

Sweet Dreams

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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.

Be careful what you wish for, the old saying goes, your wish just may come true. I think that's me. I'll know soon.

I'd been through a rough time over the last two years; moving from a high-stress burnout job in Silicon Valley to a lower stress job at a more humanitarian company, with the accompanying self-doubt, the whole Silicon Valley scene.

I'd gotten interested in self-hypnosis as a way to deal with stress. I'd struggled with it for almost a year. I bought some tapes, including some from the internet, then put together my own material on minidisks. As far as audio quality goes, I put together far better stuff using my own equipment. Possibly that hurt me, maybe I was too critical of the audio quality, letting that distract me from content.

After almost a year of this, and looking in the usual (and some unusual) Usenet newsgroups and Web sites, I decided professional help was in order. I selected a local hypnotherapist. We agreed my goals were reasonable and attainable. After a number of sessions though, I hadn't attained them. Maybe it was the chemistry between us, or I was still trying too hard, or maybe it was the time a jackhammer started right outside the office 30 minutes into a session -- that was genuinely traumatic. That and schedule disruptions brought an end to the relationship. I'd learned some valuable lessons, but was still looking for more.

I revised my earlier strategies based on what I'd learned. I made a set of disks that I listened to during and after working out in the morning. I'd do my workout in the company gym, then stretch, then when the morning aerobics class was finished, go into the now darkened aerobics room and lay down on a mat and listen to my other disk for a half hour or so. As a strategy it seemed to be working.

Then I lost one of my disks. I figure I lost it in the gym. I listened to a different disk on the exercise bike; it must have dropped out of my bag. It had my name and extension on it; I wasn't sure I wanted it back again or not. What would I think if I found a disk like that?

The loss itself wasn't significant; I made CD masters on my Mac at home, then did a digital transfer from CD to the minidisk. All I had to do was write a new one. I wanted to tweak one of the tracks anyway, so I took it as a blessing in disguise.

A couple weeks after I lost the disk, I got to my office one morning after working out, and there on my chair was the prodigal disk returned. I looked at it as if it were a live pit viper.

I finally picked it up; it didn't bite me. I got out my minidisc player and headphones and put in the disc. It had definitely been re-recorded; it had four tracks on it, one short one and three longer ones. One of the nice things about minidisks is that they store the date and time the recording was made. When I pushed the display button I got a big surprise; the supposed recording date was my birthday, which was four months from now. Someone was playing games.

I put on the headphones and pushed play. After a few seconds a woman's voice said, "Hello, Doug," I pressed stop. I didn't recognize the voice. It was a very pleasant voice, but not one I recognized. She obviously knew my name, where my office was, and my birthday. Nothing magic about that information; once you had my name and extension, the rest was on our department web server.

I pushed play again. "I hope you don't mind me redoing your recording; I've been watching you for quite a while now, and you need my help." She had a very good voice, and the recording was very well done; no background noise, no noise from breathing on the microphones, all typical mistakes. "There are four tracks on this disc. Don't listen to the other three unless you are laying down and won't be interrupted. Track 2 you can listen to after you work out in the morning. I don't know if you've been listening to the same material while you're working out and when you're laying down afterwards, but that's a mistake. Please don't listen to these tracks unless you're laying down and able to relax completely, because that's what is going to happen. Each track is self contained; you should listen to them in sequence, and can repeat a track as many times as you like. The last track has a different ending, specially for going to bed at night, easing you into a wonderful restful sleep. Doug, you're on the right track, you need to relax and let it happen. This will help. Listen to these over and over, but only when you can lay down, relax, and be undisturbed. Relax and enjoy."

With that track one ended. I pushed stop. This was pretty wild. I was tempted to skim through the other tracks, but I decided to take her advice, whoever she was; it sounded good.

At home that night I had to force myself to wait. I'd planned on doing a tweak to my current disc, but with this in hand I thought I should wait. I spent time doing something novel; cleaning house.

I got a little carried away and didn't get to bed until a little after ten, which is late for me. I'm usually in the gym by five thirty or six most days of the week. The good news was that I was fairly tired. I cleaned up, got everything packed for the next day, got out the minidisc player, got in bed and put on my headphones.

With the lights out and the alarm clock set, I made myself comfortable on my back. I hit play, moving to the second track. Her voice took me through a progressive relaxation sequence. The combination of her timing and voice was great; I was soon drifting, following her voice. After a while her voice said, "And now I'm going to count to three..." I moved my fingers a bit, flexing them again, and stabbed the "back" button on the minidisc to restart the track; I didn't want it to end yet.

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It started again; this time was better. I was soon in the place where I'm pestered by flitting thoughts, but her voice helped me let go of them. When her voice started counting, "One, two, three..." at the end of the track, I could hardly move my arms, yet when she told me to wake up, alert and refreshed, I opened my eyes to the dark, feeling great.

I let the next track start, and soon I was floating again, the flitting thoughts back as she took me deeper, a different way. Things started feeling distant; a feeling I'd only experienced once before. The realization startled me, started bringing me up again, but I let go to her voice and soon went past that place.

How can I explain it? I was floating, drifting, distant somehow but hearing her voice. No, her voice was carrying me, I was floating on her voice. The flitting thoughts went away; I was so peaceful, calm, and relaxed.

And then it ended, bringing me back up again. I didn't know whether to cry or sigh. I moved a bit, looking up at the ceiling, and the last track started. Building on the other two, I was soon floating again. I wanted that distance feeling so much that it didn't come. Her voice said something and I let go, and dropped past that point to be once again floating with a quiet mind.

I woke up to the alarm going off; I woke up on my back, feeling great. Most mornings I'd wake up on one side or the other, an arm underneath me, my shoulders sore. One of my goals for hypnosis and self-hypnosis had been to sleep on my back more; I had finally done it with her help.

I went in to the gym. The disc I play on the bike was more effective than it had ever been, hearing my own voice repeating, "Your legs are so light and move so effortlessly." I thought back to last night and soon I was riding in a tunnel, my eyes closed, my mind so calm and peaceful.

After my workout and stretch, I plopped back on a mat in the aerobics room. I switched to my mystery disc and started track two. I'd had a great workout and I was beat. Her voice started and I let go. The next thing I knew it was, "One, two, three..." and I was awake again. I wanted so much to let it go on, but I had work to do, so I stopped the disc. I got up slowly; I felt great. I went in and showered and got dressed.

About ten that morning my phone rang. I answered it; she was calling. "Good morning. How was the disc last night?"

I quickly jotted down the phone number displayed on my phone. "I... I don't know how to thank you. It was incredible. I've been trying for so long to sleep on my back, and I did it. And you don't know how wonderful it is for my mind to be calm, free from random thoughts." I was on the verge of tears, the feelings were so strong.

"Tell me more, what did you enjoy the most? What do you remember?"

I told her of the wonderful sensation of distance, of floating on her voice, of my mind going calm, quiet, and peaceful. She told me to close my eyes and tell her again, slowly, letting myself go back there. I closed my eyes and started telling her about letting go to her voice,

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going through the drifting place with flitting thoughts, drifting deeper. I was there again, and couldn't talk. She spoke to me, taking me deeper. She told me I'd done very well, better than she had expected. She told me I should write down what I was feeling and experiencing to keep track of my progress. Then she told me that tonight when I listened to the disc, as the last track started I'd push the button on my player so that track would repeat over and over again. Then she took me deeper, my mind going blank. I remember her saying, "Sweet dreams," and how wonderful I felt when I heard her say that. Then I was awake again, and hung up the phone.

I wrote this up and then looked down at my notepad with the extension written on it. I looked up the extension in our online phonebook; it wasn't listed. I called one of my buddies in telecoms and had him fish for it. He called me back and told me it was one of the phones in the conference area next to the cafeteria; it could have been anybody in the company.

That night when I went to bed I think I followed her instructions. I remember waking up after the first two tracks, and when I woke up in the morning the battery in my minidisc was dead. I also woke up on my back.

My workout was a repeat of the previous day, except I went into a tunnel so much easier on the bike. When I listened to her afterwards, I went under so deep and so quickly I didn't notice the time passing. When I got to my office afterwards, there was another disc on my chair, with a note saying, "Wait until you go to bed to listen to this."

That night when I went to bed I put on my headphones again and put in the new disc. I got comfortable on my back, the player under my left hand, and pushed play. Her voice started in, so happy at how well I'd done. Then she took me down again and I went past that distance place to floating on her voice with an empty mind before she'd finished the relaxation part. Then she told me how I would feel better, and be able to work and think better, improving in so many ways, a little each day. She told me how happy it made her when I let go to her voice, and every time she told me, "Sweet dreams," I would go into a wonderful deep trance for her, and every time I would go deeper, and faster, and feel better. After talking to me some more, she woke me. I looked at the clock; only about fifteen minutes had passed. I was wondering what had happened when her voice came back, saying, "Sweet dreams..." I let my eyes close and I sank down again. She spoke a bit and then brought me up. Then it was "Sweet dreams..." again and I went deeper this time. This went on and on, sometimes fast, sometimes slow. I was feeling delirious, confused, but very happy. Then she said, "Sweet dreams..." and took me deeper, and deeper, talking to me more.

I woke up on my back again when the alarm went off. I felt great. I took the disc out and left it by the phone at the side of my bed. My workout was better than ever, and I hardly remember hitting play on the minidisc when I was recovering later.

I got a call from her just before lunch. "How was the new disc?" she asked.

I laughed. "It was wonderful. When can I meet you, so I can thank you?"

She said, "Soon, darling, soon." Those words sent chills through me.

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She asked how it had gone. I laughed and so did she when I told her I was very deep before she finished the relaxation sequence. I told her that the first couple of times I didn't go very deep, but after a while I learned to let go. I told her I'd been so confused, so delirious near the end, it was so wonderful when she just took me deeper and deeper again. She told me she wanted me to listen to that disc every night, and she'd talk to me again in a few days.

So that's how it went through the weekend. I'd listen to the one track after working out, or a couple of times during the day on the weekend, and the night time disc at night. I think it was the third night that I found I was getting really good at it, both going down and coming back up again; it was almost like someone throwing a switch.

Tuesday morning after my workout I went into the aerobics room as usual. My workouts had gotten more intense, and I was feeling great. I put on the headphones and started the disc, dropping like a stone to her voice. Some time later I felt the headphones being moved; there was a hand lightly covering my eyes. I started to move and heard her voice say, "Sweet dreams, my darling." I sighed and dropped deep again. She spoke to me for a while, and then brought me up into a lighter trance so I could talk. We talked for a while. I don't remember all the details. I remember talking about work, and vacation time. One part of our conversation I remember very clearly. She asked me if I liked breasts. I certainly did. She asked me if I'd like to spend hours gently sucking on her. I'd love to, I told her, with her holding me, and then I'd like to spend hours with my head between her legs, feeling her thighs holding me. I remember her laughing and saying, "Good, darling." Then she took me deeper again, pressing on my forehead, saying, "Deeper..." and sending me spinning back.

I woke up to an empty room. I could detect the faint odor of perfume, but that was it. I got up fast -- way too fast, I had to lean on the wall to keep from falling over again. She was gone. I had to wait for my erection to subside before I could leave the room and go shower.

When I got to my office, I sent an email to my boss requesting two weeks off at the end of the month. I also called a local tanning place and made an appointment for after work; it was strange, I knew the phone number. After I hung up the phone I stopped to think for a moment, then my heart started racing; I was going somewhere with her, and she didn't want me to get sunburned. When I went there after work the gal at the desk already had my name and a schedule worked out so I'd have a good tan for my trip. When she asked me where I was going, I smiled and told her I didn't know.

When I got home I checked to make sure my passport was still valid. My heart raced again with anticipation as I checked it, and then called a travel agency and left my passport details and credit card information on an agent's voicemail. Again, I knew the number and who to talk to.

The next morning when I got to the gym, there was an envelope on the counter with my name on it. Inside were two discs. One was labeled "New night disc" and the other "After your workout."

I'd redone my own workout disc, changing the language. I was surprised at some of the phrases I used; while I was recording it, it was almost as if I could hear her voice. Had she suggested this language to me, or was I using things she'd said? Hard to tell.

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When I relaxed after my workout, the new disc started out, “Lie down and relax, you had a good workout, you’re tired, and now you can relax for a while, let go and relax. Sweet dreams, my pet...” I sighed and woke up some time later.

That night the new night disc started out much the same. “Relax, get comfortable, and let go for me. Sweet dreams, sweet dreams...” I remember her speaking to me, some more yo-yo stuff going up and down repeatedly, it was different somehow, yet I’m not sure how. Then it was deep, deep, deep again.

That was the pattern for the rest of the week. I noticed other changes, besides improvements in my memory, not getting as stressed out, eating healthier. I was sitting in a juice place after a tanning session when I noticed a young woman a few tables over pick up her newborn and start breast feeding. I watched in slow motion as she moved the child’s head to meet her breast. When they touched, my eyes closed and I was drifting. I knew this would happen to me, her breast would touch my lips and I’d be helpless in her arms, so deep in a trance. Somehow I knew how to wake myself; I opened my eyes and blinked, alert again and feeling very refreshed. I downed my juice and headed home.

After dinner that night while I was checking email, I learned another reason I’ve been writing this. I wasn’t sure if I’d sent a reply to someone, so I looked in my out basket. I saw copies of this file sent to the same address over many days; I realized then that every time I update this file, I send her a copy. The address is one of those free-email places, so it’s not any help figuring out who she is. I figure I’ll learn soon enough, there’s only a week left before I start my vacation. I’m starting to worry. What has happened to me?

The next morning in my office she called just after I got in from the gym. “Don’t worry, my darling, I’m not going to hurt you,” she said when I picked up the phone. “I want it to be a surprise. I promise you haven’t lost control, and I’ll let you remember everything. We’re going to share. Close your eyes for me, darling.”

I sighed and closed my eyes. I felt better; she was explaining things to me rather than just putting me in a trance, as I knew she could so easily.

She spoke again, softly, “I want you to think of holding me, squeezing me as we’re in bed together. Now you’re going to say something to me, and then count to five, and say something more. Do it for me now, please.”

I could almost feel her in my arms. I knew what to say, but wait... There were a few things I could say... Memories opened up for me. I said a phrase I knew would send her deep into a trance, and then said the other phrase. As I counted slowly to five I could hear her panting as she grew more excited, going into orgasm when I said her magic word. Then I said the word to wake her.

She laughed, still panting. “That’s what happens to me when I don’t plan my language; your mind is so literal.” I laughed a little as well.

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“You see, darling, I’ve given you control over me as well. We’re going to have a wonderful vacation together; I need one, you need one, even your boss thinks you need one.” She was right about that; my boss had been hounding me to take vacation for a while.

“Now I’ll give you something else. Sweet dreams, darling, sweet dreams.” I dropped deep and fast, waking up to find I’d already hung up the phone.

I thought about the call. I felt better about the situation. I knew that she’d given me the ability to send her into a trance and more. It wasn’t all that one-sided.

When I got to the tanning place after work the gal at the desk handed me a disc. “Your girlfriend dropped this off for you.” I took it, and took the opportunity to do some fishing. “Thin redhead?” I asked her.

She rolled her eyes, and I got her to describe you for me. Tall, voluptuous, long dark hair. I already knew about the wonderful voice. She told me you were really looking forward to our vacation together. I’m looking forward to losing myself in your sparkling green eyes.

I had to go back to the car to get my disc player. I went into the room they gave me for my tanning session. I stripped down, set the timer on the tanning bed, and got the disc ready. I lay back, covered my eyes with the little glasses, pressed start on the bed, and when the lights came on, I hit play on the disc.

Your voice filled me again, sending me so deep. It was incredible, especially after having you described to me. As you made love with me with your voice I could feel you. I’m glad you had me keep quiet, and thank you for relaxing me again after I came, deep within you in my mind. You forgot one very important thing though. After we make love I want to hold you and rest together. I’m also glad they provide extra towels; it took me a while to clean up the tanning bed, and myself.

The last few days have been routine, listening to your discs, working out, developing a great tan. I’ve made the changes in this file you’ve requested, including removing the magic words and the paragraphs you indicated. I thought they represented some very good work on my part.

Today is Friday. When I got up this morning I didn’t go work out. Instead I packed my bags, one light carry on and one small suitcase. Just casual clothing, suitable for warm beaches. I’ll guess we’re going to a Club Med, either the Caribbean or Mexico. I’ve taken care of things here in the office. I’m making the final changes to this file before sending it off to you. I’m also sending it off somewhere else as well.

In a few moments I’m going to do a final spell check, read it over once more, and then close the file. I’ll send it to you, print a copy, and post it on the net. Then I’m going to close my eyes, imagine your voice in my mind and sit here and wait, because I know you’ll be here to get me in half an hour. I’m looking forward to it.

FIN
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