

Toys

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Before I tell you anything else, understand this: Marty started it.

Oh, he meant well. We were in his car on the way to Connecticut for the last weekend of our hypnotherapy certification training. I had flown up from Atlanta the night before on the red eye after a full day at work, so the couple of hours of rest I got crashed at his place before we left DC was not nearly enough. By the time we crossed the Mason-Dixon Line into Delaware I was babbling randomly, knowing we had several hours of nearly featureless expressway ahead of us.

"You can take a nap if you want to," he told me. "It's okay."

"I'm fine," I lied. "Besides, it would be rude to just tune out and leave you with no company."

"I really don't mind, Regina. You look ready to drop." And then a really sneaky look crept over his face. "In fact, I think you'd pass right out if I were to say ..."

I have no idea what he actually said. Right then my eyes slammed shut, my mind started floating away, and all I could think was *here I go*. My head flopped back as a gentle push on my shoulder settled me back against the seat, and then I just lost track of my body for a while. There was just the floaty energy around me, the sound of the highway, and occasionally Marty's voice telling me to rest and drift and let nothing disturb me.

After a while I noticed that the highway sound had vanished and there was no more sense of motion. Marty had stopped talking, too. I counted myself up out of trance and opened my eyes to find out what was going on.

It was a nightmare. We were in the middle lane of the highway, but nothing was moving. People had gotten out of their cars and were craning their necks to see ahead. Marty had the engine off and was sitting there looking absolutely miserable.

He noticed me stretching and moving. "Have a nice nap?"

"Wonderful," I replied with another stretch and half a yawn. I really did feel good. More than good – I felt as if I'd had a full night's sleep in my comfy bed at home. "How long has it been like this?"

"Half an hour, give or take. Do you have any idea how much I envy you right now?"

I chuckled and looked at the dashboard clock. I'd been tranced out for well over an hour, but it only seemed to me like a few minutes. You've got to love hypnotic time distortion.

The radio said there was a dump truck accident a few miles ahead of us, which explained the total stop. We figured we might as well take advantage of it; we got out to stretch our legs and grab a drink from the cooler in the back seat. The cold water felt good on a hot day. In another fifteen minutes or so we saw people getting back into their cars and starting up their engines.

As we got moving again, I punched Marty in the arm lightly. "By the way: when did you install that trigger in my head?"

He grinned at me. "Oh, you mean ...?"

The words bypassed my ears again and went straight to my brain. I felt myself spiraling back into oblivion and thought, *I'm so going to get him for this*. It was my last coherent thought for another two hours.

By the time we pulled in to our hotel, you'd have thought it was Marty who'd been up for 20 hours the previous day instead of me. I'd agreed to do my share of the driving, but he'd kept me zonked out instead. So now I was the one feeling fresh and energetic and he was totally ragged out.

We were sharing a room to cut down on expenses. The desk clerk gave us each a key and we set to moving in for the weekend. Marty took the bed nearest the window and let me have the one by the bathroom, which was fine. I had to laugh a little when he started to unpack. "You geeks," I said. "Can't go anywhere without your toys."

"What, these?" Marty had a small pile of electronic equipment in front of him: a new laptop, digital camera, MP3 player, some kind of space-age alarm clock. "These are necessities. And they all fit in my PC bag." Then he reached into his larger suitcase and pulled out a black canvas bag. "Now this is a toy."

I grinned. "You brought the NovaPro!"

"I know how much you like it."

He was right about that. The NovaPro is a light and sound machine. By wearing special goggles and headphones attached to the machine, you can experience different brain states induced through flashing lights and binaural beats. Early on, when I was still having a hard time getting myself into trance, Marty let me borrow the machine for a couple of weeks. Using it did help me learn to get myself into trance easily and turned out to be tremendous fun, too, and I missed it after sending it back to him. I really wanted one of my own, but for the time being I'd be more than happy to play with his some more.

I reached out to take the bag from him. Marty reached back into his suitcase, pulled out a gray plastic case, and said, "But wait, there's more!" He opened the case and showed me a large, professional-looking microphone. "With this, you can talk to the person on the machine and it sounds as if the voice is coming from inside their own head."

"Really?" I put that and the NovaPro on the lower shelf of the nightstand between the beds.

By the time we were unpacked Marty was wilting. He pulled off his shirt, tossed it into the corner by his bed, and then stopped suddenly and looked at me. "Um ... I forgot to pack any pajamas," he said. "Do you mind if I just sleep in my undies?"

I had to work hard not to giggle. Marty, feeling shy? It was so cute! "It's fine, hon. I usually sleep nude when I'm home – it's just the most comfortable way to sleep – but I brought a few extra-long tee shirts with me just for you."

He grinned at me and dropped his pants. "Hey, don't change your habits on my account." But I could still see a tiny glint of nerves in his face, so I grabbed one of those shirts and changed in the bathroom.

It was sweet of Marty to do all the driving while I slept half the day, but now there was a problem: while he was all strung out and needed to go to sleep, I was fresh and alert and nowhere near ready to turn out the lights. I got out my laptop and looked for the little white box I was used to finding in hotels for Internet access.

There wasn't one. "We don't have an Internet box," I complained.

Marty rolled over and squinted as the desk lamp shined on his face. "It's wireless. There's instructions in the services folder on the table."

Oops. "That doesn't help me. This machine doesn't have a wireless card."

"Then use mine," he mumbled. "Password is Milton:AZ." Then he rolled over again and covered his face with an extra pillow.

I spent the next hour online, keeping the lights as low as I could and making no sound other than the clicking of keys. My friend Jill was looking for me and we spent most of that time in chat talking about her boyfriend Eric. I knew Eric from online though we hadn't met in real space yet. That was going to change: Eric lived about an hour's drive from where we were staying, and Jill had a request or two.

While we chatted, I kept hearing Marty toss and turn. "I hate hotel beds," he muttered at one point.

I knew he had to be exhausted but his mind wouldn't let him rest. I finished with Jill and figured it was time to return a favor. I stretched out on my bed, took a few deep breaths, and let myself float into a light trance. "I feel so good now," I said out loud. "Floaty."

Marty grunted something that sounded vaguely like, "Good for you." His tone wasn't happy.

"Do you know what's great about floaty energy, Marty?"

"What?"

"You can share it with people. All you have to do is just reach out with your mind. Just kind of let it float ... like that ... and share it with someone near. And then they start to feel it. Drifty ... floaty ... so nice." I sounded stoned – or, more accurately, hypnotized – and I knew that with Marty's mind trying to find sleep there was a good chance it would be contagious. "Do you feel it yet?"

He paused a minute. "Yeah ... I think I do." He sounded vaguely surprised and a little fuzzy.

"You can float with me now ... just float and rest, until the alarm sounds in the morning." I let myself drift deeper, trying to lead him deeper with me. I think it worked. It put me to sleep, anyway.

Since class started at 8:00am I had set the alarm for 6:30. It went off right on schedule, dragging us both grudgingly out of a sound sleep.

As I hit the snooze button I heard Marty groan and turn away from the window. "Arrrgh! The sun is my enemy!"

"We have a few minutes yet," I told him.

"How late do you think we can be?"

That made me smile – even half-asleep, he was using NLP patterns. It also gave me an idea. "We can't be late on the first day," I told him. "And you don't really want that anyway. By the time the alarm sounds again you'll groan one more time, drag yourself out of bed, and make some kind of joking remark before you head to the shower." And then I waited.

About six minutes went by on the clock before it happened. The alarm buzzed on the table between us. As I hit the button again Marty groaned and stretched, sat up on the edge of the bed, and slowly rose to his feet. His voice morphed into a bad imitation of Bill Murray as he said, "It is alive."

I just couldn't help laughing. Marty looked at me for a minute, then realized what he'd done. "Yeah, I guess you predicted that pretty well."

"I didn't predict it, I suggested it!"

He cocked his head and I saw his eyebrows wrinkle. "You did, didn't you? Damn, you're good." Then he trudged into the bathroom, shaking his head the whole way.

Our class schedule called for a ten-hour day, which sounds long but there were about two hours' worth of breaks built in. Lunch was ordered in for us, so we spent the whole day between the classroom and the break room. It was a nice, cozy arrangement that gave us lots of opportunity to bond with our classmates, but didn't lend itself to a private discussion. That meant I had to wait until dinner to talk with Marty about Eric.

"He's a little shy," I explained, "but Jill says he's really interested in being hypnotized and he wants her to be in control. The thing is, he's having a hard time learning to really let go and go deep. Since we're in the area ..."

"You offered to work on him for her," he finished for me.

"He said he was open to it. And I have Jill's okay to play with him as long as I report back to her on how he does and what triggers I give him."

"Ahhh ... and what treacherous things do you have in mind for this poor guy?"

"I'm not sure yet," I said truthfully. "But he's not coming until tomorrow, so I have tonight to work it all out."

"That's fine. If you need a sounding board, I'm available."

"I know, hon. And I may take you up on that later."

We finished dinner and went back to the room. I sat down at the computer to check email and see if there were any last-minute ideas from Jill. I heard Marty rustling around in his gear but didn't pay that much attention until a pair of headphones closed around my head. "What's this for?"

He was sitting in an easy chair. Between us was a round glass table on which he had set up the NovaPro. "Check this out." He switched on the machine and flipped a switch on the back of the microphone in his hand. "I am the voice in your head, Regina. You must obey."

Gods, it was freaky – his voice reverberated through my head as if it was coming from somewhere inside my own skull. "Trippy," I said as I took off the headphones.

Marty showed me the parts of the system – the mic, the XLR cord and special adapter to fit the NovaPro, the 9-volt battery that supplied power to the mic – and how it all hooked together. It was neat, and it was giving me ideas. "Trade seats with me for a minute," I told him.

I'd been doing hypnosis with people for a long time. The class was really just about getting a professional certificate, so I could go into business doing what I'd been doing for fun since college. But one of the things I really needed to practice on was my instant inductions, and as I got up out of my chair I realized this was a golden opportunity. So I moved quickly and got in front of Marty before he had a chance to get up. When he reached the partway point, half sitting and half standing, I put my hand on his forehead and pushed him back down. His face went blank with sudden confusion; I used a firm voice and said, "Sleep."

It worked like a charm. He dropped back in the chair and went totally limp. "That's right," I said, remembering that it's important to follow up an instant induction with deepening suggestions before the person decides to come out of trance. "Just letting go, completely relaxed, going deeper with every breath you take. As I rotate your head you can feel your neck and shoulders relaxing, going loose and limp, and letting that feeling spread all down your body. Very good."

He was mine! I hadn't planned this, so I really didn't have anything in mind except to wake him again, but then I had a thought. I found a spot on the back of his neck and pressed it gently. "As you feel the pressure of my finger on that spot on your neck, Marty, you can feel your body and mind shutting down. That spot on your neck is your off switch; whenever I press it, you can allow yourself to power off and return to the same state you're in now: open, quiet, receptive to my suggestions. You like this feeling, and you like the idea that I can power you off whenever I want to just by touching this spot right here. And when I press it again, you'll feel yourself powering on, rebooting, coming out of hypnosis for me."

I pressed the spot again and in a moment his eyes opened. "Sneaky minx," he said. "I thought you said you needed practice with instants."

"That was practice." I was perched on the arm of his chair, my hand still resting on his shoulder near his neck. His head turned and his eyes tried to follow my hand, but of course it was too close for him to really see. "You're thinking about it, aren't you? You remember the suggestion I gave you. But just because you remember it doesn't mean it won't work. In fact, I think you're enjoying the touch of my fingers back there, hoping that at any moment I'll find that magic spot ... right ... here."

I touched the spot and he dropped right back down. It was really cool. I stroked his temples and took him deeper just for the fun of it. He didn't resist at all. In fact, there was a blissful smile on his face. I almost hated to wake him, but of course I had to. We both had work to do.

Marty hit the books for a few hours while I worked out what I wanted to do with Eric. He had a real subbie streak, I knew, and I'd make use of that for him. Like Marty, Eric was a serious computer geek; that would also be useful. In fact, it gave me a really sneaky thought that I saved for bedtime.

It was a little after ten when I went into the bathroom to change into my sleep shirt. Marty was already stretched out on his bed, still reading but down to his white boxer briefs. It was a bit warm because the air conditioner made a ridiculous amount of noise and had been turned off for a while. I really wanted to take the shirt off, but I knew it would make Marty very uncomfortable so I didn't.

He looked over as I set the alarm clock. "So, have you finished drawing up your evil plan?"

I fought back a smile. If only he knew! "Yes, I've got it. Do you want to hear what I'm going to do with Eric?"

Marty closed the book and set it aside, then rolled over to face me. "Sure."

He was in his regular sleeping position: on his side, almost rolled over onto his front, with an arm tucked under his pillow and his upper leg bent. He looked very comfortable. Perfect.

"You really helped me, in a way," I explained in a slow, steady voice. "You see, Eric is just like you. He's creative, funny ... a computer geek, like you." I laid a subtle emphasis on the words *like you* because I wanted Marty's subconscious to pay attention to them. "So I'll tell him, while he relaxes his body and listens to my voice, that your brain can be thought of as like a computer, and your mind is really the operating system. Your conscious mind is made up of all the programs and utilities that you run to manage your daily needs, each program separate and distinct, all dependent on the kernel to manage the resources they need. And you can even imagine, as you relax deeper, that you can issue the commands in your mind that will shut down those processes ... shutting down your conscious mind, so that only your subconscious ... the operating system kernel ... is active. Imagine yourself typing those commands, going deeper, shutting down every program that isn't part of your kernel."

Marty rolled back a little and I looked to see if it was working. Oh, yes, it was: his face was loose and slack, his breathing slow and easy. He was gone.

"And sometimes," I continued, "there's a security hole in the kernel, and it's necessary to patch the kernel. You can accept my suggestions as a patch to your kernel, entering those commands directly into your kernel source code and compiling them into a new kernel, so that my suggestions become as much a part of your operating system as the code you write yourself. And from now on, any time I tell you that there's a security hole in your kernel, you can relax and shut down just like you are now, without even realizing it, automatically becoming so open and ready to accept your new programming, and to incorporate that programming into your kernel."

Marty's leg moved and his hip shifted back, and for about a half second I wondered why he seemed to be rolling onto his back. Then I noticed the reason, poking straight up against the front panel of his boxer briefs. At least I knew he wasn't asleep.

I gave him more suggestions for deepening, responding to my voice, giving me root access to his systems, while my eyes kept wandering back to his obvious physical reaction. I'd seen guys get hard before, of course, but this was different. I was hacking his mind, he knew it, and he liked it. He liked it a lot. The realization left me warm and tingly in a very, very personal way.

For a moment I thought about getting up, going over to Marty and stroking him until he came. It's kind of mean to get someone that worked up with no payoff, after all. But then I thought no, let's see how good his imagination really is.

"Marty," I said, "I know that on some level you realize that I'm hacking your mind, and that you're really, really enjoying that. I know you're enjoying it because I can see that you have a hard-on, and I also think that on some level you know I can see that, and you may even be enjoying the idea of me looking at your hard cock. And I wonder, Marty, if your mind is powerful enough to enjoy that even more. I wonder if you can imagine that I'm standing up now, standing over you, looking at the outline of your hard cock against your underwear. And then, as I look at you, I wonder if you can imagine that I take my shirt off, and that there's a damp spot in the middle of my panties. Maybe, Marty, you can even imagine that I'm standing over you right now, reaching down, and slipping my fingers inside the front of your shorts to stroke your hard, excited cock."

The bulge in his shorts twitched and a soft moan came from his throat. My heart was racing but I barely noticed because all my attention was focused on Marty. "That's right. I'll bet you can feel the warmth of my fingers on your cock. They're wet from me touching myself first, so they slide so easily up and down. Up and down, Marty, stroking you from the base all the way up to the head, teasing the sensitive skin at the tip of your cock, and then sliding down again. Up and down, feeling so good, so arousing."

His hips were flexing now and his moans were coming faster. What at first was just an idea, then an experiment, was becoming inevitable. I kept it up and let an extra urgency creep into my voice. "You feel so good, Marty, so hard, so hot. You know that at any moment now you're going to come and that's okay, it's okay to come, I give you permission to come. I give you permission to really enjoy the feeling of my fingers on your cock, stroking you, making you come, coming any moment now. Any moment ... now."

Marty groaned loudly and bucked on the bed. I saw the bulge quiver and his shorts darkened at the tip with a wet stain that spread quickly across the front. *Oh my gods, I actually did it!* "And now, Marty, as the orgasm subsides, you can roll over and allow yourself to drift off to sleep, feeling safe and secure, and allowing your conscious mind to remember only what it needs to remember and letting the rest stay hidden deep inside your system files. When the alarm sounds you'll find that you awaken easily, feeling refreshed and energized, your mind fresh and ready for the day's learning."

He rolled away, toward the window, and a happy sigh escaped from his lips as he fell into a deep slumber. *I did it*, my inner voice kept shouting, *I made a guy come without even touching him!* If I closed my eyes I could still see him twitching, his face stretching out and his mouth opening as he groaned his way through the orgasm.

My panties were soaked, so I yanked them off and wiped the excess moisture with the tail of my shirt. And as I did that, I imagined Marty standing over me, his cock hard again and pressing out through his

shorts; that his lips moved and said those words I never remember hearing; and that as I sank into deep trance that it was his fingers, not mine, tracing along the edge of my slit, probing, circling my clit...

I mashed a pillow over my face to muffle the gasps as I came. Then, like Marty, I rolled over and plunged blissfully into sleep.

If Marty remembered having a hypnotic wet dream he gave no sign of it in the morning. He got up with his usual stretch, groan, and wisecrack and headed to the shower as if everything were perfectly normal. And luckily for me he didn't notice the panties I'd tossed aside in my own little frenzy.

There was an Outback just down the street from our hotel, so Eric agreed to meet us there for dinner. I nearly jumped up and down with glee when I saw him: young, broad-shouldered, and with the most beautiful long black hair I've ever seen on a guy. I so wanted to undo the pony tail and play with his hair.

We had a nice dinner. Eric and I already knew each other from online, but Marty was a total stranger to him. I needed the guys to get comfortable with each other or the evening would be a lot more difficult than any of us wanted, so I encouraged them to have a beer or two and talk operating systems. I had to smile a little at that, of course, knowing how I was going to use that interest to get into Eric's mind.

Back in the room, the conversation quickly turned to hypnosis. "Obviously I've been hypnotized before," Eric said, "by Jill. I just don't think I'm a very good subject because I always remember what happens, and a lot of the things we try don't work very well."

"Maybe it's just technique," Marty suggested. "You seem like an analyzing type. Would you like to try an instant induction?"

I could see Eric's eyes widen a bit and he looked quickly at me. That wasn't going to work – Eric could enjoy going into trance for a woman, but it was too wrapped up as a kink for him to be comfortable getting tranced by Marty. I was going to have to do something.

Marty was in the armchair, so he was well supported. With a quick move I came off the bed where I was sitting and touched the "off switch" on the back of his neck. A quick look of surprise came over him and then fell off his face as he dropped into trance. I gave him deepening suggestions and was going to tell him to just ignore us for a while, but then I noticed the NovaPro still on the glass table and had a better idea. I plugged in the light frames and headphones, put them on Marty, and set the machine for a 45-minute deep trance session. "I want you to relax and drift for just a few moments," I told him while the machine counted down to the program start. "Let your mind float and I'll be back for you soon." I saw the lights begin to flicker behind the glasses and knew Marty would be just fine for a while.

I had Eric take off his shoes and sit down on the end of my bed. "We want you completely comfortable," I told him, "so I'm going to remove this." The elastic hair band came off easily and turned his pony tail into a gorgeous fan of rich black hair that went down below his shoulder blades.

I took my hair brush from the bathroom, sat behind Eric, and began combing through his hair. "Hypnosis is a perfectly natural state of mind," I reminded him. "We go in and out of trance all the time, every day." I followed each brush stroke with a stroke of my bare hand. The silky texture felt

wonderful between my fingers. "Sort of the way that a computer runs routine processes all the time, every day, as well as background processes. I was talking to Marty about this just last night, and I think you'll agree with this because he's just like you. You might think of your brain as a computer, Eric, and your mind as the operating system ..."

It worked just as well on Eric as it had on Marty the night before. When the muscle tone faded out of his spine I slid out of the way and guided down onto the bed, brushing his beautiful hair aside so it wouldn't get all tangled. I lay down beside him and spoke softly into his ear while my fingers idly caressed his face.

"You're such a good boy, Eric ... so open and willing to be led. And you know that Jill is exactly the person you need, exactly the mistress who can bring amazing pleasure to you both. All you have to do is let go, Eric. Let go to Jill, and let her voice sink keep into your mind, adding her suggestions to the kernel code that you wrote for yourself. Imagine now lying down next to Jill, feeling her stroking your body, and being so very deeply relaxed that all you can do is breathe in her scent and enjoy the sensations."

I worked him into such a deep state that his muscles wouldn't move. And, once I had him there, I gave him the triggers and instructions that Jill had asked for. He learned to feel a rush of pleasure at the sound of her name, to imagine her speaking to him in her voice, to feel himself being hopelessly and blissfully open to her every suggestion. And the more he relaxed and the more I spoke about Jill, the more I noticed him getting hard. But he was going to have to get over that on his own – I had no permission from Jill for anything like I'd done with Marty.

My eye caught movement off to the side and I looked over to see Marty removing the headphones and goggles. I told Eric to relax and drift for a few minutes while I talked with Marty and rolled off the bed toward him.

"Are you mad at me?" I asked.

"Nah. A little envious, maybe," he said, nodding with a smirk toward the bed where Eric lay still. "You've certainly never gotten that up close and personal with me."

Or so you think, I answered silently. "I thought you weren't into the D/S scene."

"I'm not. But that doesn't mean a guy doesn't like to be stroked once in a while."

"You'll get your turn. In the meantime, would you mind setting this up on the night stand please?" I pointed to the NovaPro.

"Okay."

I went ahead and woke Eric while Marty moved the NovaPro for me. He sat up and let me play with his hair some more while he watched Marty plug things in. "It's a sort of electronic trance inducer," I explained. "The lights and sounds cause your brain to adapt to their frequency. You think you were deep before, just wait until I dial this down to low theta with you on it."

Marty was putting together the microphone kit. "You'll love it," he told Eric. "It's like a hypnotic isolation booth. You won't know or care what we're up to." Then he noticed that I was hooking up his spare set of glasses, too, and the cup earphones from his MP3 player. "Did I speak too soon?"

“On the bed, wise guy,” I told him and pointed to his bed. “Assume the position.”

“Uh-oh,” he said as he kicked off his shoes and laid down on his back. “This could get very interesting.”

I just smiled at him and turned on the machine. I’d set it for the deep theta session again, but this time I shortened the time down to 30 minutes. It would take them down quickly that way, and then I could pause it to keep them there as long as I wanted to.

In a couple of minutes both of my guys were breathing deeply and slowly. A couple of test arm-drops confirmed that they were nicely relaxed and the display on the Nova Pro showed 5.5Hz, which is a deep theta brainwave frequency. This was a good place to pause the program. I held the mic a few inches away from my mouth, slightly off to one side to minimize pops, and switched it on.

“You can hear my voice now, and it may even seem as if my voice is inside your mind. That’s because it is. My words become your thoughts, my suggestions part of your new program. Because there’s a security hole in your kernel, and you need some new programming to patch the hole.

“Some of the things I’m going to say apply to both of you, and you will both listen and accept these suggestions into your new kernel code. Some things will be meant only for Eric, and Marty can simply ignore that code; other things will be meant only for Marty, and Eric can just pause and ignore those lines. When I do give you a suggestion, you can acknowledge it by lifting the index finger on this hand.” I touched Marty’s left hand and Eric’s right. “Lifting that finger confirms that you have accepted the suggestion and incorporated it into your kernel source code. You can lift that finger now to show me that you understand that instruction.”

Both fingers lifted and then dropped again. “Very good, boys. You both know how you love to be hypnotized. Each time you go into hypnosis you go deeper, more quickly, more easily than ever before. It’s a skill you have, like the ability to write code or troubleshoot a network problem, and like those skills your ability to go into trance gets stronger and stronger the more you practice.” I spent more time reinforcing how pleasurable it was to go into trance for me, and was amused to notice both guys needing to shift a little to make room for hard-ons.

Then my eye fell on the clock. It was after ten already – where had all the time gone? We’d calculated that we had to be up and on the road by six in order for me to catch my flight home from DC. I was going to have to get to the point.

“And now,” I said, “I’m going to talk only to Marty. Eric, you can ignore everything I say until I touch you on the arm because none of this is meant for you.”

I gave Marty a series of suggestions about allowing his mind to easily absorb and digest all the material he’d learned over the weekend. While I was at it, I threw in suggestions to build up his confidence in his ability as a hypnotist and to encourage his creative mind to help him come up with ideas on how to start his practice. No, they weren’t the suggestions I really wanted to give him, but even with Eric told to ignore it I didn’t quite feel right getting too personal. I did, however, suggest that I could always press his power button remotely by telling him to power off. That, I figured, would come in handy in the car and let me save the “security hole” trigger as a surprise.

Next I had Marty ignore me for a while and reinforced all the work I’d done with Eric. I made sure he understood that everything he’d learned to respond to from me would be equally effective for Jill, and that it was perfectly okay for him to enjoy being hypnotized and to enjoy being submissive to Jill. He

was smiling the whole time.

It was almost eleven o'clock by the time I had both guys out of trance and lucid again. "How was that?"

"Dreamy," Eric said. "You have such a sexy voice."

"Seconded," I heard from Marty. "A lot of what you said isn't registering consciously, either. I think I'm still a little spaced out."

Eric bounced a little as he sat up on the bed. "So what's next?"

"A long drive," I said, pointing to the clock. "You have to work in the morning, and Marty and I have to be lucid enough for one of us to drive at 6:00am. And I still need to write up my report for Jill while it's all fresh in my mind. So if you wouldn't mind stepping outside, Eric, while I put Marty to bed, and I'll join you in a couple of minutes?"

Marty started to object. "We don't have to quit just yet. After all this trance time I'm not even remotely sleepy."

I put a hand on his chest and pushed him back down gently. "I need to be up for at least another hour, maybe two. That means you're driving the first leg. I want you fully rested for that, and we both know that trance is not a substitute for sleep. I can nap in the car and spell you after New York as long as we get that far alive. Deal?"

He growled a little but couldn't argue. "Deal."

Eric left the room and Marty stripped down to his shorts as usual. I dimmed all but the desktop light and sat down next to him. "Power off now, Marty."

He sighed and dropped back into a nice, deep trance. "We talked about the need for you to sleep," I told him, "so I have some very important suggestions for you. When you hear me leave the room, Marty, I want you to go ahead and adjust your position, roll over, do whatever you need to do to make yourself completely comfortable. And when you're completely comfortable, you can drift off into a deep, restful, refreshing sleep. If any noise or movement or touch disturbs your sleep, though, you'll wake into trance, just the way you are now, and then after few moments you can just slide right back into real, natural sleep."

I started to get up, but then I had one more impish thought. "And Marty? I know that a lot of the things that have happened this weekend have been very exciting to you. Later on, when you're alone and in private, perhaps tomorrow night, you can relax and allow yourself then to experience that excitement again, and to fully enjoy it in whatever way feels best for you." I smiled and pictured Marty getting home the next day after dropping me at the airport and suddenly, without realizing why, getting a raging hard-on. *Surprise*, I thought wickedly, and left to see Eric home.

He was waiting in the hotel lobby. We talked long enough for me to feel sure he was completely back, then we hugged and I walked him to his car. Jill was going to be very happy with that one.

I did my best to be quiet with the hotel room door so I wouldn't wake Marty. Waking into trance is better than waking up entirely, but still not as good as uninterrupted sleep. The room was dimly lit by the desk lamp and when I looked at Marty I stopped dead in my tracks.

The covers on his bed were thrown back and Marty was lying there completely naked. He was on his back, moaning sleepily, and his hips were gyrating. He also had a serious hard-on.

My whole body flushed as I realized this was my doing. I'd told Marty he could fully enjoy his excitement "when you're alone and in private" and then left him alone the room! By saying "later" instead of "tomorrow" I'd broken the first rule of posthypnotic suggestion: be specific.

With a slow, uncoordinated movement Marty's hand went searching for his penis. He found it and began to slowly pump it up and down. He was so relaxed that he was having trouble doing even that. I thought about laughing. I thought about leaving him alone for a few minutes and pretending I hadn't seen anything. Instead, I went with another option.

As quickly as I could I peeled off my clothes and climbed into the bed beside him. I pressed my body against his back and ran my hand down his side from just under the arm to just above the knee, pausing and squeezing a little as I passed his butt. My fingers played lightly across his thigh as I rounded the leg on the way back up. I removed his hand from his cock and put mine in its place. "Let me do that for you."

His skin was dry, but I realized I had a ready supply of lubricant near to hand. I swabbed myself to pick up some moisture, applied it to his shaft and stroked him lovingly, gently, whispering into his ear suggestions of pleasure and arousal. "Let it happen, Marty ... let go and come for me."

A groan escaped his lips and a hot stream of seed flowed out of him. I cupped his balls and held him while he enjoyed the pleasure of his release. And I just couldn't help dropping a few soft words into his ear. "That's right, Marty. So much pleasure. It's okay to enjoy this, okay to let yourself slide deeper and deeper as the orgasm subsides. And when I kiss your cheek, Marty, you can allow yourself to drift back into a deep, restful, satisfying sleep."

The morning, I realized, could be tricky. I thought about it for a minute – the last thing I needed was another unexpected consequence – and came up with a simple but hopefully effective plan. "When the alarm sounds in the morning, Marty, you can wake up fully, feeling refreshed and alert, happy and content. You'll be naked, but that's okay. Your subconscious mind can allow you to acknowledge that without feeling embarrassed or confused; you simply chose to sleep that way, and that's all that matters. You can choose to remember what we did together in this bed just now if it will be a pleasant memory, or if your conscious mind has any reservations about it you can simply forget that it ever took place. You can allow yourself to believe you had an erotic dream about the two of us in your bed and leave it at that. And no matter what you choose to remember, you can feel free and comfortable telling me about it in the morning."

I kissed his cheek and watched him sink down into slumber. Then I cleaned him up as best I could without disturbing him, washed up a little myself, and sat down at the computer to compose a long email.

Dear Jill, I wrote. Here is the owner's manual for your new toy. Treat him gently and you should enjoy years of trouble-free operation...

It was still mostly dark when the alarm screeched at us. I jerked partway out of a deep slumber and groped blindly for the snooze button. On about the fifth try I found it and collapsed back onto the bed. I heard Marty grunt and move around, and an exhausted voice in my head cried out, *Shit, Regina* –

you're sprawled out naked! After staying up way too late writing Jill, I'd just flopped on the bed without putting anything on. *I should be bothered by this*, I thought. *I should cover up for Marty's sake*. But I was too sleepy to move.

My bed shifted and creaked and I sensed a heavy weight perching on the side next to my legs. "Long night, I take it?" Marty said.

My brain still didn't want to wake up. I think I mumbled something along the lines of, "Too long." Then I felt his hand gently stroking the inside of my thigh. My skin tingled and my pulse picked up, and that helped to pull me gently out of the fog. My eyes opened and I looked up at his face. "What do you think you're doing?"

His hand kept stroking my thigh, moving closer and closer to my mound with each caress. "Trying to rouse you, of course."

"Rouse," I asked, "or arouse?"

"Maybe both." A sly grin came over his face. "Feeling more awake now?"

"I think so." Parts of me were getting very awake, and I knew he could see that. *I guess he remembers*, I figured. "Look, Marty. About last night."

"Shhhhhh," he told me. "It's fine. In fact, Regina ..."

Oh, shit. That dizzying sensation swept over me again. My eyelids dropped and my body went completely limp, and then Marty's voice drifted into my head. "That's right, nice and deep. So deep you can't even think about trying to move. So deep all you can do is listen to my voice and focus on the pleasure I'm about to give you. Helpless and sleepy, feeling only pleasure ..."

Then his voice stopped because his mouth was occupied in other ways. I lay there floating on a cloud of bliss while Marty found every one of my pleasure buttons and pressed them all at once. He took me to the edge and held me there until I wanted to scream, and then when he finally told me to come I think I yelled out his name over and over like a mantra.

He let me drift while he showered, then got me up and moving. The hot water helped clear my head and somehow we managed to get on the road only twenty minutes behind schedule. We split the driving duties this time and, luckily for me, ran into no serious traffic problems.

Marty pulled into the short term parking at the airport and shut off the engine. We only had a few minutes before I needed to check in. We hugged each other and kissed and hugged some more. While we embraced I let my fingers walk lightly up his spine and come to rest on that special place on his neck. Marty sighed and folded into my arms.

"I have one more treat for you," I told him. "Tonight, when you go to bed, you'll forget to put anything on first. You'll get in bed naked as if it was the most natural thing to do, the thing you always do. Only when you close your eyes with the intention to go to sleep will you realize that you're naked, and when that happens, Marty, that realization will be the most arousing thing in the world to you. You'll become so aroused, so excited, just like you were last night after I left you alone. Your mind will fill with thoughts of me and you'll imagine me again lying behind you, my naked body against yours, stroking your hard, hard cock so slowly, so sensuously ... and that feeling will intensify with every breath you take until you let go and experience the strongest orgasm you can remember having. And then, when

the orgasm completely subsides, I want you to call me on the phone. I'll be awake."

I brought him out of it with amnesia for the trance and the suggestion, and it was time to go. I grabbed my bag and my laptop case and kissed him one more time for the road. My mind envisioned the surprise he had waiting for him that night and I couldn't help giggling a little.

"Something you want to share with me?" he asked suspiciously.

I gave him my best mysterious grin. "I love your brain," I told him. "It's my favorite toy."

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9/12/07