

Duo 1-8

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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.

Duo 1

Laura clicked the mouse a couple of times, picking up today's batch of email. She waited as things rolled in and windows popped open.

"Tom, what's the command key to forward spam to the FTC?" she asked.

Tom was at the other desk in their home office, looking through a data book and working on a design.

"Apple-F9 for just the Feds, Apple-shift-F9 for the Feds and AOL." he said without looking up.

Laura dispatched the daily batch of spam and started in on more worthwhile mail.

"Tom, remember that client I told you about from earlier in the week?" she said a bit later.

Tom put down his pencil, took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes. "The software geek facing his mid-life crisis? Isn't that most of them, feeling that gnawing inside and not knowing where to turn?"

Laura chuckled. "Now darling... I suggested that he read some Jung..."

"*Stages of Life* or *Interpretation of Dreams*?" Tom interrupted.

"Oh, *Stages of Life*" she replied. "Well, he did, and it really struck home. He's poured out his soul, and ready to commit to some serious regression work. He also wants me to suggest more for him to read."

"Well, have him read *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. I'd like to know what the hell it means," Tom said.

Laura laughed out loud and turned to her husband.

"I thought you liked me telling you about my work."

Tom sighed and smiled. "I do darling; it helps you manage your countertransference."

Laura shook her head. "And a little projected lust doesn't hurt either, does it..."

Tom reached over and squeezed her leg. "Not as long as you work it out with me..."

"So what should I do with this one? The Zweig and Wolf Shadows book, or more Jung?"

Tom got a far away look on his face, concentrating, then laughed softly.

"What is it?" Laura asked.

He looked at her, head tilted a little. "You're trying too hard with these folks. You of all people should realize the process of individuation is an asymptotic one."

Laura turned her chair a bit so they were knee to knee. "I love it when you talk dirty like that. What is that supposed to mean?"

"It's asymptotic -- it's a limit process. Individuation a la Jung is a goal that's never achieved. Why not go for balancing instead?"

Laura looked puzzled. "That's what I do -- stabilize them. I'm a hypnotherapist, not a Jungian analyst. I work with weeks and months, not years. And I seem to remember you're a hardware designer who writes dirty stories on the side, not a Jungian analyst..."

Tom chuckled. "The stories are therapy, darling, they allow my shadow to express itself, helping me reach individuation, that elusive balance. And, they're what brought us together, remember?"

She smiled and raked his thighs lightly with her nails. "Yes, I do... But what's the part about balancing?"

Tom sat back and picked up his ever present green engineering pad. "Take this design Terry and I are doing. It's going to be running in an automobile, so it has to work over a very wide temperature range. At the heart is a thing called a phase-locked loop. There are two components in there whose product sets the basic operating frequency. How do you build it so it's stable over a wide temperature range?"

Laura sat back as well. "Well, use the most stable components you can, try to insulate things..."

Tom nodded. "Good guesses, but not quite right. You pick components whose characteristics will drift with temperature, but you pick them in pairs so their temperature induced errors cancel each other out."

Laura smiled. "Oh, I see, so it doesn't matter; one part swings one way, the other part swings the other way, and the variations cancel out, the product remains the same."

“Right,” Tom said, “so why not do that with people?”

Laura sat back again. “What?”

Tom smiled and leaned forward. “Play matchmaker. Pair up the offsetting needs so each will develop and draw out what’s needed in the other.”

Laura looked off into space. “Oh, so pair up her, with her subconscious need to dominate, with him, who subconsciously wants to get away from being in control all the time...”

Tom nodded. “That’s it; I think that’s about what Jung says in *Marriage as a Psychological Relationship* -- the bond forms first on that subconscious level. Like with us.”

Laura looked at Tom and smirked. “Yeah, I have tits and you can’t get enough of them.”

Tom laughed softly and put his hands on her thighs. “I love you. You’ve brought out so much in me, gotten me in touch with so much, helped me to change so much.”

She put her hands on his and smiled softly. “I know darling. You’ve changed so much, and so have I. I’m so glad I took the chance. But wow, pairing people up like that, when they don’t even know what they’re getting into? I mean, what if they’re, hyper -- what do you call it, exploding on contact?”

“Hypergolic?” Tom said with a laugh. “You’re better than that. And you’ve done it already. Remember Dawn and Terry?”

“But they weren’t clients.” she protested.

“No, but I heard those wheels turning. Who got them together for the first time? And I seem to remember you saying at their wedding that they were just what the other one needed.”

She smiled, her smile getting tighter as she reached around to her back with both hands and unhooked her bra underneath her sweater.

“You’re right; you are good. But right now I’ve got a projection I need to work off, and I know just how to do it.”

Tom sighed and put his notepad down, hitting the key to shut down his Mac. As Laura started pulling her sweater and bra off over her head, he reached around and did the same on her Mac.

Laura put her sweater and bra on the desk beside the keyboard. She tapped the Enter key a couple of times so her computer would shut down. Then she turned to her husband, sitting leaning forward in his chair.

“On you knees, darling, it’s dream time.”

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Tom sighed softly and slipped down to the floor, going into a light trance. He felt the soft but strong hands pull his head to a nipple and let go as he slipped his arms around her waist.

Laura pulled his head to her, feeling the erotic charge tingle through her as he latched on to her nipple hungrily. She held his head, moving it slightly side to side and said, "Relax and go into deep hypnosis for me..."

She let her head fall back as she felt the passion build. It was an interesting idea; she'd consider it, but in the morning.

FINI?

C G Jung "The Stages of Life," "Interpretation of Dreams" from "Modern Man in Search of a Soul"

C G Jung "Mysterium Coniunctionis" (Bollingen 14)

C G Jung "The Psychology of the Transference" (Bollingen 16)

C G Jung "Marriage as a Psychological Relationship" (Bollingen 17)

C Zweig and S Wolf "Romancing the Shadow"

If you only read one of these, read "The Stages of Life"

Duo 2

Laura looked over at Tom, leaning back in his chair.

"What's the matter darling, why so pensive?" she asked. "I thought you'd like that story."

Tom smiled as he put the paper down. "Yes, I did. The Magic Trance Dust is an interesting idea -- I liked the ambiguity, never finding out if it was real."

"Something you'd like to try?" she suggested with a low growl.

Tom laughed. "You'd have to set me up for it now that I've read the story. I think my own doubt would be enough to keep me from going into trance."

Laura raised her head and her eyebrows. "Oh, so you don't think I've got you conditioned deeply enough that I could send you deep into trance like that, with something new?"

Tom paused; was this a challenge, and was it one he wanted to make? Time to change the subject, and fast.

"Darling, I'd do whatever you want, you know that. And that's what I was thinking of..."

Tom saw her nostrils flare slightly, looked to see her nipples tightening under her blouse as she gazed at him and licked her lips.

“No, I meant consent, and the issues surrounding it,” he added, wondering if it was too late.

Laura smiled as she unbuttoned her blouse. “What do you mean darling, don’t you think that story was consensual? Husband and wife it seemed, she asked him if he wanted to try something new, he said yes...” She was unbuttoning slowly, deliberately, focused on Tom.

“I know,” said Tom, realizing he was running out of time, “that’s one of the things I like about this author; for the most part his stories involve consensual relationships...”

“Like ours?” Linda interrupted, caressing the smooth fabric of her bra.

“Should we save this discussion for another time?” Tom asked with a chuckle in his voice.

Laura ran her hands down her bare middle and hooked her thumbs on the waistband of her pants.

“No, I’m interested...” she said, wiggling on the chair to get her pants off.

“Yeah, I can tell,” Tom said as he watched his wife slip off her pants, caressing each leg as she did.

Laura sat up in her chair again. “No darling, what is it about consent that you were thinking of?” She could see the bulge in his pants, see how he moved his hands nervously; she knew all she had to do was say the word, make a gesture, and he’d drop into trance for her.

Tom sighed; he was running out of time and he knew it.

“Well, so many of these mind control and hypnosis stories are entirely nonconsensual, you know I’m not comfortable with those.”

Laura slipped her hands under her panty hose and started slipping them off, slowly.

“And me taking you into trance by surprise, getting you so aroused, so hot, bringing you to an incredible climax inside me, what is that? Consensual or not?”

Tom was having a hard time marshaling an argument; his head was buzzing. “It’s wonderful darling, that’s what it is. That’s the gray area. I understand that all hypnosis is self-hypnosis, and I want what you do so much, you know that. So in one sense I’ve given my consent. And, I don’t feel you need to get my consent every time. I’m just trying to understand the spectrum of consent, from what was in that story, or from what we do, to more hard core dom/sub relationships. I know you’d never hurt me darling. But at what point is that general consent vitiated, annulled?”

“I don’t know darling...” she said as she moved her hands around her back and unhooked her bra. She slid the straps off her shoulders and slowly down her arms. She looked into Tom’s

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eyes, holding him in hers as she spoke slowly, softly, using her professional skills as well as her feminine wiles.

“But I’m so glad to hear I don’t have to ask for your consent before each time I ease you into a wonderful, peaceful trance, floating so gently in my embrace, letting me take you to that soft warm place where you love to be, so hot for me, so hungry for me as you go deeper and deeper...” She could see his eyes were now closed, his head drifting lower as his elbows rested on his knees, his hands held together.

She smiled and continued. “And as you let my voice take you deeper, you sink to your knees in front of me, so hungry for me...”

Tom slid to the floor and on to his knees. Laura slid up to the front of her chair, opening her legs wider to give him access. She saw his nose wrinkle momentarily and then saw him take a deep breath through his nose and smile as he caught her scent.

She put out her hands and guided his head between her legs. “So hungry darling, so Ahh...” she gasped as his talented tongue found its mark. “So hungry, and you love the way my magic trance dust sends you so deep into a trance... Ohh yes darling, just like that, I love you darling... And you can’t wait for me to use my magic trance dust on you, you love the way it sends you so deep into a trance...”

Laura let her head drop back as she held Tom’s head, letting her eyes close, thinking about magic trance dust; they’d have to talk about the limits of consent again some time.

Duo 3

Laura and Tom were in the kitchen making lunch. Inside the house was warm and cozy, the sounds of soft music and the crackling fire coming in from the next room, contrasting with the cold, wet, stormy weather outside.

Laura was making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. She dipped a finger into the peanut butter and put it in her mouth. She started laughing, a low laugh...

Tom turned from the refrigerator and looked at her, looked at the grin on her face, her finger still in her mouth.

“I don’t know if I like that laugh or not...” he said, walking over to her. “Want to tell me about it?”

He leaned back against the counter, holding her in his arms. She nestled into him, putting her head on his shoulder.

“Oh, I was just thinking about one of my favorites, peanut butter and celery...”

“But you never eat the celery,” Tom said.

“And we don’t have any celery, so I was thinking about another favorite, maybe with peanut butter...” Laura said, snuggling a little closer, wiggling her hips.

Tom laughed as he held her. “Promise not to bite?” He started rocking her gently side to side as he held her close, feeling her burrow into his soft sweater a little more.

“Umm hmmm...” she muttered in assent, moving her head a little, settling in.

A thought popped into Tom’s head as he held her. He smiled a little; why not give it a try.

“You know darling, I’ve wondered sometimes...” he said softly, rocking her slowly side to side, matching her breathing.

“When you take me to that wonderful place where I’m rocking back and forth, back and forth, so comfortable, so safe, so relaxed... Do you know how wonderful that is... How relaxing... How safe... How contented... Rocking back and forth... Back and forth... Sinking deeper and deeper... Into relaxation... Into peace... Love... Comfort...”

He slowed his speech, a word every few seconds as he rocked her slowly, feeling her breathing shift, feeling her relax more into him. “Comfort... Tranquility... Peace... Cared for...”

He felt her tighten a little, moving in his arms. “And you take me to that place, so wonderful, so relaxing, and I tighten a little, because I know I’m so close, and all I have to do is take a breath and let it out, let go to you, relaxing completely, letting go...” He felt her take a breath, a little ragged. As she inhaled he moved one hand up to the back of her head and started squeezing gently. He felt her exhale and go limp in his arms, holding her, rocking her. He smiled; it had worked.

“Letting go completely, sinking down deep into relaxation... Comfort... Peace... Love...”

He was starting to feel dreamy himself; this was the risk and the lure of autohypnosis, the hypnotist following the client into trance?

“And I wondered, darling, if you ever followed me there, followed me to that warm, comfortable place, floating... Rocking back and forth, back and forth, back and forth... So peaceful... So content...”

He held her, rocking slowly, holding her up, holding her close. He felt himself sinking down, almost as if he were in that hammock, laying there on his back, rocking back and forth, back and forth.

He felt himself slipping and pulled himself up a bit, blinking a couple times, kissing her on the head as he held her close.

With a soft sigh he started in again. “And you know you can go there with me whenever you want, especially when we’re in bed, holding each other close, rocking... Drifting... So deep now... Letting go and drifting off...”

He smiled, holding her, rocking, amazed at the warm feeling he had, not a feeling of triumph, but of great peace.

“But now coming back up with me, leaving that wonderful place for a while, knowing you can take me there, join me there whenever you want, coming back up now... One, taking a deep breath... Two, feeling your body... Three, eyes open, awake and alert again...”

Laura took a deep breath, moving against his chest, feeling his strong arms around her, holding her so close. She opened her eyes.

And realized what had happened. She pushed back in his arms a bit, looking into his face with an amazed smile. She expected him to have a cat that ate the canary smile, gloating over hypnotizing her for the first time. Instead, he had that look of peace and contentment he had when she brought him out of a trance.

“You actually did it...” she finally said.

“Did what?” he said, kissing her on the forehead.

She pulled back, his arms still around her waist, holding their hips together.

“You hypnotized me; you did it -- I didn’t know what hit me...”

He smiled and shook his head side to side. “No darling, I didn’t hypnotize you, I helped you hypnotize yourself, just as you’ve done so many times before...”

She laughed. “Who have you been talking to? What have you been reading?”

He sighed. “What darling? It’s called autohypnosis, it’s what happens when you take me to that wonderful place, and you join me there...” He was looking in her eyes again, rocking her again, his eyes sliding slowly to half mast...

And she felt herself slipping down again as well, easing into his embrace, easing again into trance...

“Oh, you’re good... But now you’re doing mutual hypnosis... This is wonderful darling... I guess I’ve wondered when this would happen... You know now you’re going to have to study, endless hours of study, of practice...”

He smiled. “But I’ve done that already, studying under one of the best, certainly the most beautiful.” He kissed her forehead again.

She threw her arms around his chest and squeezed him tight. “Oh, I’m going to get you for that...”

He laughed and squeezed back. "Before or after the peanut butter?"

Duo 4

Tom and Laura were sitting in their home office, Tom going over email, Laura revising notes from the day.

Tom let out a sigh.

Laura turned to him. "What is it, darling?"

He turned from his screen, taking off his glasses and rubbing his eyes. "I got a note from Peter. He liked the last batch of stories I posted..."

She said, "So did I... I like his as well. We should visit Australia, I'd like to meet him. But what else did he say, he said something that's bothering you."

Tom smiled, leaning forward, elbows on his knees. "That's the problem being married to a therapist, you can't hide anything."

Laura laughed. "No you can't... So are you going to tell me, or do I have to squeeze it out of you..." She growled the last part.

Tom sighed. "I'll tell you, and you can squeeze the rest out of me later... It goes back to that consent thing, voluntary or involuntary, what are the limits on consent."

Laura leaned back smiling. "Oh, I liked the last time we talked about consent..." She wiggled her hips, placing her hands at the sides of her breasts and moving suggestively.

Tom laughed, knowing where this was leading. "Let me finish my thought first, and you need to make sure I pee first before we make love, I'm a lot more comfortable."

Laura stuck out her lower lip in a mock pout and put her hands over her breasts in false modesty. "I haven't known you to complain before..."

Tom laughed again. "I'm not complaining lover, please believe me... I wanted to talk about Peter, about consent. I thought you were interested."

She laughed a bit and sat up, putting her hands in her lap, smiling. "Yes, I am interested. What was it that Peter said?"

Tom wrinkled his brow a bit. "Well, he said he liked the last one, especially the chunk of 'Liz over Time' I sent him, but he prefers to stay away from stories where men are turned into slaves."

Laura said "And that bothered you?"

“Yes, in a couple of ways. First, I don’t see ‘Liz’ as a slave story.”

“Okay, and second?”

Tom grinned. “His stuff is so male dominant... I was wondering if he has a soft spot there... I could almost sense a barrier going up...”

Laura laughed. “You’re more of an analyst than I am some times. So, what bothers you?”

Tom shook his head. “I don’t know. It gets back to the consent thing. When I think of slave stories, I think of nonconsensual, highly nonconsensual, a taking, taking of will, of freedom. I see ‘Liz’ as consensual, giving.”

Laura leaned forward a bit. “This is important to you. How about us?”

Tom smiled. “Ours is a consensual relationship. Remember our wedding vows?”

Laura nodded. “Yes, Our so-called minister didn’t though, not understanding why it was important to say ‘I give myself’ rather than ‘I take you...’”

“That’s part of it,” he said, nodding his head, “an important part, giving rather than taking. I’ve given myself to you, opened myself to you...”

“But you’ve written nonconsensual stories...”

Tom moved back a bit.

“Look at the early ones, ‘Carpet Laid’ and ‘Private Tasting.’ Neither of those had anything like prior informed consent,” she said. “Wonderfully female dominant.”

Tom nodded and smiled. “Yes, that’s true, but they’re also hopelessly romantic. And in both the male gives his consent afterwards. Same in ‘Night Flight,’ with some discussion of the issue.”

Laura nodded. “So what is it about the slave thing that bothers you? Is there something about it that intrigues you?”

Tom tilted his head, wrinkling his brow again. “I don’t know...”

Laura smiled a bit. “Would you like to try it, have me force you to do things?”

Tom sighed. “I don’t know. I’ve already given myself to you, there’s nothing for you to take. You know I’d do whatever you asked, willingly.”

Laura suddenly said, “On your knees. Kiss my toes.”

Tom smiled and moved to his knees, quickly moving to kiss her toes. After a moment she leaned over and raise his head up. He sat on the floor in front of her, smiling. "I love you," he said.

She frowned, then smiled. "I know. I love you too. I guess I don't have it in me -- maybe I need the leather, the whip." She moved her right hand and arm simulating swinging a whip.

Tom wrinkled his forehead again. "That's part of what I don't understand, the pain and punishment part. I can't see you inflicting pain."

She looked down and smiled. "How about punishing you when you've been a bad boy?"

Tom laughed, fiddling with something from one of his pockets. "No, that doesn't work. You know I do whatever you ask. If I don't it's because I didn't understand what you wanted."

Laura gave him a wicked grin. "So if you don't do what I want, it's my fault for not making myself clear? I believe that's called topping, slave -- that insolence will get you a spanking for sure!"

Tom looked at her intently and said, "I understand pain as part of an intense experience. I know how you react when I pinch your nipples at just the right moment."

Laura took a deep breath through her nose. "Yes, or when I pinch yours when you're moaning on the edge, or use my nails on your thighs."

"But pain for no reason, humiliating or degrading another, why? I don't understand that."

Laura sighed. "I suppose neither do I. I deal with it, analyze it, treat it, testify... So what's the answer? What's the rule?"

Tom smiled. "Love is the law, love under will. Do what thou wilt is the whole of the Law."

Laura took a breath. "Crowley... I thought you were too busy reading Jung?"

Tom chuckled. "The Equinox is just as difficult reading in parts, and very entertaining. Aleister and Carl say the same things in a number of areas. They make much more sense than that Austrian character with the cigar."

Laura's eyes went wide. "That will get you in trouble in a number of camps!"

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "View of a nonspecialist. So what are you going to do with me?"

She grasped his shoulders, looking intently and overly dramatically into his eyes. "Subjugate you to My Will..."

Duo

He smiled. "Too late. My will is to do yours."

She said "Defiance! Defiance will not be tolerated! I..."

Tom turned his head suddenly and said, "What was that?" looking over his shoulder.

Laura looked up toward the door. When she looked down at him again, he was smiling, with one hand level in front of his face.

"Trance dust, darling," he said, blowing across his hand. She looked confused, then slumped, her eyes closing.

"Deep trance for me darling, deep relaxing trance," Tom said, watching her relax in the chair in front of him.

"Floating so deep in trance, floating deeper with every breath, so peaceful and relaxed..."

He smiled, moving from his knees up to standing. "Thank you for teaching me darling. Rest here, every sound you hear, every breath you take, every beat of your heart takes you deeper and deeper, as deep as you want."

Tom walked out of the room; he really had to go to the bathroom. After that...

Did he hear a muffled laugh from the office?

Duo 5

Tom had gotten home first, putting dinner in the oven. When Laura got home, they hugged and kissed briefly. They set the table, washed up, and soon sat down to dinner.

The candles lit, Tom raised his wine glass to Laura. "Cheers, darling."

She smiled and clinked her glass to his lightly. "Cheers. Take your vitamins."

A few minutes into dinner Laura asked, "So how was your day?" with a smile.

Tom put down his fork and sighed. "What is real? I don't know anymore."

Laura said, "So you liked my phone call this morning?"

Tom sighed again. "It was incredible darling. Thank you so much. What led you to that? Why?"

Laura laughed as she cut up the chicken on her plate. "Oh, the usual. One client who says she wants to stop smoking, but she really doesn't, another who wants to lose weight but doesn't want to change the way she eats, another who is bulimic, a referral. I called you between obesity and bulimia."

Tom chuckled. "Well, I'll stick to hardware design. Your call was incredible. You had me so lost, floating, rocking back and forth. I was in another world."

Laura smiled softly. "Good. I'm glad you enjoyed it. So why the frown?"

Tom shook his head again. "I don't know what's real anymore. Fred walked by my office; he said he saw me sitting up straight, eyes closed with the phone headset on. I felt as if I was on my back in that hammock, rocking back and forth, back and forth."

"Well, that's what you were supposed to feel. I thought you liked that."

Tom reached over and held one of her hands. "I do. It's wonderful. Do you remember that weekend, up at the cabin? I think that was the first time you hypnotized me."

She nodded, a far away look in her face. "I'll always remember it. I took you into trance that afternoon, then after dinner, then deepened it before bed..."

Tom squeezed her hand. "And I was up half the night eating you, making love, and the next morning after breakfast I was so worn out -- you had me lay down in that hammock, and you started rocking me..."

She started stroking his hand softly. "Back and forth, back and forth, so relaxed, so comfortable... Wake up darling."

Tom popped his head up, shaking it briefly. "See, there you go again..."

"You must really need it then darling, something else must be going on. You went so deep for me that morning. But what has this to do with what's real?"

Tom smiled. "Even though Fred says I was sitting up, I felt as if I was laying down, rocking. And I know you took me really deep; whenever you do that, I wake up with my right knee and my neck a little sore, just like they were that morning at the cabin."

Laura frowned. "I'm sorry about that... You should have told me. I can take care of that."

"That's okay. It's part of what I don't understand. What I was feeling in trance wasn't real, but felt that way, and the sensations I had afterwards, when I came out of trance this morning were? And last week... Did we really make love on some incredible fur coat, or was that suggestion? Or a few weeks ago in front of the fire on a fur rug? What was real, what wasn't?"

Laura smiled and held his hand. "What's the difference? What's the difference now? Does it matter if one was real or not? How would that change your memories?"

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Ted frowned and sighed, stabbing a few more green beans with his fork. “I don’t know. I’m off in that state where the trees aren’t trees anymore. I know you can tell me to feel cold, or hot, and it happens. I just wonder about the limits...”

“Think back to the fur rug in front of the fire place, and then the fur coat. Close your eyes for a moment and feel them. That’s good. Compare them. Does one have more detail, less? How are they different?”

Tom opened his eyes. “I remember the perfumed collar of the coat; that was intense. I also remember the rug, the subtle variations in color and texture, feeling it press into my back with you on top of me, feeling the fur in the crack of my ass, feeling it sticking slightly to sweaty skin.”

Laura smiled. “Well, if it makes any difference, the coat I borrowed from Doug’s wife Karen. We can borrow it any time we want -- she doesn’t wear it any more; not politically correct or some such nonsense. The fur rug in front of the fire was a bath towel, aided by your incredible imagination.”

Tom grunted as he chewed, chasing things with a sip of wine. “Wild,” he said. “The memories of both are so intense, so detailed.”

“And with your imagination, the more you dredge for detail, the more detail you’ll come up with. That’s one of the problems with assisting memory recall under hypnosis.”

Tom grunted again. “Like my symbol in meditation; the more I meditate on it, the more detailed it becomes, the detail flowing out of, I don’t know where, somewhere deep inside.”

“Exactly. And from meditation you’ve learned to let those images bubble up, to observe them with a minimum of involvement during the process.”

Tom shook his head. “Oho -- don’t get me started on observation without change in the observer -- Heisenberg says it can’t happen, and I agree.”

“Oh I agree as well, that’s why I said a minimum of involvement. You experience it at one time, analyze it at another. Like with dream recall.”

Tom smiled. “I know if I push too hard recalling dream detail, I’ll get more than what probably happened. So what is real?” Tom asked, putting down his fork and holding her hand in both of his.

Laura put down her wine glass and put her other hand on his. “Tomorrow is still in darkness; yesterday is covered in veils; that leaves us with now.” She raised his hands to her lips and kissed them.

Duo 6

Tom started laughing softly as he looked at his computer display.

Laura turned and asked, “What is it, darling?”

Tom turned away from his computer, took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes with one hand.

“A comment I got on my stories; it’s funny how things come together some time.”

Laura moved her chair closer to him, putting one hand on his leg, the other rubbing the back of his neck.

“Care to tell me about it?” she asked

“Mmmm... Not while you’re doing that...”

She chuckled and withdrew her hand. Then she raked the nails of both hands suddenly along the insides of his thighs, causing him to take a quick breath and sit up.

“Okay! I’ll talk!” Tom said quickly, grabbing his wife’s hands. “But promise you’ll save that thought?”

Laura chuckled again, kneading his thighs gently. “I’ll save it for a while. Now what was it?”

Tom let go of her hands and slid his chair back a few feet.

“It’s a comment I got on some of my mc stories; it got me to thinking.”

Laura slid her chair a bit closer; Tom put out a foot and tried to push her back.

“Well, you’ve got me thinking as well,” she growled.

“Do you want me to tell you or not?” he asked.

She gave a mock pout and moved back a couple of feet. “Okay, is it long and involved?”

Tom laughed. “That’s the funny part about it, exactly.”

Laura frowned, looking puzzled.

Tom leaned back, closed his eyes, and rubbed them again while he spoke.

“This person commented that he likes the long and detailed inductions I describe in many stories, especially in the chunks of ‘*Liz over Time*’ I’ve posted so far. That got me to thinking. Especially when I started reading stories of the genre, one way I tended to evaluate stories was how detailed and realistic the induction methods were. I guess I still do that.”

Laura shrugged her shoulders, then said “So?”

Tom opened his eyes and smiled. "It's like someone staring in a restaurant window, looking, imagining, trying to describe things never having tasted them."

She tilted her head, questioning.

"I'm sorry darling, I'm still figuring it out. When you hypnotize me anymore, do you use long inductions?"

She chortled mildly. "Maybe as long as a minute..."

"Right," he said, "after so many wonderful times, you don't need lengthy inductions. Thinking about what happens, it's as if you start using that particular cadence and tone of voice, and something inside me says 'oh, it's time to go into a trance' and I'm there."

She nodded. "That's right -- that's the difference between inducing the trance state and deepening it. When we start out, you go into a light trance and have to work at deepening it. With practice though, you go very quickly into much deeper states. That's the challenge of the so-called shock or instantaneous inductions; you get the altered state very quickly, but it's usually shallow and very short lived; so you have to deepen it quickly before the person recovers."

"Like with the Erickson handshake induction?"

"Yes, or the Bellevue Zap -- ask Josie or one of your instructors about that," she added with a smile.

He sighed. "I do still enjoy hearing your voice and the lengthy, seductive process. But, it's all over in the first twenty or thirty seconds anymore."

She said "You're getting very good at going deep really quickly. And I enjoy the lengthy process as well, even though I know you go deep quickly. It gives me time to get good and aroused, for one thing..."

Tom laughed. "I hadn't thought of that aspect of it."

Laura looked intently at Tom. "You've talked about part of it in the last section of 'Liz over Time' -- people planning lengthy, seductive inductions for your character, and he's under in the first few seconds. You ought to expand it a little more to cover the needs of the seductress."

She took a breath and then continued, her voice shifting. "As she weaves her spell, taking her victim deeper and deeper into a wonderful seductive trance..."

Tom looked at her with wide eyes momentarily, then smiled and sighed.

Laura gave him a low laugh as she slid her chair over to his, taking his head in her hands.

“As she weaves her spell, taking him deeper and deeper into a wonderful trance, she gives herself time to get hotter and wetter, feeling her nipples tighten as he sinks deeper and deeper. She feels her heat grow as she watches him grow and he falls deeper and deeper into her spell.”

Tom’s eyes were closed; she moved his head around slightly, practically holding him up.

She looked around their office. There was enough empty space on the floor next to the desks to take him here and now. She chuckled to herself; they really should put a futon in this room.

Duo 7 -- His Taste

Craig laughed to himself as he looked on the nubile form of the cheerleader strapped to the lab table in front of him. He watched with glee as she twitched slightly, her head moving under the display goggles, electrodes, and headphones connected up to his computers, her arms and legs moving in their restraints, her magnificent bust line heaving up and down as she moaned.

Craig looked to the secondary display on the computer. Eight minutes to go; in eight minutes the years of research and hard work would pay off, reshaping her mind, turning her into the first of his many, many sex slaves.

*

“Sorry, it won’t work.” Tom said, moving away from his computer.

“What won’t work?” Laura asked, turning away from her own computer in their home office.

“That,” Tom said, pointing at the screen.

Laura peered at the screen, reading. She turned and gave Tom a quizzical concerned look, then placed a hand at his forehead as if checking to see if he was feverish.

“Not feeling well?” she asked.

Tom laughed. “I’m feeling fine. I just don’t write that kind of stuff; I don’t have it in me.”

Laura smiled. “That’s okay, God knows there are plenty who do. But why try? I like what you write, others do, and I hope you do as well.”

Tom sighed. “It’s an email I got. Here -- let me bring it up for you; you read it.” Tom moused around on the computer, bring up:

Duo

From: xxxx@earthlink.net
Date: Thu, 27 May 1999 06:14:52 -0700 (PDT) X-Sender:
xxxx@mail.earthlink.net Mime-Version: 1.0
X-Priority: 1 (Highest)
To: silli_artie@hotmail.com
Subject: Yoru Mind COntrol STories

You asked for comments about yoru site...

I noticed all your mind control stories are extreamly tame, and all are female dominant, there is almost no element of mind control at all.....

Laura laughed. "I'd take that as high praise! I'm surprised it wasn't from AOL! Why does it bother you?"

Tom leaned forward, steeping his hands, resting his elbows on his knees. "Well, part of it is getting over the troubles with Simon's MCStories site, as well as asstr, assm, all those. But when I think about the content on MCStories, what's on it..."

Laura said, "There was RC's work, and Mesmerr's. Wiseguy is good -- I like his approach. There are good authors publishing there, besides you and Wiseguy. So what is it about MCStories that bothers you? Is it that Michael has two new stories up and you only have one?"

Tom chuckled a little. "No, that's not it. And I'm happy to have given him feedback on those stories. But aside from his, and mine... Well, the average story seems to be the typical male fantasy of taking control of people, especially women, and turning them into sex slaves against their will. It bothers me, I guess."

"Why? They're just fantasies, fairly harmless in and of themselves."

"But the amount of repetition, the same pattern repeating over and over."

"But isn't that a typical male fantasy? Being able to have sex with whomever you want?"

Tom nodded his head.

Laura smiled. "And wouldn't you, if you had the opportunity, to make love with anyone, assured that nobody would ever know..."

"I would know," interrupted Tom. "And besides, I have you."

She laughed a little. "But wouldn't you like to; haven't you ever wished..."

"Maybe years ago, but not now," Tom said.

She put a hand on his knee. "Character is who you are in the dark?"

Tom laughed softly. "I never thought I'd hear you quote Buckaroo Banzai to me."

It was Laura's turn to laugh. "I'm sure someone else said it before Buckaroo Banzai..."

"I'm sure you're right. But still, it bothers me. I guess it comes back to consent."

Laura sat up a bit, moving her shoulders provocatively. "Ooh, I like when we talk about consent."

Tom sat up as well, remembering where these conversations usually ended. "Now just wait... It's still early. I thought you were interested in this."

Laura smiled seductively. "Oh but I am darling, I am. Aren't you so glad we got the futon in here? It's so nice when I ease you into a delicious trance, getting you so relaxed and so hard at the same..."

Tom started laughing, and laughing hard. Soon he had his head in his hands, he was laughing so much. When he finally looked up, Laura was sitting in her chair, arms folded, pouting.

He wiped tears from his eyes. "Darling, I'm sorry. I wasn't laughing at you, believe me. I thought of a way out of my dilemma." Tom looked at his wife; she didn't look convinced. He continued, "Darling, I love what you do to me. I love it when you surprise me and the next thing I know I'm tied to the bed and you're on top of me, or I turn around and you're standing naked behind me, you say something, or touch me, and the next thing I know we're making passionate love. But that's about love, and consent. It's not about pain."

Laura was smiling a bit now. "Oh, the last time I had you tied down, and I teased you so long and kept you from coming.... You were begging for it."

Tom sighed. "That was so intense. But you weren't doing that to hurt me, or humiliate me, or against my will. But what I remember most was finally coming deep inside you, and then you holding me, comforting me, and rocking me to sleep in your arms. And, I think part of that experience was about how much you could take as well. No?"

Laura dipped her head forward a little and nodded. "Yes... It was hard for me to keep you on the edge that long. But we can do it again -- if you want. And, that's an edge I'd like to explore as well."

Tom smiled. "I'd like to do that again, and I'd like to do it to you sometime as well. It's an aspect of letting go and trusting each other we haven't explored very much."

Laura smiled and her nostrils flared, unfolding her arms and flexing her long sensuous fingers on her thighs.

Tom knew he was running out of time again. “Aren’t you interested in the solution to my dilemma?”

“I’ve got a solution I think you’ll like,” Laura purred.

Tom laughed nervously. “No, about the story.”

“Just make it quick,” she growled.

Tom sat back and frowned a little. Seeing this, Laura moved back a bit and said softly, “Darling? I’m sorry...”

Tom moved forward in his chair and put his hands on her thighs. “It’s okay. That’s the other part; thank you for showing me what I couldn’t find the words to say. It’s also about respect. We respect each other. We both know you can put me into a deep trance whenever you want. You know how much I enjoy it, need it. But like a couple of weeks ago -- I had a lot of work to do for most of the week, up late. You let me do it, when with a touch, a word, I would have been helpless and passionate in your arms, or between your legs.”

Laura nodded, nostrils flaring again. “Yes, that’s part of it. So tell me, what about your dilemma? And you’re getting pretty good at hypnosis as well. I love letting go to you, especially when you’re massaging my head, or my feet. That’s very nice.”

Tom smiled. “I love you. But back to my dilemma -- it actually ties in with one of the things we’ve been studying -- the literal interpretation of suggestions in hypnosis and how literal that part of the mind can be. I think that’s my way out. Let me write a few paragraphs finishing up my evil, evil male-dominant mind control story, then I’m all yours.”

Laura smiled. “I’ll go turn down the bed and get ready. You should go to the bathroom downstairs; I’ll be waiting for you.”

With that she got up from her chair, kissed him on the head, and left the room.

Tom smiled, sighed, and resumed typing.

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Craig looked at the display -- two minutes to go. He reflected on the program he’d instilled. Cindy the cheerleader was now going to be Cindy his personal slut! She wouldn’t be able to get enough of him, especially his taste. She’d beg for it, and do whatever he asked. He’d show her, he’d show them all! He’d have them all begging for it!

The chime sounded on the computer. Done. With shaking hands he removed the goggles on her head, then the headphones, then the electrodes on her scalp, her arms, her beautiful legs. She looked so beautiful, so serene. He knew she would be weak for the first half hour or so. He could rip off her clothes and have her right now. No, he wanted her to beg for it. He released the restraints on her feet, then the ones on her arms, removing the final I.V. line. Finally he loosened the strap around her incredibly sexy waist.

He left the loop around her neck; that he'd release last, by remote control, if things checked out. No sense rushing things at this stage. Next to the green release button was a red button that would plunge a sedative-loaded needle into her neck. He felt confident he wouldn't have to use that one. He laughed; if he did, he'd take her clothes off and have her anyway.

She moved a little; she must have heard his laughter.

"Stay where you are!" he barked.

She stopped moving but opened her eyes, then turned her head slightly to look at him. A funny smile formed on her face.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked harshly.

She smiled more and said breathlessly, "You are my Master."

He smiled. "And do you know who you are?" he asked, a little softer.

She nodded a little and said, "I am your slave. How may I please you Master?"

He stepped over to the table and put his hands on her breasts, touching them gently at first, then squeezing them. She moaned and shook under his touch, demonstrating the depth of her conditioning.

"Do you like that, slave?" he asked with an evil smile.

She was breathing hard as she opened her eyes again. Her face was flushed and he could see her nipples tight under her top. "Oh yes Master! Please don't stop!"

He stepped back and pushed the green button. The loop around her pretty neck released and retracted. "Sit up!" he commanded.

She moved slowly to sitting, still a little wobbly. She looked around, looking confused. Good, he thought, she doesn't remember coming in here kicking and screaming as the sedative took effect.

"Master, where are we?"

"It's not important. Stand up and take off those clothes."

She said, "Yes Master!" and got off the table. She steadied herself a little after standing, and quickly undressed.

She stood before him naked, expectantly, then quickly got down on her knees, bowing her head before her Master.

Duo

He breathed heavily as he looked at her luscious body -- her blonde hair and blue eyes, that upturned nose, those soft, full, pouting lips. She had magnificent breasts, with erect nipples that needed to be sucked and squeezed. Her bush was trimmed, her legs and ass luscious. What should he do first, he thought. He could fuck her right here, bent over or on her back, or stick his cock between those tits -- how nice it would be to come on those tits. No, make her beg for it. Make them all beg for it!

“How would you like to please me, slave?” he asked.

She trembled! How exciting that was to him! She trembled and licked her lips.

“Master...” she said, almost in a whisper, almost in tears, “let me take you in my mouth. I need to taste you. I’m so hungry. I need you in my mouth.”

He laughed as he recognized his words coming back through her conditioning. She needed his taste, so hungry for him. He started undoing his belt.

“Oh Master! Please let me!” she cried, scooting over to him on her knees.

He rested his hands on her soft blonde hair as she quickly undid his belt, then lowered his pants and briefs. She cooed as she took his cock and stroked it gently to its fully erect five-inch length. He was laughing softly, enjoying the sensations; success after so long, and the first success of many. He almost came as he felt her lips touch the tip of his cock.

She was so hungry for her Master, so hungry. She didn’t know why, but she was. She just had to have him, so hungry. She took him into her mouth, licking and sucking, so hungry, so hungry for all of him. And with him in her mouth, she sighed with a satisfied smile, and bit down hard.

Duo 8

Laura sat on the couch with her legs folded to one side, not really reading her book, waiting for Tom to come home from class. Finally she heard the sound of the garage door opener, then his car drive in, then the door closing, and his entry into the house. She closed the book and put it down.

Tom stepped in the room. He sighed and stepped over to his wife. He went down on his knees, resting his head in her lap.

Laura was startled at the look on his face -- calm, relaxed, but shaken, shaken very deeply. As he put his head in her lap, she put one hand on his head, and with the other, rubbed his back lightly. His breathing was deep for a while, then slowed and got shallower. Laura smiled.

After a few minutes, he stirred, breathing a little deeper, and sat back.

“Well?” she asked, “It must have been quite a day!”

Tom laughed and put his hands on her legs. "It was. Therapy session in the afternoon, then yoga, then that class." Tom looked into her eyes.

After a bit, she said, "And? Where do you want to start?" She could tell he'd changed.

"How much did Josie tell you about the thing tonight?"

"Not very much," Laura answered. "She thought you'd be a good subject. We talked about what we usually do, what I usually do. What was it? Come here -- it shook you up."

She held out her arms and spread her legs. Tom moved closer, still on the floor, but relaxing into her embrace.

"Oh it did. But I learned so much..."

Laura rubbed his back again, holding him, comforting him. Usually he was quite talkative after classes; this time he'd been asked to "volunteer" as a subject for an advanced class.

"What did you learn, darling?"

He took a deep breath. "I learned a lot of things I should have known already. I learned how much I love you. I also learned that you don't have to have deep trance for hypnosis and suggestions to be effective."

Still rubbing his back, she asked, "Was that from therapy this afternoon, or the class?"

He laughed a bit. "Both. After tonight though, I almost want to call Dea and schedule another therapy session for as soon as possible -- I don't want to wait another two weeks."

"Well, do it then -- later though. So what was the class? Josie seemed to think it would be very good for you, as well as for the rest of the class."

Another deep breath. "It was. God. I've never experienced anything like it." Tom sat up again, his hands on Laura's thighs as he looked into her, smiling.

"It was a seminar on advanced techniques in hypnotherapy. They brought in a guy who gave a presentation ultra-depth hypnosis."

Laura raised an eyebrow. "Very interesting indeed. Why you, though?"

Tom laughed a little, running his hands over her thighs. "Josie told me afterwards. She picked me because I go under at the drop of a hat," Tom raised a hand, with thumb and forefinger about an inch apart, "but only go about this deep."

Laura raised both eyebrows, straightening her back a little. She thought she took him fairly deep.

Tom nodded, understanding her reaction. "I know, afterwards that surprised me as well. But now, wow... Now I realize it. You take me to such wonderful places, darling. Your voice gets so far away -- that's one of the traditional signs of depth. You can create hallucinations, get me to exhibit control of my body, all those things. But tonight, I went deep."

"Tell me about it," she said softly, moving her hands to his shoulders, feeling them soften as he relived the experience.

"I've got a tape of the session, so you can listen for yourself. He just took me there, and let things happen. It was incredible. Before, I've seen things in trance, but it's been like I was watching a movie or something. Tonight, I was living it."

"And?"

He shook his head slowly. "Two things that we talked about afterwards. One was sucking on a breast. It was heavenly. I was floating, with a large nipple in my mouth, filling me with warm milk. The pressure of a warm breast on my face, especially on my left cheek, was amazing. The sensation of being cradled was so comforting. The whole thing was so intense, yet so fulfilling, so comforting."

"Regression, then, to when you were an infant."

Tom smiled and shook his head. "That's what they thought at first. But I could also smell, and the scent was definitely you," he wrinkled his brow some, "but the nipple wasn't. I don't understand that. But afterwards, as everyone nodded and said solemnly I'd regressed to infancy, I told them my mother was an early Harvard Law grad. I was raised by a nanny and bottle fed from the time I was born. My mom herself told me when I was in my twenties that as far as she knew, the first time I ever had a human nipple in my mouth was when I was in high school."

Laura laughed, looking at him. "Then what was it?"

Tom shrugged. "Don't know. Part of it was you, the way you hold me, comfort me. I love that, and I need it. Want to hear the second part?"

She nodded.

"Well, he started bringing me up. I was in a dark, tight place, hard to breathe. The constriction around me was severe, yet comforting, something I didn't want to give up. Is that one of the reasons I love you on top of me? I don't know. Anyway, first my head came free, then my shoulders, then chest, then the rest of me. What I didn't mention in class, but told Josie afterwards, was that it was incredibly erotic, and the only reason I didn't come was because of what you've done for me."

"That's wonderful -- reliving your birth. I've heard of that happening."

Tom shook his head again. "That's what they thought -- and wrong again. I told them I was delivered c-section, on my mother's schedule, not mine. I was cut out, delivered sleepy, and a little early."

Laura wrinkled her brow again. "So where did that come from?"

Tom smiled. "Ah, that's the question. Two possible answers are past lives, which I still consider bunk, and archetypes, which I consider a strong possibility. Still there's the third answer."

"Which is?"

Tom shrugged again. "Who knows? There must be a third one. I don't know 'right,' I just know what I experienced."

Laura laughed. "Now you're sounding better. There's a future for you in analysis."

Tom laughed as well, and nodded. "You want the wild part?"

Laura sat up a bit. "What? What you've told me isn't wild enough? What else?"

Tom got a little quieter. "I think I understand what's driven me to write, where some of the stories have come from, what motivates my interest in hypnosis."

Laura's eyes got big. "Really? You've found your Grail?"

Tom shrugged again. "Either that, or another tin cup. Who knows?" He leaned forward and hugged her, resting his head against her full, warm breasts.

She held his head, holding him to her. "So are you going to tell me, or do I have to get you on your back first?"

Tom sighed. "Which way would you like, my love?"

She gave him a lusty laugh. "Why don't you just tell me? I don't think you're going to be coherent for long when I get you to bed."

He gave her a squeeze. "Oh, I hope not. I love what you do to me. I need what you do to me."

"So tell me," she said.

Tom sighed and sat up again. "Remember those early stories? Stories like 'Carpet Laid,' 'Mall Walkers,' even more recent ones such as 'Contest Weekend.' How would you characterize those?"

Laura looked off into space for a moment. "I don't remember the mall one offhand. But they're all well written, romantic. They're positive, about growth. The early ones are part of what attracted me to you."

Tom nodded. "And I'm so glad they did. Think in terms of Individuation -- the alchemical union, straight out of Jungian archetypes. Think back to what I was a few years ago when I wrote those early ones. Typical high-tech, Silicon Valley, stressed out, supposedly successful male -- denying so many things. Denying contact with my own body, denying emotion, denying intuition, denying the feminine side, denying anything outside the realm of strict either/or dichotomies."

Laura shook her head. "But still, you were aware, you were becoming aware. You had such a sense of humor, of willingness to explore alternatives."

Tom grunted. "Yeah, after getting slammed down a couple of times. But look at those three stories in terms of individuation. They all have that sense of loss in them. Then they move into a union, with the feminine, through hypnosis. They describe the process. First, the realization that something has been lost, for me the entire feminine, intuitive side, then searching to reconnect with it, and reconnecting by going deep into the mind, the spirit, digging deep, going through the darkness and coming out into the light on the other side."

Laura looked at Tom in wonder. She shook her head, then she smiled.

Tom asked, "So? What do you think?"

She sighed. "Yes, you put yourself into your stories, and some times put more of yourself than you realize at first. But there's an alternative explanation."

"Yes?"

She smiled, holding his shoulders as she looked into his eyes. "A wise man once said, if all you've got is a hammer, all the world looks like a nail."

Tom laughed, loud. "So you think I may be full of shit?"

Laura chuckled with him. "I didn't say that. I merely suggested an alternative."

"Yes, dear," Tom said with a grin, still chuckling. "Ah, it's been quite a day. What a path we're on!"

"And how would you like this day to draw to a close, my love," Laura asked with smoldering eyes.

Tom reached out and started unbuttoning her blouse. She scooted forward on the couch to hold him better between her legs.

As he slipped his hands behind her back to unhook her bra, looking in her eyes, he said, "Take me to bed and strip away this thin, silly layer of intellect. Speak to what's under it. Make

Duo

me yours again, body and soul. Use me for your pleasure, and then let me hold you as we drift to sleep holding each other. Wake me with a nipple, and keep the intellect at bay until we're both satiated."

She heard and felt the ragged inhale of his breath as she slid a hand around to the back of his head and drew him to a nipple. She felt the spark of his lips touching her, and as she brushed his cheek, sending him into trance, she felt his electric tug on her nipple shooting down to her groin. It was going to be a late night, she thought, and they'd probably get to work late in the morning. Giving herself to the sensation, she held his head to her, and let her own head go back, her eyes closing as her legs held him tight. "You're not getting away from me," she said softly.

FINI
Rev 2009/04/18

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