

Playing Along

Copyright 2005 by Wiseguy

People just naturally assume that Sadie and I are sleeping together. The truth is we have a bond far more resilient than mere sexual contact: a real estate lease.

It's a story worthy of a sitcom. My friend Ned and I were looking for a place we could share close to work. He and Sadie were pretty serious, and I was in an established relationship with Ann. We found this nice three-bedroom townhouse with plenty of room at a rent that was doable for two of us but much more palatable for four. Ned had a bankruptcy on his record from a few years back and Ann was still paying off student loans, so to get us past the credit check only Sadie and I signed the application. It worked out great -- that is, until Ned and Ann decided they were more into each other than either of us and moved out early.

Getting shafted by one set of people we trusted soured us both on the idea of roommates, so Sadie and I resigned ourselves to seven months of platonic cohabitation. We established a comfortable division of duties and space and got along just fine. I'd be happier if Sadie wouldn't keep trying to fix me up with her single girl friends, but there are worse things than having a compulsive matchmaker in the house.

There are times, though, when I just can't help but entertain a few randy thoughts about Sadie. A prime example was last week, the day before Jason's Halloween party. I was loading up the dishwasher after dinner when Sadie came slinking into the room in a metallic purple body suit that clung like a stocking to every curve she had. A plastic utility belt emphasized her hips and a gold bat symbol hovered just above the swell of her breasts. A matching helmet with fake red hair flowing out of the back covered most of her face. "Sadie?"

She flicked her gold and yellow cape at me. "No, it's Yvonne Craig. What do you think?"

"I think you look amazingly spry for a 68-year-old."

From under her mask-covered nose a tongue flicked out at me. "Never at a loss for a smart-ass remark, are you?"

"My mom always said when you find something you're good at ..."

"Can we leave your mother out of this? I want your opinion on my costume."

"You're wearing that to the party?" Master of the obvious, I am.

"I'm thinking about it." She twirled around once or twice to show me the whole thing. "How does it look to you?"

Platonic roomie or not, this was an opportunity to be cherished. I gave her a good long look. "Can I see the rear view again?"

Sadie whipped out a plastic boomerang shaped like a bat and held it at the ready. "Don't make me use this."

I grabbed a pot lid and covered behind it. "It looks great, really. Very authentic. And hot as hell."

"I won't need a coat, that's for sure."

"That's not what I meant."

Sadie put away the bat-erang and stood there for a moment with her hands rest on her hips while a sly smile passed over her mouth. "If you like this," she teased, "you'll love what Mona is planning to wear."

I groaned out loud. "I keep telling you, I'm not interested in Mona."

"Are you sure? What about Mona in mermaid leggings, no top, and a long flowing wig that covers just enough to keep it legal? "

She got me to think about it for a half-second. "No, still not interested. That girl is a little too scary for my taste."

"Intimidated by strong women, are you?"

"Strong isn't a problem," I said. "It's the way she keeps talking about how I'd look in handcuffs and a blindfold. Not my scene."

"She's playing with you," Sadie insisted. "Trying to see where you fit into the spectrum. Mona's more of a bottom than a top, anyway. She's probably hoping you'll volunteer to put the cuffs on her."

It finally felt safe to lower the pot lid. "I'll pass, just in case. I am capable of finding my own dates."

Sadie shrugged. "Suit yourself. Do you have one for Jason's party?"

Okay, she had me there. "I'm going stag. That way I can have fun listening while guys speculate on what you may or may not be wearing under that suit."

The sneaky smile got wider. "You're doing the vampire thing, right?"

"Probably. Unless I get a better idea between now and tomorrow."

"Then maybe you can use your unearthly hypnotic powers to find out."

With a purple and gold blur she turned again and left. I stuck my head out the doorway in time to see her scuttling up the stairs and called out after her. "Maybe I will!"

It was just bluster, of course, but I had to play along.

I ended up working late the day of the party and came home to an empty house. I put on the old-

fashioned tux and red sash I'd picked up for and slicked my hair back. To make my eyes seem deep, dark and powerful I borrowed some of Sadie's mascara. "Look into my eyes," I intoned to the mirror. "You want me to drink your bloooooood." I kill myself sometimes.

Sadie was already gone so I had to drive myself instead of carpooling with her. I was late, but Jason isn't the sort to get out of joint over that sort of thing. He welcomed me in and in short order I had a drink in one hand and a snack in the other. By an hour into the party I had a pleasant buzz going, and since I hadn't seen any sign of a dark-haired chick in a mermaid suit I stopped worrying that I might get dragged away to the dungeon for punishment.

In the course of mingling I spied Sadie in all her metallic purple and gold splendor. She was hanging out by the doorway to Jason's den talking to some guy she knows from work. The perfect opportunity for a little harmless fun.

About two years ago I hit a brick wall with my golf game. No matter how much time I spent on the range I just couldn't get rid of a nasty slice. After ribbing me about it until it got old, Ned told me the problem was all in my head and talked me into seeing a sports hypnotist. The guy was good; it only took him two sessions to figure out that my head was fine -- I just suck at golf. The experience wasn't a total loss, though. I learned to be very good at self-hypnosis, which kept me on an even keel through the whole breakup/move-out thing with Ned and Ann. I also discovered a knack for hypnotizing other people, which can liven up a small social gathering now and again. One of my favorite tricks is the infamous handshake induction. Ask Ann and she'll tell you I practiced it on her two or three times. That's fine -- what she doesn't remember won't hurt me. Sadie has seen me do it more than once, so I figured it wasn't too unfair to spring it on her. Besides, in the kitchen she'd practically dared me to.

I grabbed a wine glass, filled it part way with sangria because it's her party drink, and approached Sadie. I timed it just right so that I reached her just as she was finishing her chat with the guy from work. She stopped short when she saw me and reached out to accept the wine glass, and that's when I made my move. I pulled the glass away, took her wrist with my other hand and held it still. "Look at me!" I said, injecting the short command at just the moment when her mind was trying to figure out what to do.

Her head jumped back a touch but her eyes locked onto mine. "That's right," I continued, slipping deliberately into my hypnotizing voice. "Just keep looking. Keep your eyes right here and just breathe deeply. Notice how easy it is to lose yourself in my eyes, to let go and let your mind drift and float. Just the way your hand is now floating in mid air." I let go of her hand and it stayed exactly in place. Cool. The gentlest nudge upward got it to begin rising slowly. "That's right, floating and drifting, your hand is so light, so light, that it just floats up into the air all by itself with no effort at all. All by itself, easily and naturally." I let her hand rise up to face level and then went for the clincher. "And even now, as you marvel at the sensations you are feeling, your hand can relax and lower itself to your side only as fast as your eyes can close, now, and you relax yourself completely."

I kept talking about what she could feel, what she could hear, how heavy and tired her eyes were becoming, all the usual stuff. Sure enough, within a few seconds her arm dropped and her eyes closed. Sadie was mine. I caught her when she teetered forward and held her upright.

That was as far as my plan actually went. I figured Sadie would start to drop into trance but then realize it, wake up, and make a snide remark about my vampiric shortcomings. It never occurred to me that she would actually go deep the way she had. Then again, it would be just like Sadie to play along until she knew what I was up to. So what was I up to?

Our exchange in the kitchen was still on my mind. "You know who I am," I told her. "I am a powerful vampire and you are now my thrall. Every breath you take places you deeper under my hypnotic

control. You must obey me in all things, and you find me irresistibly sexy. Your deepest desire is to please me before I drink the blood from your body. If you want to play this game with me, you will take my hand and follow me to a more private place where I can ravish you before I feed."

That would be enough to get slapped if she was putting me on, I figured, but instead I got Sadie's hand weakly grasping mine. She balanced herself on her own feet and waited in silence. I knew from experience that a hypnotized person won't do anything they really don't want to do, so I figured even if Sadie wasn't faking it I more or less had her permission to keep going with our little game.

I led her into Jason's den and closed the door behind us. It was a cozy little room lined with oak shelves that were filled with books and videos. The overhead light was off but a floor lamp in the corner provided a nice, pleasant glow across the room. My destination was the plush leather sofa Jason kept in there.

Above the sofa was a three-panel mirror that Jason had picked up on one of his trips. I stood Sadie in front of the sofa, faced her toward the mirror, and moved the fake red hair away from her left shoulder. She tilted her head invitingly, so just for the fun of it I gave her a little nibble on the side of the neck. Sadie shivered a little bit but didn't object, so I figured I'd push another step.

Using the reflection to guide my fingers, I found the knot holding the cape around her neck and undid it. I peeled the cape off slowly and tossed it aside. The utility belt came off next and joined the cape on the floor. Still Sadie didn't move.

"Let my every touch take you deeper," I said, now fully convinced that she was not faking it. "The deeper you go, the more pleasure you feel. The more pleasure you feel, the deeper you go." I put my hands on her shoulders again and felt them relax and melt at my touch. Her breathing slowed and she let out a very quiet sigh. I took that as a sign that she was still willing to play along. My hands brushed down her arms and came to rest on her hips. Sadie's weight tilted back toward me a little as her spine relaxed. I let my hands rise up the sides of her body and ran my fingers ever so lightly across the swell of her breasts. Little bumps in the front of her outfit told me at least one thing she wasn't wearing under the suit.

About this time I realized I was getting seriously turned on by our little game. How far was Sadie willing to take this? How far did I really want to go? I was of two minds on that question: the one above the belt said go slow, there could be ugly consequences from rushing into this; the one below the belt said screw the consequences, full speed ahead. Below the belt won.

Sadie's form-fitting leotard had a long zipper in back that ran from the neck to the end of the spine. I fished out the tiny metal tab and pulled it down slowly, fully expecting Sadie to wheel around at any moment and put a stop to it. I saw beautiful shoulder blades and as I continued to work the zipper downward it revealed a lovely trail of smooth skin running all the way down to the little T formed by a smooth black thong.

Several minutes later I realized I had Sadie's outfit fully unzipped and all I was doing with the opportunity was staring at her back. A full laugh would have ruined the vampire shtick so I swallowed it and went for broke. "Sit on the sofa, my thrall," I said. "Lie back and let the pleasure grow ever stronger while I remove your costume."

Below-the-belt really wanted to grab the loose fabric at her shoulders and just peel it down, but it wouldn't have been very suave to try that without first getting her gloves and boots out of the way. I unzipped the long purple boots and set them aside, then carefully pulled off her long gloves. Sadie lay quiet and quiescent, eyes closed, the hint of a relaxed smile visible below the mask. There didn't seem

to be an easy way to get the cowl off and I didn't want to break the trance by struggling with it, so I left it on her.

Unveiling time. I peeled back the purple fabric from her shoulders and worked my way down her body. Sadie remained relaxed yet managed to move in just the right ways to make my job easier. If I wanted any more confirmation of her willingness, that was it. My cock quivered with the realization that it would soon be exploring new territory.

The thong came off just as easily. I took a moment to savor the vision of Sadie's relaxed, naked body. With the mask still on it was almost like living an adolescent fantasy. If only I'd brought a camera. "You are very aroused," I said to her. "My every touch relaxes your body and arouses you even more. You will find that you can orgasm very easily, as often as you want to, as frequently as you want to, and each one is completely satisfying. You will want to experience this pleasure again and again, tonight and in the future." In for a penny, in for a pound, right?

She was so lovely. I knelt down between her legs and just stayed there for a minute or two admiring her while my hands enjoyed the smoothness of her thighs. I could feel her relaxing under me and noticed her breathing beginning to quicken. Her nipples stood up and begged for attention so I obliged them with a few licks, then some gentle sucking and nibbling. By the hitching in her breath and the way her back arched to meet me I knew Sadie was enjoying herself.

The sweetest sounds in the world are the ones a woman makes when she's having an orgasm. I wanted to hear those sounds from Sadie, so I kissed my way southward until I reached the neatly trimmed stripe of her mound. She was glistening already. Her hips tilted to meet my face and that was all the encouragement I needed. I used my thumbs to spread her open and paid full enthusiastic attention to every fold and contour, especially the little button that peeked out to greet me. Sadie moaned and flexed and shuddered her way through one orgasm after another. I felt her legs trying to close around me but Sadie was too relaxed for any strong movement. The best she could do was fumble at the cushions and roll her head from side to side.

I could have stayed there savoring Sadie's moans and gasps all night, but Mr. Below-the-Belt was clamoring for his turn. I stood up long enough to drop my pants and underwear, then dropped back to my knees. Sadie was still blissed out and a little hard to handle, but I managed to shift her just enough that I could lower her down onto my aching shaft and slide it all the way in. She shuddered again when she felt me enter her and an extended moan escaped her lips. I held her steady and moved myself in and out in a steady rhythm. My body switched on the auto pilot and I dropped into a light trance myself, letting myself focus on the sensation of her body closing around me. It was so easy to slide in and out, deeper and harder, a little faster, a little faster ...

I came so suddenly that I wasn't prepared for it. My muscles clenched and for a long minute all I could do was hold on. All the blood rushed out of my head and into my groin and all there was left was the sound of Sadie's moans echoing between my ears.

Sadie lay still, her back and shoulders on the couch and her lower body on top of mine. Her eyes were open and staring quietly at me, but she made no attempt to move. "Sleep," I said, and they closed down again.

I lifted Sadie and laid her out properly on the couch. When I stood up and saw my face in the mirror I had to laugh because my makeup was a mess. Half of it was still on my face and the other half was smeared between Sadie's thighs.

A quick exit seemed wise. For one thing my face pretty much told the world what I'd been doing, and

for another I wasn't a hundred percent sure what Sadie would say when she woke up. I grabbed an afghan off a nearby recliner and tossed it over her, then dressed myself and fixed my face as best I could with tissues and spit. "I want you to count to 100," I told Sadie, "and then wake up feeling refreshed, euphoric, and absolutely wonderful. You'll remember as much or as little as you want to about this evening, and you'll feel completely comfortable and at ease with what happened here. Begin counting now."

Some joker had hung an improvised DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob. I left it in place, said a quick goodbye to Jason and headed home.

I waited up for Sadie with a mixture of apprehension and excitement. It would be interesting to hear how much she remembered and what, if anything, she'd want to do about it. But when two o'clock came and she still wasn't back, I figured it could wait until morning.

Morning turned into noon before I actually rolled out of bed. The sound of the front door got my attention, so I threw on some sweats and plodded down the stairs to find Sadie in the kitchen having a sandwich. Her costume was neatly folded and sitting on the table. She looked up at me and grinned. "Looks like someone had a good time last night."

I plopped onto another chair, stretched and toyed with the end of the cape. "I wasn't the only one, I hope."

Sadie's grin doubled. She leaned back and clasped her hands behind her head. "I wouldn't know," she said. "My sister called yesterday morning and asked me to help her chaperon a teen slumber party."

My brain went into vapor lock. "You ... didn't ... go?"

"That's right," she assured me, beaming. "But since you liked my costume so much, I lent it to Mona. She says it was the best party she's been to in years."

-wg
10/31/05