

Forever Yours -- Night Flight

© Copyright 1998 by silli_artie@hotmail.com

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

A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I couldn't believe I was doing this. I especially couldn't believe I'd actually talked my boss into it. Here I was, getting on the damn red eye overnight flight from San Francisco to Boston.

I'd gone to my boss and told her I really needed to go to a three-day meeting at our research center back East. She looked shocked. When I told her I wanted to take the red eye, I thought she would fall out of her chair. She looked at me in surprise and in a mock serious tone asked me if I was feeling well. I started laughing and she soon joined me.

My job requires that I travel. Still, I hate red eye flights. I can't sleep on planes even though I'm exhausted, which leaves me in a really fine mood the next day. Oh well, I brought along plenty of work to do; my laptop confuser was loaded up and I even had a spare battery.

The flight started out good news -- bad news. The good news was that it wasn't very full. The bad news, aside from being a red eye, happened when I sat down in my assigned aisle seat. I noticed the guy sitting in the window seat next to me was reading an industry newsletter. As he turned the page I caught a glimpse of the address label; he worked for a competitor. No way could I do any work in this seat.

Once the aircraft doors closed, I moved back a couple of rows to an empty aisle seat. There was a gal in the window seat. I asked if she minded me joining her; she said, "Not at all."

As I was putting things away, she extended a hand and said, "Hi, I'm Chris."

I shook her hand. "Tom. Glad to meet you."

"Headed for Boston on business?" she asked.

"Actually, Nashua, New Hampshire for a meeting."

"Oh? I'm headed to Nashua as well. Where are you staying?"

It turned out we were staying in the same hotel. We made small talk; she asked if my family minded me being gone on business. I laughed and told her the fish didn't seem to mind; I was single. She laughed at that. She had a nice smile and laugh. Maybe this wouldn't be such a bad flight after all.

“Tom, may I ask you a favor?”

“Sure, what can I do for you?”

“Could you give me a ride to the hotel?”

I smiled. “I’d be delighted. I should warn you though, I’ll probably be grumpy -- I don’t sleep well on planes, like not at all.”

She raised an eyebrow and sort of smiled. “Oh really? I can help with that.”

I was about to follow up on that remark but was interrupted by the safety briefing and takeoff.

After we were in the air, I got out my laptop. Hmmm...

“Chris, you aren’t in the computer business are you?” I asked.

She chuckled and said, “No, why?”

I told her how she’d gotten my company. She smiled and said, “If I run into him, I’ll have to thank him for introducing us.”

I started my laptop; I had a few hours of work planned. After a couple of minutes, though, I got a low battery warning, and the damn thing shut down.

Well, that’s what spares are for, I told myself. I fished the spare out of my bag. When I opened its carrying case, I saw a note. “Thanks -- Terry.” My heart sank; I hadn’t checked it before leaving.

My fears were realized; the “spare” was also dead. I wasn’t going to get much work done. I packed up the computer and batteries, making a mental note to kneecap someone later.

Chris said, “Problems?”

I looked at her and nodded my head as I sighed. “The frustrations of modern technology: plenty of work and dead batteries.”

Then I remembered what she’d said before; what the hell.

“Chris, you mentioned something about sleeping on planes?”

She got a wry smile on her face. “Yes. I’d love to help. Why don’t you go to the bathroom, then we’ll get started.”

Good idea; I got up and had a pee. I was feeling tired, but still wound up and frustrated, especially after expecting to get some work done.

When I returned to my seat, Chris was standing in the aisle stretching. She was just a bit shorter than me, with a great figure and dark brown hair down to her shoulders. Even in loose clothing suitable for an overnight flight, she was attractive. Not that I'm a sack of potatoes; I work hard at keeping fit, and I'm proud of the bit of gray in my moustache.

"Go ahead and sit by the window," she told me.

I slid in and buckled up. She surprised me by sliding into the middle seat, next to me on my right. She reached over and pulled down the window shade.

"Slip off your shoes and get comfortable," she said as she rummaged in her bag.

I took off my shoes and wiggled my toes; she got out eye shades.

"Tried those. Didn't help," I told her.

"Trust me," she said, putting a hand on my arm and smiling.

I smiled back. "I trust you."

"Good, that's the most important part."

"What's next?"

"Do you mind if I touch you, Tom?" she asked.

"No, not at all." I was a bit puzzled, since she already had.

"Good," she said. "In a moment, I'll help you put on the eye shades; then I want you to lean back, get comfortable, and relax. I'll talk to you and may touch you. You don't have to do anything, not even concentrate on listening to me. Just relax and let it happen. Okay?"

I looked into her green eyes. "That sounds great. I can think of worse things to do than listen to your voice."

She smiled again and helped me with the eye shades. They felt cool and nice. The touch of her hands was electric; I tried not to think about that, as I was supposed to be relaxing. I settled back and felt a hand on my right arm.

"Good." She was speaking into my right ear; I could practically feel the warmth of her breath, and it sent a tingle through me.

"Now take a slow, deep breath, hold it for a moment; let it out and relax."

The way she stretched out "relax" as she said it was wonderful. We did that a few more times; I was feeling more relaxed already. Then she started at my forehead, telling me to let those muscles relax. As she said, "relax" she gently touched my forehead; the feeling was electric again as she stroked my forehead, as she repeated, "relax." I felt as if I was melting

under her touch, her voice. She put her hand back on my arm and continued talking to me, slowly relaxing the muscles around my eyes, my scalp, ears, jaw, and neck.

By the time we got to my chest and shoulders I was having a hard time following her. My mind was filled with random flitting thoughts, but her voice was so calming, and I was so relaxed. Soon the flitting thoughts disappeared and there was only her voice, coming from some place far away.

Some time later as I was floating, drifting, so relaxed, I felt a tingle run through me as she touched the back of my neck; I was so heavy, so relaxed, floating along on her voice.

She touched my right hand; I remember it getting light and floating up to my face. I barely remember being surprised when it touched my face and quickly got so heavy again.

I may have dreamed some; being in a plane, being in a hammock in a beautiful garden; the next thing I remember is her voice in my ear saying, "Time to wake up, Tom. Seat belt sign in about ten minutes."

I took off the eye shades, opened my eyes, and took a deep breath. I looked at her, smiling, sitting next to me. I couldn't believe it. Not only had I slept on a plane, but I couldn't remember when I'd slept as well! I shook my head in disbelief as I smiled at her; I slipped past her, and as I did I leaned over and kissed her on the top of the head. "Thank you so much!"

I went to the bathroom. After peeing, I looked at myself in the mirror. I looked fresh, well rested, and relaxed. Hell, I looked and felt as if a big weight had been taken off me.

When I got back to our seats, she was still in the middle seat. I started to sit in the aisle, but she motioned me back to the window again. I sat down and looked at her in awe.

"How did you sleep?" she asked with a grin.

"Incredible! I can't remember when I've slept that well. I feel as if a big weight has been taken off me; it's amazing. I don't know how to thank you."

She smiled and laughed softly. "I'm glad I could help. I'm very lucky I met you. Why don't you lean back and close your eyes for a moment."

I did, and then felt a hand touch the back of my neck. I felt that electric tingle run through me and I was floating again, so peaceful, so relaxed, her voice filling me from a distance.

Did we talk? I'm not sure. I think we did. The next thing I knew we'd landed at Logan.

Both of us being seasoned travelers, we only had a small carry bag each; we quickly made our way to the rental car, and were soon past the eternal airport construction and headed North.

Forever Yours -- Night Flight

Once safely away from the airport, I looked at the beautiful woman sitting next to me. I took a deep breath and sighed. She looked at me and smiled.

"I can't believe I met you," I told her.

She laughed and said, "That's what I'm supposed to say."

"I know a good dive for breakfast just outside Lowell, if you're interested."

"Sounds great. When will we get there?"

"With luck, in about half an hour. When does your shindig start?"

"Oh, not until this afternoon."

"Mine starts at half past eleven; our office is right across from the hotel."

She looked at me, giving me an incredible smile. Was there something extra in that smile? "Good -- we'll have time to rest and freshen up." There seemed to be fire in her eyes as she spoke.

The traffic gods were busy making life interesting for people going the other way, so we made good time. We stopped at a diner just outside Lowell. I'd been going there for years, usually after flying in on a redeye. We parked, and I hopped out of the car to get the door for Chris.

"Why thank you!" she said as she extended a hand and let me help her out of the car.

"No, thank you! I still can't believe how good I feel this morning."

I thought I heard her mutter something like "Just you wait..." as I locked the car.

We had a good breakfast; I skipped the coffee this time. I normally don't drink coffee unless I'm trying to wake up; I didn't have that problem this morning.

We got back on the road to Nashua. "I can't remember when I've enjoyed a breakfast more."

"I'm glad to hear it. I enjoy your company," she told me.

I was already thinking about that evening. I could blow off dinner with the gang feigning jet lag and lack of sleep. Nobody would believe me if I told them I'd slept on the plane.

"Dinner tonight? I'd like to see more of you." Was that a bad choice of words?

She gave me a coy look and smile and said, "We'll see."

Forever Yours -- Night Flight

I didn't know how to interpret that tone of voice, but the look on her face seemed encouraging.

We pulled into the hotel parking lot a little after eight thirty. I shut off the engine; I was about to turn to her when I felt that hand at the back of my neck again and heard her voice.

It was as if I was in a very comfortable fog; nice but not quite real, or not quite there. I got our bags out of the back and followed her in.

I stood with her as she checked us in. I heard her cancel my room and I knew I'd be staying with her; somehow it felt very natural. I was surprised the thought didn't thrill me.

The gal behind the desk handed her our room keys, calling her "Doctor." She told us to enjoy our stay.

Chris said, "Oh, we will," and headed to the elevator, me following along with our bags.

We had a good-sized room, a suite with a sitting area and a separate bedroom. Chris told me where to put our bags and suggested I freshen up. I slipped off my shoes and went to the bathroom. After sitting on the can, I washed my face and hands; the cold water felt good on my face but still didn't cut through the fog. I wasn't sure I wanted to cut through it; it was nice.

When I returned to the bedroom, Chris was standing beside the bed, her blouse hanging outside her slacks, her shoes off.

As I watched, she slowly unbuttoned and took off her blouse, then removed her bra. She sprayed on some perfume and spread it over her breasts and up her neck, watching me all the time.

The scent reached me and I almost fell over. I wanted her. I needed her. I needed to fill my soul with her scent, her taste, her touch.

I reached for her as she sat down on the edge of the bed. I pushed her over and kissed her passionately, inhaling more of that delicious perfume. With each breath I wanted her more. My hands ran across her body, feeling her warm, full breasts and squeezing her waist. Her hands went across my back, feeling the muscles and squeezing my shoulders.

Then a hand went to the back of my neck again, that tingle ran through me, and I collapsed. She rolled me on to my back; I lay there dizzy and gasping. I was so hungry for her, especially for her breasts, they looked so soft and delicious.

She helped me take off my shirt; it was hard for me to move. Then she leaned over me, her breasts inches away. I could feel her warmth. I took a deep breath through my nose, filling my soul with her perfume.

She sat up and I whimpered; I needed her so. She smiled and sighed a bit. Then she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. As she exhaled slowly, I watched as a flush extended across her neck, chest, and breasts, and her nipples crinkled erect. After another deep breath her

nipples tightened more, and goose bumps ran down her arms. She opened her eyes and looked at me.

She didn't look at me, she looked into me with pure lust. She gave me a feral, animal smile and leaned over me once more, sliding a hand behind my head and pulling me to a breast.

I thought I was going to come when her nipple touched my lips. I don't think I've ever tasted anything so warm, delicious, and satisfying. With my mouth full, I had to breathe through my nose, filling me even more with her perfume.

I wanted so much to hold her, to squeeze her, but it was so hard to move. I finally struggled my arms up around her waist; she squeezed me to her and moved my head back and forth.

Then she sat up, breaking my grip so easily. I know I looked at her with hungry eyes. She laughed, then leaned down and kissed me, our tongues dancing together.

She sat up again; I was almost in tears I needed her so. She smiled at me and said, "Don't worry, I'll be right back."

Then she leaned over me, my head between her perfumed breasts, and squeezed the back of my head and neck again. I took a deep breath, so dizzy again as my eyes closed. I heard her happy laughter; she said something to me, then I felt her get off the bed.

I lay there delirious, unable to move or even open my eyes, and I couldn't care less, my mind so fogged by her perfume and the memory of her touch.

I felt hands tugging at my pants, pulling them and my underwear off. Then I felt her breasts sliding up my legs. I gasped when I felt her tongue slide up my cock. I gasped again and moaned as I felt her breasts slid against me and into me; she just laughed softly.

Then she sprang up and my mouth was filled with hers as she lay on top of me. It was so satisfying to feel her weight on top of me.

I struggled again to get my hands around her waist. "Don't worry darling," she told me.

Then she opened her legs, slid up, and then slid down again, taking me into her, so wet, so warm, so tight. My head arched back as I moaned.

She said, "Look at me, darling," and I opened my eyes.

She sat up on me. I tried to reach for her breasts, but my arms were so heavy I could barely move them. She took my hands in hers, laughing softly, and put my hands on her waist. "Hold me, darling," she said, and now I held her waist and couldn't let go.

She closed her eyes once again and started breathing deeply as she rocked on top of me. After a few minutes she started moaning, and moved slower. Her moaning increased as she ground into me. She gave a jerk and started moving quickly; I could feel her spasm around me

as she came. I was so hard inside her; it felt so incredible. Then her rhythm slowed, and after a bit she opened her eyes, a wonderful smile and glow on her face.

She put her hands on my shoulders, lowering down a bit, and commanded, "Look at me - look into my eyes."

My eyes locked on hers as she started moving again, such incredible sensations. She leaned farther forward, putting my head between her breasts. "Deep breath, darling," she told me.

I took a deep breath and moaned as my head spun. "Again, darling," she said as she gave me a nipple. I couldn't believe how intense, how good it felt, and still I hadn't come.

She started teasing me, sliding her breasts across my face as she moved on top of me, telling me to breathe deeply.

I was so dizzy, moaning, helpless underneath her. She moved a bit and my eyes locked on hers again.

"Good, darling," she said, "feel it. Enjoy it."

I moaned as I looked deep into her green eyes.

"One more deep breath darling, and hold it," she said. I took a breath and she moved her hands to the back of my neck. She squeezed and said, "Now, darling. Come for me now."

I convulsed into her as I exhaled, the world spinning as I looked into her eyes.

She smiled, looking into me, rocking back and forth gently. "Good, darling, very good."

Then she lowered a breast to me. She didn't have to tell me; I took a deep breath as I sucked on her.

"Good, darling," she told me softly. "Relax for me and go to sleep. Relax and sleep, darling."

The world drifted off in a blur.

I awoke to a beautiful woman asleep beside me. I peeked at the clock by the bedside; I'd been asleep for about half an hour --it felt as if it had been much longer.

She looked so delicious lying there on her side facing me, chest slowly rising and falling. I moved closer and slid an arm underneath her. As I did, she rolled to her back. I took the breast before me, kissing it with reverence before sucking gently. She moved her hands to hold me. Her perfume had faded somewhat, but was still delicious.

As I sucked, I felt her nipple tighten in my mouth; she moaned softly. I slid my free hand down her stomach to her curly thatch. I let my fingers explore, dislodging the small towel

between her legs. My fingers explored her warmth and wetness, searching gently for her pleasure button. When they found it, they circled coyly, teasing. She moaned a bit more and spread her legs a little. My fingers teased more; her hips started rocking. I took my timing from her, matching my sucking and teasing to her pace as she moaned softly.

After a couple of minutes she quivered and gasped out, "Oh my God!" Her hips bucked underneath my hand as she squeezed my head to her.

She moved a hand to my hard cock. I moaned with her touch as she stroked, then pulled me to her. "I need you inside me," she panted.

I moved on top of her and entered her quickly. We both gasped as we slid together. She wrapped her legs around mine and put her hands on my back, holding my shoulders.

I put my hands under her shoulders, pulling her to me as I slid in and out. I kissed her neck as she tossed her head back and forth, chanting, "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes."

Her tone grew more insistent as we rocked together. She moved her hands to the back of my neck and squeezed gently; I moaned as the electric tingle shot through me.

Her chant changed to, "Oh yes, Tom. Oh yes, Tom. So soon now, so soon now."

We were moving faster now, my body no longer responding to my will, but to the urges of her body, and to her voice. I felt her tense beneath and around me, and she said, "Now, Tom. Oh, now please Tom. Now, please."

I was delirious and dizzy again, lost in her arms as I pumped into her as she spasmed around me.

I lay on top of her, nuzzling her neck, feeling the light sweat of our bodies and our hearts beating. She moved my head back and forth, now chanting, "Thank you, thank you, oh thank you."

We lay together for a while, then rolled apart.

As I lay on my back, the world returning, she sat up next to me and put a hand on my chest.

"Thank you," she told me.

I sighed. "No, thank you. You are incredible. I don't know what you did to me."

"Would you like an explanation?" she asked with a smile.

"Not right now."

"Will you forgive me?" she asked, seriousness and emotion suddenly in her voice.

I took her hand and kissed her fingers. "On one condition."

"What's that?"

"You need to promise..." I said as I kissed her fingers.

"Promise what?"

"You'll do it again, and again, and again."

She laughed and shook her head, her beautiful hair cascading around her shoulders. She leaned forward and kissed my forehead. We were both covered with fine sweat.

"We have time for a shower if you're interested," I told her.

"Good idea," she said. She slapped my stomach as she hopped off the bed laughing.

I jumped up after her, a little wobbly, and caught her in the bathroom doorway. I grabbed her around the waist and held her tight. I let her turn in my arms to face me, then kissed her passionately. I still hadn't had my fill of her.

And then I felt a hand at the back of my head again, and the world spun and my knees buckled. She held me up as I struggled to hold on to her. I moaned; I was falling fast. Then she said, "Stand up darling, wide awake now."

I felt my strength return as she helped me up. "That's not fair," I told her. "Wonderful, but not fair."

"You are incredible," she told me as she kissed me on the nose.

I dug out my shower stuff and we showered together. We both enjoyed the process, working up a good lather, especially between our legs. We toweled off afterwards. I shaved and brushed my hair as Chris used the hair dryer on hers. As she finished with her hair I started to get dressed, but then had a better idea.

As she put the hair dryer down I picked her up, one arm under her legs and one under her arms.

"What?" she started to ask.

"Quiet. No tricks now," I told her.

She gave me a wide eyed pout, but quieted down and put her arms around me as I carried her back to the bed and deposited her on her back. She covered her breasts with her hands in false modesty.

I went to the foot of the bed and spread her legs. I lay down on the bed and started kissing my way up her legs. As I got to her inner thighs, I put her legs over my shoulders.

She moaned in appreciation and crossed her ankles on my back; I wasn't going to get away. She smelled and tasted like more. I was slow and gentle in my adoration. I continued my adoration through muffled moans, getting tossed back and forth by her thighs and gyrating hips. After a while she gave a head to toe shiver and lay still, legs going limp.

With her legs no longer holding me tight, I moved up and kissed her mound. I got up and went to the bathroom. I took one of the terrycloth bathrobes and covered her. She was breathing softly, slowly, with a relaxed smile on her face, eyes closed. I washed my face again, then got dressed.

I repacked my small bag for the business day ahead. I still had a whole day ahead of me! I laughed at the thought; so much had happened already.

I was ready to go; it was around ten thirty. I went over to the bed and got down on my knees beside it. I leaned over and kissed Chris on the forehead. She took a deep breath and her eyes fluttered open.

"Hello, beautiful. It's ten thirty, and I'm off to the salt mines for the day. I should be back between five and five thirty. Okay?"

She smiled up at me. "That sounds fine. Don't make plans for the evening."

"Just with you."

"Good," she said. She closed her eyes and pursed her lips. I leaned over and kissed her, holding her shoulders.

Then those hands squeezed the back of my neck, sending me to that peaceful floating world. I collapsed on top of her, unable to move.

"Have a good day, Tom, you are incredible."

She held me for a while; listening to her heart beat was so relaxing.

Then she said, "Wake up, darling, awake, refreshed, and alert again."

My lights came back on; amazing. I kissed her on the forehead again and stood up, slowly. She smiled at me, stretching now. I picked up my bag and headed downstairs.

I walked across the gravel strip between the hotel and the office, listening to the crunch crunch under my shoes. I stopped suddenly and laughed, amazed at what had happened in the last ten hours. What would have happened, how different my world would be if the geek sitting next to me had been reading a cheesy novel instead of the Pulver report?

I went into our building and up to the conference room. I grabbed a seat close to power and network connections and set up my laptop. I sent email to Terry, letting him know I wasn't

pleased discovering I had a dead battery. I left it at that, not telling him I might buy him a beer because of it.

I pattered through things until food and more people started showing up at around eleven twenty.

Melody, the head of the research team, and our host for the meeting arrived shortly afterwards.

“How was your flight?” she asked me.

“The usual red eye,” I lied with a smile.

“It looks like you had time to freshen up a little at least.”

“Yes, that was nice,” I told her. Nice, it was unbelievable -- literally -- I wasn’t sure if I believed what had happened. I should have checked the hotel meeting board to see what Chris was attending -- I had my suspicions.

“Well, we’ll finish up a little after five, so you should be able to get to bed early.” Melody told me.

“Thanks -- I’m looking forward to bed.” I didn’t know how much sleep I’d get, but I was looking forward to bed. I laughed and Melody laughed along with me.

“I’m glad you could make it. I know how bad those flights can be.”

I nodded my head. “I still can’t believe last night.”

The presentations after lunch were mostly what I consider marketing hype -- and I’d seen it before. I was here for the hard-core technical material tomorrow and the next day.

My mind kept wandering back to last night, trying to figure out just what happened.

It was about two in the afternoon, half an hour before a scheduled break. I was getting stiff from sitting, kind of restless. As an experiment, I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and imagined Chris saying, “Relax, darling.” as I exhaled. It worked; I felt the tension and tightness melt away. I did it again, feeling the relaxation spread through my legs. Then I made my mistake. On my next deep breath my mind drifted back to that incredible sensation of Chris gently squeezing the back of my head and neck. Once again that tingle shot through me and I went dizzy and limp.

That incredible floating sensation was interrupted by my head hitting the table with a bang. I opened my eyes, seeing stars. Wow, that works well, a little too well. What’s the magic phrase? I remembered her voice saying “Wake up darling, refreshed and alert again.”

As I was doing that and feeling my strength return I felt a hand on my shoulder. The room was quiet and the focus was on me. I raised my head to see Melody crouching beside me. "You okay?" she asked, concern in her voice."

"Yes, sorry about that," I told her.

Melody stood up and said, "Why don't we take our break now." Murmurs of agreement and some laughter came from the crowd.

I stood up and shook myself a little, sheepish grin on my face. I wasn't really embarrassed -- wow -- if I could do that whenever I wanted, it would be great.

I walked over to our presenter. "Sorry about that, Larry -- nothing personal," I said as I shook his hand. "Side effects of the red eye."

He laughed. "Yeah, marketing b.s. will do it to you every time."

I walked around a bit; actually I felt quite good. Those few moments -- before my head hit the table -- had been very refreshing.

When we started up again Melody came over to me and said, "Tom, you don't have to stick around for this stuff. Take off early if you want."

"Thanks, Melody," I told her. "I'll stick it out as long as I can."

She put a hand on my shoulder. "You're a real trooper -- but do me a favor and get to bed early this evening."

I laughed. "I really hope to."

I actually made good use of the next couple of hours. Not that I did the work I'd planned to do on the plane; I did some fishing on the Web, and confirmed my suspicions. I wished I'd caught Chris' last name -- I might have found something on her.

Doing a search on some of the key words and phrases that stuck in my mind led me to a pile of hits on one subject: hypnosis.

In that first half hour I picked up the rudimentary framework of hypnosis and NLP. The next while took me to more detailed references. I'd reached some initial conclusions by the time I stepped out to visit the little boy's room.

First, Chris was a good hypnotist. Second, I was probably a very good subject, even though I'd never been hypnotized before. I certainly had a number of the characteristics that most references mentioned, such as a good imagination, ability to visualize, concentration, and the ability to suspend belief. You're not successful in the computer business unless you can fantasize and suspend judgment.

Third, most references said all hypnosis is self hypnosis. That made sense to me. I was doing this to myself. It also impressed me; I'd never really thought about the power of the mind in that way.

Fourth, it was a skill that improved with use. That thing Chris did to me when she grabbed my head and neck -- I had to be careful how I thought of it -- got stronger every time. Just thinking of it, I knew it was a feeling I enjoyed enormously and wanted again. Every time Chris did this to me, I'd go under easier, and go deeper.

This was both scary and at the same time thrilling. While some part of me was still in control, part of me was giving up control to her -- and loving it. I loved what she had done to me, controlling my body. Or was it me controlling my body? It had been so intense. I'd lasted longer before coming than I'd ever thought possible. And when I did come, it had been incredible.

Did I feel safe giving that kind of control to her? Should I trust the kind of person that would meet someone on a plane and hijack them body and soul, taking them for a joyride?

Still, one of the things she'd asked me this morning was if I would forgive her. Thinking about our conversation on the plane before we took off, I could see she had been fishing for information -- that question about my family missing me for example.

I couldn't remember a lot of what had happened, a lot of what she'd said to me. Was that the result of a deliberate suggestion, possible from what I'd read, or just a result of a deep trance, also possible?

Remember -- that gave me an idea. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. As I exhaled, I imagined her voice saying to me, "Relax, relax and remember. Relax and remember." Things started coming back to me as I sat there breathing in and out. Each breath seemed to bring back chunks of memory. I felt my arms starting to go limp. I imagined her voice saying now, "Wake up darling, wake up and remember, refreshed and alert."

I opened my eyes again. I thought about what I'd remembered. After she'd first hypnotized me on the plane, she helped me to relax and sleep on planes. In fact, she'd given me suggestions to help me relax whenever I wanted or needed to; suggestions I'd used already. She'd helped me deal with stress and difficult situations. Only after doing that, and reinforcing those suggestions, did things slowly turn.

I could close my eyes and hear her voice. I laughed to myself; my memory was so clear, her voice hot and clear in my right ear, the noise of the plane in my left. "Tom," she'd said, "do you find me attractive?" I remember telling her I thought she was beautiful and I was glad I'd be able to drive her to Nashua.

She'd asked me a lot of questions. That had gotten into my ex-wife and our nasty divorce. I remember her helping me identify and let go of the anger and the pain; so deep I didn't know I still held on to it. It fit what I'd read about reframing. No wonder I felt like a great weight had been taken off me. Then she'd asked me a lot of medical questions --she was being cautious herself.

Then she'd had me go pee again. When I got back, she took me deeper, and started giving me the suggestions she'd used in our lovemaking this morning.

As I was reliving these, I thought for a moment and stopped, opening my eyes. I trusted her. I knew our first lovemaking was choreographed and controlled by her. But our second wasn't, at least until she took control of me and brought me to that incredible orgasm. And she certainly hadn't suggested I grab her after our shower and go down on her. That had been me, my initiative. Maybe I should have paid more attention to the arguments around "free will" in my college philosophy class.

I was looking forward to the next few days with her. I didn't know what surprises were in store for me, and I didn't want to know. Maybe I was being stupid -- maybe I should cut and run. I didn't think so.

I closed my eyes again and took that deep breath. I imagined her voice again, it was funny how I imagined it in my right ear. I imagined her saying, "You don't have to remember now, you'll never forget what I've told you. You can remember it whenever you want. You don't have to remember it now."

I opened my eyes again; the world was softer, gentler. I looked at the clock: twenty to five. I shut down the computer and packed my things. We started tomorrow at nine; I waved to Melody and cut out.

I went to the car and got back on the expressway. I knew there was a florist at the shopping center one exit south. I got a dozen roses and headed back to the hotel.

When I went in, I remembered to check the meeting schedule. There it was -- I learned her last name, but little else. She was meeting with the "FY Group."

I went to "our" room. I put the roses on the table and had just plugged in the computer to recharge the other battery when I heard the door open.

"Good evening, Doctor Christine," I said to her.

She looked a little surprised. She let the door close and stepped into the room. She saw the roses, and turned back to me.

"They're for you. Thank you so much," I told her.

She still looked shocked. "After what I did?"

I laughed and went over to her. I took her by the hand and led her to the couch where we both sat down.

"What you did," I told her, "was to help me very much. You worked very hard last night. Not only did you help me to relax and sleep, you've given me some very useful tools, and helped me get over some very painful memories that I'd buried very deep. I can't thank you enough."

“And the rest?” she asked, looking at me intently.

I chuckled and closed my eyes. I pulled her right hand up, putting it on the back of my neck as I bent my head forward, signaling my surrender to her. All she had to do was squeeze and I'd collapse into a deep trance. I was almost there already.

I felt her hand pull away, then slowly lift my chin. I opened my eyes to see her, eyes closed, approaching me with pursed lips. I closed my eyes and we kissed.

When we stopped, she sat there shaking her head slowly from side to side. “You are incredible. How much do you remember? What did you figure out? How? You came back anyway.”

It was my turn; I shook my head. I slipped off the couch and down to my knees. I moved between her legs and kissed her mound through her skirt. She squeezed me gently with her legs.

“Yes, I came back, on my own.” I told her most of what I'd thought through and learned in the last few hours, my head resting on her thighs.

When I finished and looked up at her, she looked at me and said, “Very impressive. You've gotten it pretty much spot on. And where your interpretations differ from mine, I like some of yours better. I thought I was picking a winner last night.”

“Fate,” I said, “there is no free will.”

She tossed her head back and laughed. “Don't get me started on that, Doctor Tom. You certainly showed plenty of free will this morning. I got more than I bargained for.”

“And I hope you enjoyed it,” I said, kissing her again and squeezing her legs around me.

She let out a long sigh. “My God, Tom, it was incredible. I thought I'd dreamed up a good fantasy, but it was only the start.”

I smiled up at her and squeezed her waist with my hands. “I hope it was only the start.”

She tousled my hair. “It was, darling, oh it was.”

She started to get up; I held on to her, holding her down.

“But first, I've simply got to go to the bathroom. And, I'm expecting guests in a few minutes.”

We stood up and she headed to the bathroom after a quick hug.

As I was checking out our well-stocked bar, there was a knock at the door.

I opened the door to find two women standing there. One was tall and slender, mid to late forties, with short hair and stern demeanor. The other, early thirties, was half a head shorter, plump and bubbly looking with red hair.

“Welcome, ladies,” I said, “Please come in. Christine will be with us in a few minutes.”

They came in and I closed the door.

“You must be Tom. I’m Vivian,” said the redhead as she extended a hand. I shook her hand, she was bubbly, energetic, and her voice fit her well.

The other woman was Doctor Angela Richards. I could hear the capitalization in her voice. Was she overly reserved, or just highly analytical? Too early to tell.

As we were standing there chatting, Vivian pulled out a little silver sprayer and put something on her wrist. “Tell me, Tom, what do you think of this?” she asked, holding her wrist in front of me to sample. I took a sniff; I recognized the fragrance as the one Chris wore this morning.

“I recognize it. It brings back pleasant memories,” I told her with a smile.

Chris walked up and slapped Vivian’s hand away. “He hasn’t been introduced to the product yet, and shame on you.”

Vivian chuckled. The product? I was confused; more loose ends. I gave Chris a questioning look.

“I’ll explain later; I promise. Would you mind driving?”

I put an arm around her waist. “Where are we going?”

“To dinner.” She handed me directions to a place about half an hour away, depending on traffic.

The four of us went down to the car, Chris and I in front, Vivian and Angela in the back. As we started out, Angela asked, “How was the wedding, dear?”

My ears perked up. Wedding?

Chris laughed. “It was priceless. I should have brought the video; you’d love it. She did so well. The look on the groom’s face was priceless, the poor boy. And what’s even better, I’ve gotten some follow-on business as a result, and the use of a cabin in the California Gold Country whenever I want.”

She put a hand on my arm. “In fact, I’ve got someone I’d very much like to take there for a long weekend.”

I sighed, keeping my eyes on the road and traffic. "That would be great. How about this weekend? Monday is a holiday," I said, pushing the issue.

She squeezed my arm. "Mmmm... That just might work."

"Where is it? I don't know much about that region."

She said, "It's about an hour outside Angels Camp, about three hours from the bay area."

I could easily blow off Friday, and even Tuesday morning; I had some brownie points I could use.

"We could leave Friday, how's that?"

I looked over to see her concentrating. "That would work. I could pick you up, return the favor of you driving us here."

"I don't mind driving. It's no problem, especially with you."

That got a chuckle from Vivian in the back seat.

We arrived at the restaurant right on schedule. We were shown to a private dining room. As I was seating the ladies, a woman came in and went up to Chris.

"Christine, how delightful to see you again. I'm so glad you could come this evening." They hugged.

"Elizabeth, you look great. How are you doing?" Chris asked.

Elizabeth sighed. "It's made all the difference in the world. We're so happy; he's so happy and content. It's like we're both twenty again. You know..."

Chris interrupted. "Let me introduce you. This is Doctor Angela Richards, and Doctor Vivian Miller. They will be taking over the program in this area. And this is my dear friend, Doctor Tom Cheng."

Elizabeth shook our hands. I didn't remember telling Chris I had a Ph.D. Oh well.

When Elizabeth shook my hand she said to Chris, "I was wondering when you'd change your ideas and bring some men into the organization. It could work both ways, you know."

The three ladies laughed. More loose ends for my mind to play with.

Then Elizabeth folded her hands and said, "I have a very special meal planned for you, but I'd better go see to it. Angela, Vivian, I look forward to talking to you." She turned to me. "Tom, you are a very lucky man." She waved and walked out.

We had a tremendous meal and a somewhat strange conversation. The three ladies were obviously talking over my head, trying not to let on too much. I was catching and recognizing phrases though. I was also forming a hypothesis about what the “business” might be.

Finally Angela ended one sentence with the phrase, “compared to Ericksonian techniques.” I dived in, asking questions about the underpinnings of Milton Erickson’s work as compared to others in the field. It was very interesting. Vivian was animated and expressive where Angela was insightful, often restating and answering my unasked underlying question, and leading me with questions of her own.

My memory has always been good, but tonight it was in high form; I could practically read the words on the screen from when I’d seen them earlier in the day, looking for information.

After a while, I noticed Chris had been silent. “Chris,” I asked, “Why so quiet?”

She gave me a puzzled look and shook her head. “Just surprised by the conversation...”

Vivian interrupted with, “I thought you said he was ‘blissfully ignorant’ of the field.”

“But I am,” I told them. “I don’t understand how these different schemes could possibly fit together, describe the same thing; there’s too much inconsistency; hardly sound enough to call theories.”

Vivian chuckled. Angela smiled at me; one of the few times I’d seen her smile that evening. Angela said, “Tom, you have not only an understanding, but also a feel for the area, something that some of my own students lack.”

“Thank you, Doctor Richards,” I told her, “but it’s entirely the view of a nonspecialist and on very limited research.”

Angela tilted her head to one side, “And just what is your educational background, Doctor Cheng?”

Ooh... “Doctor Cheng.” I chuckled a bit. “My undergrad degrees are in electrical engineering and physics from Cornell. My graduate degrees are in double-E and music from Stanford; masters in music, Ph.D. in engineering.”

Vivian shook her head. “We need to bring more people in from outside the field. Some of your questions are very insightful.”

I squeezed Chris’ hand. “I’ve had an incredible introduction. It seems to be a fascinating field.”

Chris smiled and shook her head, not saying anything. We headed back to the hotel shortly after that. We had a brief argument with Elizabeth about the lack of a bill for our meal. She kept saying she owed Chris so much. I insisted that may be true, but it was a rotten way to run a business. I left a generous tip in cash.

Back at our room in the hotel, I prepared after dinner drinks for the ladies. As I sat down next to Chris I turned to Angela. "Doctor Richards, you seem most pensive again."

She looked at Chris and me, head tilting a little, face somewhere between a wry smile and a frown. "Yes. Christine dear, after the conversation we had at dinner this evening, I'm wondering if this isn't all a bit of a charade put on for our benefit."

Chris looked shocked. I looked at Angela, then at my watch, and then spoke to Angela.

"Doctor Richards, twenty hours ago I had never met Chris. I knew nothing of Milton Erickson, or of the ideas we discussed. I would have dismissed the whole area as a wishful farce. Now I owe Chris so much for what she has shown me, and what she has done for me, in this very short time."

I looked from Chris to Angela to Vivian. Even Vivian had a doubtful look on her face.

I put my glass down on the table and turned again to face Chris. "Perhaps a demonstration is in order." I put my hands in my lap and closed my eyes. I started breathing slowly, deeply, waiting, tilting my head forward a bit.

I felt her fingers slide along the sides of my head. I moaned; it was so delicious. The world was spinning even before I felt her squeeze me gently, sending me into that wondrous floating void.

I opened my eyes to her saying, "Awake now." I was on my back on the bed, naked. She was sitting naked next to me.

"Did we make believers out of them?" I asked.

"You did, darling, you did," Chris said, putting a hand on my shoulder.

I sighed. "I don't remember it at all."

"Would you like to?"

"Not now, unless you think it's important."

"No, as you said, you can always remember it later."

I chuckled; I didn't remember telling her about that. "I'm sorry if I caused you difficulty. I was curious, I still am. It's a professional trait."

She smiled down at me. "I can't believe how lucky I am to have caught you."

I just pulled her down to me. I took her breast and inhaled deeply, enjoying her perfume once again.

And I snorted, jerking back, suddenly surprised. I knew what I would do if I smelled that perfume on anyone but Chris.

Chris pulled back a little as well. "What's the matter, darling?"

I looked at her, puzzled. "Why am I supposed to slap anyone but you that offers me that perfume? Why did you get upset with Vivian earlier? What's the FY Group?"

She propped herself up on her arms and sighed. "The slapping is for your own protection. I can explain everything to you now, but I'd much rather wait until Sunday afternoon, when you'll be able to understand it much better. Which do you want?"

I was curious, extremely curious. I smiled at her. "I trust you, soft, warm, delicious Christine. I will wait as long as you want."

She gave me a soft smile. "And what do you want now?" she asked in a sultry voice.

I held her gently. "I want to please you. I want to give myself to you, have the rest of the world to go away and be lost in a cloud making passionate love with you."

"Good," she said, lowering herself on to me once more, sliding her hands in back of my head and neck as I eagerly accepted her nipple. I lost myself in her, in her delicious warmth and softness. Then that tingle filled me again as she squeezed me, and her voice spoke from a distance to my body and my soul.

I was lost in her, so passionate and hungry. Every touch, every taste, every smell, every sensation was so vivid, yet lost in a fog that was only her. We made love, touching, squeezing, caressing, moaning to each other. We took each other to the heights, again and again. And then we slept.

I awoke to a warm breast in my mouth and Chris saying, "Time to wake up."

I kept my eyes closed and squeezed her to me, my arms around her waist, then my hands by her shoulders, feeling her. She moved a hand between my legs, and I rolled her to her back and moved on top and into her. We slid together so easily; we fit together so well. I pushed myself up on my arms as she wrapped her legs around me. I pressed into her deeply, and watched as she arched her head back, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath.

I smiled; I guessed; I spoke. "Feel me, Christine, feel me and let me take you deeper" I said as I moved in and out of her. She moaned as I spoke; goose bumps raced across her arms. "Yes, let go, feel me take you deeper and deeper, so good." Her head was back, and she moaned as she held my waist. "Deeper and deeper now, let go and feel it build, deeper and deeper. Your body is on fire; feel how much I want you; feel it build; let go and let the feeling take you deeper and deeper."

I remembered her moaning from last night and the morning before; this was stronger, more animal, from a very deep place inside her.

“Oh, I want you.” I whispered to her. “Feel me taking you deeper and deeper, your whole body is on fire now, so close now, so very close.”

Her head was thrashing back and forth, her breathing rapid. As I spoke, it was almost as if I was hearing her voice as well. Was this what she had said to me? I was very close as well. I lowered myself down; when my chest touched hers, a shock went through both of us.

“Open your eyes, darling, look at me,” I panted. Her eyes sprung open. “Hold me darling, please,” I pleaded. Her hands sprung to my head and squeezed me. “Come for me, darling, now please, now please.” Our eyes locked together and she squeezed me as I spoke. We both moaned. I felt her spasm around me as I came deep inside her. The only thing in the world was her. My arms gave way and I slipped down to her lips, kissing, our union complete.

We lay together until the alarm clock went off again. I pushed myself up and whacked it, almost falling over in the process. As I slid out of her I looked over the bed for a towel. The bed was a mess; we’d had a very good time it seemed. I found the towel, and placed it between her legs, kissing her navel. I sat up beside her,

“Good morning, darling,” I said to her, brushing the hair out of her eyes. She looked as if she as on the verge of crying.

“How did you know?” she asked, tears on her cheeks.

I brushed one tear away and kissed away the other. “I didn’t. I guessed. Did I do well?”

She smiled as she sat up; she hugged me. After we kissed again she said, “Angela was right; you have an instinctive grasp.”

I squeezed her to me. “Like this?” I asked, enjoying squeezing the breath out of her.

She moaned and held me close. “Oh yes, like that,” she said, and laughed softly.

We stood up by the bed. “Looks like we had quite a good time,” I told her, arm around her waist.

“Oh, we did, but this morning was better.” We kissed again.

She reached over and whacked the clock as it went off again, then turned it off. “We have time for a quick shower, with no funny business, before breakfast gets here.” She poked me for emphasis while saying, “no funny business.”

I pouted, sticking out my bottom lip. “That’s no fun. You shower first, then I’ll go.”

“Not on your life,” she said, pulling me into the bathroom with her.

We showered together with only a bit of fooling around. I was just starting to shave and she was still drying her hair when there was a knock on the door. I grabbed a robe and said, “I’ll

get it.” I kissed her on the shoulder and felt a delicious breast. “Good,” she said, patting my bottom as I left.

I let the room service gal in with the breakfast. She set the covered trays on the table. I was glad we had a separate bedroom; this room was presentable. The bedroom looked like the remnants of one hell of a good time. I gave her a good tip and a smile as she left. She looked a little plump, but still might be fun.

I was shaking my head at that thought when Chris walked up behind me wearing the other robe.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, putting an arm around me.

“You’ve turned me into a sex maniac. I was thinking how nice it would be to jump the room service gal.”

She chuckled and kissed me on the nose. “You’re mine and I’ll fight to keep you.”

I kissed her nose. “Good,” I told her. I helped with her chair and then sat down. We took the covers off our plates. I sighed as I switched them.

“Something wrong with breakfast?” Chris asked.

“No, it’s my favorite. I guess I should just get used to not remembering some things.”

She looked hurt.

I held her hand. “It’s wonderful. Thank you. I love it; it’s fascinating and thrilling. Don’t stop.”

She smiled again. I poured her coffee and we ate our breakfast.

In the bathroom a while later I finished shaving. I called out to her. “Christine, darling, please come here. I have a question for you.”

She came into the bathroom, a cup of coffee in her hand. “What is it?”

I held out the container of skin conditioner. “Why am I now using a skin conditioner after I shave, which I have never done before, and why oh why am I putting it on my stomach as well? Or do I really want to know?”

She laughed. “Do you like it?”

I’d smelled it as I put it on. It did feel nice, and it felt good, giving me a sort of glow after the initial stinging. “Yes, I think I do. It does feel good, and smell good, but why the stomach?”

She came over to me and gave me a brief kiss. "I think it smells sexy on you. The rest you'll find out later. Will you trust me?"

I shook my head from side to side. "I trust you. But do you want me to puzzle this out? Because that's what will happen." It was the truth; my mind was already trying to figure it out.

She smiled and put down her coffee cup. She took me by the hand and led me back to our torn up bed. I sat down and she pushed me over. She leaned over me, slipping her hands around my head and neck again as I took a nipple in my mouth. As I took that deep breath, she squeezed me gently and I felt that incredible tingle as the world whirled away. She told me, "Relax, darling. Don't worry about the skin lotion. There is nothing you have to figure out about it. You're doing it because you know I like it, and I want you to. You don't have to think about it or worry about it at all. Just relax and enjoy. You need to focus on your work today."

What a wonderful place, lost in her arms. After speaking to me for a while longer she said, "Wake up darling, refreshed and alert again." I opened my eyes; she looked at me as she sat up.

"That is so incredible," I told her with a sigh.

"I know," she smiled. "But we both have work to do."

"Dinner tonight?" I asked.

She shook her head sadly. "No, I won't be back until after ten."

"Wake me when you get in, please," I asked her.

"Of course," she said, and we kissed.

A few minutes later I was crunching across the gravel again. I stopped and laughed at about the same spot as yesterday. What in the world had I gotten myself into? Not important, I told myself; today was going to be fun.

And I did have fun in the meeting. It seemed so easy to follow things. The presentation just before lunch was a mess, and was given by a senior guy who should know better. I verbally splattered him all over the room and enjoyed it, maybe too much. I was in rare form.

After lunch, the rest of the afternoon went well; I tried to be helpful. After the meeting I had a while to clean out email before I went out for pizza with the group. I rode over with Melody; most of the gang was already there when we arrived. We had a good dinner; I cornered a couple of the engineers I'd been looking for. I got back to the hotel a little after nine.

Our room seemed vast and empty. I filled out the breakfast order card and hung it on the door. I got my clothes out for the next day and got ready for bed. For some reason I put on more skin lotion.

I went to bed and flopped around for a while. Then I lay on my back, took a deep breath, and relaxed. After a few deep breaths I imagined her hands on my head, squeezing me, and felt that marvelous tingle again as I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke to her kiss in the dark. She kissed and felt me hungrily. We rolled on the bed back and forth. I rolled her on to her back and pushed into her. I sat up and put her legs on my shoulders and a pillow under her bottom. I held on to her legs and pounded into her.

She moaned and extended her arms. I let go of her legs and kissed her. We kissed and she dug her nails into my back as I held her shoulders. She moaned through our kisses, coming just before I did; we lay together panting. I kissed the side of her head. "Thank you for waking me," I told her. She held me close. "Thank you for being here; I need you tonight." We fell asleep without another word.

I awoke the next morning to the sound of someone knocking on the door saying, "Room Service."

"Be right there," I hollered out. Shit -- I hadn't set the damn alarm. Chris mumbled and started sitting up. I hopped over her, kissing her on the forehead. "I'll get it," I told her.

I grabbed a robe from the bathroom and whacked my hair a couple times with the brush to look somewhat presentable, then went to get the door.

It was a different gal than yesterday morning; she came in, set up, and left quickly. As I thanked her and closed the door behind her, I heard the toilet flush. When I reached the bathroom door I was greeted by a yawning Chris. She smiled and I put my arms around her, holding her warm naked body close to me.

"Good morning. Sorry about the alarm," I told her.

"That's okay," she whispered in my ear, between kisses on my neck and shoulder.

She left the bathroom and I took my turn. I was upset. Not setting the alarm put us behind schedule, at least if the schedule included passionate lovemaking. I rejoined her in the other room; she had already started in on breakfast.

I sat down and started in as well. "Will you be ready to go at four o'clock?" I asked. We were on a nonstop to San Francisco leaving around six thirty.

She nodded. "I'll check us out and be ready to go by a quarter till. That should give us enough time to get to the airport. Give me your plane ticket and I'll get us seats together."

I smiled at her. "That would be great. I'm sorry about the alarm."

She smiled and squeezed one of my hands. "It's okay, really. I should have checked it. We've got plenty of time this morning."

"Not for what I wanted," I grumbled.

She laughed. "Don't worry. We have a very extended weekend to look forward to. What time should I pick you up tomorrow?"

"What time is good for you?" I asked. I was planning on blowing off all of Friday, and Monday was a holiday.

She looked up in thought for a moment. "I could be by at around eleven, if you wanted to help me do grocery shopping for the weekend on the way out."

I know I smiled. "That sounds great. I don't have to be in early on Tuesday, so we could drive back Tuesday morning if your schedule works out."

She nodded. "I'd thought that's what we'd do. I don't have anything until Wednesday, and we can avoid the traffic Monday night."

I squeezed her hand. "Yes, by all means avoid the traffic."

We both laughed. We finished breakfast and headed for the bathroom; I was running tight on time. We showered together with barely the minimum required fooling around. I brushed my teeth, then shaved while Chris dried her hair. After shaving, I put some of the skin conditioner on my face, and then took another dab and put it on my stomach.

Chris picked up the bottle, put a big glob in her hand, and started rubbing it into my stomach. "No, like this," she said, spreading a much larger amount than I'd used over my skin. As she worked it in from just above my short curlies to my ribs, my attention naturally perked up.

"Ooh, do you like that?" she said, looking me in the eye. I started to reply when she put her other hand on my hardened cock and started sliding it up and down gently. She tickled my balls a little and I almost lost it, my knees getting weak.

"Well, I can't leave you like this all day," she said as she pulled me back to bed by my convenient handle. She pushed me on my back on the bed, and then straddled me, lying on top of me as we kissed. I put my arms around her waist and she ran her hands up my arms, over my shoulders, to the back of my head, and gave me that incredible squeeze as we kissed. I moaned and felt my hands fall away from her as my arms went limp.

Not all of me went limp. I was still very hard as she quickly took me inside her. Then she started rocking back and forth on top of me as she spoke to me softly, my eyes locked in hers. As she spoke I started breathing deeply, dizzy and delirious. My mind couldn't follow what she was saying, but my body did. She held my head still and slowly lowered her lips to mine. She moved down so slowly I thought the world would end before our lips touched; I didn't know how I could take it.

When our lips touched my eyes closed and I had the most intense orgasm I've had in my life. She held me and rocked me, whispering in my ear as I lay there semiconscious.

Then she sat up on me and said, "Wide awake, darling. Refreshed and alert again."

I opened my eyes, but the world was still spinning. I put my hands on her thighs and slid them up to her waist. She looked at me and smiled. "Pretty good for a quickie, huh?"

I gave her a giddy laugh. "My God..." was the only thing I could say.

She laughed, got up, and helped me up slowly. When I stood up I hugged her, the world was still settling down. We went back into the bathroom, and she leaned me up against a wall and cleaned me off with a warm damp washcloth. By the time she'd dried me off, I was almost coherent again. When she stood up, I held her head, kissed her, and then said, "Thank you."

She smiled and said, "You are very welcome. I enjoyed that too." She kissed me on the top of the nose. "Now go get dressed and pack; I don't want you late for your meeting"

I got dressed and packed up my bags, leaving the small briefcase one with my laptop out for the day. I sat down on the bed, still a bit dazed. She came out of the bathroom a couple minutes later.

She looked at me and shook her head. "Poor baby, was that too good for you?"

"No..." I told her.

She walked over to me and held me to her, my head beneath her breasts. "Close your eyes, darling," she said to me as she rocked me back and forth slowly. "Just close your eyes and relax."

I let my eyes close and held her with my arms around her waist. Without her saying a word, I felt myself returning to that calm floating place.

"Have a good day, darling," she told me. "There is no reason for you to feel rushed or hurried. You are very special to me."

She held me and rocked me for a while, then woke me up again. This time I felt alert and my head was fairly clear. I turned my head and looked up at her, smiling.

She looked at me and said, "That's better." She slipped out of my grasp, stepping back. How I wanted to kiss those delicious nipples again, just for a moment.

She laughed softly. "You need to leave, right now. I'll see you this afternoon, any time after three thirty. Have a good day, darling."

And with that, she went back into the bathroom and closed the door.

I got up, picked up my bag, dropped my plane ticket next to hers on the table, and headed downstairs.

Crunching through the gravel between the buildings again, I stopped at my usual spot. No laughter this morning, only a sigh and a smile, and I crunched on.

Most of the gang were already in the conference room when I got there. I sat in my usual spot.

Melody came up to me and patted me on the back. "You look wiped out this morning."

I looked up at her and sighed; it was the only thing I could do.

Melody laughed. "Don't worry, we'll have you out of here by three thirty."

The day went well. First I sent an email to my boss telling her I wasn't going to be in until sometime on Tuesday, and that things here had gone very well. The morning's presentations went well, and lunch was good. After lunch I did my trip report while not listening too closely to more marketing stuff. I got an email reply from my boss telling me that she wasn't going to be in until Wednesday, and I was welcome to do the same.

I got to the hotel lobby at around three thirty five. I saw Chris, walked up to her, put my arms around her, and gave her a long, passionate kiss. It wasn't until I heard some applause and cheering that I looked up and noticed the eight or ten ladies standing around us. I smiled and gave her another hug.

Rather than introduce me, Chris said to the others, "We have to go." She pointed me at the bags; I picked them up and she whisked me out the door and to the car.

When we got in the car, as I was about to start the engine she said softly, "Tom." I turned to her, and we kissed again. When we sat back in our seats she said to me, "You are very special to me."

That sent shivers down my spine. "That is the best thing I've heard in a long time," I told her.

We sat there, just looking at each other for a while. Finally she asked, "Is your head clear enough to drive?"

I chuckled and started the car. "Yes. I feel great, thanks to you."

We made pretty good time back to the airport and dropping off the car. We made such good time that when we got to the terminal I suggested trying for a different flight, leaving a bit earlier. Chris said, "No, I'd like to stay with the one we're on." I gave her a questioning look and she said, "Trust me." I laughed a bit, and kissed one of her hands.

We took a leisurely walk to the gate. There was already a check in queue. As we stood in line, Chris reached into her bag and pulled out the skin conditioner. She told me, "Why don't you go to the bathroom and put on some more of this, the same amount we did this morning."

I took the bottle from her. "But I liked your help."

She chuckled and said, "Go!"

I went to the nearest men's loo and found an unoccupied stall. One of the rules of business travel is always go to the bathroom when you have the chance. I glopped the stuff on my belly and sat down to do my business, giving it a chance to sink into the skin. After finishing and zipping up my pants I went out and washed my hands, and put some lotion on my face.

When I walked back to the gate, Chris was sitting down smiling. I sat next to her and put my head on her shoulder. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

"A little spaced out, but good," I told her. She put a hand on my head, and I let my eyes close, just resting there on her shoulder.

A few minutes later the cattle call for our flight started. Chris said, "Stand up, let's go."

I started to protest as I stood up; it would probably be a while before we got on. They said, "First class passengers may board now," and Chris tugged at my arm, saying, "That's us."

Nothing should surprise me any more, not after the last few days, I thought as I followed her to the gate. We got on and sat down in the two seats in row 3. I put our bags overhead and offered Chris the window seat. She told me "No, you take it."

I laughed and said, "That's where we started, wasn't it?"

She looked a little surprised and I gave her a quick hug and sat down. She sat down next to me.

"What's the occasion?" I asked.

She held my hands and said, "You are special. This trip has been very special. We're celebrating."

At that moment a stewardess walked up and asked, "So would you like some champagne to celebrate?"

I said, "Yes," and Chris said, "No alcohol." The stew looked at us. I looked at Chris and said, "Yes, dear." I looked up at the stew. "I'll have 7-Up, please." Chris said, "That will be fine for me as well." The stew smiled and turned to the passengers on the other side of the aisle.

I looked at Chris again. She said, "No alcohol for you for another day or so."

I picked up her hand and kissed it. "Yes dear."

It was very nice being able to sit and watch the rest of the cattle board. I didn't want to think about what it had cost to get us these seats.

Forever Yours -- Night Flight

Chris must have been reading my mind. “Tom” she said, “I called my travel agent and had her work miracles. She got us upgraded.”

I relaxed a bit a smiled. “Thanks. I was concerned.”

She smiled at me. “But if she hadn’t been able to clear it, I was going to buy the tickets anyway. You are worth it.”

Our 7-Up arrived. “Here’s to you, Doctor, and an incredible new world,” I offered as a toast.

“Here’s to our weekend,” she said, and nudged my glass with hers.

FIN

Rev 2009/04/18

Night Flight (One of the Forever Yours series of stories)

by silli_artie@hotmail.com

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