

Powers of Persuasion

Have you ever wanted a girl you knew you could never have?

Clara is out of my league. Not only was she smart and funny and drop-dead gorgeous, but she was also kind. She was the type of girl who'd never so much as look at me, let alone want to date me.

I only ever saw her at work meetings once a month.

Once a month, I got to share the same room with her.

At my lowest point, that'd been the highlight of my existence. Sharing the same space, breathing the same air, as this magnificent creature. It didn't matter that I never spoke to her, that she didn't even look at me. It didn't matter that she was completely unaware of my existence. Just as long as I could spend that wonderful hour in her presence.

One hour that I spent a whole month looking forward to.

When she quit, I was heartbroken.

Quite literally, I was lost.

It felt like my only purpose for being alive was gone. All the shadows in my life were curling around me now that my shining Venus had departed. Without her, what was the point in anything?

It was there, in that darkness, I became what I am today.

See, there are two types of people in the world. There are those who take what they want, and there are those that are taken from. All my life up until that point, I'd been the latter. I'd been a guy who'd worked too many hours for not enough pay, who'd done everything my bosses and superiors had wanted from me, who'd sacrificed huge chunks of my life to make *them* rich.

The only thing that'd made my existence bearable had been Clara.

And now, Clara was gone.

Did I continue as I was, accept the fact I'd always be a bottom bitch to some corporate executives that didn't give one shit about me? Or did I change? Become the kind of man who took, rather than gave?

No-one ever suspects the boring office worker to break the rules.

I'd spent years of my life in that dead-end job, doing my duty day in and day out without complaint. I never caused problems, never stood out, never gave my superiors reason to reprimand me. I'd never so much as stolen a pencil or stapler.

When 'someone' stole an admin's password, logged into the company's database and looked up a certain Clara Holdfast, none of them even suspected it was me. No-one looked my way, none of them questioned me, not a single wisp of suspicion ever fell in my direction.

Clara Holdfast. Twenty-eight years old. Married.

There were no pictures of her in the employee files I saved onto my USB stick. That hurt. Deep down, I'd been hoping that I'd get to see her beauty again. But no. No pictures.

Once more, I found myself regretting not taking any sly pictures of her while no-one was looking.

What I did find, however, was interesting.

Complaints to human resources. Claims of sexual harassment from a co-worker. Complaints about the lack of action against said co-worker. Threats of lawsuit. Notes from higher-up that revolved around the them stunting her career growth for being so 'problematic'. Information on Clara's personal life that the company had no right to possess.

So she hadn't just quit. She'd been *forced* out.

Her career had been sabotaged.

The reason I couldn't be near her any more, the reason my unrequited love was

gone, was because some greasy old men wanted to cover their own asses from sexual harassment allegations.

The rage that boiled within me at that revelation was terrific.

Beads of sweat trickled down my brow. My back was soaked, armpits damp. It wasn't hot out, not even close. But I was sweating like a pig all the same. Face flushed, breathing heavy and ragged, nerves on edge.

I'd seen the husband drive away. Seen him leave.

It'd been what I was waiting for. Hiding behind a bush in the early hours of the morning, pre-dawn light my only guide. This was it, my once in a lifetime opportunity.

What if he came back; forgot his keys or something?

What if she wasn't awake?

Did I really want to wake her? Did I truly want her to be upset at the man knocking on her door this early in the day?

So I waited.

And I waited.

The sky slowly brightened, the shadowed world retreating as the sun steadily rose above the horizon. Activity all over the suburban neighbourhood as people turned lights on and began their days, walked out onto the street and started up their cars.

And still, I waited.

Until I saw lights flash on in that home. Knew beyond a shadow of doubt that my love was awake.

I rose from my hiding place, ignored the stench of dried sweat, walked to Clara's suburban home. I hesitated before raising my fist, paused to consider if this was *really* what I wanted to do.

I knocked the door.

Waited.

When I heard footsteps on the other side, I froze.

Every muscle in my body tensed as the door opened. As the goddess within smiled a half-hearted smile at me, waited for me to speak.

She was beautiful.

Truly, spectacularly beautiful.

Her hair came in two shades of brown; lighter and darker. Shoulder-length and frazzled. A new look, compared to the neat buns I was used to seeing Clara with. She lacked the light coating of make-up I'd become so accustomed to, no eyeliner or lipstick or any of that. And, where I'd only ever seen her in a formal business suit until now, here she was in yoga pants and an over-large t-shirt.

And she looked more stunning than ever.

Bright green eyes, sharp with intellect. A cute little upturned nose, delicious full lips. She was short, probably no more than five feet tall. And incredibly busty. On her slender frame, with how short she was, her breasts were of cartoonish proportions; and that was *with* a bra to restrict and contain them. Without it? Who knew how massive those jugs must be.

"Hi," I managed to squeak out, using all my willpower to keep from staring at her massive chest.

"Hello," Clara smiled. "Can I help you?"

This was it. The decisive moment. This was where the crossroads of destiny met. Here, in this second, my and Clara's futures would be decided. Together? Alone?

"Actually," I gulped, swept a hand through my hair to still my nerves. "I'm here to help you."

Clara's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. She pursed her lips.

"You're... Noah, right?"

My heart just about exploded in my chest.

She knew my name.

"Yes," I said, doing my best to keep my composure. "That's me."

"What're you doing at my home, Noah?"

I inhaled a deep breath, reached into a pocket with sweaty fingers and plucked out a USB stick, raised it for Clara to see.

"I have proof that they discriminated against you and held you back from advancement," I said the words slowly, tongue heavy in my mouth. "And that they intentionally buried your sexual harassment complaints."

Clara was pacing back and forth, printed documents in her hands. She flipped through them, read quickly. The more she read, the quicker she paced, and the quicker she paced the more she seemed to forget I was standing there in the same room as her.

"Shitters," Clara swore, but she was grinning. "They're done. They're so *fucking* done."

I had no idea what to do.

Was I supposed to leave, let her do her own thing? Stay and watch? Was me still being here a bad thing or a good thing?

"You hacked into company databases to get all this," Clara said, eyes flashing towards me. "That was incredibly risky. And illegal. Why'd you do it?"

To find out where you lived.

To be closer to you.

To know you better than anyone else ever could.

"It was the right thing to do," I lied, cheeks pink.

Without uttering a word, Clara strode over to me. Every muscle in my body froze as she reached out, wrapped her arms around me in a tight embrace.

"Thank you," she whispered into my chest.

"It was, ah," I shut my eyes, tried as hard as I could not get a boner as this beautiful woman's tits pressed against my body. "It was nothing."

"No," Clara said, looking up at me. "It wasn't nothing."

How was I supposed to reply to that?

No words came to me. All I could do was stand there frozen until Clara took a step back, mouth curled into a smile as her eyes began to water.

"It's been difficult," she whispered, looking down at the floor. "Ever since I quit. Money and bills and- It's been really, really difficult. This. This changes everything. Thank you."

"Stress?" I squeaked out.

Slowly, Clara nodded her head.

"I..." Dare I risk it? "I might be able to help you with that..."

In my mind, this day could go one of many ways. I could've not come here, not handed her that USB drive and all its contents. Or I could've come and handed it over and left, just a good guy helping out, a stranger with a heart of gold. Or I could use it to get closer to her. To earn a friendship of some sort. Make her an acquaintance so that, one day, we might be more.

Now, another option presented itself.

Hypnosis. Mind control.

The ability to make Clara mine, just like that.

"What do you mean?" My angel asked me.

"I might know a way to... *help* you with your stress."

Clara's eyes flicked open.

My heart thumped in my chest, a tingle of dread making its way down my spine.

Whatever happened in the next few seconds would dictate the rest of my life. Our lives.

"Honey?" Clara yawned. "What time is it?"

And, simple as that, I had everything I ever wanted.

Clara calling me 'honey'? It was a grander prize than anything else I could imagine. That one word alone filled me with joy and hope and happiness unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

She was mine.

Clara was *mine*.

"Morning," I smiled at her.

"Why aren't you at work?"

In her eyes, I was her husband. The man she loved. While the real man was gone, here I was usurping his life at home.

"Called in sick," I told her. "I figured we should spend the day celebrating."

"Celebrating?" Clara asked in confusion. Then, a heartbeat later, her eyes shot wide open. "Oh! Holy shit, I forgot. The USB drive, where is it?"

"Right here," I said, lifting it up for her to see.

She stared at it, a wide grin on her face.

Then, without warning, she leaned up and kissed me. Pressed her lips to mine, her arms around my neck. I was too shocked at first to reciprocate, but as my surprise wore off, my instincts took over.

We made out for a good few minutes before Clara pushed herself up off the sofa she'd been laying on.

She went to make some calls. Some very important calls.

And me? I went in search of a shovel.

There could only be one Mr Holdfast, after all. And now that I was here, where I belonged, Clara's old husband was no longer required. He'd have to be... disposed of. Ideally, tonight. I'd have my beautiful wife go out somewhere and lay in wait for the former Mr Holdfast to arrive.

And then... Well, the lawsuit against our former employer Clara was about to file would pay for the pair of us for a very long time indeed.

Me and Clara, living together for the next few years at least, not a care in the world and not a single person to come between us. I'd say it was a dream come true, but I'd never even dared to dream something like this could be possibly before today.

Noah Holdfast.

Kinda has a ring to it, doesn't it?