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Anthony's Trap

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Anthony's Trap

Three years before Anthony decided to use the activation phrase, they went on a vacation, and he made a decision. He thought it would just be a joke, something silly for them to do. In a strange city crammed with skyscrapers and sidewalks filled with people rushing to their jobs, their classes, their meetings, their friends and their families, he found the advertisement on his phone.

A hypnotist.

The show was cheap, and it looked like fun.

He asked Sara if she would be interested, and she said yes. Sure, they could go watch a hypnotist's comedy show. The chances seemed good that they would get to see someone cluck like a chicken or dance around on stage to music only they could hear. Maybe some guy would be tricked into making out with a blowup doll or something.

After he made the purchase, another message appeared on his phone.

I saw that you are taking your girlfriend. If you're interested in having her brainwashed to become more obedient and servile, let me know. There will be an additional fee. When Anthony saw that text, he looked down at it, studied it for several long seconds, and didn't know what to do.

Then they got into an argument.

He made a joke, something silly about looking forward to having sex that night, and then she spun on him, "Is that all you think I'm good for?" Sara demanded, imperious and offended. "Am I just some sex toy here for your amusement?"

He loved her, but his brows crinkled with confusion, and he said, "What? No. Of course not. I love you. I care about you." But even as he said those words, he felt the familiar exhaustion sweep through his core.

The first time she got upset like this, he had carefully defended himself and reasserted how she was beautiful, special, smart, and perfect. He loved everything about her, he said. He loved the way she smiled and how she loved dancing in the rain.

Five or six arguments later, he could never understand where these bursts of anger came from.

Each time, he had to soothe her, to tell her everything she wished to hear.

Yes, he wanted to have sex with her. Yes, he was attracted to her. He shouldn't have had to apologize for this. He shouldn't have had to grovel.

But Anthony went through the motions, and he told her what she expected to hear.

Then, a little while later, he looked back down at the message from the hypnotist.

What can you do?

I can turn her into anything you want. I can make her bubbly and cheerful. I can make her horny and desperate. I can make her obedient. Whatever you want, I can do it.

Aren't you worried I'll tell my girlfriend about this? Or worse, I could report you to the police, Anthony texted back.

None of my clients have reportedly so far. Why would you be the first?

It was such a simple point. This man didn't need to worry about getting in trouble, not if he could deliver on his promises.

Okay, Anthony wrote back right before he started to consider the different possibilities.

They went to the show and laughed at the participants. Through all of it, Anthony always had to wonder whether or not the people up on stage were plants or perhaps people who just loved to act.

The teenage girl who did her little spin, giggled, and cheerfully jumped up and down when instructed to do so couldn't really be mesmerized, could she? She wasn't genuinely in a trance, right?

Then there was the other possibility: perhaps hypnotism existed as a form of psychosomatic conditioning. Maybe these participants loved the idea of surrendering control to the comedian/hypnotist, so that's what happened. They lost a themselves in a fantasy they created. They followed his lead and let him do whatever he wished.

Either way, the show came to an end, and Anthony took Sara by the hand. Although he had apologized, she stayed sullen and pouty through most of the night. Yes, she laughed during the show, but then she seemed to remember that she was upset.

Still, he wrapped his fingers around hers, gave her a gentle squeeze, and tugged. He guided his girlfriend down to the stage, and she looked over and hissed, "What are you doing?"

"I got special tickets, so we get to meet the hypnotist," he said.

"Really?" Sara snorted. "When did you ever want to do that before?"

"Let's go," he said as he guided her down the aisle and between some of the seats.

"I don't really feel like it," she said, probably because she felt like being obstinate. This girl was never shy, and she usually enjoyed talking to performers.

"It'll only take a minute," he promised.

Rather than express herself, she rolled her eyes and acted like some angry teenager. But then the hypnotist held out his hand, and Anthony shook it. He said, "It's good to meet you. My name is Anthony, and this is Sara."

"Yes, I know," said the hypnotist.

Anthony still couldn't believe this was happening.

But then he thought back to one of his text messages, the one where he asked why this man would offer this kind of help. The answer: *I believe the world can be a better place with the use of hypnosis. People think they know what they want. They don't.*

Anthony couldn't believe he was really going to expose his girlfriend to this stranger, but he decided to try. He was sick of her outbursts, her sudden twists of anger and frustration.

"Sara," said the hypnotist, "Would you like to have a seat?" He motioned toward one of the chairs there on the stage.

Sara may have been a brat when it came to her boyfriend, but she still knew how to be polite. She sat down, held her knees together, and kept her back straight.

"What did you think of the show?"

“It was fun,” she said. “I really liked it.”

“I’m glad,” he replied. “I’m very glad.”

“So can I ask a question?”

“Absolutely,” answered the hypnotist.

“How do you do it? The people up here, are they your friends or coworkers or something? Do you practice with them?”

“No,” he said. “This is real.”

Sara pressed her lips together and turned her head slightly to the side as she suppressed a grin. She looked over at Anthony, but he kept his features neutral. Although he seemed relaxed, his heart beat faster in his chest, especially because he wondered if the hypnotist would tell her about their agreement.

“Really?”

“Really,” he said.

“Really? You’re not messing with me?”

“I know that it can seem fantastic, but it’s not. Hypnotism is real,” he told her. Then he smiled impishly and asked, “Would you like to find out for yourself?”

Anthony bit down because he didn’t think his girlfriend would cooperate; he couldn’t see any scenario where she decided to go along with this because she was Sara, and Sara had to be petulant, but this man was a stranger.

“Okay,” she allowed, “But I don’t think it’s going to work.”

“Relax,” he said. “Please place your hands on the armrest of your chair, exhale slowly, and relax.” As he spoke, the hypnotist pulled something out of his pocket.

“What is that?” Anthony asked.

“It’s an ancient gem,” said the hypnotist. “It’s incredibly powerful, and it has the ability to alter thoughts and rewrite personalities.”

Sara raised an eyebrow and looked over at Anthony. She was beautiful with her dark hair pulled back, and she smiled warmly. Clearly, she didn’t think this would work—it was a gag, some tourist trap, but she could play along.

Anthony’s girlfriend probably wanted to ask something about whether or not Anthony had paid extra for this private show.

Still, she played along.

“You’re going to enter a trance, Sara. You’re going to relax. For now, allow yourself to focus and drift. Allow yourself to relax into the movements of the gem. I’m going to hold it here, and now you’re going to watch as it drifts back and forth. It’s going to swing back and forth. Back and forth.” His voice took on a soothing, relaxed cadence.

He continued, “Listen to the sound of my voice and relax. Let yourself go. For now, think about the rest of the world and feel it fade away. Think about the rest of the city, and feel it fade away. Think about the rest of the room, and feel it fade away.”

“It’s fading away,” she said.

Anthony stood back and resisted the temptation to move because he didn’t wish to distract his girlfriend as her eyes followed the shining red gem. The gem hung from a slender, gold chain as it drifted back and forth.

“That’s right,” said the hypnotist. “It’s fading away. It’s fading away, and you can feel yourself relax. You can feel yourself fall into the trance. All of your worries are fading away. All of your problems are fading away. You don’t need to think about them. All you need to do is listen to the sound of my voice and focus on the gem.”

Her body definitely relaxed. He could see it in the slump of her shoulders and the way her head started to loll downward.

Anthony marveled at this. He could see the gem himself, only it didn’t seem to have any impact on him. He felt fine. He felt normal.

“Watch the gem. Relax as it swings back and forth. Back and forth. Back and forth. Sara, as you relax, you will open yourself up. You will relax, and you will lower your defenses. You will relax, and you can feel your body getting heavier and heavier. As you listen to the sound of my voice, you know you can trust me. You know you can do whatever I say.”

For a moment, Anthony wondered if maybe he should intervene and stop this. It sounded ridiculous when they first started, but what if this man *actually* had real power? Anthony couldn’t seriously consider the program his girlfriend, could he?

“Close your eyes and relax. You’re entranced. Nothing else exists. Until you hear me tell you to listen again, you can focus on the gem.”

The hypnotist turned back to Anthony, “What do you think?”

“This is amazing. It’s bizarre but amazing.”

“How should we program her?”

Anthony hesitated for several long seconds. The hypnotist was talking right in front of Sara like she couldn’t understand, so he had to ask, “We can just talk now?”

“That’s right. She won’t remember any of this. This is a trance. It’s serious, and you don’t have to worry. I’ve been practicing for a long time.”

“That’s incredible,” Anthony said.

“Go on. How would you like me to fix her?”

“What makes you think there’s something wrong with her?”

“You wouldn’t have answered my message if you were happy,” the hypnotist said. He always seemed to make those simple, insightful points.

“I want her to be obedient,” Anthony said. Then he stopped himself, suddenly shocked by what he just told this stranger.

“Go on,” the hypnotist said. “You can be honest.”

Anthony glanced down at his dark-haired girlfriend again. He waited for her to lift her head, to glare at him, jump up, and maybe slap him across the face.

But now, she remained entranced and utterly fixated on the gem as it drifted lazily back and forth.

“I want her to be obedient,” he said more forcefully this time. “I want to be able to take control.”

“That’s not all, is it?”

Anthony couldn’t help but think back to their last argument, the one where she complained that he only saw her as a sex object. They went on vacations, on dates, they played games, flirted, and relaxed together. He had no idea how she could accuse him of only craving sex when he spent so much time with her!

“And I want to be able to make her horny,” he said. “I want to be able to transform her into a dumb, obedient slut who’ll do

whatever I demand.”

Anthony paused again, surprised by the vitriol and his voice. Yes, he loved her, and he wanted to believe he would always put up with her, but maybe that wasn't true after all.

The hypnotist smiled again. “I can do that. You sure?”

“Yes.” Anthony spoke more emphatically than he had intended. And yet, he had no more patients for her outbursts, her spontaneous desperation to fight and argue with him.

“Okay,” said the hypnotist. “We can make this happen. I'm going to implant a trigger phrase in her mind. When you tell her this command phrase, she will become your plaything. She will feel compelled to do whatever you say, no matter how ridiculous.”

“I understand,” Anthony said. “Let's do it.”

“Sara,” the hypnotist began, “Focus on the sound of my voice. Focus on the sound of my voice and the movements of the gem in front of you. Study it. Watch it. Feel it. With every swing back and forth, you can feel my voice slide into your thoughts. I'm going to give you a few suggestions. When you hear the right phrase, you will obey those suggestions. You will feel so good as you do. You will feel like a giant weight has been lifted from your shoulders, and you will start to act differently. You behave differently for your boyfriend.”

Anthony stood back and watched. He could have stopped the hypnotist at so many different points, only he didn't. Instead, he watched and listened as his girlfriend was programmed.

And now, he had the triggers. He could trigger Sara and turn her into a completely different person.

Years went by. Through this entire time, Anthony put up with her outbursts and her arguments whenever she became volatile and irrational. Every day, he could say one thing or touch her and she'd be fine with it. He could walk up to her and wrap his arms around her, squeezing her tight as he told her how much he loved her.

Then there would be some random instance where he would try this, and she would wiggle away, spinning on him before saying, “Don't do that! You don't get to touch me!”

Obviously, he would look at her with a look of confusion and hurt on his face. But then she would say, “No. It doesn’t matter if you want to hold me. You don’t get to. You can’t just walk up to me and hug me whenever you feel like it.”

Really? He couldn’t? Why not?

And of course, Sara never bothered asking him for permission if *she* wanted to wrap her arms around him. In fact, there were those times when he would be busily working on his laptop, calculating equations and programmatic architecture for his various clients, but she would have no problem sliding her arms around his torso, kissing his neck, and saying something like, “I’m *bored*. Play with me!”

Whatever.

Then his patience with her broke.

He decided he would break up with her.

There was that moment when he was exhausted, but she had a hard day at work, and she came home and said, “Give me a massage.”

“I can’t,” he said, “I have a deadline.”

“No,” she said. “I’m more important event some stupid deadline!”

Anthony worked online. He had to keep his clients happy. If he messed up one contract, he could be blacklisted way too easily. Yes, he made good money, but only so long as he could keep those customers satisfied. He thought about trying to explain all of this, but one glimpse of his girlfriend’s pouty face made it clear she wouldn’t cooperate.

“Sara...”

She put her hands on her hips and stood there just a few feet away.

He thought about saying, “I can’t do this anymore.” This was technically his apartment, but he almost burst out laughing because he knew she would never move out. When I first got together, she had been living in a dump on the south side. This place was way nicer, and she probably wouldn’t agree to leaving.

That's why he tried something else, "Red, red, blue, green, red, red."

As he said the words, she had this really confused look on her face. But then he finished the final triggering word, and her muscles relaxed. She no longer had her arms crossed over her chest. Instead, they fell to her sides, and she stood there, limp and relaxed like a puppet or mannequin.

There.

He spoke the words.

Anthony waited, confused. He expected her to look at him with some contemptuous expression. Her lips should have pulled back, her eyes should have narrowed, and she should have spat some wickedly cruel insult.

Then something strange happened.

She smiled, and she asked, "What can I do for you?" She sounded like some adorably obsequious server at a restaurant.

"How do you feel?"

"Horny," she said. "But also like I should do whatever you tell me?" She definitely narrowed her eyes and looked off to the side. Before she could really question it, she shrugged and said, "Oh well. I think it's fine." His cute girlfriend shrugged and asked, "What would you like me to do?"

Anthony knew exactly what he craved, so he glanced down at the spot beside his chair. "Sit on the floor and wait quietly," he said, which should have been an impossibility for a girl like her.

Although he had a lot of work to do, Anthony couldn't help but marvel at the site before him as his girlfriend lowered herself down onto the carpet, crossed her legs, and seemed to relax.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she said. "I'm just doing what you told me to do."

"Really?"

She smiled at him, reached up, and started to twist some of her dark hair around one fingertip. "I can stop moving if you want," she said.

"No," he replied. "It's okay. It's cute."

For a moment, he remembered exactly how it felt when he first saw her. She had been so adorable there at a bar with some of her friends. Anthony normally didn't hit on random girls he didn't know, but there was just something fantastic about the way she smiled and laughed, how her hair curved along the top of her head and cascaded down her back. He had loved the slender lines of her neck, the warmth of her smile, and the melody of her voice. Something about this girl drew his attention, making it impossible to think about anything else.

"I'm glad you like it," she said demurely with an endearing curve of her lips.

After that, Anthony puffed out his cheeks, and he went back to work.

Even as he dealt with complicated patterns and glitches within the system, he nonetheless wondered if this was some kind of trick, like Sara was just messing with him. He didn't think this could be a trick. More to the point, he didn't believe Sara had the patience for something like this.

Then again, his girlfriend could surprise him.

After a few seconds, he got back to work and soon lost himself in the flow of dealing with different lines of code, complicated calculations, and elaborate statistical models.

Then he ran another test, and everything worked perfectly. When the border around his test icon turned green, he knew it had worked.

He pushed his seat away, glanced down, and saw Sara waiting there patiently.

"Hey there," he said. He lifted his arms over his head, and he stretched.

"Did you get all of your work done?" Sara asked cheerfully.

"I did," he said.

"Does that mean you would like to play with me?"

"That depends," he said with more confidence now. "What kind of game did you have in mind?"

At this point, she nibbled on her bottom lip and stared down at the floor like she was too shy to admit what she really needed.

“Do you want me to take you back into the bedroom and play with you?”

She looked up at him before bobbing her head down and back again. “Okay,” he said. He reached down, took his girl by the hand, and tugged her along. He pulled her back into their bedroom. Then he looked at her and said, “Strip.”

This was something he had wanted to do with her for a long time, but he had always resisted the temptation because he never knew how she'd react. But since Sara had been able to sit by his desk and wait quietly for him to finish his work, he thought she might be able to handle this.

For an instant, he thought she might have hesitated, like her lips started to curve into a frown, and maybe her eyes narrowed slightly. Or it could have been his imagination because she reached down, pinched the tab on her zipper, and pulled.

Her black skirt fell away, and then she peeled off her T-shirt. Wearing just her bra and panties now, she smiled at him before playfully placing her hands on her hips.

“Would you like me to do a little spin for you?”

This wasn't like Sara. It wasn't like her at all. But then she blinked again, and she seemed confused.

Before she could ask a question, he said, “Yes, do a little spin for me.”

At once, the disorientation faded from her face, and she obeyed.

Anthony marveled at her compliance. She had never been this cooperative before. Even when he had asked her very gently for a treat like this, she had always turned it into something else, some complaints about her own inadequacies or an argument against the male gaze.

Whatever.

She did a little spin, and he marveled at her perfect body. He loved the curves of her legs, her flat stomach, the contours of her breasts, and the way the light played along her eyes and dark hair.

Then he marched toward her, grabbed her, pulled on her ponytail, and heard her moan as he leaned to down to kiss her.

Before he activated her programming, Sara never would have cooperated with something like this. She would have slapped him across the face and complained about him. She would have brought up some insensitive thing he had said six months before.

But now, she moaned. She pushed herself up against his body and rubbed herself on him.

Instinctively, he dropped his hand between her legs, and he rubbed to fingers up against her crevice. He still had her black panties between her crevice and his hand, but he didn't care.

He could already feel the excitement begin to soak into her underwear.

"Yes, please," she gasped. "Please, more," she moaned between kisses.

"You're going to have to earn it," he said with more frustration in his voice and then he had expected.

"How can I please you?" Sara asked.

"Down on the bed," he said.

She started to turn around, but he growled, "I changed my mind." That's when he grabbed her by the wrist, yanked her close, and reached up to unhook her bra. He used both hands. His fingers moved quickly, loosening the clasp. Then he pulled the cups away from her chest, exposing her nipples.

Anthony enjoyed himself as his hands shot up to her chest, and he grabbed at her. He savored the soft give of her flesh beneath his palms. He reveled in the way her nipples hardened underneath his touch.

"Hands behind your back," he commanded as his confidence grew.

Before her programming, Sara never, ever would have gone along with this. But now, she closed her eyes and panted as the arousal pumped through her body. She wanted this. She wanted this and so much more.

"Good girl," he said as he toyed with her. He played with her buttons, turning her nipples to be left, the right, pressing down and gently caressing them. He circled his fingertips along her chest until she shifted her feet, practically kicking down against the floor.

“Please, I can’t take this! It’s too much!”

He brought one hand away from her chest, grabbed her ponytail, and pulled her close. “I’m in charge,” he said. “What does that make you?”

“A slave,” she said. “*Your* slave.”

“Smart girl,” he said right before he kissed her.

Another moan of ecstasy vibrated from deep within her throat.

She had never given herself over to sex like this before, but it was so intense. He had never been this hard as he rubbed himself against her. Having her close like this was incredible. The intoxicating arousal pumped through his body as he savored the taste of her lips and the way she squirmed against him. He held her tight with one arm around her waist. He had the other set against the back of her head where he could hold her ponytail.

If she tried to pull away, he tugged, delivering just a little jolt of pain.

“On the bed,” he ordered.

She scurried to obey, but just as she was about to lie down, he said to her, “And lose the panties.”

Sara glanced at him again. She may have been hypnotized and programmed to obey, but something still held her back as she hooked her thumbs into the elastic. Then she pulled down that thin barrier.

He looked at his girl, studied her beautiful, naked body, and marveled at what he could do with her.

“Mine,” he said, growling the words like some feral promise.

That’s when he pounced, grabbing her, straddling her, holding her down, and locking her hands above her head. He pushed his palms to her wrists, shoved his weight down, and savored the little look of panic on her face.

But there was something else too.

Arousal.

Maybe she tried to hide it. Perhaps the programming didn’t allow her. Either way, those feelings leaked out onto her beautiful face. Then he pressed to down, closed his eyes, and kissed her. His lips brushed along hers with soft, teasing caresses at first.

As the heat coalesced through his body and hers, he pressed down, harder now. Their lips teased one another as their tongues flirted. He felt that dance as he let go of her wrists. Then he pulled back for just a moment and said, "Don't move. Don't you dare move."

Her eyes widened for a moment, and he thought he saw something else there in her expression, but he could have been wrong.

Anthony let go, and he kissed her again. This time, he slid one hand along the top of her head as he savored at the soft, smooth lines of her hair. Then he cupped her cheeks before caressing her neck, her sides, and her breasts. He put his palms to her nipples and rubbed it. He grabbed her, fondling her and savoring the heat and movements of her body.

He told her not to move, and she dutifully kept her hands above her head, yet this girl squirmed as the desires pumped through her body.

"That's right," he said. "This is where you belong. This is who you are now."

He expected some kind of acquiescence, some sort of surrender. But then he looked away from her chest and there was something that flashed across her face.

He couldn't read her expression, not exactly. He couldn't decide precisely what she was thinking or feeling.

Then Anthony decided he didn't care.

She was hot and horny. She craved this like nothing else.

"Serve me," he ordered. At some other place or time, those words should have sounded ridiculous, but he sat up straight, reached down, and unzipped his pants.

He pulled out his cock, and he was already hard. Kissing her, touching her, and playing with her had stoked those fires.

She pressed her lips together. "Get over here and give me a blow job," he demanded.

Anthony looked back at Katherine. The confidence flowed through his body because he knew he could get away with this. It worked. It really worked. He could see it in her every gesture and

movement. Perhaps she didn't know how to acknowledge it. Maybe she wasn't even really aware of it, but this girl was different.

She had changed.

"Blowjob," he said. "Now." He snapped his fingers and pointed to the spot in front of him.

Katherine should've blinked nervously, maybe glanced down, and ultimately obeyed him. She should have resisted those reflexes, only to find herself crawling over to him anyway.

Instead, she rose to her feet, wagged her finger, and said, "I think that's enough of that."

"What?" Anthony asked, dumfounded. She wasn't supposed to move with this sort of confidence.

The uncertainty, the desire to please, and the barely controlled arousal disappeared from her face. Instead, she smiled playfully as though this had been a game, one he didn't understand.

"Anthony, Anthony, Anthony," said the dark-haired girl as she straightened her back and rose to her feet. When she looked down at her boyfriend now, she exuded a different kind of confidence. "Did you really think that would work on someone like me?"

"What are you talking about?" Anthony asked with as much ferocity and gravitas as he could manage. Unfortunately, the nervous energy pulsed through his body, and he worried about what she was really thinking and hearing as he spoke.

"I'm talking about your hypnotist. That was a test."

"What? But, but it worked on you!"

A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. She leaned down and pressed one hand to his shoulder. "No," she said. "It *never* worked on me. It was a trick. It was a trap, a trap for you, Anthony. You see, I wanted to determine whether or not I could trust you."

"But..." Anthony scoured his brain for fresh words as he searched for some kind of defense he might be able to mount. Unfortunately, nothing came to mind. His thoughts fuzzed into static as he stared at her.

"But guess what?" Katherine continued, "That hypnotist was real. She gave you exactly what you deserve."

“*She?*” Anthony questioned. “The hypnotist was a guy. I talked to him. You talked to him!”

“It’s fascinating to stop and think about memory, especially its fundamental subjectivity. As a culture, we love the idea of eyewitnesses, but the mind is malleable. Give someone the right drug, the proper conditions, plus the correct stimuli, and you can turn him into an obedient plaything.”

His lips parted. He heard every word, but he couldn’t believe her.

“No,” he said. “This is some kind of trick!”

“Anthony,” she said. “Red, green, blue, yellow, yellow, red, green, blue.”

He heard the words, and suddenly his memories began to shift. He could feel the ripples behind his eyes as different images unlocked. The barriers fell, and suddenly he remembered the hypnotist. It *wasn’t* a man. It was a woman. A woman with blonde hair. Blue eyes. Her hair tied back into a bun. She had worn a dark suit. When they first sat down in the audience, he thought she looked more like an accountant.

The hypnotist had called on him. He had gone up there, and she had whispered something into his ear before he watched a blue gem lazily drift back and forth. Then there was her voice, telling him to relax, telling him he didn’t need to remember this.

“What did you do to me?”

Anthony scrambled back as he glanced over his shoulder.

“I had you programmed,” she said. “I did exactly what you were hoping to do to me. But guess what, Anthony? Yes, one of us will become a plaything, but it’s not going to be me.”

“This...isn’t you,” he said as he started to back up toward the door. He needed to run for the exit, to break outside into the cold air, to fill his lungs with the wintry chill, and to hide as he collected his thoughts.

He couldn’t really accept that his girlfriend had this kind of power or that he had been laboring under some kind of preprogrammed delusion for the last three years.

“Are you sure about that?” Katherine teased. “Just stop and think about it, Anthony. For as long as we have dated, you thought I was insecure brat, the kind of girl who doesn’t know what she really wants. Well, you were wrong. I know *exactly* what I want.” She reached over for one of the dresser drawers, slid it open, and took out a collar. A dog collar. When he saw it, his eyes got big.

“You know what this is,” she said. “It’s a symbol of control and ownership. When I put this on you, you won’t be able to break free from your programming. It’s going to be a constant reminder. It’ll reinforce your obedience so you will do everything in your power to please me. You won’t worry about your stupid job or anything else. Making me happy. That’s it. That’s all you are going to care about.”

He shook his head, turned around, and started to take a step forward.

“Stop.”

Her one-word command rippled out through the air, vibrated along his skin, and seized control of his limbs.

“You aren’t going anywhere,” she said to her frozen boyfriend. She walked up to him.

Until now, he had always wondered whether or not this could be real. He had held onto her trigger phrase because he didn’t know if it could actually work. But then he tried it, and he thought he saw what it could do.

Now he truly believed because he had no choice. Anthony experienced the power of hypnosis flared through his body.

Buried, unconscious suggestions locked him in place.

Intellectually, he could tell himself that he was in control. But that was the thing about the human mind, Anthony understood. So many of the decisions people made may have felt conscious and based on free will, but were they? Were they really? He remembered his psychology professor pointing out that people could drive without thinking, performing thousands of complicated calculations without actually thinking. Simultaneously, a dog or a deer might run into the road, but people never consciously thought about what they were about to do. Instead, they acted without thinking.

Clearly, there was more to the human mind than explicitly considered decisions.

Anthony discovered this even more intimately for himself as his girlfriend circled her boy.

“What? You don’t want to be collared? You don’t want to wear this out in front of your friends, your coworkers? You don’t want people at the grocery store to see you in a dog collar and know that you’re owned?”

His body may have frozen, but Anthony found he could still speak. “No. Please, don’t do this,” he begged. He knew he sounded pathetic, yet Anthony still couldn’t stop himself.

“Don’t worry,” she said. “You’ll get used to captivity.” She slipped the collar around his neck, pulled it tight, and locked it on. “You aren’t allowed to touch it. But you can try if you want.”

Suddenly, his arms could move again. He didn’t know how his unconscious mind interpreted her commands, but he remained trapped, almost as though his feet had been locked to the floor with invisible shackles.

Even if he couldn’t escape, he might be able to break through the hypnotic programming. It was a nice thought, and it gave him hope for the next few seconds as he lifted his arms and tried to reach for the double click on his collar. He only had to press down on two sides of a plastic clasp and pop it open.

His fingers could move along at the canvas fabric of his dog collar. He could pull on it and tugged on it, but he couldn’t work the clasp.

Anthony tried again and again. He worked frantically, and his girlfriend watched.

She studied him for nearly a minute, perhaps marveling at her power over him.

“Go to your bed,” she said. “Strip naked, and lie down.”

He turned his head in her direction, and he asked, “What? Why?”

Unfortunately, he wouldn’t get an answer because his body started moving even before he finished asking.

Moments later, he found himself on top of his mattress, kneeling as he unbuttoned his shirt. He pulled it off. He took off his shoes, his socks, pants and boxers. It all happened so fast.

Soon, he was naked.

His girlfriend stood just a few feet away. Katherine grinned at him, "Very nice. Lay down, slave."

"No," he said. "I'm *not* a slave."

"Tell me you're a slave."

Anthony fought with everything he had to just shut his mouth. That was all he had to do: keep his lips pressed together. He didn't care how he looked or even what sounds he made. He only needed to jumble the noises until he proved she couldn't control him.

Despite his best efforts, his mouth perfectly articulated what she expected, "I'm a slave."

"And whose slave are you?"

Again, his mouth didn't hesitate. "I'm your slave," Anthony said.

"Good boy," she said.

By this point, he was down on his back.

He started to rise, but she ordered, "Stay." She may as well have been talking to a pet dog. Her tone brimmed with confidence and authority.

Trapped by her command, he stayed there on his back. "Hands over your head," she said next. "Cross your wrists."

Again, he obeyed.

Standing just a few feet away, she decided to be clear with him. "What did you want?"

Since that wasn't in order, he apparently didn't have to answer.

"Tell me," she demanded a few seconds later. "Tell me what you wanted."

"I wanted a dumb slut. I wanted a sex slave!"

"That's exactly what I thought," she said, disappointed. She shook her head and told him, "You don't get to own a slave. You're a boy." She made that sound all-encompassing, like his sex would limit any option he might have had.

That's when Anthony swallowed as he considered what that hypnotist had done. The blonde with her hair tied back into that severe bun could have worked with dozens of men, maybe more. All across the country, hypnotized males like himself could be working toward some other agenda, and they might not even know it.

But then it hardly mattered because his girlfriend climbed on top of him, straddled him, and leaned down.

Right before her lips brushed along his mouth, she said, "Kiss me."

He obeyed at once. Trapped in place by her commands, he had no choice but to press his lips to hers as they started kissing. Their mouths teased one another, flirted with one another, and played with one another.

Then she pulled back and said, "Look at me. Don't close your eyes."

She leaned in and kissed him again.

As he studied the contours of her face, he knew he wouldn't be able to escape.

And yet, he had to try.

That's why he wiggled and squirmed beneath her.

Technically, a slender girl like Katherine never would have had any chance in terms of trying to hold him down, yet she didn't use simple weight or mass. Instead, the hypnotic programs trapped him, rendering him utterly powerless.

"You're trying to fight this—you're trying to fight me," she said after breaking off the kiss. "That's so cute. You really think you stand a chance, don't you?" A moment later, she rendered his answer irrelevant, "It doesn't matter what you think. It doesn't matter how you feel either. In fact, serve me with your mouth. Show me just how well you can lick me, Anthony."

Up until this moment, he had naïvely believed he knew how to pleasure his girlfriend. He thought he could climb on top of her, fondle her breasts, and grope her to completion.

Wrong.

But now, she sat on his face, pressed her pussy down against his lips, and the hypnotic suggestion swept through his body again.

His arms and legs remained locked to the mattress as she rode him. She pressed her crevice down against his lips, and he licked diligently, sliding his tongue along her sex. He penetrated her, flicking the tip up and down, left and right.

“Try for the alphabet,” she teased.

His eyes widened as he looked up along the length of her body.

Sure enough, his tongue started to work. It obeyed her suggestion rather than his own desires.

Then she decided to really torture him.

She braced her weight on one hand. With the other, she reached back and took his shaft in her palm. She stroked him with her fingertips, just gently squeezing and caressing this boy as his need mounted.

Like an obedient slave, Anthony continued to lick, sliding his tongue all along her opening. He could feel the swollen curve of her clitoris as he teased that button and pleased her.

Hot satisfaction roiled through her, but only half of it came from those physical sensations. The other half? Power.

For so long, she wanted real control over her boyfriend. Worse, she had tried to manipulate him.

But then he broke and gave into the temptation.

Now she knew he didn't deserve the chance to be her equal. So instead, he would become her slave. This knowledge sent flickering herself satisfaction through her body. She grinned and touched him, listening as he moaned beneath her.

Like so many other boys, Anthony he didn't believe she could be in control.

Katherine grinned and said, “That's right. Keep licking. Lick your superior. Lick your owner. Show me why boys deserve to be tied down on their backs.”

He whimpered something, and that's when she pulled away just long enough to hear him say, “No. You can't. You can't do this to me!”

“Maybe you'll feel better if I tied you to the bed,” she said.

“You can't! I won't let you!”

She pulled away, skipped over to one of the drawers, and found a pair of red ribbons. She brought them back and looked down at him. "Go on then," Katherine teased. "Stop me. Come on, Anthony. You think you're this big, powerful man. Show me what you can do. Stop me from tying you down."

He couldn't. The commands trapped him there on the bed, face up and powerless.

That's why she could so easily slip the ribbons around his wrists and pull his arms toward the headboard.

Just like that, she made his hypnosis irrelevant.

"That's what you need to understand," she said. "The collar, the suggestions, all of that is only one layer of your imprisonment. Like right now, I bet I can make you thank me for trapping you."

His brows creased with confusion. "What?" Anthony spat. "Never!"

She smiled, rolled her shoulders, and climbed up onto the bed again. Now she positioned herself right between her slave's legs before she reached down with one hand and caressed his balls. With her other hand, she rubbed the heel of her palm up along his shaft.

By this point, he was desperately, pathetically aroused. The yearning pumped through him as she teased him, gently touching him.

"Is there something you want to say?" Katherine asked innocently.

He tried to stay silent.

"Please..." The word broke from his mouth. He hated the sound. He hated how meek he must have seemed to his girlfriend, but she already knew who he really was. More importantly, she already knew what he needed from her.

"What was that?" Katherine teased.

"I, I'm not going to thank you!" he vowed.

"What about now?" Katherine asked as she rubbed his length and subjected him to gentle, teasing, methodical movements lighting up and down his most sensitive part.

A groan of uncontrollable need rushed through his chest as he arched his back, but it didn't matter whether or not he could break

her mind control. That hypnotist, whoever she had been, did an excellent job, but now he was tied down.

His wrists strained against of the ribbons, but the fabric didn't stretch or tear. It pressed down against his flesh, making his fingertips tingle. The fabric dug into his skin as he strained his muscles, only to remain trapped.

“How about now?”

He didn't answer.

“Now?”

Anthony still held out while she tormented his cock with need and anticipation. He had never stayed on the edge like this before, denied and powerless.

“What about now? Are you ready to demonstrate your gratitude?”

He broke.

With this beautiful girl manipulating and massaging his manhood, he had no choice. The desperation overwhelmed him, crushing everything he wanted to believe about himself.

“Thank you! Thank you for trapping me!”

“And enslaving you?”

“Thank you for enslaving me!”

Katherine climbed back up onto his face, lowered her split down, and then she gave him a one-word command. “Lick.”

Again, with the same diligence from before, he moved his tongue up and down. He tasted her excitement and endured the heat of her opening as she used him. From one moment to the next, hot desperation pulsed through his body.

Then she pulled away.

“Say it again.”

“Thank you,” he answered. “Thank you for trapping me.”

The corners of her eyes crinkled with amusement as she lowered herself down along the length of his body.

Because she could, she took his cock in her hand, and now she lowered herself down onto his member. Enveloping him, she pressed in on Anthony from every direction as the walls of her pussy tightened around him.

He felt the captivity, both mental and physical. He had no choice but to accept it. He had fallen into her trap, lost control, and no longer deserved his freedom.

Anthony bristled for a moment as he started to wonder whether or not any of his memories could be trusted, especially since she had is so thoroughly reprogrammed him.

But then it didn't matter.

He gave in, thrusting up into her.

"You can't climax, not without my permission," she said.

His eyes widened to the size of quarters as he processed those words.

Like some stubborn, immature boy, he tried to lose himself to an orgasm. He clenched down and tried to let it happen, but his body refused to obey. Katherine looked down at him. She grinned even as she savored the frantic heat of his body while he jerked his hips up and down and some futile attempt to defy her.

"Are you going to give me all of your passwords?"

He didn't understand, not at first.

Poised above him, she walked her fingers along his chest as she teased, "Are you going to agree to a chastity cage? Will you agree to wear the collar every day? Will you agree to be my slave?"

That's when Anthony finally figured it out.

"Yes. Yes, Katherine!"

"Mistress," she replied.

At some other place or time, this title would have sounded theatrical and ridiculous. But his girlfriend had him, so he acquiesced right away. There was no hesitation, not this time.

"Yes, Mistress!"

She grabbed his collar and pulled on it. He had to lift his neck even as his girlfriend rode him. She moved her hips up and down. She savored the sliding friction of his body against hers. She enjoyed the way he fit inside of her, a captive trapped in the dark.

She pumped him, harder and faster.

"Please, Mistress! Please!"

This time, he must've struck the right note of need and surrender because she threw her head back in laughed. Then she

called down to her slave boy, "Now. Come for me right now."

He didn't get to make a conscious decision. This wasn't him acting on his own.

Instead, Anthony's body seemed to respond to her command.

His shaft started to pulsate. He could feel it along every inch of his body. His toes curled, his member throbbed, and he pumped into her as fast as he could.

Distantly, he heard her cry out as she reveled in the ecstasy of command, the power she wielded, and the joy of ownership.

Then Katherine pulled away. Gasping, she looked down at him. She kissed him on the mouth. It was a possessive, domineering movement.

And then she said, "Say it again."

"Thank you, Mistress," Anthony replied, fully aware that he would never escape this trap.

The End