

Forever Yours -- Rebound

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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.

"Hey, Pete, I'm sorry I brought it up -- calm down, please."

Pete was still quite upset they left the monthly Dental Society lunch meeting.

"It's okay, Doug -- I ... I just don't know what to say," Pete told his colleague, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, I'm happy for you -- she's quite a gal. We miss our poker buddy, that's all," Doug said, trying to calm his friend down.

Pete stopped in the parking lot, fishing in his coat pockets for his sunglasses.

"I'll admit it's been quick," he said. His hands were shaking -- that wouldn't do.

He thought about Angela again. What was going on? "She's beautiful, and she makes me feel so..." In spite of the tension and anger, he could feel himself relaxing, just thinking of her, seeing her smile, breathing in her special scent.

Just then another dentist, an older man, walked up.

"Ah, Doctor Marsh," the older man said with a slight British accent, "I thought I saw you. How are you, my boy?"

Pete extended his hand to shake with the older dentist. "Fine, Doctor Willis, just fine."

"Good, good... I take it you cleared up the ... difficulty ... you had a few weeks ago?"

Pete nodded. "Yes, things have resolved themselves in a satisfactory manner."

"Good... And business? Has your business increased?"

"Why yes, it has."

The older man smiled, nodding. "Good, good... I won't delay you further. I'll just say that I plan to retire in a few years, and I like to see someone caring for clients with this ...

particular need. They are quite loyal, and tend to bring in others of similar, ah, interest, and loyalty. Until next time then," the older man shook Pete's hand, then Doug's, and walked away.

Doug looked at his friend, raising an eyebrow.

"Mind explaining that?" Doug asked.

Pete shook his head, smiling, "Tell you about it later. Very loyal clients."

Doug frowned a little. "Okay. Glad you've cooled off. I didn't mean to start anything."

Pete shook his head, sighing. "Doug, old buddy, you got me thinking. Thanks. I need to get back to the office."

Doug smiled as well. "So do I -- another fun-filled afternoon. Hey -- you were going to find out about that aftershave for me -- if it's such a chick magnet, I want some."

Pete smirked. "I'll write myself a note. Remember which side is the right."

Doug made a face, then smiled and walked off to his car.

Pete got in his car and headed back to the office. He hadn't seen Doug in a month -- not since the last meeting of the local dental association. The association met the first Tuesday of the month, providing a good forum for its members.

Pete sighed, stopping at the stoplight. The last month -- he'd gone out with Angela once by that meeting, the preceding Saturday. By the end of the week, he'd slept over at her place. By the end of the next week, she'd moved in with him. And since then ... that was the problem -- where had the time gone? He couldn't remember what had happened so many of those evenings.

What he did remember was incredible -- making love with her, being in her embrace, hearing her laugh, sigh, moan... He loved to be with her. She did ... something ... to him, something very strong. He almost felt a ... craving ... for her.

He felt himself relaxing, melting again, and to combat it, he focused on his anger and confusion. Where the hell had all the time gone? He tried to remember what he'd done last night -- he almost assumed they'd made love. He remembered being in her arms this morning, making love as the sun came up, then showering and heading to the office. Where was the near-perfect memory which had gotten him through college and dental school? He had questions, and was going to get answers.

He pulled into his parking space behind the dental office, and went in through his private door. A quick stop in the restroom, scrub up, put on his whites, and he was ready to face the afternoon.

“Good afternoon, Doctor Marsh,” Linda, his receptionist said with a smile. He nodded. Both dental hygienists were busy at work.

“Your one thirty appointment,” Linda started to say, then paused to pick a chart and hand it to Pete.

Pete expected the usual litany, “cancelled,” or “is late,” but was mildly surprised when Linda said, “Arrived early -- Chrissy took her back to op ‘B’ to get her started.”

Pete raised his eyebrows and smiled. “We may keep on schedule yet today!”

Linda smiled. “Oh, and your girlfriend called while you were out at lunch.”

Pete’s smile dissipated quickly.

“Something wrong?” Linda asked, her face showing concern.

Pete shook his head. “No.” He opened the top file. “Crown prep?” he asked.

Linda nodded.

“Okay, that will give me a few minutes for the local to set in -- I may have you get her on the line for me.”

“Of course, Doctor,” Linda said.

Pete nodded, but he’d already turned and started walking to the end of the office, perusing the file.

As he suspected -- a referral from Doctor Willis -- that explained the “early” part.

Pete scanned a handwritten note in Willis’ distinctive scrawl on the inside of the file. “Prefers full bb size 5 mask induction by ...” Pete couldn’t quite make out the next thing -- oh, it was the symbol for male. “Held firmly in place, proceed to standard nasal mask.”

Pete nodded with a smile. Willis had explained to him that “bb” stood for “black beauty,” a black rubber mask. Pete turned to the chart and X-ray for the crown preparation he’d be doing.

When he’d taken over the dental suite from a retiring dentist, the last operatory had a chair more useful for dental surgery, working on sedated patients. Pete had almost ripped it out, more than once, but was now very glad he’d kept it -- it came in very handy for these “special” patients.

When he walked into the room, he saw Chrissy had already made the impressions needed for the crown and the temporary cap.

“Good work, Chrissy,” he said, then nodded to the patient, a young woman with dark auburn hair just to her shoulders, smooth, straight, and soft. She was wearing a light blue ankle-length dress with a high waist. The scoop neck showed her charms nicely, shifting the first couple of round buttons which extended down to mid-thigh.

“How are you doing, Miss Roberts?”

She smiled a little. “I’ll be doing much better in just a few minutes, thank you, Doctor.”

Pete chuckled, as did Chrissy. He looked over and saw Chrissy had already set up the gas machine, a black rubber mask attached, and the nasal mask sitting on the tray, all ready to go. He reached over to a covered tray and picked up the pair of latex gloves on top of it, and started to put them on.

“Why don’t you get comfortable, and we’ll get stated,” he said. As his patient reclined back in the chair with a sigh, he peeked beneath the cover on the tray. The syringes with the local anesthetic were loaded and ready to go. It was always good to keep those covered, out of the patient’s sight.

He put on his face shield, and turned on the overhead light, bringing it in closer. He quickly verified the tooth they’d be working on, and that they had a good impression of it for the permanent crown.

His patient, Miss Roberts, glanced at him with her deep set and expressive brown eyes. The green flecks in her eyes sparkled in the light. She glanced over to Chrissy, who nodded and smiled. Miss Roberts centered her head, looked up at Pete, and sighed.

“Mask, please,” he said, holding out a hand, looking down at his patient. He felt Chrissy place the mask in his hand. “We’ll start you on straight oxygen,” he said with a nod. Willis had explained to him that these patients liked being talked through the process.

When he heard the hissing from the mask, he brought it momentarily around his own face shield to double check. He also glanced at Chrissy. She was smiling -- a smile that told Pete that something else was going on. He shook his head a little.

“Here we go, then,” he said, lowering the black rubber mask slowly to his patient’s face. She sighed again as it touched her face, almost lifting her face to meet it. He pressed a little more -- he’d never worked with her before, so he wasn’t sure what “firmly” meant. Her eyes closed.

“Would you like a better seal?” he asked. She nodded her head. “Okay then, nod your head when it feels right. Deep, slow breaths, please, letting go each time you exhale. Good.”

He increased pressure on the mask, slowly, until she nodded. Okay, that was “firm.” “Tight” would probably require clamps...

“We’ll start the nitrous flow, bringing it up to fifty percent,” he said, nodding to Chrissy, looking up to watch her move the valves.

Miss Roberts took a deep breath, sighing, almost moaning into the mask, her eyes darting over to Chrissy.

As he held the mask in place, he watched as Chrissy moved the blanket Miss Roberts was laying on, folding it over her body, covering her, gently touching one of her shoulders. She also seemed to do something else, near a pocket, then covered the patient with the blanket.

When Chrissy made eye contact with him, he frowned. The rules for gas work were simple -- two people with the patient, especially if it was a woman, and minimize contact. Chrissy smiled -- he wasn’t sure he liked that smile.

His patient seemed to be excited, moving slightly, breathing somewhat ragged, as if she was having to force deep breathing.

“Seventy percent, please,” he said. He watched Chrissy turn the mixing valve.

He held the mask “firmly,” saying, “Deep breath and relax. Deep breath.”

“It’s okay, Jean,” Chrissy said, putting a gloved hand on her shoulder.

Their patient took a deep, slow breath, and then with a moaning, shuddering, exhale, relaxed into the chair.

Pete held the mask in place a minute or so longer. “Okay, switch to the nasal mask and hand me the topical, please.”

He handed Chrissy the black rubber mask, and she handed him a swab coated with a topical anesthetic. The nasal mask in place, Pete prepared the areas with the fast-acting topical, then deftly injected the local, insuring the target would be numb.

“Taper the nitrous to fifty percent, and I’ll be back in five minutes,” Pete said as he stood up, peeling off his gloves. “Who’s sitting with you?” he asked.

“Maria,” Chrissy said with a grin.

Pete frowned at that. “Okay,” he said, shaking his head.

Chrissy chuckled. “Don’t worry.”

Pete sighed as he picked up the phone and pushed the intercom button. “That didn’t ease my concerns at all!” he muttered under his breath.

“Lisa, send Maria back to op B, and get Angela on the line for me? I’ll be in my office,” he said into the phone.

Maria stepped into the room. She was young, late twenties, and very well built. Pete knew she was a good distraction for some of his patients.

He started to say something, raising a finger, then sighed and dropped his hand. “Take good care of her, ladies.”

Maria grinned from ear to ear. “Oh we will, Doctor...”

Pete shook his head and headed to his office. As he entered, he refocused. Angela -- lost time and memories -- what was going on?”

“Miss Brown on line 2, Doctor,” the voice over the intercom said.

He sat down, sighed, and picked up the phone, punching the button with an amount of force which surprised him.

“Angela... We need to talk,” he said as he dropped into his chair.

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Angela put down the phone, then put both hands on her desk and took a couple of deep breaths. She hadn’t expected that. What to do? She looked up at the ceiling for a moment, feeling the tension which had sprung into her shoulders and stomach, and releasing it with deep breaths.

She looked down at the phone, and in a clear voice, said, “Shit.”

Then she picked up the phone and dialed a number. She got voicemail. “Doctor Christine, this is Angela Brown. This is an emergency -- I need to talk to you as soon as possible -- it’s about Pete.” She hung up the phone, and turned her chair so she was facing the window. A tear started forming... She wasn’t going to lose him, she wasn’t. She really did love him. She felt the muscles of her jaw tighten as she brushed away her tears. Things would work out, she was sure of it. Doctor Christine would be able to help. She smiled a little. Between the two of them, he didn’t stand a chance.

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Pete stretched and he stood up. He didn’t know if he felt better now or not. He’d unloaded on his sweet Angela in pretty rapid-fire. They were going to talk tonight when he got home. He was going to get some answers.

But now, he had a patient to attend to.

He cleared his throat as he walked down the hall. He didn't know what was up, but wanted to provide some warning.

Walking into the operatory, Chrissy and Maria both gave him innocent looks. He shook his head. "Thank you, Maria,"

"Any time, Doctor," she said, and walked out of the room with a sway in her hips.

"How is she doing?" Pete asked as he scrubbed his hands again and put on fresh gloves.

"Just fine," Chrissy said.

Pete put on his face shield and pulled up his seat. "Let's get to work, then."

It took a little over half an hour. Pete scooted his seat back a bit and took off his face shield. "Taper off to just oxygen please, six liters per minute," he said as he stripped off his gloves.

"Yes, Doctor," Chrissy said. She switched the nasal mask for the full-face black rubber mask, holding it on the patient's face.

Pete stood up and stretched a bit. It was a rare quiet moment in the office, an office usually filled with the sounds of the hygienists at work, his own work, office machines, conversations. Pete tilted his head. He heard something unusual. He frowned and moved his head a little, searching.

When he came close to the source of the noise, a pulsing, buzzing, rattling sound, he wasn't sure what to do -- laugh or frown. He looked to Chrissy, who smiled angelically. The sound seemed to be coming from under the blanket, between Miss Roberts' legs.

"Maria!" he called out as he straightened up; the momentary lull passed.

His other assistant came running down the hall. "Yes, Doctor?"

He frowned, trying to maintain a professional demeanor, and said, "Call me when her head is clear," and walked out. He went into his office, closed the door, and started laughing softly. That had to have been one hell of a ride, he thought. No wonder she was agitated at first. And what was he going to do with Chrissy and Maria? He sighed -- keep them, that's what. They were good workers. If anything, this would mean more business.

Christine put the phone down, looking at the clock. Angela would be over in half an hour. She frowned and shook her head. The problem was actually quite understandable -- she should have seen it coming. Doctor Marsh was quite analytical -- his subconscious would take things quite literally. And Angela was quite concerned about her efforts being discovered, so she put emphasis on him not remembering parts of their sessions -- too much emphasis, perhaps. His mind, conscious and subconscious, was responding in the ways open to it.

Christine smiled. It was a small problem -- a rebound, she'd told Angela. They'd work through it. Still, Christine didn't think she was going to be making more client recordings tonight. She got out her yellow pad and started writing -- what should she learn from this problem, and how should she adapt the program going forward?

Pete put his hands in the small of his back and leaned back, stretching. Another day done, the last patient headed out the door. Not a bad day -- only two no-shows, and two early arrivers, both of those courtesy of Doctor Willis. Which reminded him...

"Chrissy, Maria, in my office, please," he called out.

He was sitting at his desk when they came in. Their smiles dissipated quickly, responding to the serious look on his face.

"About Miss Roberts," he said, looking at them.

After a moment, Chrissy responded. "Doctor, it was entirely her idea. She asked me to switch it on for her, and then switch it off again."

"Just like people with headphones and CD players," Maria suggested.

Pete rolled his eyes in response. "Substantially different, I'd say. I realize that some of these patients may be more interested in the gas than in the service we provide, but I would like you to realize that we are in the business of caring for people's teeth. I do not appreciate behavior which interferes with the practice of dental care. Understood?"

Both women, heads down slightly, said, "Yes, Doctor."

Pete nodded. "Okay. I realize it's a fine line -- yes, she did it herself. But I don't want to encourage people." Pete looked at them some more, then added, "Thanks."

Chrissy and Maria left his office. Pete shook his head, leaning back in his chair, thinking back to that Saturday he'd dropped by what he'd expected to be a closed office, and found them...

He sighed and sat up. He had an appointment with a treadmill, then a long shower. After that, it was answer-time with Angela.

Pete felt a lot better as he pulled into his garage. After a day of close work, it felt good to exercise, then take a long, hot shower. He'd shaved after showering, putting on more of the skin conditioner and aftershave she'd gotten for him. She liked it, and now so did he. But now he was home, and it was time for some answers.

Walking into the house, putting his coat and bag on one of the kitchen chairs, he could smell dinner cooking. The smell made his mouth water -- she was a very good cook.

Walking into the living room, he paused in the hallway.

She was sitting on the couch, wearing a dark colored stretch-velvet dress with short sleeves and a plunging neckline. It was one of his favorite outfits, the one she'd worn the first night they'd made love. Her hands were in her lap, her bare feet together. Her posture told him she was nervous, concerned. Good, he thought. Still, she was beautiful -- her rich brown hair flowing around her shoulders, her sparkling eyes and nervous smile.

She smiled slightly. "Welcome home. Would you like some iced tea?" She motioned to a pitcher and his favorite mug sitting on the end table. She already had a glass, half full.

"Yes, please," he said, moving to sit by her on the couch. As he approached, he could smell her special perfume. Oh, how that stirred feelings in him. But he focused on the task at hand.

Angela filled his mug with tea from the pitcher, then topped off her own glass. She handed him the mug with both hands, touching him gently. She could see the resolve in him, as well as the desire.

Pete drained the tea fairly quickly, holding the mug out for a refill. She did so well at anticipating his needs. He drank down about half of the second serving, putting the mug on a coaster on the table.

They sat, looking at each other for a minute or two. Pete sat back a bit, relaxing on the couch after a long day. It was only Tuesday, yet he felt tired. He felt it in his legs, in his hips.

"Darling," Angela said softly, reaching over to hold his hands, "aren't I good enough for you?"

Pete sighed, shaking his head, holding her hands. They were soft and warm. Even after an hour of exercise and a long shower, his hands still had the feeling he got from wearing gloves for most of the day. The skin conditioner helped some.

It was so hard to be upset with her, especially when she was touching him. "That's not it," he said, "You are wonderful -- you are beautiful. It's just... I don't understand what's happening. Where does the time go? I can't remember what happened last night. Is my mind going?"

Angela smiled and nodded. Talking to Doctor Christine had been the right thing to do -- even if she didn't remember most of her visit.

Angela held his hands. "Last night when you got home, we had Stroganoff for dinner, do you remember that?"

Pete nodded -- he remembered dinner now -- Stroganoff with noodles, salad.

Angela continued. "And after dinner, you went to your office to check e-mail while I cleaned up." She raised his hands to her lips and kissed them, scooting a little closer to him on the couch.

"I could tell you'd had a rough day, so I let you be for a while, but I need you so much, darling," she told him, looking into his eyes.

Pete looked into her sparkling green eyes, relaxing into her gaze. He was remembering more. He remembered the ribs he'd barbecued for them Sunday night.

"I could tell you were still tense," Angela continued as she stood up, walking behind him. "So I came into your office and started massaging your shoulders." She put her hands on his shoulders and started massaging gently.

"Oh, Pete -- you're still so tight. You were so tight last night. I want to help you relax, darling, help you unwind. Oh, I'm so selfish -- I want you holding me all the time..." As she spoke, she worked on his shoulders.

Pete sighed, letting his head droop forward as her hands seemed to melt the tension in his shoulders and neck. Oh how he loved to be in her arms.

"And after a while," she continued softly, stroking his neck, feeling him relax more, "you were done and I took you into our bedroom where I could hold you and help relax you completely... Relax completely..."

She slid a hand along the back of his neck and his shoulder as she moved back to sitting on the couch in front of him. She reached behind the tea pitcher for a velvet bag, opened it, and took out a gold-topped perfume bottle.

"Pete?" she said softly.

Pete raised his head. He was so relaxed. He looked at her, sitting there holding the perfume bottle, smiling her sexy smile.

"Last night I took you to bed, and I put on my special perfume, the one I wear just for you, darling." She put some perfume on the tops of her breasts, then on her neck, and put the bottle away. She slid over to him, extending her arms.

Pete felt himself leaning over to her -- he needed her.

"That's it, darling," she said softly, urging him closer. "I need to hold you. Please, let me hold you."

Pete caught the scent of her perfume, closed his eyes, and leaned closer to her. He felt her arms go around his head, pulling him to the soft velvet of her top.

Angela pulled his head to her chest, nestling him between her breasts. She squeezed him slightly as he inhaled deeply. "Oh thank you. I love to hold you. You can relax now; relax in my arms. Relax in my embrace. Relax, Pete -- I've got you."

Pete was drifting in her embrace, filling his soul with her perfume, melting into her softness and her voice.

Angela reached quickly to slide off one shoulder of her top, exposing more of her breast, then snuggled him in again, his lips now touching warm, soft flesh.

She rocked him slowly, and with a smile, said, "I've got you now. You can relax, and be my big sleepy baby... Relax and be my sleepy baby... Sleepy baby..."

Pete moaned and moved slightly, feeling delicious skin pressing against his lips. Then her voice started again, and he let go, sinking deeper and deeper into her softness.

Angela continued rocking him for another minute or two, repeating his magic phrase, "Sleepy baby..." and feeling him relax deeper and deeper into trance.

She rocked and spoke him deeper into trance, then paused. She lowered him to the couch, sliding out from under him. He'd be safe like that for a few minutes, she knew.

Straightening her dress, she stepped quickly to the front door of the house. She turned the front porch light on and off again three times quickly, then left it on. She unlocked the front door, then went back to Pete.

She sat on the floor, her hands on his temples, stroking him gently and speaking softly, deepening his hypnotic trance as she slipped into the dreamworld herself.

Christine was parked about half a block away, just in view of the house. She'd watched Pete drive up. What with the drug in his tea, if he drank it, and Angela's training, plus her natural charms, the catalyst in the special perfume combining with the skin conditioner...

Christine was wondering how things were going when she saw the front porch light blink on and off three times. "Good girl!" she said as she started her car. She drove up quickly, parking in the driveway. She hopped out, grabbing her bag, and went in the front door, closing and locking it behind her.

She stepped into the living room, and saw Angela and Pete. Pete was stretched out on the couch, pretty obviously in a deep trance. Angela was sitting on the floor at his head, whispering to him, her fingers on his temples.

As she heard the door opening and closing, Angela leaned forward and kissed Pete on the forehead, then turned to look to Christine.

Christine gestured, and Angela stood and walked to her. Angela hugged her, and Christine put a hand behind the younger woman's head, cradling her and squeezing gently. She heard Angela sigh, and felt her relax into trance in her arms.

"Good girl," Christine whispered. "Did everything go well?"

"Yes," whispered Angela in a dreamy voice.

Christie maneuvered Angela to sitting next to the couch, then sat down to start her work.

She began by deepening Pete's conditioning, and Angela's. She modified things somewhat, so Pete's analytical tendencies didn't cause problems again. Pete responded so well, moaning and moving on the couch, responding to her suggestions, as he'd respond to Angela. She drew out his imagination, his deep desires, and gave those to Angela. The tension within him -- between the analytical part, and the part that wanted so much to let go of it all, was the lever she and Angela needed.

After almost an hour, she stood up to stretch. It was a little more complex than she'd initially expected, but not by much.

But hopefully those issues were addressed now, and the underlying cause -- Pete's friend Doug -- offered an interesting opportunity. Christine filled Angela's glass with iced tea, and drank it down. She repositioned Angela and Pete on the couch, then went to the stairs with her bag. She clapped her hands once, then quickly stepped into the guest room, closing the door behind her.

Angela opened her eyes. She felt rested, and hungry -- in more than one way. As Pete opened his eyes, she took his hands in hers.

Pete opened his eyes, sitting on the couch with Angela. He took a deep breath. He felt better. It had been a misunderstanding, that he knew now. Oh, how he loved to be in her arms, and have her take away all the cares of the world.

He lifted her hands to his mouth, kissing her fingertips, as he said, "I love you, darling."

Angela moved over and hugged him tight, putting her head on his shoulder. "I love you," she whispered back, tears forming.

"Are you as hungry as I am?" Pete asked, kissing her neck.

Angela growled and ran her hands over his thighs.

Pete chuckled. "I thought I smelled chicken roasting in the oven."

They ate at the kitchen table, feeding each other morsels of chicken with their fingers, eating the salad out of the serving bowl, cleaning up quickly, and moving upstairs to the bedroom.

They stood at the foot of the bed. Pete had his hands on her waist, feeling the soft velvet of her dress, looking into her eyes.

“Would you like me to slip into something more comfortable?” Angela asked with a smirk.

Pete sighed. “What you’re wearing is wonderful.”

“Well, you could be a bit more comfortable. I’ll be right back,” she said.

Pete took the hint and undressed, folding his clothes and all but collapsing on his back on the bed, sighing again, his eyes closing.

Angela ran downstairs to retrieve her bottle of special perfume. She waited until she was at the top of the stairs before she put more on, pausing before the closed guest room door.

Pete was on his back on their bed when she entered the bedroom. She chuckled at the sight of him sticking up at that angle, obviously looking forward to her return...

She thought of sliding up his body slowly, kissing her way up, following the softness of her hair with her lips and mouth, then the seductive softness of her dress. Oh, how she liked the way he moaned when she pressed her breasts against his cock.

But instead, she moved to the side of the bed and snuggled up next to him, slipping her dress off her shoulder again, and pulling his head to her breast. She felt a thrill as his mouth latched on to her nipple hungrily, and he moaned as he inhaled, filling himself with her special perfume.

“Relax darling; let go and relax in my arms. Relax and be my sleepy baby... Sleepy baby... Sleepy baby...”

In less than a minute, she felt his arms slip from around her sides. She rolled him to his back, and carefully got off the bed.

Christine was used to waiting. This was no more than a slight setback in the evolution of the program, and one from which she’d learned.

But waiting in the guest room was difficult. She’d spent a few minutes using her phone, speaking softly. Emily was the best fit, the best prepared right now. She’d spoken with her, taking her briefly into trance, making sure the girl was willing to go through with it if things started out well. She was.

It had been a long day, Christine was tired, and the room was dark. She decided to stand behind the door and wait patiently.

She heard the two come up the stairs slowly, then heard Angela rushing downstairs (why?), then back upstairs again.

Her training as a psychologist told her not to conclude, not to assume, but to wait. Did she hear moans? That was a good sign.

A bit later she heard a soft knock on the door. She moved to it and opened it a little. Angela glanced at her and headed back to the master bedroom.

Christine followed, coming up to Angela as she stopped, standing beside the bed.

Angela turned. She looked to Christine, and almost pleading, whispered, "Please..."

Christine nodded. "Undress, dear," she whispered in reply.

Angela quickly took off her dress. She didn't have anything on underneath.

"Now look into my eyes," Christine said, sliding her hands up Angela's shoulders to hold her head.

Angela sighed...

Christine let herself out the front door an hour later, leaving Angela and Pete drifting off to sleep holding each other in bed. She'd led them both through quite an intense hypnoerotic fantasy. She brought Angela to almost a sexual frenzy, then had her lead Pete through one of their favorites.

Oh, Christine had been so tempted -- either to take Pete and ride him herself, or have one or both of them go down on her. But, she'd get her satisfaction later...

Angela led Pete, cooing to him, running her hands over him, drawing all his strength, all his tension, to his cock, relaxing everywhere but his cock. She touched him with her fingers, with her nipples, with her hair, with her lips, drawing him deeper, more excited, more hungry, more needy. Finally she mounted him, riding him to multiple orgasms before taking him over the edge.

Christine's hands were shaking a little as she pulled out her car keys. She shook her head a little to try and clear it as she got into her car. She was so damn good at connecting these people -- if she was correct, Pete's colleague Doug wouldn't know what hit him -- but why couldn't she do better for herself? She shook her head, and started backing out of the driveway. She'd worry about that after her trip to New England in a week and a half. Tonight she'd have her vibrator, a recording of her own voice, a wild ride, and a good night's sleep.

Pete woke up to the alarm. He silenced it with a whack. He reached over and pulled Angela into his arms. She moaned at his touch, still half-asleep. He kissed her neck, running his hands over her warm body, getting hungrier for her by the moment. She responded, arching her back, spreading her legs, opening herself to him. They moved together, making love without a word.

After showering, Pete dressed, and before he left the bedroom, leaned down and kissed Angela once more. "I love you," he whispered.

Downstairs, he had a bite to eat, grabbed the extra bottle of skin conditioner from the table, and headed to the office.

"Good morning, Doctor Marsh," Lisa said. "You look a lot better today."

Pete chuckled. "Thanks -- I'm doing a lot better. Would you give Doug's office a call and tell him he needs to meet me for lunch? I'd suggest Kirk's Steakburgers on California Avenue." He looked over the schedule. "Let's see -- not a bad looking day..."

Doug found a place to park, and made it to lunch about on time. He waved to Pete, already sitting in a booth, and placed his order.

"Hey," Doug said, shaking his friend's hand as he sat down. "What's up? You're looking a lot better than the last time I saw you."

Pete smiled. "I'm doing a lot better. We're having a barbeque Saturday night -- you need to be there. We're setting you up with one of Angela's friends, a gal named Emily."

Doug raised his eyebrows. "Is she cute?"

Pete chuckled. "Not quite as good looking as Angela, but close." Pete looked around. The booths on both sides of them were empty. He leaned forward a bit, speaking softly.

"Doug, I understand it a lot better. After the ratrace of the office, going home to her is so amazing -- we spend most of our time making passionate love. She has the tastiest snatch in the world -- I could eat her for hours, and some times I do. And she holds me, and I can just let go. Doug, she holds me, and my mind stops... And then the way she touches me... When was the last time you really relaxed, really let go?"

Doug shook his head, smiling. "That's great. I've got to say, I envy you, both of you. So what about Saturday -- tell me more about Emily."

Pete reached into his coat pocket and pulled out the container of skin conditioner, handing it to Doug.

“You were interested in this -- Angela says Emily really likes it. I’d use it, if I were you. I really like it. I even put it on my hands, it helps me recover from the constant routine of soap and gloves.”

“Hey, if it does that,” Doug said, opening the top and putting some on his hands, and a little on his face. “Hmmm... I like it. So what do I bring on Saturday?”

“I’ll check, but I think just you, around five.”

“Who else is going to be there?”

“One of Angela’s friends, a psychologist. She’s an interesting person -- Chris, or Christine, something like that. Angela thinks I should see her some time.”

Doug chuckled. “That’s what we need -- someone messing with our minds.”

Pete nodded. “All I need is to be in Angela’s arms.”

Doug smiled. “Where do I sign up?”

“That’s wonderful, Angela dear... If we don’t speak before, I’ll see you on Saturday afternoon. Take very good care of that man of yours -- care for him, and he’ll be Forever Yours.” With a chuckle, Christine hung up the phone.

She smiled. Things were on track again, on track and then some. Pete had called Angela, letting her know Doug would be over on Saturday, and that he liked the skin conditioner. Little did he know it would condition more than his skin... Angela told her that Pete was practically in tears telling her what he remembered from last night, making passionate love and going to sleep in her embrace.

Emily would be ready, if the chemistry between her and Doug felt right. It would take a couple of evening training sessions, but Emily would be ready. She was already willing.

About the only bad news was that she’d have to take a redeye flight to Boston next week; it was the only thing that made sense, what with everything else she had to get done. But then, things have a way of balancing out, she thought. Pete and Angela were rebounding fast, and she had a feeling that Doug and Emily would hit it off quite well.

She looked at the clock. She had an hour. She took a compact disc from a holder in her desk drawer and put it in her office CD player. She took the wireless remote, a bottle of perfume with a black and gold top, and a small piece of cloth over to her recliner. She kicked off her shoes and leaned the recliner back. As she exhaled, she soaked the small piece of cloth in the liquid, recapping the bottle. She leaned back, placed the cloth over her nose, and inhaled deeply.

Forever Yours -- Rebound

After three deep breaths, she felt the drugs starting to take hold. She pressed the Play button on the remote. Leaving the cloth on her face, she rested her arms at her sides, relaxing, as she heard her voice coming from the speakers on the shelf.

“Relax and let go... Let go and relax...”

She sighed and relaxed into trance.

FIN
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Forever Yours -- Rebound
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