

smf

© 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.

Life is good. I spotted a small ad in one of the local papers. It offered a low introductory rate for sports massage, and gave a phone number. I'd been going to the same massage therapist for a couple of years on a regular basis; she was out of town on vacation for two weeks and I was sore. Why not give it a try?

I called the number. After a few rings, I got an answering machine. "Hello this is Donna. Please leave a message. If you want to schedule an appointment, let me know what times work best for you." Pleasant enough voice; I left my name and number, saying I'd seen the ad and was interested in scheduling a session for Thursday or Friday.

A few hours later I got a call back from Donna. We chatted for a little while. I gave her a bit of my background; I worked out daily and did Yoga twice a week. Between the weight work I was doing, and the "encouragement" of our Yoga instructor to extend myself a little further, I was usually sore. I told her I visited a local bodyworking establishment about every two weeks. She thought that was pretty good, and when I mentioned their name, she told me she was located just a few blocks from them. We set up an appointment for 6pm on Thursday. I told her I had a half hour abs & back class from five to five thirty, so I'd be looking forward to a massage.

I drove to the address she'd given me at about ten to six on Thursday. Our abs and back instructor had been in a bad mood. That meant I was sore; she really pushed us hard. Donna had told me she would be waiting, as her office was a little hard to find. I told her what I'd be driving.

I pulled into the parking lot and a gal walked up to my car. She looked to be late twenties, wonderful figure, shoulder length black hair. I got out of the car and said, "You must be Donna." She extended a hand, and I shook it; very warm and personable, very nice smile.

She got a puzzled look on her face and pointed to the passenger seat. "What are those?"

I looked at the seat. I'd been practicing at lunch and hadn't put them away. I grabbed them off the seat. "Rubber chickens. It's a new gag I'm working on; I'm also a juggler."

I'd gotten the chickens about a week earlier; I was still working on them. I'd put wooden dowels down their throats to give them some stiffness, and was working on putting weight in the feet so they'd spin better. They were lighter than the clubs I normally used, but looked really strange.

“Here. I’ll show you.” I did some simple stuff with the three chickens. It definitely looks strange. I ended by holding one bird in each hand and one by the neck in my teeth and bowing. Donna applauded. I tossed the birds in the car and locked it.

“That was great. I’ve never seen anything like that,” she told me.

“Well, if you like my juggling, then you should call me Artie.”

She bristled momentarily. “Artie?”

“Yup, from my initials. Call me whatever you’d like.”

She smiled but gave me kind of a wary look. I guess I’d look twice at anyone that juggled rubber chickens. I laughed. “I’m harmless.” When I laughed my stomach muscles hurt. I put a hand on my stomach. “I’m also sore.”

She chuckled and shook her head, then motioned me to a bench nearby. We sat down.

“Well, Artie, you’re a talented individual, and it looks like you’re in pretty good shape. Tell me, what would your ultimate massage be like?”

I laughed as I looked at her. “Well, you’re the professional, and can probably tell after a few minutes what I need, but I can tell you what a great massage would be. You’d spend about an hour working on my back, legs, chest, and stomach, working out the kinks. I’m used to pretty deep work, and tend to moan and groan. You should coach my breathing, telling me when to take a deep breath. After that, you’d spend about half an hour on my neck and head, telling me over and over to let go and relax. Of course after that, I’d be in no condition to drive home, but it would be wonderful. Sort of a combination of Swedish, deep tissue, sports, and Ericksonian.” I don’t know how that slipped onto the end, but it did.

She looked at me and smiled. “I’ll see what I can do about that,” she still had sort of a puzzled look on her face. “Follow me -- let’s get started.”

I followed her to one of the small buildings and we went upstairs. We went in an unlabeled door in a bunch of small offices. Inside there was a massage table set up, a small desk, two chairs, bookcases, a small stereo, and a stool. We sat down and she handed me a form to fill out. It was the usual stuff; any diseases, injuries, personal info. I filled it out and handed it to her, along with a check.

Donna looked over the form, then started laughing. I’d answered a couple of questions in a nonstandard way. Then she gave me another questioning look, as if I might be someone she knew. “Artie, I like the way you write.”

“Thanks. I enjoy turning a good phrase. How would you like me? Naked as a jaybird, or leave my shorts on?”

She said, "Whatever you're comfortable with. Nude is easier for me," she stood up and walked to a door to the adjacent room. She opened it; I could see a much more professional office; lots of books, a good sized desk. "We'll start out with you on your stomach. Just put the towel over your bottom."

She went into the other room and closed the door. I got undressed and put my clothing on the chair. I stretched a little, then lay face down on the table, and put the towel over my bottom. I took a deep breath and started relaxing.

There was a gentle knocking on the door; I heard it open and she said, "Ready?" I lifted my head out of the cradle a bit and said, "All set." I dropped my head back down.

I heard her come in. I heard things being shuffled, and then after a moment, the sound of surf.

"Is this okay?" she asked.

"That's great."

I heard her take a deep breath, then felt her hands on my back, moving slowly, getting used to the terrain and feeling for the trouble spots. Her warm hands and the sound of the surf were great. I took a deep breath and relaxed.

"Does that remind you of anything?" she asked.

I caught my breath, chuckling to myself. "Pumpernickel?" I said.

Her hands stopped briefly, then went back to probing my back. She found a good tight spot along the right side of my spine. "That's an interesting answer," she said.

"I like the sound of the surf. It's usually what I play when I'm writing." I didn't mention that a surf recording had worked its way into a recent story I'd written, called Pumpernickel.

She'd found the tight spots in my legs, and was probing around my hip sockets. "Ooch!" I said. She'd found a good spot.

"Yes," she said, "right in there. That must be from yoga. We can loosen that up."

I went back to my breathing.

"Artie," she said slowly, "does 'Private Tasting' mean anything to you."

I tensed up momentarily. I knew she felt it. Her hands stopped, and both palms went down, resting on my back. I'd been discovered. I'd finally run into someone that had read my stories on the net.

I took a deep breath and tried to relax again. “The Stevenot winery in Murphys, it’s on Sheep Ranch Road, about a mile down the hill past Mercer Caverns. A good friend of mine owns some property a few miles further down the road. I visit him regularly.”

She started kneading my back, up between the shoulders. It felt good; I was tight.

She said, “I visited there about a month ago, even stayed at the Dunbar House. You described the area very well.”

“Thank you,” was all I could say. I didn’t know where to go with this conversation. “The Choice?” I said.

“A little strange, but very interesting. Not my favorite story.”

She started spreading massage oil on my back.

“What’s your favorite?” I asked.

“I like them all. I liked Beach Balls quite a bit, but my favorite is Private Tasting.”

She started applying more pressure to my back; I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “Good,” she said. “Another deep breath, right to my fingers.” I took another deep breath, feeling her working the tight muscles.

“You are the first person I’ve met that’s read my stories.” I told her.

“Well, I’ve read them, quite a few times, and I like them very much; especially compared to most of the junk on the net.”

“Have you read RC’s stories?” I asked, my head still down in the cradle.

“Yes, they are very good. The writing is different, though. I like your style. You always come up with interesting phrases. And, I like happy endings.”

She had worked down to my lower back. She started a long slow sliding stroke up my back, going up my neck, and then pressing her fingers on the sides of my head and the crown of my head. It was delicious, and I moaned.

With one hand still on my head, I heard her pull up a stool, then both hands were back on my shoulders. “Good,” she said. She started working my neck and head, slowly. I moaned again.

“Good. I’m glad you enjoy that. I’ll get back to your shoulders in a bit, but right now... I want you to let go and relax.”

It felt so good. She timed her voice to her strokes, and to my breathing, telling me to let go and relax. It was a dream come true. Listening to her voice, following her voice, I was floating, drifting deeper and deeper, more and more relaxed.

After a while she moved, returned to my back and shoulders, still speaking softly as she worked. I could feel the tension melting away under her hands. I remember the soreness in my butt and around my hips, and how it melted away under her hands and voice.

I barely remember turning over on to my back. I rested for a minute. Then I heard her say, "Artie, open your eyes please."

I opened my eyes, and saw her leaning over me to one side. She was dangling a crystal pendant in front of me; it was sparkling in the light.

"Look into the crystal. It's so relaxing, so calming. As you look into the crystal, you relax more and more, your eyes get so heavy, it's hard to keep them open. You're so relaxed looking at the sparkling crystal."

I wanted to tell her she didn't have to do that; I was already there. But as she spoke, I could feel my eyes getting heavier and heavier. It was wonderful. As they closed, the last thing I remember her saying was, "And every time..."

Then I was awake, still on my back. I felt great, so relaxed. She had hypnotized me, deeply, wonderfully.

"How are you doing?" I heard her ask from behind me.

"Incredible. Thank you so much."

Then I felt her fingers at the sides of my head, gently, and she started speaking softly. I sighed, my eyes closed, and the world dissolved.

I opened my eyes again. I was still on my back, but it felt as if I was on a cushion on the floor. Donna was on top of me, naked. I looked into her eyes as she smiled at me.

"It does work, you know," she said.

"What?" I asked, as I felt her warmth on top of me, her hands on my shoulders, and felt her hips pressing into me.

"Just like in your stories. You won't come until I tell you to. I've tried it and it works. I never thought I'd get to try it with you though."

I started to say something, but she leaned forward and pressed a breast to my mouth. The instant it touched me, I felt dizzy, and so hot for her. I could hardly move my arms, they were so heavy. I sucked on her; she was delicious. She took me inside her. She was so hot, so tight. She moaned as we slid together.

"Oh, God, yes," she said as she rocked on top of me. She was moaning, holding my head to her. The only thing I could do was suck on her and move my hips.

After a minute of rocking she sat up on me, throwing her head back. “Oh, yes!” she cried, and I felt her pulsing on top of me and watched as she squeezed her nipples between her fingers as she ground into me. I couldn’t believe she had come so quickly, so strongly.

I lifted my arms to her legs, and then put my hands on her slender waist. She looked down at me with fire in her eyes. She put her hands on my stomach and slid them up to my shoulders, then my neck. It was an incredible sensation.

“Are you ready?” she asked, her voice husky, her eyes smoldering.

“Oh, yes, please...” I cried.

She leaned over on to me, sliding her hands from my neck to the sides of my head. Her face was inches from mine as she looked into my eyes, squeezing my head. She said, “It’s building, feel it building.”

I could feel the pressure building, so incredible. I rocked my hips back and forth as she moved so slowly and deliberately on top of me, repeating, “So good, still building, so incredible, almost there.”

I was breathing in gasps, my head was thrown back and my eyes closed. I couldn’t believe the sensations.

“Look at me,” she commanded as she tilted my head back to her. I opened my eyes and she opened her mouth slightly, and brought her lips down to mine.

Her lips touched mine and I came, like never before in my life. She held me, squeezed me, kissed me, milked me. Finally she pulled her lips away and I went limp once again, panting still.

She sat up again, smiling. I could move again. I put my hands on her knees.

“My God that was amazing. Thank you.”

She took one of my hands. “Thank you for your stories, your inspiration.”

Then she reached out with her index finger and touched it to my forehead. She slid her finger down my forehead toward my nose. As her finger moved down, I sighed and felt my eyes closing, so relaxed again, so wonderful.

I opened my eyes. Donna was sitting on the floor next to me. I started to sit up; she helped me. I looked at her, sitting there smiling next to me, and lifted a hand to caress her cheek.

“Wow. What happened?”

She laughed, low and sexy, as she took my hand and moved it down to a breast.

“I think we both got to live our fantasies,” she told me. “At least the first of many.”

We dressed slowly. I kept getting distracted, especially by her breasts.

I looked at my watch. It was eight thirty. Some “introductory session!”

“May I buy you dinner?” I asked.

“Yes, you may. I’m starved,” she replied with a smile.

We went out through the other office. I looked at the college plaques on the walls.

She noticed me looking around. “I’m a therapist. I put myself through school doing massage, and I thought I’d run that ad and take a few clients just to keep my skills up. I never thought it would lead me to the one that wrote those stories.”

Her appointment book was open on the desk; it was pretty blocked up. I looked up at her.

“Should I schedule another appointment?” Let’s leave this open to her, I thought.

She smiled and picked up a pencil and her book, flipping pages. “Same time next week okay?” she asked.

I closed my eyes for a moment. This was incredible. “Yes. That will be fine.”

I felt her lips on mine. I put my arms around her and gave her a hug. She was holding a sheaf of well-worn papers in one hand.

“I want you to autograph these for me,” she said.

I shook my head. “I’ll be happy to. You’ll get your own story, too.”

She gave me a look of mock surprise. “Only one?”

I laughed. Incredible. “Let’s get dinner first.”

We walked out of her office arm in arm.

*

Let’s see. Donna and I have been living together for about three months now. What can I say? I’m hers. I’ll do anything she wants. She can put me under with a single finger, without saying a word. And she does, and I love it. Not that she does it all the time, just when one of us wants it. We had that conversation, very seriously, early on. She wanted to be sure I didn’t mind what she did, taking control of me, using me. I told her I didn’t mind, and if I was busy, or did mind, I’d tell her so, and I have. I also told her I enjoyed being with her, and making love, with or without hypnosis. She smiled at me; I told her what she did was wonderful, I loved it, I enjoyed it, I didn’t want her to stop doing it, and it certainly was helping me relax and deal with

stress. We agreed that it was a wonderful technique, but one neither of us should become dependant upon.

I was typing away on the confuser when she came into the room. She put her hands on my shoulders and gave them a squeeze. "How you doing, darling? Writing something interesting?"

"Mmmm..." Her hands were great. It was wonderful being able to schedule massages more often, and especially not to have to worry about driving anywhere afterwards. Even though a good massage is very relaxing to both participants, it usually leaves both of us very, wonderfully, horny.

"I'm just doodling, letting ideas pop out."

"Have you finished 'Liz over Time' yet?" she asked me.

I stopped typing and turned to her, putting my arms around her waist and hugging her close. I could feel her heartbeat; what a sensation.

"No, it's getting pretty long, I need to let it sit for a while then go back and hack it up. I'm not sure where it wants to go anymore."

She held me and swayed back and forth a bit. "How about the 'Forever Yours' stories. I like those."

"Mmmm... So do I. I can't decide whether to post them individually, or wait until the whole batch is done. Some of them are closer to science fiction; 'Drip drip drip' didn't get the reaction I'd hoped for."

"You don't write any really nasty or violent stories. Why?"

I nuzzled in close, enjoying the warmth of her body. "Just a hopeless romantic, I guess. I write what I want to read."

She slid a hand around the back of my head. The way she held me, I knew what was coming next -- not that I didn't enjoy it.

"No," I said quickly, "I need to save what I've written."

She pulled away from me, and reached over to the keyboard. She quickly typed command-S command-Q on the keyboard, saving what I was working on.

I looked at her. She had that look on her face, that smile. I sighed. She raised a hand and put a finger high on my forehead. As she slid it slowly down my forehead, I felt myself relaxing and my eyes closing. I had a pretty good idea what she had in mind.

Well, yes and no; the next thing I'm aware of, we were in the bedroom, as I'd expected. But, Donna was naked on the bed, spread-eagled and tied to the bedposts, with her head towards

the foot of the bed. Sproing! This was unexpected, but interesting. I'd obviously helped with this before she'd awakened me.

"Well?" she asked, smiling up at me.

"I'm thinking," I replied. "Why is your head at the foot of the bed?"

She gave me a funny look and said, "I thought you'd know; when I asked you to tie me up, you had me turn this way. You must have something in mind."

I looked at her, thought, then smiled. The mind works in interesting ways some times. Part of me knew what I wanted to do before the rest of me did. Well, I always know what some parts want to do. Those parts would have to wait a while.

I knelt down by her head. I'd been learning massage from her; more than I'd learned by just getting massaged. She really liked having her feet done. I could care less about my feet. She also liked head and neck work, as did I.

I took a couple of deep breaths to center myself and relax. I knew what I wanted to do; I let the words and actions form, and then started in and let them flow out on their own.

I started gently massaging her temples. "Relax, Donna, I want you to let go and relax."

Her whole body shuddered, she moaned then sighed. I knew she used self-hypnosis; I was guessing that she was as hungry for this as I had been. I think I guessed right.

"Let go and relax, Donna, let go and relax. Feel yourself relaxing more and more with every breath, with every touch."

As I continued, the words just flowed out of me. They flowed so easily that I knew I was remembering what she had said to me; it was almost as if her voice was coming out of my mouth. Her eyes closed after a while, with a happy look and a sigh, and I took her deeper and deeper into hypnosis.

"Donna, my voice and my actions will have no effect on you unless you want them to, do you understand?"

She said, "Yes." I wanted to be sure she knew she retained as much control as she wanted. This was the most important thing to me. I wanted her to know it was voluntary on her part.

I loved the forehead induction she did. Although she used different approaches with me, the forehead trick was her favorite, and mine too. I sat next to her on the bed, and the words just came out, her words, I'm sure. As I went through it, I was a little surprised when I heard myself say, "... and if you want to relax, all you need to do is close your eyes, touch your forehead, and let your finger slide down, taking you into deep, deep relaxation." I knew I could do this myself now; she'd never told me.

That was about it. “Donna, when I count to three, you will wake up, feeling relaxed, refreshed, and completely alert. I ...” I caught myself; I almost said the “L” word, but I wasn’t sure I was ready for that yet. “I care about you very deeply. You are very important to me. One... Two... Three.”

She opened her eyes, looked at me, and smiled. Tears started forming in her eyes. I wiped them away, then kissed them away. I wasn’t going to untie her yet.

“What’s the matter, darling?” I asked her.

She sniffled and said, “You’re wonderful, that’s what.”

I sat up a bit. “Oh, I am, am I?” I was grinning as I put a finger on her forehead, and slowly slid it down to her nose. She sighed and quivered, and her eyes fluttered closed. I sighed as well. I looked at her, laying there, breathing shallow, so relaxed. It was a wonderful state to be in.

“Wake up, Donna. One... Two... Three.”

She opened her eyes and smiled at me. “Thank you, wonderful.”

“You’re welcome.” I sat next to her, just gazing.

“Well?” she asked, looking over at her wrists, still in the Velcro cuffs.

“Ah, yes...” I replied, and moved down between her legs.

A thought crossed my mind -- would it work? I sat between her legs, with my hands on the insides of her wonderful warm thighs. How I loved to have my head squeezed between those thighs.

“One. Feel yourself getting aroused. You’re getting so hot, so horny. You can feel electricity running up and down your body.”

She started thrashing on the bed, her head tossing back and forth. Her nipples crinkled up, and I saw goosebumps on her skin. I saw a blush spread from her face, down her chest, and to her nether lips. Soon I could smell her arousal. This was amazing; the power of the mind. She thought this was supposed to happen, so it did. “Two. Good, so hot, so close, yet so relaxed. You can feel it building, and it’s going to be so easy to come, again and again, as many times as you want; as many times as you can.”

As I said this, I was leaning down with my head closer and closer to her sex. The aroma was making me dizzy. I could feel the heat radiating from her. She was tossing her head back and forth and moaning. I kissed her gently, exploring her, enjoying her, and working my way up to her clit. Her hips buckled beneath me.

I pushed back a bit. She cried out, “Don’t stop!” I reached over and quickly undid the restraints on her ankles, then lowered my head back to heaven. She grasped me with her thighs;

it was wonderful. I put my arms around her legs and bottom, and kissed, and licked, and teased, and enjoyed every moment of it.

So did she. It didn't take long before she came for the first time, and then again, and again, and again.

Finally she threw her legs apart and said, "Enough! I need you in me!"

I kissed my way up her mons, to her belly, and slowly worked my way up. I stopped to enjoy her delicious breasts. When I got to her face, she kissed me ravenously; she loves to kiss me after I've gone down on her.

I still hadn't slipped inside her. I knew that's what she wanted; I wanted it too.

I raised up on my arms. "If I let your hands loose, will you be good?" I asked her.

She growled at me, "I'll be great."

I laughed and reached over to undo her left hand. When I leaned over to undo her right hand, as soon as it was free, I found myself on my back and her on top of me.

She glared down at me. "Alright, you," she slid her hips forward, then back, taking me in. "Now you're going to get it."

She was holding my hands over my head; she started lowering herself down, bringing her breasts closer to my face. I knew that as soon as her nipple touched my mouth, I'd be so wonderfully helpless underneath her. I struggled a little, saying, "No..."

She said, "Yes..." as she pressed into me. I took her nipple and my upper body went limp. She continued to hold my arms, and kept chanting, "Yes... Yes..." as she moved rhythmically.

I started breathing deep, letting myself be carried away by the sensations; there was little else I could do. I came just after she did, filling her.

She collapsed on top of me. I held her gently, rocking her head.

The T-shirt I'd been wearing earlier was nearby; I snagged it to use as a towel. I was slipping out and didn't want to wash the bedspread again this week.

Donna took it from me and tucked it between her legs, wiping me off as she moved off me, and then up by my side. She started kissing me lightly, saying, "Thank you," between kisses.

I grabbed a corner of the bedspread and pulled it over us. What the hell, I thought. It's dark out, it's time for bed.

smf

Donna helped pull the spread over us. She slid up a little more. I had one arm under her. She snuggled up close, pulling me to her again. I put my other arm on top of her, and let myself be drawn to her breasts. I nestled my head, felt her hold me, and heard her say “Relax darling, just relax and go to sleep.”

Life is good, I thought, as my eyes drifted closed.

FIN
Rev 2009/10/12

smf
by silli_artie@hotmail.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>