



A Trio Of
HYPNO
STORIES

HYPNOSIS EROTICA COLLECTION
WILL B. GUNN

A Trio Of Hypno Stories – Hypnosis Erotica Collection

By **Will B. Gunn**

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Hypno Story – Tools Of The Trade

By **Will B. Gunn**

A tall blonde with sparkling blue eyes came up to a door on the fifth floor of a nondescript office building. The sign on the door said “Evie Holland, Private Eye.”

“Nice going, Evie. That's a great font.” The woman snickered and knocked on the door.

“Come in.” Came a somewhat tense reply from inside the small office.

Behind a second hand desk that has clearly seen better days, sat a cute young woman with long dark hair, a petite stunner with a feisty spark in her dark green eyes. She was having a heated conversation on the phone.

“It's not my fault the culprit turned out to be your daughter.” She rubbed her temple and tried to stay calm.

“What do you mean you're not paying? I don't do this for charity, you know!” She banged on the desk and looked at her guest for the first time. “Oh hey Christine. Give me a moment okay?” She covered the phone's mouth and whispered.

“Yeah, of course. Should I come back in a better...” Christine started saying but Evie's outburst cut her off.

“Well then maybe *I* will sue *you*, motherfucker!” She screamed at the phone and hung up in anger.

“Rough day, I see.” Christine gave her friend a smile.

“You don't know the half of it. I'm starting to wonder what possessed me to embark on this nerve wracking career path.” Evie complained.

“I seem to remember something about you saying, what was it?” Christine said with a coy expression. “Ah yes, being a detective is your life long dream and you've been fantasizing about catching bad guys since you were a kid.”

Evie curled her lips. “Why are you here?” She asked with an unamused tone.

“Now is that any way to talk to your best friend from school who you didn't see in over a year?”

“I'm gonna say, yes.” Evie retorted with an elvish half smile.

“I wanted to see how you were doing. See how your new business is, uhm, going.” Christine looked around. Her glance around the room clearly took in the hole in one wall and peeling and stained paint.

“Fantastic, living the dream.” Evie threw her arms in the air and answered sarcastically.

“Good. Good to hear.” Christine smiled again. “I also need a favor.”

“Well fuck me, I did not see that coming.” Evie said in a mocking tone. “What kind of favor?”

“I was actually thinking of hiring your services.” Christine said.

Evie's whole demeanor changed that very instant. “What? Why didn't you say so? You're not getting any friend discount if that's what you're hoping for. I know how much you're making. Heck, I know how much your parents are making. I can even give you a crass assessment on your boyfriend's income. What was he, a train inspector or something?” Evie turned to her computer and typed something in a storm.

“I see you still suffer from borderline schizophrenic ramblings.” Christine joked. “And relax, I'll pay whatever your fee is. I just need someone I can trust, who has keen senses.”

“Yeah whatever. So what's up?” Evie took out a notebook and a pen, and gave her friend a steely look of resolve.

Christine cleared her throat. “Right. Do you remember Rick?”

“Your little brother? Sure I do, don't be silly. Is he in some kind of trouble?” Evie asked.

“You could say that.” Christine nodded. “He's been arrested for theft.”

That took Evie by surprise. “What?! Little geeky Rick?”

“Yeah but he says he has nothing to do with it. He has no idea what the police wants from him.” Christine said with a worried look, her smile gone.

“Do they have any evidence?” Evie asked.

“They claim to have five eye witnesses and video evidence.” Christine shook her head in desperation.

“Sounds pretty conclusive.” Evie said carefully, but it was the harsh truth.

“Maybe it's someone who looks like him.” Christine offered an alternative option.

“Or maybe Rick is lying.” Evie had to raise the option. “Was he trying to join a frat or something?”

“No, Evie, this isn't funny!” Now Christine was the one hardly amused.

“I'm not kidding.” Evie shrugged. She wasn't always gentle enough, when investigations were concerned. “Don't be so upset. A little petty theft is barely a misdemeanor. He'll get a fine or something.”

“You don't understand, Evie.” Christine said. “They claim he stole a pearl necklace worth over one hundred thousand dollars.”

This time Evie was positively speechless. It took her a moment to process what Christine had said.

“I see.” She tried to convey a calm and professional outlook. “Did they find the necklace?”

“No, that's the thing. They claim Rick is still hiding it. The grumpy detective investigating his case told me he suspects a larger conspiracy. He interrogated me for an hour.” Just speaking of it made Christine visibly distraught.

Evie wrote the few notes she could gather from her friend's retelling. “Sounds like a weird case. I'm on it!” She gave Christine a thumbs up, hoping to reassure her.

“What will you do?” Christine wanted to know.

“I'll head to the police station first. I want to hear Rick's side of it.” Evie said.

“You think they'll let you?” Christine wondered. “That asshole cop said he's keeping him in isolation till he confesses.”

“I have a friend in the local precinct. Met her in the police academy.” Evie reassured and stood up.

“Weren't you kicked out in less than two months?” Christine remembered.

Evie donned a sour expression on her pretty face. “Yeah, I was.” She said curtly.

“What happened, anyway? Was it your fear of guns?”

“I don't have a fear of guns! I just don't particularly like them. My mind is my weapon. My skills of observation and deduction.” Evie bragged.

“So what happened?” Christine pressed.

“There was an...incident.” Evie bashfully avoided eye contact.

“Yeah...?” Christine prodded her friend.

“I kicked a fellow cadet in the nuts, okay?” Evie admitted. “Now do you want to hear all about it or do you want me to start working on your brother's case.”

“Oh I want you to go help Rick. But if you think you won't be telling me the whole story later, you're delusional.” Christine promised.

“Yeah sure, whatever.” Evie rolled her eyes and grabbed her jacket and office keys. “Can you give me a ride to the station?”

“No sorry. I need to show a house in thirty minutes.” Christine stood up and followed Evie to the door. “You still don't have a car, Evie?”

“Oh Shut up.”

Evie arrived at the station wearing sunglasses and a beanie. A young policewoman with short hair was the first to notice her.

“Nice look, Evie.” She chuckled. “Still embarrassed about the incident at the police academy?”

“I'd appreciate if you don't draw too much attention to me, Nicole. I'm on a case.” Evie gave her a wink, and they both laughed.

“Nah it's just a bit cold outside.” Evie gave her answer and took the beanie off, letting her hair wave freely.

“And really sunny, too, I'd wager.” Nicole said, referring to Evie's sunglasses.

“Okay, maybe I am still a tad embarrassed. Can you blame me?” Evie took the sunglasses off as well.

“Not at all. I don't think I'd ever show my face here again. You know, if it was me.” Nicole teased.

“Lovely. You're a good friend.” Evie's voice dripped with indignant sarcasm. “I *am* actually here on a case, though.”

“I never thought otherwise.” Nicole said.

“Who's the detective in charge of the pearl necklace theft? The suspect's name is Rick Faulkner. His sister, Christine, is a friend of mine. She hired me to look into it.” Evie went straight to business.

“That one? It's detective Logan's. Seems like a clear cut case from what I hear.” Nicole walked Evie over to her desk. She was a junior officer, mostly doing paperwork for the detectives and sergeants inbetween her mandatory patrols.

“I see my job isn't that bad, after all.” Evie smiled when she saw the pile of papers on Nicole's desk.

“Gotta pay my dues, Evie. It's barely been a year since I got my badge.” Nicole reasoned.

“Right.” Evie rolled her eyes. “So Logan is on the case? Damn it.”

“You don't like him?”

“He's always so mean to me.” Evie whined.

“Well, he is also the most experienced and respected detective in the precinct.” Nicole said.

“Yeah, whatever.” Evie folded her arms. “I need to talk to Rick.”

Nicole sighed. “Sorry, detective Logan said that one gets no visitors, apart from family and a lawyer.”

“He can't do that!” Evie protested.

“Go and tell him, then. I'm not getting in a confrontation with the head detective.”

“Fucking coward.” Evie narrowed her eyes.

“Discretion is the better part of valor. So what will you do?” Nicole asked.

“This could be my chance to prove my worth to Detective Logan.” Evie thought out loud.

Nicole frowned. “I thought you hated him.”

“I don't hate him. I just said he's mean to me. It's...complicated.” Evie got a little flustered. Truth was, she had great respect to the old head detective. He was the epitome of what she always wanted to become, apart from him being a man of course. She even sometimes had dreams in which she proved herself to him. Not day dreams or conscious fantasies, actual dreams in bed at night.

Evie walked over and peeked into his office.

“What do you want?” He raised his eyes and barked at her.

Evie took a deep breath. “One of my cases relates to something you're working on.” She tried sounding confident and strong.

“How many times do I have to tell you? I don't have time for a twenty year old brat pretending to be a private eye.” He scolded her right out.

“Maybe a thousand times.” Evie joked.

“What?”

“I-I mean. The amount of times you'll have to tell me.” Evie mumbled awkwardly.

“I'm busy, Miss Holland. What do you want?” He demanded.

“Right. It's about Rick Faulkner and the stolen necklace.”

“What about it?”

“His sister hired me to check it out. She doesn't believe her brother did it.”

Logan laughed bitterly. “Of course she doesn't.”

“I actually know Christine and Rick. I don't think he can do...” Evie tried.

“I have so many evidence implicating him it's coming out of my ears, Miss Holland. He did it, the only question is if he had accomplices.” The veteran detective cut her off.

“Right. Christine told me you're suspecting a larger conspiracy. What exactly do...”

“This is an on-going investigation, Miss Holland. Please leave. I have work to do.” He dismissed her and lowered his gaze back to his case files.

Evie stood there for a few moments, trying to come up with something to say, a way to respond. She fantasized about giving him a taste of his own attitude towards her so many times. Of course, in her mind, she always won the confrontation, but she was smart enough to know it won't go that way in reality. She left, feeling unappreciated and a little annoyed.

"I'll show him. Whatever this case is about. I'll solve it first." She promised herself.

Evie sat on the bench in the precinct, reading a newspaper and trying to be as incognito as she could. She waited for detective Logan to leave, and sneakily walked over to Nicole.

"I need your help." She whispered. "I need to read what Logan found on the necklace theft case. You need to watch the door and make sure nobody catches me."

"Are you insane? You want to break into detective Logan's office?" Nicole hissed with wide eyes.

Evie gave a confident nod.

"No! No way."

"Oh come on, Nicole. I'm the only one taking a real risk here." Evie pleaded.

"His office is probably locked, anyway." Nicole said.

"Oh that won't be a problem." Evie replied with a grin. "Come on. I swear if I get caught nobody will find out you knew. Just give me a warning if Logan is coming back. You owe me one, remember?"

Nicole still stared at Evie as if she was crazy. "You won't rest until you lose me my job, too, huh?" She bitched, but stood up nonetheless. "Make it quick."

"Oh thank you, thank you!" Evie said excitedly. "Now be quiet. We don't want to draw any attention."

"Yeah no shit." Nicole sighed.

They arrived at Logan's locked office. Nicole stood guard while Evie worked her magic to pick the door's lock.

"Easy. As. Pie." She bragged as she heard the satisfying click of the lock giving way.

“I don't know why you insist on being a detective when you would make such a talented criminal.” Nicole shook her head and laughed.

“The best detectives think like the worst criminal masterminds. Now focus and keep an eye out.” Evie said and snuck inside, putting on rubber gloves so as to avoid leaving any prints.

She found the case file easily.

“Lucky detective Logan is so organized.” She mumbled to herself. “Now let's see.”

She scanned the evidence file and went through the detective's notes.

“Damn. That's Rick all right. No doubt about it.” She looked at the surveillance photos. “Maybe he's being blackmailed.”

She read on. “Hmm, so Logan thinks this is all about the La Voluta collection. What the hell is that?”

“A rare and priceless jewelry collection that was recently auctioned in the city.” She searched on her phone, and quickly found a news item about it in some fashion and style news website.

“If it's priceless how come you're selling it for a *price*? Seriously some people just lack all logic.” She mocked.

“A pearl necklace, a solid gold bracelet, a silver ring with a ruby gem, a pair of sapphire diamond earrings, and one of the largest diamonds in the world. Woah look at that rock.” Her eyes widened. “How come I've never heard of this collection?”

“Well, whatever.” She shrugged. “And apparently the woman who stole the earrings also claims to have no recollection of it. Mrs. Octavia Morris, a fifty-four year old math teacher, and she'd out on bail!” Evie dotted the address in her notebook. “If I can't talk to Rick, at least I can find this other suspect.”

She wrote down the names and locations of the other people who bought items from the La Voluta collection. Detective Logan was even kind enough to write down where he thinks the other items in the collection might be stolen.

“That's where Logan will be.” She knew. “I have to see if I can find something he missed with the other witnesses.”

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief when Evie finally came back out.

“Got what you wanted?” She asked.

“Definitely. I'm going to break this case wide open.” Evie declared.

“Good to hear! Now get out of here before I regret helping you.”

“Right! See ya later.” Evie fist bumped Nicole's shoulder and hurried out.

“What a crazy chick...” Nicole shook her head as she watched Evie walk away. “Why do I always gravitate to the wacky ones?” She laughed and walked back to her desk.

Evie tried the math teacher first. She had to wait and watch the class until it ended before approaching her, but she did gather some good character information. Mrs. Morris was obviously a straight arrow type, not the kind to commit a parking violation, let alone steal expensive jewelry.

“Mrs. Morris?” Evie came over after the last of the students left.

“Yes?” The weary woman raised her eyes. “Are you related to one of the students?”

“No. Actually, I'm here to ask you about the earrings you stole.” Evie just blurted it out. “I understand you claim to have no memory of the incident.”

“Who are you?” Mrs. Morris frowned at her, clearly bothered by the very mention of the ordeal.

“A private detective hired by the family of the other suspect. He also denies connection to any crime committed.” Evie said. “If there's anything you can tell me.”

Mrs Morris took a moment, fidgeting with her fingers, a bit nervously. “Look, all I know is that I suddenly found myself behind bars, with a foaming at the mouth, ill-mannered policeman telling me I stole a pair of earrings worth more than half a million dollars.” She paused, a haunted look in her eyes.

“And now he tries to blame me of being a part of a conspiracy. He's trying to get a judge to repeal my bail agreement, and I don't even know how he could possibly have evidence I did anything

wrong." She took a sip of water, to calm herself down. "I will fight it. I will not let this ridiculous affair tarnish my reputation."

"Maybe I can help." Evie took the opportunity to interject. "But is there really nothing you can tell me? You said you just suddenly found yourself behind bars. What's the last thing you remember before that?"

The woman closed her eyes and tried to concentrate. "I was going through my day, doing my normal chores. I remember seeing a golden circle of some sort, kind of like when you look too directly at the sun and then close your eyes shut. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah I think I do." Evie nodded. "And that's it? You don't remember going over to the woman who bought the earrings and fighting to take them off of her?"

"No! They confronted me with that young lady. She said I almost ripped her ears off, but it wasn't me. I'm not a violent person at all." Mrs. Morris insisted. "You think I'm crazy, don't you?" She asked Evie.

"Well I admit that would explain a lot." Evie said, and the older woman gave her a dirty look.

"Your parents never taught you a thing about tact, have they?" Mrs. Morris berated.

"Sorry. I'll just go now. Let me know if you have any other information. Oh, and don't tell Detective Logan I came over, okay?" Evie high tailed out of there. Clearly there was no more information to be had in there.

"You're a rude girl." Mrs. Morris said as Evie neared the classroom's door. "But I hope you'll find something to help me make sense of things."

Evie turned around, gave the older woman an apologetic smile, and turned into the hallway. "When I need manners to get to the truth, I'll be more polite." She told herself.

Octavia Morris was obviously a dead end, so Evie decided to try the auction house where the collection was sold. The manager was surprisingly open to her interrogation. He was gray and balding, his hairline a classic horseshoe pattern.

Her first impression of him was that he seemed honest. He had that kind of round face that made him seem pleasant and candid, and he spoke with a very direct, soothing voice.

“So you're saying the collection came from an anonymous source?” She asked as she dotted the information down in her notebook.

“Yes. It was quite something. A very charismatic man in a top hat came in, said he represents the Italian Voluta family and said they chose my auction house to sell their amazing collection.”

“Bet you were happy about that.” Evie deduced.

“Oh yes. I always thought that collection was a myth. But the Voluta's representative assured me it was real, and promised me forty percent of the sale.”

“That seems like a lot.” Evie frowned.

“It is, especially at that price. I was so happy about it I was almost too scared to authenticate the items when they came.” He admitted.

“But you did authenticate them?” Evie asked.

There was an awkward pause. “I think so.” The auctioneer said.

“You're not sure?” Evie raised an eyebrow.

“I guess I was a little out of it. But all the buyers are bound to authenticate the items independently, so if there's any problem I'm sure they'll bring it up.”

“And can you confirm for me who bought the other pieces in the collection. I couldn't find who ended up getting the ring.” Evie looked over her notes.

“That's because I kept it.” He said with a proud smile. “I made so much money from my cut of the sales, I could buy the last item on my own.”

“Didn't that blow nearly all your profit margin?” Evie found the notion ludicrous.

“I guess so.” The man said, seeming a bit detached. “But it was so worth it.”

“Can I see it?” Evie asked.

“Oh of course! Come along. I keep it in my office.” The man led her to the back with a jolly smile on his face.

“Hmm, I was sure I locked the door.” He stopped before the wide open door of his office.

“Somebody broke the lock.” Evie noted. “Stay here.”

“Okay.” The man nodded.

She cautiously paced into the office, just in time to see a woman in her mid-thirties run through the window. She dropped a crowbar on the ground, probably the one she used to bash the door open, and dashed out the window.

“How didn't the manager hear that?” She asked, baffled, but she didn't have enough time to ponder about it.

“Wait!” Evie called out and began her pursuit after the thief.

“What's going on?” The auctioneer came in with a confused expression.

“I think that woman stole the ring!” Evie turned around for a second, and jumped through the window and onto the grass outside.

“That sucks.” The old man said with a smile, and sat down on his chair, completely oblivious to the mess the thief made in his office.

Evie had no time to wonder at the auction manager's odd reaction. She had to catch up with the thief before she reached the bustling street.

Luckily, Evie was younger, fitter, and thanks to having an older sister and younger brother, quite adept at tackling. She dropped the thief to the ground and sat on top of her.

“What? What's going on?” The thief asked, confused.

“You stole a ring.” Evie said with an amused frown.

“What ring?”

“The one you're holding.” She pointed to the woman's clenched hand.

“What?! I didn't steal this.” She looked at her hand and dropped the ring as if it was a boiling potato. “This looks expensive.” She examined the ruby gem as if it was the first time she saw it.

“It is, which I suppose is why you stole it.” Evie didn't know if the woman was actually perplexed, or if she was just trying to confuse her.

“I told you, I don't know what you're talking about. I was out shopping and suddenly you're on top of me. Will you get off, by the

way!" The woman complained.

"Well you seem sincere." Evie rolled over. "What's the last thing you remember?"

The woman concentrated. "I think I saw the sun, and I definitely felt a presence." She said.

"A presence?"

"Yeah and then everything went blank." The woman said and got up. "I need to go. Please take the ring, I just don't want to get in trouble." And she rushed away before Evie could ask any more questions.

"This is getting peculiar." Evie told herself and bent down to pick the ring. "Guess I should give this back to the auction manager."

The old auctioneer had a weirdly apathetic reaction to Evie returning his ring back.

She sat on the steps outside the auction house and tried to make hands and tails of things.

"The only lead I have is the other people who bought items from the collection. The auction manager has no information on the guy who brought the collection over, and none of the thieves seem to remember doing anything wrong, and I don't think they're lying." She sighed. "Guess I'll have to go stake out that wedding detective Logan mentioned in his notes." She decided, and began her planning.

Evie knew detective Logan will be there, and she definitely didn't want to run into him and make him wonder how she got the information. Fortunately for her, if there was something Evie was good at, it was staying covert and well hidden.

She found a vantage point that gave her a perfect view of the wedding reception, and she identified the woman wearing the golden bracelet with ease. "I've never seen so much bling outside of a rap music video. I could spot that thing from the moon." She chuckled and cased the premises, looking for suspicious activity.

"Hey that's detective Logan. Why is he going into the reception? That seems way too direct and blatant." Evie zeroed in on the old detective. He seemed to be a bit out of sorts, and yet very purposeful in his stride.

“He looks even grumpier than usual.” Evie said when she saw one of the wedding organizers approach Logan, probably asking if he was invited. He flashed his badge and said something in what seemed to be a harsh tone. The confused waiter nodded and backed off.

“I guess he's a meanie to everyone.” Evie chuckled.

What Evie saw next made her gasp with shock. “What the fuck is he doing?” Detective Logan found the woman with the bracelet, and with slight of hand of a professional magician, he removed it from her wrist and walked away.

“He stole it?” Evie couldn't believe her eyes. “Detective Logan is dirty? I...That sucks” She had respect for the old man, at least until that point.

“I have to follow him.”

Evie followed detective Logan into a mostly deserted park. The only lights working were the ones shedding light on the small, derelict basketball court.

Directly under one of those lights stood a mysterious man in a top hat. She came as close as she could without alerting them.

“Very good. You want to give me the bracelet now. Don't you?” The mysterious man said.

“Yes. I want to give you the bracelet.” Logan meekly handed the gold chain. It was so not like him.

“Excellent.” The shady man took the bracelet and stuffed it in his bag. “Run along now, and remember to redact anything related to the La Voluta collection from your report.” He waved his hand dismissively, and detective Logan hurried away. He marched through the court, and continued till he vanished into the dark park.

“So you are the one behind all of this.” Evie emerged from her hiding place and confronted the man.

“What?” He jumped with a start at the sound of her voice. “Oh my, hello there, dear.” His baffled expression soon turned into a confident grin. “You look absolutely ravishing.” He added.

“You don't really think you can silver tongue yourself out of this, do you? Do you think people are just tools for you to use? To steal

expensive jewelry? Who do you think you are?" She accused, trying to keep a stern expression. Finally, she could prove to those who doubted her what she's really made of. She could already see detective Logan commending her for breaking the case, let alone clearing his name.

"So you witnessed all that, huh? Are you the one who stopped the woman I had steal the ring?" The man smirked, and with a quick motion took a golden pocket watch out of his pocket. It was a rather large watch, as big as half her face. It seemed to pulse in the crisp night air, almost as if radiating energy. It glowed, as if it was a source of light on its own, and it demanded Evie's full attention.

"You have made a great mistake, my dear. Haven't you?" The man asked. His voice resonated.

"Yes. I have made a great mistake." Evie felt a bit blurry. Her voice was sleepy and slow, very drone-like.

"Hold on..." She blinked, trying to shake the sudden drowsiness away. Did she make a mistake? Did she falsely accuse this man before her? She was so confused.

"You are getting very sleepy. Aren't you?" The man continued.

"Yes. Very, very sleepy." Evie echoed.

"Indeed you are. Your eyes are getting heavy, and your body feels lighter. You feel as if you're about to float away. Isn't that right?"

"Yes. About to float away." Evie couldn't help but agree. Her own voice sounded distant and disembodied to her.

"Very good, my dear. Now, you will perform a task for me. Won't you?"

The words came to Evie as quick as a lightning bolt. "Yes. I will perform a task for you." She said. It was as if no barriers existed between his words and her mind.

"You will steal for me, to make up for your intrusion into my schemes."

"I will steal for you." She nodded.

The next thing she knew, Evie was walking down Main Street. She wasn't even a bit confused anymore, though. She knew precisely what she had to do. Her goal was crystal clear.

“Get the diamond.” She whispered as she sneaked into the fancy gala. She spotted her target immediately. The little side room was empty, with all the guests wining and chatting in the lobby. The diamond was under a display glass, and constant CCTV surveillance. The monitoring room was the first Evie visited as she cased the premises.

“Here goes.” She said calmly, wrapped her hand with some cloth, made a fist and smashed it down. The glass shattered and before anyone could glance her way, Evie snatched the diamond and dashed through the window. She was back in her getaway car in no time, and managed to get far enough away before the first police car arrived at the scene.

Evie ditched the car she stole a good distance away from the park, and walked towards it in a determined pace.

She stood before the man in the top hat, staring at him with open eyes and in complete silence.

“Good girl.” He praised her with a gleeful smile. “You want to give me the diamond. Don't you?”

“Yes. I want to give you the diamond.” Evie said and handed the priceless jewel over. The man took it and put it in his bag, where he put the golden bracelet before.

“You are so pretty.” He reached forward and ran his fingers in her long, wavy hair. With a heated shudder, he moved his hand down to her slender shoulder, and further down her arm.

“Such soft, smooth skin.” He gently held her hand up, patting her skin with his finger-pads. His horny smile pierced through to Evie even through the comfortable hypnotic mist surrounding her. She felt so powerless, like a clay mold standing before the sculptor.

His next words managed to create a tiny bit of inner conflict in her soul.

“You will kneel before me and let me fuck your mouth. Won't you?” He asked in his oh so persuasive voice.

“Yes. I will kneel before you and...” Evie paused. Her eyes trembled and her lips quivered. The mysterious man knew what to do. Before she could blink, the golden pocket watch swung before her eyes again.

“You will let me fuck your mouth, my sleepy darling. Being helpful feels good. Doesn't it?”

“Yes. Being helpful feels good.” She had to agree. He was just so convincing.

“Being useful feels even better. Doesn't it?” He tenderly touched her shoulder.

“Yes.” Evie nodded, and fell to her knees before him. Resistance was futile. Her sense of reason was gone, along with any semblance of logical thinking. The man's assertions were absolute. She couldn't disagree.

She parted her lips, opening her mouth wide for him. The sound of him unbuttoning his pants and unzipping his fly didn't even make her flinch. Her eyes focused forward on his lower belly, only a glimpse of his pubes visible in her lower peripheral vision.

She felt the soft head of his cock press against her lower lip, and heard him give a growl of satisfaction. A moment later his hard-on already rested on her tongue. She held her tongue out slightly, like a warm slippery welcome mat to her mouth.

He gave another horny groan as he placed his open hand on her head, and with one strong thrust he swung his pelvis forward, and pushed her head towards him. Tears filled her eyes as she gagged on his cock. She submitted to his thrusts while keeping her arms hanging loosely at her sides. Any movement on her part without being told to, seemed somehow wrong.

“Absolutely wonderful!” He moved back and rammed back into her throat. Her lips tightened around his cock and his balls rested against her chin.

He gave a long sigh of pleasure as she gagged, keeping his cock deep for a longer period every time he pumped back and forth.

Evie was caught by surprise when he suddenly hastened the pace in which he face-fucked her, increasing it to a speed that made saliva spew from the corners of her lips every time his cock hit the back of her throat. Her eyes rolled up slightly as she took the oral abuse. Nobody ever dared to use her mouth in such a feral, degrading manner.

“Your tongue should move more around my shaft. Don't you agree?” His voice was coarse and his smile wide as he looked down at her.

“*Ymphh!*” Of course she agreed, how could she not? She nodded with his dick in her mouth and gave a muffled, nearly intelligible approval. Instantly, her tongue went to work, as if it had a mind of its own, and that mind was fully controlled by the man in the top hat.

He moaned and closed his eyes. “Much better.” He said as she wiggled her tongue on his underside. He moved her head back and forth along his shaft at a medium pace. Evie let out wet slurps as the brutal mouth fucking continued. She could feel his cock pulsing against her tongue.

His shaft throbbed and became hotter in her mouth. He was about to explode.

He jabbed her throat in a sex crazed frenzy, occasionally sloppily sticking his cock in her cheek by accident. It didn't matter anymore, the roller coaster of his climax was at a point of no return.

He filled her mouth with cum, with a shudder and a low moan. His hips jerked with every spurt, and Evie's eyes widened every time a new load of cream washed into her mouth. She stared straight forward with glassy eyes, and felt his cum run down from her lips to her chin like drool.

“That was delightful.” The man said, looking down at her, panting. He pulled his softening manhood out of her lips and watched as his cum oozed down, staining her top.

“You should swallow it. Shouldn't you?”

Evie almost felt silly that he had to remind her. “Yes.” She spluttered, closed her mouth, and started swishing his ejaculation into a single mass in her mouth. She swallowed it all with a single gulp, but her chin still dripped with it.

The man looked at her with a devilish half-smile. “I'd hate to let you go, just yet.” He said, “and seems to me you require a change of clothing.” He checked her cum-stained blouse out, with a hearty chuckle.

“Wouldn't you agree?”

“Yes. I need a change of clothes.” Evie responded, swaying lightly in a haze of relief. It wasn't easy to let the man fuck her face, but she felt so fulfilled in the aftermath.

He took her to his home. She couldn't really track their location from her place on his crotch. She needed to give him road head, he said, and of course she agreed. His hard-on was reinvigorated by the time they entered his penthouse loft.

“You will undress before me. Do it in an alluring and slow manner. Okay?” As always, his question sounded like a mere formality at the end of a series of undeniable, irresistible assertions.

“Okay.” Evie droned sleepily. She was so lucky the nice man was there to guide her, as she felt so weak and disoriented. She needed someone to do her thinking for her.

She started by slowly lowering her sleeve down her shoulder, stretching her top and showing more of her cleavage. She started dancing to an imaginary tune, swaying gently to the slow, romantic music, showing her body off from all angles. When she turned around, she knew he stared at her ass.

He even gave a whistle of appreciation, and for the first time in her life, it actually felt like a compliment. She blushed at him, gave him a coy smile, and gave her hips a seductive shake.

She put on quite a show for the perverted middle aged man, stripping to her bra and panties while moving her body like a limber jungle cat.

“Oh you're really into it, dear. Aren't you?” He grinned as he watched her pull on her panties with her thumb, wedging them further between her bubbly cheeks.

“Yes. Really into it.” Evie sounded almost giddy as she lowered her panties to her knees with one motion. She turned around and lowered them down her straight legs, bending over with her naked ass directly in his view.

“Always nice to see a young lady who keeps her snatch properly smooth. Shows a good sense of décor and propriety.” He said, fixing his gaze on her pink pussy lips. Her lewd wetness twinkled in the light coming from his ceiling.

She stood back up and her bra came off almost immediately. She squeezed her tits before him, but quickly took her hands off so the persuading stranger could see her perky knockers in all their gravity defying glory.

The man moved closer to her, hard-on in hand, with an inextinguishable smile on his face. He lowered his pants and underpants down to his shins, ready to indulge in the charming treat standing naked before him.

“Welcome home, my master.” A woman's voice drew their attention. A tall blonde with long hair stood in the hallway. It was Christine, and she was as bereft of clothing as Evie.

“Should my pussy be used for your pleasure, master?” She asked with a distant voice, lifted her leg, and spread her pink lower lips for him.

“How can I say no to that?” The man turned towards her and soon he was slapping his cock on her cunt, making moist smacking sounds every time his flesh hit her meaty lips. He held her raised leg with one hand and her trim hips with the other.

He had his full length in Christine's pussy so fast, Evie let out a gasp of shock mixed with a tinge of envy. The only response Christine had to the man plowing her young pussy was a small increase in the pace of her breathing. She was clearly used to being used by him.

“Chris...tine?” Evie tilted her head sideways, looking at her panting friend as she was being fucked. Christine had an open, mesmerized smile on her face. Her blue eyes shone brightly, as her lithe body was gently rocked back and forth.

“You know her?” The man turned to Evie, and then right back to Christine. “So she's the private eye you hired?” He asked her with a mocking tone.

“Yes master. Should I spank my ass some more, as punishment?” Christine wanted to know.

“Perhaps you should. But for now.” He pulled out of Christine with a pleased groan, “I have a new toy to enjoy.”

He held Evie's chin between two fingers. “You will accompany me to bed.”

“Yes. I will accompany you to bed.” Evie walked past him in a trance, and continued into the hallway. He walked behind her, rubbing, squeezing and pinching her pert ass to his joyful delight. He could take any liberties he wished with her sylphlike body.

She stood next to the bed, and he lay on it.

“You will straddle me, dear, and you will enjoy it.” He said.

“I will straddle you and enjoy it.” Evie echoed after him, and climbed on the bed with no delay.

“That's right, dear. You will enjoy it because being useful makes you happy. Giving pleasure is your purpose, is it not?”

“Yes. Giving pleasure is my purpose.” She spread her legs above the fleshy spear towering from his crotch. “Being useful makes me happy.” She repeated with a dreamy smile and began lowering herself onto him.

“I will enjoy it.” She said as her pussy kissed his tip, and gave a sweet whimper as his full helmet penetrated her. She leaned on his chest with both hands, and took a sharp breath as she lowered herself further. She didn't stop until she felt his full length filling her.

“That feels great.” He reached up to touch her perky tits. “Now be a dear, and start moving.”

“Yes.” Evie lowered herself and brushed her tits on his chest, getting him even hornier before she started moving her petite body up and down.

“That's it, dear.” He wrapped his arms around her, hugging her tight for a moment, and then allowed her to sit back up.

She bit her lips and rode him with fluid gyrating movements, grinding her hips at a pleasingly slow pace. Her slim body moved up and down, her perfectly buoyant tits firm and round above him.

“Come here, baby.” He put his hand behind her and pulled her down, feeding her perky tits to his desirous mouth. He licked and sucked on her scrumptious coconuts, flicking her hardened nipples with his tongue.

Evie's cheeks were flushed pink. She stared forward at the head of the bed, and never stopped writhing her hips. She didn't even care the man wasn't wearing a condom, as he moved in her cunt. Her purpose was to be a useful tool for him, and that meant

stimulating him with her tight pussy, until he reached a gratifying orgasm.

Christine walked in and stood by the closet. Her eyes gravitated to Evie's pussy as her master's cock slid in and out of it.

"Shall I be a dear, and lick your balls, master?" She raised her sweet voice amidst the pleasant ambiance of Evie's gentle sighs.

"You shall." The man said without even looking her way. He had his hands on Evie's hips, and was gleefully dictating her rhythm as she rode him.

"Thank you, my master." Christine soon added her light weight to the bed's springs. She leaned down with her ass up, and lavished her master's jewels with eagerness. He let out a groan of lust as he felt the added stimulation, arousing him to new heights of pleasure.

Their conversation was mostly white noise to Evie, but something Christine kept saying made the bright private investigator have a rare independent thought. Somehow, she could feel the golden watch that hypnotized her allowed that particular thought to exist.

"Shall I call you master, as well?" She tilted her head down to look at the man enjoying her tight pussy.

He looked at her with an eager grin. "Indeed you shall, my dear. Indeed you shall." He said his final words slowly, and ended with a long moan. Evie could feel his manhood pulsate deep inside of her.

"Yes master." She said and tightened her pussy for him, coaxing his cock to a heavenly blast.

"Yeah! Take it! Take it all!" He pinched her tits and moaned as he flung his hips up, tensing his muscles. He filled her pussy to the brim, groaning every time he shot a strong spurt of jizz right into her depths. He relaxed as his climax ended, resting his arms at his side while panting, a satisfied smile on his face.

"You want to go to sleep now. Don't you?" He asked Evie with a mellow voice.

"Yes. Go to sleep now..." Her eyes became heavy the moment she heard his words. She repeated the word "sleep" in a long drawn manner, her voice waning into silence as her eyes began to close. She then slumped forward and gently rested her body on him. With

her head on his chest, she was fast asleep, immersed in a calming state of trance induced slumber.

“Very nice, dear. You have been quite useful to me today.” He patted her back and lovingly kissed her head. He fell asleep with Evie on top of him. She was like a warm, pleasant quilt. Christine continued licking his balls until she could no longer keep herself awake. She fell asleep at their feet, lying sideways at the bottom of the bed.

Their master woke up twice during the night, and sleepily pumped his cock in and out of Evie. She responded with some moans, but never woke up, even when he came inside of her again while having a wonderful sex dream of his own.

It was such a great night.

Evie woke up on top of her master. She smiled when she realized where she was. She was afraid it was all just a dream.

He had Evie and Christine make him breakfast, and serve it to him in bed.

“Now I have a decision to make. Don't I?” He said once he finished his breakfast.

Evie and Christine looked at him with wide eyes and questioning expressions.

“You see, my dear slaves, my business is done in this city. It's time to move on, sell my fake jewelry collection again and have them stolen back before anyone can check them for authenticity.” He explained. “I usually don't take souvenirs when I leave, but this time I feel like keeping one of you at my side.” He patted their smooth thighs. They sat naked on either side of his. He lay between them like a sultan.

“So as I said. I have a decision to make.” He smiled at Evie.

“What should we do, master?” She asked. She needed him to tell her. She couldn't figure it out on her own, after all.

“Hmm. You should please me with your tongues while I think of it.” He said after a moment of consideration. Evie was happy she asked. It was so fulfilling to follow her master's divine wishes.

Without a word between them, the two old friends turned their gaze to their master's exposed crotch. Evie reached for his semi-

erect cock and began to gently pat it, back and forth. She locked eyes with Christine for the first time. They smiled at each other, and swooped forward. Lowering their heads, each girl took a side of the older man's hard-on, licking up and down his shaft while joining hands to rub his balls.

"Now that's what I call proper thought stimulation." He moaned and playfully rubbed their asses.

"You will take turns sucking me deep." He told them after a minute of wetting his cock with their tongues.

"Yes. Suck your cock deep." Christine said and dove forward before Evie could respond.

"And lick my balls, too." He tapped Evie's buttock, prompting her with a kind smile.

"Yes. Lick your balls." Evie lowered her head further, gave the bulge in Christine's cheek a sheepish lick, and moved to lavish her master's balls with love and devotion. She never felt greater loyalty than the kind she felt for him, and she couldn't even tell why that was.

"I'll determine which of you I'll be keeping based on your oral skills." He suddenly announced, and Evie felt a surge of adrenaline pump through her veins. Her competitive spirit overshadowed her friendly inclinations in a flash. She frantically wiggled her tongue up from his balls to the base of his shaft, and with a frustrated huff violently pulled Christine off his cock.

It wasn't easy. Christine sucked harder and quicker the moment her master made his announcement, and when Evie forcefully pulled her up her lips detached from his tip with a very loud smack, testifying to the tightness in which she wrapped her lips around his shaft.

Evie barely took a breath before tossing herself downwards, impaling her mouth with the full length of his cock.

"No fair!" Christine protested, drool running down her chin from the deep rough cock sucking she provided until that moment.

"Then go ahead and make it right, dear." Their master said sadistically, encouraging Christine with a sharp spank.

The spurned slave dove back down to lick every part of his rod Evie wasn't covering. She tried pulling Evie's hair but the young

upstart would not relent. Evie's quick hands easily stopped Christine's attempts, so the latter changed her tactics.

Instead of trying to pull Evie off his cock, she forcefully pushed her head down. She kept Evie down until her face turned red, and then began to mercilessly pump her head up and down.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" The man they worked to please certainly enjoyed Evie's mouth, guided by Christine's firm touch. He groaned and hyperventilated with wide, popping eyes.

"I'm cumming! Cumming!" He shouted with a gravelly growl.

Christine was ready for it. She quickly threw the fatigued Evie aside and took her place. Evie was so out of breath she couldn't fight it.

Christine was as merciless on herself as she was with Evie. She did her best to not slow down as her master reached his orgasm.

He pumped her mouth full of cum, and she swallowed as much of it as she could. When Evie regained her composure she lunged forward, eager to lick any cum Christine missed. They lapped at his cock like thirsty kittens, maintaining the warm arousal coursing through his body.

"That was beautiful." He said after a minute of pure, silent bliss, only interrupted by the subtle sounds of licks and kisses.

"And I've made my choice, too." He looked at Christine, ruffling her golden locks with his hand. *"You showed great innovation, dear, using your opponent's advantage against her. I'll be taking you with me. You are delighted to hear that. Right?"*

"I really am, master." Christine beamed with joy, while Evie wailed in disappointment.

"But...but..." Evie didn't know what to say. It was like the police academy all over again. Luckily, her master knew exactly how to help her.

"Sleep, my dear." He waved his hand before her, and her head immediately slumped down, resting on his belly.

"Can you hear me?" He asked.

"Yes." Evie responded, deep in trance. Christine watched the interplay with uncomprehending eyes. She blinked and remained silent, waiting for her master to fill her with purpose again.

“There is no possible way you could remember meeting me. Could you?” He began covering his tracks.

“Yes.” Evie replied. “No way I could ever remember you.”

“You will not remember anything that happened since you saw me in the park. Will you?”

“Yes. I will not remember.”

“Good. Now let's talk about wrapping up your case. A good girl like you deserves a reward, I think.”

“Yes. I deserve a reward. Thank you, master.” Evie replied almost automatically. She already forgot the disappointment she felt when her master chose her friend over her. She cuddled next to him and closed her eyes with a smile, feeling centered, warm, and relaxed.

When she blinked her eyes open, Evie was on her feet and fully clothed. She looked around to get her bearings. She was at the entrance to the police station.

“Where was I...” She couldn't recall how she got there. “It's Thursday?” She checked her phone. “How did we get to tomorrow already? What was I doing?”

“You are about to hand me over to the cops.” A man standing before her, in cuffs, smiled at her. It was the auction house manager.

“I was?” Evie rubbed her temple, trying to remember. “Oh right. I remember now.” She smiled. “Let's go.” She pushed the man forward.

“Yes ma'am.” He agreed with a jovial chuckle.

“You seem awfully fine with being caught.” Evie noted.

“What can I say, you outsmarted me.” He shrugged.

“What the hell are you doing, Miss Holland?” Detective Logan came fuming forward. “You can't put a person in handcuffs like this? You are not a cop.”

“Uhm, ever heard of citizen's arrest?” Evie said in a patronizing manner.

“Don't play coy with me, girl. Let this man go, I already ruled him out...”

“You shouldn't have.” The auction manager interrupted.

“Excuse me?” Detective Logan asked. Evie never saw him so confused.

“He sold fake jewelry at his auction, and then had them stolen back so people won't realize they were fake. He used photo shopping skills to frame Rick, and threatened the young woman who bought the earrings to claim Mrs. Morris assaulted her.” Evie said with pride.

“How did you...?” Detective Logan was incredulous.

“Here look.” Evie took the fake ruby ring from her pocket. “Have an expert check it. It's completely fake, worth less than twenty dollars, like all the other items in the supposed La Voluta collection.”

Detective Logan took the ruby from her and held it before his eyes. Evie finally saw a twinkle of appreciation on the old detective's face.

“And you're saying this guy concocted this elaborate scheme?” He asked.

“The payoff was hard to resist.” The auctioneer said with a kind smile.

“And if I hadn't figured it out, he would've gotten away with it. He forged all the sales documents, too. I have them in his car, outside. I drove it here because I still don't have one.” She noticed she was beginning to ramble.

“So anyway, seems like I cracked this case, huh?” Evie bragged, milking her moment of triumph. She spotted Nicole among the small crowd of police officers watching the encounter. Her friend gave her two thumbs up and a bright smile. Evie winked at her, trying to be cool like all her Hollywood role models in the shows that made her want to be a cop in the first place.

“Book him, sergeant.” He ordered, and a man took the action manager from Evie's hands.

“You did a good job, Miss Holland.” Detective Logan gave a rare smile. “I guess even a broken clock is right twice a day.”

“Unless it's a digital clock.” Evie said. “You know, because a digital clock goes from one to twenty-four so there's no a.m. p.m. ambiguity. I mean...”

Logan gave an exasperated huff, turned around, and walked away before Evie could finish talking. “Blabber mouth.” He grumbled

under his breath.

“Nice, Evie.” Nicole came over and congratulated. “How did you figure it out?”

Evie looked at her with an open mouth, searching for the answer in her mind. The only thing that came up was a round golden object. It made no sense.

“You don't want to tell me?” Nicole made her assumptions.

“No it's not that.”

“Hey, I get it. It's your stock and trade. You don't want to broadcast your secrets for everyone to know.”

“Uhm, sure.” Evie giggled awkwardly, rubbing the back of her head. “It's all about using the tools you're given.” She winked again.

“Don't wink like that. It's freaking obnoxious.” Nicole told her.

“Jealous much?” Evie teased.

“Of your ability to make winking seem creepy? Not really.”

Nicole mocked.

“Whatever.” Evie rolled her eyes and they shared a laugh. “I'll wait here for Rick to come out.”

“Okay. I'll get him to you once everything is processed out.”

Nicole said. “What about his sister?”

“His what?” Evie frowned.

“The woman who hired you to clear his name? You said her name was Christine.” Nicole seemed puzzled by Evie's confusion.

“Don't know anyone by that name.” Evie said. “You sure you're feeling all right, Nicole?”

“Yeah maybe I'll just get back to work.” Nicole decided to drop it. “Maybe detective Logan is right and she is getting drunk too often.” She muttered under her breath.

“I heard that.” Evie called out.

“I wasn't trying to hide it.” Nicole called back with a smirk.

Evie sat on the bench in silence, basking in the glory of her victory. She was finally starting to prove her worth as a proper detective.

“Hmm, Christine. That does sound familiar...” She leaned on her elbow. “Well, whatever.” She said with a sigh, not seeing a reason to give it much thought.

###

Hypno Story - Door To Door

By **Will B. Gunn**

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon. Emily was browsing online for a new camera. She'd had the hard realization earlier that week that she needed some extra cash to help her have some money left over each month.

With that realization, and knowing that she had no interest in flipping burgers, she decided to try taking nature pictures for stock photo websites. It seemed like a good opportunity to do something she enjoyed, without much overhead. She wanted to buy a home by the time she reached thirty, after all.

"Let's see." She tapped her finger on the mouse pad. "Do I want more optical zoom or digital zoom? And do I really want to spend this much for a camera, all on the off chance it might give me some extra income?" She was still debating over which unit to buy, if any. She'd also had the realization that she needed to stop impulse buying. That starts today. She told herself she'd consider everything before she makes any investment, even if it's only a few hundred dollars.

A knock on the door took Emily out of her very focused deliberations.

"Who could that be?" She stood up and walked to the door.

"Yes?" She opened the door just a crack.

"Well aren't I a lucky guy." The man at the door said with a smile, tipping his hat to her as a way of greeting. Emily looked at him with a questioning expression.

"You look like a girl who knows what she wants." He gave her a bright smile.

“Uhm, thanks.” Emily was just about to ask him what he wanted.

“Can I interest you in my awesome products?” He pointed to a suitcase he wheeled on the floor.

“Oh, you're selling something. Shocker.” She rolled her eyes. “Listen, I don't want to appear rude...”

“Then don't be!” He said with a jovial chuckle.

Emily smiled. “Sorry but I'm not interested right now.”

“How do you know? You haven't even seen what I have to offer?” He reached into his shirt's front pocket.

“It's okay, I don't need to...Oh what's that?”

The man took out a radiant crystal. He held it by a string before her eyes. The small gem seemed to magically change colors, red to purple to yellow to pink. Warm colors that gave Emily an instantaneous feeling of comfort.

“Mesmerizing, isn't it?” The man asked.

“Yeah.” Emily nodded. “What is it made of?”

“Rainbow amethyst. An incredibly rare gem found in very few diamond quarries around the world.” He answered, casually letting the crystal dangle from side to side.

“I never heard of it...” Emily spoke slowly. She stared at the luminescent gem with sparkling eyes and lightly parted lips.

“Well it's not like I just made it up on the fly, and this thing is actually a complicated device meant to grab your full attention.” The man smirked.

“Uhm...what?” Emily couldn't take her eyes off of it. “It's really pretty.” She said with a dreamy smile.

“Exactly.” The man said. “Look how the light reflects from it as I swing it from side to side. Isn't it relaxing?”

“Yes.” Emily said after a few seconds of parsing his question.

“Open the door a bit more, will you? I can barely see your beautiful body.” He requested politely.

“O-Okay.” Emily gave a small sigh and took half a step back, letting the door open in full.

“Speaking of pretty things.” The man looked her up and down, from her long, smooth red hair and down her trim, youthful body.

“H-How much is it? It has to be really...expensive.” Emily felt a tad drowsy. She took her time fetching her words as she stumbled her way through constructing a sentence.

“That’s funny. No, this item is not for sale, actually. It’s just something for nice girls like you to look at.”

“Oh...okay.” Emily sounded a little disappointed.

“You should focus your utmost attention on it, while you can.” The man suggested with a soothing.

“Yeah...” Emily had to agree through the pleasant haze her mind was in.

“Very soon your eyes will close, because they are getting so heavy.” The man continued.

“So...heavy...”

“Yes, your eyes are becoming heavier by the second, so heavy they burn. Every swing of the crystal makes it harder to keep them open. It’s just so relaxing.”

“So relaxing...” She nodded.

“Try to keep your eyes open a little longer, and watch the swinging crystal. Every moment that passes makes you feel calmer. Feel ready to let your mind go. Ready to pause your thoughts and bask in the bliss of mindlessness.” His voice was deep, and very persuading.

“Bliss...”

“I’ll count from five to one, and you will fall into a deep, relaxing trance. You will be happy to listen to my voice and do as I say. You will feel so good.”

“So good...” Emily echoed.

“Good girl. Five. You’re gradually feeling more and more relaxed.”

“Four. Getting easier and easier to focus on going deeper and deeper.” His voice sounded louder and clearer in her mind.

“Three. It’s easy to focus on my voice, and ignore anything else. You trust me, completely.”

“Two. Getting really sleepy. Relaxed. Empty of thoughts. Ready to fall into a deep, hypnotic trance.”

Emily blinked slowly, and with every blink her eyes were open a narrower slit.

“And one. Sleep.”

Her eyes closed and her head slumped forward.

“Good girl. Can you hear me?”

“Yes.” She answered.

“What's your name?”

“Emily.”

“It's nice to meet you, Emily. I'm Bruce. Invite me in.” He told her.

“Okay.” She answered sleepily and moved back. Bruce rolled his suitcase in, and closed the door behind him.

“How old are you, Emily?”

“Twenty-three.”

Bruce looked around her small one bedroom apartment. “Hmm, and how much money do you have?”

“I have about twenty thousand dollars saved up.” Emily said, a tinge of pride in her otherwise emotionless, sleepy voice.

Bruce's eyes lit up. “What a lovely surprise. You are quite a fiscally responsible little chickadee.” He said.

“Yeah.” Emily nodded, a smile appearing on her mesmerized face.

“And I assume you have a well paying job?” He inquired.

“I'm a junior financial adviser at the bank.” She answered.

“Great. Now listen carefully, Emily. I'm going to awaken you from your trance. Once I do, I will show you some of the most incredible, miraculous items you've ever seen. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Nothing existed beside his voice. Everything he said seemed automatically right. Emily knew it was true.

“No matter how preposterous or unbelievable my claims are, you will believe me. Not only that, but you will see, hear, and feel everything, according to my suggestions. Yes?”

“Yes. I will believe and feel everything according to your suggestions.”

“Excellent.” He looked her up and down again, licking his lips. “No matter how inappropriate or lewd my suggestions seem, you will see nothing wrong or weird about them. You will fully accept it all as

if it was normal. Repeat, so I know you understand.” He requested with a soothing voice.

“I will not think your suggestions are weird or inappropriate. Everything will appear normal.” Emily did as she was told. There was no reason to refuse. She trusted him completely.

“Fantastic.” Bruce grinned. “Oh, and you'll be willing to pay any price for the products and services I provide. Understand?”

“Yes. I will pay any price for your miracle products.” Emily repeated.

“Good girl. I love how well you're taking it all in.” He donned a devious half-smile, undressing the beautiful young woman with his eyes.

“Thank you.” Emily replied. Deep in her trance she wouldn't have minded his creepy looks, even if her eyes were open.

“Okay. I'll just get out again. Let's return to where we were before I hypnotized you.” He opened the door again.

“Okay.” Emily nodded and blindly reached forward, grabbing the door as Bruce opened it. She returned to lean on the door frame, her face showing just a crack.

“And when you wake up. You'll happily invite me in, so I can show you what I'm selling.”

“Yes. I understand. Happily invite you in.” She nodded sleepily.

“Marvelous. I will count to five now. When I reach five, you will awaken with no memories of being under, but you will follow my suggestions nonetheless.”

“One. You feel yourself starting to awaken.”

“Two. Still listening to my voice. Still trusting me entirely.”

“Three. Starting to feel a wonderful surge of energy.”

A pleasant warmth coursed through Emily's body the moment she heard those words. She responded to his suggestions with no delay.

“Four. Your eyes are beginning to open. You are ready to wake up, happy and full of energy.” He raised his hand to her face.

“And five.” He finished and snapped his fingers. Emily's eyes shot open instantly. She looked confused for a second, but soon her baffled expression made way to a delighted smile.

“So, are you interested in my wares?” Bruce asked.

“Absolutely. Come in.” She quickly opened the door and invited him in.

“You won't regret it, I assure you.” He promised and wheeled his suitcase back inside with a sly smile.

“So what do you have to show me?” Emily casually leaned on the counter of her kitchenette.

Bruce walked over to her with his hand in his pocket. “I have an amazing booty sculpting product. The latest in body building equipment.”

“Don't you mean body sculpting?” Emily frowned with a blushing smile.

“No no, Emily, This special device is specifically designed to give you the butt you want.” He held his hand before her, his fingers stretched straight as arrows.

“I-Is this it?” Emily stared at his open palm.

“Indeed it is.” He confirmed. His hand turned into a slick metallic device before her eyes, and Emily didn't even find it weird.

“Looks interesting. I kinda like my, uhm, butt though.” She reached and took hold of his hand, examining the “device” which existed only in her mind.

“Are you sure? You don't want it to be even more tight or curvy? You know, like those Brazilian carnival dancers. Don't get me wrong, you have a really cute, pert behind. It definitely has a youthful vivaciousness to it.”

“Why thank you.” Emily turned sideways to him and looked at her ass, standing on her tiptoes. “And yeah, I guess I wouldn't be against improving myself.”

“Exactly! The AsSculptor 2000 is equipped with a diagnostic tool. It can tell you what benefit you can achieve from using it.”

“AsSculptor 2000?” Emily repeated with a bemused chuckle.

“Patent pending.” Bruce boasted. “Go on, turn around. Give it a try. Get your buns in order.” He held his hand before her.

Emily giggled. “Okay!” She faced her petite ass to him, slightly bending over with her hands on the counter.

Bruce looked down at her jeans covered ass with lustful eyes, and reached down for a grab.

“Yeah, that's pretty nice.” He squeezed and rubbed her through her tight denim pants, already sporting a semi-erect pole in his own trousers.

“Uhm, so what's the verdict?” Emily asked after about a minute of playful fondling.

“Hmm? Oh right.” Bruce was so deeply invested in the task at hand, he forgot the “part” he had to play. “According to the AsSculptor 2000, your hot ass can definitely be worked on.” He pinched her cheek with a gleeful smirk.

“So how much is it?” Emily wondered.

Bruce looked at his hand with a raised eyebrow. “Might have not thought this through.” He mumbled.

“What?” Emily asked.

“Nothing. It's just that,” he paused, “there's a supply issue with this product at the moment. Something about distribution rights.” He made up. “I can rent it to you for a session, though, for a reasonable price of course.” He offered.

“And how much would that be?” She asked with a cheeky half-smile.

“Twenty-five dollars sounds reasonable to me.” Bruce suggested.

“Okay, that sounds fine.” Emily nodded and walked over to the coffee table, to get her purse.

“There.” She handed him a fifty.

“Oh, I'll give you change at the end of our transaction, okay? You might want to buy something else.” Bruce deduced.

“Yeah okay.” Emily found it perfectly logical and handed him the fifty.

“All right, lean forward.” He rubbed his hands together with an eager smile. “Time to train this hot little booty of yours.”

“Hope it works!” Emily turned around again.

“Oh by the way. This might hurt a little.” Bruce rubbed her ass in a circle, and raised his arm high.

“What? *Ow!*” Emily gave a little jump as Bruce's hand landed a smack on her ass. “Hey! You said nothing about the pain!” She protested.

“Pain is a part of working out and improving your body, Emily. No pain no gain, you know!” Bruce said and landed another spank on Emily's compact yet bubbly behind.

“O-Okay. I guess you're right.” Emily relented. “It's not that bad, anyway.”

“Good to hear.” Bruce raised his hand again with a wicked grin.

“*Ouch!*” Emily gave a giggly yelp as a harsher smack landed on her bubbly cheeks. Bruce didn't stop. He continued slapping her ass with vigor and gusto.

“*Ahh! Mmf!*” Emily writhed and bit her lips. Her eyes trembled with the anticipation of each smack on her ass.

“Remember honey, this is for your own good.” Bruce reassured her with a tight squeeze, and spanked her again.

“I know! *Mmh!* I can take it.” Emily nodded and looked back at him. She was willing to withstand it for the sake of getting the round, voluptuous booty Bruce promised.

“That's a girl!” Bruce stifled a laughter and landed his open palm back down on her deliciously pert ass. “I definitely got the butt I wanted.” He mumbled under his breath.

“Are you seeing a difference already?” She asked after about a minute of constant spanking.

“Not yet, silly. It takes time, and many more sessions.” Bruce chuckled.

“Oh...*Ow!*”

Bruce had a light bulb moment. “You know, there are ways to hasten the process.” He said with a devious twinkle in his eyes.

“Oh?”

“Yeah, if we apply the device directly on your skin.” He giddily squeezed her ass, rubbing his finger in the area between her thighs.

“*Ooh!*” She closed her eyes and gave a lustful moan. “Y-You mean, on my...my bare ass?” She asked, though she had a feeling she already knew the answer.

“Yep.” Bruce chuckled. “Or we could continue like this.” He gave her a sharp, short smack.

“O-Okay! Let's do it...” Emily said with a rosy cheeked smile. “I'm getting a tad warm, anyway.” She admitted and stood up straight.

Not seeing anything weird or inappropriate with the situation, the statuette young woman hooked her fingers in her waistline and wiggled herself out of her tight jeans.

“Fucking beautiful.” Bruce could barely tear his eyes off her perfectly smooth pussy lips and trim hips.

“Uhm, you're staring.” Emily covered her snatch with her hand, a little embarrassed.

“Sorry, sorry. Let's keep going.” Bruce said and grabbed one of her smooth bubbly cheeks.

“All right...” Emily gulped and braced herself.

Smack! The snapping sound of hitting her bare skin resonated through her tiny apartment.

“Ah!” Emily bucked and writhed before him. The way she shook her cute ass made him as hard as a flagpole.

Bruce did not relent. He grabbed his crotch with his left hand and continued smacking her ass with his right.

“I'm starting to see a lovely difference in your cheek color.” He noted the reddish hue her smooth cheeks started getting.

“I-Is that good?” Emily looked down at her throbbing pink cheeks with tearful eyes.

“Yeah umm, it's a good kind of burning, y'know.” Bruce claimed and didn't let her think too much of it, before powerfully spanking her once again.

“Oww!” Emily pressed her cheek on the counter.

“Are you smiling?” Bruce noticed the depraved grin on her face.

“What? No, I'm...”

“Liar!” He smacked her ass again.

“Ah!” Her smile broadened. “Well, I...I'm just happy it works.
Mmh!”

“Always great to see such an eager customer!” Bruce spanked her again. “Since you are so happy with this product, I could offer you an even better one. Would you like to see it?”

“A better product? Sure!” Emily raised her head from the counter and smiled at him, still pointing her naked ass in his direction.

Bruce excitedly hopped over to his suitcase and pulled out a black paddle one can find in pretty much any sex shop.

“I present to you the Ass Doer 5000!” He tapped the paddle on his open palm.

“H-How much is it?” Emily asked, a bit agitated.

“Five hundred dollars.” Bruce pulled a figure out of thin air. He knew she'd take it.

“I guess that's not much for good athletic equipment.” She rationalized. “Do you take credit cards?”

“Of course I do. But let's worry about that later, shall we.” He walked back behind the kitchenette counter and gave her a meaningful look.

“Oh...All right.” Emily bent forward again.

“Fantastic.” Bruce said with a low growl. His eyes flashed with carnal lust. “Ready?” He asked.

“Y-Yeah.” Emily stuttered, mentally preparing herself.

Bruce raised his hand, and landed the paddle on her ass with an expert whip-like motion.

“*Ahh!*” Emily screeched, buckling her knees.

“Stay still!” Bruce demanded with a jovial grin.

“S-Sorry.” Emily straightened her long legs again. A distinct crimson red mark stretched across her shapely cheeks. Tears rolled from her eyes, and yet she couldn't help but smile. There was something really hot about the stinging pain. Her cunt was getting really wet. She really hoped Bruce won't notice.

“*Oww!*” Another smack made her writhe uncontrollably, her debauched grin only widening.

“You really shouldn't move so much if you want it to work, babe.” Bruce scolded with another cruel lash. “You know what? I think I have a solution.”

“Wh-what is it?” Emily asked, her face glowing with red lust and wet tears.

Bruce whipped his cock out and slapped it on her ass cheek. "Feel it? That's the Cunt-Balancer, TM. Two hundred dollars."

"How does it work?"

"I put it deep in your cunt and it keeps you stable while I work on your ass." Bruce explained, teasing her pink pussy with his tip. "You're obviously ready for it." He chuckled.

"You noticed that, huh?" Emily blushed. "I guess it can't hurt. *Ohh! Ahhh!*" Emily moaned. Bruce rammed his hard cock deep into her with a single thrust.

"*Ohh fuck!*" He moaned and pressed himself on her smooth, bubbly skin. Her pussy tightened and dripped around him.

"*Ohh yeah! Ready?*" He pulled back a bit, and thrust right back in, pushing her onto the counter.

"Y-Yes!" Emily moaned and clutched the edge of the counter, bent over at a perfect ninety degree angle.

Bruce gave a pleased huff, and raised his paddle-wielding hand again.

Smack!* *Slap!* *Spank!* *Smack!

He drummed on her ass cheeks as though they were bongos, randomly alternating between the paddle and his other, bare hand.

"*Fuck yeah! Take it bitch!*" He cried as he pounded into her at an increasing rhythm.

"*Ahh! Oh god! Mmm!*" Emily's eyes twinkled with joy. "This is the best exercise ever!" She squealed as her lithe body was rocked back and forth. The euphoric pleasure in her pussy coupled with the arousing pain from the spanking nearly drove her to multiple orgasms.

"You're so fucking tight!" Bruce grunted and slammed his crotch forward. He didn't even try to keep the facade of "sculpting" her ass.

His scalding cock pulsated in her cunt. "Your red hot cheeks are so fucking hawt!" He looked down and smacked her ass again. "This is what your fucking ass is for. Bouncing on my cock!" He added with another feral grunt.

"Yes sir! Work my ass, sir! *Ahhh!*" Emily was so aroused she was nearly beyond reason. And still, something in the back of her

mind insisted that this was all normal. Just her getting her ass in shape.

“Oh fuck! I'm cumming, oh fuck!”

Even Bruce's low groan and intense climax failed to bring her out of the fantasy. His hips jerked in her direction with every strong spurt he shot into her. He dropped the paddle to the floor, took firm hold of her hips with both hands, and pressed himself tightly onto her, shooting his load as deep as he could into her tight pussy.

“Oh that was good...” He said with a shudder and collapsed forward, leaning on top of her body. He explored her body with his hands and slowly lifted her shirt up, so he could feel more of her precious, fair skin on his body.

It took him a few moments of panting to gather his breath and slow down his heart. When it felt right for him, he stood back up, and looked down at Emily's ass with a gratified smile.

“I think we're done with this demonstration.” He smacked her ass one last time with his right hand, or the “AsSculptor” as Emily knew it, and pulled out of her.

“Yeah.” Emily nodded, her cheek pressed on the counter and her tongue lulling out of her mouth. She had her own orgasm at the end of her “exercise”, and it felt so good she didn't even have the presence of mind to hide it from Bruce.

“Looks like you had fun.” Bruce tucked his softening manhood back in his trousers, enjoying the view of his sticky jizz oozing out of Emily's pink hole.

“What?” Emily shook her head. “Oh, umm, yeah. I...I guess it was okay. I mean it didn't feel too bad towards the end.” She said, flustered and a tad embarrassed, and stood up. Her face was almost as red as her ass when she looked at him. She hoped he wouldn't make a big deal of her inappropriate behavior.

“Sorry, I think I got a little carried away...” She apologized.

“No problem, babe. You had a cunt-balancer in your pussy. It's understandable.” Bruce reassured her.

“Thanks.” Emily said. “Oh, I still owe you seven hundred dollars.” She remembered. “I'll go get my card.”

“Six-hundred and seventy-five, actually. You gave me fifty before, remember?” Bruce was an honest businessman, in his own

way.

“Oh right! Thanks for reminding me.” Emily gave him a sweet smile and skipped off, still bottomless.

“Oh by the way, I forgot to mention. We currently don't have the Cunt Balancer in stock, so I'll just send you one when it gets shipped. Okay?” Bruce figured he'd do well to avoid her wanting to keep his cock around for too long.

“Sure!” Emily agreed and scurried to her bedroom.

“I'll just send her a dildo or something...” Bruce muttered to himself with a chuckle.

One swift wireless transaction later, and Bruce was ready to continue showing off his merchandise. Next, he took out a perfectly normal sticker which had no unique attributes of any kind. Well, it did glow in the dark. He got a bunch of them at the one dollar shop earlier.

“This, I dare say, is one of my most amazing products.” He lifted it up before her.

“Doesn't look like athletic gear.” Emily surmised.

“Oh I sell a wide variety of products.” Bruce smiled. “This particular gadget is the neuromiser 5S. When stuck to the forehead, it acts as a button, able of turning the wearer into a mindless automaton, fully receptive to any command given.”

Emily's eyes widened with awe. “That can be useful.” She nodded at him. She would usually be skeptic about such an extraordinary claim, but Bruce's suggestion made her sense of wonder easily surpass any healthy skepticism she would normally have.

“You bet it can.” Bruce said, gleeful at her accepting reaction.

“I bet it's expensive, though.” She twisted her lip at him.

“Only two thousand dollars.” Bruce gave her a winning smile.

“Two grand? That's awesome!” Emily exclaimed. “I expected it to be like ten times that.”

“Heh, hypnosis is such a good cure for pesky haggling.” Bruce murmured to himself.

“Hmm?” Emily heard his mumble.

“Nothing. So you're interested?” He brushed it off and continued with the sale.

“Of course!” Emily was easily distracted. “It's a little pricy, but I can handle it.”

“Fantastic. I wouldn't feel good if I didn't give you a demonstration, though.” He peeled the back of the sticker and reached for her head.

“Wait, why can't you demonstrate on yourself?” Emily recoiled and frowned at him.

Bruce looked at her like a deer in headlights. “Uhm, it only works on women.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah, you know, women are more susceptible to suggestion. More trusting and emotionally receptive and stuff.” Bruce shrugged and gave her a keen look.

“Oh...” Emily stared at him. “Okay. That makes sense.”

Bruce gave a sigh of relief. “I should really be more prepared next time I try this.”

“What was that?” Emily leaned her head forward.

“Nothing, love. There you go.” Bruce took the opportunity to place the sticker on her forehead.

Emily blinked twice, her eyes focusing on a distant spot behind Bruce. His suggestions were working perfectly.

“You are my slave, Emily.” He said.

“I am your slave.” She repeated, subconsciously surrendering her free will, fantasizing about how the sticker on her forehead was sucking her thoughts away like a vacuum cleaner.

“I am your master.” He continued.

“You are my master.

“You will obey my every command.” Bruce made sure to cross the T's and dot the I's before continuing.

“I will obey your every command.” Emily confirmed with a vacuous smile.

“Marvelous.” Bruce looked her up and down, admiring her trim, half-naked form.

“How may I serve you, master?” She asked, sounding like an automated voice system, as if she was the voice of a car's GPS.

Bruce grinned and said the first thing that came to mind. Actually, there were two things he was interested in.

“Show me your tits.” He ordered.

“Yes master.” Emily replied robotically and quickly slipped her top off her lithe upper body.

Bruce huffed with amazement, his gaze transfixed on Emily's perfectly round, perky tits.

“Astonishing!” He came closer and made a grab. “Such perfect little natural titties.” He lowered his head and wrapped his lips around her pink nipples, licking her buoyant apples as if they were candy apples.

With an aroused groan he moved behind her, and began massaging her tits while absentmindedly pressing his crotch on her ass. Her cheeks were still a little hot and bothered from her earlier “ass training”.

“Such a beautiful doll.” He pinched her nipples and breathed down her neck like a panting boar.

“Yes master. I am your beautiful doll.” Emily kept staring forward, allowing Bruce any liberties he wished to take with her sweet body. The oblivious adulation in her voice and willing acceptance in her words were more than enough to make him hard again.

“Oh fuck yeah! My fuck doll!” He gave a gravelly moan and slipped his rejuvenated sword between her smooth, creamy thighs. She kept her long, trim legs together, leaving a perfect space between her thighs for her master to casually pump his cock into.

He let out a deep moan. “Feeling your pussy brush against my cock is pure bliss!” He tightened his grip of Emily's pristine body and hastened the thrusting of his hips.

“*I'm cumming! Oh fuck yeah!*” The climactic sensation came almost as a surprise to him. He reached an explosive orgasm in a matter of seconds, spraying his cum on the floor below.

“Oh wow. That was an unexpected bit of fun.” He said, white juice still dripping from his tip onto Emily's bare feet. The tantalizing

pleasure still coursed through his body, in the aftermath of his euphoric release.

“I am glad you enjoyed yourself, master.” Emily droned out, looking straight ahead with a joyous smile, her wide eyes reflecting the emptiness in her mind.

“I made a mess on the floor. You should get on your hands and knees. Lick it clean.” He slowly drew his cock from between her thighs and said.

“Yes master. Lick it clean.” Emily obeyed with no hesitation. She kept her face down and ass up as she lapped her master's cum, licking it with long, broad tongue brushes. If she allowed herself to think, she would have probably been thankful for skipping breakfast that morning, and instead choosing to give the floor a proper cleaning.

Bruce watched with glee as the gorgeous young thing stretched her wet tongue out to lick his cum. She wiggled her tongue in the small puddle of sticky white fluid, her eyes wide and sparkly.

He took a step back to bask in the full view of the ravishing beauty he had enthralled, moving his eyes from her sweet, cum guzzling lips, down her arched, limber body, and further down to her wet, pink pussy.

Bruce soon felt himself poking the cool air. “Damn, I've been more backed up than I thought.” He grabbed his reawakened shaft with his right hand.

“I'm going to fuck your pussy now, Emily. Keep licking my cum off the floor like a good slave.” He held the counter with his left hand and knelt behind her.

“Yes master. My pussy is yours to fuck.” Emily felt elated. It was so easy to exist with no thoughts, to be a mindless object. She felt unburdened, and elated.

Bruce teased her pussy lips again, edged his tip into her, and grabbed her hips. With a low moan, he thrust forward, once again penetrating into her tight snatch.

“I can look at this cute little ass and pump my cock into you from now to next Sunday.” He gently landed an open-palmed spank

on her bubbly cheek, and rapidly increased the pace in which he banged her.

It didn't take long for Emily to open her mouth and moan on the cum-stained floor tile below her. She kept her tongue out as her body rocked back and forth, still wiping the floor with it. Bruce's pelvis smacked her ass repeatedly as he rammed deep into her, filling the room with the constant sound of flesh slapping against flesh.

"Fuck me, master! *Ahh!* Use your slave's pussy, master!" Emily moaned at the top of her lungs, her pussy lips quaking around the cock roaming in her. She pressed her cheek on the sticky floor, inadvertently rubbing her face with the warm cum she still hadn't managed to guzzle down.

Bruce's muscles tensed as he mercilessly pounded into her. He was beyond the line of reason, himself, his mind drowning in carnal lust. The moment of his third climax felt like it lasted forever. He shoved into Emily and threw his head back, groaning and bucking his hips forward with every pleasant spurt.

"*Ooh...Ooh...*" He panted slowly and wiped the sweat from his forehead. His cock grew soft while still buried deep in Emily's cunt."

"Did you have fun, master?" Emily was younger, and had an easier time sorting her hurried breaths. She was eager to ensure her master enjoyed pumping her young body full of cum.

"Ohh yeah. It was the best fucking sexual experience I've..." He paused to take a deep breath. "I've ever had. This was such a good idea." He smiled. With a shudder, he sluggishly pulled himself back. With her tight opening uncorked, a stream of thick sperm rushed out of her pink pussy, like hot jam out of a fresh doughnut.

It took Bruce a couple of minutes to realize Emily was still mindlessly licking the floor.

"Oh right, uhm, stand up slave." He zipped back up and said.

"Yes master. Standing up."

"She's seriously playing her part well." He chuckled.

"Master?"

"Nothing. I'll turn the Neuromiser off now." He said and tapped his finger on her forehead.

Emily blinked a few times, and gasped in shock.

“Holy fuck! What the...What was I doing?!” She covered her shapely tits with one arm and her cum filled pussy with her other hand.

“You don't remember?” Bruce asked, genuinely curious.

Emily stared at him with fury in her eyes. “Of course I remember! You made me lick the fucking floor!” She spat in disgust. “What the hell were you thinking?!”

“Well, I had to prove the Neuromiser works as advertised, Emily. I wanted to show you that there truly is no limit to what you will do when it's turned on.” Bruce said as if it was obvious.

Emily quickly came to see things his way. “Oh...I guess that's true. I mean, two grand is a lot of money.” She looked down. “Did you have to get me naked, though?”

“To fuck you and touch your titties? Uhm, duh.” Bruce smugly smiled at her, having the time of his life.

“Well when you put it like that.” Emily rolled her eyes, shaking her head and smiling with exasperation, and perhaps some slight amusement. “So I guess I'll take it off now. Can't wait to try it on my best friend.” She skipped giddily, already forgetting her shyness.

Bruce's eyes widened. “Oh, actually, you can't.” He stopped her.

“Why not?” She gave him an inquisitive look.

“It's attached to your prima-uhm-cortex and...and if you take it off it might cause you brain damage. You might as well leave it on until the adhesive wears off and the device powers down.”

“So I can't use it on my friends?” She asked, disappointed.

“Afraid not. But it can still be useful. You can ask your friends to activate your Neuromiser and order you to do house work. It should make your chores much easier to get through.”

“That's a brilliant idea!” Emily said with an overjoyed smile. “But what if they tell me to do other things?”

“Oh I'm sure you can trust your friends to not take advantage of you.” Bruce waved his hand at her, shrugging the notion off.

“Clearly your friends are more honorable than mine.” Emily said sarcastically.

“You can also give yourself to your boyfriend for a night. I'm sure he'll appreciate that.” Bruce suggested.

“I don't have a boyfriend. But with a total obedience button on my forehead, it probably won't be hard to find one.”

“That's the spirit.” Bruce rubbed his hands together.

“I'll go put some clothes on.” Emily suddenly turned around and started walking back to her room.

“Hold on, since you're already naked, I have a perfect product for you to try on.” Bruce said, staring at her ass. She turned around, and his eyes went straight to her perky tits.

“That sounds...interesting. And possibly embarrassing.” Emily said cautiously, already blushing at the sexual nature she assumed the product had.

“No, no, it's a dress. I also sell women's clothes?” Bruce explained.

“And you're just telling me now?”

“It's my most expensive product, actually.” He opened his suitcase. “Made of the richest silk and sewn by expert seamstresses from Portugal. Perfect satin with actual nuggets of gold sewn into the fabric.”

“Woah. Can't wait to see it.” Emily said.

“Of course you are. It's the most beautiful evening gown you have ever seen.” Bruce had to hammer the point in, mainly because he just made it all up on the fly. He reached into his suitcase and took his hands out as if holding an invisible dress.

“Voila” He stood up and presented to Emily. He could almost see the wheels of her mind turn, weaving an image of the expensive, luxurious dress between his stretched arms.

“It's...breathtaking.” Emily said, her mouth agape. She was almost afraid to ask. “H-How much is it?”

“Five thousand dollars.” Bruce said immediately. “Want to try it on?” He offered to hand the non-existent dress to her.

“I can?” She couldn't believe he was even letting her touch such a majestic, one-of-a-kind item.

“Normally I wouldn't, but I like you.” He winked at her.

“Oh thank you!” She jumped excitedly and reached forward, carefully taking the “dress” in her tender hands. She treated it with the utmost care, as if it was made of the most fragile glass.

She looked so radiant once she put the dress on, Bruce insisted he should take some pictures of her with his phone. She posed for him, smiling and winking at the camera.

Once Bruce had plenty of shots of her wonderful naked body, he turned her “Neuromiser” on and took some more risqué pics, mostly with his cock in her mouth. Emily was upset, at least until Bruce offered to slash the price of the dress by twenty percent.

She had to call her bank to authorize the transfer, as it exceeded her daily limit. It was worthwhile, as soon enough she was the proud owner of a dress that would shame royalty.

“This was certainly a lucrative visit.” Bruce shook her hand.

“Yeah, sure.” Emily couldn't stop searching for her reflection in every reflective surface around. She never looked better in her life.

“Hey, are you listening?” Bruce tightened his grip of her hand.

“Hmm? Yeah. It was a great experience for me, too.” She smiled at him.

“Always glad to have another happy customer.” Bruce smirked. “I hope you'll only take this dress out of the closet for the most special of occasions. Nothing short of a celebrity wedding.” He nodded at her, making sure to relay the message, and she got it, at least subconsciously.

“Of course. I would never wear it for anything less.” She agreed, and Bruce felt somewhat reassured the young woman won't end up ruining her life by some unintended public nudity. Unless she becomes a celebrity or a friend of a celebrity, in which case it might actually help her some.

Emily escorted Bruce to the door, where he reached into his pocket, took his precious “rainbow amethyst” crystal out, and dangled it between her eyes. Her gaze gravitated to the priceless gem as if magnetized.

“Go deep for me, Emily. Fall into a relaxing, hypnotic trance.” He said with a soothing voice that Emily found so easy to trust, and

follow.

“Trance...” She closed her eyes and leaned on the door.

“Good girl.” Bruce said. “After I close the door, you will count to ten, wake up, put some clothes on, and continue with your day as if nothing weird or abnormal happened.”

“Count to ten. Put my clothes on. Continue with my day.” Emily parroted.

“You will feel happy and energized. You will be filled with ambition and confidence, too. You'll work harder than ever and make as much money as you can. You will be really successful and rich, Emily.”

A dreamy smile formed on her face. “Ambitious and confident. Successful and rich.” She echoed happily.

“Very good. I'll be off now. Nice meeting you, Emily. Start counting.” Bruce tipped his hat to her and closed the door.

Emily counted with a breathy whisper. Each increment seemed to make her feel better and add to her overflowing confidence. When she reached ten her eyes shot open. Her smile shined brightly and her eyes had a flashy shine to them. She felt as if she received a boost of energy and optimism. She was ready to tackle any problem life or work threw at her.

She took off her new golden dress which she vowed to save for the most special of occasions, put some more casual clothes on, and stood in her kitchenette rubbing her chin.

“Where was I?” She asked herself. “Oh right, getting a new camera.” She jumped over to her desk and sat down. “Ow!” She shot back up. “My ass still hurts.” She rubbed her cheeks through the fabric of her pants. “Oh well, I don't have to sit down.” She shrugged merrily and went back to browsing.

She had to score a worthwhile deal, being the ambitious, fiscally responsible young woman she was.

###

Hypno Story – Be My First

By **Will B. Gunn**

I think I have a smidgen of a tendency towards paranoia. I'm being picky with words, because it's not like I fear every red light might be a hidden camera or worried the government is looking into the minutia of everything I do. At least, I hope they've got better things to do.

Heck, considering my hobbies and what I do for a living, if I was *that* paranoid, I'd probably go insane.

I also don't believe in the evil demons and ghouls and monsters most horror movies showcase. I find those to be more comedic than scary.

Now, the occasional horror movie depicting a crazy serial killer of some sort. Those scare the bejeezus out of me. What can I say? I'm a realist. At least, I think I am.

I mean, if you ignore the fact I don't use public transport because I prefer not to be involved in an accident or get killed by a disgruntled taxi driver. I also get anxious at every weird noise I hear in the middle of the night, but only when I sleep alone. I admit, it took me a while to give up on my night light.

The number of times I got up in the middle of the night to check my door was properly locked, or looked over my shoulder to make sure no suspicious character is lurking by, is honestly embarrassing. But it's all right. I usually don't sleep or walk the streets alone, anyway. I'm quite a people person. A friendly guy with some unique talents that help ensure I'll always have apt company.

But I digress, probably because of the awkward situation I'm in, right now. Standing naked under the shower head, frozen and stiff legged, all because I'm almost certain I just heard the front door creak open. The same door I'm pretty sure I forgot to lock before getting in the shower.

“Is anybody there?” I turn the water off and yell out, mad at myself for sounding so distressed. It's probably all in my head. At least in that case no one would have heard me scream out like a little girl.

I hear no response, and sigh with relief.

“Just my imagination.” I shake my head with a smile, but just as I'm about to turn the water back on, I hear the door slam shut. No mistaking it this time.

“Who's there?!” I demand, my heart racing.

“A ghost!” Came the mischievous response. A snarky tone I recognize instantly.

“Rain?!”

“*Yup!* You know your door was open.”

“You don't say.” I rolled my eyes. “What are you doing here?”

“Holly promised she'll give me a tour of the dorms today, but she's still at work. So I figured I'll check up on you.” She said through the door.

“No one ever taught you to knock?” I retorted, debating whether I should turn the water back on or end my shower prematurely.

“Not sure. Was probably too bored to pay attention.” She said.

“Would you relax? I'm not going to peek on you in the shower or anything. I just want a place to lounge till Holly comes back.”

I laughed. “You can peek all you want. I'm just happy you're not a serial killer. Just...don't make a mess of my stuff, all right?” And with that, I turned the water back on.

Rain was always a bit of a brat, and she's been through more “creative” periods in her eighteen years than Picasso through his entire artistic career. She even spent a few weeks trying to be a goth, complete with the black lipstick, black hair, and excessive black eyeliner.

Her hair changed color and form faster than the moon changed phases. It's been long, short, gathered in a bun and tied in a ponytail. It's been red, blonde, black, and even blue and green. It made her look like an incredibly cute and trim celery stalk.

It was her parents fault, really. I mean, who names their kid Rainbow? I'm not kidding, her full name is Rainbow Jewel Jones. I'd say they don't have the right to complain if she has her head in the clouds most of the time.

I came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around my waist. Rain lay front first on my bed, her feet in the air and her eyes on the screen of my laptop. As used as I was to her constant change of appearance, every new version of her always made my eyes widen with surprise.

"Looking good, hunk." She looked at me with an energetic grin.

"Yeah, I've been working out." I lied. "You look great, too. Very...pink." I noted her bright pink hair and likewise pink lips.

"Thanks, I like it too." She gave a cheeky smirk, and blew a rogue lock of hair from her eyes. I've met plenty of people since I started college, but I still haven't found anyone with eyes as sparkly blue as hers.

"How are everyone back home?" I asked.

"Boring as usual." Rain replied casually. I was trying my best to avoid staring at her ass. Quite an impressive feat, if I may say so myself. Rain was always a bit of a clueless tomboy, unaware of how hot she became in recent years. Seeing her lying on my bed in snug yoga shorts and a sporty, tight top was enough to make me want to jump back in the shower for some extra alone time.

"Well, if you expect college to be much more interesting..." I tilted my head and curled my lip at her, expressing my doubt.

"At least I'll be with some of my actual friends here." Rain said.

"Your fault for always hanging around with kids two years your senior." I rebutted.

"Hey, it made me popular with the chicks in my class. But I really missed Holly. She hasn't been as active on Facebook lately."

"Maybe she was jealous of those pictures you shared recently." I suggested.

"Which ones?" She asked innocently.

"Seriously? The ones where you pose with a bikini. The ones that professional photographer took. You know Holly always wanted to be a model."

“Oh please, it was just a silly gig. The guy offered me two hundred bucks and said I could keep a copy of the pics he took. Do you really think Holly was bothered by it?”

“Maybe.” I shrugged. I knew full well why Holly has been less active on social media lately, but it wasn't the kind of information I'd share with Rain. I was still a bit on the fence about her. Although looking at her and remembering how hot she looked in those bikini shots was starting to make me lean in a very clear direction.

“By the way, you have an impressive amount of porn here.” Rain blurted out as if it was nothing, casually tracing her finger across the laptop's mouse pad.

“The what now?” I admit, I entered panic mode as I circled the bed to check if she was bluffing.

She wasn't.

“Do you have no concept of privacy?!” I reached for my laptop with a slight blush, but Rain swiftly slid it on the mattress, out of my reach.

“If you want your porn to be private, don't put it in a folder named 'stuff' inside a different folder randomly named s-d-f-d-d.” She read aloud in a mocking tone.

“Thanks for the lesson.” I said with a sarcastic sneer.

“What's up with these clips of women having casual conversation while sucking cock, though? That's a pretty weird kink. Are they actually talking about the weather?” Rain asked, clearly amused.

“If your mom could hear you talk about blowjobs and cocks...” I shook my head.

“I'm over eighteen now, man! I can do much more than talk about it.” She gave me this wonderfully suggestive giggle. That was *the* moment I knew I've made my decision.

I assumed a mantle of self confidence, standing over her with my well-practiced commanding presence. “Speaking of unorthodox clips. I've got something I'd like to show you.” I reached my hand out, this time waiting for her to relent control over my laptop on her own.

Even if she didn't notice it consciously, Rain reacted to the sudden change in atmosphere. It was her turn to lightly blush, looking at me with an inquisitive half-smile. “Sure.” She turned the

computer halfway towards me with a confident smirk. She was such a free spirit, and she had willpower in abundance, but that didn't surprise or deter me. In fact, I relished the challenge.

I found the video I had spent months to perfect. "There. Check it out." I clicked on it, adjusted it to full screen mode, and turned my laptop back to her.

"It's...a spiral?" She said with a frown and a playful half-smile. Even the patronizing look in her eyes had a magical charm to it.

"How very astute of you." I said before she could start laughing at me.

"Are you trying to put me in a trance, Kev?" She gave me a doubtful, but rather amused look, before averting her eyes back to the spiral. That was a good sign. Her adventurous and open-minded personality may prove to be my greatest ally.

"Well, that's what it's supposed to do, according to the website. I still haven't managed to get it to work, though. Maybe you can be my first?" I suggested with a coy wink. "Keep looking at it. It's really relaxing, even if you can't completely fall into a deep trance. You can trust me on that."

"You spend a lot of time trying to hypnotize yourself?" She asked without lifting her eyes from the spiral. I could see the colors dance across her magnificent sapphire eyes. The frequency of her blinking subsided with every passing second.

"Not that long. I appear to be immune to it." I said.

"And you think...I won't be immune?" She probably didn't even notice she was speaking slower, and pausing in mid sentence.

"Let's find out, shall we? I bet you're curious." I asked, deepening my voice, and making my tone more assertive.

"I...am. Yeah..." Her mind struggled to fetch the next words. All her subconscious mind wanted at that point was to fully focus on the spiral, to immerse her full attention on it. All I needed to do was help her brash conscious mind take a little break.

"Pick a point on the spiral and focus on it, Rain." I said in a soft, deep voice, the kind that seeps through your ears and pierces into your very soul.

“Block out everything else, Rain. Everything but the spiral, and my voice. Breathe slowly. In, and out. Let me control how you breathe, Rain, it will make you feel so good. To surrender to me.”

“Surrender...” Was all the echo she could muster up. I admit, I thought she would be more difficult.

“Maybe I'm just getting really good at this.” I thought to myself and stifled a laugh, and focused back on the task at hand.

“Very good, Rain. I am going to count to three. When I reach three, you will close your eyes and fall into a deep, relaxing sleep. You will hear nothing but my voice, and you will be ready to follow my instructions. It will feel fantastic to obey.”

“Feel fantastic...obey...”

“Good girl. I'll start counting now. One.” I paused, letting her take herself further into a deep pool of endless calm.

“Two. Your eyes are getting heavy. Ready to fall into a deep, relaxing trance.”

She blinked slowly, her eyes open just a fraction.

“Three.” I said, and Rain's head slumped down. With her conscious mind sleeping soundly, her subconsciousness was mine to play with, and mold as I saw fit.

* * * *

“And when I reach three, you will wake up. You won't remember going under, but you will respond to the triggers we've discussed. All right, Rain?” I asked the beauty lying on my bed.

“Yes master.” She responded. Hearing her say those words was enough to make me look at her in a whole new way. My eyes traveled along her perfect body. Her long legs and perfect ass. She was a flawless combination of sleazy and demure, of innocent and seductive.

“One. Two. You are ready to awaken, fresh and energized. And three.”

She blinked twice, and lifted her head from the mattress, looking back at the spiral.

“How are you feeling?” I asked.

“A bit bored.” She shrugged, frowning at the screen. “I don't feel like I'm going under or anything.”

“Well it was worth the shot.” I said in a resigning manner. Rain smiled at me, and closed the media player.

“Let's see what else you have here.” She closed my porn folder and continued browsing through my laptop as if it was hers.

I took a short moment to plan what I wanted to say. Phrasing was important when invoking post hypnotic triggers.

“You know, I have this disc I lost the container of.” I reached into the top drawer of my desk, and held a CD before her.

“So? Buy a new one.” She offered.

“Can't find the time. I wish I could *use* something else to hold it. Can you think of anything that can be *used* to hold it?” I asked.

“Uhm, let's see.” Her eyes searched frantically around the room, desperately trying to find a solution to my problem.

“How about your nipples?” I suggested before she had a chance to find a different solution.

“My nipples?” She looked down at her loose blouse. “How 'bout your nipples?” She replied in her usual cheeky manner.

“I would, Rain, but I think your breasts are a bit better equipped to hold a compact disc without dropping it. Wouldn't you agree?” I raised my eyebrows at her.

“I suppose my boobies do naturally stay up and pointing straight.” She sat before me on the bed, hopping lightly to show how firm and stable her tits were.

“Are you even wearing a bra?” I didn't even try to hide my smile.

“Don't need to!” She said with a proud cheer.

“Well, your tits could be very *useful* to me, Rain. Don't you want to be *useful*?” I emphasized. It was time to seal the deal. I knew her mind wouldn't be able to resist such a direct triggering.

“I do...?” She kind of asked, with furrowed brow, hesitating for a short moment. “I...I do! I really want to be useful!” She decided almost immediately after, with a radiant grin that made my cock jump under my towel.

Rain peeled her top off before I could blink. With her perky teen tits bare before my eyes, I never wanted to blink again. Honestly, she

could have used them to put me under, if I didn't go ahead and made the first move. Fortune favors the prepared, I suppose. With perfect perky knockers, in my case. I could stare at them forever.

“Stop staring! You're making me blush.” Rain said with a teasing smile, not even trying to hide her wonderful fun-bags.

“Sorry, can't help it. They're perfect. And I didn't know your parents let you pierce your nipples?” I told her without lifting my eyes up.

“Neither did they. So better keep quiet about it!” She made a shushing gesture at me.

“I see. Your secret is safe with me.” I assured her, feasting my eyes with her youthful charms. Her perfectly lean belly and trim form.

“So?” Rain said after a while.

“So what?” I lifted my head with a start.

“Are you going to use my nipples for your CD? I really want to be useful.”

“Oh right!” I snorted a laugh. “Actually, your piercings might get in the way.”

“I could take them off.” She offered immediately.

“No, no! Don't you dare.” I stopped her before she could thread her nipple rings off.

“I guess I'll put my shirt back on, then. Sorry I couldn't be of use.” She said, actual disappointment in her voice. Lucky I implanted more than one suggestion in her pretty little head.

“You know, Rain, I never had a chance to play with titties like yours. With piercings, I mean.” I clarified.

“Oh?” Her eyes widened, her dazzling blue jewels sparkling at me.

“Want to be my first?” I asked, eager to check her response.

“Yeah!” She jumped enthusiastically. Not even a dash of hesitation this time.

“Great!” I sat down next to her, edging closer to her. She smelled so good, and I was the one who just came out of the shower.

“Go ahead.” she thrust her chest forward, inviting me to fondle and squeeze away.

I tossed the CD in my hand over to the desk, like a Frisbee, and moved straight to enjoying the spoils of my success. I groped her with both hands, massaging her soft, warm flesh. I tugged on her nipple rings. The way she whimpered every time I pulled on her pink nipples was so sweet.

“Okay, that's enough.” She said after about a minute. I guess I pulled on her tits a little too hard.

“That was fun. Thank you.” I gave her tits one final squeeze, and moved back.

“You're welcome!” She smiled and turned around, back to my laptop. She lay on her front again, still being topless not bothering her in the slightest. Seeing her like that gave me a deviant whim.

“I never dry humped a girl in short tights.” I blurted out.

“Excuse me?” Rain turned her head to look at me.

“Well, on this mattress at least. Wanna be my first?” I continued, ignoring her insulted undertone.

Her attitude changed in a split second. “Sure, I'd love to!” She smiled at me, moved my laptop to a safe distance, and lay flat with her cheek on the mattress and her legs lightly parted.

“Go ahead.” She invited me, spanking her ass with a coy smile.

I let my towel fall to the floor and got on the mattress. On my knees, I looked down at her perfect, shapely bump, and grabbed the base of my shaft.

“Hey! You said dry humping.” She protested as I slapped my raw manhood on her bouncy cheeks.

“It's still dry as long as I don't penetrate you. Besides, I've never done it with no pants on. You will be my first.” I sweetened the deal.

“Oh...Okay then. Go on.” She said with a cheerful smile, as I knew she would. I didn't even wait for her to give me the go-ahead, I already pressed my crotch on her soft, firm ass.

“*Hmm, lovely.* Is this cotton?” I kissed her shoulder and whispered in her ear.

Rain giggled. “Spandex, I think. Having fun?” She asked.

“You have no idea.” I pinned her to the mattress, pressing my bulging hard-on down on her tight yoga pants. I reached around to hold a handful of her perky tit in my hand, and gave a deep grunt.

Inhaling sharply, I started powerfully bouncing my pelvis on her bubbly behind, shaking her lithe body and the mattress under her.

All I could hear was the mattress creaking and the sound of my breathless panting. I didn't care. I was using a hot, strong willed teen as a blow-up doll. She remained quiet and uncaring as I rocked her up and down.

"Yeah, you hot cunt! This is the only thing your hot ass is good for!" I growled as I humped her.

"What?" She asked, apparently not sure she heard right. I realized I got a little carried away, but I knew exactly how to solve it.

"This is the only thing your hot ass should be *used* for!" I changed my wording a bit. "Just let me *use* you, bitch!"

The mattress kept on creaking and I kept on pounding.

"Oh...Okay! I'm glad you find me useful." She said, her voice breaking up every time my crotch landed on her ass.

Good thing the trigger worked, because I was well beyond the point of no return. I gave a deep, coarse grunt, and glued my crotch to her smooth, stretchy fabric. I ground my hips on her ass, sliding my throbbing member back and forth.

With one final thrust my orgasm began. I pushed my pelvis down on her with every pleasurable spurt, passionately kissing her upper back out of pure sexual instinct.

A few seconds passed and I lifted myself up, still panting. My grin widened as I saw the sticky white blots staining her black yoga shorts. Some of my ejaculation also slid down the fair skin of her lower back.

"Phew." I stood up on shaky legs.

Rain reached down and looked at me with a frown. "Who said you could cum?" She sounded pissed. "You completely ruined my pants!"

"Don't you have spares?" I asked with a carefree shrug.

"That's not the point! *Eww!*" She touched the sticky liquid with her fingers, and held her cum-dipped digits in front of her face.

"I never saw a girl eat my cum off her ass." I blurted out deviously. "Want to be my first?"

I focused on her face. Watching her expression turn from reviled, to slack and blank, to jubilant and excited.

“Sure!” She stretched her tongue out to lick her fingers, slurping my cum up as if it was maple syrup.

She took great care showing me how she scoops up another load of cream from her stained shorts, and held it above her open mouth, letting the white goo ooze down her hatch. I spread the towel on my office chair, sat on it, and enjoyed her lewd display.

“My belly and crotch are rather sticky, too.” I said, looking down. Blowing my load the way I did, with my hose pressed so tightly to her ass, it had to hit me too.

“Maybe you should take another shower. Did you ever shower with a teen hottie like me? I could be your first.” She offered with an elvish smile. It seems her mind was searching for ways to pull on its own hypnotic triggers.

“That sounds awesome.” I said. “Later, though. I was thinking more about you licking me clean, seeing as your mouth and tongue are so good at guzzling my cum.”

She looked at me with an uncertain expression. “I’m not sure.”

“Why not? I want to *use* your mouth. Don’t you want to be *useful*?” I knew she couldn’t refuse if I phrased it like that. She didn’t even say anything, just smiled and crawled down to the floor below me.

“I love being useful.” She said and gave my crotch a broad tongue-brush, wetting my pubes. She licked and kissed all around my junk, scooping up every sperm residue with her tongue. Then, she started licking my balls clean in the same industrious manner. My cock shot up so quick I nearly poked her in the eye. Okay, that may be an exaggeration. Point is, I was rock hard in less than a minute.

“How ‘bout a blowjob?” I asked innocently.

“No way! I only give blowjobs for expensive jewelery.” She winked at me.

“Well aren’t you hard to get.” I said with a smirk as she continued licking me below the belt-line. “It’s just that I’ve never got a blowjob from a girl with pink lipstick on. I figured you’d want to be my first.”

I set my feet on the floor, making her think I was about to stand up. “But if you don’t, then I guess I’ll...”

“Wait!” She stopped me, and in a moment that made my eyes roll to the back of my head, she wrapped her lips around my tip and took me halfway down her throat. I shuddered and rested back on the chair.

“I wanna be your first!” She plopped her glossy pink lips off my cock and said. “Please let me be your first!” She looked at me with watery blue eyes, and dove back down.

“*Ohh fuck!* No man would ever say no to that!” I moaned and rested my hand on her head, gently guiding her back and forth as she sucked me off. She enthusiastically moved her petite body up and down with every motion, her lips wrapped tightly around my cock.

I shifted on the chair with a grunt, and placed my other hand on the one already on her head. I pushed her head deeper, with a moan, bucking my hips up every time I pressed her down. The wet gargle she made every time I knocked on the back of her throat made the exercise even more enjoyable.

I must have got carried away again, because her tongue movements suddenly became more erratic.

“*Mbh! Mhh! Mmph!*” She got noisier, too. “*Mph! Hey!*” She pressed her hands against my thighs and pulled herself up.

“What?” I looked down at her and asked. The sloppy drool running down her chin somehow made her look even prettier.

“You're choking me.” She complained, tilting her head judgmentally.

“You don't like gagging?” I asked.

“Uhm, no.” She rolled her eyes as if it was obvious. “Anyway, maybe I should go check if Holly is back from work.

“Oh come on! You can't leave me like this.” I held my cock and slapped the tip on her lips. “It's not a proper blowjob if I don't cum.”

“Says who?” She flinched away from my slapping tip.

“Says I.” I snapped my fingers right between her beautiful blue eyes. Her argumentative grin was quickly replaced by a mellow, blank expression.

“You. Will. Suck. My. Cock. Till. I. Cum.” I slapped my length across her cheeks with every word. She didn't flinch or recoil in the slightest.

“Yes master. I will suck your cock until you cum.” She answered without hesitation, and immediately took my cock back in her mouth. That was the nice thing about an entranced mind, no thoughts coming between my words and her actions.

“Deeper. And faster. Like this.” I grabbed her head with both hands again and started fucking her face at a rapid pace. She gagged and choked, but didn't resist. I dictated the pace and let her go. She paused for a second, gave a muffled “yes master”, and continued blowing me as deep and as fast as I ordered.

“*Hmm*. Move your tongue more.” I folded my fingers behind my head and sighed, relaxing and enjoying Rain's wet, slippery tongue service. She immediately turned my words into actions. I could feel her tongue moving in her mouth as she sucked. She wiggled it under my shaft as she roughly fucked her own mouth.

It didn't take me long to unload a second time, deep in her throat. “*Ohh fuck! Oh yeah!* Fucking swallow it!” I put my hand on her head again and savored my orgasm.

“Oh Rain, I said swallow it.” I lifted her head with a thumb on her forehead, and commented on the thick white lines running from her pink lips down to her chin and neck.

“Sorry master.” She apologized, spluttering cum as she spoke, before gulping whatever was left in her mouth.

I enjoyed myself so much, I didn't notice my front door open.

“Oh my god, Rain!” Holly gasped, covering her mouth with her hands as she stared with shock. “What did you do to her?!” She demanded. I admit, I completely neglected my rule to keep my door locked.

“Well for starters, I came in her mouth.” I patted Rain's pinkish mane like one would a pet. I had a good reason for being so calm.

“Why don't you show me how you share my cum with her.” I snapped my fingers at Holly, and her eyes glazed over.

“Yes master. Right away.” She started walking towards me.

“Oh, lock the door first.” I said with a dismissive gesture. “And take your clothes off.”

“Yes master. Lock the door. Take my clothes off.” She nodded and turned around, removing her shirt as she walked to the door.

Holly's tits were big and round. With no bra to support them, they gently bounced up and down with every step she took. She was my age, young enough for her sizable fun-bags to have absolutely no sag to them.

"I almost regret cumming in Rain's mouth." I fondled her tits as she knelt next to the pink haired teen.

"I am a mindless pair of tits." She repeated one of the first mantras I had her repeating, back when I first experimented with hypnosis.

"Yes you are." I flicked her nipple, and she turned sideways, facing Rain. Not blinking, the two locked lips, and shared a very moist kiss. I told them to share my cum, so exchanging saliva became their main goal. They entwined their tongues together and let their drool run down their chins.

"Now that's what I call a hot kiss." I stood up, and flapped my softening cock on their joined lips, patting their smooth cheeks and pretty faces.

"Get on the bed. I wanna film you doing each other." I held their necks and nudged them apart.

"Yes master." Holly said and crawled on the mattress. Rain stayed kneeling next to me.

"Go on, Rain." I prodded.

"But I'm not...into girls." She shook her head in a disoriented blur.

"Oh my, I knew this was all too easy." I stood before her, and reached back to grab a handful of Holly's tits, pulling her close to the edge of the bed.

"Look at me, Rain." I urged her with my deep, commanding voice. She tilted her head up and stared at me with inquisitive eyes.

"Good girl. Now go deeper for me. Look into my eyes and remember the spiral."

"The spiral..." She mumbled.

"That's right. Look deep into my eyes."

"Deep..."

"Good girl. You remember how good it feels, right? The serenity of letting go of your thoughts. Of becoming mindless. Just like Holly

here. Look at her.” I patted Holly's cheek. She stared forward into the distance, and Rain stared at her perfectly calm face.

“See how happy she is. No thoughts. No desires. No fears or concerns. You want to join her, right? Be a *useful* item in my collection.”

“*Useful...?*” Rain responded to the trigger word, but still sounded hesitant.

“That's right. Just let go. Fall deeper into trance for me.” I rested my fingers on her forehead, and her pupils lightly rolled up.

“Go ahead and close your eyes, Rain. Submit to my control.”

“Submit.” A flicker of a smile appeared on her face. It was hard to say if that was a good sign.

“Three.” I started the countdown. “Two. And one.” I snapped my fingers right above her eyes, and her head slumped forward, completely under.

“Good girl. Now open your eyes and look at me, but remain in this deep, relaxing place.” I said, and she obeyed. She looked up with vacant eyes, not different from Holly's empty gaze.

“You want to be useful to your master, right?” I gently tickled under her chin.

“Yes...” She echoed.

“I don't have a pink-haired slave, yet. You want to be my first.” I didn't even bother making it sound like a question. In her deep state of trance, she was ready to soak my every word as fact.

“I want to be your first.” She repeated.

“Great. This means you have to obey my every command, Rain.”

“Obey your every command.” She nodded.

“That includes getting on my bed, spreading your legs, and letting Holly eat your pussy.”

She stared at me with an open mouth, and finally said her fateful “yes master”.

“Music to my ears.” I grabbed her ass as she climbed on the bed. “Take your shorts off, first.” I ordered.

“Yes master.” Rain sat sideways on the mattress, and started sliding her shorts down her legs, letting it drop from her feet to the

floor. Without pause, she scooped over to the center of the bed, and spread her long legs wide.

“Smooth and pink. Just how I like it.” I licked my lips and rubbed my crotch. “Too bad I already came twice. Well, Holly, get to work.” I urged Holly forward with a gentle spank.

“Yes master.” She moved to obey immediately, positioning her face between Rain's legs.

“You are definitely my best slave, Holly.” I grinned. “Make sure to keep your ass up.”

“Yes master.” She lifted her ass in the air and began gently kissing Rain's fresh cunt.

I took hold of my camcorder, and started filming the action.

“You're pretty wet, Rain. You like it, don't you?” Her pussy was soaking with juices.

“Yes master.” She droned, staring forward mindlessly.

“How does her pussy taste, Holly?” I aimed the camera at Holly's limber tongue flicking across Rain's precious pussy.

“Delicious, master.” She uttered without blinking, and stretched her tongue out again.

“Good girls. But you are way too lethargic for my customers.” They both looked at me, begging with their eyes for a solution.

“When I snap my fingers, you will awaken from your trance. You'll remember that you agreed to be my slaves. You'll be happy to be *used* as my fuck-toys. You'll be anxious to satisfy my will. You will obey happily and enthusiastically.”

They nodded slowly, and I snapped my fingers. The change in their behavior was like night and day. Rain looked at me with her teasing smile, rubbing her clit in circles and not even trying to hide anything from me. Holly wiggled her ass for my benefit, alternating between licking Rain's lower lips and looking my way for approval.

“Fantastic. Now start fucking each other like the horny sex bunnies you are.” I ordered.

“Yes master!” They answered with glee, jumping straight into a wild lesbian romp.

“Let's hope I can properly capture the magic.” I gripped the camera with a wicked grin, and watched as Rain lashed her tongue on Holly's pussy lips like a a wet whip.

“Not into girls, my ass.” I chuckled. “This is going to be one popular clip.”

Fifteen minutes later, Rain and Holly lay sprawled on my bed, panting. They looked at me with big smiles on their faces, their cheeks and chins shiny with juices from their soaking pussies.

I sat next to them and patted Rain's cheek. “How many times did you orgasm?” I asked her.

“Five, master.” She smiled up at me, and licked my index finger.

“Impressive. Aren't you happy I tricked you into looking at the spiral?”

“So happy, master. I never felt so...” she put her head on my lap and sighed, “happy and relaxed.”

“Do you want to be a better slave for me?” I casually pinched her nipple.

“*Mff!* I want to be the best slave for you, master!” She looked up from my lap, her eyes sparkling like lake water in the morning's sun.

“You'll need to be trained.” I ran my fingers along her body. “I can train you, if you want.”

“Nothing will make me happier, master.” She cooed and kissed above my crotch.

“You'll be sleeping here tonight. They probably didn't assign you a room yet, anyway. And I always feel much safer with a nice sex doll warming my bed.”

“You won't freak out like a scaredy-cat when you hear me outside the door during your morning shower?” She mocked me with a coy wink.

“Hmm, you're still a bit bratty, aren't ya? The training will help with that. Anyway, It's funny you think you'll be on the other side of the door, babe.” I smiled at her, and sighed. “I can't believe I was so hesitant to show you the spiral. I guess I put you on a pedestal or something.”

“Like a trophy?” She asked, nuzzling against me.

“Exactly like that. I can't wait to start training you.”

“I can't wait either, master. I can hardly think of anything else.”
Rain gushed.

“That's great. Sleep now, my pet. You'll need your energy.” I caressed her cheek one last time.

“Yes master.” She closed her eyes, snuggled against me, and fell asleep almost immediately. One of the advantages of being a deeply hypnotized pet.

* * * *

I started Rain on a strict mantra regimen, first thing the next morning. She stood in front of my closet, bent over at the waist, and held her ankles with both hands. Her pussy and ass looked so good in that position.

“Good girls don't think.” She chanted.

“Good girls obey.”

“Good girls get fucked.”

“Heh, speaking of good girls getting fucked.” I lowered my underpants to my knees and positioned behind her.

“Good girls don't think. *Mm!*” She whimpered as she felt my tip tickle her wet pussy lips. Her pink snatch was nice and shiny, like a strawberry gem.

“Good girls obey. Good girls get fucked. *Ahh!*” I thrust into her with one motion. Her tight cunt sucked me in brilliantly.

“That's right, Rain. Keep going.” I grabbed her hips and started bouncing her bubbly ass on my pelvis.

“Good girls don't think.” Her pussy quivered around my cock as she repeated her mantra. Her soft whimpers were so cute.

“Good girls obey.” She repeated.

“That's right, doll. *Ohh yeah!*”

“Good girls get fucked.” Her voice sounded so pure and innocent, without that usual mischievous sting she always had. Flexibly folded forward at the waist, the limber teen rocked back and forth, her body and mind primed to fit my whims.

“I do miss your usual spark, though.” I moaned and thrust into her again. “You've repeated your mantra enough for this morning,

Rain. Wake up and moan for your master.” I snapped my fingers, and rested my hand on her ass with a smack.

She let out a wet moan. “Oh master! Fuck me, master! Use this slave’s pussy!”

“What did you come to college for, slave?” I increased the pace of my pumping.

“To serve you of course, master. To be your good girl.” She said. “Well, most of the time.” She added.

“Most of the time?” I had to ask. I even stopped thrusting for a moment.

“Of course, silly. I also came here to be your naughty little fuck toy, master.”

Her reply made me chuckle. “So you want to be my naughty girl, too?” I asked.

“Yes, master! Because naughty girls get punished! Oh god, fuck me!” Rain moaned. I could feel her tight pussy quiver around my cock.

“Did you just orgasm, Rain?”

“Yes master!” She admitted cheerfully.

“Oh you *are* a naughty girl.” I slapped her ass and rammed hard into her.

“Yes master! Spank me master! Fuck me master!” She begged me. Feeling a bit sadistic, I pulled out of her with a shudder.

“Master?” She looked back at me with needy eyes and a teasing smile. “Why did you stop, master? Fuck your slave, master. I know you want to.” She wiggled her shapely rear at me with a playful smirk. It was amazing, even completely under my control she tried to score some modicum of power.

Might have worked, too, if I couldn’t feel how wet her pussy lips were on the tip of my hard-on.

“So cute that you’re trying to pretend to be in control, you needy cunt.” I slapped my shaft on her velvety pussy lips, to a delightful wet smacking sound.

“*Ooh, master!*” She moaned and tightened her grip of her legs. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth, showing an expression of true aching for my cock. It was so hot, I almost forgot why I pulled out of her.

“I never said you were allowed to orgasm without my permission, did I?” I said. Her reaction was a perfect mix of surprise, regret, and masochistic joy.

“I'm sorry master.” She purred at me. “I promise I'll never cum without permission ever again!”

“That's good.” I rubbed the smooth bubbly skin of her bent-over buttock. “But that doesn't mean I can just forgive you for already doing it, can I?”

Her smile broadened. I have literally never saw her so happy.

“Of course, master.” She let go of her legs and dropped to her knees before me. “Please punish me, master. Punish this naughty girl and make her a good girl again.” She took a tender hold of my balls and begged, her glossy lips tickling my shaft.

My next move was so obvious, I found myself wondering if Rain ended up successfully manipulating *me* to her will.

“Get me off with your mouth, slave.” I growled at her, almost pushing my hips up into her face.

“Right away, master.” She puckered her lips and kissed my tip. I looked deep into her bright blue eyes and felt an electrifying rush of pleasure coursing through my body.

“Fucking suck it!” I pushed her head down and filled her throat full of my bulging meat. She moved her tongue as she gagged, and I almost exploded right there and then.

“Show me how a slave properly begs for forgiveness.” I huffed heavily and let go of her hair with a gentle pat.

She kept her lips tight around my cock as she slowly rose back up. She looked at me with wide eyes when she reached my tip. I expected her to plop her lips off my tip and spew some steamy hot words of self deprecation and submission.

Instead, she mischievously smiled around my helmet, and took me down to my balls with one motion.

“*Oh god!*” I almost slammed backwards on the mattress. For a girl who claimed to dislike gagging, Rain choked on my cock like a pro. Just when it seemed she was settling into a head bobbing rhythm, she suddenly increased her speed, practically doubling it. I clutched the sheets and gave a deep groan.

“What are you giggling about?” I asked my adorable slave, panting with a smile.

She gave me the cutest smile, still keeping my cock between her lips. She then rubbed her tongue along my underside, and with another playful giggle she dove right back down.

The next few seconds were the epitome of orgasmic bliss for me. Riding on a roller coaster of lust, I filled Rain's mouth with no restraint, one thick spurt after the other.

“Yeah, that's a good slave mouth! Swallow my cum!” My voice was coarse as I praised her. I looked up at the ceiling and heard her slurp. I felt her licks on my depleted manhood.

“Do you forgive me now, master?” She asked with a chirpy voice.

I gave a long, euphoric sigh, and rose back to a sitting position.

“I do, slave. This time.” I tapped my finger on her nose.

“It will never happen again, master. I promise.” She gave a cheeky smile. “Well, unless you tell me to be naughty more often.”

“Tempting.” I said. “But I think I still prefer good girls. You remember what good girls do, right?” I asked. Her smile remained, but I could see a sudden emptiness in her eyes.

“Good girls Don't think.” She said with a calm, almost resigned voice. “Good girls obey. Good girls get fucked.”

“Yes they do.” I looked down at her lightly cum-stained smile. A perfect combination of sweet and slutty.

“If training you keeps being this fun, you might dethrone Holly as my favorite slavegirl.” I told her.

“Will I be your first fully trained, pink-haired slave?” She asked, cum running down her chin from the corner of her lips.

I chuckled. “Come to think of it, you certainly will.”

“And I'm being really useful to you, too, right?” She asked. Clearly my original suggestions were just as strong after a good night's sleep.

“Very, very useful. You might be the first of my slaves to be this useful, in fact. All my other girls end up being so one-dimensional under my full control.”

I could see my words made her feel elated.

“Let's go have a shower together.” I offered. Well, given the context, ordered would be a more fitting verb.

“You want me to protect you from the frightening intruder ghosts?” She asked with a bratty half-smile, still tenderly rubbing my balls. I liked how she allowed herself to mock me, even after declaring her complete and utter devotion to being useful to me. It was nice to see the hypnosis didn't change her too much from the lively sharp-tongued firework I came to like so much.

“Only if you can do that while washing me, and occasionally availing your wet fuck-holes for my use.” I grinned down at her.

“Obviously, master. I can do all that *and* come up with new reasons for you to punish me.” She winked at me. I didn't expect her to be so keen on S&M play, but I certainly wasn't complaining.

“Now I'm really eager to take that shower, Rain. Let's go.” I stood up and started walking, confident my gorgeous doll is following at my heel.

“Right away, master.” She crawled after me.

I opened the door and let her crawl inside. She looked up at me as she passed me by. This might be me rationalizing, but I think the glitter in her marvelous blue eyes was even shinier now that I've shown her my spiral.

“Can't believe it took me so long to make this choice.” I mumbled to myself.

I stepped my right foot forward onto the marble floor, when I suddenly remembered I never locked my front door after Holly left. I turned around and looked at the unlocked entrance to my humble abode.

I found myself almost wishing someone would walk in on us. Well, as long as it wasn't a serial killer or something.

I smirked, and turned right back to the shower. Who knows, maybe another hot chick would decide to barge in uninvited.

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