

Contest Weekend

© Copyright 1998 by silli_artie@hotmail.com

This work may not be reposted or redistributed in any form without the prior express written permission of the author.

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.

There I was again, standing on the porch, looking out over California's Central Valley. Off to the right I could see the glow from the lights of Sacramento. Straight ahead of me, pretty much due West, I could see the flashing beacon of the small airport about thirty miles away. Further in the distance I could see the coastal mountains. I looked at my watch: a quarter to midnight. I took it off and put it in a pocket; I wouldn't need it for a few days.

This last weekend in June is special to me, contest weekend. I've been coming up here to my friend's place in the California Gold Country every year for the last fifteen years for the contest.

I'm a radio ham, and the last weekend in June is a contest known as Field Day. You set up your equipment at some remote site and see how many other hams you can talk to during the contest. Some hams take it very seriously; our goal is to have fun. My friend Tommy would be driving up from Los Angeles tomorrow to join me, as he has for so many years.

Tommy and I grew up together; we met in grade school. We got our ham licenses together, got drunk for the first time together, went out on double dates together. Even though our paths separated somewhat after high school, we stayed best friends as I went through university, getting my degrees and going into industry, and Tommy going to school and ending up with a career in the Fire Department.

We did the other things that best friends do; he was best man at my wedding, I was best man at his. I helped him bury his mother. He helped me bury my wife. Standing there on the porch, looking up at the stars and remembering, those were the only two contest weekends we hadn't been together; the year I came up alone when his mom was in the hospital, and the year he came up alone when my wife was in the hospital. Other than those two years, on contest weekend we've been together.

And here I was again, standing on the porch. I did it a little differently this year. Usually we'd both drive up on Friday; my drive was only about three hours, coming in from Silicon Valley. His was more like eight, all the way from Los Angeles. This year, I'd gotten home from work Thursday night; everything was pretty much packed. I put the carrier on top of the Jeep, loaded up the antennas and equipment, clothes and food, then looked around the house. It was big, it was quiet, it was dark. It felt so empty. Our dog -- it's funny how I still think of her as

Contest Weekend

“our” dog, even though it’s been just the two of us for almost three years now -- she died a few months ago, fourteen and a half years old. I got home from work one day and she was just lying in her dog house, cold and not moving.

Standing there at home, with my eyes filling up and the lump forming in my throat, I knew I had to get the hell out of there, and right now. So I did, driving up Thursday night.

It feels better to be back up here, where it is so quiet your ears buzz for an hour just getting used to it. And the sky is so full of stars, so far away from the city lights. I laughed to myself, at myself, trying to chase away the demons. I don’t remember packing them. I should leave them up here, or better yet, along the road somewhere on the way back.

I looked up at the sky once more, the stars and the Milky Way shining so bright on this moonless night. Then I went back inside and left a message on Tommy’s answering machine that I was already up at Jim’s place. I got a disc for my minidisc player, cleaned up, and went to bed. Thanks to the disc, I went right to sleep.

I woke up early Friday morning; I usually get up at 5:30 to work out at the gym. I looked out across the valley; it was beautiful. I got up, got my mat and went out on the deck. I did my morning yoga routine outside, nude. I took my time and felt the sun on my back and my face, and the fresh air filling me. It was great.

I had a snack, got dressed in shorts and sandals, and walked down the hill to the cottage. Jim’s daughter and one of her friends had built it a few years back; it’s only a hundred yards or so from the main house, but its location down the hill on the side of a valley puts it in another world. You can’t see the main house from there, you can’t see much civilization at all. It’s small, just a king size bed, a fireplace, and a couple of chairs. It has electricity, running water outside, but no toilet. It’s a fantastic place. I opened the windows a bit to let it air out; one of us would probably sleep here tonight. I felt the pocket of my shorts for the little velvet bag with my crystal; it wasn’t there. It must be back in the house. I liked using the crystal in the cottage; it was so quiet here.

I laughed and went back up the hill. I got my antennas set up, and started setting up our equipment table in the garage underneath the main cabin. I got things checked out and left one radio tuned to the frequency Tommy and I used when we were up here; he’d probably give me a call as he drove through Angels Camp.

I made a makeshift chin-up bar from a length of pipe and some rope and hung it from the big oak tree outside the main house. I usually did weight work on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, so I spent some time using the bar until my arms and shoulders had enough.

I started laughing again as I sat under the tree stretching. Tommy is going to shit when he sees me. Last year at this time I’d weighed a little over 240 pounds, and was going in for knee surgery two days after the contest. Now I weighed 175, and thanks to working out daily, yoga at least twice a week, regular massages, eating better, and some significant changes to the mental tapestry, I was looking and feeling better than I had for a decade or more.

Contest Weekend

I sat up straight and closed my eyes. I took the ritual three deep slow breaths and let myself go into a light trance. I let myself hear the voice in my mind telling me to relax. I watched the crystal spin in my mind's eye, spinning and slowing, and let the relaxation flow in.

A while later I told myself it was time to wake up, and I opened my eyes and stretched. I laughed to myself -- Tommy would really shit if he saw me doing this; his friend the analytical freak, the solid-state physicist, using hypnosis and crystal pendulums.

I had a light lunch and played on the radio. About three fifteen one of the other radios popped up with someone calling me; it was Tommy. I fished on the bench for the proper microphone and acknowledged his call.

"Hey, Davy, just passing though Angels. Need anything from the store?"

"Can't think of anything. It will be great to see you Tommy," I answered.

"Okay, see you in about forty minutes. Out."

Did I hear some laughter in the background of his last transmission? Female laughter? Tommy had said he might bring someone up. He'd been divorced for about six years, and had been going with one gal for a while now. What was her name? Louise? Linda? Oh well, I'll know in a little while. We'd had both our wives up with us one year a decade or so ago, but after that they decided we could have contest weekend to ourselves.

I was taking advantage of one of the other benefits of being out in the country -- peeing off the porch -- when I heard a car coming up the dirt road to the cabin. I finished my business and zipped my shorts. I walked down to the garage.

I saw a fairly new Chevy Suburban rumbling up the hill, Tommy's makeshift radio trailer in tow. I'd wondered if he'd replaced the old pickup truck; I didn't think it would make the drive this year.

I did see someone else in the sub with him. He pulled up next to my Jeep. There was also someone in the back.

Tommy got out and yelled, "My God, what's happened to you!"

I laughed, extended my arms straight, and turned around to show off.

Two gals got out of the sub as well: a short gal with long black hair from the front seat, and a taller, gorgeous woman with short blond hair from the back. She was extremely well built, wearing cutoffs and a T-shirt with the paramedic logo on it.

Tommy and I exchanged hugs. "I can't believe how good you look! How much weight did you lose?" he asked me, pounding me on the back.

“Almost enough,” I told him, and looked at the ladies. The blond was giving me quite the eye. This could be a fun weekend -- we were all consenting adults, after all.

“Are you going to introduce me, Tommy?” I asked.

The blond giggled. She put out a hand, which I gladly shook. “I’m Penny. You’re the first person I’ve heard call him that.” She put her other hand over her mouth, trying to cover her laughter. Tommy didn’t look too amused.

I didn’t let go of her hand, instead I put both mine on hers. “Well, I’ve always known him as Tommy, and he’s my best friend. I can try to call him Captain, but it just doesn’t work for me.”

She took her hand from her mouth and held my hands. She gave me a look that surprised me, looking into me so deeply. “That’s okay, he can live with it for the weekend. I’m really glad to meet you. I’ve been looking forward to it.”

I was stunned. Her voice had gotten soft, and looking into her eyes, her soft voice, I’d felt my breathing shift slower just standing there. This might be a very good weekend.

“I hate to disturb you, but I’m Linda, and she usually goes by...” the shorter gal started talking, but was interrupted by Penny quickly punching her in the arm. An interesting reaction, I thought.

“Penny...” Linda said, rubbing her arm.

I laughed and gave her a hug. “Pleased to meet you, Linda. I’ve heard the Captain speak of you. I hope you can tame him.”

Tommy grunted. I clapped him on the shoulder and said, “How have you been, you old fart? Finally ditched the old truck I see.”

I turned and saw Penny standing there, looking sad. “Don’t I get a hug?” she said softly.

I went over to her. “I’m sorry. Of course you do.” I put my arms around her to give her a quick hug, but soon got distracted. She wrapped her arms around me and held me with a soft intensity that was as wonderful as it was surprising.

We broke up with my head spinning a little. Had I missed something here?

We talked about Tommy’s new wheels as we unloaded. I helped carry stuff in, giving them the quick tour of the main house. I noticed that both Linda and Penny were in great shape. Penny was a paramedic working out of the same fire station as Tommy, and Linda was a radio dispatcher for the city.

We stood on the porch, letting the quiet sink in.

“This is incredible,” said Linda softly.

“So quiet,” added Penny.

“Just wait until you see the stars tonight. We have really high quality dark around here. It’s spectacular,” I told them.

Tommy grabbed Linda around the waist and said, “And wait until you see where we’re going to spend the night...”

I deliberately didn’t look at Penny. I held the porch railing and took a breath. I wasn’t going to complain, not at all. After all, what are friends for? Still, I couldn’t help but think I had missed something.

Tommy walked Linda down to the cottage. I looked at Penny and frowned. “I’d guess they may be a while. Like to help me put up antennas?”

She laughed and gave me another of those deep looks. “Love to.”

I thought I could have asked her quite a different question and gotten the same response.

We set up Tommy’s two antennas and unloaded his radios. We set them up on the end of the table he likes.

“You’ve known each other for a long time, haven’t you?” Penny asked as we strung cables.

I smiled at her; it was surprisingly easy; when I looked at her all I got was soft smiles coming out of me. “Yes, since grade school. He’s the best friend I’ve got.”

“He says the same about you...”

We heard voices approaching; Tommy and Linda returning from the cottage after a little over an hour.

“Well, that was quick -- what’s your hurry?” I asked Tom.

Tommy and Linda laughed, then Tommy stuck out his tongue at me. I thought Penny was going to die laughing. This was another side of the fire captain she hadn’t seen.

“You’re welcome,” I told him, laughing myself.

We looked over the radios and antennas, then headed back up to the cabin. They’d started the charcoal for the barbecue going; that was our traditional Friday dinner, steaks.

We sat around on the porch, drinking red wine and getting caught up on the year.

At one point Tommy asked, “Rosie?” and I shook my head. “April,” was all I said. Tommy said, “She was a wonderful dog.” Penny put a hand on my back, soft and warm. I think she put it there before I answered.

I fought back the tears for a moment, then just closed my eyes and took a deep breath. As I let it out, I told myself to relax and be calm. The feeling of Penny’s hand on my back filled me with warmth. When I opened my eyes and looked at Tommy and Linda again, I could feel the glow from inside me.

Tom gave me a funny look, shook his head, and we went on talking about other things.

We had a great dinner, the four of us sitting around the small table. Steaks, salad, wine, sourdough bread, good friends -- what more can you ask for. We piled the dishes on the counter and went back to sitting.

Linda had gone to the bathroom, and came back with a puzzled look on her face. She was holding my little velvet bag, and had the crystal out of it. I resisted the urge to jump up and grab it from her.

“I found this on the floor in the bathroom. What is it?”

I got up slowly and said, “It’s mine. Thanks, I’d wondered where it went.”

I quickly put the crystal back in the bag and went to put it away. Through force of habit, done so many hundreds of times, I automatically gave it a kiss before putting it in my pocket.

I sat down with everyone looking at me. Tommy looked puzzled, Linda very curious, and Penny had a look that I should recognize, but couldn’t.

“Mind if I ask what that was all about?” Tommy said.

I smiled. What the hell. It was part of me now, an important part.

“Tom, would you really like to know?” I asked.

He thought about it for a moment, smiled, and said, “Yes, I think I would.”

I chuckled. “Tommy, you’re gonna shit...”

“Try me,” he said with a smile.

I sighed and looked around the room. Penny had a broad smile.

“Let’s go back to the table then,” I said.

The four of us gathered around the small dinner table. I readjusted the room lights to soften them, except for one light shining on the table from an angle. It should work fine.

Penny was to my right, Linda to my left, and Tommy across from me. I put a dark placemat on the table in front of me, it would heighten the effects of the crystal.

“Now, there are a few rules for doing this,” I said as I took the little velvet bag out of my pocket again. “The first one is quiet. The second one is harder -- don’t question or analyze, just observe and let it happen. You can help by breathing along with me. The third rule is to take your time to let it happen. Some times it works right away, some times it takes longer. You can’t hurry it. The last rule, when you do this on your own, do it where you are safe, won’t be interrupted, and are alone. If other people see you doing this, they might think you’re nuts.” With that I looked at Tommy; he just gave me a smile. He was leaning forward on the table, his hands relaxed and apart; it was as open a position as I could expect from him.

I had the crystal on its thread laying on the placemat. “Technically, this is a Chevreul pendulum demonstrating ideomotor action. The first thing I’m going to do is take a slow, deep breath, hold it for a moment, and then exhale, and ask myself silently to relax, and let my mind clear.” I did that, and they followed me, even Tommy. I was surprised at how much that helped me; I had been nervous, showing this side of me to others, especially to such a good friend. Hearing their breathing along with mine was a vote of confidence and trust.

“Thanks. Now I’ll pick up the thread. You use which ever hand feels right, which ever fingers feel right as you pick it up, elbow resting on the table in front of you, wrist in an easy, natural position, the crystal just a bit off the surface.”

As I picked it up, the torsion in the thread started the crystal spinning. I’d tried different kinds of thread, and learned they behaved differently. I’d found a thread that was very quiet; the crystal stopped almost instantly. After a few days, I returned to one that took a while; it was an important part of the process for me.

“As I pick it up, the crystal starts spinning. The first thing I do is slow it down. I breathe slowly and think ‘Slow down’ to the crystal. Gaze at it, not staring, and think ‘Slow down, slow down.’ Breathe slowly, relax, and tell it to slow down.”

I hadn’t done this speaking out loud for a while, but it felt good. I felt myself going back to that wonderful relaxed feeling. I spoke softly, slowing, listening to the breathing of my three friends around me. I almost didn’t want it to stop, I could feel the tranquillity and peace settle on the room. I watched as the spinning stopped and the crystal started moving in a lazy circle. I smiled; I was being told to get on with it.

“Now that it has stopped, I need to find out how it will answer me. It changes from time to time, so I always start out by asking. Show me ‘yes.’ Please show me ‘yes,’ and I wait for the crystal to show me.”

After a moment, it started swinging side to side a little.

“That’s good. Still breathing slowly and evenly, now I ask it to show me ‘no.’ Please show me ‘no.’ And I wait for it to show me.”

The crystal slowed, and then started swinging in a different direction.

“Good. Now the part I always enjoy. Show me ‘Relax,’ I think ‘Relax’ to the crystal, as I breathe slowly and evenly, think it with me, please, and have it show me ‘Relax..’”

I could hear the soft breathing as the crystal slowly started moving in a lazy circle, opposite from what it had done earlier. I repeated, “Relax,” for a while, breathing slowly. I lifted my eyes and looked around without moving my head. Linda had a peaceful look on her face. Surprise, so did Tommy -- the wrinkles were gone from his brow. Even bigger surprise -- Penny was blank, her mouth open a bit, breathing shallow. That startled me and hurt a bit -- I had hypnotized her, done something so easily to her that had been so hard for me to do with myself.

I looked back at the crystal; it had reversed directions, no longer signaling “Relax.” Well, what did I expect after the surprise of seeing Penny? I took a couple of deep breaths, said, “Relax,” and got it to return to its relax pattern.

“Now that I’m here, in this special place, this is where I would ask myself questions. They don’t have to be spoken out loud; I usually ask them silently to myself. I make my questions simple and clear. But even if I don’t ask myself any other questions, I always ask myself these.”

I gazed at the crystal and thought “relax” to myself, calming, letting its sparkling become my world again, as it had so many times before.

“Am I relaxed now?”

The crystal swung slowly to signal “Yes,” I smiled, closed my eyes momentarily and thought, “relax.” After a moment I opened my eyes again.

“Will I let myself return to this special place, relaxed and in touch with myself, whenever I want?”

It swung again to “Yes,” a little stronger.

I smiled and felt the warm glow inside me. Such a simple question, and such a simple answer, yet it meant so much.

“Now I close my eyes...” I watched as the others closed their eyes, then closed mine. “As I sit here in the chair, feeling my weight on the chair, and feeling my arms on the table, I tell myself again, ‘relax’ and feel myself relaxing even more, relaxing even more. And I thank myself

for letting me do this, relaxing and returning to this very special place. And we know that we can return to this special place any time we want to, because this special place is inside us, it's inside all of us. Every time I sit down and pick up the pendulum, I know that as I feel my fingers squeeze together, I will relax, and my mind will become calm. Relax and become calm." I repeated that a few times, then sat silent for a minute or two, enjoying it. "And when I'm through, I tell myself that when I count to three, I'll open my eyes, and be wide awake, refreshed, and totally alert. One, Two, Three."

I opened my eyes, ready to clap my hands if Penny didn't open hers immediately. She did, as did the others. I looked around the table. Linda was relaxed and smiling. Tommy was relaxed, and had a look of bewilderment on his face. Penny had a smile and that deep inner glow. Should I go on with this?

"Well?" I asked.

Tommy sighed and spoke. "I wouldn't have believed it before, but I do now."

I put my right hand out over the table. He took it. "Thank you," I told him.

"Can you teach me?" asked Linda.

"I need to learn as well," said Penny, her voice slow and low.

"Okay, who's first, then?"

"Me," said Tom. I think everyone was surprised. I certainly was. I took a deep breath.

I slid the placemat over to Tom, after I ran my hand over the thread to wrinkle it up some; I wanted it to spin. I'd have to watch Penny.

This was wild. I'd been doing this for about a year and a half now. I'd also worked at self-hypnosis for so long, with no results, before I finally found someone to work with me, hypnotizing me, and helping me on the way. And yet here tonight, I get Penny, who I've never seen before, to drop so easily. Linda would go this next time, and I felt Tom was there as well, he just didn't know it. Had I met Penny before? Something inside was kicking me, but I couldn't place it.

I started with Tom, leading him through. As I'd guessed, Penny went into a trance fairly quickly, with Linda not too far behind. Hell, I was in one as well, at least part of me was, enjoying the calm and peace, while another part of me was talking and guiding the others. Early on I suggested to them that if their eyes got tired, they could just let them close whenever they wanted to. Penny dropped instantly.

Tom was good; we got clear signals in not too much time. I could tell he was pleased, and a little surprised. I had him ask if he was relaxed; he got a strong "Yes." Then I asked him if he'd ever thought he'd be doing this. I smiled, as did he, at the "No" we got. Then slowly and softly

I had him ask if he would let himself return to this special place. We smiled again at the “Yes” we saw. I had them close their eyes and started them on the closing sequence.

After relaxing them deeply, I quietly moved over to Penny, and whispered in her ear. “Penny, nod your head if you can hear me, please.” She nodded her head, smiling. “Good. You may not have noticed it until now, but your left hand is feeling very light. It feels like a balloon is tied to your wrist. Your left hand and arm are feeling so light, they’re starting to float away, such a wonderful feeling.”

I watched in awe as her left hand lifted up off the table, slowly at first, then a little faster.

“Good, that’s high enough. Something else you might not have noticed, that balloon has all your troubles, all your worries, all your pain, and tension, and bad memories in it. They’re all in there, no longer inside you. And when I count to three, I’m going to cut the string holding the balloon to your wrist, and your arm will be heavy again and fall back, and the balloon with all those troubles, worries, pain, tension, and bad memories is just going to drift away.” I held out my hand to catch hers, and whispered once more, “One, two, and three.” Her hand dropped, and she sighed, a big release. “Now just rest, so peaceful and relaxed, until I tell you to wake up, and when you wake up, you’ll feel happy and at peace.”

I leaned back, closed my eyes momentarily and took a deep breath. I saw my crystal spinning in my mind’s eye and told myself to relax, and feel the calm spreading through me.

I opened my eyes. “Thank you all for your trust and your friendship. Now it’s time to wake up, on the count of three, feeling relaxed, refreshed, and totally alert. Count with me. One, Two, Three.”

They all opened their eyes. Tom looked at me, smiling, and shook his head slowly from side to side. Linda had the glow now. Penny was radiant. Tom had it as well.

“Tommy, you look more relaxed than I’ve seen you in a long time,” I told him.

Linda took his hand, squeezing it as she nodded. He nodded his head slowly and looked at each of us. “I think we all do. It’s hard to believe.”

“No, it’s easy. You’ve done it. You can do it again,” I told him. He looked me in the eye and said, “I will.”

Then he slid the place mat over to Linda. She looked at it and slid it across the table, saying, “No, PJ is next.”

It took half a breath before it hit me, and then I felt like I’d been struck by lightning.

I put my right hand on her left and asked, “PJ? PJW?”

She smiled and said softly, “Yes.”

I closed my eyes and laughed. What a world! For quite a while, almost a year, I'd been trading emails with a "pjw" I'd met in one of the hypnosis news groups on the net. I remember the first message I'd gotten from her; I'd saved it, one of the few emails I've saved. I'd been involved in a discussion on the net about self-hypnosis, how I was having so much trouble, and looking for help.

It was a few days after my surgery; I got a wonderful private message from pjw out of the blue, telling me she'd had similar problems, trying without success for over a year until she'd gotten a recording quite by accident. It was done by a person with a wonderful warm voice; she went into deep hypnosis the first time she used it. We'd traded many messages since; she never told me what that recording was or where she got it, even though I asked over and over. It was she who finally convinced me to go to a professional, even giving me the name of the person I finally went to see. I'd told her of my eventual success, pouring out my heart to her. We'd shared so much over the last year. And now she was here sitting beside me. It fit; hitting Linda, the looks, knowing about Rosie before I'd said anything; I'd told her when it happened, and she'd cried with me.

I opened my eyes and looked around, incredulous. I looked at Penny again. "I have to ask again, and I hope you'll tell me this time. What was the recording that helped you so much?"

Tommy started laughing softly. I looked over at him, puzzled.

"Remember a year and a half ago, I told you I had a friend who was interested in psychoacoustics, and you made me a CD with a bunch of stuff on it?" he said.

I nodded my head. I'd sent him a bunch of commonly available programs, as well as some I'd written to do binaural tones as part of self-hypnosis and relaxation.

"Well, you left a sound file in one of the folders."

Penny squeezed my hand and said, "The name was SI-05."

I couldn't believe it. I know my jaw dropped. Tommy was laughing again; Linda was laughing, and Penny was smiling at me. I'd left on one of my own files, a twenty minute long induction I'd recorded and mixed with binaural tones. I started laughing too.

"My recording -- one that didn't work for me, nor did the four before or the three after," I said to her.

She looked at me and said, "But it worked for me, and has worked for me, so well."

Tommy smiled and said, "A few days after I gave the disc to her, and she came in so relaxed, so vibrant, I wanted to know what had happened. She played me a few seconds of it and I recognized your voice. I didn't believe it at first, but I recognized it. I really want to hear the whole thing now."

I looked at Penny, then at him, then at Linda, then back at him again. “And you set me up for this?”

They all started saying, “No.” Linda said, “We brought Penny up here on purpose, yes, but this...” she touched the crystal, still on the placemat, “this just happened.”

Tom said, “And I’m amazed, and very glad that it did.”

Linda added, “So am I.”

I turned to Penny. The look on her face turned from a glow to a fire; she reached up and pulled my head to her and kissed me. I put my arms around her. I couldn’t help it, I started laughing.

She kept trying to kiss, but I couldn’t help laughing. Finally she put her lips over mine and blew a lung full of air into me, then let me go.

“I’m sorry, I can’t help it, it’s too much all at once,” I told her.

Tom stood up and took Linda’s hand. “Well, I think it’s time we headed down to the cottage. Sleep well, children -- we’ll knock before we come in.” Linda stood up. I stood up and went over to Tommy. I gave him a big hug, which he returned. “I can’t believe it,” I told him. He laughed and patted me on the back. “Believe it. It’s easy. You said so.”

Tom and Linda quickly scooted out. That left Penny and I. I walked over to her, held her hands, and leaned my head onto her shoulder. I closed my eyes.

“I don’t know what to say. I was so surprised to see you go into a trance like that when I did the crystal, and concerned.”

She let go of my hands and held me gently. “It was wonderful. I love hearing your voice. And what you did for me the second time, with the balloon, that was great. Tom has told me so much about you.”

I chuckled. “I’ve told you so much about me.”

She picked up my chin; I looked at her. “And I’m so glad to finally get to see you, hold you, squeeze you.” She gave me a very good hug; I helped.

“And what now?” I asked softly.

The fire returned to her eyes; she moved her arms lower on me and ground our hips together. “I’ve been dreaming of this night for a long time, thinking of what I’d do with the man with the voice that I’ve listened to over and over again, helping me relax and giving me so much pleasure.”

I smiled. I'd felt earlier this was a set up, I'd never have believed this part of it though.

"Shall we get ready for bed, then? What would you like?"

She laughed gently as she ran her hands up my back. "The dishes can wait. It's bed time."

I offered her the use of the bathroom first, but she insisted I go. I went to the can, then cleaned up, even running my electric shaver over my face. As I came out the door back into the bedroom, she squeezed by me, pushing me back into the door, running her body over mine. "Excuse me. I'll be out in a few minutes." She closed the door in my face, leaving me in shock.

All the lights had been turned off. Two candles were lit, one at the head of the bed, one at the foot. I took off everything but my T-shirt, and got down on the floor to stretch.

My heart was racing as I went into my evening routine. It slowed some as I stretched, but if I let up on my focus, it took off again. I laughed a little at myself.

"What's so funny?" I heard her say. I turned around and looked. She was standing in the doorway, completely naked. I took a deep breath and sighed. She was beautiful.

"I am. What an incredible day."

She came over and pushed me back on the floor, leaning on top of me. The feeling of her breasts sliding across my body was electric.

"It's not over yet," she growled. I sucked in air as she pressed me against the hard wood floor. "Why don't we move to the bed, it's more comfortable," she suggested.

She got up and helped me. I stood up slowly, kissing her from the thighs up to her breasts and her mouth. I was hungry for her.

We lay down on the bed; she rolled me on my back and straddled me again, looking down at me with that fire burning in her.

"Penny," I said, "I hope I don't disappoint you."

She gave me a low laugh. "You won't. You can't. You've forgotten something."

What had I forgotten?

"Close your eyes, Davy. Dream time darling, dream time."

That's what I'd forgotten, I thought as the world spun away from under me. I'd told her the anchors I used, and how I'd love to hear a beautiful woman do just what was happening now, speaking softly to me, taking me deeper and deeper...

When I opened my eyes again we made love. I responded to her as we moved and explored each other in so many ways. She would bring me to the edge, and then say a word and I'd collapse on her or under her as she laughed. For a while I had her on her back and I went down on her, holding her bottom and feeling her legs squeeze my head as I listened to her muffled moans.

Finally I was on my back and she was on top of me. I held her, kissed her, sucked on her as she moved slowly on top of me. She spoke to me as the feelings built incredibly as she came again, and I came deep inside her. Then she was holding me again, her voice filled me once more, and I drifted off to sleep.

I woke up and the bed was empty; well used, but empty. I could smell bacon, and hear it sizzling in the kitchen. I sat up and looked at the clock: it was after 8. I had slept very well.

I got up and went to the bathroom. As I stretched, I turned and looked at my back in the mirror. I smiled at the scratches I saw. I cleaned up a bit, and went back to the bedroom and put on a pair of shorts. I still heard cooking noises, but no voices, so just wearing my Bermudas I stepped out of the bedroom and into the main room.

I stopped as I looked into the kitchen. Tommy was doing the cooking, with Linda and Penny sitting at the counter drinking coffee. They all looked at me. I chuckled.

"Good morning, sleep well?" asked Tommy with a smile.

"Yes," I said as I walked the few steps to Penny, "Very well, thanks to good friends. And you?"

Penny stood up and we kissed. As we ran our hands over each other, Linda touched my back and said, "Good for you, girl, you've branded him already. What's his bottom look like?"

We started laughing. I turned; we had our arms around each other's waists. "I'll show you later," I told her.

Penny said, "Watch this," to Linda and Tom. She turned to me again, with one arm around my waist and one around my head. She put her mouth next to my ear and started whispering. My eyes closed, the world spun, and my legs went out from under me. Then it was, "Wake up darling," and I pulled myself slowly together.

Penny still held me up; she was smiling, very proud of herself. "That's not fair," I told her. "Please don't stop." She held me close and laughed; I held her tight, in part to keep from falling over.

Contest Weekend

I sat down at the counter between Linda and Penny, with a little help.

“That was impressive,” Linda said, “Can you teach me to do that to Tom?”

I looked up at Tom, who was still smiling a little.

“No,” I said, “That’s something Tom has to do and give to you.”

He smiled a little bit more, and went back to the eggs in the fry pan.

“I’m going to get you for this...” I told him.

He laughed and turned to me, pointing at me with the bacon tongs in his hand. “No, I’ve been saying that for years, for all the things you’ve done for me, and now I finally get to pay you back.”

Penny put her arms around my waist and squeezed. “I get to pay you back for all you’ve done for me.”

Tom returned to the eggs and said to nobody in particular, “Anybody not like chilies and garlic? Good,” as he dumped a chopped mixture of both into the eggs, followed by grated cheese.

We had a great firehouse style breakfast -- one without the interruptions, then cleaned up the dishes, including those left over from the previous evening. Linda and Tom would hug whenever they got close, as would Penny and I.

A little after ten, Linda announced, “Penny and I are going into town and look around and get more groceries. You boys have fun on your radios for a couple of hours.”

I gave Tom a surprised look; he just shrugged. Penny came over and we hugged again. “And when I get back,” she whispered, “I’m going to need a nap, and so are you, and I know just what to do.” With that she gave me a squeeze. How much had I told her?

The ladies headed off, and Tom and I headed down to the garage to the radio bench. I sat down in the chair; Tom sat in his. I looked at him and smiled, sighed.

“What was it like?” he asked me.

“You tell me. What was it like last night?” I asked back.

His brow smoothed out, relaxing as he remembered; that’s how strong the memory was.

“It was pretty wild. I’ve seen Penny do it for a long time now; sit down looking tense, put on her headphones, and a minute later look so peaceful. At first, I just couldn’t see you doing that, even though I knew it was your voice she’d been listening to. Penny has told me so many times how wonderful it is, how much she enjoys your voice. At first last night I was

apprehensive, but then I remembered I was with friends, and just let go and let it happen.” He smiled, that glow coming through. “I listened to you, watched you, watched you relax, watched Linda relax, watched Penny drop like a rock... And I followed you and let it happen. It was great.”

“What about when you did it? You surprised me.”

He chuckled. “I surprised you -- I surprised me, too. When you asked yourself that question, were you relaxed, and I saw it move... I felt so calm and relaxed. Then when you asked if you could do it again, and it said yes, something told me I had to. When we closed our eyes, that was so amazing. I felt so calm and relaxed; I realized a little of what Penny must feel when she does her thing. When we opened our eyes, I could see how relaxed, how good everyone looked, and I knew I must look the same -- I felt great.”

“So, how did it feel? I want to know.”

He smiled and shook his head a little.

“I was nervous at first, but I remembered how I’d felt, and it was amazing. I picked that thing up, and just like you said, I felt my fingers pressing together, saw it spinning, told it to slow down, and it was like flipping a switch. I was calm and relaxed again. That fast. It just got better from there. You still have to teach Linda. Where do you find crystals like that?”

I laughed. “They’re easy to find, that’s not a problem. We’ll do it again tonight if you want”

“How many people have you taught to do that? You did it so well.”

I laughed at that. “I’ve been doing it for about a year and a half. Last night was the first time I’ve shown anybody.”

He shook his head in disbelief. “You were so relaxed, so smooth...”

“It does that to you; all that time, just about every day, some times more than once a day; I can close my eyes, take a breath, think of it, and it’s there.”

He chuckled. “I can see it in your face, when you talk about it.”

“I saw it in yours too, when you were talking about it. Try it for me right now. Close your eyes, take a deep breath, see it spinning in your mind, and relax.”

He did, and opened his eyes a while later. “You’ve got it,” I told him, “I can see the glow from deep inside.”

He smiled. “The glow... I can feel it... God, I’d expected a wild weekend, but nothing like this!”

“Hey, what are friends for?” I told him.

“So, your turn. Tell me about last night?” he asked.

It was my turn to shake my head. “I can’t remember how much I’ve told her on line. I know we’ve poured out our souls to each other in some pretty torrid emails. I’d forgotten that I’d told her some of my anchors. Anchors are the words or sensations you use to return to a state; like pressing your fingers together. Penny is the one that convinced me to go see a hypnotherapist; I described things in detail to her. It was funny. About the last coherent thought I had was telling her I hoped I didn’t disappoint her, and then she starts talking to me -- sort of like what she did this morning.”

“So do you remember it? How was it?”

“It’s hard to describe. I remember it very well; I was awake, conscious, it’s just that every once in a while she’d say something and the world would spin for a while, and we’d be doing something different. It was wonderful. She has an incredible body, if you hadn’t noticed.”

He laughed. “I’ve noticed, everyone in the station has noticed. And after the way she’s been talking the last week or so, and on the drive up here, I’m surprised she didn’t jump you right after getting out of the truck.” He looked at the clock. “If we’re going to do anything in this contest, we’d better get to it. You are going to be busy this afternoon...”

I clapped him on the back. “I hope you will be too.”

We got down to the business of the radio contest. We actually got to play for almost three hours before the ladies returned. I was standing on the hillside when I heard them coming up the drive in Tommy’s sub.

“Here they come,” I yelled out.

Tommy dropped power on the radios; we both helped them unload the rest of the groceries.

“What’s all this stuff for?” I asked.

“Dinner tonight and tomorrow,” Linda replied.

“Looks like a lot of work to me,” I said.

Linda smiled. “Don’t worry Davy, Tom and I will take care of it while you’re down at the cottage having your nap.”

I laughed as Penny came up behind me and put her arms around me.

Penny purred in my ear. “Nap time. Interested in coming with me?”

“Do I have any choice?” I sighed, smiling. Linda grinned.

“Not a great deal; I could carry you,” Penny told me.

I snorted. She certainly could; she could drop me right here with a word and carry me down the hill.

“I’ll come peacefully, I don’t want you to get worn out.”

“You’ll come more than peacefully...” she breathed in my ear.

We bid Tom and Linda goodbye for a while and headed down the path to the cottage. As we got to the cottage door, Penny started undressing. “No clothing allowed inside,” she told me.

I grinned and started stripping. Not much to take off, all I was wearing was shorts, underwear, a T-shirt, and sandals.

I looked at her naked body in awe as she stretched. She was even more beautiful in the daylight, and a true blonde. I went over to her, went down on my knees, and kissed her mound. Smelling her made me hungry again, as I kissed her and ran my hands over her firm ass.

She moaned a little, then pulled me up. I went up slowly, delaying by a nipple that just happened to be in my way. She laughed and moved over to the door with me still attached. I heard it open, then she put a hand around my shoulders and one behind my head and held me to her.

It was a wonderful feeling. As I put my arms around her waist to hug her tight, she spoke, and I felt myself slipping away. She continued to speak as my body went limp; she squatted down and picked me up, limp in her arms. My eyes were closed. I heard her laugh softly and say, “I’ve dreamed of doing this to you. I’m so glad you lost all that weight.”

She carried me into the cottage and put me on the bed. The windows were open; I could feel the breeze going by. A pillow was placed under my head.

“Eyes open, Davy, look at me.”

I opened my eyes. I could lift my head a little to see her, bent down between my legs. I could see there was one part of me that definitely wasn’t limp. She smiled and said, “Let me know when you can’t take any more... And I’ll keep on going.”

With that she took me into her mouth, and I moaned at the sensation. She slid up and down on me, caressing my balls. After a while she moved to one side and played with my nipples as she sucked on me. My head was thrown back and I was moaning; it was incredible.

Then she stopped. I laughed; I was so dizzy, panting, and I couldn't move anything below my neck. "What are you doing to me?" I asked.

She moved on top of me, turning my head so I was looking at her again. "Do you want me to stop?" she asked with a mock pout.

"God, no," I panted.

"Good," she said, "I wouldn't stop anyway. Look in my eyes, you need to look in my eyes."

I did; I needed to look in her wonderful green eyes, look at her face smiling above me. Her eyes closed momentarily as we slid together and she ground her hips on me. Then she opened them again, gave me a kiss on the nose, and smiled.

"Now I'm going to count to ten," she told me. "Very slowly. And do you know what's going to happen when I get to ten? One..."

I moaned as she started rocking back and forth on me slowly. I could guess what was going to happen at ten. I hoped my heart held out.

"Two," she said as she rocked back and forth. I couldn't take my eyes off her face, and she watched me, smiling as I responded to every bump and grind. "Three..." more grinding. She moved a little, and I felt her pull up off me, moving until I was barely inside her. "Four," she said as she slid up and down the length of me slowly and I moaned, unable to take my eyes off her.

She sat up and rocked on me. "Five," I wanted those breasts so much, and I couldn't lift my arms to get them. "Six..." She leaned back and started playing with my balls.

"Seven..." She leaned forward, teasing me with her breasts, going from side to side as I moaned. "Eight..." as she gave me a nipple and let me suck on her. She rocked back and forth on me while I sucked. Then she pulled away again. I didn't know how I was going to last. I was so dizzy, so close.

And she looked at me intensely, her face so close to mine, moving up and down slowly again, smiled, and ground her hips into me, and said, "Nine..."

And I came inside her, still locked on her face as she laughed softly, moving and milking me, watching me. "Surprise, darling..." she said as I pumped into her, still hard.

She leaned down on top of me and kissed me. I felt like I was coming again as our lips touched. After a while she pulled away and looked at me again, smiling.

"You can close your eyes if you want," she told me. I let them close. Then I felt her move, and felt a nipple near my mouth. I accepted it gratefully, and felt a hand behind my head.

“Very nice. Now ten darling, nap time.”

When I woke up I was alone. Damn. I quickly put on my underwear and shorts, slipped on my sandals, and grabbed my shirt. I trudged up the hill and into the main house. Penny was sitting in a chair, with Tom and Linda on the couch, legs tangled together. I plopped down on the floor in front of Penny.

“Please don’t do that! I don’t like waking up alone!”

Linda and Tommy chuckled, but Penny could see I was serious. She opened her legs wide and pulled me close to her. I threw my arms around her and hugged her. “I don’t like waking up alone. I don’t”

All of a sudden a great deal of emotion welled up from deep inside me. I really don’t like waking up alone. I wanted to wake up in the morning with someone close, warm, loving, as I had for so many years. I started to cry. Penny held me and rocked me. After a while she started speaking softly, telling me to relax. She held me and rocked me, telling me it was okay to let it out, that she would hold me until it was all out and I could relax. It took a while, but I stopped. Then she spoke to me again, and I relaxed, so warm and safe in her arms.

Then we were sitting up on the couch. I took a deep breath and stretched. I looked around; Tom and Linda were nowhere to be seen. “Did I scare ‘em off?” I asked.

Penny nodded and smiled, sniffing. Had I gotten to her? “Yes,” she said. “They went for a walk.”

I held her hands. “Thank you. I’m sorry to put you through that.”

She hugged me. “Oh, silly... It needed to come out.”

Then she held my head and looked at me. “You miss her.”

I felt it build again. “Yes,” I whispered, “I miss her a lot.”

She held me again, and I held her tight. I took a deep breath and let the sensation flow through me. She told me to relax again. It helped.

I let go of her after a while and we sat back. “Dinner smells good,” I said, “What is it?”

Penny shook her head. “No, we’re not done yet. We could do the balloon, you don’t know how well that worked for me yesterday.”

I smiled. That had been spur of the moment, an instinct. Is that why I did it, because I needed something like that? I’m glad it worked.

“Yes,” I told her. “That would be wonderful. Tomorrow.”

“Promise?” she asked me.

“I promise,” I told her. Then we kissed and hugged again.

We got up off the couch and Penny walked onto the porch. She put her fingers in her mouth and gave a shrill whistle that could be heard for miles. “It’s safe!” she yelled out.

I laughed and leaned on her back, hugging her. “Gee, thanks. Going to recommend me for a 72 hour hold?”

As a paramedic, she could recommend that people be held for 72 hour psychiatric evaluation. It happened frequently where she worked.

She turned and looked me in the eye, arms around my hips. “Only if it’s 72 hours with me, and I get to do the evaluation.”

“That’s pretty scary,” I told her with a smile. We looked into each others’ eyes

“I thought you said it was safe?” Linda said, coming around the corner.

I looked at her and said, “It is, sorry about that.”

She came over to me and put a hand on my shoulder. “It’s okay. I just wish Tom could let things out some times. I think he holds too much inside.”

I sighed and told her softly “It’s a problem a lot of men have, and it’s hard to admit it, even to yourself.”

We went inside and started setting up for dinner. Tommy came in and helped. We had roast beef with all the trimmings; potatoes, gravy, salad, the works.

We sat down to a wonderful meal and a multicolored sunset. At the start, I raised my glass and said, “Thank you all for your trust, and your friendship.”

Tommy said, “To friendship,” and we drank our toast.

After dinner and cleaning up the dishes, Linda turned down the lights as I had done the previous evening, and said, “It’s my turn.”

Penny got one of the dark placemats and sat down next to me again. I got the little velvet bag out of my pocket and put it on the placemat. I looked at Penny, then at Linda. “If you are ready, we can start. I’d like to be alone with Penny for hers.”

Linda smiled as I looked at her. I felt Penny’s hand on my arm, squeezing me gently. Linda nodded her head.

I moved the placemat in front of Linda, had everyone close their eyes, and started in with relaxation.

As I started Linda out, moving her arm slightly, I was caught by the brilliance of the crystal, the way it caught the light. I took us down the soft path. I told Tommy and Penny that they could close their eyes if that would be more comfortable, that they'd still be able to see the crystal sparkling in their mind's eye. When I looked at Penny a while later, her eyes were closed. Tommy's were still open, but I could tell it was hard. I told them to remember to do what was right, do what felt comfortable, it was okay to relax and stop trying. With that, Tommy's eyes dropped.

I worked with Linda, coaching her. She got very nice results. I was about to go into the two wrap-up questions when I saw her crystal move differently.

"I've got a question I need to ask," she said.

"Then think to yourself 'relax' for a bit, and ask your question silently," I said softly.

The crystal went back to her relaxed pattern, then after a moment went strongly to "yes." I don't know what her silent question was, but the answer brought tears to her eyes.

I helped her relax, went through the questions about relaxing and doing this again, getting strong positive replies. Then I asked her to close her eyes.

I helped them relax deeper, then built anchors for this state, thanked them again and then woke them.

They opened their eyes. Penny and Tom stretched, Linda just gave me a smile, and with half closed eyes reached over, grabbed Tommy, and kissed him.

Penny hugged my hand and we laughed softly.

Linda came up for air first; I was beginning to wonder. She gave Tom a squeeze, and started getting up. I said, "Slowly..." and moved to catch her, but she got up without any problem and went off to the bathroom.

I looked at Tommy and said, "Well?"

He shook his head and smiled. "That was amazing."

Linda came out and sent Tom to the bathroom. "How are you feeling?" I asked her.

"I feel wonderful; peaceful, relaxed," then I saw the look on her face change, and she said, "and horny as hell."

We were laughing as Tommy came out of the bathroom. Linda swept him up and out the door. Penny and I barely had time to say, "Sleep well!" as they headed off.

I looked at Penny. She gave me such a warm smile. "I'm next, please."

"Let's take a bathroom break first, and stretch a bit."

She stood up slowly, as did I; we hugged, and then she went off to the bathroom.

I went afterwards, taking a bit more time; sorry, some things can't be hurried, and this was one of them.

When I came back to the main room, all the lights were off, and Penny was sitting next to the low coffee table, naked, with candles lit around her. I smiled and took off my clothes as I sat down on the floor. She'd moved cushions around for us as well.

I asked, "What do you want to do?"

Her eyes answered, glowing with lust, and she said, "Later, let's work with the crystal first."

She picked up her crystal. The candlelight did wonders. I led her through the process. I would have gone faster, but the thread set our pace, probably for the best. When her eyes were closed near the end of the process, I added something different.

"Penny, the voice you listen to on your recordings belongs to a person that doesn't exist anymore. The person that spoke those words and the person sitting next to you now are two different people. I want you to understand that. I am a different person from the person that made that recording. You need to think about that, and understand it."

After letting her rest a bit more, I moved over next to her. "Now I want you to go deeper for me, as deep as you want, as deep as you can. Listen to me and let yourself go deeper, deeper. Keep going deeper and deeper until you are as deep as you want to be. You can let go of the crystal to let me know when you are there. Now go deeper, deeper." As I said, 'deeper' I pressed down gently on her shoulders. The first time I did it, I got a big sigh and her head slumped forward, but her hand holding the crystal stayed where it was. I kept it up for quite a while, until finally the crystal dropped from her grasp and she started to pitch forward into the table. I caught her and leaned her back on the cushions.

"The first time we kiss after you open your eyes, you are going to have the most intense orgasm you have ever had in your life; the most intense, wonderful, fulfilling orgasm ever." I paused for a minute, picking up the crystal myself, and relaxing. Then I put it back into its bag, kissed the bag, and put it down on the table again.

"Now when I count to three, you'll wake up, feeling relaxed, refreshed, and totally alert. One, Two, Three."

She took a deep breath, stretched, and opened her eyes. She tilted her head a little to one side and licked her lips, pursing them, letting her eyes close halfway, holding her arms out. I leaned over to her, and kissed her.

Our lips touched, and she started moaning, gripping me tightly. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and held her as she thrashed. I felt her short nails digging into my back. I held her as she was moving, breathing deeply, making deep animal noises, then settling down. She let go of me, her arms dropping to the floor. I kissed her cheeks and forehead.

I moved my head back a few inches and looked at her, that smile on her face. Eventually she opened her eyes and looked at me. "Surprise..." I said.

She put her hands on my back and said, "I'm going to get you for that..."

Then she moved one hand and got a shocked look on her face. She moved her hands some more; my back felt wet. "Oh my God..." she said.

She looked at one hand; the fingers were a little dark in the candle light. She slid from underneath me. "Don't move."

I stayed there, propped up on my hands, as she moved around to my back. She laughed. "I'm sorry, we need to clean you up." She went to the kitchen and grabbed a paper towel, then wiped my back.

"It's all right," I told her, "I heal quickly." Those nails were long enough to draw blood.

We stood up, and as I did, I could feel the coolness on my back as well as the damage to my skin.

"I want to get the crash bag out of the sub and clean you up," she said.

"Well, if the sub is locked, you can get mine out of the jeep. It isn't locked."

"Really? You carry a bag with you?"

I snorted. "Of course. Doesn't everybody? The small one is hanging from the driver's seat headrest, the big one is in the back next to the fire extinguisher."

She kissed me on the forehead, said, "I knew you were good," and headed out the door, naked as a jaybird.

I turned on one of the kitchen lights dim and sat back down on a stool. I closed my eyes and started to laugh. I opened my eyes as I heard the door open again. She came in with my big bag. "LA reflexes -- the sub was locked and Linda has the keys."

“And we wouldn’t want to disturb them, would we.”

She chuckled as she rifled through my emergency bag. “Not if I want a ride home... Are you trained to use this stuff?”

I looked over at her; she was holding my pocket mask, used for CPR.

“Of course, for years. That’s my bag from work. Gloves in the outside pocket.”

She found the gloves, and antiseptic wipes and wiped off my back. “Superficial, but I did a good job. You’ll get some interesting questions in the gym for a while.”

“I’ll wear them with pride, and I’ll never tell, I’ll just smile. They were worth it. Yes?”

“God, I’ll say. That was really something.”

She stopped wiping and came around in front of me, crouching down so her face was even with mine. “And I do understand that you’re not the same person that made that recording. You’re a lot better. You’re calmer and more relaxed for one thing.” She poked me in the ribs. “And in better shape, too. Of course I knew that; it was hard for me to not tell Tom. You really surprised him; he’d been worried about your health.”

She kissed me on the nose and went back to work.

“All done. You should probably wear a shirt tonight so we don’t mess up the sheets, at least not with blood.”

I got a glass of 7-Up; she had a glass of water. We sat at the counter talking, letting my back settle down.

“Something else for tomorrow, I have a favor to ask...” she said softly

I took her hand. “Ask away.”

She looked down a bit and said, “I wrote out some things I’d like you to record for me. I brought a recorder along too.”

I laughed. “I’ll be happy to. We can use my minidisc; I can move it onto a CD and send you a CD as well.”

She looked up at me again. “Thanks. I appreciate it.”

I held her chin. “And that’s a wonderful idea. You can do the same for me.”

Her nipples crinkled up. “Really? I’d love to.”

I sighed and reached down to touch a nipple, surprising her a little.

“Now I need to be held,” I told her.

We turned off the lights. I put on a T-shirt and crawled into bed with her. I snuggled up close and she held me. I wiggled around and found a nipple. She held me gently, and without a word, I went to sleep in her arms.

When I woke up the next morning, she was still there next to me. That felt great. I got up to pee, and got back into bed. I leaned over to her and kissed her gently on the neck. As she started to stir, I thought of what language I’d used on that recording, so long ago. She opened her eyes part way, and I leaned over to her ear and whispered.

“Relax and go into deep hypnosis for me. Relax and go into deep hypnosis for me.”

She moved her head back a little, then sighed deeply, and her eyes closed. I took her deeper, and told her when I woke her she’d be incredibly aroused, and would come easily, as many times as she wanted, but wouldn’t be able to move anything below her neck. She could squeeze her legs together, but that was all. She wouldn’t be able to move otherwise until I said, “Free.”

I pushed the top sheet and comforter off us and on to the floor, then moved down between her legs. I put her legs over my shoulders and kissed her mound. She was so soft and warm; I pressed her legs against the sides of my head. I told her to wake up.

She woke with a moan, and as I started teasing her with my tongue she moaned louder, and squeezed my head between her strong legs. She shuddered once and I kept going. I kept it up until she started alternating her moaning with yelling at me. Then I moved my head away and straightened her legs a little. I moved up and slipped inside her. This time she moaned, “Oh yes...”

Our eyes locked together as I moved on top of her. “Come for me, darling, come for me now, please,” I asked her.

Her eyes rolled back in her head a bit and I felt her squeeze me, deep inside her, as she grunted softly in time to my motion. Then she looked at me again, wonder in her eyes, and I said, “Free.”

Her eyes filled with fire and she grabbed my shoulders, and I quickly found myself on my back, her on top of me; I was surprised she didn’t break off my stem.

“Now you’re going to get it,” she growled as she moved on top of me. I put my arms around her waist and closed my eyes, enjoying. Then I felt her breath near my ear, and she said something.

I don't know what she said, but I got dizzy and weak, and every sensation multiplied. Now it was my turn to moan, so hard inside her, getting harder with every move she made.

She rode me and teased me, and eventually I heard her moaning as well, and felt her getting close, and she said, "Now, darling," and pushed her lips into mine.

We moaned and came together, thrashing on the bed, finally settling down. I found I could move again, and held her head.

We got up soon after; Penny needed to go to the bathroom. It was a little after seven in the morning.

"Have you done yoga?" I asked her.

"Not for a while, but I stretch and do aerobics regularly," she told me. It showed.

"Grab a big towel and join me if you like."

I got my mat and she got a towel, and we went out onto the deck. I led us through what I hoped was an easy version of the routine I usually do; she followed along well, aside from an occasional gurgle and drip from her lower regions.

We finished sitting next to each other, still naked, eyes closed facing the sun, and I led us in a brief meditation. I felt great; the sun, the person next to me, the fresh air...

And then I heard the sound of a motorized camera.

I reached over to hold Penny's hand, said, "Just relax," and opened my eyes slowly. Tommy was in front of us. He said, "Cheese!" and took another picture.

I held up my other hand and gave him the finger. He took another picture.

"You do make quite a couple," he said.

"Wow -- you ought to get a shot of his back!" called Linda.

We sat there and let him move around behind us. "Ooh, nice work. I'm surprised you didn't come get my crash bag," Tommy said as he took another frame.

"I used the one in Davy's jeep. His was better organized. He even has one of the new face masks I've been talking about," Penny hollered out.

I laughed. A cheap shot, and a low one too.

"So are you volunteering to inventory all our bags when we get back and do the ordering?" Tommy asked her.

Linda said, "None of that -- let's get breakfast started."

They went in and we followed a few minutes later. Penny and I showered together; afterwards she dried my back softly. I helped her dry off, not so softly; she finally told me to go get dressed, I wasn't helping. I thought I was a big help.

When I went into the bedroom, the bed had been straightened up, and there was a cup of coffee on one side of the dresser, and a cold can of Dr. Pepper on the other. I took the coffee in to Penny. We got dressed; she told me to leave my shirt off for a while.

Breakfast was pancakes this morning. Tommy is a tremendous cook, and even better, he enjoys cooking.

As we were finishing up, Linda asked, "What's the agenda for today? Radios again?"

Penny took my hand and said, "I thought we would go down to the cottage this morning..."

Linda looked a little shocked. "Give me a while to clean it up a little, first."

We chuckled at that. I looked at Penny and told her, "That's fine with me."

"Good," Linda said. "Why don't the boys go play radio while we take care of the dishes and straighten up here and at the cottage."

Tommy, eloquent as ever, grunted.

He and I went downstairs and fired up the radios. We were both working away when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned and took off my headphones; Linda was behind me.

She smiled and said, "Penny is ready for you in the cottage. Take your recorder."

I disconnected the recorder from the radio equipment, fished around for fresh batteries, and grabbed my good microphone and a blank disc. Then I headed around the side of the cabin down to the cottage.

Penny's clothing was hanging on a wooden peg outside the door. I smiled and hung my clothes next to hers, then went in.

It was cool in the cottage, and the breeze going through was nice. She was on the bed with her eyes closed.

I sat on the rug at the foot of the bed and picked up the manila folder sitting there. The first few pages were a printed script; it looked like what she wanted me to record.

What was more interesting was the printed email following it -- a big stack. Some of it was ours; it was surprising to see some of the things we'd told each other. More interesting was correspondence between Penny and another person, Karen, who was evidently a hypnotherapist. As I skimmed through it, I learned that Penny had worked with this gal for a while putting together what she was going to do to me. As soon as I started seeing references to specifics, I stopped reading, even though I had quite a few pages to go; I didn't want to spoil the surprise. I did make a careful note of Karen's email address -- I'd send her a thank-you note later.

I read over the material she wanted me to do again, slowly, as I'd read it out loud. I made some mental corrections.

I'd brought along some duct tape and an extension for the microphone; I suspended it from the low ceiling over the foot of the bed to get a good stereo recording.

"Penny, why don't you turn around so your head is down here please, right under the microphone."

She opened her eyes, smiled at me, and turned around, taking the pillow with her.

I kissed her on the forehead. "Do you want this to be any specific length, or should we just do it and worry about trimming it later?"

She looked up at me and said, "Take all the time you want."

I did a brief check, making sure the levels were set properly, then started in.

I spread out the pages on the bed so I wouldn't have to rustle any paper.

I started the recorder, and told her to close her eyes and relax. When she closed her eyes, I started massaging her temples gently. I used one of her anchor phrases, feeling her relax, then went through my favorite deepening sequence. I paused briefly, and went through the script she'd provided. I made some small changes along the way, and focused on my voice, remembering the things she'd told me. I paused for a minute before the wakeup sequence, closing my eyes and sitting there, my hands on the sides of her head, listening to the slow, regular breathing. I woke her, kissed her on the forehead, and turned off the recorder.

I kissed her forehead again, and she raised her hands and held my head. "Thank you so much," she said, "that was wonderful."

I was about to join her on the bed when she rolled over quickly and said, a bright smile on her face, "Now it's your turn!"

I thought about arguing, or just joining her on the bed, or putting her under, but just said, "Okay."

She wanted to know how to use the recorder; I showed her after I put in a blank disc. Then I lay down on the bed and closed my eyes. I heard her gasp.

“Did you look through all this?” she asked, a little panicked.

“No. I saw our emails, and saw the start of the correspondence with Karen, but I stopped reading that right away -- I didn’t want to spoil the surprise; but I will send her a thank you note.”

She put a hand on my shoulder. “Thank you. I’ve talked a lot to her about this, and we both talked to MaryAnn. You’re going to enjoy this.

MaryAnn was the therapist I’d been seeing, the one that had helped me; Penny had given me her name, which had evidently come from Karen. MaryAnn had become more than a therapist, she was a good friend. “So it’s all a plot, is it?” I asked, chuckling a little. “Well so far, I’m loving it. You might want to spread out the pages so you don’t have any paper noise.”

She kissed me on the forehead and said, “Thanks, but I know it by heart.”

She was quiet for a few seconds; I heard her deep breathing. I did the same, visualizing the crystal once more, pressing my fingertips together and letting go.

I heard the slight whir as the mini disc started up, then felt hands on the sides of my head; I took a deep breath; I smiled, knowing my breathing would be on the disc.

She started speaking and the world melted away. I remember parts of it; I remember going in and out, and I especially remember going through a lot of memories, keeping the good ones, and some sad ones, but putting all the pain and bad feelings in a balloon, and watching it drift away; that felt so good, so refreshing.

I woke up with her sitting beside me on the bed. I started to speak, but she said, “Shhh...” and leaned over to kiss me.

We kissed and made love, gently, tenderly, without a word spoken. Afterwards we snuggled together and I fell asleep holding her in my arms, her head on my chest.

When I woke up to her stirring beside me, I craned my head back to see the clock on the wall behind me; we were still lying with our heads at the foot of the bed. It was three thirty; the contest was over. I smiled, rolled over to her, and gave her a big kiss.

I started to say something, but she put her fingers on my lips. I smiled and scooted down to her nipples. She held me as I adored them.

We got up and dressed silently, then walked back up to the main cabin holding hands. It was amazing; I could think of my wife, of a lot of things now, and have the memories without the pain. There was still some sadness, but it didn’t hurt.

Contest Weekend

I stopped on the path and hugged Penny close. I held her, and she held me.

When we got to the top of the hill, Tommy and Linda were taking down antennas.

They saw us at the top of the path, and stopped.

Tommy said, "Well, we didn't do too well this year..."

"Nonsense," I said, my voice full of emotion. "This has been our best year ever."

Penny grabbed me and we hugged again. When we broke up, we saw Linda and Tommy still kissing. We both laughed, and the other two stopped to come up for air.

Tommy came over to me and gave me a hug. "It's been quite a year."

Linda gave me a hug as well.

Then it was back to the more mundane business of taking apart everything and packing it up. We decided not to leave that night; I had the time coming, so I left some messages saying I wouldn't be in on Monday. I was glad I did; we were busy. The gang left that morning to drive back down to Los Angeles. Penny and I parted sadly; I'd go down next weekend to visit. Let's see how long we can stand a long distance romance.

I was sitting in the cafeteria at lunchtime on Tuesday when a couple of my ham radio buddies walked up. "Hey, how did you do in the contest? We didn't hear you."

I smiled up at them, taking a deep breath, and feeling the glow return. "I had an incredible time. It was the best ever."

FINI
Rev 8/1/2000

Contest Weekend

by silli_artie@hotmail.com

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