

duo 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 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 Jungian 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 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 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.

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