

Switch & Bait

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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.

I'd been seeing the same hypnotherapist for a while, five sessions or so. He'd been helpful. Yet I kept thinking, feeling, there was something missing.

At our last session we'd worked more on stress and control issues. It had been a pretty good session; he'd taken me into trance and we'd worked on things; then he took me deeper and let me relax and enjoy it. That had been good. Still, I don't like coming up again.

He'd brought me back up, and we'd discussed the session once I had a chance to get oriented again. Then we came to scheduling the next session.

"Tony," Scott said, "I'm going on vacation the next two weeks. I know you've got two more sessions prepaid, so I've got a choice to offer you."

This was a bit of a surprise to me. I nodded, feeling my shoulders and back tighten up.

"Sessions every week are a good idea; they're helping a lot. We can either get together again in three weeks..."

I didn't like the sound of that. I was getting pissed off.

"Or," Scott continued with a smile, "I've talked to a colleague of mine. She's willing to see you for the next two weeks, and if you're interested, those sessions with her will be covered. She's got a different style, and I think... Well, you might want to give her a try."

I sat back in the chair a little more. A woman hypnotherapist? I hadn't considered that. It sounded intriguing, and a change of pace would probably be good as well.

"That sounds interesting," I told Scott.

He smiled and sighed a little. "Good. Here's her card. Give her a call as soon as you can to set things up. Last I talked to her, she had this time slot available."

I put her card into my pocket and put my shoes back on. I stood up slowly; I'd learned after a few sessions that I had to take my time with some things, even if I didn't like to. I had things to do.

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“Okay, have a good vacation. I’ll talk to you when you get back,” I told him as we shook hands. I left relaxed, but with a lingering bad taste in my mouth; I don’t like surprises.

Starting therapy had been hard for me. It’s hard to admit you need help. But, I’d changed a lot over the last few years. After I broke my ankle, I had to stop running and playing basketball. That wasn’t easy -- I took up cycling, and a friend introduced me to yoga. I ended up dropping the weight work I’d been doing, and within a few months was really glad I had.

I guess it’s that time of life, that magic age. I still had problems. My blood pressure was still too high. I wasn’t sleeping well. I was told I had a stress problem -- I told them it wasn’t stress, it was life in Silicon Valley. Doctors wanted to give me drugs. I didn’t understand how drugs would address the underlying causes, the underlying problems, if there were any. Shit -- I’m pretty normal as far as the Valley is concerned.

Tom, our yoga teacher, had suggested massage. I’d been skeptical and apprehensive at first, but after the first two sessions with Angie, I was hooked. I felt the difference. It was Angie who suggested I see Scott, suggesting he could help me dig out the things that were buried deep.

As I drove home from Scott’s office, I thought of those first few sessions. What a change they’d brought; how they’d shaken the view I had of my world and of my place in it. Still...

I checked the mail and walked in the house. No messages on the answering machine; good. On impulse I fished the card out of my pocket and picked up the phone.

I expected an answering machine. Instead I got a live person, which surprised me.

“Hello? This is Ellen,” a pleasant voice said on the other end.

“Hi Ellen, my name is Tony. Scott suggested I give you a call.”

“Oh Tony, yes! Thanks for calling! Let me find... Here it is... Do you have a few minutes to chat?”

I was glad I’d grabbed the cordless phone. “Sure. Hold on just a minute.” I fished for the headset and put it on, hooking the phone on my belt. Now I could get on with dinner while talking so I wouldn’t be wasting time. “Okay,” I told her as I dug into the refrigerator.

“Good. Why don’t you tell me a bit about yourself, and what brought you to this path?”

This path... I hadn’t thought of it that way. As I made my dinner, I gave her the short version of the story: male, mid 30’s, successful but seemingly at a price. She’d interrupt periodically, usually with a single word, a word which seemed to strike home. For example, I was telling her of my problems, and my decision to turn away from the medical profession, and turn... She interrupted and said, “inwards?”

I laughed and she asked me why.

“Either you’re reading my mind, or you’ve been there,” I told her.

She told me, “I can help. What have you done, besides with Scott, that has helped?”

I chuckled again. I told her cycling kept me in shape and let me be competitive, yoga was teaching me about my body and my mind, and massage with Angie helped pull things together.

We set up an appointment for next Friday at four; my appointments with Scott were usually four to five on Friday. We talked a little about what I wanted to accomplish. She asked me to visualize myself a year from now, with all these problems behind me. What would I look like? How would I feel?

What a call that was! I looked at the clock -- we’d talked for almost an hour. I had dinner and got things together for my usual Saturday bike ride.

The next week was a blur with work, riding, yoga, and who knows what else. I rode my bike to work every day that week except Friday. I drove up to Ellen’s office Friday afternoon looking forward to a break. She’d given me directions, including suggestions on where to park.

I waited in my car for a while; I knew how these people tended to book time. I walked up to her door and knocked on it a few minutes to four.

She opened the door. Ellen was perhaps five or six years older. She was about my height, and well proportioned. She had some gray in her hair and a twinkle in her eyes. She said, “Tony, please come in!” and offered me her hand.

I shook her hand and walked in to the office. It was small, with a desk and a couple of chairs, and some Japanese screens blocking off the back part. She motioned me to a chair. She sat next to me, picking up a tablet and a pen, and handing me a clipboard with a form and another pen.

I filled out the usual stuff and signed at the bottom, quickly handing it back to her -- I could have done that ahead of time -- let’s get on with it.

“What is it?” she asked me.

“What?” I asked in response.

She chuckled. “The look you gave me when you first came in. It meant something.”

I thought for a moment, and shook my head. Where was this going? When I looked at her again I knew I was smiling.

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She said, "That's better. Can you tell me what it is?"

I grunted. "I've learned some with Scott. Still, I've always felt there was something more. When I saw you, and please take this as a compliment, I realized one of the things that had been bugging me. Scott must be five years younger than me. How can you possibly know anything at that age?"

She laughed, an easy open laugh. "Yes," she said, "it's true. There are some things that you only pick up over time, and some things that only come to you when you're ready."

We reviewed my history a bit. She knew Angie, and had spoken with her.

"Tony, how are your shoulders feeling?" she asked.

I wiggled them. "About usual; tight. Yoga is helping. Quitting the weight work really helped."

She nodded. "Did you ever think that some of what you carry in your shoulders is stress related?"

From the look on my face I'm sure it was apparent I had not. I still wasn't sure I saw "stress" as a problem.

"Tony, I combine massage and hypnotherapy, so I look at things differently, and look for more connections, especially connections with the body."

"That makes sense," I told her, "and I guess I do feel some of the same things with Angie as I do with Scott, and even in yoga."

"Close your eyes for me, now," she told me. I closed my eyes and she continued. "Now feel those things, let the feeling fill you as you breathe easily and deeply. Good, that's good. Now open your eyes and tell me what you want to do today."

I opened my eyes. It had been a long, hard week. "I want to relax and unwind. I'd like to lose the tension in my shoulders and back, and in my legs."

She smiled. "And?"

I must have given her a curious look, as she continued. "There's something else. What is it?"

"I want to sleep on my back," I told her.

"Why?" she asked.

"I don't know. More comfortable on my shoulders."

“What’s keeping you from sleeping on your back?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I told her, shaking my head slowly.

She smiled and stood up. “Why don’t we start with you on your stomach then. Get undressed and on the table, put the towel over your bottom. I’ll knock before I come in.

I stood and went over to the screens. A massage table was set up in the other side of the office. I undressed, putting my clothes on a chair. I did some stretching; that felt good. I got on the table face down, my head in the face cradle, and pulled the towel over my ass. I kept telling myself this wasn’t a waste of time; it was only an hour a week, and only for a few weeks -- hey, if it included massage, I could skip Angie for a while. Just as yoga had helped me be faster on the bike, more competitive, this would help as well; it was worth it.

She knocked and came in. She felt along my body, from my head down to my toes, feeling, moving gently. She paused along the tight areas in my shoulders, lower back, and then my calves.

I heard something being moved, and then felt her hands on the tops of my shoulders. She started massaging my neck and head as she spoke.

“Now all you have to do is relax. You don’t even have to concentrate on my voice; all you have to do is relax, let go and relax.”

She did something on the back of my neck and I moaned. She kept doing that, and kept telling me to let go, relax and go deeper. Soon her voice was coming from very far away.

It was strange; I could feel her hands, yet her voice was so far away. How could that be? It didn’t matter; all I had to do was relax. She talked me through tight and sore spots in my back and my legs, and took me to a soft relaxing place filled with healing energy.

She took me to another place, a place full of words. I was looking for something; I knew it was here. I was looking for the words that would send me deep into hypnosis, so relaxed, so open, so peaceful. I found them on a scrap of paper and read them aloud, then put the paper in my pocket. Then her voice filled me with those words and I closed my eyes and fell even deeper into that soft healing place.

How did I get on my back? It took me a while to remember where I was. I was so relaxed. Then I felt her hands at the back of my neck, and she spoke. My eyes closed as I fell back to that soft healing place.

She brought me up again, then started in massaging the back of my neck, rocking my head gently. I sighed and my eyes started to close as I slipped back to where I wanted to be.

“No, eyes open, awake and alert for me,” she said.

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I sighed and opened my eyes.

“Thank you,” she said, and moved her hands a little.

I sighed again and struggled to keep my eyes open.

“That’s so good, isn’t it?” she purred softly.

I could feel myself getting hard, pushing up the towel that covered my middle. I moaned in reply.

“Take a slow, deep breath for me,” she said, pulling her hands away from me.

I took a breath, and as I was at the top, holding it in, her hands went down the sides of my head and she spoke again. The air rushed out of me and I fell into nothingness.

We did that time and time again, first bringing me to awareness, and then plunging me into that fertile void. Finally she let me float there in the stillness that was broken only by her voice and her touch. Then her touch faded, and after that her voice.

I woke up on my back; I was still on the table. I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She stood at my right side, placing a hand on my shoulder and smiling at me.

“Welcome back. How was that?”

I looked at her and sighed. “My God. What a trip.”

“I’ll take that as being good. Had you gone that deep before?”

I moved my head gently on the table. “No, never,” I whispered.

“It’s easy when you know how, and now you know. We still have a little while; would you like to try something for me?”

I looked up at her. “Of course.”

“Good. Let me help you up. Slowly now.”

She helped me to sitting, then standing by the edge of the table. She waved to a blank spot on the wall. “Take your favorite yoga meditation pose against the wall for me; get on the floor, but don’t let go.”

I moved to the carpeted floor, putting my ass against the wall, swinging my legs up the wall with my back on the floor. My arms were out from my sides. I looked up overhead to see her sitting on the floor by my head.

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“Now take a deep breath...” she told me. I did, and she did it to me again, sliding her hands down the sides of my head, speaking and plunging me into the void.

This time I woke with a clear head, my legs in a split against the wall. I liked the pose; I did it at home every night. I sighed and swung my legs to the left, up to sitting. I knew I was supposed to get dressed now. I got up slowly and picked up the towel from the massage table, wiping off the excess oil. I got dressed and walked back to the other side of the office.

Ellen was sitting at her desk, writing. As I put on my watch, I noticed it was almost six. I sat down and smiled. “Thank you,” I told her.

She smiled, put down her pen, and leaned back.

“Tony, you’re welcome. What do you think?”

I shook my head. “I’ve never experienced anything like that. You tell me -- I don’t know what happened. I don’t remember much.”

She smiled and shook her head a little. “You’re a very good subject; you went really deep for me, that’s why you don’t remember some things. You’ll remember more over the next day or so, if you want to. But, we made progress.”

I chuckled a little. “It doesn’t matter if we did or not. I never expected what happened so far.”

“It’s easy when you know how,” she said.

“Well, you certainly know how to push my buttons,” I told her.

She chuckled at that. Why had I used that phrase?

“We worked on handling stress, and some allied issues. You’ll notice some changes over the next few days. The important thing is that it’s easier for you to relax now. Let’s see.... Same time next week?”

“Good God yes,” I replied quickly.

She laughed as she picked up her appointment book. She gave me a strange look as she penciled in my name. “We may get together earlier, say late Wednesday if you think we should. We’ll talk early in the week to see how you’re doing.”

She put down her book and stood up, holding out her hand. I stood and shook her hand gently.

“Ellen, thank you so much. I’m afraid Scott has lost a client. I hope he doesn’t mind.”

She smiled, then gave me a more serious look. “Tony, he thought we’d work well together. He won’t be disappointed. Sometimes we help the most when we refer people on to others.”

I sighed. “There’s something to be said for that chemistry, I guess.”

She chuckled and gave me another one of those looks. I took a couple of her cards and left. I saw another gal waiting outside the door. She was young, thin, and had a great smile. As I walked by her, she said, “Isn’t she wonderful?” I laughed and answered, “She’s the best!”

I stopped at my favorite hamburger joint for a greaseburger deluxe, fries, and a beer. I puttered when I got home, cleaning up and getting ready for the weekend. I took a shower to get the massage oil off me. I started to take my usual quick shower, but ended up relaxing in it, taking my time. Interesting -- I seemed to be covered with oil pretty uniformly, even on my cock and my balls.

Rather than fire up the computer and update my investments, I decided to spend the time stretching on the floor. I did it slowly, gently, and it felt great. A little after nine I slid my ass up against the wall, moved my legs up, took a deep breath as I moved my arms out, and let go.

And I was there again, floating. I could feel my body, feel my spine relaxing against the floor, being supported. My shoulders and upper back felt loose and good. I let my legs spread wide, feeling the stretch in the inner thigh and groin. Easy and gentle, that was the key.

I don’t know how long I floated there. Finally I got up, made one more trip to the toilet, and got into bed. I relaxed on my back, closed my eyes, and took a deep breath.

I woke up the next morning on my back, and I felt great. I got up and stretched gently, slowly, unlike my normal vigorous morning routine. I put on my cycling stuff and had a bite to eat. I headed out on my bike at about the usual time.

My Saturday morning rides were usually fast and furious, pushing, passing, going, and going, and going. This morning was different. I knew the route I wanted to cover, but I wasn’t in a hurry. Stoplights didn’t seem to bother me as much. I actually stopped along Bayshore and watched the birds. I said, “Hello,” to other riders, rather than just hollering, “Left!” and blowing past them.

I saw some of those types as well, pushing, going, faster, irritated at people in their path. I didn’t have to do that anymore. I started laughing; I felt great.

A very good looking gal pulled up on a bike, smiled, and told me she was looking for the sandpiper, did I know where that was? I told her I did, it was a mile or so down the bike path, and I’d be happy to show her the way. We actually rode along talking about inconsequential things! When had I done that last?

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As we rode up to the funky looking “sculpture” made of blocks of concrete and pieces of pipe, supposedly representing a sandpiper, I saw another group of people. The gal I’d been riding with waved to them. She thanked me for my help, and I told her I was glad to meet her. I rode on my way.

I stopped at the deli and had my usual sandwich for lunch, then headed home. I got back later than usual, but I still felt great. As I hung my bike back up in the garage and slipped off my shoes, it hit me.

Good grief I’d changed! What the hell had happened! I laughed so hard I nearly fell down. I went in and picked up the phone, calling Ellen’s number. I got her answering machine.

“Ellen, this is Tony. I don’t know what you did, but thank you! I slept so well last night, and on my back, and I’m a different person today. Not only that, but I think I like that person a whole lot more. Bye.”

I cleaned up the house a little, then took care of the work I’d brought home. I got through it remarkably quickly; it was so easy for me to focus. I put it away for Monday and went out to harass some weeds in the back yard.

I found myself standing in the kitchen. Weird. Oh well, I took out the meat I was going to barbecue for dinner, then went out and started the charcoal going. When I came back in, I noticed the message light on the cordless phone - answering machine was flashing. When had that happened? I hit the button. I heard Ellen’s voice. “Hi Tony, thanks for you call, I’m...” Then I heard my voice say, “Ellen!” and the message ended. I must have grabbed the phone after I heard her on the answering machine. I hit the erase button. Weird -- I didn’t remember talking to her.

After having dinner and cleaning up the kitchen, I screwed around on the computer for a while, updating my investment portfolio and generally wasting time on the net. I did some stretching, and spent time with my legs up the wall again before I went to bed. Both at the wall and in bed, it was the same amazing thing; I’d take that deep breath, let it go, and I was gone.

Sunday started out relaxed as well. I went for another bike ride, along the same area as the day before. It was still early; most of the riders out at this time were the hard core folks. I was amazed at the number that passed me. What’s the hurry? At one of the little turnouts with a bench I saw two gals stopped; they seemed to be looking at one of their bikes. I pulled off the path.

“Good morning ladies, may I be of assistance?”

They both looked up at me with pained smiles. The chain had dropped off the front chainring on one of the bikes. Yes, they needed help.

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I leaned my bike against the bench and checked out the situation. Katy and Sheila were on rented bikes; Katy was visiting from Switzerland. They'd been having a wonderful time until the chain came off Katy's bike.

I got the chain back in place and shifting smoothly.

They thanked me profusely. They were both good looking. Katy was a bit taller and thinner than Sheila, and had a cute upturned nose. Both had good figures, with Sheila holding the edge in the development department.

It was early, but I offered to buy them lunch at the deli; if we rode leisurely it would be lunch time when we got there. They looked at each other and agreed with big smiles.

We had a very nice ride, slow and with conversation. Both of them found the sandpiper sculpture amusing, Katy remarking that it looked constipated. Katy was also startled by the rudeness of the riders whizzing past us. What was their hurry? I didn't have an answer for that, other than to laugh.

We had a very nice lunch and talked for a while before they told me they needed to get moving again. I asked if they were available for dinner, and they giggled but politely turned me down. I gave them business cards with my home phone number on them and told them to please call if they had the time. I led them back to the bike path and gave them directions back to their car, then headed home.

I hung my bike up in the garage and stepped into the house. It was a little after four. I had a brief flash of I don't know what; irritation over not getting anything done today -- I hadn't even read the paper yet. I laughed at myself; I'd had a very good day and met two nice women. When was the last time I stopped to help someone?

I remembered last Saturday. I'd been riding and passed a dad and his daughter, working on her bike at the edge of the path. I'd been incensed that they hadn't moved further off the path; they were slowing me down. Was I that nasty? I guess so.

I went into the bedroom and peeled off my clothes. I plopped down on the floor again and swung my legs up the wall. I arranged my arms, took that deep breath, and dropped into the void.

I was floating along; did I hear Ellen's voice in the distance? It was as if I could hear her voice, but not make out the words. I let myself relax more and more. I could almost feel her touch. Then I saw Katy again, and her smile, and the way her breasts moved as she laughed. The image of her breasts filled me. I saw her hands, and felt them touch me. There was Ellen's voice again, stronger but still undecipherable, and suddenly I was coming.

I felt myself coming, the strongest orgasm I'd had in a while, all the time seeing Katy's face, feeling someone's touch, hearing but not understanding Ellen's voice. And there was the

scent of perfume somewhere as well. What was that? And then I felt as if Ellen's hands were at my head again, and I fell back into the void.

I woke up on my back, feeling confused. A pool of my own juice dripped from my belly down my side. I exhaled strongly, grabbed my shorts, and wiped myself off as I rolled over. Wow, what the hell was that? On my hands and knees, I closed my eyes and breathed slowly. A shiver ran through me as I almost felt ... was it slick hands on my cock and balls? I shivered again and opened my eyes. I remembered that when I'd showered Friday night, I was covered with oil -- including my cock and my balls. I moved slowly to standing. What went on Friday?

As I showered I thought about a lot of things. How long had it been since Jenna and I broke up? Six months or so? I could almost hear some of her stinging accusations, and I now recognized most of them as being true. Of course at the time I'd felt she was full of shit, and good riddance. I wondered if she would speak to me again?

I had a light dinner, got things ready for work the next day, and flicked it in early. I may have not been sure about what was going on, but I got to sleep very easily, and on my back.

If I'd been worried that I'd gone soft all of a sudden, my early morning meeting Monday at work showed me I had not. If anything, I was able to keep a cooler head and get my points across in a more effective manner.

When I got back to my office a little after ten, I took the folder from the meeting, made a few notes, and then put the folder down. I mean I really put it down; I set it on the desk, put the palm of my hand on it, took a breath, and left all the crap from that meeting in the folder. I picked my hand up, looked at it, and laughed. Normally I would have carried the residue from a meeting such as that for days. Wow.

Earl came by for lunch about noon; we usually ate in the cafeteria together.

"Hey, who were you talking to on the phone for so long this morning?"

I looked at him funny.

He clapped me on the back. "Okay, if you don't want to tell me, then don't."

He went on talking about some ball games I hadn't watched over the weekend. We got lunch and talked over schedules.

Back in my office after lunch I was feeling a little rattled. Evidently I'd had another phone call I couldn't remember. I closed my eyes for a moment and breathed gently through my nose. I seemed to smell that same faint perfume again.

Damn -- it had to be Ellen. I need to talk to her. Before I called, I pulled up my calendar for the week. Holy shit -- I had a 5pm appointment on my calendar for tomorrow, with Ellen.

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I picked up the phone and dialed her number. Damn -- I didn't even have to look it up! Is that good news or bad news? I got voicemail. "Ellen," I said to the phone, "This is Tony. Having phone conversations I don't remember is bugging me, as is having appointments appear on my calendar. I need some answers. Bye."

I left a few minutes early to head over to the studio for Monday night yoga. As I changed out of my work clothes I tried the same kind of ritual I'd done earlier in the day. I hung my pants in the locker, took a breath, and told myself that's where my work problems would stay. I didn't need them during yoga.

Normally I'd go in and stretch vigorously. Not tonight, not any more -- I was starting to understand what our instructor, Bob, was saying -- yoga isn't a goal, it's a process. Other people came in; the class started. I went through class in a good sort of haze. I went really deep in our ending meditation, but came back quickly, alert, and refreshed.

I changed clothes and went home. I fixed a bowl of soup for dinner. When I walked in I'd noticed the answering machine flashing. I started reaching for it automatically, but thought for a moment. I ran it, not the other way around -- it could wait. I laughed a little at that. I got a piece of paper and taped it to the refrigerator door. I started writing out the things that had changed in me over the last few days.

After I finished my soup and cleaned up, I walked over to the answering machine and hit the button. "Hi Tony, this is Ellen returning your call. I'm sorry if I've caused you concern. Please give me a call any time tonight. Bye." I erased the message.

I sorted the day's mail into stacks. I was looking carefully through the junk mail when I realized I was stalling, avoiding calling her. Why? Was I scared I wouldn't remember it if I did? I laughed a little, a nervous laugh. What if I'd called her already, and didn't remember it? There's a scary thought! Scary, apprehensive, yet that sensation was so profound, so good. Addictive? I'd never been into booze or drugs more than socially, but I really liked that sensation, taking a breath and feeling her hands on my head....

I stumbled back against a wall, snapping my eyes open. Wow, that's strong.

I picked up the cordless phone and went into the bedroom. I took off my shoes and plopped back on the floor, ass to the wall and legs up. I put on the headset, then held the phone up in front of me and punched the number. I put the phone down and stretched my arms overhead.

"Hello?" her voice was so warm, even over the phone.

"Hi Ellen, this is Tony. Is this too late to be calling?"

"No, not at all. I'm sorry if I've caused you concern. How are you doing? You seemed to be noticing positive changes."

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I told her about the list I'd started to make, with all the things on it, and how I was surprised we'd covered that much in one session. She surprised me by telling me she hadn't suggested any of those specific changes. Instead, she'd worked with me to make some very basic changes, and I was seeing reflections of those.

The apprehension started filling me again. "But that's not all," I said accusingly. "I've had a number of phone calls I can't remember. I don't remember making an appointment for tomorrow afternoon with you, yet it's on my calendar. What's going on?" I was nervous again; hell, I was scared.

"What's the matter?" she said soothingly.

My heart was beating faster. "What's the matter! I don't know what's going on! I..."

"Do you find that exciting?" she said in a soft yet husky voice.

"Yes..." I stammered.

"Tell me how you feel..." she said in that soothing voice of hers.

"I... I'm frightened; I'm scared. I feel like I'm losing control..."

"Relax Tony, let go and relax for me. You don't have to be frightened; I'm not going to hurt you."

I started to get that dizzy feeling again, and that feeling in my temples. But I was being torn in half -- one part of me was frightened and wanting to get away, the other half wanted to let go to her so much."

"Don't you like the changes you've seen so far? Hasn't the experience been pleasurable, helpful, relaxing?"

"Yes..." I sighed. I was losing it; I didn't know whether to rip off the phone or just let go.

"And you want to let go, you need to let go some times. You need to let go to me, and be so safe, so relaxed, so comforted in my arms. Feel my hands on your head helping you to let go. Let go to me, now..."

I didn't know what to do. I was hyperventilating as she spoke, my arms were tight -- I was straining muscles yet couldn't move. Then it felt as if something broke, and I let go and fell once more into the fertile void.

I woke up in bed in the middle of the night, scared. I had my arms wrapped around one of the bed pillows, and I was holding it to me. I got up to pee; I was shaking. I splashed some cold water in my face. The bathroom clock said it was a quarter to three. I climbed back into my king-sized bed, pulled a pillow back into my arms, and went back to sleep.

I woke to the alarm. I was momentarily disoriented. The cordless phone and its headset were sitting on the nightstand next to the clock.

Normally I'd ride my bike to work on Tuesday, but with my appointment, I'd drive. As I showered, I thought more about last night. My heart started beating fast again. The fear, the anticipation, then the release -- what a trip. I still felt torn; I knew I wanted to run, but I wasn't sure which way.

The day was hell. I was nasty to everything and everyone, myself included. I was torn all day between going to the appointment and not going at all. I overheard my secretary muttering to someone, "Yeah, he's back to his usual asshole self." I decided I needed to go, if for no other reason than to understand just what the hell was happening to me. I left early but had hellish traffic -- par for the day, arriving a few minutes late.

I knocked on Ellen's office door; she quickly opened it and I stepped inside. My heart was beating in my throat.

"Tony, come in, sit down. What's the matter?"

I sat down in the chair; she sat next to me looking concerned. She was wearing a simple but attractive one-piece dress. I could smell her perfume and it made me dizzy, hungry, and I don't know what else.

"I don't know what's happening. I feel so... I'm scared, my muscles are tight, yet my arms and legs feel so heavy -- like being in a bad dream. And I was so nasty today. Saturday, Sunday, Monday were so good -- I liked that person a whole lot more than who I was today. What's happening to me? Did you do that to me? God, I don't know whether to scream or cry."

She smiled. "Tony, do you want me to help you?" she asked softly.

I felt torn again. I felt the tears welling up in my eyes. "I don't know. I'm scared. I don't know what to do."

She turned a little in her chair, opening her legs and holding out her arms.

"Come to me, let me help you. Come to me Tony," she whispered.

I was so confused; tears were running down my face. My arms and legs felt so strange. I was dizzy, and I had an incredible erection. I fell to the floor and started moving to her on my knees. It was so hard for me to reach my arms out for her.

"Good boy -- come let me hold you," she whispered.

It was so hard to move, so hard to go the few feet to her. My heart was pounding, yet I could hardly move. I reached out for her.

“Good, just a little more, you’re almost here, almost in my arms.”

I touched her hands and fell into her as she pulled me in. My arms went around her waist as she held me between her legs and to her bosom. I felt her hands go around the back of my head. She spoke and I fell into the softness of her voice.

When I opened my eyes I was on my back on the floor. Ellen was sitting beside me.

“Better now?” she asked, smiling.

I took a deep breath. “Yes,” I said softly. “I feel much better, much more calm and relaxed. What happened? What was that all about?”

She put a hand on my shoulder, pressing gently, making the world wobble.

“Which do you like better? The old you, or the new you?”

I felt hungry for her touch. I wanted.... “The new me.”

She smiled again. “I like the new you much better as well. That leaves only one person in favor of the old you.”

I looked at her curiously, then I understood and nodded.

She nodded as well. “Yes, and the old you doesn’t want to change. The old you is afraid of change. But we know the only thing constant in life is change, so you must change in order to live, isn’t that right?”

I was getting confused and dizzy again. She pushed with both hands on my shoulders and I moaned out, “Yes...”

“Do you want me to help you change, Tony?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“What do you want, Tony?”

I looked up at her. I was so hungry. “I don’t know.”

She smiled as she leaned over me, the scent of her perfume stronger. “You know, Tony, you know. Tell me what you want.”

I felt her touch my neck. A shiver went through me and my eyes closed. “You,” I said.

“What do you want? Tell me, Tony.”

I was breathing hard and fast again. "I want you."

"Good Tony, I want you too. Do you know what you need to do to have me, Tony?"

I opened my eyes and looked at her. I'd do it, anything.

She smiled and said, "All you have to do is let go to me; all you have to do is let go."

I whimpered, feeling that strange tension filling my body again. "I don't know how."

She shook her head slowly, smiling. "Would you like me to help?"

"Yes, please. Please help me."

She pressed on my shoulders with both hands and said, "Relax." The air escaped from me, and my body went limp, my eyes closing. I felt her hands at my waist, undoing my belt and pulling down my pants. I wasn't totally relaxed. She touched my cock and I moaned again.

"Open your eyes Tony."

I opened my eyes to see her move on top of me, straddling me. I felt her legs straddling mine and looked down as she lifted the fabric of her dress. She wasn't wearing anything underneath it.

She slid on top of me, guided me into her with a hand, squeezing a moan from each of us.

She shifted her weight, pressing on my shoulders again. "Let go, Tony," she whispered, rocking gently on me. She rocked and pressed, rocked and pressed, all the time telling me to let go. I got dizzier and dizzier, bucking under her.

I started moaning, I was getting close.

"Good, Tony. Not until I tell you to, not until I let you, not until I'm sure you've let go to me. Let go, let go."

I was so close to the edge now. She kept telling me to let go, let go, but I didn't know what else to do.

She shifted her weight again, and her hands moved to my neck and the back of my head. I felt the fabric of the front of her dress touch my face, and could feel the warmth and softness of her breasts. I moaned again, louder.

"Come for me, Tony. Come for me and let go," she cooed.

Switch and Bait

I came inside her and all the tension flowed out of me. She moved my head with her hands as she rocked on top of me, draining all the tension, brushing my face against soft cloth holding her firm warm breasts. She told me to take a deep breath, and I inhaled, filling myself with her perfume. She squeezed me and I spun into her softness and warmth.

I opened my eyes and felt her still holding me. I held her tight, my head between her breasts, listening to her heart beating, the most comforting sound in the world. She rocked me slowly for a while -- maybe she was talking to me. She started asking me questions, and I babbled in response, producing torrents of words and tears. I told her so much, about what I hoped, what I feared, what I liked, and disliked, what I wanted, and what I needed.

She helped me up after a while. We cleaned up, I thanked her, and I left. It was dark out -- almost nine. When I got home, I wasn't hungry, just exhausted. I started getting ready for bed, and heard a soft knock on the door. She was there, and came in.

Her perfume clouded my mind. We went to my bedroom, and I got into bed. She took off her blouse and bra, and relaxed on top of me. I needed her nipples so much -- and then I was engulfed in softness, warmth, and perfume. Her voice started in, and I let go.

I woke to the alarm, got up, showered, and headed to work. It wasn't until I was getting out of the car in the parking lot that it hit me -- what happened last night? With a deep breath and a long exhale I concluded it didn't matter -- I felt good today.

My secretary was very cautious around me, until I told her I was sorry I'd been an asshole yesterday.

She smiled and told me everyone liked the person who had shown up on Monday a lot better. I told her that's who would be here from now on.

And he was. I was productive, focused, friendly. People seemed a little tentative around me at first, then relaxed. I guessed they were wondering who had showed up -- Jeckyl or Hyde.

I left work around four thirty, but didn't head home. It took me a moment to figure out was headed to Ellen's office again. Even though I didn't really understand it, I was glad to be there. She had been such a help.

"How are you, Tony?" she asked. She was wearing a simple yet attractive one-piece dress. I could smell her perfume. Could I see her nipples sticking out. I wasn't sure if she was wearing a bra or not.

We talked for a few minutes, and then she led me behind the screens. The massage table was still set up, and there was a futon pulled out. She sat me on the edge of the futon, and got down on her knees in front of me.

"Look into my eyes, Tony," she said as she ran her hands up my arms. I sighed, and the only thing I could see was her.

Switch and Bait

She took me to a very comfortable place. Then I was so hungry -- the only thing in the world which would satisfy me was eating her. She was so warm and delicious. I loved the feeling of her legs squeezing me.

When she was satisfied, so was I. She put me on my back, and her hands felt so good running over my body. She was so happy with me. She asked me what I needed. I told her I needed her on top of me. Oh, she rode me so well, finally letting me come.

We got dressed, and I followed her to a local restaurant. We had dinner with two other women, Penny and Lara. Penny was the shorter, with short reddish brown hair and freckles. Lara, a little taller, was also fuller-bodied. Her hair was a little longer, and a delicious black. Ellen seemed to steer the conversation. Somehow I ended up buying, but I didn't mind.

I went home and showered. I was pleasantly exhausted. I was just about to get into bed when the phone rang. It was Ellen. She said something, and I could smell her perfume. How could I? I don't know, but I was surrounded by her perfume again as I collapsed on the bed.

Thursday was almost a repeat of Wednesday -- I was focused, pleasant, effective. I left about five thirty, and headed to Ellen's office.

Work in Progress

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Switch and Bait

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