

Séance

A Halloween Hypnoerotic Tale

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“Are you guys ready for the main event?”

Karen stood in the kitchen doorway looking at her assembled friends in the living room. Five faces looked at each other, then back at her in a blend of curiosity and anticipation.

“Sure,” Tony replied, leaning back on his side of the sofa. He was dressed in surgical scrubs with a toy stethoscope hanging from his neck.

Next to him was Susan, his girlfriend and Karen’s roommate. Her red sequined halter dress with its scooped back, skin-tight fit and matching horns made her a most seductive demon. “Same here,” she agreed. “I’m dying to see what you’ve cooked up this time.”

“You mean you don’t know?” asked Rita, as the top of her Wonder Woman costume struggled to contain her generous breasts.

“Karen loves her little surprises,” Steve reminded her. Pushing up the horn-rimmed glasses of his Bill Gates outfit, he added, “I’ve tried everything I know to wheedle a hint out of her and nothing’s worked.”

“As it should be,” Marco inserted, winking at Karen from behind his Zorro mask. “Myself, I love Karen’s surprises.”

Karen smiled knowingly. “I’ll take that as five readies. Guys, will you pull out the coffee table please? Suz, do you want to help get out the pillows?”

Tony and Steve rose up and grabbed the round coffee table. Following Karen’s directions, they lifted the table and placed it in the center of the living room. Karen and Susan retrieved six large, overstuffed floor pillows from the back

bedroom and set them around the table in a circle. While her friends selected pillows and sat down, Karen removed the final adornments from the tabletop and placed a single plastic jack-o-lantern in the center.

“Get comfortable, everyone,” Karen instructed, taking the final seat for herself. Steve sat directly to Karen’s right, followed by Rita, then Marco, then Susan and Tony. Looking around at her friends, Karen saw the excitement in their faces and felt a small shiver of anticipation. She had put on shows like this over a dozen times since learning hypnosis as part of her dental office job, but the adrenaline rush was just as strong that night as the first time. She started picturing her friends sitting around in a circle, their eyes growing heavy and falling shut, and that picture brought a rush of warmth between her legs.

Dismissing the image temporarily, Karen shook her head to clear it. Reaching into one of the many folds of her flowing, veiled gypsy costume, she pulled out a single sheet of paper unfolded it slowly. “A few weeks ago I was goofing around on the Web,” she explained. “I did a search on this address through a couple of engines just for laughs, and the most amazing thing came up. This is a newspaper article from February 14, 1968.” Taking one last look at her assembled audience, Karen read aloud from the paper:

TRIPLE DEATH RULED SUICIDE

According to the official report filed today by the County Medical Examiner, the three women found dead recently in an East-side apartment committed suicide together.

The report, which is signed by Chief Coroner Malcolm Lindsey, states that each of the women died from an overdose of Trional, a potent narcotic, coupled with alcohol. Sources indicate that two of the three women had legal access to the drug, which is often prescribed for temporary relief of emotional distress.

Mrs. Barbara Rodman and Mrs. Janice Holder were both being treated with Trional to combat depressive symptoms resulting from the recent war-related deaths of their husbands, Marine Cpl Edward Rodman and US Army Pvt Albert Holder, Jr, who were killed in action on December 18 and 23 last year. The third victim, Miss Dorothy Keene, received word that her fiancé – US Army Lt Roger Thornton – was killed in a helicopter crash days before the three women were found dead in Miss Keene’s apartment.

Police sources say that no suicide note was found in the apartment, but that the physical evidence strongly suggests that the women knowingly

and willingly took their own lives out of grief over the loss of their loved ones. Empty pill bottles and bottles of liquor were neatly set on the living room table, and pictures of the deceased men were found within reach of the bodies.

Everyone was silent as Karen finished reading. Making eye contact with each of them, Karen completed the story. "Dorothy Keene lived in this apartment," she said somberly. "Thirty years ago, she and her two friends killed themselves right here in this room. I think they did it so that they could be with the lovers they lost; tonight, I want to find out if they found them."

"How do you propose to do that?" Steve asked, shadows of disbelief crossing his face.

"By holding a séance," Karen answered.

"Wait a minute," Tony jumped in. "When did you become a medium?"

"It's Halloween, silly – anybody can be a medium tonight."

"Are you serious?" Rita asked, disappointed. She was especially fond of Karen's hypnotic stunts, but this was not sounding like one of them.

"Totally. Trust me, you'll love it."

"Okay," she grudgingly agreed. One by one the others nodded in agreement. Karen noted that their faces were less than enthusiastic, but was inwardly surprised that they had agreed so easily to such a bizarre request.

"Good," she said in a tone meant to close off discussion. "Everyone join hands and get comfortable, please. Once we form the circle, it's critical that you hold onto each other's hands. Don't let anything break the circle. Does everyone understand?" Five heads nodded. They shuffled around on the pillows for a minute or so, establishing comfortable positions that they could sustain while holding hands. When everyone seemed settled, Karen stood up and dimmed the lights. The ghostly glow of the plastic jack-o-lantern cast an eerie light on the people's faces. "Everyone take a deep breath and relax," Karen instructed as she rejoined them at the table. As her friends inhaled together, Karen reached out and grabbed the jack-o-lantern, lifting it straight up off the table to reveal a large burning candle.

Her friends were taken completely by surprise. By the time Karen had sat back down and joined hands with Steve and Tony, all five of her friends were staring blankly into the candle flame. Their shoulders began to drop as their bodies

relaxed; over time, each had been conditioned to drop quickly into a deep trance upon seeing that candle burning. Even Susan, who had been part of the group only a few months, felt the irresistible pull of the candle's flame.

Karen watched in satisfied silence as her friends dropped into trance. Once the last pair of eyes had fallen shut, she began giving suggestions to deepen their hypnotic states. Karen had planned a highly complex, vivid hypnotic illusion for them and needed them as deep as possible to pull it off. For twenty minutes she quietly commanded her friends to relax, go deeper, let go, feel themselves sinking deeper and deeper. One by one their bodies went limp, their hands letting go of each other as they slumped to the floor.

Karen was half entranced herself as she watched them all succumb to her talents. When she judged they were deep enough, she turned to Tony and began whispering softly into his ear. She spoke to him at length, pausing now and again to see his lips mutter a sleepy word of consent. She finished with Tony, crept over to where Susan lay oblivious to her surroundings and began the process with her. One by one she whispered secret instructions to each of her friends, getting a whispered agreement before going on to the next. Finally, after finishing with Steve, Karen replaced the jack-o-lantern, returned to her position and commanded all of her friends to sit up and awaken.

Susan opened her eyes to find them fixed on the plastic jack-o-lantern. Had she dozed off? No, she decided, probably not – she still had a firm grip on Tony and Marco's hands, so she must have just been woolgathering. A quick look around the room confirmed that everyone else was still awake as well. Most were staring at the jack-o-lantern. Karen's head was tilted toward the ceiling, her eyes closed, a look of concentration on her face.

"Remember," Karen reminded everyone, "No matter what happens, don't break the circle. Hold those hands until I tell you to let go." Susan felt Tony and Marco squeeze her hands a little tighter and returned the pressure.

"Spirits of the dead," Karen intoned, "we call out to you. On this, the darkest of all nights, we summon you back to the place of your demise. Come forth and show us the proof of your undying love.

"Barbara Rodman, we summon you. Janice Holder, we summon you. Dorothy Keene, we summon you. Friends in life, friends in death, we beckon you here by the power of our living friendship."

The jack-o-lantern seemed to grow brighter as Karen spoke. She repeated the incantation twice more; as she finished the third iteration, everyone was surprised to see a stream of white smoke rising from the center of the plastic ornament. The smoke curled and hung like no natural smoke, rising to the

ceiling but not dissipating. As the friends watched, spellbound, the smoke cloud grew and divided into three parts. The parts shifted and stretched until each had taken on a vaguely human shape.

The couples' mouths dropped open in wonder as they watched the human shapes take form above them. Even Steve, a skeptic by nature, had no doubts he was seeing genuine ghosts. The figures floated down toward the group and gathered closely around Karen, who looked at their unshaped faces in triumph.

"Where are your lovers?" she demanded of the spirits. One of them moved in a way that suggested a shake of the head.

"Weren't you reunited with them in death?" Karen followed up. Again, one of the apparitions indicated negative.

"Will you help us summon them now?" The apparitions remained still, but gathered more closely around Karen than before. Taking this for agreement, Karen took another deep breath and continued.

"Edward Rodman, husband of Barbara, we summon you here to rejoin your lost love. Albert Holder, husband of Janice, we summon you here to rejoin your lost love. Roger Thornton, fiancé of Dorothy Keene, we summon you here to rejoin your lost love. By the power of your love for these women, we beckon you here to join them once more who gave their lives to be with you in the beyond."

As before, Karen repeated the incantation twice. The jack-o-lantern grew brighter as she spoke; at the third summons another stream of smoke began to rise from the center of the ornament. The cloud grew and divided again into three, each part taking on an approximation of human shape.

"Star-crossed lovers," Karen intoned, "We have summoned you here that you may be reunited at last. Go now in friendship and enjoy the fruits of your love."

Everyone watched in wonder as the first three apparitions joined with the new ones. The smoky figures seemed to embrace as they floated above the group of humans, the thicker, darker smoke of the men enveloping the lighter essences of the women. Karen repeated her command to depart, but the spirits showed no sign of any desire to leave. Instead, they joined appendages in a circle of their own and spread out, each hovering above one of the people in the group. Susan thought she could just make out the outlines of a woman's face in the spirit above her. It was a haunting face, full of longing and sadness at the same time.

"Spirits," Karen commanded, "your business here is done. Your time is over; be gone now." The spirit faces seemed to turn toward Karen briefly, then toward each other. The humans watched as the ghostly figures rose up higher, then

dove down with blinding speed. Six humans gasped in shock as the spirits descended on them, smothering them with their vaporous essence.

Susan felt a sudden deep chill as the spirit enveloped her body. For a long moment she felt as though her heart stopped. A bitter, aching cold crept through her entire body. She looked around at her friends and saw that each of them was enveloped in a cloud of the phantasmal smoke. As she watched, it seemed as though the vapors were thinning, being absorbed into her friends' bodies as a sponge absorbs moisture. In a few moments there was no sign that the clouds had ever existed.

Susan became aware of another strange feeling, one of detachment. She could still see and hear, but felt as if she was no longer directly in control of her body. As if to test the feeling, she tried to turn her head to look at Tony only to discover that it wouldn't move. Fear began to take hold of her mind, but a strange voice came to her from within. *Relax*, the voice said. *There is nothing to fear.*

As Susan calmed a little, she felt her hands letting go of the men on either side of her. *No*, she cried silently, *don't break the circle!* She willed herself to take at least Tony's hand again, but her body completely ignored her. Instead, Susan felt her hands press flat against her body and begin to rub up and down over her chest and abdomen. Tentatively at first, then with increasing urgency, they caressed her stomach, her breasts, and her groin. Soon Susan's body began to respond to the gentle, loving touch. The bitter cold within Susan's body began to give way to a growing internal warmth – the warmth of arousal.

She couldn't turn her head, but Susan was still able to see that she was not alone in this experience. Karen and Steve were also fondling themselves, a vapid expression on their faces as their hands probed and caressed their bodies. Susan imagined that same look on her own face, and the image caused a tingle in her core in spite of herself.

Susan felt herself begin to move. As if by itself, her body rose up to a kneeling position and turned to face Tony. His face too looked blank as his hands wandered over his body. Tony moved toward her as Susan felt her own hands lifting up on the hem of her dress. Tony leaned forward and Susan felt another hand start to stroke the inside of her thigh.

Unable to do anything else, Susan moaned softly as Tony's hand brushed against the satin front of her panties. Her hands reached back to pull down the zipper in the rear of the dress, then grabbed the garment at the waist and stripped it off in one smooth, slow motion. Once the dress cleared her face, Susan saw that Tony was busy discarding his surgical scrubs as well. Both naked except for underpants and shoes, their bodies embraced. Susan and Tony gave up any remaining ideas of resistance as their bodies began kissing and caressing each other.

Marco and Rita felt that same coldness, followed by the detachment, as their bodies responded to the ghostly possession in the same way that Susan and Tony's did. Marco felt his penis harden immediately as he watched Rita's hands wandering in and around the openings in her Wonder Woman outfit; he barely noticed that his own hands were stroking the front of his pants at the same time.

Soon Marco saw himself reaching forward, taking Rita in his arms. Their mouths met in an open, passionate kiss that grew hotter as his hands opened the zipper in the rear of Rita's costume. His body drew back sooner than he wanted it to, but it took the costume with it. Marco's eyes locked onto Rita's liberated breasts and he longed to put his mouth on them, but the spirit controlling his body had other ideas. He reached out and gently pushed Rita's body down onto a waiting pillow, his face coming to rest against her mound. Marco stripped off Rita's hose and G-string in one motion, then his tongue reached out and went to work on Rita's sensitive spots.

Karen stood slowly, turning to face Steve. As if to music only she could hear, her hips began to sway back and forth suggestively. Steve watched spellbound as Karen's hands moved slowly over her body, lingering on the breasts and between the legs in a delicious way. He wanted to stand up with her, to grab her and kiss her and carry her off to the bedroom, but as with the others his body was not his to command. So he watched, his cock stiffening, as Karen slowly began to remove the veils that made up the bulk of her gypsy costume.

Susan's body pressed hard against Tony's, burying his face between her breasts. She held still while Tony's mouth licked, kissed, and sucked her nipples into an exquisite, tingling state. Just when she thought she could stand it no longer, Tony's body tipped back and she bore him down to the floor. She felt hands grab onto her panties and pull them down while her own hands pushed down on Tony's boxers. She was so wet she barely felt it when he first slid into her.

Rita lay back, dazed and confused. Normally an aggressive, active lover, she urged her body to get up and grab onto Marco, to start pumping his cock the way he loved her to do. The spirit controlling her had its own preferences, though; her body remained heavy and still while Marco's tongue probed her slit. After a few minutes, she found the sense of helplessness strangely compelling. With nothing to do other than lie passively while Marco sent sparks of pleasure shooting through her body, Rita surrendered herself to whatever force was in control.

Steve felt hands tugging at his shirt as he watched the last veil fall away from Karen's shoulders and dimly realized the hands were his own. His eyes remained fixed on the breasts that were now exposed to his sight, nipples erect. Karen leaned over, surrounding his face with those soft mounds, and stripped the shirt from his body. She turned and swayed a few more times and the last pieces of her outfit dropped, leaving her naked. Still she danced, teasing Steve by moving in and out, brushing against him and pulling back. Steve felt a hand lock around his cock and wondered exactly when his pants had been removed. Then all coherent thought vanished as Karen moved his hand and sat down in his lap, dropping herself easily over his cock.

Susan's body sat up straight, arching the back and sinking further down onto Tony's rigid shaft. Once he was in all the way to the base, their hips began gyrating together in rhythm. The slow, easy, in-and-out motion caused the head of Tony's rod to push up and down against the sensitive spots inside Susan's vaginal wall, each motion bringing her closer and closer to climax. Their bodies moaned in unison as they pushed each other over the edge.

Rita was on the brink of a climax when she finally felt Marco's tongue withdraw from between her nether lips. A flash of disappointment turned to delight when the tongue was replaced almost immediately by the thick, hard shape of his cock inserting itself into her. She felt large, strong hands grasp her buttocks and pull her into him, seating him even more firmly into her. A steady rocking motion sent her mind reeling. Soon after she felt Marco explode within her; it was the last thing she remembered for a while, as her own climax hit and she faded out into ecstasy.

Karen squeezed Steve's cock firmly with her pelvic muscles as she slowly rocked back and forth, holding his head firmly between her breasts. She heard him start to moan in rhythm to the movements and put a little extra sway in her hips. The moans got louder and longer until at last Karen felt Steve's cock jerk and fire inside her. Her eyes closed and her head flew back as she gave in to the rising tide and let her own orgasm take her away.

Six people lay exhausted on the living room floor, their bodies loosely intertwined but quite still. As they stared up, recovering from their exertions, they saw six small clouds of smoke begin to rise from their bodies and gather at the ceiling. Slowly, the clouds took on human form once again. Too spent to say or do anything, the friends simply watched as the clouds mingled and swirled together, then slowly faded away. Their eyes became heavy and their vision blurred as a deep, soothing sleep overtook them.

It was still dark when Susan stirred and woke. It took her a few moments to realize that she could move her body again, and a few moments more to gather the strength to do it. She lifted her head and looked around the room.

The jack-o-lantern was dark, but there was more light than there had been during the séance. Susan could see Marco and Rita asleep in each other's arms nearby, while Steve lay prone on another pillow further away. Tony was underneath her, breathing slowly and evenly. As gently as possible, Susan rose up off Tony. A little shakily at first, she stood up and looked around for signs of Karen. She saw the extra light source – the kitchen lights were on full – and worked her way over there.

Squinting against the brightness, Susan turned the corner to the kitchen and saw Karen standing over the stove dressed in a satiny pink robe. Karen turned to see her friend approaching and grinned broadly. "Hey, sleepy!" she hailed. "Ready for some hot chocolate?"

"You've got to be kidding me," the groggy girl replied. "What the hell happened?"

"We were possessed," Karen answered matter-of-factly. "Six horny ghosts took control of our bodies and made up for 30 years of forced celibacy, taking us along for the ride. Pretty wild, huh?"

Susan paused long enough to take a sip from the steaming cup Karen handed her. The hot liquid warmed her core and started to clear the cobwebs from her brain. "That was intense," she agreed. "But what *really* happened?"

Karen smiled like the Cheshire cat. "Really? After you all joined hands in the circle, I lifted the pumpkin away and revealed the hypnotic candle. You all saw the candle and dropped like stones. I took you as deep as I could, then went around to each of you and told you what you would see, feel and do for the rest of the evening."

Susan shook her head slowly as the realization set in. "Just like the Quarters game when I first got here," she said. "It was all a mind game, an illusion."

"Not all of it," Karen corrected. "The sex was real."

"Better than real," Susan agreed. "It was incredible. I really did feel as though someone else was controlling my body." A thought struck her. "You made up the newspaper article too, didn't you?"

Karen nodded. "Sure. I looked for a real-life story like that, but didn't find anything. Then I figured, why not just make something up? It worked for the Blair Witch people."

Susan laughed appreciatively while Karen carefully poured five more mugs of the steaming cocoa and set them on a tray, then slipped back to her own bedroom to find a robe for herself. She returned to the living room in time to watch the rest of the group scramble to find some clothing. She stood back and watched from the doorway as Karen explained the illusion to them, then joined in with their hearty applause.

Karen accepted their praise with exaggerated bows and waves. Inwardly, she was already starting to think about her next party trick.

-vg

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