

Presentation

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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.

I've got to tell you about the great timeshare resort we just joined. No, this isn't a "Make Money FA\$T" deal -- this story belongs here, believe me. And you can't join anyway -- you have to be recommended by a couple of members, and there has to be an opening.

Gloria and I didn't believe it at first either. We thought some of our friends were scamming us -- yeah, another great investment opportunity. I've got just the place to put your magic laundry ball -- bend over for a moment....

But we've known Doug and Karen for a while, and Tom and Christine as well. We've known them online for a couple of years, and have met face to face. Online, we tend to hang out on the same mailing lists, and the same IRC channels.

Christine mentioned it first to Gloria, then a couple weeks later Doug mentioned it to me -- both couples had joined this timeshare resort thing, and were raving about it. I guess I got kind of hot under the collar on one IRC session, accusing them of scamming us. They told us it wasn't like that. It was invitation only, and they thought we'd both *love* it. They'd both recommended us. The weekend stay would be free, but we'd have to pay our own transportation, meals, other incidentals.

And we'd have to see their presentation, I asked? Both couples immediately replied, "YES!!!" and "GOD, YES!!!" They went every time, as often as they could.

I looked at Gloria. We laughed a little and shook our heads. We said we'd think about it. We signed off IRC and went to check for new stories on the usual sites.

A week or two later I got a call at work. The gal on the phone introduced herself as Betty. She was calling from the resort. They had an opening this weekend and wanted to know if we were interested.

At first I was upset she'd called -- how had she gotten my number? Christine had given it to her. They were surprised we hadn't followed through. I told her I wasn't sure we were interested. She told us we ought to give it a try -- there was no obligation, but if we weren't interested, we wouldn't be contacted again.

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I thought about it for a moment. We'd been meaning to get away for a few days. This was a good time. We knew generally where it was -- about a three hour drive from where we live.

"Okay, we'll bite. We'll drive down Friday afternoon. I figure it's about three hours for us?"

She verified our address and told us that was correct. She'd email me complete directions, and read off my email address to verify it.

The address she read off was the one we used on the hypnoerotic lists. I guess the way I answered her let her know I was surprised. She laughed a little and said our email address had been given to them with the referrals.

Then she had some questions. Okay. Married? Yes, six years. Kids? Not yet. Both employed? Yes. I expected a question on our combined income, but instead I got, "Do either of you have high blood pressure?"

What? She repeated the question. No. Any history of epilepsy or neurological disorders? Nope. Currently taking any medications? Nope. Is English your first language? I told her I was born in Alabama, but thought that qualified. Height and weight? I laughed at that one. "I'm five eleven and a hundred eighty. Gloria is five eight, and if you think I'm going to even guess at her weight, you're out of your mind." She laughed, and verified Gloria's office phone number -- she'd be calling her in a few minutes.

We'd check in Friday afternoon -- I told them we'd be there between three and four. That was fine. When would we like the tour and presentation? They could do it at nine, eleven, one, or three on Saturday -- no, sorry, one is taken. I picked eleven. That would give us time to sleep in. Fine, see you Friday afternoon.

I hung up and immediately called Gloria.

"Hi, hon, what's up?" she asked.

"It's time we took a mental health day -- we're taking off at noon on Friday, checking out that resort deal. We can get my head examined later."

She laughed. "That sounds good. Karen says we'll really like it."

"Oh, you can expect a call from them," I told her. She started to say something when I heard the other line on her phone ringing in the background.

"That might be them. Talk to you later sweets. Love you."

"Love you," I replied, and she hung up.

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We talked about it a little at dinner that night. We didn't know what the medical questions were about. I got the feeling Gloria knew more about this than I did -- she mentioned calling Christine and telling her we were going, then clammed up. Oh well -- I'd find out in a few days.

We didn't mention it online, other than letting folks know we'd be away for a few days. When we said that, we got a strange reply from Christine -- "We'll be gone Sunday and Monday too <GRIN>!"

The drive down was uneventful. It was good to get away from work for a while. The email we got with directions and details was pretty good. We brought swim suits, expecting to spend a lot of time in and around the pool. They had a water slide, and I love water slides. The unit we'd be using had a gas grill outside, so we packed up steaks to do one night, and marinated chicken for the other night. We almost took the laptop, but decided against it.

From the outside, the place looked like a fairly new condo complex. It was pretty busy -- looked quite popular. Most of the people we saw were young couples. There were some kids, but not a lot. We parked in the numbered space we'd been given, and went into the office.

There was another couple checking in. They were a little older than us. The gal at the desk gave them the keys to their room, and told them they were scheduled for ten on Saturday. That seemed to excite the gal no end. The guy asked if there were any openings for Sunday, and the gal at the desk smiled and said she'd put them on the list. They stepped to the side and another gal put yellow plastic bands around their right wrists.

We stepped up and I gave them our names. The gal behind the desk said, "Oh, you're here for the first time?" I said, "Yes."

With that the couple who'd gotten the bands smiled at us, and looked us both over -- I felt as if the gal was undressing me. She saw the look of surprise in my face, and said, "You're going to love it." The two of them left laughing, and clutching each other.

"How many new folks are here this weekend?" I asked as I looked over the paperwork.

"Oh, just four couples. That's all we have room for on the weekends."

"Full up, then?" Gloria asked.

A woman behind us said, "Yes, always!" The folks around us laughed.

We were given our room keys, and a map to our unit. She reminded us that our presentation was at eleven, and to be down a few minutes early -- dress casually. I'd signed the paperwork. The only thing we'd pay for was phone calls if we made any.

"We'll be here," I told the gal as she handed us a folder of stuff.

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As we turned to leave, there were two other couples waiting to check in. The gal behind us, a well-built redhead, put a hand on my arm, and one on Gloria. "You're in for the time of your life," she told us. Then she gave me a look of pure lust, and I swore I could hear her nipples popping out. The man with her laughed and pulled her up to the desk.

We walked out shaking our heads. I looked at Gloria -- I must have had a silly grin on my face.

"You're here with me, remember?" She dug nails into my side.

"Yes, Mistress!" I said. She laughed, and so did I.

Our unit was nice, basically a one bedroom apartment with a kitchen and dining area. We made one trip up with the suitcases, and I made another trip for our food. When I got back up, Gloria was standing by the table, a piece of paper in her hand. She shook her head and laughed, pointing to the wall. I looked to where she was pointing -- a phone jack.

"They've got network connections in every unit!" she said. "They even support Macs!"

I chuckled at that. We could have brought the Powerbook. "Well, I'm sold then."

She gave me a low laugh. What did she know?

We decided to check out the pool before dinner. We got our suits, sandals, and towels and headed down.

The pool area was very nice. They had two slides, one with corkscrews in it. I gave Gloria a hug and said, "Internet, Mac support, water slide -- I might like this." She hugged me and whispered in my ear, "Just you wait."

Both Gloria and I are in pretty good shape. We run and bike together, and watch what we eat. Long office hours help with that a little, too.

Lots of people came over and introduced themselves, asking if we were new. After the third or fourth time, I started looking for the large neon sign pointing to us. Everyone was very friendly, and they all looked us over. We saw two other couples with yellow wrist bands, one we recognized as the people who checked in before us. One couple really came on pretty strong, leaving us with, "Let us know if you sign up..."

I enjoyed the water slide while Gloria talked to some more people, and sat in the spa. I joined her in the spa a while later.

"Where did everyone go?" I asked. The place was popular earlier, but almost deserted now, just two other couples around. One couple was walking over to the spa, when one of the gals who'd checked us in approached them. Whatever she told them made them very happy.

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“Let me guess, you’re new here as well,” I said as they joined us in the spa.

They introduced themselves -- Pam and Bob. Pam was bubbling over (and almost popping out of her bikini top as well), “Yes, and some fools cancelled out, so we’ve got nine tomorrow morning!”

They seemed pretty enthusiastic about it. They’d been *trying* to get in for a while, and finally got another couple to recommend them -- you needed two recommendations it seemed. I guess I gave Gloria another questioning look.

She smiled to me, then turned to the others. “We’ll see you tomorrow.”

I was drying off, and was about to ask something, when Gloria took my arm and hauled me off.

“What’s going on around here? Are you going to tell me what you know?”

She turned and kissed me on the nose. “Let’s fix dinner. That bed looked really comfortable to me.”

That I could understand. I got the grill going while she showered, then I showered. We had our dinner, and cleaned up.

I’d finished in the bathroom and was walking into the bedroom. “Well,” I said, not seeing Gloria right away, “Should we flip a coin?”

I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned a little. Her hand slid up the back of my neck as she raised the crystal in front of my eyes. I didn’t even get a chance to say, “Not fair.” My eyes locked on the crystal and the room faded. She sat me on the edge of the bed and whispered softly as she spun the crystal in front of my eyes, and gently massaged the back of my neck. My eyes drifted closed.

When they opened again, she was on her back on the bed, and I dived between her legs. Tonight she tasted like the best lemon meringue pie I’d ever had. I devoured her until she pushed me on my back.

I know when she gets me on my back I’m helpless. I love it. She teased me and rode me, and when I finally came the room spun around.

When we crawled under the covers, I wound myself around her, and we went to sleep holding each other.

I woke up to the smell of bacon cooking. When I went into the kitchen, she’d poured me a cup of coffee already. I gave her a hug, squeezing her gently. She moaned in appreciation.

“That wasn’t fair, last night,” I whispered in her ear between kisses to her neck.

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She held me and gave me a low laugh. "Are you complaining?" she asked.

I kissed her neck some more. "Of course not."

We had breakfast, cleaned up, and did some stretching on the floor together. We got mildly amorous, but knew we didn't have the time. "We could blow off their presentation -- they said no obligation," I whispered in her ear, one hand on a nipple and the other working between her legs.

She laughed and held my hands to her. "Not a chance. We're going to the presentation."

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "I know how to say no." She laughed.

We headed downstairs about twenty to eleven, and headed to the office. At Gloria's insistence, I wore a pullover shirt, shorts with an elastic waist, and sandals. She wore more or less the same. We brought one room key, not taking watches, wallets, or the like.

In the office, we were greeted by a gal who introduced herself as Betty. I thought I'd recognized her voice. She led us down the hall to another office, where we were introduced to doctors Paul and Andrea Merriweather.

They proceeded to give us a very quick but very thorough medical examination. Their questioning seemed to center around neurological concerns, and risk factors for sexually transmitted diseases.

Betty came back into the room. The doctor looked up at her and said, "Looks great." Then he turned to us and said, "Of course, if you decide to join, we'll require blood tests."

Before I could say anything, Gloria said, "That's fine." She squeezed my hand.

Andrea asked, "Which program are you doing? A, B, or C?"

I gave her a funny look. Gloria said, "Either B or C, I'm not sure."

From behind us, Betty said, "I'd go with B for now."

Andrea nodded, as did Gloria. Paul gave a sly smile and said, "You would..."

We stood up and he shook our hands. Betty led us out of the office.

We spent about half an hour walking about the property. We'd seen the pool. We saw the tennis courts, and a sand volleyball area. We saw a couple of more units -- they seemed to be about the same. Betty talked to both of us, asking questions, what we did at work, what we liked to do. Downstairs again we went by one room she pointed to as the "large presentation room," where they could handle twelve couples at a time. Gloria squeezed my hand at that.

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Then we were walking back to the office area. We stopped by some restrooms. Gloria ducked into the women's, and I decided it was a good idea, so I used the men's.

We walked over to a door near where we'd met the doctors. They were both standing outside. "Still going with B?" Paul asked. Betty nodded and said, "Four for him, one for her." He smiled, and his wife Andrea took over.

Andrea moved in front of the door. Were her nipples tight under her blouse? I could tell Gloria was excited.

Andrea said, "You're presentation will be in here. The presentation itself lasts about forty-five minutes, but we give you an hour and a half. Ready?"

Gloria squeezed my hand. We both nodded. Andrea opened the door and the five of us went in.

The room was mid-sized, about fifteen by fifteen feet or so, with a curved ceiling. There was a lot of lighting equipment around the edges, pointing up at the ceiling, which was smooth and white. In the center of the room was a wide looking reclining futon or something, on a wild looking base. It was covered in a flannel-like cloth that looked comfy. At the end away from us were two headrests, which seemed to have speakers on their sides.

"Okay, you can slip off you sandals. Phil, you're on this side; Gloria, you're on this side."

We started to settle in. They were indeed headrests, and mine supported my head very nicely. I noticed Andrea on my side, and her husband on the other, next to Gloria, as they pulled a soft covering up over us.

Andrea looked to her husband, nodded, then put a hand on my shoulder.

"Remember, you'll have plenty of time after the presentation is over. We'll wait for you to come out. Now I want you to close your eyes for me, and just relax."

I closed my eyes, and felt something cool spray on my face. I breathed in something fruity, flowery, and my head started to buzz. I tried to open my eyes, but my muscles were going soft on me. As I got them open, Andrea leaned over me and slipped a clear plastic mask over my face. She smiled. "You're going to love the trip." She glanced up quickly, then leaned down over me and took a deep breath. She smiled and looked a little dazed as she stood. I heard her husband laugh a little, and they stepped out of the room.

I could hardly move. I felt Gloria's hand touch mine, and I held her. Her grip was about as strong as mine -- not very. I was about to ask what was going on when the presentation started.

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The lights went out, and were replaced by a diffuse sort of reddish glow. The thing we were on started rocking very smoothly and gently, and I heard and felt something like a low heartbeat, similar to what I hear when I'm in Gloria's arms, coming from not only the speakers near my head, but also from the thing we were on. A woman's voice came from the speakers and said, "Take a deep breath for me, and relax." It was Andrea's voice.

The lights started to flicker, and I closed my eyes. The way they were flickering, it didn't seem to matter if my eyes were open or not. As the voice said, "Deep breath and relax," I figured out what was going on, or I thought I did. I squeezed Gloria's hand, took a deep breath, and let it happen.

Oh, and happen it did. The two of us had been playing with hypnosis for a few years, and had even taken professional classes. But I'd never experienced anything like this. We were bombarded by lights, rocked and vibrated, and voices filled my head. I imagine the mask was there for a reason as well. I couldn't follow things, and quickly stopped trying, letting go to what was happening around me.

It was one of those experiences where I don't remember what happened, but I remember the feelings. The feelings were strong, sensual, sexual.

Did the presentation end? I don't know. Gloria was pulling my clothes off, and I was helping her. We made wild, impossible love. It was impossible, because I know I can't suck on her nipples and kiss her at the same time, yet that's what it felt like. And all the time, we were rocking, and surrounded by lights and the sensation of comfort.

I became aware of the lights getting brighter. We were still rocking slowly, and she was holding me. I'd been asleep, or as good as asleep in her embrace. She knows how much I love that. The rocking stopped. The lights kept brightening to white.

After a few minutes we sat up. We held each other and laughed. We cleaned up and got dressed again. We hugged, and Gloria opened the door.

Betty's office was across from us, and her door was open. She stood, and said, "Welcome back! Come on in!"

We went into her office and collapsed on a sofa. She came around and sat in a chair next to us.

"Well?" she asked.

Gloria laughed.

"Did you know about this?" I asked her accusingly.

She turned to me, giving me the most wonderful glowing, loving look. "How could I possibly know about that? Karen told me a few things."

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Betty looked at us. “Before you start in with questions, let me tell you that you are under no obligation. We didn’t do anything in there to encourage you to sign up. You are still under no obligation.”

I knew from what we’d done, and what we’d studied that we were both probably still in a highly suggestible state. It would be so easy to get us to sign right now. It would be very difficult for me not to sign right now.

I chuckled a bit. “I don’t know. I’m not sure yet. I think I’d like to repeat the presentation.”

Gloria laughed and squeezed my shoulder.

Betty gave us a smirk, and picked up a clipboard from her desk. “At five this afternoon?”

Gloria and I looked at each other in shock. We both said, “Yes!” and all three of us laughed.

I added, “But if there’s blood work to be done, we could probably get that underway, and look over whatever else.”

Betty nodded, then laughed a little more. “I’ve got to tell you -- would you guess that most of the couples who go through the presentation sign up?”

“Oh yeah,” was about the only thing I could say.

Betty nodded. “We hold the five O’clock slot open for the occasional couple like you that ask for a repeat. Gloria, are you sure you don’t want to go with C?”

Gloria laughed and said, “Let’s stick with B -- he needs it.”

“Okay, you going to tell me now, or do I have to get you to talk the hard way?” I asked her, moving my hands up her delicious thighs.

Gloria looked me in the eyes and whispered, “I love you.”

I sighed. “I love you,” I whispered back. “Answer my question.”

She looked to Betty. So did I. Betty said, “We have three programs currently, with more under development. If you decide to join, after repeating the presentation of course, we’ll be asking you more about what you’d like, as part of the membership is more personalized material. Program A is male dominant, B is female dominant, and C is switch. We have variations within those -- Gloria got a visual induction, while you were given a confusion one.”

I picked up my wife’s hand and kissed it. “You chose well. Please keep me.”

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Betty chuckled and looked out the door. We saw a young man walk by leading a couple. They stopped outside the door, and we heard Andrea's voice again. Betty stood quickly and closed the door.

"That's my husband, with the other new couple for this weekend. We'll give them a few minutes to get settled."

"So, can we talk about financials?" I asked. "Where do we sign?"

Surprisingly, Betty shook her head. "Not today. We'll do that tomorrow morning at ten if you're still interested. But, I can tell you it is very affordable. What questions can I answer for you?"

"What goes on in the group presentation room? Friday and Saturday nights? Is the small presentation room used Sundays? During the week?" I asked in rapid fire.

Betty smiled and looked at her watch. "We can go over to the group presentation room in a few minutes if you like, they should be cleaned up from the last group. But, it's basically the same thing as you just did, except up to twelve couples at a time. Once you've completed the preliminaries, you can attend one group session at no charge for every two day stay."

"We heard another couple asking about space on Sunday, and they had yellow bands on their wrists. What's that about?" Gloria interrupted.

Betty nodded. "The yellow bands mean those people have just signed up. The bands are a way of telling the others you've just joined, but haven't completed blood tests and preliminaries."

"And what are those?" I asked.

"Back to your other questions, Phil, once you've signed up, we do blood testing to insure the safety of the others. You also go through a number of additional sessions together. If you sign up, you can do one of those sessions tomorrow. We run the same program during the week. And we are a timeshare resort. Many of the couples you see here come for a week at a time. As I said, when you stay here, you get one free group session for every two days. You can sign up for private sessions or other group sessions at extra cost."

"So what happens Friday and Saturday night?" Gloria asked.

Betty smiled. It was a lusty, sexual smile. "We have entertainment. You have to complete the preliminaries first."

I shook my head. "What are these preliminaries for?"

I heard Andrea's voice to my side. I turned around; I hadn't heard the door open.

“They deepen your conditioning, although you two did really well.”

Gloria must have given her a look.

Andrea nodded. “We monitor each session. My husband is monitoring this one; I monitored yours.”

Betty added, “They’re going to be at five this afternoon as well.”

Andrea laughed. “Good for you! I’m always happy when someone goes for that.”

Betty stood, and we did as well. “I was going to show them the group room, then bring them back to you, okay?”

Andrea nodded, “Fine. We don’t get many people turning us down.”

We walked over to the group room. Gloria and I had our arms around each other. We saw some people who looked to be queuing up. Something struck me as strange, but Betty opened the door and we walked in.

It was a larger replica of the room we’d been in, with twelve of the couches, and privacy dividers around them. Each little area had towels and a place for clothing. Gloria was looking at the head of the couch.

“No masks?” she asked.

Betty shook her head. “We don’t use that in here.” Then she started to chuckle. I looked over to Gloria -- she had a dejected look on her face. “But,” Betty continued, “we use gas on all the sessions in the small room.” Gloria blushed a little and I gave her a low laugh.

We went out the door at the other end of the room, and walked back. Andrea very deftly took blood samples from both of us, putting a drop of something and then a circular bandage on our arms. “That seals the opening, and protects it. I recommend going for a swim, resting, and being back here by five.”

We nodded. Betty had stepped back into the room. “The financial packages will be taken up to your room after while for you to review. If you have questions, come down and ask. I’m here until a little before five.” She paused, and added quietly with a big smile, “I’ve got a five O’clock group session.”

We thanked them and made our way upstairs, going by the group room again. It was almost one, and couples were lined up outside the door.

“What is it?” Gloria asked, up in our room, as we were changing into our swimsuits and putting together lunch to take to the pool.

“Something about the lineup outside the group room -- can’t put my finger on it,” I told her.

I grabbed our lunches and she got towels. “Oh, you mean the fact that people weren’t necessarily lined up with their particular spice?”

I must have looked surprised. She laughed. “Yes, silly. If you want, you can go to a group session with someone else. Karen told me that. Why do you think we’ve been getting the looks since we’ve gotten here?”

I shook my head. Sometimes it takes me a while to catch on. “Please keep me,” I told her. She laughed again. “You’re not getting away from me.” Then she got serious. “I don’t know if I would or not. We need to talk about it, a lot. I don’t know how I feel about letting someone else have you, even for a little while. It’s not mandatory, you know, a lot of couples stay strictly together.”

I put my stuff down and hugged her close. I think that answered her.

We had lunch by the pool, and I hit the waterslides again. When I came up out of the water after a particularly good run, I noticed Pam and Bob were sitting with Gloria. I got out and joined them.

“You signed up already?” I asked them as Gloria handed me a towel.

They nodded, and Pam squeezed Bob’s shoulder.

“We...” I started to say, but Gloria interrupted me. “We’re signing up in the morning.” By the tone of her voice, I could tell I was being given a clue -- I figured it out and chuckled. They didn’t know about the five O’clock deal -- if they had we wouldn’t be doing it, I’m sure.

We talked for a while. They’d flown here from out of state. It turned out we were on a bunch of the same lists, and read a lot of the same things. I laughed again -- I was getting a better idea what this group had in common.

They had to leave. They were going to a local market to get some things for dinner. Gloria walked off with them.

I was resting in the sun when Gloria returned. She gave me a big kiss, and I put my arms around her.

“I thought you’d blow it and tell them about our second presentation,” she whispered between tongues in my ear. I laughed and held her.

“Speaking of that,” I said.

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We had about an hour to go before we needed to be back downstairs. We packed up our stuff and went back to the room.

The financials were there for our review. We could afford two weeks, easily. They had two more sites around the country, and two more under construction -- we could trade time between sites.

I laughed when I read one section. "Did you see this?" I asked Gloria, pointing to one section, Referrals. She shook her head. "If you refer someone and they sign up, you get two free private sessions." She laughed and shook her head.

We headed downstairs. The Doctors were waiting outside the small "presentation" room. "Ready?" Andrea asked. We nodded enthusiastically.

For this trip, Gloria had conveniently left her bra in the room. We slipped off our sandals and started to lie down.

"Oh, you can take off your clothes now if you want," Andrea told us. We stripped, and they covered us with the blanket.

"What was the spray?" Gloria asked.

Paul said, "A short acting relaxant. Would you like that again?"

I nodded, or tried to with my head in the headrest, and Gloria said, "Yes, please."

Andrea asked, "We're assuming you're going to sign up?"

Gloria gripped my hand. "For two weeks," she told them.

Andrea was leaning over me, smiling. "Good! Glad you'll be part of the family! The program we'll run then is part of your conditioning. It will take you to some different places. Relax, enjoy, and wait for the lights to come up at the end."

Paul said, "Eyes closed. It stings if it gets in your eyes." I closed my eyes, and felt the mist on my face. I took a deep breath and held it until my head buzzed. I felt the mask go on my face, and then a hand on my stomach, pushing gently. "Let go and relax, Phil, breathe deep and relax," Andrea said. I exhaled and took another deep breath. I squeezed Gloria's hand.

It started soon after that. The lights went out again, and we were rocked once more, with voices filling us. It was wilder this time. I remember a fractionation exercise, opening my eyes, trying to come up, only to plunge down again, time after time after blissful time. I'm pretty sure I went down on Gloria, and I heard her coming, again and again, feeling her legs holding my head.

She had me; she held me; she rode me. She brought me up and down, and I remembered her crying out in ecstasy on top of me.

I was expecting the same intensity, or more, when I came as what I'd experienced earlier. I was so wonderfully wrong. She held me, and rocked me, in slow gentle waves. The waves increased, and increased, and increased, until I was the waves, and still so relaxed. I came in waves, and she held me, and rocked me, and held me to her breast again, and I drifted back into bliss.

When we woke again to the lights coming up, I knew we'd heard more voices. I grabbed her and kissed her, holding her tight.

We got dressed. Paul met us outside the door and directed us to his and his wife's office. Andrea was sitting at a desk, and motioned us to two chairs. We sat down, and Paul sat next to us. Paul took my right hand. I glanced down and saw him snap a yellow plastic band around my wrist, then put one on Gloria.

"Do you know what that means?" Andrea asked.

I closed my eyes. I don't know what I did; I call it "fishing." I opened my eyes and smiled to her. "We respect 'no' as an answer, and treat invitations as a compliment. And even before this, I could not hurt anyone, or use my skill to cause someone harm."

Andrea nodded. "Very good. Have you had training in this area? I didn't see anything on your questionnaire."

I smiled again. "You didn't ask the right questions." I held Gloria's hand and squeezed it. "We went to training at Omni Hypnosis in Florida for our anniversary two years ago."

Andrea chuckled and made some notes on a notepad. "I think we're going to revise our form. And you use hypnosis as a hobby? Do you work with others?"

I shook my head, and Gloria said, "The only others we've worked with are one of the couples who recommended us. Other than that, we were both still in the closet."

"We've found a bigger closet, but we also respect the privacy of others. That's good to know," I told them. I closed my eyes and started fishing again.

Andrea interrupted me. "Phil, Gloria, if you'd like, if you have the time, I'd like to review some of our materials with you. I think you could provide some interesting opinions."

I saw Paul nodding and smiling. Gloria laughed.

"What now?" I asked.

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Andrea stood up and put an arm around Paul. "We're done for the day. You've got eleven tomorrow morning if you want it."

I nodded, and Gloria said, "You bet!"

Paul said, "Then enjoy the evening." He turned and kissed his wife. "I know we will."

Gloria and I kissed as well, then headed out.

It was a little before seven when we got to our room. I started the grill heating up, and put on the chicken while Gloria showered. She took care of the rest of dinner while I took a long, hot shower. I like showering together, but I like the water hotter than she does.

She was hanging up the phone when I came into the kitchen. We hugged and kissed, then I asked, "Who was that on the phone?"

She gave me her evasive smile, and wiggled her hips, trying and succeeding at distracting me. "Oh, just setting things up for tomorrow."

I chuckled a little, then kissed her again. I'm on vacation -- I'm not worrying about things.

We had a nice dinner. We'd bring candles next time, some music, maybe the portable computer.

"Did you pack the massage oil?" I asked, as we were cleaning up after dinner.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked.

I put my arms around her, standing behind her at the sink. "Oh, I thought I could massage your feet for a while. Would you like that?"

She laughed and wiggled provocatively. "You just want to get me relaxed, so you can hypnotize me and have your way with me..."

I kissed the back of her neck. "So are you interested?"

She laughed a little more, moving one hand to her breasts. "That's the best offer I've had today."

I didn't ask her if it had been the only offer she'd had....

We got ready for bed. I got an extra pillow from the closet and put a pool towel over it. Gloria arranged herself on the bed with a sigh, her feet on the pillow at the foot of the bed, her feet hanging off the edge a bit, her robe around her. She wiggled her toes.

Presentation

“Ready?” I asked her.

She chuckled. “Do your worst...”

I kissed her big toes. “I’ll do my best for you.”

“I know you will.”

I warmed some of the oil in my hands, and started on her feet. After a few minutes, I started speaking softly, using a progressive relaxation induction, and working from her feet up. Some other phrases popped in along the way, phrases I could almost hear Andrea or Betty saying to me. I know I could have taken her into trance the quick way, similar to what she’d done with me last night, but the slow way is so much more fun, for both of us. And, she enjoys having her feet massaged so much.

Important Note

This story is presented as a work-in-progress. It’s not complete. It may never be complete. If you’d like to see it completed, let me know -- I appreciate comments from readers. Oh, and this story is only posted on asstr -- if you found it somewhere else, please let me know, as it’s stolen.

Work in Progress

Rev 8/01/2000

Presentation

By artie@netgate.net

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>