

Enchanted

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In loving memory of Soforia the Enchantress, who passed away June 18, 2007.

There was a wall mirror right across from the elevator doors, so I took advantage of it to straighten my hair and smooth down the front of my shirt. My eyes were clear, my teeth looked good. There was a hint of rawness on my neck where I'd shaved the evening stubble off, but it was too late to do anything about that. I'd just have to hope Emily wouldn't notice, or wouldn't mind it.

Then I realized I was acting like a virgin on prom night. *C'mon*, my internal coach told me, *you can handle this. She didn't run when you told her about Wiseguy; what's a little razor burn compared to that?*

Still, things were moving awfully fast. Emily and I had met almost exactly a year ago, on the first day of the annual convention of the North American Association of Hypnotists. During that three-day weekend we became friendly and kept up an email correspondence after that. This year we were staying in the same hotel – different floors – and deliberately attending sessions together. The part of me that craves romance wanted so much to believe that Emily's invitation to “come up to my room for a surprise” meant that some of my fantasies about us were about to come true. On the other hand, that part had been wrong before. Many times before. Emily's surprise could just as easily be a pizza.

I took a deep breath and crossed my fingers before knocking on the door to room 446, hoping it really was my lucky number. The door opened and there she was, looking stunning in a white wrap-style dress and heels. I stood there drinking in the sight of her until she tugged my arm. “Come on inside and meet some people.”

She led me inside the room, where a small group had already gathered. A well-dressed woman in her late forties lounged on the first of the two twin beds. As we closed the door she held up a hand and admonished us. “Ssh! She's just got him nice and deep.”

I looked past and saw a man sitting on the edge of the other bed. His shoulders were slumped down and his head rested on his chest. Sitting before him on a wooden chair was a very attractive readhead with the most remarkable blue eyes I've ever seen, and she was speaking to the man in a soothing, silky-smooth hypnotic voice. She looked ever so quickly in our direction but stayed focused on the man on the bed. “That's right,” she said, “just going deeper and deeper ... perhaps only just now realizing how helpless you are to resist my soft hypnotic whisper.”

Something in her voice struck a familiar chord but it took me a moment or two to put it together. “Wait a minute,” I whispered to Emily. “Is that ...?”

She hushed me with a finger to the lip. "Yes. Surprise!"

I listened while the redhead worked with the man on the bed. Familiar phrases came out of her mouth and I felt them resonating in the back of my head, where I had memories of listening to one of her early hypnotic recordings. Any disappointment I might have felt at having my initial hopes dashed fell away completely.

"And now, Leland," she was saying, "it's time to end our session for now. When I count to three you'll come out of hypnosis feeling happy and refreshed, and you'll be delighted to discover that Emily has brought a special friend of hers to play with us tonight. I know that you'll welcome her friend and do anything I ask to help him feel relaxed and comfortable. One, two, three ... wide awake ... wide awake."

The man blinked and shook his head. "Wow ... " Then his eyes met hers. "Did you tell me not to remember?"

An enigmatic smile came over her. "You wouldn't want to spoil any surprises, would you?" Then she glanced at us. "Emily, won't you introduce us to your friend?"

"Of course. Mark, this is Leland Masters, a friend of mine. On the bed there is Marion Porter, my teacher." Each nodded and smiled in turn. "And this," she continued, indicating the lady in the chair, "is Soforia."

My knowledge of hypnoddesses was fairly limited, but I knew exactly who Soforia the Enchantress was. I wanted to show respect, so I bowed and reached for her hand. She let me take it and kiss it. "Mistress," I said, "it's a great privilege to meet you."

"Mark," Emily explained, "is a friend I met last year. He also told me today that he writes erotic hypnosis stories."

"Really?" Leland sounded intrigued. "Under what name? Or shouldn't I ask?"

Under normal circumstances I don't let my writing persona bleed into my real, professional life. I'd told Emily because I wanted her to know before we got any closer, in case it was a problem for her. But if any group would understand the need for discretion, I figured, it would be friends of Soforia the Enchantress. "Wiseguy."

Leland searched his memory. "I don't think I've read you."

"You wouldn't have," Marion told him, and then winked at me. "Leland is more of a dark-side MC lover, I'm afraid."

"Nothing wrong with that," I replied. "A lot of people are."

"I think Emily's become a fan, though. She spent a couple of hours this afternoon reading your back catalog instead of attending sessions."

Emily's face turned three shades of red. She threw a stray pillow at Marion and growled. "You weren't supposed to know that!"

She caught it and tossed it back with a chiding smile. "Then you shouldn't have stood me up for that

four o'clock and aroused my curiosity, and you definitely shouldn't have used *my* laptop to access the archive."

"Since we're telling on each other," Leland broke in, "I'll confess my own dirty secret: I've written a story or two for the archive myself. Anonymously, of course."

Emily looked at him with surprise on her face. I glanced at Soforia and read her expression. "You knew, didn't you?"

"I did," she conceded. "He even wrote one for Me. It's on My site." I could hear the capital letters in her tone, which was smooth and almost regal.

"Loosely based on a real experience," he volunteered.

"What about you, Mark?" Soforia's eyes were on me. "How many of your stories are based on real life experience?"

My throat clogged for a moment with the realization that I was not going to lie to a real-life erotic hypnodomme. I took a deep breath and just let the word come out. "None."

I looked into Soforia's eyes and I saw her thinking, but it was Emily who actually spoke. "None? All the training you've had, and all these fantasies that have been in your head, and you've never acted on one?" There was a curious sort of puzzlement in her face.

I shrugged. "Never. Remember, I was married until a couple of years ago. And I didn't actually start training until after that ended. Most of those stories were written before I ever did my first real-life induction. And since then ... well, it really does take two."

"So the self-styled hypno-romantic has never done erotic hypnosis in real life?" Marion said. "You cover it well, Mark. I never would have guessed."

Soforia patted the arm of the empty chair next to her. "Let's do a little something about that. Come sit down, Mark. Leland, you won't mind if I play with you a little more, will you?"

"For educational purposes? Of course not, Mistress."

Marion sat upright on the other bed and made room for Emily to join her. "This should be interesting."

Leland was already looking a little spacey-eyed as he gazed at Soforia. "You know what's coming," she told him, her voice dropping into that familiar, compelling tone. "Relax ... and go into deep hypnosis for Me."

She was talking to Leland, of course. I knew that. So it caught me completely by surprise when my eyes closed and my head started drooping. There was just a moment or two of haziness, and then when my chin hit my chest it startled me out of the trance. I jerked my head back upright and looked around to see Emily and Marion staring at me wide-eyed. My sheepish look didn't do much to answer the questions on their faces.

If Soforia noticed my lapse she didn't give any sign of it. She remained focused on Leland and took him through a staircase deepener. "And now," she continued, "you find yourself entering an exotic tent made of brightly colored veils. There is a massage table in the middle of the tent, and next to it

are a pair of beautiful women wearing nothing but sheer, wispy negligee. They motion for you to come forward, and when you reach the table they come around to either side and slowly, sensuously, remove all of your clothing. Feel their hands moving across your body, notice how each piece of clothing comes off so easily and leaves you more and more relaxed ... more and more open to what comes next.

“As the last of your clothing drops to the floor, you can allow yourself now to lie back and receive a wonderful full-body massage from these beautiful attendants. Hear the whispers of their voices as they tell you to relax and enjoy. Feel their hands caressing your body everywhere that you like to be touched.”

Leland's body lowered itself backward until he lay across the bed with his legs dangling off the edge. The only muscles still in tension were the ones holding the smile on his face. Oh – and one other muscle, pushing up against the front of his pants.

“That's, right,” Soforia continued. “You find this so arousing, Leland, that of course it's perfectly natural for you to have an erection. And as you become aware of just how very aroused you are, you feel the swirl of delicate fabric and you know that the women attending you are now also quite naked. What would you like to happen next, Leland?”

His lips moved with great effort and formed two words: “Scented oil.”

Soforia was nodding. “Of course,” she continued. “An exotic, arousing scent reaches your nose as the ladies begin spreading scented oil all over your body. It feels warm and soothing and arousing at the same time. One set of hands rubs the oil on your shoulders, and then your chest, working her way downward across your belly. The other works the oil into your calves, and your thighs, working her way up. You find yourself becoming more and more aroused with each touch as both pairs of hands move to converge in that place where you so love to be caressed.”

I squirmed a little in my seat as I realized that Soforia's words were getting to me, too. Part of my mind was imagining what Leland must be feeling, and it was all I could do to keep my body from reacting. Marion had transferred her attention to Leland and seemed to be very interested in the rising bulge in his pants. Emily, on the other hand, kept alternating between him and me, sitting forward on the bed as if waiting for a signal to jump. When she caught me watching her she blushed again and focused more on Soforia.

“What do you want now, Leland?”

“I want to come, Mistress.”

Soforia's smile widened. “I'm sure you do, Leland. But how will you earn that pleasure?”

“Please, Mistress,” he said in a voice that sounded well practiced in supplication. “Please speak the words with your silken voice and allow this obedient slave to come.”

Soforia's gaze turned to me for a moment. “Ordinarily I'd draw this out more,” she explained, “but I think you've got the idea. Do you?”

“Definitely.”

“Very well, Leland,” she said. “As I count from one to three, you can allow your sense of arousal to

double with each count and then, only on the count of three, you will have a strong, satisfying orgasm. Then you will relax and go even deeper for Me.”

The idea of watching Leland squirm on the bed while spurting seed in his pants was a little too weird for me, so I watched Emily instead. She was flushed in the face and neck and held her hands clasped tightly in her lap. She caught me watching her, turned a shade more red, and focused her attention fiercely on the floor in front of her.

Leland settled down into a profoundly relaxed state. “You’ve been very good, Leland,” Soforia told him, “and you’ve already been rewarded. Now I have an assignment for you. When I count to three, my pet, I want you to bring yourself out of hypnosis. You’ll say goodnight to everyone and go back to your hotel room, where you’ll shower and get ready for bed. But Leland, you may not go to sleep until you’ve gone online and read at least three Wiseguy stories. You can choose the ones you want to read, but you have to read at least three. Tomorrow at breakfast you’ll need to tell me which stories you read and what you thought about them. One ... two ... three.”

It took Leland a few moments to come all the way back. His eyes opened slowly and fixed on Soforia. “That was delightful, Mistress. Thank you.” He rose from the bed and bowed to Soforia, then hugged Emily and Marion and shook my hand. “I’ll be off to do my homework, now.”

The door closed behind him in a chorus of good wishes, then the room went silent. I could feel Soforia’s gaze on me before I met it. “What did you think of that, Mark?”

What indeed? “It was ... intriguing,” I said. “I thought it was supposed to be his job to please you.”

“He did,” she assured me. “When a submissive lets go to My voice and experiences pleasure, that pleases Me. When you try it yourself, you’ll understand.”

For a moment I thought Soforia intended to do with me what she’d done with Leland. “That’s okay, thank you,” I rushed to say, “but I don’t think I’m really the submissive type.”

“Don’t you?” There was a hint of amusement in her voice. “No, of course you don’t. I think you enjoy the idea of being hypnotically seduced, Mark, but perhaps you see your role as giving pleasure more than receiving it?”

I thought about some of my favorite fantasies. If you’re a longtime reader of mine you already know a lot of them. “I think so,” I finally agreed. “And I suppose you could interpret that as having a submissive streak. But I’m not into bowing and scraping. No offense, of course.”

“Of course.” She was still smiling, and her eyes held a mischievous sparkle. “So to whom will you give pleasure tonight, Mark? Emily or Marion?”

“Whoa,” Marion called out, making the time-out symbol with her hands. “I have a husband at home, remember? That makes me strictly an interested observer in this game.”

“Emily, then.”

Emily’s face took on a deer-in-the-headlights look. “I’m not so sure about this.”

“Relax, my dear,” Soforia said. “You and Mark have done trances together before, haven’t you?”

"A few," she admitted. "You know how we all tend to try things out on each other. This is a bit different, though."

"Not really. Mark is going to guide you into hypnosis, and then he's going to give you some direct suggestions. The purpose of his suggestions will be geared toward pleasure rather than therapy, but it's still just suggestion. You still have the final say on which ones you will or won't accept. Isn't that so?"

"I suppose. I mean, yes, of course that's so."

"Then we're agreed," Soforia said. "Why don't you lie back on the bed and make yourself comfortable? You may even want to take off your shoes first."

Emily looked at Soforia, then at me, then back at Soforia. She rose slowly, slipped off her shoes, and moved to the nearer bed. She piled up the pillows to allow herself to sit up comfortably. "How's this?"

"I'm sure that will be fine," Soforia answered. "Won't it, Mark?"

I was at a total loss. My lips moved but no words came out. I don't even know what words were trying to come out.

"Emily is ready, Mark," Soforia prodded. "Surely you've got something in mind that you'd like to do with her."

Of course I did – quite a few things. But all of them involved us being naked, awake, and alone. What was I supposed to do in front of an audience? And what would Emily be willing to do? Outside of my imagination we hadn't even kissed beyond a friendly peck on the cheek.

"I'm sure something will come to you," Marion suggested. "Why not start with an induction and see what flows from there?"

"Good plan," I said, and as I moved to the bed to sit on the edge, facing Emily, I even remembered an induction I'd been wanting to try for a while. "Are you ready to go into deep hypnosis, Emily?"

She actually looked a little nervous. I saw her swallow quickly and her eyes seemed a little more wide open than usual. But she was game. "Yes."

I gave her my best reassuring smile, took both of her hands in mine, and focused all of my attention on her. "We're going to do a kinesthetic induction. Don't think too much about it, just react, and you'll find that you can very easily and quickly enter a deep state of hypnosis. Every time I squeeze your left hand, Emily, I want you to respond by squeezing *my* left hand, and every time I squeeze your right hand I want you to squeeze my right. And while we're squeezing each other's hands I want you to keep your eyes on mine and let your mind stay blank. I may talk to you, but it's not really important for you to consciously listen to my voice. What's important is that you clear your mind and just let yourself react instinctively. Are you ready?"

She gave both of my hands a quick squeeze. "Ready."

I started slowly with a squeeze of her left hand, then her right. Emily responded correctly, and I could see a hint of curiosity in her brown eyes, as if she was wondering exactly how this was going to work. And well she should, since I was making it up on the spot. "That's right," I told her, "just clear your

mind, and let your body react all by itself. The more you relax your mind, the more quickly your body can feel and respond.”

I picked up the pace, kept talking about blanking her mind and relaxing, and made a point of keeping the sequence of squeezes as random as possible. Left, right, right, left, right, left, left, left, right, left, right, right ... Emily kept with me as I sped up a little more, but I could tell her eyes were beginning to glaze over a little. So were mine, probably, because I was having a hard time consciously keeping up my stream of patter and also the random squeeze pattern. I let my subconscious take over the talking and focused on keeping each hand squeeze random and distinct. Finally, when I sensed she was ready for it, I squeezed both hands at the same time. Her face went blank for a second – this wasn't in the instructions! – and before she could come up with a reaction I said, “Sleep!” and pulled her toward me.

Emily's upper body tipped forward and I quickly caught her in a loose embrace. I put a hand on top of her head and rotated her head slowly, being careful not to flex her neck too much. “That's right,” I said, “letting go, going way, way down, deeper and deeper as I rotate your head, feeling the relaxation in your neck, and letting that spread all the way down.” I tested for muscle tone in her arm and got absolutely none, which was good. Then I started her on a backward countdown, borrowing the ending of the Dave Elman induction, until she lost track of the numbers and fell silent. Now I had her in somnambulism, which I figured would be deep enough for pretty much anything we'd want to do.

I looked back to see approval on Soforia's face. “That was a very interesting induction, Mark. I don't believe I've seen that one before.”

“It was an ad-lib,” I confessed. “My instructor showed me a similar method once using a pair of Chinese musical balls. I've had this in mind since then as a possibility but never got to try it before.”

“And now that you have Emily under your spell, what will you do next?”

There was one idea that seemed doable if Emily was willing. I gently laid her back against the pillows and took her right hand. “Emily, do you remember me telling you about the technique I learned from Wendi? The one using the back of the hand to induce an orgasm?”

Her lips tried to form a word and failed; she was too relaxed. I was about to suggest that she could speak clearly while maintaining her trance depth, but then I felt her squeeze my hand ever so slightly. Was that an ideomotor response? “I felt you squeeze my hand, Emily. If that was meant as a signal for 'yes', please do it again now.”

Another squeeze. Okay, that would do. “I understand. Emily, would it be okay with you if I show Soforia the hand orgasm technique using your hand?”

She squeezed. For the first time since starting the induction I allowed my imagination to dwell on the erotic possibilities – something I'd never done before with anyone outside of my dreams. It was heady wine indeed. Now all I had to do was remember the details of a technique I'd seen once, in a video months and months before, and never used.

I let myself drop into trance a little and hear the voice in the video. “Emily,” I said, “I'd like you to cast your mind back to a time when you felt completely free and uninhibited; a time when you felt you could do anything you pleased, have any pleasure you wanted. And when you have that feeling firmly in mind, just wiggle your little finger for me.” In a few moments I saw the pinkie finger on her hand move and I began to stroke it. “That's right, just like that. As I stroke your little finger, Emily, let that feeling

come back to the present with you and become stronger, more potent, more pleasurable, with each stroke." I caressed the finger up and down for a few seconds and let the feeling amplify in her mind.

"Now, I'd like you to recall a time when you felt loved. Completely loved, and in love, with no doubts or reservations, and it felt absolutely right. And when you have that feeling in mind, just wiggle this finger to let me know you feel it. ... That's right ... and as I stroke your ring finger like this, again you can let that feeling grow stronger and stronger ... blending, as I stroke both fingers, with that wonderful sense of freedom and power ... very good.

"Next, Emily, allow your mind to remember a time when you had a powerful craving. Maybe it was for a particular type of food, or to do an activity, it doesn't matter exactly what. Recall that sense of craving, of wanting something *right now*, and when you have that feeling you can signal me by moving your middle finger ... yes, just like that ... and as I stroke your finger up and down you can allow that sensation to get stronger and stronger ... wanting, needing ... very good."

Emily's face was starting to show signs of the feelings she was recalling. Her tongue came out to lick her lips, and the fingers I stroked trembled a little with the stimulation. Now for the real test.

"Now, Emily, I'm sure you can recall a time when you felt intensely aroused. Think back now to a time when you were so aroused, feeling so much pleasure, that you just wanted the feeling to go on and on for hours ... absolute, guilt-free pleasure and arousal ... " The index finger of her hand wiggled without any prompting. "That's good," I continued. "And as I stroke your index finger, allow yourself to feel that arousal again now ... feel it growing, compounding, more and more aroused, as if each stroke against this finger is also stroking you in your most pleasurable, intimate place, exactly the way you love to be touched."

Now we were getting somewhere. Emily's breathing picked up and her tongue grew bolder in running across her lips. I stole a glance down at her chest and saw the outline of nipples trying to poke through from beneath her clothing. Her legs rubbed together ever so slightly and a hint of color slowly washed over her chest and neck. She was so beautiful this way, so clearly aroused, and I became dimly aware that the same feeling was happening in my body as well. *Focus, Mark*, I warned myself.

"Finally," I said, working hard to keep my voice soft and even while my heart raced in my chest, "I'd like you to recall a time when you felt a powerful sexual desire. A time when you knew, just knew, that you were going to have sex and it was going to be everything you could want it to be. Perhaps you were planning to seduce someone, or to allow him to seduce you ... or perhaps it was a spur-of-the-moment feeling that you want sex, and you want it now ... hot, delicious, passionate sex ... yes, that's right, that's the feeling ... and as I stroke your thumb, allow that feeling to multiply in your mind, becoming stronger and stronger, irresistible, overwhelming desire ... yes ..."

Emily was feeling it for sure. Her free arm and hand twitched, too relaxed to move much but obviously trying. I braved a light brush of my free hand against her thigh and the heat from between her legs was almost palpable. There was only one more step to follow and I was eager to see how well it worked.

"And now, Emily, as you feel me stroking the fingers of your hand, allow all of those sensations to strengthen and grow and move throughout your body. Arousal ... desire ... love ... craving ... freedom ... and as you feel my fingers swirling on the back of your hand allow these sensations to mix, and grow, and feed off each other, like a perfect lover touching and kissing and caressing you in all of your favorite spots all at once." I stroked upward against her fingers and drew broad, lazy circles across the back of her hand and as I did I heard Emily start to moan. Her legs clenched and rubbed against

each other and the pulse in her neck was visibly racing.

I kept swirling my fingers around the back of her hand, suggesting increased arousal, increased desire, increased pleasure, and adding that any time I touched her this way those feelings would return and be twice as strong, twice as powerful, twice as pleasurable. Her moans got louder and little beads of sweat began to form on her neck and in the plunging neckline of her dress. I couldn't keep the excitement out of my voice any more but rather than distracting Emily it seemed to urge her on. Another minute, maybe less, of suggestions and stroking and then Emily's eyes popped open. Her mouth formed a perfect O and her body lurched forward. She grabbed my shirt and heaved and gasped for the better part of a minute while I fueled the fire by continuing to make those smooth circles on the back of her hand. Suddenly an urgent message from my groin warned that I was dangerously close to the tipping point myself, and if I wanted to have anything left for later -- whether or not there'd even be a later was a whole other question -- I'd better end this. I let go of Emily's hand and she wrapped it around me for the last few gasps of her orgasm. As her grip loosened I put a hand on her head again and said, "Sleep now."

Emily went limp and allowed me to lay her back against the pillows again. I took a corner of the blanket and dabbed the sweat from her neck and face and pushed a few stray locks of hair back into position.

My concentration was broken by the sound of applause. Both Marion and Soforia were clapping their hands and grinning. For a minute there I'd forgotten they were even in the room.

"Very impressive," Soforia said. "Are you sure this was your first time?"

"First time in practice," I said, feeling the heat rising in my cheeks. "I may have ... ummm ... rehearsed a few similar scenarios in my mind. Once or twice." *A day*, I added to myself, thinking mostly of the last few days.

Marion threw me a life preserver. "And why not? Congratulations, you have an imagination. Where do you think all those stories came from?"

Soforia's soft chuckle was musical. "Indeed. And if I'm not mistaken, you've heard at least one of My recordings before. Isn't that so?"

"It is," I confessed. "A friend of mine shared one with me some time ago. It's been a few years since I listened to it, but it definitely used to inspire me."

"Perhaps it still can." That mysterious smile came back to her face as Soforia's eyes captured mine and held them. "Mark, I want you to relax and go into deep hypnosis for Me ..."

Everything slowed down and turned fuzzy. I knew, in a corner of my mind, exactly what was happening: that old recording of hers had used that phrase as a trigger, and hearing it in person, in her voice, had brought back my subconscious response to it. *Interesting*, I thought in a bemused, detached sort of way. And then I had no more conscious thoughts for a while.

When my eyes opened again I was in a different room. The lighting was dim and wavy, like candlelight or torchlight. I lay on a bed made with red silk sheets, spread eagled and naked. How did I get that way? I had a sense of a voice just beyond the reach of my ears, and somehow I knew that while I may be tied to the bed I was safe.

A thin figure in a white hooded robe came into view and stood at the foot of the bed. I could barely make out a few wisps of black hair under the hood. She said nothing, but somehow in my mind I got the message: I was here to learn a lesson, and she would be my teacher.

The robe opened and fell away to reveal a pale, softly rounded, naked female body. I'd never seen Emily's body so I couldn't be certain, but those looked like Emily's eyes peering at me from behind a sequined mask and the black hair flowing around the face also looked a lot like hers.

I wondered for a moment whether this was real or an illusion. Then she climbed onto the bed and touched my leg. She might be a figment of my imagination, I reasoned, but the electrifying sensation of her hand on my thigh was real enough and so was the hard-on that quickly formed in response. She smiled, licked her lips, and bent over slowly. I felt her lips nibbling ever so slightly on my thigh, starting low and working slowly upward. Every few nibbles she'd raise her head just enough to catch my eye and then resume. My cock pointed straight up and begged for attention while my arms strained against the ropes. I wanted so badly to touch her.

Relax, the voice in my head told me. Accept the gift she brings you.

Her hands raked gently across my chest and belly. I relaxed and stopped struggling with the ropes and felt the warm, soft press of her breasts enveloping my erect cock. I still wanted to kiss her, to caress her, to slide myself inside of her, but none of that was possible yet. So I closed my eyes and let myself wallow in the pleasure of her touch.

I felt the ropes fall away from my wrists and then a surge of heat as her mouth plunged down on my cock. My first impulse was to grab her, kiss her, finger her. But no – this was a test, I realized. I let myself stay relaxed and submit to the exquisite pleasure that came from her mouth on me.

She stopped and I could sense her approval. She crept forward, straddled me, and guided my aching cock inside of her. Her eyes closed and she gave a little shudder as we locked together. The moment felt right to finally touch her, so I let my hands glide softly up her legs, along her sides, and up to caress her breasts. She allowed it and moaned softly as I played my thumbs over her erect nipples.

I wanted to come. I needed to come. But something was still holding me back. There was one more thing to learn. What was it?

I sat up and felt her shift just a little so we could hold balance. We embraced each other and our lips met and melted together. She sighed and wiggled her hips around me, getting seated even more firmly on my cock. I felt something pressing on my nose and realized that I, too, was wearing a mask. I took mine off and revealed my face to my lover. She kissed me again and smiled and pulled off her mask to reveal Emily's face. Our eyes locked together and our foreheads met and everything was complete. We rocked together until I came and she came and for one perfect moment we were joined body and soul. I fell back onto the bed, taking her with me, and everything went black.

“... three. Wide awake ... wide awake.”

My eyes opened immediately but my mind took several extra seconds to truly wake up. Important facts began to register slowly. I was on the bed with Emily. She was still in trance, or maybe asleep. We were still dressed. That wasn't Emily's voice, though, it was ...

“Soforia.” I looked over to the table to see her beaming at me. “That was ... intense.”

"I love working with creative types," she told me. "You're so easy to weave a spell around."

I glanced toward the other bed and found it empty. "Where's Marion?"

"She left a while ago. She has an early seminar tomorrow and knew you'd be safe in My hands."

"I knew it too. As real as everything felt, somehow I knew I was safe."

Soforia rose and picked up her handbag. "I also have an early session tomorrow, so I'm going to leave you two unchaperoned. Tell Emily goodnight for Me when you wake her, won't you?"

Oops – I'd almost forgotten. "Here, I'll do that now. Emily, I'm --"

Soforia stopped me with a hand on my shoulder. "No hurry," she assured me. "Let Sleeping Beauty rest for a few more minutes before her prince arrives."

"I'm more of a jester than a prince, Lady," I said with a joking bow, "but I may just have to do. Let me at least walk you to your car."

She gave me an odd sort of smile. "You should stay here with Emily. But there is one thing you can do for Me, if you wish."

"What's that?"

She winked. "You can write Me a story for My website."

I bowed – a real one this time. "It would be my pleasure."

After Soforia left, I lay down next to Emily and admired her beautiful, relaxed form. She did look a bit like Sleeping Beauty. I knew I should wake her, but those lips were just too tempting to ignore. I leaned over and kissed her.

There was magic in that kiss. A veil lifted from my mind and I realized that our clothes were sitting, neatly folded, on the extra chair. Her eyes opened and her lips merged with mine. Our hands moved over each other, exploring and arousing, and I felt an overwhelming urge to kiss my way down her body.

"I can't stop," I murmured as my mouth reached the valley between her breasts.

Emily lay back and opened her legs. "I don't want you to."

The rest is silence.

-wg
6/25/07