

# *Sign of the Rose*

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Rebecca's eyes opened slowly, the lids feeling incredibly heavy. It was hard to see; the light was dim at best, and her eyes were so tired. From the very edge of her awareness, a voice whispered something

*(Relax and let go.)*

but she couldn't quite make it out. With eyes and ears failing, Rebecca turned her attention to other senses.

Smell. A faint odor of incense tickled her nose, earthy and pungent. It reminded her of something. Something she'd seen? Something she'd heard? Hard to remember. Hard to do much of anything.

Touch. A firm mattress beneath her. Something smooth, like silk, gently binding her wrists, holding her arms back behind her head. Not too tight – even in her dimmed state, Rebecca thought she could wriggle her hands free from the wraps, but her arms themselves were so heavy they didn't want to move. They just wanted to

*(Relax and let go.)*

lie there, quiescent, along with the rest of her body. Nothing but gravity seemed to be holding her legs, but that was enough; they were leaden, sinking a little deeper into the mattress with each breath.

Slowly, the shadows swimming over Rebecca's eyes began to coalesce into an image. A woman, arms stretched over her head, legs straight, head still. Early thirties, perhaps, with long brown hair flowing around her head in a random tangle of curls. Dazed blue eyes staring back at her. Lips parted, moving ever so slightly, saying

*(Relax and let go.)*

something she couldn't read. Her own lips, Rebecca realized. Her own reflection in a ceiling-mounted mirror. But where was she? What was happening to her? Rebecca strained to clear some of the fog from her mind, trying to remember.

She had been in her office grading midterm exams for her fifth-period Psychology class. The kids were mostly juniors, a few seniors, all of them more concerned with preparing for spring break than with doing well on a high school elective. She remembered shaking her head ruefully at some of the more desperate guesses. She would have to

*(Relax and let go.)*

review some of this material a little more thoroughly than she had planned.

Then her husband Frank had called. He was picking her up for a birthday dinner and a surprise treat, no work and no arguments. So she'd left her desk piled with work, her car in the lot, and gone with Frank to Bethesda. Where had they gone? Things got fuzzy there.

Had they had dinner? Her stomach felt full, so they must have. How long ago? And where was Frank? And why, with all of these questions running through her mind, couldn't she seem to do anything but

*(Relax and let go.)*

lie there, half asleep, waiting for ... what?

From beyond her field of view, a door creaked open and another woman came into the room. She was young and blonde and beautiful, her pale blue eyes sparkling with a fierce power to match the confident smile on her face. She wore a white silk robe tied loosely about her trim waist.

"I see you're awake," she said softly. "Relatively speaking, at least. That's very good, Rebecca. It means you are ready for the next step."

The woman's voice had a strange ethereal quality to it, seeming to reverberate inside of Rebecca's weary head. Rebecca knew this voice somehow, had been hearing it for some time now just beyond the edge of awareness, telling her

*(Relax and let go.)*

things she couldn't quite understand. Even now, as the woman spoke plainly to her, it seemed to Rebecca as though another dialog was taking place just out of earshot.

"Frank?" Rebecca was mildly surprised to hear her own voice.

"He's in the next room," the woman explained. "We've been having quite a revealing chat, Frank and I have. He was so easy to entrance, thanks to you. He's told me everything about you, Rebecca. How you met, how he fell in love with you, and how you like to hypnotize him when you're making love. He's such a sweet, submissive soul, isn't he? He tells me you enjoy dominating him, Rebecca, making him so hard, so

desperate for you that he'll do anything, say anything, to earn his release. And the amazing thing is, he wouldn't have it any other way because he loves you."

Rebecca saw her reflection smile weakly as she thought about Frank. Yes, he did so enjoy being in her power. It had spooked her a little at first, but she understood the need to

*(Relax and let go.)*

relax and let go. As a TV news producer, Frank had the constant stress of looming deadlines to deal with along with talent and logistics; she'd taught him self-hypnosis as a means of handling that stress, but some nights he still came home and practically begged Rebecca to say those special words that would send him deep into trance, lifting all the weight from his shoulders for a little while and giving him a much-needed break from being in control. She loved doing that and then whispering more words into his ear, words that would inflame his passions, leaving him hard and so helpless in her arms, so willing to do whatever she asked to bring them both into ecstasy. Afterwards they would go to sleep in each other's arms, reveling in the safety and comfort they could provide for each other.

"Yes," the woman continued, "Frank loves to live his favorite fantasy, submitting himself to you. But what is your fantasy, Rebecca? What is it that you long to do?"

*(Relax and let go.)*

Fuzzy images flashed through Rebecca's mind. Images of herself kneeling before Frank, staring vacantly ahead as he filled her mind with his own words, doing for her what she had so often done for him. They had tried reversing roles once, with her coaching Frank on what to do, but he was nervous and unsure of himself. She had achieved a light trance, which was quickly dispelled when Frank touched her. She had played along anyway, but nobody had been fooled and they had never tried it again.

"Frank says you might like to be a submissive for a while," the woman said. "Like him, you have days when the burden of being in control is just too great. Days when you'd like nothing better than to turn over control to someone strong, someone who will direct you and protect you. Someone who can make your submissive fantasies come true."

The woman leaned down, her face now inches from Rebecca's. The captive felt herself getting lost in those pale blue eyes, growing distant and dazed again. Seeing this, the blonde pressed her advantage. "I am that someone," she declared, and kissed Rebecca softly on the lips.

Rebecca felt the silky straps around her wrists

*(Relax and let go.)*

slip slowly aside, freeing her arms and hands. The blonde rose up again, her eyes still holding Rebecca in their penetrating gaze, and commanded, “Get up now, Rebecca.”

For the first time since awakening, Rebecca felt that her arms and legs might move. In fact, even as she was reaching this conclusion they began to move on their own, shifting and pushing and lifting her out of the bed. She found herself face to face with the blonde woman, looking just slightly up, still transfixed by the blonde’s eyes.

“Now strip for me,” the woman ordered. Rebecca felt her arms rise and begin working at the buttons on her blouse. *This is wrong*, she thought, *I won’t do this. I’m in a trance of some sort, but that doesn’t mean I have to obey. I won’t obey.*

With an effort of will, Rebecca put her arms back down to her sides and spoke a single word. “No.” Just saying the word made her feel stronger for a moment.

The woman smiled wickedly at Rebecca’s show of defiance. “Very good,” she said in a soft mocking tone. “No self-respecting domme, not even an amateur like you, would submit so easily. Now let’s see how well you respond to a few hypnotic suggestions of your own.”

With a smooth movement, the blonde untied her belt and slipped the robe off her shoulders. It fell easily to the floor revealing a splendid body with broad shoulders and full, ripe breasts. She had a slender, well-defined waist and full hips, and a neatly cropped blonde strip pointing the way to her secret places. But what caught Rebecca’s eye, as powerfully as a magnet catches iron filings, was the small tattoo on the woman’s left shoulder just next to the collarbone. It was

*(See and obey.)*

a single red rose. Its long stem curved delicately, revealing leaves and thorns. Its petals were partially open. Rebecca saw the rose and immediately her vision narrowed until it was all that she could see. She became dimly aware that the voice in the background had changed slightly

*(See and obey.)*

but still couldn’t make out the words. In that moment, she didn’t care; the rose captivated her, mesmerized her, crowding all other thoughts out of her mind. As she stared at the rose, watching it sway ever so slightly with the woman’s breathing, her arms came up and silently unbuttoned her blouse. When they reached the waist, they moved back and unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. The blouse soon followed. Hose, bra, panties and shoes joined the pile even as Rebecca continued to

*(See and obey.)*

stare transfixed at the rose. A feeling of freedom, of peace, flooded through Rebecca's distant mind as she undressed. She felt calm and comfortable. Relaxed. Obedient.

Aroused.

Yes, some dim corner of her mind realized, she was becoming very aroused. Just looking at the rose, she could feel the slickness forming in her slit and the tightness in her nipples.

"See?" the blonde said, her voice steady and even. "You respond well, Rebecca. You know that you must obey me, the rose forces your mind to obey me. Your body is mine, and will do my bidding. Already you know that you have totally submitted to me, and that knowledge excites you. Tell me that this excites you, Rebecca."

Yes, Rebecca realized, she was aroused. Submissive. Unable to resist. Unable to do anything but

*(See and obey.)*

stand there, naked, and follow instructions. "This excites me," she said.

"Being submissive excites you," the blonde repeated. "Say that."

"Being submissive excites me."

"You must do anything I command."

"I must do anything you command." There was no dissent, no question, no thought but to obey.

"Play with yourself, Rebecca."

Without a moment's hesitation, Rebecca's right hand found her slit and two fingers slipped easily inside. The left hand found her left breast and caressed it, squeezing and stroking and lightly pinching the nipple. Rebecca became aware of another person nearby, someone tall and broad, but was unable to tear her eyes away from the rose tattoo. She stared and groped herself, feeling the smoldering heat building up within her center, knowing that she was close to orgasm.

"Someone is watching you, Rebecca," the blonde voice said tauntingly. "Someone you know. Someone you would never allow to see you masturbate under normal circumstances. But he's watching now, Rebecca, and he is becoming very aroused by what he sees. Very aroused."

Way back in the sedated portion of her mind, Rebecca was mortified. She had never allowed anyone to see her masturbating, not even Frank. That part of her, however, was not in control. It was a slight shock when she realized that she wasn't entirely horrified

by that thought; in fact, she found it exciting. *Is that why I can't seem to resist?* she wondered. *Because on some level I want this?*

*(See and obey.)*

The rose was moving. Rebecca followed it, turning her body as the blonde sidestepped around her and eased herself back onto the bed.

“You are ready to come now, aren't you, Rebecca?” the blonde teased. “I can see that you are. But you may not come yet, Rebecca. You are a submissive now, and submissives do not come until their masters do. You will not come, Rebecca, until I do. And I am not nearly ready.”

Unable to think clearly or stop what she was doing, Rebecca simply waited for her mistress to continue.

“You will have to earn your orgasm,” the blonde continued. “Prove yourself worthy, my submissive pet, by pleasing me instead of yourself. You may stop masturbating and go down on me.”

The small part of Rebecca's mind that could still think was shocked at the suggestion. She had never gone down on a woman, never even thought about it – had she? But there was her body, dropping to its knees and bending down, bringing her face right to the blonde's musky center.

*(See and obey.)*

“It's very simple,” the blonde instructed. “I'm just like you, Rebecca. Just do for me what you like done for you.”

Rebecca set to work, following all of the tips that she had given Frank on how to please her. She kissed her way up the woman's thighs to her slit, teasing the outer lips with her tongue while they swelled and lubricated, then darting inside to find other, more sensitive targets. She felt her mistress respond, mutedly at first, then with increasing passion and abandon. Rebecca was thoroughly wet at both ends soon as the blonde writhed and moaned in appreciation. She took great pride when her mistress came, squeezing Rebecca's head between her thighs and lifting herself off the bed with the intensity of the orgasm. Rebecca couldn't stop, though; she continued to suck and lick and tease even while her mistress heaved and twisted, until finally the blonde pushed Rebecca's face away and gasped, “Enough.”

Looking very satisfied, the blonde rose up off the bed and stood Rebecca straight next to it. “Not bad,” she remarked. She swiped her finger between Rebecca's slick thighs, causing Rebecca to shudder as the finger stroked across her nub. The blonde brought her wet finger to Rebecca's lips, allowing the submissive to taste her own juices. “I think you've earned a treat. A special treat, for submissives only.”

The blonde positioned Rebecca on her knees and bent her over the bed, lying down next to her so that the rose tattoo would remain in Rebecca's view. "You don't know who that was watching us, but you're about to become close to him in a very special way. You are going to have your orgasm, Rebecca, but you'll do it in the most submissive way you can imagine: with a strange man's cock buried inside you from behind while he holds you down by the hair. He will enter you and it will feel like the largest cock you've ever seen or heard about, Rebecca. You will love the feel of that cock inside you, filling you up, and when he comes so will you."

Rebecca's eyes opened wide as she felt a pair of masculine hands parting her upper thighs. Then the largest monster of a cock she'd ever imagined penetrated her, pushing its way into her well-lubricated canal and reaching all the way in to her cervix. The sensations short-circuited her nervous system, sending shudders all through her as the man's mass pressed against all of the most sensitive spots in her system. A hand seized her by the hair and pressed her head into the bed, wiping the blonde's juices from her face and replacing their taste with that of cotton from the blanket. Rebecca squealed as she felt the huge cock sliding in and out, teasing her and stroking her, bringing her closer to the edge with every partial movement. She'd never felt so totally out of control before, so helpless, so dominated. There was nothing for her to do but enjoy the ride, and for the next several minutes she did exactly that. Then, with a final lunge, she heard a deep groan and felt him pumping inside her. The first spurt seemed to go right through her, filling her up and triggering her own deep, intense climax. Their bodies moved together, locked in the most intimate of all dances, until their collective energy was spent.

The blonde propped herself up on one elbow and eyed her charges with a satisfied smile. "Very good, Rebecca," she said. "Very good, Frank."

*Frank?* Rebecca's head started to rise, but then she caught site of the rose tattoo and found herself sinking again, falling back down as the world reduced itself to a few square inches of flesh on the blonde's shoulder.

"That's right, Rebecca," the voice said. "It was Frank who watched you play with yourself, then watched you pleasure me before taking you from behind. That was Frank's cock that felt so good inside you from such a submissive position, Frank's fist clenching your hair like a cave man. You were his submissive as well as mine. Your fantasy has been fulfilled."

*My fantasy,* Rebecca thought. *That's right, this was my fantasy.*

"And now," the blonde continued, "it is time to wake up. I'm going to count to three, Rebecca, and at the count of three you will be completely awake and alert and will remember everything you've been told to remember. One, two, three."

Rebecca's eyes snapped open. She blinked a few times, adjusting slowly to the bright lights in the ceiling above her. She felt leather underneath her body, soft and supple but firm.

Her eyes wandered over the office. The walls were paneled in oak, which matched the bookcase and the large desk that was off to the side. Her eyes continued to sweep the room until they met up with the familiar pale blue of the blonde's eyes watching her. Rebecca's body jumped slightly at the sight, then she relaxed and remembered.

"Kym!" she said. "Am I ... awake now?"

The blonde nodded and smiled reassuringly. "Yes, Rebecca, you are wide awake and fully aware. You can sit up if you want to."

Rebecca rose slowly, swinging her legs gently out over the edge of the leather sofa and climbing over to one side. She spotted Frank watching her from a Morris chair to her right and blushed a bright beet red.

"Happy birthday, honey," he said gently. "How was your fantasy?"

Memories came flooding back into Rebecca's brain. The dinner at the Italian restaurant, where Frank had told her about a friend and his wife who had raved about the service of a company called Intimate Adventures. Frank telling Rebecca that he'd arranged a surprise birthday present for her with the same firm, and asking her to trust him and just go along. The short walk to the Wisconsin Avenue office building, where they'd filled out forms and met Kym, the blonde facilitator. Kym explaining how Intimate Adventures uses hypnosis to help people live out their sexual fantasies in a safe, comfortable environment. Lying back on this very sofa and watching a light pattern dancing on the ceiling, with Kym's voice softly telling her to relax and let go.

"It was ... intense," she said, remembering the sensations and marveling at the realism of her response. "I must have been very deep, because it felt absolutely real." *Too real*, she added mentally as she moved her legs and felt the huge, slick patch all over her thighs.

Kym pointed to a small door at the near end of the office. "There's a powder room in there, if you'd like to freshen up," she suggested discreetly.

Rebecca closed the bathroom door behind her and leaned up against it with a heavy sigh of disbelief. Her reflection sighed with her, eyes still a little wider than usual. Her face was clean and dry but she splashed some cold water on it anyway to make sure she was really awake. A small plastic bag on the sink held something familiar – a clean, dry pair of her own panties. Frank must have brought them from home, she concluded, and was more than a little grateful.

She took her time getting washed up, putting the soaked underwear back in the plastic bag and secreting it in her purse. She touched up her makeup where it had smeared from

the water splash, brushed her hair back into place, and decided she looked none the worse for wear. In fact, she discovered that she felt pretty good after her brief vacation from reality now that she'd had a chance to wake up all the way. There was an extra spring in her step as she rejoined Kym and Frank in the office.

"You look refreshed," the facilitator remarked.

"Thank you," Rebecca replied with a bright smile. "There's something cathartic about letting go so completely. I feel marvelous." *And so will you, later*, she thought silently as she shot Frank a lustful look.

They exchanged a few more pleasantries, then Kym led them out of the office and wished them good day. Rush hour was just getting started as they reclaimed their car and joined the masses en route to their Aspen Hill home.

"So how was it?" Frank asked, shifting behind the wheel to make room for the erection that kept coming up as he remembered the sight of his wife in the throes of her fantasy.

"It was amazing," she said. "The whole time it was happening, I had no idea it was all a hypnotic illusion. Somewhere in the back of my head I sensed voices, but I had no idea what they were. I'm guessing now that they were Kym asking me what I was seeing and giving me suggestions to move the action forward."

"That's right," he confirmed. "There were a lot of points where she asked you how you wanted the story to continue; you told her and she fed it back to you in more detail. And you responded physically to a lot of it. I mean, you were mostly just lying there but I could see your body reacting to things, touching yourself, getting hot and bothered." Frank shook his head vigorously and resettled himself again. "I'm going to be having wet dreams about it for weeks."

"We'll just have to help you work out that pent-up desire," Rebecca said playfully.

Frank seemed relieved. "I'm glad you're not weirded out by all that," he said gratefully. "I mean, having me there watching while you go through such a private fantasy, seeing you play with yourself – even though it was just through clothes."

Rebecca giggled. "Come on, Frank, we've done some pretty kinky things together in the bedroom," she chided him. "Most of the time it's been with me in charge and you in a trance. I don't mind an occasional role reversal, honey. In fact, any time you want to try and hypnotize me again I'm up for it." She reached over and patted the bulge in his crotch to underline her point.

They held hands the rest of the way home. It would be dinnertime when they arrived, but neither was thinking about food. Instead, they pulled into the garage at their home and went straight up the stairs to their bedroom. Rebecca started things by taking Frank into her arms and meeting him with a warm, yielding kiss. Tongues danced between their

open lips as Rebecca's hands started working at the muscles in Frank's back, getting him to relax.

Frank pulled away. "Hold that thought," he said and scurried to the bathroom.

While she waited, Rebecca removed her blouse, skirt, hose and shoes. She watched herself in the mirror as she peeled off her bra and panties as well, then sat on the edge of the bed facing the bathroom door. She leaned back, propping herself up with her arms and arching her back enough to really make her breasts stand out, a pose in which Frank always loved to see her. She practiced 'come hither' looks in the mirror for amusement while the sounds of running water, then a toilet flush, came from the bathroom.

Soon Frank came out. He was naked except for a towel hanging from his neck, and he was already hard. Rebecca watched his erect penis sway back and forth as Frank approached her. He was going to be so helpless in her arms.

"Rebecca, honey?" Frank said tentatively.

She flashed him her lustiest smile. "Yes?"

"What you said in the car, about being willing to let me hypnotize you any time I wanted to try ... did you mean that?"

Rebecca was slightly surprised. "Absolutely. Did you want to try it now?"

"Actually," he confessed, "I don't need to." Slowly, deliberately, he pulled the towel off to reveal something new on his left shoulder: a small tattoo of a single red rose, its long curving stem complete with leaves and thorns, petals slightly open.

Rebecca's eyes were drawn irresistibly to the tattoo. All over her body she felt a charge of sexual energy, of arousal, as if a hundred caring fingers were caressing her erogenous zones. Her slit became moist and her nipples tight, and somewhere in the back of her mind she heard Kym's deep, powerful voice again.

*(Relax and let go. See and obey.)*

"Rebecca, I want you to suck on my cock. Do your best, but don't make me come until I tell you to."

Rebecca's world had narrowed to the few square inches of her husband's shoulder; in that moment she felt an overwhelming desire to please him in any way she could. She dropped to her knees and took his ramrod into her mouth as far as she could, until she felt the head tickling the back of her throat. Frank moaned appreciatively and Rebecca responded by sucking hard, alternative running her tongue all along the fuselage to tease the sensitive nerve endings in the hood. She felt strong fingers running through her hair, encouraging, stroking as if she were a favorite pet.

Frank's toes began to curl almost right away, a signal that he was nearing the point of no return. Fellatio was a rare treat for him, usually reserved for very special occasions, and he was enjoying this to the hilt. Rebecca worked him with skill, her knowledge of his body enabling her to bring him to the edge quickly and keep him there, on the brink of orgasm but not quite over it. Soon his knees became weak and his body began to demand its release. "Stop now, Rebecca," he commanded. "Lie down on the bed, face up."

Rebecca obeyed, the knowledge of the tattoo and its power over her still in the front of her mind. Frank knelt down between her legs and returned the favor, going down on her with the same skill and passion that she had brought to bear on him. His hands stroked her thighs and squeezed her butt, lifting her up to him as she began to writhe in bliss from his attentions. When she was ready, and when Frank couldn't stand to wait any longer, he climbed on top and slid himself into her. She wrapped her legs tightly around his butt, pulling him in closer even as her arms clutched at his back. In a moment Rebecca found her eyes locked once again on the rose tattoo and once again she felt a rush of sexual stimulation in every spot on her body.

"I'm going to count to five, Rebecca," Frank said softly as he stroked cleanly in and out. "Your arousal will double with each number, and when I reach five you will have the strongest orgasm of your life. Do you understand?"

Rebecca nodded, her mind held by the tattoo.

"I love you, Rebecca. One."

Rebecca jumped as her body reacted to Frank's suggestion. His cock continued to work smoothly in and out of her canal, only the sensations doubled for her.

"Two."

Her mouth fell open, each breath becoming a loud, impassioned moan.

"Three."

"Four."

Rebecca held on for dear life, as Frank's penis seemed to completely fill her body. Every square inch of skin tingled; every muscle was tensed and quivering, knowing that sweet release was almost at hand. Then she felt it – Frank's cock clenched and jets of hot semen spurted from its tip.

"Five!"

The orgasm lifted Rebecca up and sent her flying, spinning out of control like a kite in a gale. Her eyes closed and her body shook as every nerve ending seemed to fire at once.

She was giddy and elated, riding the rush without caring how far it took her. Then, as her body relaxed and the world settled down around her, Rebecca took a deep breath and passed into deep, contented sleep.

The next day saw Rebecca in unusually high spirits. Even the spring-induced restlessness of her first-period Intro to Psych students couldn't put a dent in her mood. Mixed in with the general din at the end of class as the students gathered their gear, Rebecca distinctly heard one of the students mutter to his friend, "Man – she musta got laid last night or something!" *If only you knew*, she replied silently.

Then a thought struck her. It was a little after 9:00am and she had about eight minutes before the next bell. She slipped next door to her office, pulled a small folding business card from her wallet and dialed a Bethesda phone number.

"Intimate Adventures? This is Rebecca Larsen. I'd like to make an appointment for my husband Frank. ... September 19<sup>th</sup> ... Yes, with Kym please. ... It's his birthday, and I'd like to surprise him. ..."

-wg  
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