

Unattainable

Have you ever had a girl in your life who was unattainable?

I do.

Her name is Sally, and she is the most beautiful girl in the whole world. And, trust me, that's no an exaggeration. She is too beautiful for words to describe, beautiful both outside and inside. An amazing, perfect, impossible human being.

She's my next door neighbour. A few years older than me. And, when my parents are out, she is the one who babysits me.

I've been in love with her for as long as I can remember. Even back when I was a kid, I loved her. I never spoke to her - I was way too afraid to do that - but I watched and I listened and I waited and hoped.

The childish, naive part of me hoped and prayed she'd notice me, fall for me too. That we'd live happily ever after.

That silly dream died when I saw what she did when she babysat me, when she thought I was asleep and she had the house to herself. When she invited a stupid-looking guy over.

I watched through a keyhole as he stripped her, began fucking her on the couch like an animal. I listened to the muffled moans and grunts and gasps.

Ever been stabbed through the chest with a thousand knives all at once? That's what it felt like.

In that moment, I knew Sally would never be mine. Ever.

She was the most beautiful girl in the world, and I was just me. She liked stupid shit-for-brains jocks, and I was an intellectual loner.

When she looked at me, all she saw was a kid. A loser nerd.

The next time I saw her, she smiled at me. A friendly smile like she'd done so many times before. Only it was different. I was different.

When I looked into her eyes then, I didn't see the kindness or the compassion. All I saw was pity.

She felt sorry for me, that's why she was always so nice.

Sally, the girl I'd loved since forever, was out of my reach.

For the first time, I acknowledged that simple fact. It hurt, a lot. It hurt worse than watching her being mounted and defiled by that asshole. But, with that pain came a new feeling.

Determination.

Sally might me unattainable right now, but things could change.

People could change.

I'm scrawny. An intellectual, as I've said. Becoming a dumb jock was out of the question. I couldn't simply change my nature, not when my nature was already superior to that of a muscle-brained imbecile. Me? I wasn't the one with the problem.

The one with the problem was Sally herself, and her misguided desire to date and copulate with intellectually inferior men.

It was Sally's bad taste in men which was preventing us from being together. It was her mentality that was wrong.

And so, it was only right that she be the one to change.

The question was how. How was I going to make her change?

That question led me to hypnosis. Weeks and weeks of research and educating myself. Months of learning and theorising and planning. Countless hours spent in front of a computer screen, my schoolwork neglected as I searched for the answers I needed.

And, finally, a solution presented itself.

A lesser mind might have tried it out on Sally at the first opportunity, accepting the risks that entailed.

I am not a lesser mind.

If I was going to use this on the love of my life, I needed to make sure it would work. I needed to test it.

Fortunately, I had access to two test subjects right there in my own home. My mother and father. Two subjects to experiment on and test my hypothesis.

My mother, being a stay-at-home housewife, was the perfect subject to start with.

All I needed to do was set the file running on my computer, making sure to look away from the screen lest I be caught in its trap, and invite my mother into the room.

I told her I needed help with something, that my bedroom's ceiling was leaking.

Predictably, she took the bait, followed me to my bedroom.

As we entered my room, I once again made sure to avert my eyes from the screen and the rapid flashing of colours.

Colours effect us, you know. Red makes a person more inclined to anger or passion, blue is calming and logical. Each different colour has an emotion attributed to it. And the right pattern of colours, the correct sequence of emotions, acts in much the same way as words when it comes to beginning a hypnotic trance.

The flashing colours consisted mostly of shades of blue. Red every now and then to act as a contrast, green and purple and yellow and pink and orange and cyan all flashing intermittently with their own effects mixed in.

More, the colours were set to flash with a spiral effect, an image crafted to draw the eye, captivate its audience.

Our brains are powered by countless electrical signals, some originating in the brain, others brought in to the brain through receptors and nerves. And, right now, my mother's brain was being bombarded with signals from her eyeballs, signals to calm her mind and disable her ability to think independently.

The effect would only last as long as she stared at the rapidly-flashing image on my screen. Assuming, of course, that it worked at all.

I turned to face my mother, scanning her face closely.

The moment her eyes fell upon my computer's screen, her mouth opened to ask me a question. No words came, however. Her mouth simply hung open, the muscles in her jaw going slack.

Within a few seconds, every thought had left her eyes. Every ounce of intelligence evaporated, replaced with blankness. A hollow emptiness.

The first stage of the test worked then. Good.

Now to move onto phase two:

Making alterations.

The first changes I made were minor. Little things I could test, but which wouldn't be noticed by anyone else. I made her cook certain foods when I wanted them, made it so that she didn't mind me not doing homework, encouraged her to have more nights out with my father - and thus I'd have more time with Sally babysitting.

Once I was satisfied with my level of control, I moved on to more intense experiments.

My mother wasn't unattractive. And with the two of us being home alone so much, it only made sense that I make use of her in as many ways as possible. I would, after all, need practice if I was going to please Sally sexually.

So I made my mother into a sex doll for my personal use.

Around this time, it also made sense to begin manipulation of my father. I would need the man's cooperation if my future plans were going to work, and what better way to gain that cooperation than by force?

Once a few months had passed, I was ready.

My parents, as I commanded, were leaving for a weekend-long holiday and had hired Sally as a babysitter for the three days they'd be gone.

While my parents let my babysitter into the house, made small-talk with her, I went to my room.

I slipped on a pair of sunglasses - the colour-muting effects of which prevented the flashing image from effecting me - and started up the program.

Now all I needed to do was get Sally into my room.

I heard the house door slam shut, a car engine rumble to life outside. My parents were leaving.

That was my cue.

I left my bedroom, headed to the living room where Sally must be. My heart was racing, my mind searching for what to say, how to get my love into my bedroom.

As I entered the living room, my eyes falling upon Sally, I felt my heart constrict.

As always, she was impossibly beautiful.

Long blonde hair flowing in cascades over her shoulders and down her chest and back, bright blue eyes filled with compassion and caring, rosy cheeks and a whole-hearted, honest smile. She was wearing a plaid shirt and jeans. Clothes that would look ordinary on anyone else, yet brought out her subdued figure.

Sally had a nice body. I'd seen her sunbathing in nothing but a bikini. Her breasts were large, though not obscenely so. She had toned muscles, a round bottom. Yet she never dressed in a way that revealed her amazing body. She was humble, elegant. Not a slut like so many other girls.

When she noticed me enter the room, Sally smiled widely at me.

"Hey kiddo," she said, looking more radiant and beautiful than ever. "What's with the shades?"

I shrugged, blushed. Whenever Sally spoke to me, I always got tongue-tied. Words escaped me.

"I like it," Sally said. She winked at me. "Shades are cool."

The words sent a thrill of pleasure through me. But, deep down, I knew she was only being nice. Taking pity on the boy with no friends.

"I have something in my room for you," I told Sally. The words were difficult to speak. "A present."

Sally raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

She didn't sound suspicious, only curious. Maybe amused.

"It's a surprise."

Sally tilted her head at me, smiled indulgently.

"Lead the way."

It was that easy. I led Sally to my bedroom, walked in and looked at her as she entered. Instantly, her eyes were drawn to my computer screen. And, just like that, it was done. I had her exactly where I wanted her.

As Sally's face went slack, some of her beauty disappeared. It faded away with her expression, leaving only emptiness behind.

I stared at Sally for a long moment, my heart heavy.

And then I spoke, saying words I'd prepared and rehearsed so long ago. Reprogramming Sally from the misguided young woman she was into the woman she should be. In changing her, I was saving Sally from herself - from her own bad decision making.

Now that she had me, she wouldn't make any more bad decisions.

Now that she had me, she'd never need to make a decision ever again. I'd do it for

her. Make sure she always made the right one.

When I was done with my programming, I shut off my computer, allowed Sally's mind to return to itself.

She blinked, rubbed her eyes. A confused expression crossed her face. I could almost see the questions forming in her mind there and then. Why was she in my room? What had just happened?

"Sally," I said, feeling the nervousness return. What if it didn't work? "Take your clothes off."

She stared at me blankly for a long second.

And then, without saying a word, Sally began to strip.

Button after button came undone, her plaid shirt quickly falling away to reveal a white bra. Then the jeans came off and exposed the white thong Sally was wearing. A few moments later, both bra and thong were discarded onto my bedroom floor.

Sally smiled at me.

It wasn't her usual smile, innocent and kind. It was suggestive and adult and flirtatious.

She was standing there naked, in my room, smiling an erotic smile down at me. Like every dream and fantasy I'd ever had, only better. And it was real.

"Sally," I said, my voice wavering slightly. "Suck my dick."

Sally let out a heart-melting giggle, nodded her head. She stepped in close to me, breasts swaying with the motion. She reached down, tugged at my trousers. Eyes never leaving mine, Sally lowered herself onto her knees in front of me.

My trousers came down, my underwear quickly following.

For the first time, Sally looked away from my eyes, focused instead on my crotch. She smiled, closed her eyes, leaned forward and gave my dick's head a gentle kiss.

A moment later, I was inside her mouth.

She moved slowly, sensually. As if my cock were the most precious thing in the world, as if she wanted to savour every second of it. Her lips moved from the tip to the base in one smooth motion, then back again. Over and over, gaining a little speed each time.

The feeling was amazing. Warm, slick wetness. I could feel her tongue massaging it, feel as she alternated between sucking and blowing. I could feel her lips, so full and soft, as they engulfed my dick all at once.

It didn't take long before I was on the verge of finishing.

Sally sped up her pace, eyes closed. The pressure was too much for me to handle. Within seconds, I was shooting streams of cum into Sally's mouth, pumping it between her lips.

She drank down every drop, eyes opening and staring up at me.

I could see her throat moving, gulping down my cum. Milking my cock dry.

Unattainable. That's what Sally had once been. Now, she was mine in every sense of the word.

Once I was done orgasming, I collapsed backwards onto my bed. I felt drained, empty. In more ways than one. Sally climbed onto my bed next to me, cuddled in close.

That weekend, suffice to say, was spent mostly in my bed. Though, for all that time in bed, we didn't get much sleeping done.