

## **Reigns Manor**

### **Chapter 2 of 4**

#### **Sylvia**

My little game started off slow, unnoticeable. Speakers inside the walls thrummed, not loud or hard enough to be consciously detected, but enough to have some small effect. The odourless gas was the same; undetectable and minor in its effects.

Together, the constant thrumming and gas were a powerful combination. But it took time before they could be used to their full extent. My subjects would need to adjust and acclimatise, their bodies needed to adapt to the unseen influences.

I waited weeks before I acted, weeks of waiting and watching and admiring and ignoring. Megan, beautiful and brilliant Megan, would make for a perfect thrall. The boy, Chris, was an annoyance and an unpleasant distraction, but I had imagined up some fitting duties for him to perform once the mind-altering began.

It was almost time for that now.

Weeks of inhaling the gas, weeks of unknowingly listening to the repetitive sounds in the walls. Their minds should be ready to begin the process. There was just one last thing I needed to test.

#### **Chris**

Reigns Manor. I couldn't quite put my finger on what it was, but something felt wrong here. Very wrong.

On the surface, the place looked normal. Or, at least, as normal as any rich-twat mansion could look. But, on the inside, things were much more strange. The staff, for example. They didn't talk. They answered when I spoke to them, sure, but they didn't have conversations or personalities that I could see. It was like they were robots or zombies.

Sylvia brushed it off, spouting some bullshit about them being old school servants, dedicated to the role they were hired for.

She was lying, even if Megan couldn't see it.

If it were up to me, we'd have never moved in. If I had any say, we'd have moved out after the first few days.

For that first week, I couldn't stay in the bedroom for long unless it was to sleep. Something about being in there made me uncomfortable, uneasy. I'd get headaches, dizzy spouts.

Something was going on here, even if Megan refused to see or admit it.

#### **Sylvia**

"Chris in the pool again?" Megan asked, glancing up from her laptop. She was wearing a thick jacket, a ward against the cold air. I'd intentionally turned down the room's heat for this test.

I nodded my head, smiling. "As always."

The walls were thrumming audibly now. Repetitive patterns designed to mess with a person's mind.

Listen to most modern music, especially dance music, and you'll realise the beats and thrums are set in time with a human's heartbeat. Listening to it, while your heart beats along, gives a person a feeling of being 'connected' to the music. Faster beats created a sense of energy and excitement, slower beats created an atmosphere of calm. The

repetitive beat playing right now was designed for confusion and suggestibility.

I'd increased the volume for this test, enough so that most anyone should be able to hear it. The only reason Megan couldn't hear the thrumming was because, on a subconscious level, she was already used to the thrumming patters. She didn't notice it because, for so many weeks, she'd been living in it.

"It's a little warm in here, don't you think?" I asked.

I'd elected to wear a tank top and shorts, little hints that the room was 'hot'. And showing a little skin, exposing myself ever so slightly, might help with seduction down the line.

"Is it?" Megan asked, looking momentarily confused.

"It is. I'm surprised you're wearing a jacket. You must be boiling under that. You should take it off. It's not healthy to wear a jacket at this temperature."

Standing there in the cold room, wearing a tank top and shorts, feeling the need to shiver against the chill, while simultaneously attempting to convince my test subject that it was too hot, was an interesting experience.

As I spoke, commenting on how hot the room was, I saw Megan's face begin to flush. She shifted uncomfortably. Finally, she stripped off her jacket.

Back in my hidden little command room, I revelled in the small success. Making Megan believe she was too hot, when the room she was in was cold, was small. A tiny, meaningless manipulation. But it meant the pretty girl was susceptible. I'd have to test the boy too but, for the time being, I was comfortable moving onto phase two of the game.

Weakening their minds was useless if I wasn't using that weakness to my advantage. Both of them would need conditioning. I was the only one who should have control over them. For that, they needed to become accustomed to being given commands and orders from me specifically, and learn to follow them without question or thought.

I'd begun weeks ago. Little requests here and there. Easy little tasks for them to complete at my behest. Asking Megan to fetch something for me, asking Chris to clean a small mess. The trick was to get them used to obedience; small things at first, then gradually moving onto larger demands and commands.

Stage two of my project would focus on accelerating that.

In addition to the wordless thrums and rhythms my guests had been unknowingly listening to until now, I'd start playing my voice into their room. Again too quiet for them to register, but loud enough that their ears would hear.

Just before it was time for dinner, my voice would tell them that they were hungry and command them to go eat. Just before they went to bed, my voice would tell them how tired they were and to go to sleep.

That, combined with the gas and usual thrumming, would made for a powerful combination.

Megan and Chris would grow accustomed to obeying my commands without ever realising it.

All I needed to do was sit back and wait.

## Chris

Something felt different about the bedroom. I couldn't figure out exactly what it was, but there was certainly something off about it. Everything was where it should be. Meg was there, doing collage research, undisturbed.

I stopped for a moment to look at her.

We'd known each other for our entire lives. We'd been best friends for as long as either of us could remember. And, for just as long, I'd loved her. Not brotherly love, not the

platonic and unromantic love she felt for me. I was in love with her. Had been since we were just kids.

She was beautiful. The most beautiful girl in the world as far as I was concerned. She didn't have outrageously huge tits like Sylvia Reigns, nor did she have a particularly big butt. But she was perfect in her own subtle way. Not blatantly sexy, but a gentle sexiness and beauty that I couldn't even begin to understand.

Being here, sleeping in the same room as her, alone. Seeing her in only her underwear every day, sometimes catching a glimpse of her naked, was torture. A torture I wouldn't trade for all the money in the world, mind, but still agony. Knowing she was so close, knowing that, if things were different, we'd be sharing that queen sized bed every night, was heart-crushing.

But she had no interest in me. Not as a lover, at least.

I'd realised that a long time ago, when she'd gotten her first boyfriend. We were best friends, and best friends talked about everything. Including how 'amazing' her then boyfriend's cock felt and how big it was, how much she wanted more it.

It was like she didn't even see me as a man.

And what could I do about it other than listen and support her like a best friend should?

Looking at her there and then, taking in her amazing beauty, I was tempted to tell Meg how I truly felt about her. But, for the millionth time, I stopped myself.

There'd be no going back if I told her. No hope of us ever returning to normal. It wasn't worth the risk.

"You must be freezing," I said instead. "How come you aren't you wearing your jacket?"

Meg looked up, confused.

## Sylvia

"Why is it, might I ask, that you don't have a boyfriend? I can't imagine you'd have trouble finding one." I asked, allowing my eyes to roam over Megan's body.

The girl laughed. "I should ask you the same thing. You must have guys drooling over you wherever you go!"

She wasn't wrong there.

If my natural good-looks didn't draw potential suitors in, my wealth certainly did. There were certainly no shortage of men wanting to get close to me, like moths fluttering around a bright bulb. Annoying, repulsive creatures.

"They can drool all they want, I have little interest in men."

Megan smirked, raised an eyebrow. "None at all? Not interested in sex in the slightest? Never tempted to tumble under the bedsheets, even just a little?"

"I didn't say I have no interest in sex," I smiled, tilting my head. "I said I have little interest in *men*."

It took Megan a moment to catch on.

"Oh," she gasped. "Oh! You're..."

"Gay," I answered.

I hadn't exactly been keeping the information a secret. More holding it back for the right time. A few weeks since stage two of my plan started, and that time was upon us.

Weeks of my silent commanding voice seeping into Megan's mind was already having an effect. Anything I told her to do, as long as it wasn't too far removed from what Megan would do normally, she would see done. Chris was proving more resistant, but I would break through his defences soon enough.

"I'm sorry, I didn't meant to offend you or anything. I-"

"It's fine," I smiled at her. "Relax."

Instantly, Megan slumped. Smiled contentedly.

"Men will never be able to match another women in bed," I continued. "Have you ever experimented before?"

Megan shook her head, grinning. "Nope. I'm straight as they come. Sausage is plenty enough for me."

Straight as they come? We'd see about that.

When I was done with her, the only dick Megan would be interested in would be the one strapped around my waist.

"Think about it," I said, shifting my voice to a more commanding and powerful tone. "Over the next few days. Think about having sex with women only. You'll enjoy it. A lot."

Megan blinked, laughed.

"Hoping I'll come pay you a visit?" Megan winked playfully. Jokingly.

"Very much so," I admitted, winking right back. "And you will. I can hardly wait."

Over the next few days, I'd play silent audio of my voice telling Megan to do just that. Visit my room looking to experiment, explore her sexuality. I'd throw some audio in there for Chris, too. Begin the process of breaking him down.

Megan rolled her eyes at me.

If only she knew.

## **Megan**

This was stupid. Dumb. What was I doing? Why did any part of me think this was a good idea? She'd just been joking around a few nights ago. She hadn't been serious. She wasn't actually waiting for me to come knocking.

Since that conversation, all I could think about was lesbian sex. Something I'd never really considered before, and now it consumed every empty moment.

There was no harm in asking, was there?

Nothing wrong with a little experimenting.

I was standing outside Sylvia's bedroom. In front of the large wooden door. Heart pounding away in my chest, I raised my fist and tapped on the wood.

When the door opened, I couldn't stop myself from blushing.

Sylvia stood there, almost completely naked. She was wearing lingerie; black as her hair, thin and light and concealing nothing at all. She had chocolate brown nipples.

They looked... delicious.

I had no time to question the thought. No time to wonder why, for the first time in my life, I was attracted to another woman. Sylvia stepped aside, her huge breasts swaying seductively.

"Come in," she said, smiling a predatory smile.

I was powerless to resist. Legs shaking, crotch impossibly wet, I stepped through the doorway into Sylvia's master bedroom.