

Synergy

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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.

Wendy was concerned as she looked over the charts on her slave's performance. While she was happy with David's progress, he could do better. She was concerned at what his weight had done in four days away from her at a conference. He wasn't going to get any dinner tonight, that was certain. Then the stern look on her young face changed to a wry smile. Well, after being away for four days, there was *something* he could eat....

David was tired as he pulled into his garage. He'd had a good workout, a long workout. It was good to get back to it, especially after the time away at the conference and the flight back home earlier that day. He'd eaten carefully, avoided alcohol, and made good use of the hotel's spa and pool. Still... He got out of the car and got the flowers. His bags could wait.

Wendy stood waiting in the hall for her slave. She'd chosen a long close-fitting dress that was slit up one side; she wasn't wearing anything under it, or on her feet. She knew how well it showed off her magnificent figure, and knew well the effect it had on her slave. As she thought of him her nipples tightened and her hips tilted a little; she'd missed having him around the last few days. Having him report to her daily over the phone wasn't enough.

David opened the door from the garage to the house and stepped into the hallway. He stopped, seeing her standing there in that incredible shimmering dress, hands on her hips with a stern smile on her face, nipples erect.

"Kneel, slave!" Wendy growled. She was pleased to see he'd brought her roses, and more pleased to have him sigh, smile, and sink down to his knees before her. She took the roses from his hand and placed them on the counter; his hands dropped loosely to his sides, his head tilted down a bit.

She put a hand on his head; his hair was still wet. She tilted his head back as she observed him closely. She could still see signs of exertion; he must have had a good workout. That pleased her; she wanted a healthy, strong slave.

As his gaze met hers, she could tell by the dreamy look on his face what he wanted. She wanted it as well, wanted to slide her hands along the sides of his head and say the words that would plunge him deep into a hypnotic trance. That would wait -- for a while.

“Did you miss me, slave?” she asked with a smile. She watched as his shoulders released and he sighed, his eyes drifting closed then reopening sluggishly; he was almost in a trance already as he said softly, “Yes, Mistress.”

“Were you good for me, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“What did you have for lunch today, slave? Nasty airline food? Burgers and fries?”

“No, Mistress. Just some fruit saved from breakfast.”

She was pleased with that. “And how much coffee did you drink today, slave?”

He sighed again. “None, Mistress, none all the time I was away from you.”

“And did you do your exercises as I told you?”

“Yes, Mistress; every day.”

She was pleased. She’d been worried he’d slip back to his old patterns when away from her. She saw him waver a bit and saw his nostrils flare. It was no wonder, she’d been wet with desire before he came in the door.

“Do you think you deserve a reward, slave?” she asked him in a low growl. He shivered and sighed, but said nothing.

“Good slave,” she said, and he smiled. “Strip and we’ll see how good you’ve been.

David sighed and sat back on the tile floor. He couldn’t believe the effect she had on him; he realized he’d gone into a light trance at her first touch, and then her aroma, looking up at her nipples through the tight shimmering fabric of that dress... He peeled off his sweat shirt and then his shoes, socks, sweat pants and briefs, returning to kneeling in front of her.

“Well, you are glad to see me,” Wendy said with amusement, seeing his erection standing proud. It would be so nice to take him right now... “Let’s see how good you’ve been; follow me, slave,” she said as she turned and walked to their bedroom.

David sighed, stood up, and followed. She stood by the scale and he stood on it, closing his eyes. He heard her sliding the weights along the bars of the scale. “Kneel before me, slave,” she told him. David stepped off the scale and knelt before her again, eyes still closed, head down once more.

“How much water did you drink today, slave?” Wendy asked, concerned he’d start to play tricks to drop weight, such as cutting down on fluids. She wanted her slave healthy.

“Almost two quarts, Mistress,” David replied.

She lifted his chin and looked at his eyelids. He looked a little tired; late nights and travel would do that, but otherwise he looked good. “Look at me, slave,” she commanded.

David opened his eyes slowly and looked up at his Mistress, smiling above him. He smiled.

“I am pleased, slave. You’ve lost another pound.” Wendy went over to the edge of their king size bed and sat on the edge, pulling the fabric of her dress up to her hips as she sat down. She raised and turned the dress to give her slave access to her. “Come here, my slave,” she said softly.

He moved quickly to the edge of the bed and between her legs. She saw him look at her and inhale deeply. “Are you hungry, my slave?” she asked with a smile.

David inhaled again, struggling to keep his eyes open, and sighed, “For you, Mistress.”

“Here is your reward, my good slave,” she said as she slid her hands around the sides of his head. He moaned slightly and quivered as his eyes closed. She said, “Deep trance, my slave,” and heard him exhale, sighing, and watched the tension melt from his face and his body. “Now adore me,” she said as she lay back on the bed.

She felt her loving slave’s hands slide along the outsides of her legs up to her bottom, and sighed when she felt his lips touch her, feeling his warm breath on her. She relaxed and let go to the bliss as her slave’s talented lips and tongue worked their magic adoring her.

Wendy struggled up from her bliss some time later, hearing herself moan, feeling herself thrash around on the bed. She was hot and sweaty, the dress scratchy and sticking to her. “Stop!” she called out, “Stop. Please.” She panted on the bed and shook her head to reorient herself. She quickly ordered her slave on the bed and on his back as she pulled the dress off over her head. She was up on all fours as she looked at her slave, laying on his back with a smile on his face, eyes closed. Her eyes focused on his rigid cock. Her eyes and her soul focused on it as she moved over him, straddling him. She put one hand on his cock and started it into her; she needed him filling her. She was about to slide down on him when she paused and smiled, still panting. She looked at his face, smiling, slick with her moisture.

“Wake up David, wake up my darling,” she said. She waited for his eyes to open. When they did, she plunged down on him, making him cry out, arching his back and neck. She moved her hips, feeling him so deep inside, then reached forward and pulled his head to her left breast.

His mouth touched her nipple and sent an electric shock through her body, bringing her once more to the edge of orgasm. She felt his body shift under her as he slipped once more into trance. She held him as he sucked on her hungrily, feeling his arms wrap around her, his hips moving to meet hers. She grabbed a pillow and stuffed it under his head, propping him up, then

grabbed his wrists and held them over his head as she pressed down on him, grinding her hips and pressing her breast into his mouth. Four days had been so long to be without him....

David opened his eyes and sighed. He looked over at the clock; it was a little past ten. He felt exhausted, but he had to get up and pee; all the water he'd been drinking was catching up to him. He smiled as he looked at the nubile form asleep on the bed next to him. He rolled off the bed and staggered to the bathroom. Sitting on the toilet, looking at his reflection in the mirror by the soft blue-green glow of the nightlight, he was surprised at the person he saw. In the last four months, with Wendy's help, he'd lost over thirty pounds. He also looked years younger. He felt great, looked great.

David went into the garage and got his bags from the car, setting them quietly in the bedroom. Wendy slept quite soundly and still hadn't moved. He picked up her dress; it was still damp with sweat. How long had he gone down on her? He shook his head; he couldn't tell, he'd been lost in a wonderful fog, enjoying her. He shivered momentarily as he recalled how he'd woken up, with her atop him, impaling herself on him and then sending him back into trance. He was amazed at the creativity she'd shown. He buried his face in the dress and inhaled deeply, then put it on the table with the other things that needed dry cleaning.

He brushed his teeth and washed his face. As he swallowed an aspirin with some water his stomach grumbled. He smiled; he knew just the thing to get over that hunger.

He returned to the bed and sat near Wendy, in awe over her twenty six year old body. He resisted the urge to dive into her again, and instead moved up near her head and started making small circles on her temples with his fingertips. After a few moments she smiled, and then started to open her eyes. She started a deep breath as her eyes opened; he said gently, "Dream time Wendy, dream time," and heard her sigh and close her eyes again, sinking into a trance.

"I'm glad you missed me, I missed you very much," he told her. "You are taking very good care of me and I am very happy. In a few moments, you'll feel me sucking on you, and will wake up as..." Did he want her to wake up as Mistress Wendy, or as his Sweet Wendy? He smiled then continued, "whoever you want to be. You'll realize that I need to be held and that you need to hold me and that I need to go to sleep in your arms tonight. Now until I start sucking on you, you can go back to sleep." After a moment he stopped drawing circles on her temples and kissed her forehead gently. Then he lay down by her side, moved close to her, inhaled deeply, and took her nipple in his mouth.

Wendy stirred feeling David at her breast again. She moved her hands to cradle him, and was rewarded by a soft moan and softer suckling. "Is my baby still hungry?" she cooed. She squeezed his head a little and was rewarded with another moan. She looked at the clock; about ten thirty. She carefully separated David from her nipple with some sighing from both of them. He enjoyed that so much, and so did she.

As she got up, moving away from his grasping arms, she said, "Don't worry darling, I'll be right back." She helped him under the covers and heard him sigh as she walked into the bathroom. She noticed his bags were in and partially unpacked, saw the pile of dry cleaning

including her dress. A tingle went through her as she touched the dress, reliving the evening. What a talented tongue he had! She went to the bathroom and cleaned up. Before going back to bed a wicked grin crossed her face and she put perfume on her breasts. He may need to sleep tonight, but the morning was a new day!

David was almost asleep again as he felt Wendy getting back into bed. He felt her warmth and then was filled with her perfume as she pulled him to her. He sucked greedily and squeezed her as he filled his soul with her perfume.

“Still hungry, darling?” Wendy whispered, trying not to moan as the sensations flooded her body. She pressed her body against his and moved his head roughly with her hands, feeling him get more excited by the moment. The thought of taking him again flashed through her mind and between her legs; no, she thought, he needs his sleep. She gave him another squeeze and said, “Relax, David,” and felt him start to go limp in her arms. She slid her hands around his head slowly, cradling him to her, hearing him moan once more. “You’re safe in my arms, darling. Relax and go to sleep in my arms. Relax and go to sleep in my arms.” His sucking slowed down and became much more gentle as she felt him relax. She rocked him gently, yawning herself as he slowed down. She snuggled down on her side holding him, sighed and went to sleep.

The alarm clock went off; he rolled over and silenced it. As he moved back to hold her she said, “Start our shower, slave,” and rolled to her side, away from him. He leaned over and kissed her on the shoulder. “Yes Mistress,” he said, and got up.

He went into the bathroom, opened the shower stall and turned on the water. He sat on the toilet for a moment, flushed it, then got up and walked back to the bed.

“Your shower is ready, Mistress. May I wash you?” he asked, kneeling by her side of the bed.

She opened her eyes with a smile. “Yes you may. Help me up.”

He helped her out of bed, surprised when she gave him a hug.

In the bathroom she went to the toilet, then joined him in the shower. She turned briefly under the water, then turned her back to the shower head and said, “Wash my hair.”

“Yes Mistress,” David replied, shampoo already in his hands. He washed and rinsed her short hair. “May I wash you now Mistress?” he asked.

She nodded, so he began. He soaped her lithe body, hoping to please and excite, as well as to clean. With her facing him, lathering the front of her body, working from shoulders down to toes, he could see from her nipples that he was doing a good job.

On his knees in front of her he began gently lathering between her legs. She leaned back against the rear of the shower enclosure, closing her eyes. As he moved his hands more, giving

up the pretense of washing, she began moving her hips rhythmically, her chest heaving as her breathing became more rapid and intense.

He looked in awe at his Mistress, nipples tight as the water cascaded down her body. he looked in front of him at heaven; all the soap now washed away. The slickness he felt was from another source now. He moved his face closer to her.

As his lips touched her she cried out, "Yes! Oh yes my slave!" and held his head to her as she rocked her hips. David adored her with his lips and tongue, holding on to her firm bottom. Both her motion and her moans became more intense. He heard her alternately moaning and gasping for air as he adored her. He moved his right hand around and slid two fingers into her, feeling her tighten.

"Oh yes, oh yes!" she cried as she bucked her hips. Then she added, "Come for me, my slave, come for me, now, now!"

David became momentarily dizzy as orgasm overtook him, pumping away into the shower as she held his head to her. She turned his head to the side, still holding him tight. He slipped his fingers from her and held on to keep both of them from falling.

After a moment she lifted his head and he stood, slowly. She put her hands on his head and with a smile said, "Thank you my slave," then gave him a brief kiss. He replied, "Thank you for thinking of me, my Mistress."

He finished rinsing her, then himself. He turned off the water and got a towel, drying her off. When she was dry, she stepped out of the shower and he dried off the inside of the shower stall, then himself.

Then they dressed quickly and headed to the fitness center. David quickly put his bag and work clothes in a locker, then hurried to the aerobics room. He sighed in relief when he went in; she wasn't there yet, but a few other students were. Her first class these mornings, the one David took with her, was an intermediate level class.

She strode in a few minutes later. To her, this was a warm-up class. She felt on top of the world today; her slave was back and at her command. She led the class, not picking on him too much, but not letting him loaf either.

At the end of the class she was radiant, laughing and bowing before the students who applauded her. David panted as he left the aerobics room, glad it was over, but sad nonetheless that he was leaving his Mistress's presence.

His mind cleared while he was showering. He sighed and shuddered; it was as if someone had thrown a switch inside him. Then he laughed. When had the idea come to him? Transference and counter transference, that and the participation mystique -- always things for the therapist to be aware of; he knew it would take a long time to help her put herself back

together again. They could use hypnosis to fit the broken pieces back together, but it would take time for the breaks to mend.

The audacity of the idea -- he'd first thought of it overhearing a couple of guys talking in this very locker room. One asked the other if he'd seen one of the new aerobics instructors; the other made a remark like, "How'd you like to have her whip you into shape?" That brought the reply, "As long as it's pussy whipped."

Why not, he'd thought at the time. He knew he needed more motivation to get himself into shape; she needed to develop self-confidence and pull her life together. He remembered his heart racing as he stood there in front of the mirror, combing his hair. Examining his feelings he could tell it would work; something inside him reacted very strongly, very positively to being enslaved to a beautiful young woman.

Even now, remembering that thought process from months ago, he was glad he'd put his pants on; the reaction was still very positive.

David looked through the glass wall at the aerobics room as he stood dressed by the front desk of the fitness center; there she was, leading another class. He shook his head in amazement; she stood so straight and tall now, radiating poise, energy, vitality, confidence.

What a change, he thought, what a change over the first time he saw her. He remembered the crying, broken young woman referred to his office, coming out of an abusive relationship, her self-confidence shattered. He'd agreed to help her pro bono, for free; he did a certain amount of pro bono work every year.

It took a few sessions before they developed rapport to allow hypnosis to be useful, and then a few more sessions to start working through the problems. Then that audacious idea had come to him; what a delicious, dangerous synergy. He explored it, both within himself as well as within her.

As he stood watching her lead her second class of the day he could feel the sensations, those strong conflicting sensations in his body, his muscles, his bones: desire, fear, pleasure, danger.

And yet he'd laid the groundwork, using hypnosis for her and self-hypnosis for himself. He thought out his plan, and put it into effect.

And what effect, he thought, as he walked over to the glass to see her better. He could hear her voice over the booming of the music through the thick glass, see the energy and confidence she radiated as she led the class.

Then she looked back and saw him. She smiled and started moving back toward the glass, to him.

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She was still counting out as she stood in front of the glass looking at him. She smiled and pointed a finger at the ground. Without thinking, David slipped down to his knees, once more before his Mistress, filled once more with joy at being in her presence. Then she blew him a kiss and scampered back to the front of the class.

David blinked and stood up, taking a deep breath. His head cleared again. He looked on her in awe again, in awe of the control he'd given her, the control she'd taken over him. His skin tingled as he remembered her making him come with a word in the shower that morning. He knew theoretically such control was possible, but he'd never tried it, never given her that kind of instruction. No, she'd done that on her own.

He straightened up and laughed out loud as he walked out of the fitness center to his car. He felt better, more alive than he had in years. Synergy indeed.

FIN

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