

Sonoma 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.

(Thanks to MC Writer for the nits!)

Tom sighed as he sat down on the park bench. Not only was the world out to get him today, it was getting him. First, he'd gotten up early and drove from his house in Palo Alto up to Sonoma for an eight o'clock meeting. Since it was a big meeting and he had to get up early, of course he hadn't slept well. Add to that driving in a company car for two and a half hours in ugly traffic, and his lower back had tightened into a painful mess. At least the meeting went well. He was looking forward to the Thursday night yoga class later; he was going to need it after the drive back, and more meetings at work.

He headed out of the office, stopping at the deli by the park to get a sandwich and unwind a bit before making the two-hour drive back to Palo Alto. The sun felt good on his back. He thought about doing some yoga; he could spare a few minutes. He'd just unbuttoned his shirt when his cell phone chirped.

He picked it up. "This is Tom."

"Hey Tom, this is Andy. How was the meeting this morning?"

Tom frowned and his stomach churned. Andy was his boss, and wouldn't be calling his cell phone unless it was urgent.

"It went well. We've got good people up here. So what's wrong?"

Tom heard Andy laughing over the phone. Andy said, "Tom, I've got good news and bad news. I take it you haven't been listening to the radio this morning?"

"No, I've been busy. What's up? I'll be back for the meeting at three."

"Well, that's the good news. You don't have to be here for the meeting."

"Oh? So what's the bad news?"

“Tom, there was a really nasty pile-up on the 101 freeway just north of the Richmond cutoff. 101 is closed in both directions, and the latest news I heard is that it’s going to be closed until tomorrow -- at least. The whole area to the North is cut off.”

“Holy shit. So I’m stuck up here?” Tom said.

“Unless you want to drive home through Sacramento, yes. Hey, look on the bright side. Take the rest of the day off. Relax. Find a place to stay and have a good meal. I’ll sign off on whatever you do. I know how much you dislike that drive. Check in with Byron at the site up there some time tomorrow, like after lunch. If you end up spending part of the weekend there, that’s fine. We’ve been asking a lot of you recently, and you’ve delivered. You’ve earned some rest. Give me a call tomorrow afternoon, okay?”

Tom sighed, shaking his head. “Okay, glad I have some clothes with me. Thanks for the warning. I’m glad I didn’t get caught in that mess.”

“I didn’t want you to go through it either. I tried to get you at the site, but they told me you’d left already. Traffic will probably be backed up to where you are in a couple of hours. Talk to you tomorrow.”

“Thanks Andy, I’ll check in tomorrow.”

Tom turned off his phone and put it down. Then he smiled, took the pager from his belt, and turned it off. He peeled off his shirt, revealing his tank top. He looked around as he slipped off his shoes and socks. Hmmm... There was a wall that looked to be about the right height.

It was a slow day for Deb. She’d had two appointments in the morning, but her only two appointments for the afternoon had cancelled out at the last moment. Oh well -- it had been a good week, and both people understood her cancellation policy. She could afford a little slack time. She walked around the corner to the deli and got a sandwich. Something told her it would be a good day for a relaxed lunch in the park.

She sat under her usual tree. Off to her right she noticed a man doing yoga. There was a shirt and a deli bag on the table near him. He moved well. He looked to be very flexible -- but there was something wrong. She sensed something.

She watched with interest. She hadn’t done yoga for years, but recognized the poses. He was doing things with ease that she’d never mastered. In one smooth motion he went from downward dog into a handstand and pivoted, putting his back against a wall, bending his legs back over the top of it and hanging from his calves. He pulled up his arms, and she could hear him breathing deep and strong.

It must be his back! He’s trying to stretch out his lower back! She laughed a little as she picked up her lunch bag and moved to the table.

Tom was hanging upside down from the wall, eyes closed, trying to stretch his lower back. It helped, but the angles weren't quite right. He pivoted his hips a little and felt a twinge. Nope, not getting it, he thought. He put his hands back on the ground, pushed back to a handstand and pivoted, then lowered down slowly into child, his legs under him, chest resting on his thighs.

When Deb saw him wince, she almost got up. Then he moved into child, and she decided to help. She walked over behind him and bent over, placing her hands on his sacrum.

Tom felt hands on his lower back, and felt them push down. A woman's voice asked, "Does that help?"

Tom took a deep breath. "Yes, harder please." The weight increased.

The voice asked, "Your lower back?"

He said, "Oh yeah."

Deb smiled. "Hands and arms out in extended child," she told him. She eased up the pressure with her hands, and moved instead to sitting on his sacrum, resting her sit bones on his lower back. As she lowered his weight onto him, he sighed.

Tom moved his arms out in front as requested, and felt her sitting on him. It felt great. Then she pressed on his shoulders, pushing out and down, alternating sides, stretching his back. "Oh, that's great," he sighed.

"What did you do to your back?" she asked.

"Drove two and a half hours in traffic in a company car with seats designed by Torquemada," he replied.

"You've done yoga for quite a while. You're in good shape. Sure it isn't stress?"

Tom grunted, and took another slow breath. "That could be part of it." She was pressing on both shoulders now. He focused on his breath. He felt her hands moving around on his back.

"What's with your left shoulder?" Deb asked, feeling the tension in it, different from the right.

Tom laughed a little. Whoever she was, she was good. "That's stress. It hides in my left shoulder, down in the deeper layers. The inversion work usually helps."

Deb smiled. She pressed on both shoulder blades again, out and down. “What you need,” she said, “is a good massage.”

Tom sighed. “Amen! And the wonderful talented woman I usually go to is off on vacation for another week.” Then he laughed softly. “You wouldn’t happen to know of someone with an opening this afternoon, would you?”

Deb laughed. “Why, I just might. How long?”

Tom sighed. “With the freeway South closed, as long as it takes to work the mess out of my back and shoulder. Then spend enough time on my head and neck to turn me to jelly, then pour me into a bucket for safe keeping overnight.”

Deb felt around on his back. “You’re right about the intermediate layer. It feels to me like the upper serratus group, as well as rhomboids. You’ve got tightness in muscles most people don’t even have. You’re doing something right. Will your family miss you tonight?”

Tom replied simply, “I’m single.”

She smiled, closed her eyes, and looked with her hands. Then she pressed once more, exhaling as she did, whispering, “Relax,” as she did.

She stood up. Tom moved slowly to sitting.

Deb moved in front of him and helped him stand. He was a few inches taller. With a smile she said, “I’m Deb.”

Tom stood, looking at her brown eyes and clear makeup-free complexion. He guessed they were about the same age, early to mid 30’s. They both looked to be in good shape. “No, you’re my savior. I’m Tom.”

“Let’s have lunch,” Deb said with a chuckle. They sat down.

In response to her questions, Tom told his tale for the day -- up on business, now stuck because of road chaos.

“But I’m happy it happened -- I got to meet you,” he said with a smile.

Deb was feeling better about this all the time. She told him a little about her business; she’d been doing it for about five years, and had a successful practice.

As they talked, Tom moved a little to one side. His back twinged again and he winced.

Deb said, “We should work on that. What do you usually do when this happens?”

Tom straightened up, trying to breathe through it. "I've got an inversion sling hanging in one ... room of the house." Why had it pained him to almost say "bedroom," he thought. Because it had been his daughter's room? He sighed and continued, closing his eyes, "I hang from my thighs, feeling my back stretch out, feeling..."

Deb moved from instinct -- it was the way he closed his eyes and spoke. She quickly moved things off the picnic table, brushing it off. She walked over to him and took his arm. He opened his eyes and looked at her, a little startled. She smiled. "On your back on the table for me, now."

Tom looked a little puzzled, but moved on to the table as requested. She moved his feet up near his bottom, then moved to his head.

"Okay, now close your eyes and take a deep breath." She started massaging his temples lightly. "Visualize yourself in your room. It's so tranquil and relaxing. Feel yourself hanging from the inversion sling." She moved his head back and forth a little. He moaned softly. "Feel yourself swaying a bit, and feel your muscles relaxing, stretching out." Moving her hands to the back of his head and the base of his skull, she pulled on his head as he exhaled, stretching his neck. "Relaxing, relaxing. Feel your neck lengthening and letting go, then your upper back. Now feel your mid back relaxing and letting go. Now your lower back is relaxing, the tension and tightness melting away and the muscles loosening and letting go. So relaxing, so relaxing."

Deb couldn't believe how much and how quickly his breathing shifted. He was obviously skilled at yoga, probably meditation as well, as they went hand in hand. But how about hypnosis? She practically had him in a trance -- a couple of minutes more and she'd have him. Do it here or move him? She sighed. She still needed more information. She wanted to be safe, and she wanted him to be safe as well.

"That's very good. Now as I count to three, feel yourself coming back, all your muscles so relaxed now. One, moving around a little; two, deep breath, so relaxed and comfortable; three, eyes open."

Tom opened his eyes and sighed. He looked up at Deb, standing over his head.

"That was wonderful. Why did you stop?"

She laughed and helped him to sitting. He moved freely for a bit, but twinged again as he moved off the bench and reached for his shirt.

Deb sighed, but Tom laughed a little.

"You did great. That was wonderful. What next?" he asked.

She smiled. "Let's clean up our debris and head over to the studio. You'll want to move your car."

Getting in the car a few minutes later, Deb remarked, "I see what you mean about these seats. They'd mess up anybody! Okay, straight and turn left, then into the first alley on the right. Good, park next to the Datsun."

Something told her to take him in the back way. It was just a hunch, but her hunches were playing out very well today.

They went in the back door and she showed him to the room with the massage table and a very comfortable looking wicker chair with cushions. She picked up a clipboard from a shelf and handed it to Tom.

"The usual paperwork, if you please," she said with a smile, pointing him to the chair.

Tom took the clipboard. "And how much is this going to cost me?"

Deb smiled. "I had two last minute cancellations for this afternoon, so my time is paid for. Besides, my first session is free, to see if we work well together. You understand the importance of that."

Tom nodded. "At least let me buy you dinner?"

Deb opened her mouth, about to say something on keeping professional boundaries. She realized she fully intended to stray way across those boundaries. Or would she? She said, "Of course. That would be nice. I'll be right back."

She walked to her workroom and put one of her heat packs in the microwave oven to warm it. She started the water running to dampen a towel with warm water. Then she got out a bottle of pills, and a beaker.

"So Tom, how much do you weigh?" Deb called out.

Tom raised his head momentarily from the form he was filling out. "One seventy five."

Deb took one tablet from the bottle, and started grinding it to powder.

"Any liver problems? High blood pressure? Anything medical I should know about? Taking any medications?"

"Nope. My blood pressure is usually one ten over seventy; I don't do caffeine, and I try to avoid refined sugar," he replied.

Deb frowned momentarily. She hadn't paid that much attention to the sandwich he'd had at the park. "Are you vegetarian?" she called out accusingly as she poured some DMSO into the powdered tranquilizer.

"Hell no!" came Tom's reply.

Deb laughed. "Just checking." She stirred the solution with a glass rod, watching the powder dissolve quickly. She set it down and went into the other room.

She picked up the clipboard and looked over Tom's answers. Everything looked good. Hell, everything looked great. She'd been feeling the tingle between her legs for some time now. She'd loved sitting on his back. She was looking forward to sitting on his front. Still...

She sat down in the chair next to Tom and looked him in the eye. "Tom, I've got some other questions for you. I appreciate your honesty and your openness."

Tom nodded. "Okay."

"Tom, do you have HIV or AIDS?"

Tom shook his head and said, "No."

"Have you ever been tested for them?"

Tom looked up momentarily. "Well, I'm a regular blood donor at work. I know they do screening. So far the only phone calls I've gotten from them are for more."

Deb smiled. "Good. Any sexually transmitted diseases? Herpes?"

Tom kept shaking his head. "Nope. I've been all too celibate."

Deb laughed a little. "IV drug use? Anything that would put my life and career at risk by coming in contact with you?"

Tom smiled. "Nothing that I know of, and I'd tell you if there was."

Deb sighed and stood up. "Good. Thank you. It's a weird world, and we need to be careful."

Tom nodded.

She put her hands on his shoulders and turned him slightly side to side. He winced a bit. "Okay," she said, "First thing, go to the bathroom. Then strip down and get on your tummy on the table, towel over your bottom. You know the routine."

Tom sighed as he stood up, peeling off his shirt and walking to the small bathroom. “I do indeed, and I need it more often.”

Deb went to the other room and picked up the beaker, swirling it a little more to insure things were dissolved. With his weight, it should take ten to fifteen minutes to hit. She got a cotton applicator on a stick. She didn’t want to get this on her skin.

“All set in there?” she called out. In response to a muffled “Yes!” she walked back into the room.

Tom was face down on the massage table, breathing slowly, letting go. He felt hands move along his back. The towel moved down some, and he felt something cool on his lower back and sacrum.

“Tom,” Deb said softly, “I’m putting something on your lower back area that will help with the tightness and inflammation. You might notice a funny taste in your mouth in a few minutes.”

“DMSO?” Tom said from the face cradle.

“You’ve used it before?”

Tom nodded a little. “Yes, occasionally on my elbows and left shoulder. It helps. The taste doesn’t bother me.”

Deb poured the last few drops on to his back and spread them out with the applicator. “Good. You know how much this will help then.” She set the beaker and applicator on a shelf and pulled her stool up to the head of the table.

She got the heat pack, wrapping it in the damp towel. She placed it on his back.

“Is that too hot?” she asked.

Tom sighed. “No, that’s great.”

She reached underneath the table and got a bag filled with sand. “Just you wait. How’s this?” She put the ten pound sand bag on top of the towel and hot pack.

Tom sighed louder. “Wow. That feels great.”

Tom felt her hands on his head and neck. He sighed again.

Deb moved her stool to the head of the table. She sat down and started in on his head and neck, glancing at the clock. “Good, Tom, we’ll let that work its magic for a while. You can let go and relax now. I’m so happy we met at the park, and so glad I can help you. As long as you’re here, you’re safe and protected. All you have to do is relax.

There's nothing else you have to do except relax and let me take care of you. Your breathing is wonderful. Slow, deep inhales, and when you exhale, let go of all the tension."

Tom was feeling very relaxed. Deb's hands were good, and her voice helped. It was so nice to relax. Nobody expected him to do anything the rest of the day.

"Tom, now we're going to start working on your lower back. But we're going to sneak up on it. I'm going to start by relaxing your head and neck, and then spreading that relaxation down through your body. By the time we get to your lower back, you're going to be more relaxed and comfortable than you've been in a long, long time. Does that sound good to you?"

Tom sighed and nodded his head a little. He was already feeling very relaxed.

"Good. Starting at the crown of your head then, breathe to my fingers, then exhale and relax..."

Tom tingled as he exhaled and she moved her fingers along his scalp. Then she moved to his temples, then ears, then neck. She spent a long time on his neck and shoulders. He could feel them relaxing so deeply under her light touch. It was hard to follow her voice. It was hard to concentrate. He felt his legs twitching a little, something he usually only felt near the end of a very relaxing massage.

Deb saw his legs twitch a little. Was he that deep already? She assumed he was. "Tom, all you have to do is relax. You don't have to follow my voice, because your subconscious will follow everything I say to you, and let your conscious mind rest. Your conscious mind can rest while your subconscious follows everything I say. When you're ready for your conscious mind to rest and your subconscious to take over, all you have to do is take a slow, deep breath, let it out, and let your conscious mind rest."

Tom heard Deb's voice from far away, but he understood her, and was happy. He took a deep breath, and let go, fading off.

Deb was a little surprised, but pleased, when he immediately took a deep breath and exhaled. She saw his body relax even more with that exhale. She smiled, leaned over, and kissed him on the head. She still had a lot of work to do, including giving him a very good massage, working out the kinks in his lower back and left shoulder.

She started her work on his upper back and shoulders as she deepened his trance and gave him suggestions for later. She taught him to wiggle his fingers to answer her questions. She worked his back as she verified the all-important medical questions. Neither of them were at risk. She learned he practiced meditation regularly, but had never been hypnotized before. She deepened him more and moved to his lower back and hips. Some of the problem was his lower back, but she found his left hip was tight as well -- probably referring pain from the sciatic nerve. She used all her skills to loosen up

the troubled areas. She worked his legs. He was in good shape. Then she brought him up, getting ready to turn him to his back.

Tom woke feeling so relaxed and comfortable. He was a little disoriented, then remembered he was still up North. Then he heard Deb's voice. "Okay Tom; I'll hold the towel and you turn towards me, turning over on to your back."

Tom moaned and turned over, sighing once he was on his back. He left his eyes closed.

"How's your back feel now?" Deb asked.

"What back? I'm made out of jelly," he replied, "It feels great."

Deb chuckled. "And we're not done yet."

She moved to his legs. As she worked his left leg and hip, she explained some of the tightness she'd found, and that part of his back problem was probably referred pain from his left hip. She worked his right leg and hip, starting to relax him into trance again.

Now for the test, she thought. "Tom, I want to do some fairly intense work on your thighs and your abdomen. Are you familiar with the Psoas group of muscles?"

It was hard for Tom to concentrate -- he just wanted to let go and fade out again. He nodded and said, "Yes, knee to diaphragm. Do your best. I need it."

She smiled. "Good. I know people are usually touchy in that area. I want you to know I understand. So I'm going to touch you gently at first, and I want you to relax to my touch. Let go and relax. Let every breath and every touch relax you more and more."

Tom was only too happy to do as she asked. He moved a little with her first touch on his belly, but let go, sinking back into peace.

She started probing his abdomen. He was touchy at first, but relaxed to her touch and her voice. She was pleased when she saw his feet rotate out a little more, an indication of deep relaxation. She was even more pleased to see his erection growing as she worked on his abdomen.

She worked the deep muscles, coaching his breathing. He needed the work -- she could feel that.

She tested him again, taking him deep. She felt the tingling in her breasts, and between her legs, and the hunger deep inside her -- deep inside her where he would be soon. She spoke softly as she touched his cock, deeply embedding the suggestions to release his pleasure and give control to her. Even deep in trance, he moaned for her. She

brought out his fantasies, and was pleased at what she heard. She brought him to the ragged edge of orgasm and held him there, deepening and tightening her control.

She let him relax, then tested him, bringing him to the edge again with a few words, then calming him back into deep trance. She replaced the towel and moved to his shoulders and chest, bringing him up to consciousness again.

Tom swam back up again. He felt her working his chest and shoulders. He had deep feelings, sexual feelings. Some times he got an erection during a massage, especially when he was really relaxed. He sighed; he'd probably had one earlier and didn't remember it. Oh well, it was gone now.

Deb heard him sigh and started speaking to him again, complimenting him on the shape he was in, combining strength with range of motion. She worked his chest, then his shoulders more, working his arms through their range of motion with his assistance. She told him he still had some adhesions in his left shoulder; they would take a number of sessions to work out. She was very pleased when he smiled and said he was in the area regularly.

She finished his shoulders and chest. She moved the stool to the head of the table again and sat down. She placed her hands on his shoulders, resting them. She breathed deep for a moment, resting. She'd worked hard on him, and enjoyed every moment of it.

"Now, Tom, would you like me to work on your head and neck for a while?" she asked softly.

Tom gave a ragged sigh. He felt his cock stirring. The towel felt as if it was in a good place. He didn't care if he got an erection. He managed to say, "Yes, please."

Deb smiled and started with circles on his temples. "Good. I like this as well. Take a deep breath for me and let go."

Tom took a breath, and his exhale was ragged as he felt as if he was falling, falling, falling.

Deb smiled as he let go, such a good subject. She had a decision coming up. How would she make it? She sighed; she'd make it when the time came.

She massaged his head and neck and eased him deeper into trance again; he'd gone fairly deep on his own. She helped him feel relaxed, safe, and comforted. She worked with him to better his ability to deal with stress, and to relax. Then she worked his neck, and started rocking his head gently back and forth, back and forth, as she eased him into sleep. After a few minutes, knowing he was sound asleep, she covered him with a sheet and kissed his forehead. She stretched a bit. She smiled; two hours of good work -- she'd put everything she knew into him. She sat in the chair and waited.

As she waited, she thought. When he awoke, what would she do? She could ask him, and respect his decision. Or, she could inflame him with a touch and a word, and take him without asking. She knew how she felt about him. How did he feel about her? She wanted him. He would enjoy it so much. But how would he feel afterwards; how would she feel? She remembered his smiles; she thought he liked her. What to do, what to do....

Tom remembered soft hands, a soft voice, and rocking so nicely as he drifted off to sleep. He woke up and stretched, feeling the sheet over him. He looked over and saw Deb stand up and walk to his side.

“Thank you so much,” he sighed, holding out a hand. He looked at the clock -- it was almost four. “You let me sleep!”

Deb held his hand. “You needed it.” She looked in his eyes, looked at the soft relaxed smile on his face. She made up her mind.

“Tom, would you like to shower?”

Tom sighed, moving a little. The towel was gone from under the sheet. She’d seen him. He chuckled. So what? He looked at her and said, “Yes, that would be nice.”

He started sitting up. She helped him. He sat on the massage table, the sheet around his middle and legs. She put her hands on his shoulders.

“Tom, one more question.”

He smiled. “Okay, what?”

“Would you like to make love before or after your shower?”

Deb held her breath as she watched Tom close his eyes. It’s his decision, she told herself, and she would abide by it.

Tom opened his eyes, looking into a soft pair of brown eyes, clear skin with a few freckles, soft natural brown hair.

“I’m concerned about our relationship,” he said.

Deb’s heart sank; it’s his decision, she reminded herself.

“You’ve given me the best massage I’ve had in my life,” he continued, “could we continue that?”

She gave a small smile and nodded, saying, “Yes, of course.”

Tom sighed and said, "Then why not both before and after?"

Deb smiled and closed her eyes, moving to him, extending her arms. She moved between his legs and as their lips met, she felt his strong arms and legs holding her.

Tom took her in, holding her, kissing her, trying to return some of the pleasure she'd given him. As she moved her hands on his shoulders and back, he couldn't help but chuckle.

Deb pulled back a bit and asked, "What's so funny?"

Tom smiled. "I'm sorry. My shoulders move so much easier now, thanks to you."

She smirked and grabbed the sheet with one hand and one of his hands with the other. "Come with me," she whispered.

Tom raised her hand and kissed it, then followed her up the stairs. They walked into her bedroom. She spread the single sheet from the massage table on top of her large bed.

"Wait for me while I go to the bathroom," she told Tom.

He smiled. "I need to go too. I'll go downstairs."

Before she could say anything, he'd left the room. Oh well, there wasn't much street traffic, and the shades were mostly drawn. She'd put up the "Closed" sign early on.

She went to the bathroom, washing herself afterwards and putting on perfume, knowing his fantasies better than he did. Should she pull out all the stops now, or save them for later? He had said, "Both." And, he was going to need a place to spend the night.

She returned to the bedroom to see Tom sitting on the edge of the bed, his erection proud and strong. She moved to him, reaching out a hand, but he stopped her.

"Deb?" he asked, "I don't have any condoms. Is this a smart thing to do?"

She smiled. Under hypnosis he'd told her of his vasectomy, and his divorce.

"Tom, thank you so much for asking. I'm safe and so are you."

She reached out a hand again to touch him and send him into trance. He met her hand and held it. She started to speak, but he said, "Shhh..." and put a finger to his lips.

He stood and moved her to her back on the bed, her legs over the side. Then he knelt down between her legs and crossed them over his back.

“Now let me thank you for what you’ve done,” he whispered, as he kissed his way up her thighs. Her perfume and her scent were intoxicating.

Deb relaxed on the bed, feeling his gentle hands and warm mouth working their way up her legs. She rolled her head a little, loosening her neck, congratulating herself on her decision. Then she felt his hot breath on her, she took a deep breath, and reached her hands for his head.

Tom adored her, moving in faster than he had anticipated, but he was so hungry for her, and wanted so much to thank her for what she’d done. She squeezed him with her legs and hands so well, and she came to a gentle orgasm, shuddering around him, sooner than she’d expected.

Deb relaxed a little after a rapid orgasm. God, she thought to herself, I was hotter than I thought! Then she felt a finger moving in her, hooking back, teasing her from the inside as his tongue and mouth teased her on the outside. She moaned and held on.

Tom felt satisfied that her second orgasm was quite a bit louder and stronger than her first. Her legs fell limp around him. He stood up slowly, unrolling and feeling his back and shoulders. They still felt good. He looked down at her glazed look and soft smile as he moved her legs on to the bed.

Deb moved over on the bed and opened her arms. Tom smiled and climbed on to the bed, lowering himself into her embrace and kissing her. They roamed hands over each other, moving their bodies into the embrace, their legs intertwining.

Deb grew impatient; she wanted him in her, and she wanted him now. She rolled him gently to his back. As she tried to go up on her arms, he held her tight and kissed her. She slid a hand up behind his head.

Tom allowed himself to be rolled to his back, but held her close, kissing her. Her weight felt so good on him. That weight on his back earlier had been so good. Then he felt a hand at the back of his neck. He felt a squeeze, and he was floating, the strength going out of his body.

Deb rose up as he relaxed under her. She moved quickly, drawing him up and taking him inside her. They both moaned. She rocked on top of him and lowered herself down.

Tom struggled to move his arms and legs as she rocked on top of him. As he was regaining control, he felt a nipple press against his mouth. He accepted it hungrily, inhaling through his nose, taking in more perfume.

Deb rocked on top of him, reveling in the sensation. She was so close. She closed her eyes and let it happen, let it take her. And as she was coming, with him deep inside her, she felt his body tense up. She smiled and cried, "Yes!"

Tom felt her spasming around him; he got his arms around her waist and plunged deeper, deeper, so close, and then he was coming, pumping in to her as she continued to rock.

He opened his eyes to her looking down at him.

"Hi there. Feel like a shower?" she asked.

Tom wrapped his arms around her and held her close. She started to reach around the back of his head as he squeezed the breath out of her, but he let her go and she sat up on him laughing.

Tom looked up at her and put his hands on her thighs. "Let's shower. I'm starving," he said.

She slid off him, grabbing her panties and tucking them between her legs. She looked at the clock and said, "Get started. I'm going to make a phone call to reserve us a table. Steak and ribs okay?"

Tom growled as he sat up, reaching for her.

"I'll take that as a yes," she said, scampering away laughing.

Tom got up and went to the bathroom. The shower was small but adequate. Actually, she had a nice little place, he thought. Business downstairs, live upstairs. There must be a kitchen downstairs as well. He started the shower and when the water warmed up, he got in.

He was joined shortly. Deb hugged him and said, "The roads are getting crazy, but I got a reservation and know how to get us there."

They kissed and then showered, helping each other. They dried off. Tom started combing his hair with his fingers, and Deb handed him a comb. He accepted it and finished the job as she brushed out her mid-length hair.

They hugged once more in the bedroom. Tom sighed and said, "My clothes are downstairs. When's our reservation?"

Deb wiggled her hips as she held him. "You said 'before and after,' didn't you?"

Tom sighed and smiled. "After what you did to me, I'm shot for a couple of hours. It's something about being on the wrong side of thirty."

Deb's smile increased. "Oh really?"

Tom felt her backing him to the bed. Then he felt her hands slide up his shoulders to his neck and his head. His entire body tingled as he felt himself fall on to the bed, and somehow keep on falling. He heard her voice again, from far away, and felt himself on fire. He wanted her; he had to have her. He was hot and hard again, and she was on top of him, rocking again, her soft voice coming from some amazing place, her hands dancing over his body as she took him deep inside her again.

His hands found her hips and he held her, rocking his hips to meet her, pulling her to him. Soon he heard her cries and felt her coming around him. Somehow that made him all the more hungry for her. He pulled her down and took one of her nipples, sucking on her as he felt her weight on top of him.

Deb was startled by the passion she'd unleashed. She set him afire and impaled herself again, and as she touched him, caressed him, inflamed him, she felt herself getting oh so close oh so fast. And then he grabbed her waist and pulled deeper into her, sending her over the delicious edge.

She collapsed on top of him and he was soon sucking hungrily, still thrusting. For a while all she could do was to hold on. She moved her hands up to his neck, and started squeezing him gently as she spoke to his body.

Tom couldn't believe the sensations flooding through him. Something about her voice, which he heard but didn't understand, and her hands squeezing him, taking him to the edge.

Deb heard his muffled cry and felt him shudder beneath her. She rocked on top of him as he pumped into her, going limp under her.

This time when he opened his eyes, Deb was smiling down on him. He said weakly, "What was that?"

Deb gave a low laugh. "Surprise!"

Tom sighed and said, "I'll say. You are incredible."

Deb laughed as she slid off him, this time grabbing a towel.

"We need to get going. Traffic is going to be a mess. You're driving."

Tom sat up and gave her a funny look. "But my back..."

She laughed and pushed him to his back on the bed, then wiped him with the towel. "I'll take care of your back, and your front too. Get up and get dressed!"

Tom got up and gave her a hug. “Yes, dear.”

He scooted down the stairs narrowly missing the corner of a towel snapping at his bottom.

He got dressed. He felt great. He looked around a bit. Yes, there was a nice kitchen downstairs, with a good sized pantry. In the front of the house was a nice parlor, and on the other side of the staircase, an office. He saw a stack of business cards in a holder by the door. He picked one up and started laughing.

Deb was coming down the stairs when she saw him pick up one of her cards and start laughing. She stopped at the bottom of the stairs.

Tom turned to her, smiling. “Peace of mind -- massage and hypnotherapy,” he read from the card.

Deb gave him a somber smile. “Tom, will you forgive me?”

To her surprise and delight, he stepped forward and put his arms around her, squeezing her and picking her up, burying his head between her breasts. She held his head and laughed as he squeezed her.

Finally she said, “Put me down, please.” Tom put her down gently.

She looked at the smile on his face. “Will you forgive me?”

Tom smiled and held her hands in his, kissing them. “Ask me again later.”

Deb felt the warmth spread inside her. “Tomorrow morning?” she asked softly.

Tom kissed her hands again. “Or Sunday, unless I’m being pushy.”

She moved closer, feeling his warmth. “I’ll ask on Sunday.”

He gave her a hug. “Let’s get dinner.”

They walked out back arm in arm. She led him on side streets to a small restaurant. It wasn’t too crowded. The background talk was mostly about the road closure and the chaos it was causing. Tom and Deb smiled at each other, toasting each other with a glass of water.

They ordered a simple meal and a bottle of wine.

Tom shook his head. “What did you do to me?”

Deb gave him a low laugh. "Would you like to know what I can do to you? I can drop you into a delicious trance with a word, or a touch. I can relax your body, making it numb, or magnifying every sensation. I can ..."

Tom was tingling, just hearing her words, feeling them take hold of him. He interrupted, saying, "Don't tell me, show me. Surprise me."

Deb smiled. She looked around, then reached over and slid a finger down his forehead. As it reached his nose, his eyes closed and his head drifted forward. She spoke softly but clearly to him. Then she motioned to their waitress, to let her in on it.

Tom blinked. Their salads had arrived, the waitress standing there with a pepper grinder. Tom nodded and she ground some pepper on his salad. Then he looked to the left side of his plate. He didn't have a ...

He felt a little confused, but looked up at the waitress and said, "Could you get me a kiss please?"

She giggled, and Tom felt more confused. He tried again. "A kiss for my salad?" What was he saying? He looked to Deb. She was smiling. "What's going on?" he asked, pointing to Deb's silverware, "She's got two kisses by her plate and I don't have any."

Their waitress was having a hard time standing up. Tom was perplexed. Deb held up a kiss and said, "What is this?"

Tom frowned and said, "It's a kiss. I'd really like one so I can eat my salad." Wait, that didn't sound right. "What's going on?"

Deb got up and moved over to him, leaning down. "Do you need a kiss, darling?"

Tom was confused. Something wasn't right. "Yes."

Deb leaned over a little more and kissed him. She held his head and stretched it out longer than she'd anticipated. With a sigh she sat down again.

Tom smiled and sighed as well, then started laughing. "That's amazing!" he said, "I couldn't say ..." He looked confused for a moment, opened and closed his mouth with no sound coming out, then said, "Fork." He shook his head a little more and looked at Deb in amazement.

He turned and smiled to their waitress. "You were in on this?" he asked her. She nodded her head. He continued, "Well, now that's over, may I have a kiss for my salad please?"

What had he said? He started to turn back to Deb when their waitress leaned over and kissed him. She straightened up and put two forks by the side of his plate.

“Here you are. Enjoy your salad,” she said, and walked away chuckling.

Tom looked at Deb and gave her an exasperated sigh.

Deb chuckled and said, “You wanted to be shown.”

Tom shook his head and raised his wine glass in a toast. He tilted his head towards their waitress. “She took that pretty well.”

Deb smiled. “She should -- she’s a client. Three years ago she was smoking a pack a day.”

Tom looked up a bit, wistfully. “Can you help me with things?”

“Such as?”

He sighed. “Putting up with traffic better. Relaxing and getting to sleep easier. Old traumas. Concentration, things like that.”

Deb nodded. She’d felt strong residual feelings when he’d mentioned his divorce -- that was most likely the old traumas. “What I can’t help with, I know someone who can.”

Tom smiled. “That would be wonderful. What’s the schedule for tomorrow?”

Between bites of salad, Deb said, “I have a client at ten, and another at one, both for an hour. Then from four to ten tomorrow night, and ten to four Saturday I’m working at a local spa.”

Tom sighed. They’d have some time together at least.

Deb smiled. “Don’t be so glum! I expect some cancellations because of the roads, and I want you to meet one of the folks at the spa -- I think she could work wonders on those adhesions in your shoulders.”

Tom smiled.

Deb radiated lust as she reached for his hand. “Besides, you’re going to need the time to recover.”

They both laughed.

After a very good meal they walked back out to Tom's car. He stretched a bit, and Deb put a hand on his back.

"How are you doing?" she asked.

Tom moved his hips and shoulders experimentally. "Pretty good. A little residual soreness down low, but much better. My shoulders are a lot better."

She rubbed his back lightly. "I'm sure I can get you in to the spa tomorrow. A good long soak will do you wonders. But as for now..." Her gentle caress turned to fingertips digging a little deeper.

Tom turned and put his arms around her, holding her close and kissing her.

*

Tom arrived at the Spa a few minutes early. The receptionist greeted him and directed him to the changing rooms; he was scheduled for a session in a hot tub and then a massage. He put his clothes in a locker, used the toilet, and got one of the robes provided, and a pair of slippers. The receptionist had given him simple directions: change into the robe, go down to room 2, relax in the tub, and we'll take it from there.

He found room 2 and went inside. It was a small room, mostly filled with an oval tub. The water temperature was nice -- warm but not too hot. He hung up the robe and lowered himself in. It had a very nice headrest, holding his head and letting the rest of him float in the water. He reached up and hit the button to turn on the jets. They felt grand.

Deb had half an hour between clients. She'd briefed Anita earlier in the day on Tom's problems, and on some other details. She checked the schedule, then went to room 2 to see how Tom was doing.

Tom forced his eyes open when he heard the door open. It was Deb.

"How are you doing, sweetie," Deb said, stepping over to the tub and leaning down to kiss his forehead.

"Mmmm..." Tom sighed.

Deb went down on her knees by his head and moved her hands to his head. "That's good, sweetie. Now I want you to relax and go into a deep trance for me. Relax and go into a wonderful deep trance."

Tom sighed as the world slipped away under her touch and voice.

Deb had spoken to one of her old instructors earlier in the day, and spent a few minutes working on therapeutic issues. But that finished, she brought him up to a lighter trance for the fun.

Tom became more aware of his surroundings. He'd been watching some movies; some of them had been hard to watch, but they didn't bother him any more. Then he was aware of being in the tub, with Deb's hands on his head, and her soft voice filling his head. It was funny, he could hear her, but couldn't understand what she was saying.

But he knew they were making love again, and his body responded. Her voice was coming from so far away, but he felt it, and even though it was so hard to move, soon his hips were moving a little, and then he was so close, so close, and then he was coming, coming, coming, and then slipping back into tranquility.

Deb leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. That had been fun, she thought as she left the room, leaving him floating in a light trance again. He responded so well, moaning, panting, and bucking under her soft caress and soothing voice, coming and then slipping back. She hoped she wouldn't be too tired when she got off work tonight.

"Tom? Tom? Time for your massage."

He shook the cobwebs out of his head. He heard a new voice, and felt it pull him out of the depths.

"Tom?" He heard the smile in her voice.

"Mmm." He paused as he mentally shook himself and opened his eyes. "Yeah?"

"Have a nice nap?" She was indeed smiling. "I'm Anita. Deb told me you had some adhesions in your left shoulder that could use some serious attention?" She turned away as he climbed out of the tub, and it gave him a chance to study her. She was medium height, maybe 5' 6" with long brown hair pulled back in a pony tail at the nape of her neck.

Grabbing a towel from the nearby table, Tom dried off, then wrapped the towel around his waist.

"Ready?" Her back was still to him. "Yes, Ma'am". She turned to him with a smile.

"Follow me, and I'll take care of that shoulder." She opened the door and headed down the hall.

Holding his towel, Tom followed quickly, before he lost sight of her. She led him down a hall lined with doors, much like a doctor's office. She took him into the second to last room, turned, and asked him to get comfortable on the table.

Tom stretched out, placing the towel over his bottom. He put his head into the cradle and relaxed. He heard her opening the plastic cap, heard the dribble of the oil, and her hands rubbing together to warm it. He tensed slightly at the contact of her hands. He felt her fingers search out those spots.

“Tom, this will work better if you relax. Take a deep breath and relax. Feel the air fill your lungs, each molecule of oxygen as it slips into your blood. Feel it circulate to your tired shoulder... your tired arms... your tired fingers... Feel it come back to your lungs, and breath out deeply. Relax. Take a deep breath and relax.. Feel the oxygen flow into your lungs. Feel it travel in your blood to your tired legs, your knees, your calves...That’s it, relax for me Tom.”

She spoke more, but he could no longer focus on her words. Her fingers were finding his spots, and instead of pain, he just knew she was there. Instead of fingers, he realized she was working with her elbows, and the sensation was suddenly there, not intense, but enough to make him groggy. And her words flowed into his mind.

“I don’t know who you are, or what your intentions are, but I’m telling you; don’t hurt Deb. She’s been through enough.” The pain retreated, and with a few words, he fell back into the void.

WORK IN PROGRESS

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