

# *An Ounce of Prevention*

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“...three. Eyes open, wide awake, feeling great.”

Mrs. Green opened her eyes slowly, taking a few moments to reorient herself. “Is that it?” she asked uncertainly.

Dr. Russell Johnson, PhD and Certified Clinical Hypnotherapist, smiled reassuringly at his patient. “That’s it,” he affirmed.

“You mean just doing that will cure my tension headaches?”

“Better than that, Mrs. Green,” he explained. “Whenever you feel yourself getting tense, you can use what you’ve learned here to relax yourself. Make a habit of relaxing and you’ll find that not only do you not get those headaches, but you’ll feel better in a number of other ways too. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.”

“That’s so true, Doctor,” she agreed.

Yes, Russ thought to himself as he watched his last patient of the day depart, the key is almost always prevention. As a therapist, he spent much of his time helping patients get to the root causes of their problems; prevention was a favorite theme of his, both in practice and in his own life.

Calmly, unhurriedly, the doctor completed his ritual for closing the office at the end of the week. He locked the file cabinets, his receptionist’s desk, and his own desk, ensuring that all files and the appointment book were properly put away. He checked the windows one more time, set the thermostat for the weekend and locked the door on his way out.

His drive home took the usual fifteen minutes. Once again he congratulated himself on choosing his office location well; while he enjoyed an easy, traffic-free trip the opposing lanes were jammed with frustrated, trapped commuters gritting their teeth through another grueling Friday rush hour. Another benefit of planning and prevention, he thought pleasantly.

A delightful aroma greeted the doctor as he walked through the door of his suburban home. Setting his briefcase down in the foyer, he made his way to the kitchen.

Brenda Johnson looked up when her husband entered the kitchen. “Hi, dear,” she said busily, her hands continuing to mix together the ingredients of a meat loaf.

Russ hugged his wife from behind and kissed her cheek while she worked. Then and only then did he allow himself to look around at their kitchen.

The kitchen was Brenda’s domain, and it was clear that she had been indulging in her passion for cooking. Russ saw a large pile of mixing bowls, utensils, pots and pans – the place resembled the kitchen of a small restaurant at dinner hour. “Cooking for the week again?” he asked.

“Sort of,” she replied. Brenda, a middle school art teacher, loved to cook but seldom had time for it during the week. Her solution was to prepare a number of meals at once and freeze them so that they could be pulled out and reheated on those evenings when time was short. “I’ve got a turkey breast cooling, a lasagna and some garlic bread in the oven, and I should be able to get two meat loaves from this batch.”

“What are we having tonight?”

“I was planning on the lasagna,” she answered. “Lynn has a dance tonight, remember? We need to eat soon so she can be there at seven.”

“Anything I can do?”

“Would you run some warm water in the sink for a minute? My hands are freezing!”

Russ lifted the lever on the kitchen faucet, swiveling it to the left until the flowing water was very warm to the touch. “All set.”

Shooting him a grateful look, Brenda removed her hands from the cold meat and let the water flow over them, warming them. “Mmmmmmm, that’s much better.”

“Anything else?”

Brenda knew better than to ask Russ for help in the kitchen. It was a matter of style: Russ was a perfectly good cook, but his methodical nature demanded a recipe, exact measurements, and correct ingredients. Brenda’s approach was more artistic – lots of improvisation, substitutions, and measurements by eyeball rather than cup or spoon. Trying to collaborate in the kitchen just didn’t work for them. “See if Lynn is done with her homework, and maybe get her to set the table?”

Russ kissed his wife again. “Done deal,” he said, and set off in search of their daughter.

He poked his head into the family room and the faint, tinny sound of hard rock leaking out of a pair of headphones led him to the couch. There he found his teenage daughter

oblivious to the outside world, recumbent on the couch but somehow balancing a heavy algebra text, a spiral notebook and a TI-83 calculator in her lap. Her left hand danced over the calculator keypad while her right tapped a pencil against her notebook in time to the music.

Russ stood back and just admired his daughter for a few moments. Lynn was in many ways the perfect combination of himself and Brenda: she had a sharp, curious mind with a strong creative streak and, as she was demonstrating here, a gift for concentration. She also had an athletic physique and an outgoing manner that Russ knew had to be inspiring all sorts of sexual fantasies among her male peers.

Russ waited for the pause between tracks then cleared his throat loudly. Lynn picked up the sound and noticed him; her left hand immediately went to the Pause button on her disk player. “Hey, Dad!”

“We’re eating soon,” he told her. “Think you could help set the table?”

“Can it wait ten minutes?” she asked. “I’m almost done with this.”

Russ nodded. “Go for it,” he told her.

“Thanks!” She hit the Pause button again and was back to work even before the music started. Russ marveled again at her powers of concentration and left her to her studies.

Before long they were all sitting down to dinner. Russ toyed a little with the first bite of his lasagna before tasting it, examining it, trying to guess what would be different about it this time. Seeing that Brenda was watching him, he ended the game by putting the bite in his mouth.

“Is it okay?” she asked, a little anxiously.

“It’s fine,” he answered. “Delicious, in fact.”

Brenda sighed and relaxed a little. “Good. I thought I had more ricotta cheese in the house, but when I went to get it out there was only a little bit, so I threw in some extra mozzarella and a little Monterey.”

“It’s great,” he reassured her. As usual, Brenda’s instincts had been right – the lasagna was certainly different in texture and flavor, but it was also very good.

The dinner conversation followed its usual pattern, with Brenda and Lynn recounting the high points of their days. Russ listened carefully, offering a few observations. When the women paused, he brought up the subject of the dance.

“It’s nothing fancy,” Lynn explained. “Just a social. Student Government is providing a DJ and refreshments.”

“How about chaperones?” Russ asked.

“Mr. Richter is in charge of that, so you can bet he’ll have everyone covered. At the last one he had extra adults with flashlights on patrol outside.”

Russ remembered. “And as I recall, it wasn’t a wasted effort.”

Lynn gave her father a classic “Oh, Dad!” look. “All they found was a few couples necking,” she protested. “It’s not as if anyone was getting laid in the parking lot.” Grinning mischievously, she added, “There are lots of better places to do it than that, anyhow.”

Russ and Brenda both recognized the ploy and let it go. “Who is it you’re going with again?” Brenda asked.

“Jason Parker.”

“He’s the older one, isn’t he?”

“Seventeen,” Lynn answered, rolling her eyes. “He’s only one year ahead of me.”

“At your age, those years are like dog years,” Russ warned. “Besides, if I remember right he’s almost eighteen, and you’re barely sixteen and a half. That’s a big difference. Guys his age can get ... aggressive.”

“Relax, will you? If he gets too friendly, I can handle it.” Lynn’s voice projected confidence; the truth was she was hoping that Jason would get a little too friendly for her father’s liking.

“I know you can,” her father answered. “But remember, stay out in public. An ounce—“

“—of prevention, I know,” she finished. “I’ll be fine.”

His fatherly duty done, at least for the time being, Russ let the matter drop. He knew he could trust his daughter to stay out of trouble. Lynn had learned to accept the questions as his way of showing concern, and had learned not to let them bother her too much.

After dinner Lynn went upstairs to her room to get changed for the dance. Stripping down to her underwear, she stood before her dressing mirror and took a long, appraising look at herself.

She looked pretty damned good, she decided. Regular aerobics classes with her mother had helped keep her lean in the middle while her bust and hips had filled out into the

classic hourglass shape. “Are you sure you know what you’re doing?” she asked her reflection.

Not really, she had to admit. All of her previous dates had been boys her own age. Most of them were so intimidated by her looks that they barely made eye contact. Jason would be different, she knew. Not only was he older, he also had a reputation for being well versed in the ways of sex. Lynn wasn’t looking for a lover just yet, but her hormones insisted that she at least start exploring the possibilities. She assumed that sometime that evening Jason would be looking to do some exploring of his own.

She weighed her clothing choices carefully, trying to strike a balance that would invite a little friendly fondling without promising more. She changed into a front closure bra, but went with modest hip hugger briefs instead of her preferred Rio-style panties. The dress code for the dance was casual, but Lynn decided a pair of panty hose might help to make the point. From her closet she pulled out her favorite knit jumper, a simple dress in light blue with cap sleeves, a slight plunge in the neck, closed in the front with buttons all the way down. It would stretch very nicely over her bust, clinging just enough to show off her shape without looking too tight. She had just finished buttoning the dress when she heard a knock on her bedroom door.

“It’s Dad,” her father’s voice announced. “Do you have a minute?”

Quickly checking her buttons – they were a bit tight, but not gapping too much – she opened the door for Russ. “What’s up?” she asked, all innocence, as he came in and shut the door behind him.

“Those top buttons are looking a little stressed,” he remarked, indicating her jumper. “It might be time to retire that dress.”

“It’ll be okay for tonight,” she said, pulling down on the fabric a little. “What did you need?”

Russ smiled. “Just a few more marching orders before you go.”

As he finished his sentence, Lynn’s face blanked. Her eyes glazed over and then closed, and her shoulders slumped.

“Very good, Princess,” he said softly as her head sunk down to her chest. “Just relax and listen to me for a few minutes. There are some very important instructions you need to hear and remember. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Dad.”

“Excellent.” From behind his back Russ produced a homemade CD. He put the CD into Lynn’s stereo, which was on her dresser, and pressed the Play button. In a few moments

he heard his own voice begin speaking softly, soothingly. He left the room as quietly as possible, gently closing the door behind him.

The doorbell rang as Russ came down the stairs. "I'll get it," he called loudly enough to be heard over the clashing of pots and pans in the kitchen.

At the door was a young man, tall and gangly-looking, in black jeans and a Marilyn Manson T-shirt. His eyes look up at Russ while his head remained cast slightly askew. "Hey ... is Lynn ready?" he said.

"You must be Jason," Russ replied, and waited for the boy to nod. "Lynn isn't quite ready yet. Why don't you come wait in the study?"

The boy's head bobbed up and down once, then he strode through the door on the balls of his feet, looking around appraisingly. Russ closed the door and led the boy to his study, a small, quiet room off the foyer. Jason's head scanned the room quickly and he plopped himself down into the doctor's favorite chair. "Coke?" Russ offered.

For the first time since entering the house, Jason spoke. "No thanks."

Russ eased himself into another chair next to Jason. "How did you come to meet Lynn, Jason?"

The boy looked puzzled. "School," he said, in a way that clearly implied "Duh!" as well.

Russ decided to ignore the tone. "You're a senior, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Any plans for after high school?"

"I'm in a metal band," the boy replied. "We'll do some gigs, see where it goes."

"Interesting," Russ said in a decidedly disinterested tone as his hand unobtrusively palmed a small plastic control off the end table between the chairs. He pressed a button on the control and above Jason's head a small electric motor began to work. Russ cleared his throat to cover the startup noise and continued speaking. "Before Lynn comes down, Jason, I think we should go over the house rules on these engagements."

"No problem." A sparkle, a small movement from above caught the boy's eye. He looked up and noticed a small glass ball about the size of a golf ball hanging from the ceiling.

"You're right," Russ agreed, slowing down his tempo just a little bit. "If you stay within the rules, there will be no problem at all. Are we clear on that?"

“Sure,” Jason said, his eyes looking more intently at the ball. It was moving, twirling slowly, causing reflections of the room lights to dance off its surface like a tiny disco ball.

“No alcohol,” Russ continued, watching the boy’s eyes fix on the ball. “No unsafe driving. No going off alone.” He let his voice drop further, slow down more, until he was speaking in a very quiet, soothing, almost sing-song tone.

“Okay.”

“I want Lynn home by eleven o’clock, Jason. No later.”

“Sure thing.” The ball was fascinating; so pretty, so shiny. As Jason watched, it seemed to get closer. He imagined he could see a thousand reflections of his own face in its surface. He felt his body relaxing, his mind focusing on the image of the ball.

“I see you’ve noticed my concentration ball,” Russ noted softly. “I keep it up there to help me think. Looking into its shiny surface is so relaxing, isn’t it?”

“Yeah...”

“I find that if I watch the ball very closely, and concentrate, my whole body begins to relax. The more I watch, the more I relax, and the more clearly I can see the ball. Just watch the ball, watch and breathe deeply, slowly...”

Jason took a deep breath, and as he let it out he felt his body sinking into the easy chair. He found that he could rest his head against the back of the chair and still just keep the ball in sight. It felt good to watch the ball, to relax. He was dimly aware of Doctor Johnson speaking to him.

“After you’ve been watching the ball for a while, Jason, it’s only natural that your eyes become tired. Eyes do get tired, after all, especially when they are so busy staring at a beautiful object. The more you look the more your eyes relax and you’ll find that they want to close. They become strained, watery.” Seeing Jason blink, he added, “They may even blink from time to time. That’s perfectly okay, tired eyes like yours need to blink, to close. Each time they blink, though, they tend to want to stay closed. Each time, it becomes harder and harder to open your eyes again. Soon your eyes will close and then simply stay closed.”

As Russ watched, the boy blinked again and again, each time longer than the time before. Within a few minutes, as Russ continued droning on about the heaviness, the tiredness, he saw Jason’s eyes close and stay closed.

“Very good, Jason,” he continued. “Your eyes are so tired now, let them stay closed. Let them rest. You can still see the ball in your mind’s eye. Imagine it now dangling before

you, spinning and twisting, each movement sending shining a spark of light down to your body. Each spark as it touches relaxes that part of you even more. And as you watch the sparkles of light fly off the ball to touch and relax you, you'll see that the ball is slowing down, down, slowing down more and more the more you relax. Soon you will be so relaxed, so completely at ease, that the ball will stop moving completely. You will then be as relaxed, as content, as you have ever been. Until then, Jason, just watch the ball as it spins and reflects, relaxing you more and more deeply, until everything comes to a slow, easy stop. When the ball stop, Jason, I want you to lift your right index finger to let me know."

Russ watched in silence as Jason drifted further into hypnotic trance. The boy's own mind was providing all the guidance he needed now. Jason appeared to be a very good subject and would soon be in a highly receptive state of mind. While Jason sank deeper and deeper into trance, Russ quietly got up and closed the study door. He wasn't sure if Brenda would approve of this, and he knew Lynn certainly wouldn't. Checking his watch, he ran a quick estimate of how much time he had to work with – probably not more than a few minutes.

Jason's index finger lifted, signaling that he was at his maximum trance depth. Russ stopped the ball overhead and put the control back down on the table before turning his attention back to the boy.

"Very good, Jason," Russ continued. "You are now deeply, deliciously relaxed. It feels good to be so very relaxed, so very calm."

Glancing back at the door, Russ proceeded. "Jason, it is very important that you behave yourself at this dance. You must not do anything that will harm Lynn or yourself, do you understand? Above all, I want you both to be safe. If Lynn tells you to stop doing something, you must stop. If she tells you no, she means no and you should not try to change her mind. You may be frustrated or angry if that happens, but no matter what you must make sure that Lynn remains safe and unharmed. Will you be sure to bring her home on time, safe and unharmed?"

"Yes, sir," came the sleepy reply.

"Thank you, Jason. I know that you will do everything you can to repay my trust. When I count to three, you will return to your normal waking state, feeling refreshed and alert. Your conscious mind will remember only that we went over the rules and that you agreed to have Lynn home by eleven. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. One ... two ... three."

Jason's eyes popped open. "You got it, I understand. We won't be late."



“I know I can trust you, Jason.”

It wasn't long before he heard Lynn on the stairs. He opened the study door in time to meet her at the bottom. She had complemented the dress with some simple jewelry and a light touch of makeup. Her face was glowing as she looked past her father into the study. “Ready,” she announced.

Brenda emerged from the kitchen to help deliver a few final, friendly admonitions about being safe and careful, then they both watched as Jason jumped into his car and popped the door open for Lynn. Russ was pleased to note that both fastened their seat belts before the engine started.

“You are such a sneak,” Brenda teased as they watched the car pull away. “Do you hypnotize all of her dates?”

“Excuse me?” Russ said, startled.

Brenda smiled broadly. “I saw that boy's face when he came out of the study. He looked like he'd just been roused from a nap. What did you do, Russell?”

Caught red-handed, Russ confessed to hypnotizing the boy and explained what suggestions he'd used. “It's a little unethical maybe,” he added, “but did you get a look at that kid? Who wouldn't take advantage of an opportunity like that?”

“You've got me there,” she growled, nibbling on his ear. “Speaking of opportunities ...”

“Yes?”

Brenda put her arms around her husband from behind, squeezed, and let her right hand rest over the front of his pants. “We've got the house to ourselves tonight,” she whispered seductively into his ear. “I intend to take full advantage.”

The dance was well attended. Jason and Lynn parked near the back of the student lot and made their way to the side entrance. As they approached the ticket-taker a tall, muscular man in his fifties spotted them. He had a four-cell Maglite in his right hand and a mobile phone clipped to his belt. “Miss Johnson, Mr. Parker,” he acknowledged, nodding formally at the students.

“Evening, Mr. Richter,” they replied together, then walked past and into the building.

The dance was being held in the all-purpose room, an expansive room near the side entrance that served as cafeteria during the day and as a meeting room, secondary gymnasium, theater or dance hall as needed otherwise. That night the room was decorated in paper streamers. On one side of the small stage the DJ had set up his

equipment and was busy taking requests from the students. Two long folding tables on the other side of the stage held platters of cookies and sweets and a pair of large plastic punch bowls. About half of the crowd looked to actually be dancing; the rest were simply standing around in small groups talking and socializing.

Jason and Lynn started toward the middle of the dance floor, but were intercepted by another boy in jeans and a Nine Inch Nails T-shirt. “Yo, Jason!” the boy hailed.

“Hey, Steve,” Jason answered coolly. “What’s the deal?”

“I’m chairman of the underground refreshments committee,” his friend answered proudly. “You two up for some liquid refreshment?”

Jason nodded, looking over at Lynn. She had a good idea what Steve’s idea of liquid refreshment would include – probably something 80 proof. Why not, she decided. “Sounds good to me.”

Steve led them up onto the stage and between the two refreshment tables, then past the backstage curtain and around a corner to a prop storage area out of sight of the main stage. Pulling aside a swath of extra black fabric, he revealed a 2-gallon insulated jug with a spout on the bottom front. A sleeve of plastic cups stood next to it. “This is good shit,” he explained as he dispensed three cups of what looked to be fruit punch. “I mixed it myself. Three parts Hawaiian Punch, one part Smirnoff’s.” He handed half-full cups to Jason and to Lynn. Holding his own aloft, he added, “Salud, dudes.”

Lynn’s hand trembled a little as she raised the cup to her lips. She’d had a little wine on occasion, usually at home and with parental consent; this would be her first taste of hard liquor. Holding her breath, she tipped the cup and took a sip.

Almost immediately her senses were assaulted by the strong, bitter taste of the vodka in the punch. It burned and stung at the same time; before Lynn could force herself to swallow, her lips opened and the punch sprayed out from her lips. “Ack!” she exclaimed. “That’s absolutely vile! How can you guys drink this?”

Laughing, Jason took a swig from his own cup. “It’s a little strong,” he said, “but not that bad.” Both boys looked at Lynn as they took another taste.

Feeling like her maturity was in question, Lynn tried another small sip. Once again she found herself spitting it out almost immediately, this time back into the cup. “It’s bad enough,” she replied. “You guys can have it. I think I need some mouthwash.”

It took three cups of the Student Government provided punch to wash the bitter taste out of Lynn’s mouth. By that time Jason and Steve had enjoyed a good laugh at her expense, but she was a little surprised at how quickly the razzing stopped. Then, as she noticed Jason’s eyes wandering over her buttons, she decided it was not so surprising.

Russ sat quietly on one end of the living room sofa, a new John Sandford novel lying unopened in his lap. He had sat down with every intention of reading the book, but his mind kept worrying about Lynn.

This was a new feeling for Russ. Up until that night, all of Lynn's dates had seemed safe enough. Jason was different. His look, his manner, and above all his age spelled TROUBLE in the eyes of a father still young enough to remember what 18-year-old boys are like. As soon as he'd heard that Lynn had accepted a date from a boy that age, Russ had known that some preventive measures would be needed. He just hoped they would be enough.

"She'll be all right, you know."

Russ started at the unexpected sound of his wife's voice and looked up to see her approaching. She had showered and changed into a silky gold robe. As she sat down beside him and snuggled in, he found his eyes wandering over the robe looking for clues as to what she might be wearing underneath it. Judging by the smooth feel of her side against his arm, not much.

"Lynn's a smart, headstrong girl," Brenda repeated, "she'll be all right."

"I hope so. She's been ... different lately. The way she carries herself. The way she dresses."

"She's noticed that she has a very nice body, and isn't ashamed of it. That's healthy, Russ, you know that."

"Until somebody like Jason comes along and thinks she's coming on to him."

"What do you want her to do, darling, dress like a nun and carry her books against her chest until she's twenty-one?"

"Of course not," he answered. "But I don't want her jumping into bed with people at sixteen either. Especially not people like Jason."

"What's wrong with him, besides that he's dating your daughter?"

"Didn't you see him? He dresses like a slob, he doesn't look people in the eye, and he's got no plans and no ambitions. And he kept staring at Lynn's chest when she came downstairs."

"So we know he's not a scholar and he's not gay," Brenda quipped.

Russ shot her a dirty look.

“Okay,” she continued, “I agree, Jason isn’t the kind of boy we would like to see Lynn dating. But it’s too late to debate that now; she’s out there with him already. All we can do is trust that she knows what she is doing. I think she’ll reach the same conclusion we did.”

“Before or after he gets her clothes off?”

“Didn’t you take care of that possibility in the study?” Brenda’s eyes were sharp and mildly accusing.

“I didn’t get time,” he said. “I told him that above all she must come home safe and that no means no, but I didn’t have time to go through everything. Besides, he’d probably have resisted an outright order against sex.”

“Don’t underestimate yourself,” she replied, an extra gleam coming into her eye. “You can be very charming and persuasive when you want to be.” Reaching into the pocket of her robe, she pulled out a velvet bag. “In fact, I was hoping you’d use some of that charm on me this evening.”

Russ took the bag, grinning. Brenda was already beginning to flush with anticipation; they were going to have some serious fun this evening, he could tell. “Any requests?”

“Give me the works,” she answered lustily.

Lynn was having second thoughts about the date too. Jason wasn’t much of a dancer; his idea of dancing was to wait for a slow song then press her body against his and feel her ass while she tried to avoid him stepping on her feet. Otherwise he stood around and chatted with Steve. Both boys took frequent hungry looks at her chest, prompting Lynn to wonder if they had been bottle fed as babies.

When Jason finally asked if she would like to go somewhere more private, Lynn actually considered turning him down. She had found nothing particularly arousing about being stared at and groped on the dance floor and was almost ready to call the evening a loss. Curiosity won the toss, though, and she agreed to go with Jason.

She followed him out the opposite side of the room from the entrance, through an emergency exit that had been appropriated by the crowd as a smoking area. Watching the chaperones carefully to make sure they were not spotted, they quietly crept around the corner out of site. They walked along the perimeter of the building to the back door, where Steve was waiting to open it from the inside. Once they were back in the building Steve slunk away.

The hallway was dark and quiet; all the activity was supposed to be at the dance. Lynn followed Jason through a side corridor, wondering if he intended to make out in an alcove somewhere. He finally stopped at a darkened doorway on the edge of the English department – the faculty lounge. The door was locked, as it should be after hours.

“Watch this,” he said, pulling his driver’s license out of his wallet. He pushed on the door gently; Lynn saw it move back about an eighth of an inch. Jason jammed his license into the gap between the door and the frame right next to the handle and the door opened, swinging inward silently. They slipped inside and closed it behind them.

“Ready?” Russ asked, his fingers reaching into the velvet bag.

Brenda nodded, licking her lips in anticipation. She lay back against the arm of the couch, supported by pillows. Her hands were folded in her lap, her legs straight.

Russ was now sitting on an ottoman he had pulled up next to her. Seeing her nod, he pulled a shiny gold pocket watch out of the bag and held it aloft. His wife’s eyes locked onto it instantly, opening a little wider as the watch danced and swung before them.

The watch was special to both of them. Brenda had given it to Russ on the day he received his hypnotherapy license; with its shiny gold surface and long chain, the watch could have come straight from any number of old movies. Russ appreciated the humor, and while he had never used the watch with a patient it had become Brenda’s favorite prop for private sessions with her husband.

Russ sat in silence, his fingers gently rolling the chain to keep the watch spinning, watching as his wife’s eyes glazed over and her face went slack. Words were not necessary; Brenda had succumbed to the gleaming beauty of the watch so many times that her mind was fully conditioned to respond to it. Within a few minutes Russ was pleased to see her eyes grow heavy and close, her shoulders slump, and her feet rotate outward – all signs of deep physical relaxation. Only then did he begin to speak, encouraging Brenda to sink deeper into herself, deeper into hypnosis. He watched her eyelids begin to flutter as her eyes darted about underneath them; reaching out, he touched her hand and felt the coldness that he knew was normal for her, a sign that Brenda had entered the somnambulistic state. She could hear and speak and move about in response to his suggestions without waking up.

Normally, this state was quite deep enough for the kind of erotic play that Brenda and Russ both enjoyed; tonight, however, he had something special in mind. Lowering his tone and slowing his speech even more, Russ encouraged his wife to go deeper, to feel herself growing detached from her body, distant, focused totally on her own thoughts while her body remained still and motionless on the couch. Brenda responded well; her breathing and heart rate slowed to extremely low levels, and her skin paled a little in response to the reduced blood flow. She had reached the Esdail, or coma, state: her body

was so relaxed that only the simplest movement was possible, and her mind was so open to suggestion that even some involuntary functions could now be influenced. Brenda had been this deep several times before, and Russ knew that she particularly loved the unrivaled serenity that came with this state.

“Brenda,” he began, speaking slowly and deliberately. “You are now in the deepest hypnotic trance you have ever experienced. I know you can hear and understand me, but I also know that your body is too relaxed for you to speak. That’s okay, don’t try to talk or nod or move unless I ask you to. Just lie back and enjoy the experience.”

Brenda heard her husband’s words as if from a great distance, through a thick fog of total contentment. She knew it would be too difficult to respond, and was happy that he understood and didn’t need her to.

“Your body feels very distant now,” he continued. “Distant, dim, almost numb. But that is changing. Even as I speak, your sense of touch is growing more and more sensitive. You feel the smoothness of the silk against your body, the texture of the pillows and the couch cushions underneath you, the warmth of my hand as I touch your cheek. You are aware of all of these sensations, and yet you remain deep in hypnosis, focused totally on your thoughts and feelings.

“Now Brenda, you are starting to feel a special kind of energy building within your mind: an erotic energy, the buildup of passion and desire and lust. You can feel that energy in the center of your being, growing stronger every second. Concentrate on the erotic energy, Brenda, concentrate and feel it grow.”

Drifting in her pleasant mental fog, Brenda became aware of a growing warmth and light inside her. It was a very sensual, enjoyable feeling. She hardly noticed that Russ was gently repositioning her arms.

Russ was pleased to see the physical signs that his suggestions were having the desired affect. Some color had returned to Brenda’s face and her breathing had deepened slightly. As he carefully laid her arms down at her sides, he also noted with satisfaction that her nipples were already fully erect, pushing up against the silk robe. He slowly opened the robe and slipped it off her shoulders; as he had suspected, she was naked underneath.

“The erotic energy keeps growing stronger, Brenda,” he said. “Stronger with every breath, with every touch. Your entire body is now an erogenous zone, so sensitive that any touch that you feel, no matter where you feel it, sends a wave of sexual pleasure through you and adds even more to that growing mass of energy.”

Still moving very slowly, Russ reached over and placed his index finger on Brenda’s chest just below the breastbone. A sharp intake of breath from his wife told him that the suggestion was working. As he traced a straight line down toward her navel, he could see her chest rising and falling faster and heavier as she grew more aroused by his touch. By

the time his finger was circling her navel he could smell the musky scent of her increasing desire. She gasped as his finger reached her mound.

“Very good, Brenda,” he told her. “You can feel that energy building, building. You will need to orgasm soon. In fact, darling, you will find that one orgasm is not enough; the energy will continue to build and grow even then. You will orgasm again and again, as many times as you wish, as many times as you can. Each orgasm will be longer and stronger than the one before. Yet not matter how many times you climax, you will remain deeply hypnotized. Any time you feel yourself rising out of your deep hypnotic state you will take a deep breath and let yourself sink back down to where you are now.”

Brenda was only dimly aware of Russ’s words. She found it hard to focus with the growing waves of pure sensual delight that were flowing through her at his touch. She knew there was no way to control the feelings; she was simply letting them carry her along, higher and higher into bliss. When she felt his finger slide across her mound and down her leg, she knew she would orgasm soon. His finger had come about halfway up the inside of her thigh when she felt the rush of the first climax carry her away.

Russ smiled broadly as Brenda panted through her first orgasm; he hadn’t even touched any of her favorite spots yet. “Like bolts of lightning in a storm,” he said, “Your orgasms will continue without diminishing the energy inside you. Each one is longer and stronger than the one before.” He continued teasing her, running his finger up the inside of one thigh and down the other, saving the highly sensitive area in between for later. When he reached her mound again, he pressed down on it with his palm and sent Brenda moaning into another climax.

Brenda savored the second climax. It surprised her how quickly it had come after the first; it surprised her even more that instead of feeling spent after her second orgasm, the mass of erotic energy within her actually seemed to grow as a result. Then all coherent thought was swept away as she felt a hand cover her breast, triggering a third powerful orgasm.

This isn’t so bad, Lynn was thinking. She and Jason had felt their way through the dark room to a vinyl-covered sofa and had begun kissing. She had returned the kisses tentatively at first, expecting at any moment to feel Jason’s fingers on her buttons, but he seemed to be in no hurry. She felt his tongue press through her lips and opened them for him, meeting his tongue with her own.

After several minutes of deep kissing, Lynn was starting to feel warmth in between her legs. She felt a little giddy, and cautioned herself to keep things in control. Jason’s hands were still on her back, sliding up and down her spine and pressing her against him. Then one hand moved to the side. She lifted her arm a little and the hand slipped into the opening, coming to rest firmly against the side of her breast. She let out a noise that was part grunt, part chuckle.

Jason paused a moment, then his thumb came down across the point of her breast. Lynn felt the sweeping of his thumb through bra and dress and found that it sent a small shiver down her spine. Her hips shifted a little on their own and that heat in her center began to build. She pulled back her face to moan, but what came out sounded more like a snicker.

Suddenly Lynn felt very light-headed. She could see Jason studying her face, looking for a signal of some sort, but she didn't know what to say. His hand moved more squarely onto her breast and squeezed, kneading her through the fabric of her dress. Lynn took a sharp breath, looked Jason in the eye, and opened her mouth to tell him to go ahead, please continue.

Instead, she giggled. Jason's eyebrows shot upward in surprise, and the resulting look on his face prompted Lynn to start giggling more.

"What's so funny?" Jason demanded.

"Nothing," she assured him, taking a deep breath to try and control herself. "I'm sorry," she added, "I'm not real experienced at this."

"Well, watch and learn." This time Jason took both hands and planted them firmly on her breasts, squeezing and stroking. The feeling was quite nice, but Lynn felt another burst of giggling rising up from within. She tried her best to choke it off, but failed.

Jason opened his mouth to speak, then stopped. Lynn could see him editing, revising his remark as she fought to control the giggling fit. "Am I tickling you?" he finally asked. "Is that it?"

"I don't think so," she answered. "What you're doing feels nice. It's just ... somehow ... strange. Let's try another approach."

Jason thought about it for a second. "How about this?" He shifted his body forward, took Lynn by the shoulders and pulled her down with him as he lay back. She got the idea and shifted herself so that she was directly on top of him, her hips above his. His arms went around her again and they started kissing again. Soon she felt the hardness of his cock pressing against her through his jeans. One of Jason's hands drifted down to her butt and pulled her tighter against him; her hips started to gyrate again on their own, and the feel of his stiff cock against her crotch was very pleasant indeed.

The dizziness began to take hold of Lynn again just as she felt Jason's other hand work its way between them and undo the front of his pants. Taking the hint and willing herself silent, she reached in between them and slipped her hand into his open fly. She felt the giggling start to rise in her throat and choked it off as her fingers found their way into his pants. He shifted a little to make it easier for her, and she succeeded in getting her hand around his rigid shaft.



Lynn felt the slickness between her legs as she squeezed down on his cock through his cotton briefs. She started to imagine having that hardness inside of her, and involuntarily her throat opened and a loud chortle squeaked out. She tried to stop, but the floodgates were now open; she broke into loud, uncontrollable laughter.

“SHHH!” Jason hissed, no longer concealing his irritation. “You’re gonna get us busted, bitch!”

The word “bitch” hit Lynn like a bucket of ice water. She yanked her hand back from his crotch and gasped. “What did you just say?” she challenged.

Jason winced as her hand withdrew. “Nothing,” he said, knowing he’d made a tactical mistake.

“It didn’t sound like nothing. It sounded like you called me a bitch.” Lynn put her hands down on either side and started getting up.

Jason put his hands over her breasts one more time, but Lynn drew back. Frustrated, he pushed hard against her with his hands, almost pushing the girl off the couch. “What the hell is wrong with you?” he demanded.

“Nothing,” she insisted. “I’m trying, really.”

“Trying to piss me off,” he replied. “Either shut up and put out, or get the fuck out of my sight. I don’t need this shit.”

The laughter was totally gone now; in its place Lynn felt a growing resentment. What kind of creep had she allowed herself to get involved with? “I’m starting to think this is a bad idea. Would you take me home please, Jason?”

Jason spit and pushed her off the couch the rest of the way. “Take yourself home, you worthless cunt!”

Lynn fought back the urge to slap Jason in the face. “You’ve got no right to speak to me that way just because I’m not easy enough for you,” she retorted, heading for the door. “If you don’t want to drive me home, I’m sure I can find someone else to do it.”

Swearing some more, Jason fumbled with his pants as the door slammed shut.

Brenda shuddered through another orgasm. How many was this? She didn’t know or care; she was still floating on a cloud of bliss, each orgasm taking her higher than the previous one yet still leaving her wanting more. She felt Russ’s arms underneath her and dimly realized she was being carried physically as well as emotionally.

Russ held his wife carefully as he carried her naked body up the stairs. He could easily have brought her up to a lighter trance and told her to walk upstairs herself, but she seemed to be having such a good time that he decided to leave her at full depth. Russ had lost count of the orgasms he had induced in her; indeed, it was starting to appear as though she was in almost continuous orgasm, as one yielded almost immediately to the next. Seeing the ecstasy on his wife's face, hearing it in her moans and sighs, had Russ almost ready to come as well. He was tempted to simply undress and take Brenda in the living room, but he had every reason to suspect Lynn would be home early; it would be better to ensure privacy. Besides, he was enjoying himself too much to hurry.

He set his wife down gently on the bed, kissing her tenderly as another orgasm came to an end. "Brenda," he said softly, "I am going to count to three. When I reach the count of three you will awaken completely. You will remember everything that happened while you were hypnotized, and the mass of erotic energy will still be with you. You will be fully awake, but on the verge of the largest orgasm you have ever experienced. However, the only way you can release the energy and have that orgasm is for you to make me come inside you. The energy will keep growing until you do that. One, two, three."

Lynn sat silent in the passenger seat, staring out the window. Jason was also silent, his stone face fixed on the road ahead. Lynn had been prepared to ask Mr. Richter to drive her home, but Jason had found her at the last minute and asked her to ride with him, muttering something about a promise to her father. If he thought this was going to make up for his behavior in the faculty lounge, he was dead wrong.

Stealing sideways glances at the boy, Lynn asked herself what she had seen in him to start with. Mostly it had been the promise of a little experience, an introduction to the sexual side of dating. She had gotten that, Lynn decided, and something more – a look at the ugly side. From now on, she told herself, she would be more selective in her choice of dates.

Brenda's eyes opened slowly. At first she simply stared blankly up; eventually her eyes moved and came to focus on her husband's face. She was close to exhaustion, but still in the throes of an almost unbearable sexual arousal. From the way he was looking at her, she could tell he was ready for the grand finale.

Rising from the bed, she took him quickly in her arms and locked her mouth on his in a kiss that bristled with erotic tension. Her hand went directly to the clasp of his pants and, with well-practiced skill, opened it. He was already hard, and as her hand slid in over the fabric of his briefs, she could feel a small sticky spot where he had oozed a little bit of semen.

Russ just stood by and let Brenda do the work, lifting his arms enough to let her pull the shirt off of him, then kicking his pants and underwear out of the way once she jerked them down to the floor. She started to pull him toward the bed, but he resisted. "I'm not ready yet," he protested.

"You look ready to me," Brenda came back, pointing to his erection.

"I'm in no hurry," he replied casually, knowing that Brenda was still in a sexual frenzy.

"Tease!" she scolded. "But I know how to light a fire under you." Brenda dropped to her knees and began kissing her husband's extended penis, running her lips and tongue along the side of the shaft, causing him to groan in response. "Now I've got you," she said, and plunged her mouth over his cock. She sucked him hard, working her tongue up and down the side of his shaft. Her fingers reached around from behind and began to tickle his balls.

Russ's knees buckled when he felt her touch his balls. He was normally good at holding his erection for a long time, but after what had already happened that evening he realized he would not last much longer. "Okay, you win," he conceded.

Brenda pulled her mouth off him with a loud slurp. "I knew you'd see it my way," she said, taking his hands and pulling him back toward the bed. She sat down on the edge of the bed. Russ put his hands on her shoulders playfully and pushed her over onto her back, leaving her legs hanging off the bed. Lifting her butt slightly to match his height, he slid himself easily into her canal and buried his shaft to the root.

They moaned together as each felt the deep penetration. Brenda raised her legs up against Russ's chest, giving him more leverage to pound into her. They moved together, moaning and grunting with their efforts, until Russ was ready to climax. Sensing his imminent release, Brenda clenched her muscles tightly around his shaft. Russ groaned one last time as his cock fired.

Brenda felt the first burst of semen released inside her and braced herself. Even as Russ continued pumping into her, she felt herself lifted up by a tornado of erotic force. Her back arched and her legs clamped together as her entire body tensed and shook with the power of her final orgasm. She heard someone screaming as if from another room, only to realize a few moments later that it was actually her. She stopped even trying to control her body and lost herself completely in the sensations.

Russ watched his wife writhe and squeal from her final mind-blowing orgasm then pass out. He lovingly rearranged her on the bed and covered her with a blanket, then crept back downstairs to start his book and wait for Lynn.

As he suspected, it was still early when he spotted Jason's car pulling in front of the house. He watched through the window as the car stopped and Lynn got out. She had barely closed the door when the car started moving again.

Russ jumped back into his chair and grabbed his book. Hearing Lynn's key in the lock, he quickly opened the book to a random page near the middle.

When Lynn opened the door, he pretended surprise. "You're early," he said, making a show of looking at his watch. "Is everything okay?"

"No," she replied flatly.

Russ put down the book and embraced his daughter. "I'm sorry, honey," he said sincerely. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No thanks," she said, returning the hug. "I'll be fine."

"Would you like to talk about it?"

"Not tonight. Maybe some other time. Right now I think I need a hot shower and a good night's sleep." Squeezing her father one more time, she wished him goodnight and trudged up the stairs.

Russ watched his daughter go, then returned to the living room. Spotting Brenda's silk robe still draped over the couch, he picked it up and sniffed it delicately, enjoying the lingering scent of his wife's passion.

Lynn would be okay, he thought to himself. Judging by the way Jason had dropped her off, he felt sure his safety measures had been tested and proved sufficient. He felt a little guilty about what he had done; he'd have to make it up to the girl somehow, and soon. He wasted no sympathy on Jason, who he figured was probably already planning his next seduction. Definitely not the type for Lynn.

Russ settled back into his favorite chair and picked up his book, congratulating himself on once again proving the value of an ounce of prevention.

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