

# Tender Loving Care

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Lilly plopped onto the sofa with a groan. "What a day!"

Her boyfriend Jeff winced in sympathy. "Another bad one?"

"Trust me, you don't want to know the details."

Jeff nodded and poured a glass of Lilly's favorite wine. "I get the basic idea. It's April 10th. That means you've done about, what, six twelve-hour days in a row? And you're looking at five more to come. You've got no partners to share the load and you're afraid to turn down a client because you need their business the rest of the year. Your mind is exhausted and your body is stiff from spending all day at a desk. How am I doing?"

"Spot on," she groaned.

"I thought so. It's okay, my dear, because I know exactly what you need."

Tired eyes turned toward him with mild suspicion. "Do you? And what is that?"

"This, for starters." He handed her the glass of wine.

She took the glass and sipped from it, letting the flavors play over her tongue. "Perfect."

"And now," he said, opening the laptop he'd left set up on the end table next to her. "Try a little light reading. It'll help chase the evil numbers out of your head for a while."

Lilly's eye was drawn to the faint green glow of the laptop screen even as her lips took another long pull from the wine glass. "My favorite wine and my favorite sex story site," she mused. "You may just have something here."

"You're in for a treat. The latest update has a couple of real gems in it."

Sure enough, the first story listed was by one of Lilly's favorite erotic writers. She clicked the title and lay back against the softness of the sofa, smiling thankfully to Jeff when he tucked an extra pillow behind her head. The story had a promising start: a young woman, innocent and harmless, unaware that she was being manipulated by the older woman she was working for. Manipulated...

"What are you doing?"

Jeff had sat down on an ottoman and lifted Lilly's feet into his lap. "Taking off your shoes," he replied, suiting the deed to the words. "I thought I might rub your feet a little while you read."

"You don't have to do that."

"I know. I just want to. You go ahead and read and don't feel like you have to pay any attention to me."

She was going to protest, but before the words could form in her mind Jeff had begun gently massaging her tired feet. *Mmmmmm*, she thought, and felt herself relaxing at his touch the way she always did. *Okay, if he doesn't mind, neither do I.*

He felt the muscles in her feet relax and smiled to himself. "That's it," he said softly. "Just relax and enjoy your story. You don't have to worry about anything else. You don't have to do anything or say anything. You don't even have to consciously listen to me. Instead, just let your body relax and your mind focus on your reading so the words you read are as real to you as can be."

He let her read in silence, knowing that he didn't have to say anything. A look at her face revealed smooth muscles and a relaxed jaw, which proved that her mind was already slipping into trance out of habit.

Lilly focused on the computer screen, moving only enough to keep scrolling the screen as she read. She felt herself sinking into the pillows in that pleasant way that she often did while Jeff rubbed her feet. A part of her mind noticed that he was speaking softly, as if to himself, but she was more into reading the story than trying to make out what he was saying. Something about reading, going deeper into the story. Deeper ...

Oh, dear, she murmured to herself. The innocent girl, Tara, was having dinner with her boss and had just noticed a particularly colorful stone in the chandelier. *Don't look at it*, she warned the girl, knowing exactly what was about to happen. Lilly's breathing deepened as she read the induction scene.

Jeff noticed the change in her breathing and knew his timing was good. "Each sentence you read takes you deeper and deeper," he said. "The more you read, the deeper you go. The deeper you go, the more you can let the words of the story arouse you. It's okay to let yourself feel more and more aroused as you read the story, as if what happens in the story is happening to you right now."

Lilly felt her eyes growing heavy as she read about Tara's struggle to stay awake. *Silly girl*, she thought, *everybody knows what happens when you let a stranger get you staring at a shiny bauble*. She blinked heavily when Tara's eyes closed, but caught her drooping head and managed to wake up enough to keep reading.

The boss, Ms. Monigan, had Tara completely under her spell. Lilly felt the tingle of arousal growing as Tara slipped deeper and deeper into hypnosis. Ms. Monigan began suggesting that Tara feel aroused, and Lilly felt the heat beginning to build between her legs.

"More and more aroused," Jeff said. "This is a very hot, sexy, arousing story. The more you read, the more you feel yourself getting horny, feeling sexy, even wanting to touch yourself. It's okay to let the story take you there, now, and let yourself feel so aroused that you don't even realize what your own body is doing."

In the story, Ms. Monigan commanded Tara to strip. A small part of the girl's mind resisted, but the more she resisted the stronger became her need to obey. Lilly imagined the struggle in the girl's mind and felt her body growing hot and tingly. Her free hand slid up and down over her breast and sent little shivers of pleasure through her body.

Jeff slipped off the ottoman and let Lilly's legs settle to the floor. He gently undid the buttons on her blouse and the front clasp of her bra, spreading the garments open to get them out of the way. He paused a moment to admire the view while Lilly slowly fondled her own breast, her eyes still fixed on the screen.

Tara was naked now, and Ms. Monigan ordered her to touch herself. Tara had no will to resist anymore; Lilly read about the girl's fingers reaching into her own slit, finding it moist and sensitive, and barely noticed that her own hand had begun to slide down her stomach in the same direction. Jeff noticed, and made sure that her slacks were loosened enough to allow Lilly's hand to reach freely inside.

"That's my girl," he said. "So sexy, so aroused. Each word that you read gets you more aroused, more horny. When the character in the story has an orgasm, you'll have an orgasm, and your orgasm will be so intense that awaken from trance in the middle of it, feeling incredibly sexy and turned on by what you've read."

Jeff watched as Lilly's fingers worked. He wanted so much to pull her pants off and dive in, but no – this was for her. Instead he reinforced his suggestions and watched his lover become more and more aroused by his words, the author's words, and her own ministrations.

Tara felt helpless standing in front of her boss, naked and unable to stop herself from jilling off. Lilly kept reading, letting Tara's sensations wash over her, imagining Ms. Monigan watching with clinical detachment while Tara brought herself closer and closer to orgasm. Unable to stop. Coming closer ... closer ...

Tara came and Lilly felt it in every muscle of her body. Her neck pressed against the pillow and her legs shook with the energy of the climax, and still she couldn't stop her own fingers from rubbing and probing inside herself. She gasped and cried out and lost sight of the screen because her eyes rolled back under semi-closed lids.

And then, with a heavy shudder, her body went limp. Lilly's eyes reopened slowly and took their time before coming into focus on the ceiling. Then she noticed that her blouse and bra were spread open, her slacks unzipped, and her hand still resting inside her soaking wet panties. Her gaze wandered until it found Jeff.

He was standing over her with a loving smile on his face. "Feeling better?"

Her body still tingled with the lingering remnants of arousal. "Yes," she agreed, "much better." She glanced a bit lower and noticed the unmistakable bulge in the front of his pants. It looked so enticing now. Very slowly, giving him every opportunity to enjoy the way the light reflected off her bare chest, she slipped off her blouse and bra and used the blouse to wipe at the thin layer of sweat on either side of her neck. "It is hot in here," she asked softly, "or is it just me?"

Jeff found himself staring at her breasts. The nipples were standing up and beckoning to him, sending the blood rushing to his groin. "Maybe it's something you read."

"Maybe," she agreed, rising up and taking hold of him by the front of his pants. "And maybe it's something else. Either way, you'd better be ready for what you've unleashed."

Two fingers slipped inside his boxers and measured the hard shaft inside. Her pants fell to the floor on their own, so she stepped out of them and pulled him away to the bedroom.

"Come along, Jeff. I know exactly what you need."

-wg  
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