosemarie looked questioningly at her mentor; Madame Dumay nodded. Rosemarie smiled; she was doing more with clients, progressing from helping with inductions to now assisting with corrective approaches and reframing, putting her long hours of study to use. This was simple, typically male, and typically American. In a few minutes she opened Don to sharing his emotions with his wife, looking to her for support and comfort, and understanding more that she was looking for the same in him.

Don thought about their life together; they got along so well. They seldom argued, and both made a point of never going to bed upset at each other. The last thing he said at night, and the first thing he said in the morning was "I love you."

Then he started thinking about their sex life. It was okay, but he wished for more. How he'd love to have Elizabeth put on that special perfume just for him, just before going to bed. She'd put it on her delicious breasts and hold him, letting him suck on her. He loved her breasts so much, and loved to suck on them, yet it seemed she didn't care for it. He wasn't being too rough, she just... He so much loved to nestle between her breasts, listening to her heart beat. How he wished she would hold him like that more often, hold him and rock him to sleep in her arms.

He wished he could do more for her in bed. He'd never mentioned it that directly, approaching it in different ways, but he thought he could do so much more for her if she'd let him. He thought of an earlier girlfriend and how easily she came, especially when he went down on her. He wanted to do that to Elizabeth, but she didn't go for it. She'd let him kiss her thighs, and maybe her mound, but she didn't let him use his lips and tongue where he wanted to.

He and Elizabeth made love in a variety of ways, and it was all wonderful, but he felt like he was always the one in control. His old girlfriend some times would hold him, squeeze him, get him so dizzy, and then roll him on to his back and ride him slowly to ecstasy. It was so nice to let go.

How great it would be, he thought, for Elizabeth to put on the special perfume for him, hold and suckle him until he was too delirious and weak to move, and then put him on his back and get on top of him. How he would love to let go to her, how much he wanted to let go to her.

Madame Dumay and Rosemarie smiled to each other at the fantasy they'd drawn out of Don, and how they'd improved on his desires. With any luck, he would be a very surprised and happy man quite soon.

Then Madame Dumay surprised Rosemarie by standing and motioning her assistant over to her as she walked to the door. "Continue with the usual suggestions and controls, and test them," she told her assistant. "You have about an hour. You also need to condition him to relax at the breast, and how to perform oral sex well. You should finish by training and testing him to control his release. Use the usual phrases." Madame Dumay looked at her assistant with a broad smile; she'd seen the girl pressing her legs together earlier. Rosemarie smiled back. "*Oui, Madame!*" she whispered enthusiastically.

Little Shop of Dreams

Madame Dumay laughed softly. "Good. I'm sure you will do a superb job. His wife will be here in a half hour. That will give me time to prepare her," she said, then gave her assistant's shoulder a squeeze, leaving her to her pleasant task.

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Elizabeth repacked their bags for the cruise and checked the others with the hotel for their return, clearing their room. Now the hard part; she waited in the hotel lobby for Madame Dumay's driver to pick her up.

He arrived on time; She was pondering an Italian gossip magazine she couldn't read, having glanced through the French ones, when she heard a voice say, "Madame Williams?"

She looked up to see a young man in coat and tie. "Yes?" she said.

"Are these the bags?" he asked. Elizabeth nodded and stood with a nervous sigh.

She followed him out to a small car; she sat in back while he loaded the bags. They drove silently for a few minutes. With the traffic, she thought, it would have been faster for her to walk. He stopped at the entrance to a small street, got out, and opened her door.

"It is number 17, on the right. Shall I walk you?" he asked.

"No, thank you," she answered. She smiled and squared her shoulders, taking a deep breath as she walked down the lane, preparing herself for she wasn't sure what. Had this been a terrible mistake?

She reached Number 17 and pushed the call button next to the door. A voice answered, "Madame Williams -- please come up." She opened the door and went up the stairs.

A pleasant middle-aged woman greeted her at the top of the stairs. She was quite attractive, and was smiling. "Elizabeth -- may I call you Elizabeth? It seems I know you so well. I am Madame Dumay."

They hugged and kissed in the Parisian style, and went to a small office overlooking the street. Madame Dumay directed Elizabeth to a large comfortable chair, and she sat opposite her, a small table between them.

"How is he?" Elizabeth asked nervously.

Madame Dumay laughed softly and took one of Elizabeth's hands. "He is doing very well," she said. "He is with my assistant now." Madame Dumay looked at the young woman, her tension all too visible. "Please relax, dear. You have done the proper thing for your loving husband, and for yourself."

Elizabeth let out a ragged sigh.

“That is better my dear. Elizabeth, you are truly a lucky woman. Your husband loves you more than anything or anyone in the world, and would do anything to please you. It is not often that I can tell a woman this. And from your concerns now, and our conversations, I can tell you feel the same about him.”

Elizabeth was nodding her head up and down, tears welling up in her eyes. “I was so worried, these last few months...”

“No, my dear, a simple male problem. He has been working so hard, and did not want to bother you with his problems. I think you will find him more willing to share his feelings with you now, more willing to seek comfort in you, more needing for you to comfort him.”

“What can I do?” sniffled Elizabeth.

“Well, my dear, let us start with these, the instruments he has chosen.”

Madame Dumay took out a small velvet bag, and two bottles of perfume, one with a silver cap, one with a gold cap.

“I will teach you to use this,” said Madame Dumay, swinging the crystal slowly for Elizabeth. She watched as the younger woman’s eyes fastened on the crystal and held her gaze. She spoke slowly, letting the crystal help her. “The crystal, when he sees it, will quickly draw him into a deep relaxed trance. In that trance he will be so relaxed, so peaceful, and he will hear only you. It is a wonderful state, so relaxing, so safe. He wants so much to give himself to you.”

Madame Dumay let her follow the crystal, watching her breathing slow, watching her tension release as she spoke. Madame Dumay slowly let it down, returning it to its case, breaking the spell momentarily. Then she fixed her eyes on Elizabeth, looking into her eyes until she saw the relaxation return.

“Yes, it is very strong, and you will learn to use it easily, and well. He wants so much to be under your spell, for you to take control of him. Does this excite you?” she asked.

Elizabeth looked puzzled for a moment. “But he’s a man, he needs to be in control...”

Madame Dumay smiled. “No dear, deep down we all yearn for those times when we can let go. We all want sometimes to let go of responsibilities, of control, to let go and place ourselves in someone’s hands. Sometimes you need to take control of him. When you make love, does he ask you to be on top of him?”

Elizabeth blushed a little at the direct question, but she had discussed far more intimate matters with Madame Dumay already. “Well, yes...” she replied.

“My dear, he’s giving himself to you, body and soul. He’s asking you, begging you.”

Elizabeth smiled. "I hadn't thought of it that way before. Some times it's so nice to let go to him, just be there and let my body respond. I shouldn't be surprised that he would like the same."

Madame Dumay smiled and nodded. "Exactly, He wants it, he needs it, and you can give it to him." Madame Dumay was pleased; she feared this would be her biggest hurdle. Rosemarie had been correct, pointing out that Elizabeth had shown tremendous initiative and willingness to take control in setting this up. I'm not pushing Rosemarie hard enough, or taking advantage of her enough, she thought.

"Now dear, for the other instrument. Pick up both bottles please. Close your eyes and tell me how they are different. This is important."

Elizabeth moved slowly, she was so relaxed, feeling somewhat detached; it must be the jet lag. She picked up the two identically shaped containers and felt them with her eyes closed. After a moment she smiled. "The gold one has little bumps on the cap and along the sides of the bottle. They're not on the silver one," she announced.

"Very good, dear. Eyes stay closed, please, let me take them and hand them back to you."

They played a game for a few minutes, putting the bottles in her hands and having her tell which was which. The game got more difficult when she started getting two of the same kind of bottle every so often.

"Very good, dear, eyes open now," Madame Dumay said.

Elizabeth opened her eyes. She felt better, smiling.

Madame Dumay gave her a serious look. "This is important, dear. The silver bottle is only perfume. The gold bottle is the same perfume with a drug mixed in. This drug brings on a profound relaxation. When you put the perfume from the gold bottle on your breasts and hold your loving Don to you, in minutes he will be helpless in your arms. This is so exciting, dear. You are going to love it and so will he."

Elizabeth started smiling; Madame Dumay smiled as well, glad to see this reaction.

"Now let us see if you can tell the difference with your nose. A little from the gold bottle on the blue cloth, a little from the silver bottle on the white cloth."

She held up the blue cloth to Elizabeth's nose, saying, "A little sniff of this one."

Elizabeth took a cautious sniff. The cloth was removed, and the white one presented. "Now a deep full breath of this one."

Little Shop of Dreams

Elizabeth took a full breath through her nose, inhaling surprisingly deep; it smelled so delicious; Don had chosen well.

“Very good, dear. That’s the way Don did it. How he longs to lose himself in you and your perfume. Did you notice the difference?”

Elizabeth shook her head; she had not.

“Let us try a bit more. Perhaps your crying earlier has made it difficult. Tell me when you find the difference.”

Madame Dumay alternated a few times, offering her a quick sniff of the blue cloth, then a long breath of the white. Elizabeth finally held up a hand, weakly, to pause -- her head was spinning. “I can’t tell,” she said whispered.

Madame Dumay smiled. “We will go back to that in a while then. It is difficult. Let me show you the crystal again.”

Was that a moan she heard from the other room as she picked up the crystal? Never mind; she smiled at Elizabeth as she started swinging the crystal. The difference between the bottles was indeed difficult to detect, because there was none; both contained the drugged perfume. And with its help, she only needed a few minutes with the crystal to ease Elizabeth into a very deep trance.

She first took Elizabeth through the process of using the crystal and both kinds of perfume to entrance her husband, having her practice with the crystal a few times, guiding her gently, reminding her she was giving pleasure to the one she loved. With this as a motivation, she learned quickly.

Madame Dumay also noticed the occasional loud female moan from down the hall; it seemed Don was doing quite well in his training. Rosemarie had earned it, especially after that Belgian swine and his charming wife earlier in the week. She allowed herself a tight smile. It wasn’t often they went against a client’s wishes, but as they delved more into that swine and his charming wife... Still, thanks to her skill, and Rosemarie’s resourcefulness, both left pleased. That woman’s life should improve greatly.

Madame Dumay then brought out Elizabeth’s own desires, building on her love, bringing out her desire to comfort and control him, as well as to please him. Elizabeth had a humorous, even mischievous streak; Madame Dumay knew she would enjoy taking over Don and would surprise him often.

She then extended this to taking control in their lovemaking, recognizing when Don wanted or needed her to take him, and to recognize and accept her own desire to take control of him. That led her to getting Elizabeth to relax more about her own body, to relax more, to experiment more, and to let Don please her more.

She finally took Elizabeth through an intense session of imagined lovemaking with Don. She was quite satisfied when she got Elizabeth to climax and was pleased when she did so much more easily a second and third time. She was confident that Elizabeth would now be much more responsive and enjoy their lovemaking more. The moans from down the hall reminded her that improved control on Don's part would add to this and she gave Elizabeth those controls as she brought her to a final climax.

Madame Dumay reclined Elizabeth's chair a little more and put a pair of headphones on the resting, smiling woman. She started a cassette playing, one that would reinforce the general controls and suggestions and give Elizabeth a schedule for the next few days to reinforce both their conditioning.

That started, she went to check on her assistant and Don. She stepped into the small hallway and was about to knock softly on the door when she heard a door behind her open. She turned to see her assistant coming out of the small washroom, smoothing her dress. Rosemarie was still flushed; she gave her mentor a very satisfied smile.

Madame Dumay chuckled and asked, "All went well?"

Rosemarie met her mentor's gaze with her own and said with a smile "Yes, Madame. He is a very capable student."

Madame Dumay said, "So it seemed to me, from what I could hear."

They laughed together. Rosemarie asked, "How is she?" nodding to the other room.

"Resting, going through the reinforcement tape. And him? Are the tapes ready?"

"Yes, Madame. He is resting, going through his short tape. The longer tapes are ready. Their bus driver is aware they will be 'sleeping' through most of their ride."

They had separate tapes for Don and Elizabeth to listen to on the bus; additionally, they had tapes for both of them to listen to at night. Elizabeth would be responsible for starting them.

"I must push you more, Rosemarie," Madame Dumay told her assistant. "You have been quite accurate in your assessment of these charming people, as well as..."

"That pig Belgian..." Rosemarie interrupted, spitting out the words.

Madame Dumay laughed, joined by Rosemarie. "As well as our valued client earlier in the week. I must ask you to do more, push you harder."

Rosemarie smiled. "Thank you, Madame."

Madame Dumay hugged her assistant. "But for now, we must get them cleaned up, presentable, and delivered to their bus. I look forward to seeing them again in a week."

Rosemarie sighed. "As do I. They are a charming couple." They hugged again briefly and then returned to their clients.

Don had been having such incredible dreams. He'd dreamed of sucking on Elizabeth's warm perfumed breasts; she held him so well. He dreamed of finally being able to go down on her, enjoying the delicious perfume on her bush as she coached him, allowing him to bring her to orgasm after orgasm. Finally he dreamed of her being on top of him, riding him, teasing him with her breasts. He lasted so long, feeling wave after wave of pleasure, giving her wave after wave of pleasure, until she let him come. Then he was floating again, soothing voices in the distance speaking to someone.

Now Rosemarie was beside him again, helping him get up, helping him to the small bathroom where he cleaned up, and helping him to a chair in the parlor, where he sat waiting, still in a wonderful fog.

Elizabeth had been having dreams as well, dreams more wild and uninhibited than anything in her life. She dreamed of seducing Don, using the crystal, using the perfume, using her body. She dreamed of surprising and taking control of him. She dreamed of holding him to her breasts, suckling him, realizing at last how incredible this was, and how much he wanted it. In her dreams she felt his lips on her nipples, sending such sensations through her, and then felt him move down between her legs, sending her again and again into ecstasy. In her final dream she surprised and took over Don, making him delirious and helpless underneath her, then riding him, riding him, and riding him. It was incredible, feeling him slide in and out of her, knowing he would not come until she let him, not until she had her own release, which was intense.

Elizabeth rested, thinking again about how she would use the crystal, and the perfume, the phrases, the caresses, and the gestures that would entrance him. She thought about what she needed to do over the next few days, and what she wanted to do to him over the next few days.

Then Madame Dumay was back, smiling and helping her to the bathroom, giving her some exciting silk panties to wear.

Don blinked his eyes in the bright sunlight. He was standing next to a bus, Elizabeth holding his arm. He blinked again and shook his head. Elizabeth gave him a squeeze. What had happened? He wasn't sure.

He recognized a couple of their bags. A young man was taking them out of the trunk of a car and stacking them with others before the bus. A young woman approached them. Don frowned. Had they met?

Rosemarie stifled a laugh as she saw the confused look on Don's face. Her satisfaction brought out a warm smile; he didn't remember a thing. She allowed herself a brief chuckle; neither did that pig Belgian. But these two, they were so much in love.

Little Shop of Dreams

“Mister and Mrs. Williams,” Rosemarie said, “have a wonderful cruise. We will see you upon your return.”

Don was surprised when Elizabeth gave the woman a hug.

Elizabeth hugged Rosemarie and told her, “Thank you for everything. We’ll have a grand time, I’m sure.”

As Rosemarie got back in the car, Elizabeth turned to her husband. Poor dear, he still looked confused.

“Do we know them?” Don asked as Elizabeth led him on to the bus.”

“They are friends,” Elizabeth told him. She led him partway back in the tour bus and had him sit next to the window. As she sat next to him, he still looked confused.

Elizabeth smiled. She reclined his seat, then put a hand on the back of his neck. She stroked his neck softly as she said, “Don’t worry Don, just relax. That’s it, relax for me, relax.... Relax.”

Don was still unsure what was going on as he sat down on the bus. Then Elizabeth held him, and as she spoke, he felt himself floating off to such a safe, wonderful place. He sighed as he let his eyes close.

Elizabeth couldn’t believe how hot and wet she was, watching and feeling Don melt into trance under her touch and her voice. She knew she was to reinforce the perfume at this point. She’d thought of putting some on her wrist, as they were in such a public place, people crowding around them, getting on the bus.

She smiled. We’re on vacation. She took the silver bottle from her purse. Her heart raced as she unbuttoned the top two buttons of her blouse, then the third button. She put perfume on the top of her left breast. She was so pleased with his selection. Then she turned to Don. She slipped a hand behind his head and held him to her breast, feeling and hearing him inhale deeply. She started speaking softly to him, the words forming in her mind, almost as if someone else was speaking through her.

As he was floating in softness, Don smelled something. It got stronger. He almost woke at the touch of soft, warm skin, but Elizabeth’s voice soothed him, and he let go to the softness, the scent, and her soft voice.

Elizabeth felt Don melt in her arms. She was so looking forward to getting him aboard the barge, grabbing him, getting him on his back.

But now she had other things to do. She let his head drop back, and straightened herself out a bit before turning back to her own seat. She sighed as she sat back, then reached for the bag Madame Dumay had given her. She’d come so close to sliding her other hand over, slipping

Little Shop of Dreams

off her bra strap and giving him a nipple. She didn't think she'd been so uninhibited in the past. She remembered speaking to Madame Dumay about something like that.

She got out the two cassette players. She took the one with the tape labeled "Don" and put the headphones on her husband. As the bus started to drive off, she put her own headphones on, started Don's tape going, then her own.

As Madame Dumay's voice filled her and her eyes drifted closed, she squeezed Don's hand. This was going to be quite a trip.

FIN

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