

## D13 Strings

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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.*

Sitting in yet another meeting, listening to marketing idiots seal our fate, I placed three fingers of my right hand on my right eyelid and eyebrow, closing my eye.

Twitching. The muscles in the right side of my face were twitching.

Not good. Particularly not good since it was Monday eight thirty in the morning. Twitches on a Friday afternoon were understandable, almost expected in Silicon Valley.

But twitches Monday morning are a problem. Part of that problem was sitting across from me, ignorant of the laws of physics. At *least* the laws of physics.

"Ken," Peter, the nominal head of the marketing cabal said, "We have your earlier analysis on this. We need you to look at it again, and come back with a plan for..."

Clack! Clang! Saved by the bell! The conference room lights flickered and went out with a loud clack! The fire and alarm bells and lights in the building went on! Since I'd come directly from home to this wonderful meeting, I had my backpack with my laptop with me, and an almost full bottle of Dr. Pepper. I capped the bottle and headed for the door, picking up my goodies on the way. All the lights in the building were off, save for the emergency ones.

"Adjourned," someone behind me said to a rapidly emptying room.

I went out the side door, close to where I'd parked, even though the marketing mob looked like they were headed through the building to the front. Oh well.

We're in an industrial park; our building is on a corner. I park along the side, off the side street, away from the building and near the exit. Walking to my car, I noticed quite the commotion up front.

By the corner, set back from the sidewalk, is a transformer vault, sticking up four feet, and going down who knows how far. The vault seemed to have attracted a largish supply truck with a load of rebar... The vault cover was sheared off, and rebar was all over and in it. Even though I do mostly software, the combination of rebar and one or more very large transformers

supplying electrical power to quite a few industrial buildings in the area seemed to me to be the kind of excitement most people would just as soon forgo...

I think the contents of the transformer vault agreed with my assessment, as it said clearly and definitively, “Foom!” violently expelling flaming chunks of debris and red glowing rebar. A series of lesser explosions and expulsions followed rapidly, ending with a brief but *very* loud 60-cycle hum, leaving the area strangely quiet.

Well, except for the sounds of burning cars, alarms, shrieking car owners, and sirens in the distance -- more for the party.

Unfortunately the side street dead-ends just past our building, so I had to exit near the conflagration. This I should do sooner rather than later, I reasoned.

I glanced to my left as I approached the corner. Sirens approaching; I could see flashing lights coming down the main road.

Looking in the parking lot though brought a smile to my still twitching face. The marketing cabal travels in a pack, staying together with their leather valises, moving like a pack of dogs, each with their nose up another dog’s ass in the current hierarchy. They park as a pack, taking over one corner of the main lot near the building’s main entrance.

Peter, their lead dog, drove a Lexus, which had a large chunk of flaming debris displacing the windshield and hood. Albert, one of his henchmen, drove a BMW which now resembled a voodoo doll, it had so much rebar sticking in it.

The day is looking up! I made a quick right turn, departing the area.

Traffic lights were out, and people were milling around outside buildings. I saw flashing lights in the distance approaching; enough fun for more than one fire crew, I guess.

But what to do with my sudden freedom? The right side of my face was still acting up.

I made it past the first major intersection bounding our area; the traffic signals were flashing red all around and the chaos was just getting started. I drove another two blocks and pulled into a parking lot. Power seemed to be on for this area.

Pulled out my cell phone. Hope she’d still talk to me; I’d canceled out twice on her in the last month. Called her business line and got the answering machine.

“Deb, this is Ken -- I hope you’ll still talk to me. I’m screwed up, but suddenly have the day free. Do you have any openings? Help! You can get me on my cell, which is,”

“Ken!” Deb came on the line.

“Good morning!” I said cheerily. “Any chance you can save me?”

She laughed. "Come on over! But watch out for traffic -- there's a mess over by your place; it's all over the news."

"I know all about it -- see you in ten to fifteen, and thanks!"

Back to surface streets, working my way across town. Deb was a bodyworker - massage therapist I'd been seeing for years. Aside from a brief fling a few years ago, our relationship was professional. Well, more than that -- we'd helped each other in the past, and continued to help each other. I'd been remiss recently, working too damn long and hard, and not taking care of myself -- I didn't need her to tell me, or maybe I did.

I found a reasonable parking spot near her place; she's in a building of small offices for alternative healing arts. I'd helped her move in, and built some Japanese-style screens for separating the space into an office - desk area, and a working area with the massage table.

"So good to see you again!" she greeted me with a hug.

Holding her was relaxing. "Just coming in the door helps," I told her.

We passed smalltalk, covering what had been going on in our lives. I recounted the morning's excitement that left me so footloose and fancy free. She laughed a couple of times; I'm good with a phrase.

But she interrupted me at one point. "Stop," she said, and came around her desk, putting her hands on my face. "Close your eyes," she told me.

I could feel my face twitching under her soft touch. After feeling a bit, she pulled me to standing. "On the table -- now, on your back," she told me.

I slipped off my shoes and got on the massage table, still clothed.

"Eyes closed, just relax," she told me in her professional voice.

She touched my face, the right side twitching. She held out my right arm, feeling along it and then sliding a hand under my shoulder. Tight and twitching. Putting my arm back by my side, prodding along my body from one end to the other.

"Oh Ken," she whispered.

Heard her moving her stool up to the head of the table. Something cool and lightly scented covered my eyes. She slid her hands under my head, holding, pressing, rocking.

I sighed and let go. Whatever she was doing, I could use a lot more.

"Good -- take a deep, slow, breath and let it out, let go of all the tension."

Helped, some -- parts of me relaxed, but it just brought out the twitches in other places more. The way she held my head and rocked me, that was something new, and quite nice.

"Rest for a while," she whispered, pressing gently on my shoulders.

I could do this. I needed it -- too much, too long. I heard her door close. A while later it opened again. A hand on my shoulder. "Ken, are you free the rest of the day? All day?"

"Oh yeah," I whispered.

"You heard?" she said. "Good -- I'll send him right over. Oh yes! Completely! I look forward to hearing from you... Bye."

Hands on my shoulders again, pressing momentarily, then moving and taking off the eye shades. "Let's sit up," she said, helping me to sitting on the massage table.

She gave me an interesting look. "You look much better, but still screwed up. How do you feel?"

I smiled, yet I could still feel the gremlins in the corner of my right eye. "You're right -- much better, but a long, long way to go. What did you set me up for?"

She smiled and took my hands, leading me back to the office side of things. But she sat next to me in the other client chair. "Have I mentioned Wendy to you?"

I shrugged. "You may have -- it's been months. I'm sorry I haven't been in."

She nodded, sighing. "I understand. Wendy is very special. I want you to give yourself to her -- we've talked about you, a lot. Months ago, I thought you needed her. Now, you *really* do. And... Ken, why are you putting yourself through this? You don't need the money."

I sighed and shook my head. I certainly didn't need the money -- I didn't need to work. Well... "I know -- but there's a difference in not *needing* to work, yet still needing to ... do something. I think you understand."

She nodded, a rueful smile. "The lure of the startup, the energy and excitement -- but I thought this one was going so well? Your body is telling me a different story, something more than just long hours."

I nodded -- she's good. And, she knows me. "Some of the crew that came in six months ago... They have this uncanny knack, the ability to see what's needed, and then vigorously steer us dead opposite that path."

"And nobody else sees this as a problem?"

I shrugged again. "I'm just one whacko, quickly becoming the nay-sayer, the one who isn't a team player anymore."

She frowned. "The one who has been around the track successfully, many times before?"

"That, too," I admitted.

"That isn't worth anything?"

"Not to the clique in control. How can all those flies be wrong?"

She smiled. "Sounds like you need a change of scenery -- here's Wendy's address. Give yourself to her. Completely. Trust her as you would trust me. Please, for both of you."

*Both* of us? "Deb, thank you -- I'll do what you say."

We stood up and hugged. I felt better. She handed me a slip of paper and I headed off.

Residential area on the Palo Alto - Mountain View border, one of the remaining Eichler enclaves. The note said to park in the driveway, and when I pulled up to the address, a sign reading "Ken" was taped up on the right side of the garage door. An invitation!

Got out of the car and locked it. Walked to the front door. The screen was closed and the door behind it open. "Knock, knock?" I called.

"Ken? Come in, please!" a woman called from inside.

I stepped inside. Interesting -- incense? Nice scent. Muted colors, nicely decorated.

Wendy stepped in from the other part of the house. A little shorter than me, wearing a long robe that hid most of her figure, save for the prominent breasts that the front of the robe hung down from.

"It's so good to meet you at last!" she said, smiling broadly and embracing me.

Very nice hug.

"Deb says I'm to throw myself at your mercy. I'm all yours -- where do we start?"

She smiled, looking me over. "The bathroom first door to your left, please get undressed and put on the robe on the counter. Then come back and join me for tea."

I nodded and headed to the indicated loo.

Made use of the can -- hadn't even finished my morning Dr. Pepper! Put on a white cotton robe. Folded my clothes and left them on the shelves.

“That was quick!” Wendy said. “Tea is still in progress. Let’s begin -- arms out, shoulder level, close your eyes for me,” she said.

Did that. She moved around me, touching, feeling. Quickly found the twitchy spots, and the tight spots, and the crummy spots.

A tea kettle called out for attention.

“Come sit, please!”

I sat at a little table for two off the kitchen area. As Wendy fixed us tea, she quizzed me on health and lifestyle. Clearly she’d been talking to Deb. How much?

Yeah, I hadn’t been taking care of myself lately -- like for the last few months. Eating, sleeping, exercise -- yeah, and I undoubtedly don’t floss enough, or eat enough fiber. She laughed at that, then asked, love life? What’s that? When she asked with a gleam in her eye how I relieved the pressure, I told her there was a pistol range off 101 near San Tomas -- and I muttered the names of marketing turkeys as I relieved the pressure.

She nodded and said that Deb was worried about me.

I raised an eyebrow and agreed; *I* was worried about me.

“Close your eyes for me. Take a breath, and relax.”

I did. My ears were buzzing. The right side of my face was still acting up. Not a good place to be on a Monday morning.

“The person you saw in the mirror this morning -- was he happy?”

“No,” I admitted.

“Healthy?”

“Nope,” I added on.

“Do you think he should keep doing what he has been doing, or is it time for a change?”

I had to chuckle.

“What was that?” she asked.

I opened my eyes. “When you find yourself at the bottom of a hole, the first thing is to stop digging. I just dropped the goddamn shovel. Now can you help me get out of this hole? Before I pick it up again?”

She smiled and nodded. "I think I can. Ken, do you trust me?"

I looked at her. "Deb told me to give myself to you. She's saved my life. Yes."

Her smile deepened. "Thank you. Why don't we begin?" She stood, offering her hand.

I took her hand and stood up, following her down the hall to what had been one of the bedrooms.

Interesting -- a massage table, but only about two feet off the floor., and the carpeting on the floor had a thick pad underneath it. The room was dimly lit and cool, very pleasant.

"On your back to start, just drape the robe over you," she suggested, sitting at the head of the massage table.

Okay, I can do this. I took off the robe in front of her, got down on my knees and moved to the massage table, spreading the robe over me. Sigh.

She reached under my head, doing that thing at the back of my neck and head that Deb had done, but the way she did it made Deb seem like a rank beginner.

"Good," she whispered. "Deb told me you responded well. All you have to do is relax; just relax and let me take care of you. You don't even have to listen to my voice because your body knows what to do and your mind can relax and rest, floating along, rocking so peacefully as you take a slow, deep, breath and when you let it out, let go of all the tension in your head and neck, that's good, relax for me."

It was interesting -- I was rocking back and forth, and drifting sideways? Yet I knew I was on a massage table. But the rocking and drifting were so good, so comforting.

Somebody was talking -- I didn't want to hear part of what they were talking about; it upset me. So I could just enjoy the rocking, and the voices were like a radio playing in the background, something I didn't have to pay attention to.

I was standing up, wearing something like a jumpsuit, with all these strings attached to it. And the strings on the jumpsuit were tied to other strings leading away from me.

The really strange thing was that new strings dropped into view in front of me, and I'd tie them to the strings attached to my jumpsuit, to me. A new one would drop into view and I'd find an open string on the suit and tie that string on to it.

But as I was doing this, tying new strings to me, others strings pulled on me, pulling and jerking parts of me around.

One in particular, a string attached by my right eye, that string tugged and it made me twitch. I looked out along it, and I knew Peter was out there at the other end, tugging on it.

And I knew that I'd tied that string to me, the one Peter was tugging on! I was the one who did it! That was so silly! Why had I done that! I followed along the string to the knot that tied it to me. This is easy -- I untied the knot and let the ends drop. I could feel the muscles around my right eye unwinding, relaxing.

Were there more like that! Oh yes! We looked and found more, and untied them.

As we did, we ran across those that had much more complex knots. Those would take time. Maybe there were those I shouldn't undo? Always good to check and see what something was tied to first.

A string dangled in front of me, bouncing irritatingly, demanding attention. I took hold of the end -- it was the one from Peter! No, I'm not going to tie myself to that one again! But it dangled in front of me, incessantly, demandingly, joined by others I'd just disconnected.

I grabbed a bunch of them and tied them all together in a knot! As soon as I did, the knot disappeared, pulled away out of my view and reach. Good riddance!

Some of those strings -- the ones tied to my hands and arms, and to my head, made it difficult to do things. I was trying to untie one very complex knot, and a string tied to my right wrist kept tugging on me, making it very difficult to concentrate on the thing I was trying to untie. Same with one on my head, jerking my head at just the wrong moment, making it hard to focus on the knot I was working on.

A new understanding, a new priority -- some of these strings, strings I've tied to me, some of these strings significantly interfere with my ability to do other things! I went after things tied to my hands, to my wrists, and then to my head.

Some of those strings were attached to things I understood -- mostly to my job, but others didn't seem to be attached to anything anymore, they were just long, heavy strings attached to me that made it difficult to move. Untied a lot of those.

I felt better! I could move easier! And when I saw new strings dangling in front of me, rather than blindly tying myself to them as I'd done before, I could and would examine each, and decide! That's the key, don't do it blindly, evaluate and decide! Consciously!

I wanted to do more, explore more, but the rocking increased, so comforting, so relaxing. I could relax, not tied up as much any more. Relax, let go.

Floating face down, strong sensations in my back, in my shoulders. So many of those strings had been anchored into my shoulders and upper back. Pressing strongly, deeply, she helped release those attachments. More along my spine and in my low back. Tightness in hips and legs from the effort of pulling all those things along, day after day.



On my back again, drifting and rocking, working the tightness and kinks out of my legs and hips, my abdomen, my chest. Then back to head and neck again, delicious work at the back of my head and neck.

But now I could see and feel other concerns. Where before I'd been full of tightness, or had been distracted by the strings trying to pull me in so many conflicting directions, now I could see empty spaces inside, some full of energy, but some hollow and needing.

Again, two sides of the same coin -- needing to be held, and needing to hold.

Waking up -- I didn't want to. I liked where I'd been. But waking up, on my back on the massage table, opening my eyes to see Wendy smiling down at me.

Wendy, naked, leaning forward, a hand under my head cradling me as her nipple contacted my mouth. Letting go again, everything so simple once more -- mouth and nipple, holding and being held, suckling.

More touches, more need -- so hungry! Opening my eyes, almost awake with Wendy on top of me, on all fours, and as I raise my mouth to take a nipple, her hand touches my hard cock and starts us sliding together. Her weight on top of me, squeezing her waist as she holds my head to a nipple, my body responding to her, doing as she wants, as she commands, lasting so long, lasting so incredibly long and coming inside her, letting go again to being held and to holding on.

Drifting up again, opening my eyes, on my back on the massage table still, Wendy sitting beside me naked, a hand on my shoulder.

I burst into tears, reaching for her. I cried as we held each other. I didn't know how to say what I felt. We'd done so much, accomplished so much, but there was so much left to do -- so much. She held me to a nipple again, whispering again, letting me fill the empty places, if only for a while. But each time they were filled, more of me healed. She rocked me and held me once more.

Getting up, going to the little bathroom and showering, washing off massage oil. The feeling of washing off something else as well. Drying off and dressing.

She was sitting dressed at one end of an overstuffed couch in the living area. I fell to my knees before her, my head in her lap.

"How can I possibly thank you?" I whispered, hoping my tears could help.

She rubbed my back, a simple gesture, so strong.

"Come here," she whispered, pulling me closer.

I moved up to the couch as she pulled up her top and led me to a nipple again. Holding me, filling me, whispering to me.

Sitting up again. She looked at me and smiled. "We did a lot today."

I nodded. An incredible amount.

"You'll know when you need more."

I nodded again.

"Would you help someone else?"

"Of course," I whispered.

"I may call."

"However I can help," I told her.

"You know to take things slowly, deliberately. Call me if you need help?"

"I will."

She opened her arms and pulled me to her bosom, holding me once more.

Then we were standing and she was showing me to my car. It was dark out.

I got in the car. Buckling up, I took a deep breath, clearing my head. Let's go.

FIN  
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