

The Art Of Manipulation

Money is power.

You've heard that saying before. Everyone has.

Money is power. Those with money are powerful, those without it are powerless. The movers and the moved.

It's bullshit.

Here's a question for you:

Who holds more power; the rich man working every day to earn his millions, or his gold-digger wife? One of them spends all their time stressing over numbers, worrying about losses and expenses. The other doesn't have a worry in the world, simply does what they want - spends money with abandon. One of them is controlled by money, one is controlled by nothing but their own desires and impulses.

Who hold the real power? The rich man, or the wife who manipulates him?

Those with the ability to manipulate, and have no qualms with doing so, are the ones who get exactly what they want in life. Trust me to know - I am one of them.

My name? Unimportant. Call me John Doe.

I am, to put it in simple terms, a sociopath.

Scared? Assuming I'm a crazy axe-murderer? That seems to be a common reaction.

No, I'm not a knock-off horror film villain. No, I don't have bodies buried in my cellar. No idea what I do have down there, a lot of spiders and old furniture if I had to guess. But I can guarantee, you won't find any corpses down there.

When I say I'm a sociopath, what I mean is that I completely lack empathy and emotion. Where other might feel guilt or remorse or regret, I feel nothing.

Emotions, at the end of the day, are nothing more than tiny electrical signals in the brain.

And, in a world where people are ruled by emotion, I am master.

I've been manipulating people all my life. Starting from when I was a child, learning that creating tears and making a sad-face was a good way to get what I wanted. But, in recent years, I've taken that manipulation to an extreme.

It started when I was studying psychology.

Why was I studying psychology, you may ask. That's simple. If one is to blend in with the rest of the sheep, one must learn exactly how the minds of sheep work.

I learned far more than that.

Dissociation. It's what happens when you zone out, watching TV or sitting in a classroom not quite paying attention, when you're driving a great distance and the time passes by in a haze. It is the phenomenon of your brain shutting a part of itself down in order to deal with menial, uninteresting tasks.

It is also how hypnosis works.

Rather than being so bored and unstimulated that your brain goes into stand-by, hypnosis is a type of forced dissociation.

You shut down a very specific part of a person's brain.

And, in doing so, gain access to their mind in its entirety.

It is, if used correctly, the perfect tool of manipulation.

Of course, in those early years, I needed a test subject. A person I could test my hypothesis on.

I've always known how to charm people. What to say and when, how to act. It comes natural to me, playing the part. And so, it wasn't difficult to find an ample selection of 'friends' to experiment on.

First, I started off small. Simply asked questions, easy ones to begin with, then more difficult and personal.

Then I moved on to simple actions and behaviours. Stage-show nonsense. Walk and talk like a chicken, convincing them that their celebrity crush was in the same room as them, making them walk on all fours like a cat or dog. Simple stuff.

I've always been a quick learner, especially when it comes to people. This was no different. It didn't take me long to master the basics, understand exactly how both hypnosis and the human mind worked. And, from there, it was child's play to start using the darker aspects of hypnosis.

One thing people seem to assume about people like me - sociopaths and the like - is that we're somehow devoid of a sex drive. That just because we don't have emotions, we must not have physical needs and desires.

Allow me to correct that assumption.

I very much do have a sex drive.

Not only that, but I have a very active sex life too.

My charm, more than my looks or anything else, is a magnet for the opposite sex. Knowing what to say to make a girl feel special, oozing charisma, it doesn't take all that much effort for me.

Problem is, charm only gets you so far. Not much is going to make a 'pure' Christian girl okay with anal. And then there are the ones who, for some bizarre reason, are never willing to put a dick in their mouth. And don't get me started on the utter stupidity that is 'monogamy'.

And, of course, there were women that were 'off-limits'. Your family members, professors, the married women, lesbians, the up-tight types, and the rare few that were immune to my charms.

With hypnosis, I knew I could make such troublesome women far more amiable to my requests.

It was just a matter of learning how.

In those early days, I had three special subjects. Three women with whom I could hone my abilities. Subjects A, B and C.

Since calling them A and B and C would be bland, I'll give them each a corresponding name. Alice, Beth, and Carla.

Alice was, at the time, my regular fuck. Officially, we were dating. Unofficially, I was using her and her connections to set myself up for a well-paying job once my studies were concluded. She was the daughter of a rather wealthy business-man, you see. It had been what drew me to her in the first place.

Then there was Beth. A long-time acquaintance of mine. Gay as they come, though you wouldn't know it by looking at her. She is, without a doubt, the most feminine woman I've ever met. All pink and flowers and dresses, and a womanly figure like you wouldn't believe. She had no interest what-so-ever in dating men. Just the idea of even kissing one made her wince and cringe.

And Carla. My elder sister. Perhaps the only person in the world that wasn't fooled by my charm. She'd always despised me, ever since I became the 'favourite' child in our little family. I excelled at everything I did, where Carla was simply mediocre. She resented me for it. If anyone in the world had any idea about what I really was, it would be her.

Three women, all at once they became my targets.

Alice was the easiest, as you'd expect. The girl thought she was in love with me, and I'd convinced her I loved her in return. A useful lie, that. Convince someone that you love them and they becomes so much easier to twist to your own ends.

For her, all I needed to do was ask.

It took a bit of convincing, but Alice agreed to allow me to hypnotise her. All in the name of my education.

She was the first person I ever brought into a trance. And, over weeks and months, I learned a lot in my experimentation. I chipped away at her personality and desires, replaced wants and fantasies, warped morals.

What I ended up with was an obedient thrall.

Alice was someone I could have sex with any time I wanted, even before I started hypnotising her. She was little more than a test dummy to practice and learn with.

Once I was confident I knew what I was doing, I moved on to the far more interesting - and far more beautiful - Beth.

I've already mentioned that Beth is feminine. Very much so. I don't think I've ever seen her in trousers. It's always skirts and dresses of one kind or another. She's a 'flaunt if you've got it' kinda person. And she had a lot to flaunt. Great legs, large breasts, slender frame.

She was, by all modern standards, beautiful.

I'd wanted to fuck her for years. And had, on several occasions, tried unsuccessfully to charm and woo her. She was staunchly homosexual, much to my annoyance.

And, like me, she was also a psychology student.

So I turned on the charm, convinced Beth to assist me in my hypnosis 'research'.

She believed I couldn't make her do something she didn't want to do. She believed hypnosis couldn't change a person, only help them change themselves.

She was wrong.

Unsurprisingly, Beth wasn't so good at sucking cock.

Just like everything else, sexuality is dictated by signals in the brain. With enough time, a sufficiently skilled hypnotist could tweak those signals. I, however, went for a much quicker, easier solution.

I tricked Beth's mind into seeing me as a woman.

A wonderful thing about the human mind is how easily it'll trick itself into believing a falsehood.

Even as she downed by cock, gagging and sobering all over it, she believed she was eating pussy. When she climbed on top of me, lowered herself onto my cock, she fully believed I was another chick wearing a strap-on.

Not only did the sexy thing ride my cock like a madwoman, but she loved every moment of it.

Such was the power of properly applied hypnosis - attaining the unobtainable.

Of the three, my sister was the most challenging.

Carla didn't trust me. Hell, she despised me. There was no way in hell she'd agree to me hypnotising her, not ever. Which, as you can imagine, was a problem.

A problem, I might add, that I made it my mission to resolve.

My sister is, without a doubt, sexy. Not just her perfect body, but her attitude. That hateful glare, the blatant distrust and spite she had for me. I wanted to break her, remake her. I wanted to see the hate in her eyes and she choked on my cock. I hungered for her humiliation.

There was no way I was going to back down. Somehow I'd find a way to hypnotise her.

As I've said, hypnosis is a form of dissociation - that sensation of zoning out. It's an everyday phenomenon taken to an extreme. So, would it be possible to recreate that extreme without my subject ever being aware of it?

Was it possible to hypnotise someone against their will, or even without they knowledge?

Short answer: Yes.

It was during family event, a cousin's wedding, that I enacted my plan. Offering to drive my slightly inebriated sister home. She refused, but was reminded she couldn't drive home in her state. After a lot of complaining and grumbling, she begrudgingly accepted my offer to help.

The right kind of audio playing, the right words spoken by me on the drive, the state of intoxication, and the long drive. A series of things which brought down Carla's defences, left her open to the power of suggestion.

When I parked the car, helped her climb out of it, she didn't even realise she was at my place, not hers.

Inside, I took full advantage of this rare opportunity.

No, I didn't fuck her. Not that day, at least. I simply laid down the groundwork, ensured that I'd have many, many hypnotic sessions with Carla in future.

Taboo, forbidden sex. Somehow it adds to the fun, don't you think?

Three weeks after that wedding, I had her.

Turns out, Carla is something of a slut. A freak in the bedroom. Ironic, given how she considered me to be the freak in our family. A girl that calls her brother 'Daddy' and begs him to spank her, punish her for being so naughty and rude, that's a girl with some interesting issues.

Not that I was complaining. Carla is probably one of the best fucks around. She makes family get-togethers far more more entertaining for me, to say the least.

The ability to manipulate, to trick and fool people into thinking what you want them to think, doing what you want them to do. It is the greatest power a person can possess. And, when you're not restrained by silly little things like morals and ethics, the world becomes your playground.

I'm married nowadays. To Alice, a woman dedicated to me in ways that words can't even begin to explain. I have more wealth than I'll ever need, enough pussy available to me that I'll never want for release.

In short, I have everything a man could ever want.

People say money is power.

They're wrong.

Power is power.