

Sanctuary
Sanctuary

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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.

Cynthia pressed her hands over her client's back as he lay on the massage table, easing out the tension, using her thumbs to smooth out the small muscles along the sides of the spine, then drawing back and out along the teres major. She waited a bit, listening to the soothing recording of surf playing softly through the speakers in the head of the massage table, listening for her cue, continuing when she heard it.

"Good David, relax now, deep breath and let go."

She pressed on his mid back with both hands as he exhaled. A special chime sounded as she pressed. The effect on him was profound; she felt him let go and melt under her hands. She repeated, "Relax... Relax..." in time to the chime for a bit, then moving her hands up to his head and neck, repeating slightly after the chime sounded, slower now, "Deeper and deeper, more and more relaxed."

Cynthia smiled as she looked at the young lawyer deep in trance on the table before her. The chime had stopped, its work done. She massaged his shoulders for a bit; he was tight. She sighed; these kids push themselves so hard. She was glad she could help them relax.

After about ten minutes she had him roll over to his back. His face was smooth and relaxed, his mouth open slightly, breathing shallow and slow. She'd looked at his chart; he was a lemon person. Even though it wasn't needed to keep him entranced, it was part of the pattern, so she took an eyedropper and put a small measured amount of lemon flavored liquid beneath his tongue. His mouth worked slowly, and he smiled softly.

"Good, David, that will help that dry throat and ease the stress. Relax more for me."

She pulled up her stool and sat at the head of the massage table, gently working his neck for a few minutes, then moving to his head, giving the drug time to work. When she started massaging his temples she was rewarded with a long sigh. She looked down at the towel covering his crotch and was pleased to see a growing bulge.

She picked up the small remote with one hand and with the other started drawing small gentle circles on his forehead, a special touch made even more special by ... another set of chimes sounded as she pushed the button on the remote.

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As the sound of that chime faded, she spoke softly, “Now David, what did you need to tell Cynthia?”

He’d called yesterday afternoon, complaining of a stress headache, was there any way she could see him in the morning? His conscious mind didn’t know it, but that was his way of signaling he’d come across something potentially useful. These morning slots were specifically reserved for “stress headache” sessions.

He moved slightly, then spoke slowly, softly. “Wortfields is in big trouble with their auditors. Someone’s been cooking the books. The auditors are threatening to withdraw and go to the SEC.”

Cynthia smiled. She’d heard this already, a few days ago from an attorney with the auditing firm, another sudden “stress headache.” But, David had done well and should be rewarded.

She pushed the remote again, sounding the chime. “Very good, David, that was very good. Now you can forget to remember you told me, forget to remember, so easy to forget, all you can remember is now your headache is gone, and I’m very pleased with you, very pleased.”

She watched him relax again and smile softly, still deep in a trance. She peeled off her top and took off her bra. She replaced the remote and flipped the towel off his midsection. He had a very nice erection indeed. He’d get a reward, but not as good as the reward she’d given the first person to supply her with this news. She put some oil on one hand as she stood and leaned over the table, lowering a nipple to his mouth, and moving her oiled hand to his cock.

She heard his sharp inhale as her nipple touched his lips and her hand touched his cock. He started sucking slowly as she pumped him with her hand. “Very good, David, you have made me very happy, and now I will make you happy. This is how I reward little boys that make me happy.”

His sucking intensified following the action of her hand. She moved her other hand underneath her skirt and put it to good use, using her own self-hypnotic conditioning to bring herself to the edge of an orgasm. As his sucking and her own hand took her over the edge, she said, “Come David, come for me. Now,” and felt him shudder on the table, feeling his warmth pulse through his cock and on to his belly and her hand.

As she came down from her own release she let herself rest for a moment, then said, “Deep trance David, deep trance for me,” and felt his lips slow on her nipple, then stop. She raised herself up slowly, picking up the remote again and pressing another button. A different recording started, surf again through the speakers in the table, but this time with her voice, reinforcing his hypnotic conditioning. She felt her shoulders relax involuntarily as she heard her own voice saying, “relax.” She quickly cleaned him up with a washcloth, replaced his towel, got dressed, and left the room. The recording would go for fifteen minutes, then would wake him. The only thing he’d consciously remember is coming in with a headache and leaving feeling relaxed and refreshed after spending the time with her; well, that and the bill for the session.

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Cynthia walked across the hall to her office with a smile. It was good to get confirmation on Wortfields' problems; actually the auditors threatening to go to the SEC was new; perhaps she should have given him a better reward. She'd spoken to her investment "advisor" and made her decisions a few days ago; her investment plan stood to make a reasonable amount of money when Wortfields' troubles came to light and their stock went in the toilet. A reasonable amount of money, but not a huge amount; that was the secret -- don't be greedy.

She went to the private restroom off her office and washed up. Helping these people was so rewarding. She laughed as she looked at herself in the mirror; late 30's, pleasing but not stunning figure, sparkling blue eyes and an easy smile beneath those short dark curls.

Back at her desk, she reviewed the paperwork for her next appointment, an initial interview. Let's see, fourth year associate at a prominent law firm, recommended by a senior partner who was also her client; on the fast track for partnership, showing great tact, skill, and talent in tricky securities and merger and acquisition matters. Yes, he'd make a good addition, especially since the partner recommending him had moved out of the fast paced work that provided her such profitable information. She glanced at the partner's file; he still provided the occasional useful nugget of information, and had sent her quite a charming bracelet for Christmas last year. She closed her eyes and relaxed back in the chair, time enough for a short break.

Her secretary showed him in promptly at ten. As he stepped into her office she stood to greet him. She smiled; he looked as his paperwork would suggest; bright, energetic, harried.

"Roger, I'm Cynthia. Please have a seat." They shook hands in a perfunctory manner and sat down.

She looked over his file again, the questionnaires he'd filled out, even though she'd reviewed it earlier. "I see you're in your fourth year at the firm; Mr. Perkins recommend us to you?"

Roger gave her a warm but weary smile. He wanted this to work very much; taking two hours out from the office in the morning was tough, especially a Monday, but Perkins was helping.

"Yes, Mr. Perkins suggested it would be good for me. He's been concerned I'm pushing myself too much."

"And are you?" Cynthia asked.

Roger laughed. "It depends on who you ask. Most of the partners and our clients wouldn't think so."

Cynthia chuckled along. Then she looked him in the eye and said softly, seriously, "But how do you feel about it?"

Roger sighed and let his shoulders drop. "It's Monday and already I feel beat," he told her. "I need help relaxing, coping with the stress. I'm almost there..." He looked into her eyes; if she could do what Perkins and the others said, it would be worth the time, and the money.

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“Thank you Roger,” Cynthia said softly. “I appreciate your honesty; you understand the strict confidentiality of our relationship, of our conversations. I need your honesty if I’m to help you deal with the stresses in your life.”

Roger smiled again; he’d been nervous, hearing from others that they’d tried to become her clients with no success.

“And I appreciate the detail you’ve given me in filling out the questionnaires; that helps as well, knowing more about your life, what you enjoy doing.”

She shuffled papers a little more. She smiled as a thought hit her and she picked up Perkins’ file. He was due in again next week. Why not have him pick up part of the tab for Roger?

She put the file down and got out her blood pressure cuff. “Take off your coat, please. You’ve not had any caffeine this morning as I requested?”

Roger slipped off his coat and said, “No caffeine, but it was very difficult; a hard habit to break.”

Cynthia laughed as she stepped around the desk and slid the cuff up his arm over his shirt sleeve.

“I know, but caffeine is a two edged sword; one of the things you need to learn is to pay attention to your body and take better care of yourself. Now, close your eyes for me and relax, think of some very relaxing place that’s special to you, so peaceful and relaxing.”

She slowed her voice as he closed his eyes; she saw the muscles around his eyes relax a bit and his breathing slow a little; he’d be easy. She pushed the button on the automatic blood pressure cuff and kept talking to him softly, slowly over the humming of the instrument.

“That’s good, let yourself go to that special place, so tranquil, so peaceful, nothing to do except relax and be there. I want you to imagine you’re hearing the sounds of that place, smelling the special smells...”

She watched as he took a sharper breath. “Good, be there, smell it, feel it, hear it, so relaxing.” His head started to drift forward. This was going to be fun. “Wonderful... Now take a deep breath and open your eyes, keeping that relaxed feeling with you.”

She slid the deflated cuff off his arm, and put a hand on his shoulder as he opened his eyes.

Roger couldn’t believe it; he’d almost been there, just by listening to this woman’s voice and remembering how wonderful it had been. He opened his eyes and looked at her stooping still by his side, her hand on his shoulder, a soft smile on her face.

“Thank you. That was magic,” he told her.

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She laughed easily as she went back behind her desk. “No, it was you, and that’s part of what we’ll work on.” She scratched down numbers on his chart -- his blood pressure was a little high, but not bad.

She looked at him intently. “Close your eyes and tell me where you were. Give me details, let yourself go there again. Now.”

Roger closed his eyes. The world seemed to wobble a bit as she said, “Now,” with emphasis. He took a deep breath and started. “It was the week after the bar exam. I went to a friend’s place on a lake on the Upper Peninsula with... a friend. It was so peaceful, so quiet. Rocking in a hammock, no pressure, the sounds of the breeze going through the trees, the smell of the trees, her...” He opened his eyes quickly, the memory of her scent popping him back to the real world.

Cynthia smiled and said softly. “That’s all right. You could have gone on. I could tell you were relaxing very well, enjoying it. This is going to be easy for you, but hard at the same time; hard because you’re going to have to learn to let go and flow with those feelings, let go and not be in control all the time. That’s one of the secrets to relaxing.”

Roger sighed. He did feel more relaxed than he had in weeks. He looked at the clock on her desk and the impatient attorney indoctrinated into billing his time in 15-minute increments returned to the fore. “Thank you. I look forward to that. What’s the next step?”

Cynthia smiled. She’d seen his glance at the clock; she’d have to move it so clients couldn’t see it.

“Well, I provide a sanctuary; a place and time for you to relax, relax and let go. It’s that simple. It’s also more complex than that. After years and years of pushing, driving, working so hard, it takes time to teach you how to relax again. You’ve just shown me you can do it. I think my program is right for you, and working together I can help you a great deal.”

Roger smiled and sighed, relaxing a bit into the chair; he was in.

Cynthia watched him sink back with a big sigh; she had him hook, line, and sinker.

“My program combines massage with guided imagery to teach your body and mind how to relax again, and relax together. Each session starts out with a deep relaxing massage and ends with guided imagery. Many clients find it so relaxing they often fall asleep during the process, and that’s one of the reasons we schedule things the way we do, to give you the time to relax, to sleep if that’s what you need. We train your body and your mind, and after the first few sessions, as you become better and better trained, you’ll find that you can’t help but to relax. Does that sound good?”

Roger shivered a little as this incredible woman looked deep into him, telling him that he couldn’t help but to relax... How he wanted that... “Yes...”

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Cynthia kept her voice soft and slow; he was practically in a trance already. “Good. This is a sanctuary; a place where you don’t need to be in control; you’re safe here, this is the place you come to relax, to let go. You’re safe and cared for here. Close your eyes for me and feel it; feel the caring, the comfort, the peace and quiet.”

Roger leaned back in the chair and let his eyes close. He could feel the peace, the tranquillity. He needed a place like this, a sanctuary.

Cynthia spoke for another minute, watching him unwind. She reached for a button on her desk and pressed it.

Roger heard a soft and wonderful chime sound, then heard Cynthia’s voice saying softly, “Relax.” While the chime initially startled him, her voice soothed him, and as the chime sounded again and again along with her voice, he found it easier and easier to relax more and more.

She continued for a while with the chime; she needed to move him now, get on with things. She sighed, she wished they were all so easy. She smiled and scribbled a note to herself; was it the liberal arts majors, the general attorneys, so easy and the patent attorneys so hard because of their heavy analytical scientific training? The CPA types in the middle? She’d have to look at her records and see; an interesting hypothesis.

“Now Roger, when I count to three, you will open your eyes and be back with me, still relaxed. One, moving your arms and legs a little. Two, moving more and starting to sit up. Three, deep breath and eyes open.”

Roger forced himself to sit up and open his eyes. He felt great, that had been fantastic. He looked across the desk at Cynthia and smiled.

“How did that feel?” she asked.

He shook his head. “I didn’t want it to end. I wanted to keep going.”

She stood up; he followed. “Good. We will take you there again in a few minutes. The remaining paperwork can wait.”

She led him down the hall and had him visit the bathroom, then they went into a small room, closing the door behind them. The room had a chair and a small stand with a mirror. There was a door leading into another room.

“The first thing you do, always, is go to the bathroom. No caffeine or alcohol for at least six hours before a session. In here you disrobe completely. If you have a cell phone or pager, you must turn them off, or better yet, don’t bring them. Even though we probably won’t hear them in the next room, this is a sanctuary, and those things are not welcome here. If we hear one going off during a session, that session ends immediately and you will be told to leave and never return. Do you understand me?”

Roger nodded his head; he didn’t carry a pager and had left his cell phone in the office; Perkins had suggested he do that, and now he understood why.

Cynthia smiled again after her moment of sternness. “Good. We have few rules, but that’s one of them. The other rule we have regards massage. The goal of massage here is relaxation, not sexual release. We understand that during a massage some people naturally become aroused; that’s perfectly acceptable. It is not acceptable to ask your masseuse to do something about it. Clear?”

Roger smiled. “Yes, that’s clear. But I thought I’d be working with you?”

Cynthia smiled again; the attachment was forming already. She touched his shoulder gently. “You will be. The first few sessions, in the morning, are your training sessions. I do these myself, totally. Once I’m satisfied you’re adequately trained, we move you to an afternoon/evening time. For those sessions, you start out with a massage from one of our massage staff; they’re all very talented, better than I am in some respects. But you always finish up with me for the guided imagery.”

Roger relaxed again. He was looking forward to her touch. And he’d seen a couple younger gals in the office. Were those the massage staff?

Cynthia noted his eyes wandering. She opened the other door and stepped into the next room. It held a massage table, a stool, and a wicker arrangement with towels and massage supplies.

“Once you disrobe, come in here and push this button.” She indicated a button by the door. “This lets us know you’re ready. Then lie on the massage table, face down. Put the towel over your bottom, take a deep breath, and relax. That’s all you have to do for the next hour and a half. Can you do that for me?”

Roger laughed a bit. It would be great. “Yes, I can do that. The hard part will be scheduling time in the mornings the next few weeks.”

Cynthia nodded her head. “I’ll speak to Perkins about that. Your blood pressure was quite high; you need this very much to stay healthy. I’m sure he will help you with your schedule. Your firm needs healthy attorneys, not burned out ones.”

Roger certainly agreed with that. He started taking off his tie when Cynthia said, “Oh, I forgot one of the most important questions. Lemon or Wild Cherry?”

Roger was confused, and from the way Cynthia laughed, he must have looked it.

Cynthia laughed. “I’m sorry. One of the things I’ve learned from massage and this work is that your mouth tends to dry out; you may have noticed that back in my office. I’ve got special drops I use that help keep that from happening and bothering you. You get your choice of lemon or wild cherry.”

Roger licked his lips and thought for a moment; Cynthia said, “I’ll go get both so you can try them and decide. You can slip out of your shirt and shoes; I’ll knock.”

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She went out the door into the hall and Roger went into the little room, sat on the stool and started undressing.

Cynthia chuckled as she went to her office, asking Diane to schedule Roger's blood tests. She smiled as she thought about it; the same ploy, the same result, every time. He was a natural, she'd hardly need to drug him, but keeping the protocol constant helped. He'd probably only need two training sessions, but she'd give him four; tell Perkins he was pushing the boy too hard and running the risk of burning him out. If the blood tests came back soon, she might even give him a "private" session over the weekend; he looked very fit. She retrieved her two bottles and went back through the massage room, knocking before she entered the dressing area.

Roger said, "Enter," as he heard the knock. Cynthia stepped in to see him in a T-shirt and underwear.

"Good. Let's try the lemon first, just a couple of drops in the side of your mouth." She held the dropper to his mouth and gave him about a cubic centimeter. He moved it around in his mouth a little, swallowing, then smiled. She prepared a CC of the wild cherry flavor. "Now with this one, I'll place it on the other side. Try to let it sit there and not swallow the whole thing; it works better that way."

Roger opened his mouth appreciatively. Whatever this woman wanted, he'd be glad to do. He felt the cool liquid between his cheek and gums and closed his mouth. It seemed to have a mild numbing effect. It was quite good.

"During training we start you out with a drop when we start, and then another one when you turn on to your back. When you've moved past training, we always do one drop when you're on your back, and one at the beginning if you think you need it; it's up to you, whatever makes you more comfortable. This is a sanctuary; we spent a great deal of money on sound proofing, keeping the temperature and humidity levels in the optimum comfort range, all we can do to provide a tranquil, relaxing, safe place where you can let go and relax."

She smiled as she saw his eyes unfocus as she spoke. Time to snap him back a bit, then take him under slowly. "Well, which do you prefer?"

"I think I like the cherry, but I'm not sure," said Roger, shaking his head to try and clear it. It felt warm in his mouth now, very comfortable.

Cynthia nodded; most of them wanted it right away; the stuff wasn't physically addictive, strictly speaking, but the overall effect was very pleasing. "We'll have plenty of time to decide. Finish disrobing and signal when you're ready."

As she left the room, Roger quickly finished getting undressed, putting his suit on the hanger provided. He was surprised; he was a bit wobbly going into the other room; must be the late hours he thought. He pushed the button on the wall and it lit up with a soft blue glow. He lay down on the massage table, pulled the towel over his rump, took a deep breath, and let it out.

Cynthia barely had time to pee before the light came on letting her know her victim was ready. She stepped into the room and slipped her shoes off. She picked up the remote and

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clipped it to the back of her skirt, pushing the button to start the surf track. She folded her hands in front of her chest, closed her eyes for a moment, clearing her mind and going into the light trance she used for training.

She stepped to Roger, running her hands lightly over his body, feeling for the tight areas. He was in fairly good shape; he'd said he worked out on a regular basis and it showed. She did love this part of the work; it was so important to find a job you really loved.

Roger felt cool hands on his back, moving, pressing gently, moving to his hips, his legs. Fingers pressed on a calf, tight from his bike ride on the lakefront over the weekend. Her hands returned to his back, and he heard her speak in her soft gentle voice, clearly, but he had to concentrate.

"The first thing to learn is how to breathe again. When I ask you to take a deep breath, breathe in slowly, expanding your belly, not your chest. Hold it gently until I tell you to relax, and when I say relax, just let go, let go of all the tension in your mind and body. Don't force it out, just let it go and let my hands and my voice help."

When she told him, Roger took a deep, slow breath, expanding his stomach as requested. As he got to the top of his inhalation, he heard the chime and she said, "Relax," and he let go to her hands and voice. After doing this for a while she started taking him to the seashore, relaxing in the sea breeze, listening to the surf. He felt her strong hands working along his back; it felt so good. He was so relaxed; he felt everything fading away.

Cynthia did her initial relaxation with his breathing, continuing to condition him to the chime. She deepened his trance as she worked down his back; he did need a massage; he was a mess. Periodically she reanchored him with the chime. When she'd started out years ago she used so many anchors and cues. She learned gradually that only a couple were needed, that her clients formed their own anchors; they went into trance easily, deeply, motivated by their hectic lives to escape into the peace and tranquility of deep trance and relaxation quickly and easily.

She finished his legs; she didn't do the job needed on his calves; that would have to wait. She brought him up into a light trance and moved him on to his back. She deliberately left the lights up a bit. "Open your mouth a little, Roger," she said, and put another cc of the wild cherry liquid beneath his tongue. She then reached over and dimmed down the lights.

"There, that's better. How are you doing Roger?"

"Mmmm..." was the only reply she got.

"Wake up, Roger, awake and so relaxed for me now, eyes open."

Roger opened his eyes slowly. Where was he? Oh, now he remembered. He felt so relaxed, so comfortable. He heard the sound of surf, felt a pair of hands at the sides of his head. He sighed contentedly. He let his eyes start closing, so relaxed.

"Eyes open Roger; how do you feel?" Cynthia wanted him to struggle to alertness, to make the next plunge all the deeper.

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Roger sighed as he opened his eyes. I guess it's over for today. What an experience. "Incredible. Is it over already?" He moved his head slightly and lifted his eyes to try and see her.

Cynthia laughed softly, and in response to his question reached down with one hand and hit a button on the remote, then started gently massaging his temples again with both hands. When the chime sounded she said, "Relax and go deeper for me..."

Roger felt her fingers at his temples, massaging gently, then heard the chime sound, and her voice. He let go and let the air escape from him, let his eyes close, dropped back into that wonderful void.

Cynthia was very pleased with his response. She continued deepening him to the chime, then reanchored this deeper state. She looked down at him and was surprised, maybe a little shocked; his breathing was very shallow and his eyes seemed to be rolled back. Had he reached one of the Esdaile states? That deep? "Roger, can you hear me?" No response; he might be that deep. She hadn't run into this good a subject in years.

"Roger, if you can hear me, please move one of your fingers. Move a finger for me please Roger." She watched and saw the index finger on his right hand move a little. She closed her eyes momentarily, remembering how she'd handled the other two that went this deep; Joyce and Peter?

She opened her eyes and spent the next few minutes anchoring this very deep trance state to a specific verbal cue, then took him up gradually to the point where he could still respond verbally to questions; she anchored this state to the chime. She thought a moment... This would make her second training session easier, and harder at the same time. The conditioning itself would be a snap, given his ability to achieve these very deep trance states. But, she wouldn't be able to use the recording; she'd have to do this one all herself. Well, it would be good practice, and at the end she'd have another recording to use the next time she came across an individual like this.

Now for the fun part, she thought as she slipped off her blouse and bra. "Roger. Are you enjoying this?" she asked.

"Oh yes."

"Good, that makes Cynthia so happy. Do you want Cynthia to be happy?"

"Yes."

"And do you know what makes Cynthia very happy?"

"No."

"Cynthia is very happy when you do what she asks. Can you make me very happy by doing what I ask?"

“Oh yes!” was his enthusiastic reply.

She spent a couple minutes explaining to him the kinds of things he could do to make her happy, getting his agreement.

“And do you know how I reward boys that make me happy?”

“No.”

Cynthia leaned over and eased a nipple into his mouth. He moaned softly and started sucking. “Good. This is one of the ways I reward little boys that make me happy. Oh, that feels so good, so good. Enjoy... Enjoy...” She cooed as she held his head, hearing him moan and move slightly. She enjoyed it herself; so satisfying on so many levels, she thought, such a good motivator for both men and women.

She looked at the bulge forming under his drape; she sighed, she should have given David a better reward this morning; now she was going to be horny the rest of the day. She knew where the condoms were, and he answered the questionnaires properly; it was so tempting to take him now. She could easily control him and have a wonderful ride; she had the time.

No, Cynthia, get off that train of thought, she told herself. It’s not worth the risk until the blood tests come back. She sighed again. Her success had been built on establishing a protocol, refining the protocol, and sticking to the protocol. She could wait until his next session.

She rolled his head as he sucked, reveling in the sensations. She knew she needed a better release. As she thought of the clients scheduled for the afternoon, none of them tickled her fancy... Ah, but Michelle was working today. She’d see if Michelle could come in early and take care of her; Michelle’s talented hands and even more talented lips and tongue would be delicious.

She opened her eyes and took a clearing breath. She almost started her normal transition, then remembered what “deep trance” meant for him. “Oh so good, that feels so good. Now relax and go a little deeper for me, relax and go a little deeper, remember to be good for me and make me happy, relax and go a little deeper for me.”

His motion slowed and she was soon able to extricate herself. She put on her bra and blouse, then picked up the remote and pushed a button. Another recording started, soft surf again, which would be followed by her voice and the chimes once again.

Cynthia left Roger to the recording; it would reinforce things, let him rest for ten minutes, do another short reinforcement sequence, and then wake him, telling him to come to her office when he was dressed. The whole thing would take about half an hour.

She swung by the reception desk. Rhonda was there, smiling as usual.

“He looks cute. How is he doing?” Rhonda asked.

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Cynthia chuckled. “He’s doing okay for the first visit. We’re going to double-team him on the second one to take care of some muscles. And that reminds me... Could you call Michelle and ask if she can come in early? Tell her Cynthia needs her special touch.”

Rhonda smiled as she picked up the phone. “I’ll call her right away.” She sighed as she placed the call; this was such a wonderful place to work. Not only did it pay well, but they each got personal sessions every two weeks. She tingled at the thought of hers coming up on Thursday.

Back in her office Cynthia picked up the Perkins file and gave his office a call. His secretary picked up the line.

“Good morning Betty, this is Cynthia calling. Is the charming Mister Perkins in his office?”

Cynthia heard Betty laugh. “Yes, I’ll tell him you’re on the line; just a moment please.”

Cynthia looked at the small video monitor on her desk. Roger looked quite relaxed on his back. She turned up the volume momentarily to listen to where he was in the sequence.

“Good morning, Cynthia. A pleasure as always to hear from you. To what do I owe this honor?”

Cynthia chuckled, then pitched concern in her voice. “Christopher, it’s about that young attorney you sent over.”

“Yes, he’s one of our rising stars. Are you going to let him in?”

“I don’t have any choice, Christopher; what are you doing to these young people? You’re pushing them far too hard; without my help he’d be burned out in another year.”

“Hmmm... Part of that is his own motivation, Cynthia; he’s a hard worker.”

“I understand that, Christopher. But Cynthia thinks you could find a way to ease up on him for a little while, especially for his training sessions. Possibly the firm could cover part or all of his care?”

Cynthia waited as her suggestion went through his mind. Anything she framed by “Cynthia thinks” was a suggestion to her client’s subconscious; she’d given him leeway in fashioning a solution.

“Hmmm... How many training sessions do you think he will need?”

“He’s going to need three or four, and I’m going to need one of the other girls to help me work on some of his muscles; you need to give these young people the time to stay healthy and exercise, Christopher.”

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There was a knock on the door; Rhonda stepped in, handed her a note, and left again silently.

“Hmmm... I’ll talk to William, but I’m sure the firm will pick up your customary fee for his care; you have my word on it in fact. This week is actually a little slower, he closed a major deal last week, so perhaps you could take him another morning or two this week? I’ll have to discuss it with him of course, but I think that could be worked out. He’s more than made his billable hours for the month.”

Cynthia smiled. “That would be very good of you and the firm, Christopher. I will let you tell him of the financial arrangements. This will make Cynthia very happy.”

“Good, dear, I do want you to be happy.” She smiled as another magic phrase had its intended effect.

“Thank you, Christopher, thank you very much. I’ll see you next Thursday then?”

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world. Thank you for calling.”

Cynthia scribbled some notes in both files after concluding the call. She saw the note from Rhonda that Doctor Miller’s office could do his blood tests any time; the good Doctor was also a special client of hers. Also, Michelle was on her way in. She smiled and turned up the sound on the monitor and watched Roger’s progress. He was moving into the final relaxation and waking sequence; she flipped off her shoes, reclined her chair, turned up the volume a bit more, and made herself comfortable. She slipped a hand underneath her skirt. She needed to relax as well; she gave herself to that melodious voice and that very special chime.

Roger opened his eyes and stretched. The sound of the surf was still filling the room. He thought for a moment, trying to remember what all had happened. He frowned, then laughed and started to sit up slowly. He couldn’t believe how relaxed he felt, how good. And it only gets better, he thought.

He stretched a little as he got off the table, then went into the small adjoining room. As he started getting dressed, he laughed again; his shirt and suit had been pressed, his shoes shined. This was quite an operation.

Cynthia said, “Come in,” to the knock on the door. She looked up to see Roger enter, moving easily and with a very relaxed smile on his face. She indicated the chair and he sat down.

“Well, how was it? Is this something you’d like to continue.”

Roger laughed. “My God yes; that was incredible, even though I don’t remember much after we started. I feel so relaxed, so good.”

Cynthia laughed as well. “You look wonderful. You looked quite harried this morning, you look much better now.”

Roger tugged the lapels of his coat. “Yes, I’m amazed at the service -- shoes, shirt, suit.”

Cynthia said, "It's part of what we do. We want you to leave looking and feeling your best."

Roger laughed again. Cynthia enjoyed his laughter; it was free and open; the session had done him good.

Then he looked pensive again. "When should we schedule the next session -- training session?"

Cynthia gave him a big smile as she picked up her calendar. "Well, I happened to speak to a Mr. Perkins a while ago. You'll need to speak with him of course to review your schedule, but he was of the opinion that you might be free this Wednesday and Friday morning for the next two sessions. I'll pencil them in and wait to hear from you."

Roger smiled and nodded; this was unexpected but quite welcome. He could probably do it those mornings; he'd certainly enjoy it. "And the financial arrangements?" he asked.

Cynthia said "I think you should speak with Mr. Perkins about that as well."

Roger laughed again, softer this time. "Thank you. I feel as if you've given me a new lease on life. Anything else for today then?"

Cynthia had the remote in her hand. She pressed a button and the sound of a chime filled the room. She felt her shoulders relaxing at the sound, and watched as Roger's eyes closed. By the time it sounded the third time his head was back against the chair and his breathing slow and shallow. Oh, if they all could be so easy, she thought. She remembered one of the tax attorneys, how after the first session he remarked, "What a nice chime," when she'd tested his reaction. It had taken three sessions and a combination of oral drugs, nitrous oxide, and deep tissue massage to get him to an effective depth of trance. Oh how she wished they could all be as easy as Roger.

"Roger, you are doing very well. I want you to keep this weekend open for me. Now when I count to three, you will be wide awake, alert, and refreshed. One, two, three."

Roger lifted his head and looked around. What had happened? Anything?

Cynthia acted as if nothing had happened, still holding the calendar. "You've got an appointment with Doctor Miller for some tests right after this; the receptionist will give you directions. It will make Cynthia very happy if you can go right over. So, give me a call later today to let me know if Wednesday and Friday mornings work for you?"

He shook his head; he still felt great. He very much wanted her to be happy. "Yes, I'll go right over, and check with Perkins after lunch and give you a call."

They were interrupted by a knock on Cynthia's door; she said, "Yes?"

A tall woman with short blonde hair stuck her head in the door cautiously.

Sanctuary

“Michelle! Please come in,” Cynthia said, standing. She felt her nipples stand up at the thought of those strong hands, those soft lips and tongue...

Roger turned and stood up as well. Cynthia saw the look of surprise on his face, and the smile. It was what usually happened to people meeting Michelle for the first time.

“Roger, this is Michelle, one of our massage staff. Michelle, Roger just completed his first training session.”

Roger extended a hand. “A pleasure to meet you,” he said.

Michelle smiled and shook his hand. “Welcome to our sanctuary; it’s a wonderful relaxing place.”

Cynthia was very pleased to see Roger’s shoulders relax a bit in response to Michelle’s voice.

“This is an incredible place,” Roger said, looking into Michelle’s eyes.

Cynthia moved in and put a hand on Roger’s shoulder, moving him gently to the door.

“I’m so happy we are here to help,” she said.

Roger laughed again. “So am I; so am I.”

FIN
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