

## The Dream Group

By Steven Liebowitz, ED.D

**Book One – Gateways:** *Twelve people meeting each week at Miami International University to interpret their dreams encounter the ancient Aztec goddess Coatlicue and are thrust into a secret struggle between Good and Evil*

### Chapter Fourteen

Magda's blood had boiled over last night, just as it had eight years before in Cali. And in spite of her vow not to, she'd given in completely; swept from soft surrender to exhilarating power by the vision of riding her slave steed, Paul.

Even in the cold morning light, as she imagined him naked, fully aroused, waiting on hands and knees for her to mount him, Magda's nipples erected and hot juices oozed from her vagina.

She'd asked, no commanded him, and he'd said no.

What was she to do now?

They'd played such games before. She the aloof queen, he the chivalrous knight. Those had been the sweetest orgasms. Better than straight sex. What had gone wrong? She was only trying to please him. He'd said he wanted to serve and worship a goddess, well here she was, his goddess. Why hadn't he served and worshiped her? Why hadn't he obeyed?

He'd wanted to. She knew that. He'd been sorely tempted.

She'd begun the seduction by being withdrawn and slightly aloof on the drive home to her condo; complaining about how exhausted she was and how badly she needed a rest. He asked her opinion about the meeting. But she said nothing. Instead she stretched out her hand and rested it possessively on his thigh.

"Amor, Amor," she said languidly, stroking him, feeling his muscles jump and ripple. "I'm so tired. You might have to carry me upstairs. You wouldn't mind that would you?"

"Pobrecita," he'd said, all seething compassion.

She made it upstairs on her own, but as soon as Paul opened the door, she went to the wicker throne-chair in the living room and seated herself regally, arms on arm rests. He approached, bent to kiss her and as his nose touched her cheek, she turned away. He groaned.

She stared deeply into his disappointed eyes. "Bring me a cup of hot tea, darling."

He turned, started towards the kitchen, then hesitated.

Sitting more erectly on her throne-chair, Magdalena watched his eyes widen as her pose struck a responsive chord. She leaned forward.

"Don't keep me waiting, Paul." Then, in a softer tone, as he began to turn, "I'm so-o-o weak, darling, hurry." And, in a lighter higher pitch, as if encouraging a puppy, "Hurry, Paulito! Go fetch. Bring my tea!"

Paul fell into role almost automatically. As he trotted off to do her bidding, Magdalena arose, kicked-off her shoes then slipped off her sweater and pants.

When he returned with her tea, she was wearing only her black bra and panties. He stopped a few feet from her, almost dropping the cup. She felt the air caress her exposed flesh. Paul's mouth gaped. He sucked in his breath. She watched the contrast of her soft bare skin and her strongly dominant pose short him out. His eyes widened and darted about finally coming to rest on the red polish gleaming on the toenails of her dainty foot as it tapped impatiently.

Leaning back on her throne-chair, Magdalena graciously accepted his open-mouthed homage. She watched the bulge in his pants grow to salute her, crossed her legs and squeezed her thighs together deliciously. She felt Paul's yearning eyes caress her; felt his desire flow into her and merge with her own in a surging torrent. His eyes glazed, he sighed and she felt him melt into her will. It is my wish you be hard. She stared into his hungry eyes. I decided, not you. You belong to me. You are mine, to do with as I will.

She blinked and he stepped forward offering her the steaming cup. She shook her head.

"I want you naked," she said softly.

He half grinned; didn't seem to understand.

Her voice was firm. "Get naked, Paul. Kneel here, at my side, and offer me the tea."

He hesitated.

"Go back into the kitchen," she explained as if to a child, "take off your clothes then return and serve me the tea on your knees, like a good slave-boy."

She could see he wanted to. He started to turn then stopped.

"No."

"What?" Her youthful breasts jutted out as she leaned forward, gripping the arms of her throne. "You defy your Queen?"

His eyes devoured her glowing curves. She could almost feel his heart thrill to her demands.

"Why are you hesitating? Obey!" She commanded him again, haughtily, chin jutting, eyes

aflame, power surging through her.

He didn't move.

"Do you refuse to obey your goddess?"

"Please, Magda." His voice was soft and sad. "Please, not now. No games. Don't do this." He sounded as if his heart were breaking. "I love you."

"Then obey me!" The command was harsh. But seeing his tortured face, she softened her voice. "It's not too late, Paul." The gentleness belied the power coiling within her. "You may still please me. Here." She tapped a bare foot on the floor, directing his gaze to it with her eyes. "Kneel here. Show me the love you feel. You may bring the tea later."

"I can't."

"Why not?" She crossed her gorgeous legs and leaned back luxuriously. "I know how you love and want to please me."

"I do."

"Then serve me! Here." She tapped her foot again. "Kneel at my side and I will be pleased. You want to, Paul. I see it in your eyes and there." She lifted her foot and gestured to his crotch. "Now show me, Paulito; before I lose patience with you. Get naked and come to me on your knees!"

"I can't." His voice was growing stronger. "That's not love and you know it. Please, Magdalena, let's talk, you need to take advantage of what's happening. We both do, it's like a miracle."

"You are mine, Paul, and your thoughts are mine. That's the miracle. Now serve and obey. Forget everything but your desire to please me. Get naked and come to me on your knees, slave!"

"Magda, stop. Stop or I'm leaving."

"I am not pleased, Paul. Why do you do this when you know all you want is to please and serve me? Why do you struggle? Come, Amor, give in. Obey me. Get naked and come to me on your knees."

Instead, he put the tea on the table, took his coat and left the apartment.

She sat on the wicker throne, mind adrift, pent-up sexual heat keeping her warm. After awhile, her inner heat cooled and the chill in the room made her shiver. Putting the pants and sweater back on, she saw her heavy coat where she'd thrown it on the arm chair, barely fifteen minutes ago, and put it on, too. Then, heading out the door to find someone, anyone, her eyes fell on the family picture in its nook by the door.

They'd taken it in front of Coral Gables City Hall shortly after she, her father, mother and two sisters had arrived in the United States. A time of new beginnings, hope, love, and unending support. Was she going to plunge over the edge again and lose all of that? Walking into the kitchenette, Magdalena phoned her mother.

Elena Renaldo knew the minute she heard her daughter's voice that she was once again in the grip of the sexual passion. The pleasant, sing-song conversational Spanish never quite concealed the banal, almost mindless, little girl tone and the heavy, choking, breathless quality.

"Mamacita. How are you, Papa y mis hermanas?"

"We are all well, Madgalena. How are you?"

"Mama, I want to go out. I know it's late but I want to go out."

Elena hoped her voice didn't betray the fear she felt. "You can go, Magdalena, you are a big girl now. You are grown up."

"Yes." She reached under her coat and ran her hand over her breasts. "A big girl, now."

"Magda," Elena's voice was urgent but calm. "You are a grown woman now. You can decide. You don't have to go out. You can choose." Elena was listening for a change in the sound of her daughter's breathing and voice -- the sound of normal consciousness and an end to the vapid, little girl nice.

"Yes, Mamacita." Magda's hand pressed the moistness between her legs, breathing shallow, voice still childish.

"Magda, your sister Beatriz, will be thirteen next month. She wants you to come to the party for her friends."

"Mama, please! We've talked about that before. And I told Beatriz myself. I'm too old to go to the party for her friends. I'll be at the other party, the one for the family. Don't you think I'm too old?"

The childish tone was gone, completely. "Yes, Magdalena, I think you are too old to be doing the things twelve and thirteen year olds do. You sound tired my darling. What will you do now?"

"I think I'll go to bed." Magda slipped off her coat. "I'm just back from the Dream Group meeting. I'm cold and I'm tired. Good night, Mama. Thanks for calling."

"Good night, Magda. Call me in the morning."

She'd slept poorly but at least it had been in her own bed. The passion still lingered. The fantasy of Paul kneeling naked at her feet offering up the cup of tea still turned her on. But it was manageable.

What to do now? Paul wasn't lost; but things had definitely changed.

He was so vulnerable, so honest and open, so trusting. Could she dare be like that? Would her performance of last night make him totally disgusted? If she wanted to keep him, she'd have to trust herself, all of it, to him.

The part of her with the overwhelming sexual power could no longer be controlled by playing seductive games. At least not with him. She might with other men. But deep down, she didn't want to play in the street, either. As the options sifted through her mind, there was a growing awareness that if she wanted Paul, she'd have to stop controlling and let herself be vulnerable. Yet she feared the loss of control almost as much as she feared the consequences of playing in the street.

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