

A Good Wife

Chapter 3

Painful. Before hearing my husband-to-be speak the word, I'd never encountered it before. A quick internet search was all it took for me to find out what it was. What I'd signed myself up for.

Painful. Painful anal.

There were more than a few porn videos showing it off.

Women's agonised, pained faces. Women on the brink of tears as their lovers hammered away at them from behind. Faces warped and twisted by the senseless torture they were forced to endure.

My husband wanted *this*? For *me*?

It was disgusting. Humiliating. It was a kink centred around hurting women, degrading and using them. This wasn't sex. Sex was meant to be enjoyed by all parties involved. This was... Something else.

Watching those videos, seeing the faces of those women, made my stomach churn. Made my heart twist and my throat constrict.

I wanted to vomit.

I wanted to turn my laptop off, never look at those videos ever again. But I couldn't. Something deep inside me compelled me to keep watching. I *couldn't* look away, no matter how much I wanted to. No matter how much I was disgusted by what I saw.

This was what Flynn wanted.

He wanted to do *that* to me.

Why?

A thousand reasons flitted through my mind.

Did he secretly hate me? Did he hate women? Had I done something wrong? Was he a sadist? Did he just like seeing people suffer? Was this normal? Was I being too judgemental? Could I even go through with this?

A thousand questions, and still the videos played. One after the other. Women being fucked, their faces a mask of pain and discomfort.

I couldn't... I couldn't possibly do this...

Why had Flynn even told me that he wanted this? Why hadn't he kept it a secret?

That, at least, I knew the answer to.

I'd *made* him tell me.

In a few months, we'd be getting married. Husband and wife. Together forever.

We weren't going to be one of those couples who lied and kept secrets. We weren't going to have an unhappy marriage, pretending everything was fine and dandy while secretly wanting out. That wasn't going to be us.

I refused.

Me and Flynn were going to be happy. No lies. No secrets.

That was why I'd started hypnotising him. Why I'd started hypnotising *myself*.

It was the unspoken promise.

Flynn would tell me his deep, dark secrets. The kinks and desires he kept hidden from me out of shame or embarrassment. And I'd accept them. I'd accept *him*. Fully and completely. He'd tell me his desires and, no matter what they were, I'd make them a reality.

For the sake of our future - for the sake of our marriage - I *had* to accept them.

"I will do what Flynn wants me to," I said, trying not to think about specifics. "I will not stop him. I will not reject him. I am a good wife. I will do what Flynn wants me to."

It was short, to the point. Just like the instructions said.

Self-hypnosis was a skill. Though still new to it, I was a fast and dedicated learner.

Reprogramming one's brain was a simple thing. Far easier than most people

believed. It took time, took willpower and an abundance of patience. The person performing self-hypnosis really, truly needed to want the change – with every fibre of their being.

It was, in a way, like quitting smoking. Or deciding to never drink coffee or alcohol ever again. Or giving up meat. It was the certainty, the unquestionable desire to change a part of themselves.

Make the decision. *Know* that, no matter what happens, that decision won't be unmade.

A resolute, unwavering will.

That's what a person needed to *change* themselves.

The hypnosis? That was just the catalyst for change. It was what enabled me, not what *allowed* me.

I had the will to change. The desire.

I was marrying the love of my life in a few months. And I wanted that marriage to last. No divorce, no cheating, no unfulfilled lives or unhappiness. Our vows – 'til death do us part – would be literal.

And, to make sure my husband never strayed, that he never went looking for someone else to live out his secret kinks with, I had to satisfy those kinks instead.

"I will do what Flynn wants me to. I will not stop him. I will not reject him. I am a good wife."

A mantra. Words to direct the mind.

I nodded my head, climbed onto my bed and laid down.

Eyes closed, mind focussed.

"I will do what Flynn wants me to. I will not stop him. I will not reject him. I am a good wife."

Change was easy. I just needed to want it enough. And I did.

For Flynn, I'd do anything. Whatever it took. For our future, our lives together, the kids we'd have some day, the home we'd make for ourselves. I'd do *anything*.

Pain? That was nothing.

A few minutes of pain and discomfort for me, a fantasy fulfilled for him.

I could live with that.

Just as long as Flynn knew I was the one. That no other woman would do for him the things I would. That no other woman would ever go so far, be willing to do so much, to satisfy him and keep him happy.

He'd know. Soon, he'd see it.

"I will do what Flynn wants me to."

I would. No matter what it was. I'd do it for him.

"I will not stop him."

Why would I ever want to stop him and make him think I don't want him?

"I will not reject him."

No matter what his kink, no matter what his fantasy, I'd fulfil it for him. I'd make his dreams come true.

"I am a good wife."

Soon. Soon I'd be Flynn's wife.

The kind of wife he'd never think of cheating on. The kind of wife that he'd look forward to coming home to every evening.

I glanced around the room, checking everything was correct.

Double bed, drawers, bedside table. All of that was where it was supposed to be. No changes there – save for the clean bedsheets and the folded towel on one corner of the mattress. My many pillows had been piled and arranged, a little mountain that'd I'd be propping myself up on soon enough. And there, in front of the pillow pile, was a camera on

a tripod.

If I was going to do this – and I was – it had to be done properly. Flynn wouldn't see properly my face if he was fucking me from behind, and my face was something I knew he'd want to witness.

So, I'd record it.

Record every moment of agony for him.

My insides twisted at the sight of it. At what it meant. Knowing what I was about to endure. But, for all the trepidation, I had no desire to stop it.

This was what Flynn wanted.

And so it was what I'd do.

It was odd. The acceptance. Like a quiet blanket over my mind, somehow comforting and relaxing despite what I knew was coming.

Usually, my mind was filled with thoughts. Filled with questions and fears and doubts. What if Flynn wasn't my 'one'? What if he left me? What if he had secrets from me, desires I'd never be able to fulfil? So many fears and thoughts that it made relaxing impossible. And yet, now there were none.

I didn't need to worry about Flynn's kinks. No matter what they were, I'd fulfil them for him. I didn't need to worry about him leaving me; I was going to be a good wife – the kind he'd never want to abandon.

For once, my brain was silent. Calm.

The rest of my body, not so much. But that was fine.

A little nervous jittering was to be expected.

I inhaled a deep breath, checked the clock.

It was almost time.

Any minute now, Flynn would arrive home. He'd come upstairs, find me naked on the bed, ass propped up by pillows and face pointed towards the camera. A little note on my ass explaining what I wanted him to do.

Fuck my ass.

Make it hurt.

All that was left for me to do was get into place.

Everything hurt.

Not just the hole. Not just the insides.

Everything.

My spine. My back. My shoulders. My thighs. My arms. My throat. Everywhere I could think of ached. Every inch of my body. My scalp from Flynn's grip on my hair, muscles across my body from being rigidly tense for the ordeal.

I *ached*.

And yet, I felt *removed* from the aches and pains. Like I was hovering over my own body. An indifferent observer.

My face was a mess. I could feel it.

Wet, sloppy make-up. Marred and crusted and streaked.

When Flynn's weight left the bed, I felt it. The springs creaking. The bedroom door opening and closing. The sound of his footsteps disappearing into the house. Leaving me there, ass still propped up in the air.

I shuddered, rolled over. Tried to ignore the odd, wet discomfort up my ass.

My legs trembled when I tried to move them, joints creaking and groaning – resisting my will. It took several long minutes before I could muster myself into real motion.

Climbing out of bed, stumbling, clutching a wall for balance.

Something trickled down between my legs, down my thighs.

I ignored it, continued making my way out of the bedroom. Slow, shaky footsteps leading me to the bathroom.

The bed was messy. I was aware of that fact. The bed was messy and I'd have to clean it – toss the sheets in the wash and put new ones on, tidy everything up, make sure everything looked nice. But it could wait. Everything could wait.

The recording.

I was at the bathroom door when the thought struck me.

The camera was still recording. Pointed at an empty bed, taking in nothing. Slowly draining its own battery.

What would happen when the battery ran out?

Would it save the recording, or would the video be corrupted?

I couldn't risk losing that recording.

Groaning, I turned slowly on the spot – began limping back to the bedroom. Had to stop recording. Save the video. Make sure it wasn't lost. Flynn would want it. I had to be a good wife... A good wife...

It took a few hours, but eventually I regained my senses.

Taking Flynn's dick like I had – it was bound to make a girl a little dazed. The after-painful befuddlement was something I hadn't been expecting. But, all things considered, it could have been worse. Much worse.

With my senses restored to me, I made a few copies of the recorded video – our 'painful porno' – and sent a copy to Flynn. It was, I imagined, something he'd want to watch immediately.

Sure enough, my soon-to-be husband disappeared into his man-cave mere moments after getting the file.

Leaving me alone to think.

This... 'thing' I'd been doing... It was working.

Hypnotising Flynn and getting him to open up to me about his kinks and desires. Hypnotising myself to fulfil them for him.

It was working.

But... Should I be happy about that?

Never in a million years would I have predicted 'painful' was one of Flynn's kinks. Until just a short time ago, I hadn't even known that 'painful' was a thing. And yet here I was, sitting awkwardly on my chair to avoid the uncomfortable aftermath of it.

I was learning more about the love of my life. And I didn't love him any less for his *interesting* desires.

Yet...

Was this what I wanted my life to be?

It was growing obvious that Flynn's secret kink was about causing women pain – or at least extreme discomfort. The face fucking, the painful. What next?

Could I really keep going? Digging deeper, submitting myself to worse and worse?

Even as I asked myself the question, I knew the answer.

I had to be a good wife.

Deep down, hammered there by weeks worth of self-hypnosis repetition and reinforcement, there was that single will. A solid, undeniable command.

Do whatever Flynn wanted me to.

Be a good wife.

I could still fight it, I knew. I could try to resist it.

But did I *want* to?

I loved Flynn. With all my heart.

Being with him, making him happy, it was all I wanted. A happy, healthy marriage. One that stood the test of time.

Compared to what I felt for him, what was a little discomfort?

I could endure it.

"So," I cooed, stepping up behind Flynn's chair, "did you like it?"

He looked over his shoulder at me, smiled.

Our lips met, tongues dancing for a few brief moments.

"I did," my lover smiled when our kiss broke. "I do. It was everything I could have hoped for and more."

Joy blossomed inside me. A bright, radiant shine.

It'd been worth it. All the pain and discomfort had been-

"It's just," Flynn continued with an embarrassed, half-smile on his face, "well..."

He glanced away, scratched the back of his head.

"Next time, could you wear more mascara? I really like the black tear trails, you know? I don't know why but-"

The rest of Flynn's words were drowned out by the silence in my skull. The shocked, dumb, stunned emptiness that'd followed Flynn's request.

Next time?

More mascara?

"Sure," I heard myself saying. "I can do that."

Distantly, I was aware of Flynn's grin. His joy. Just like I was aware of my own forced smile.

He wanted to do it *again*?

More painful?

But the recording-

That was meant to satisfy him on that front. Whenever he got the itch to see me in pain and crying, he could watch that video. It was supposed to be enough. I was only supposed to have to do it once, and that video would sate Flynn's lusts from then on.

Before I knew what was happening, I'd already agreed to another round of painful.

Something was happening to me.

It was there, in the back of my mind. Like an invisible hand, reaching out and pulling me in. Words echoing inside my skull, too quiet to hear but loud enough to influence me.

Sitting in bed that night, waiting for Flynn to join me.

My eyes closed. Trying to focus.

Be a good wife.

I was trying. I wanted to be a good wife.

Make him happy.

I was! Flynn was happy, wasn't he?

Slowly, he was opening up to me. Sharing his secrets, letting me know the things he couldn't tell anyone else. More than that, I was letting him *explore* those secrets. I was giving him the opportunity to experience what he could only have dreamed about before.

Do more.

What more could I do?

Do whatever he wants.

I was... I was trying. I'd done everything so far, hadn't I? I hadn't rejected him. I hadn't denied him.

But...

My head ached. Brain throbbed.

The more I tried to think, the more I attempted to question myself – question Flynn's desires – the more my head hurt.

Don't think.

Yes. That was the answer. I just had to stop thinking.

Don't question.

A familiar sensation washed over me. Deep down, I knew what it was, knew I

should've been shocked and terrified. But my mind was calm, accepting. There, but not fully.

Somehow, I was hypnotising myself without intending to.

The words echoing around in the back of my skull got louder – clearer. A mantra, repeating over and over again. Growing stronger and stronger, deeper and deeper. Spreading like the roots of a weed further and further into my mind. Growing ever more out of control.

And I was too powerless, too unaware to stop it.

I straddled my lover, smiled down at his expressionless face.

Hypnosis session after sex? It'd been too easy to induce. His mind had been in such a blissful state that it'd put up no resistance at all to my whispered words.

From now on, I'd have to make sure to hypnotise him after sex all the time.

"Can you hear me?" I asked, drawing circles on his bare chest with my finger.

"Yes," Flynn breathed.

"We've been having a lot of fun lately, haven't we?"

"Yes," he repeated.

Don't question it. Don't judge it.

"Do you want to keep having fun with me, baby?"

"Yes."

I giggled, leaned down and rested my head on his chest – listened to his steady, relaxed heart-beat.

Thump, thump. Thump, thump.

"We can," I told him softly. "We can do anything you want. Whatever it is. All you have to do is tell me, Flynn. All you have to do is trust me, and I'll make your wildest dreams come true."

No change in the rhythm.

Just the steady, constant beat.

Thump, thump. Thump, thump.

"I want to," I whispered. "Let me make you happy, baby. I know you're holding back. I know there are things you haven't told me yet. Things you want to do with me. To me. I know there's more. So much more. I want you to tell me. I want you to share."

I'd do anything Flynn wanted me to.

His heart beat was slow and steady, relaxed.

Mine, though? That was racing.

My body sweating. Hot, skin prickled and muscles tense.

Why?

My insides felt like they were twisting and curling, a lump in my throat threatening to bring up bile. And my eyes. Wet with tears.

Why?

What was going on with me?

Don't think.

I shook my head, pushed all thoughts aside.

Flynn was hypnotised, his mind open to me.

I had to get him to open up. Share himself with me.

I had to be a good wife.

"Flynn," I whispered, throat dry. "Tell me, baby. What do you want me to do for you? What do you want to do to me?"