



DEEP HYPNOSIS

**A Forced Femme Story
of Bisexual Domination**

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By Sonia Palmer

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Deep Hypnosis is an explicit 9,400-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience. It includes forced feminization, cross-dressing, erotic hypnosis, male and female domination, erotic humiliation, male and feminized sissy submission, oral sex, and references to strap-on domination, erotic humiliation, cuckolding, infidelity, male bisexuality and homosexuality, tease and denial, and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Book Description for Deep Hypnosis: A Forced Femme Story of Bisexual Domination

Once upon a time, submissive Rick begged for his wife, Rhonda, to cuckold him... dominate him... even enslave him. She did, and found it was very much to her taste. But Rick didn't know just how far she would take it, especially when she began to feminize him.

She took it *far*... so far that Rick started whining about her infidelities. And not just about that. Rick's been whining about how hard his wife's been "training" him. Bitching about how many guys she fucks. Showing reluctance when she makes him dress up. He even complains about being called "Ricki"... when he was the one with the perverted sissy fantasies.

Rhonda seeks help through Dr. Mercado, a psychotherapist and hypnotist.

The tall, handsome, seductively confident doctor has had a lot of experience in areas just such as this. He seems to know everything there is to know about "polyamory," "non-monogamy," "negotiated total power exchange." Dr. Mercado even seems to know what really goes on in Rick's pervy mind. Even the things Rick's too scared to tell Rhonda.

Dr. Mercado even seems to know the things Ricki's too scared to admit to herself...

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Deep Hypnosis by Sonia Palmer

Doctor Mercado seemed to be suppressing a smile as he asked Rick, "When your wife has relations with these other men, does she use protection?" When Rick didn't answer right away, because he was so embarrassed, Dr. Mercado helped him out.

He continued: "Or does Rhonda go bareback?"

That word. Until then, Dr. Mercado's language had been strictly clinical, although Rick's hadn't always been. How could it be, with what he was describing?

"Well, Ricki? Which is it? Or does she change it up? Using protection with some, going full natural with others? From what you've described to me, there have been quite a lot of them. Surely, there must be some kind of trend. Does she fuck them bareback or not?"

Those words.

There were three words in Dr. Mercado's aggressive question that made Rick feel stabs of humiliated excitement.

First there was *Ricki*, the name by which Dr. Mercado had been instructed to call Rick. This was, per Rhonda's phone call to the hypnotist -- she had set up the appointment -- the name that her husband preferred to be known by, now that he was a sissy faggot cuckold.

Rick could have corrected Dr. Mercado once he was here in his office. After all, Rhonda was nowhere to be seen, and Dr. Mercado had assured him that everything said would be confidential. But he hadn't.

Instead, when Dr. Mercado had asked Rick to confirm that he wished to be addressed as "Ricki," Rick had imagined any of two dozen tortures that his wife might visit upon him if he somehow let it slip to her -- or if Dr. Mercado did -- that he'd asked the doctor to call him by his real name. He

could have explained that it was Rhonda, not Rick, who insisted on the more feminine nickname. He could have even asked Dr. Mercado to help him extract himself from the tangled mess of a cuckold relationship that had grown from his early confession of his filthy fantasies to his wife.

But he hadn't. He'd just nodded and said, "Yes, that's right," and now every time Dr. Mercado used his more feminine sobriquet, Rick felt a stab of humiliated arousal.

Then, as far as words go, there was *fuck*, of course. Dr. Mercado had not used that word before, although Ricki had let it slip, several times, unable to censor himself as the tears flowed and he told the humiliating story. Up until now, Dr. Mercado's full lips had only formed such words as *intercourse*, *relations*, *coitus*, or *physical intimacy*.

Now, it was *fuck*, and that's what Rhonda did with her boyfriends. *Fuck*, or *get fucked*. In every way, in every hole...

Bareback. That word had an even more powerful charge for Rick, because of what Rhonda would do with him afterwards. Sometimes once her lover or lovers for the night had retired to the shower, or already dressed and departed. Other times... while they stretched on the bed beside the happy couple, watching as "Ricki," humiliated, ate the fresh cum from his wife's ripe pussy... and sometimes her ass.

All of those words had a viscerally sexual effect on Rick, especially coming from the handsome doctor's full, sexy lips. He could not believe he had just thought that, but those lips *were* sexy. In fact, he'd been watching them whenever Dr. Mercado spoke. There was something deliciously sensual about how they moved. He could imagine them doing things to Rhonda... kissing her mouth, her neck, her breasts, her cunt.

Rick was intensely embarrassed for thinking about that.

Rick was here to get help, not to indulge in those dirty fantasies Rhonda had all but beaten into him.

Or... was it Rick who had beaten those fantasies into Rhonda?

He had asked for this, after all.

#

Yes, Rick had asked for it. No, not just asked for it... begged for it. He'd practically guilt-tripped Rhonda into trying it.

But once the cuckolding had gotten started, Rhonda was the one who found herself addicted.

Now, he begged Rhonda to stop.... on a regular basis.

That obviously wasn't going to happen.

Rhonda had grown very attached to their lifestyle. She liked fucking other guys, and she didn't approve of Rick's newfound reluctance. Did he love her or not? She said over and over again, lately, that she was starting to question whether Rick was still in love with her.

"Am I just a way for you to live out your fantasies?" she asked him accusingly. "Or do you really love me?"

Rick didn't know the answer to that. That's why Rhonda suggested they seek some couples' counseling to try to sort out their differences.

Rhonda was referred to Dr. Mercado by one of her girlfriends. He was said to be experienced with couples involved in non-typical "exploration" of "marital structures." He knew how to work within a framework of "non-monogamy," "polyamory," even "power exchange." the way he talked about such things on his website... well, it all seemed very convincing.

Even more convincing was the fact that Dr. Mercado had professional training in hypnotherapy as well as regular psychotherapy and couples' counseling. Back when Rick would secretly jerk off, he'd go *nuts* to some of those perverted hypnosis downloads designed to turn the male listener into

a total cocksucking faggot sissy. Of course, he wasn't like that, no matter what Rhonda said. He jerked off to that stuff -- or he used to -- and he did love to see Rhonda with other guys. And he liked to be dominated. But that didn't make him gay or anything. Hell, he'd listened to hundreds of those audio files and even watched those "cocksucker training" videos he'd downloaded. It didn't make him want to suck off other guys or anything. Not even the guys he watched Rhonda with. Not *really*. Sure, the occasional fantasy, but not *really*. He didn't actually *want* to suck cock, and that's after listening to all of those hypno downloads! Rick might be a cuckold, but he was straight, and he knew it.

Rick's reluctance had melted once he'd seen Dr. Mercado. What a hunk! It's not like Rick thought he was hot, so much as that he wouldn't mind seeing the doctor in Rhonda's bed. He was *just* what Rhonda found hot, and that made Rick's fantasies start running wild again. He found himself so distracted by the thought during their initial couples' session that he barely remembered what had been said.

And now, here he was with Dr. Mercado, doing the individual sessions that the good doctor had suggested. Rick had accepted that maybe someone like Dr. Mercado would help sort things out... but he still got distracted thinking about how good the tall, handsome, hunky doctor would look getting busy with Rhonda.

Rick liked that feeling... he liked it a lot. It helped him get back to the root of what had started him out wanting to be dominated. His wife was gorgeous... she deserved *cock*. Lots of cock. Rhonda's rough and near-constant domination of Rick had made it harder for Rick to accept that she deserved it. He'd fallen out of touch with the deep love for Rhonda -- and deep attraction to her -- that fueled his obsession with the cuckolding lifestyle.

Dr. Mercado had already helped Rick get that back... just by being a hunk.

But Dr. Mercado was already helping Rick in other ways. Talking to Dr. Mercado felt good. Rick liked the guy, and not *just* because he wanted to

think about seeing the guy nail his wife. Something about Dr. Mercado made Rick feel at ease... and interested in really doing "the work" required to get his strange marriage situation sorted out.

In their discussion, Dr. Mercado had already shown that he really did know about couples involved in "polyamory," "non-monogamy," and "power exchange," as Rhonda now insisted on calling it outside the bedroom.

But Dr. Mercado's understanding went much, much deeper, as his increasingly provocative questions established. He knew about cuckolding. He knew about Rick's deep need for sexual humiliation in concert with Rhonda's infidelity. Dr. Mercado understood him. Rick felt sure of that.

Maybe he understood Rick a little *too* well, in fact.

"Non-monogamy," "polyamory," "multiple partners," "threesomes," "negotiated power exchange." Those were the words Rhonda used when she told her friends about their relationship. Rick hadn't wanted his wife to share their lifestyle at first... but she had. Now all her friends knew. She told them how she fucked anyone she wanted, while Rick remained basically celibate. He didn't even get to fuck her.

And the orgasms. All of Rhonda's friends knew about that. Rhonda had *lots* of orgasms, now. Rick didn't have any. That was called "negotiated single-party chastity," according to Rhonda, and even according to all of the online FAQs linked from Dr. Mercado's website.

But there were different words Rhonda used in the bedroom. Those words were dirty.

There, Rick wasn't her "husband." He was her "slave." He was her "sissy."

There, he wasn't even Rick.

In the bedroom -- and, increasingly, elsewhere -- Rick was "Ricki," and he was his wife's "sissy faggot," her "cuckold," a "tiny-dicked loser," a "pervert" who "gets off on watching his wife take big dicks," and a "pathetic bitch who knows he can never satisfy a woman."

Those words were what ran through Rick's head when he watched his wife getting fucked in their bed -- or on the living room sofa when her dates were so horny from an evening of teasing that they couldn't wait or be bothered to let Rhonda take them to bed, or in the back seat of their car while Rick stood nearby, rock-hard in his thong panties, watching the car shake and shudder with the rhythmic humping of indeterminate shapes behind passion-fogged windows. Sometimes Rick heard them because Rhonda said them, when she got it doggy style and hung off the bed, caressing his face and growling those filthy things into Rick's ear. Sometimes Rick heard them because Rhonda's cruel voice would echo throughout his psyche, day-in, day-out. He heard those words in his head, for instance, when he took a piss break at work and had to wait for a stall because Rhonda insisted he sit to pee -- and made him wear thong-back panties of hot pink translucent lace. Rhonda knew Rick wouldn't want to risk standing at a urinal and having to pull down *those* while one of his coworkers -- or even a stranger -- pissed standing next to him. He heard the same words when he got an email from Rhonda with pictures attached of whatever guy she'd hooked up with on her lunch hour. Usually, such pictures were just face and cock, but sometimes he'd get a whole series... snapped on the fly by today's inamorata, with Rhonda's hot wet red mouth full of cock, or her shapely ass stuffed from behind while she looked over her shoulder and pursed her lips, blowing Rick a kiss.

Rick thought about that as Dr. Mercado quizzed him, using provocative language.

Rick thought, *His voice is really sexy.*

He thought, *I wonder if Rhonda wants to fuck him?*

Sensing that Rick had spaced out, Dr. Mercado snapped his fingers.

He asked, more aggressively:

"Your wife fucks men bareback, doesn't she?"

Rick's face reddened; he squirmed on the black leather loveseat. The loveseat was cushy and comfortable, but it made little squeaking sounds when he wriggled like that. The result was that Rick grew even more embarrassed.

He said, "Yes, doctor. She has relations with them... without protection."

Dr. Mercado laughed. "No, Ricki, she *fucks* them *bareback*. That is the language she's been using... why change it now?" His smile vanished and he spoke harshly. "Ricki, I tried to stay clinical, but I make it my policy to mirror my client's language, and Rhonda is my client, as are you. There needs to be consensus about what language to use to describe your relationship. So, now, it's time for *you* to mirror *my* language, Ricki. Will you do that?"

Rick said nervously, "Yes, of course, doctor." Dr. Mercado seemed mad at him. Rick didn't want that. It made his stomach do flip-flops.

Dr. Mercado said: "Your wife, Rhonda, fucks other men bareback, doesn't she, Ricki?"

"Yes, doctor."

Dr. Mercado growled: "Say it, Ricki. Just so we're clear."

"Yes, doctor, Rhonda fucks other men bareback," said Ricki. His face felt hot. Why should it be embarrassing to say "fuck" and "bareback" and even to make such an admission in general, when he'd let all those words slip already?

It was probably because of the way Dr. Mercado was looking at him. For most of Rick's humiliating story, the doctor had seemed detached, even a little bit bored. Even when Rick's eyes had filled up with tears, the doctor had seemed less than interested. The only thing that had grabbed him was when Rick began to get hard in his lacy panties... humiliatingly so. Rick had crossed his legs nervously. That was when Dr. Mercado had stared at Rick's crotch, his dark eyes narrowing. Then he'd jotted about two pages of notes, furiously, while Rick had continued his story, distracted but feeling the weight of his long-held secrecy lifting.

Now, he felt rather humiliated about all that he'd disclosed to Dr. Mercado. He hadn't meant to go into such detail, but he had. He'd described in exquisite detail the smells, sounds, and tastes of his wife fucking other men in their bed and elsewhere. He'd lingered on how she reacted to every huge cock -- maybe lingered a bit *too* much, since Dr. Mercado appeared to take note of the details and make a few notes at that point.

"And she lets them shoot their loads in her?"

"Um..." Rick said nervously, squirming and reddening.

"She lets them cum in her cunt? And then she makes you eat her out, Ricki? Rhonda makes you chow down on her gooey pussy?"

"Um... yes, doctor. Um. Yes, I guess that's one... one way to put it."

Dr. Mercado smiled at the obvious shock Rick felt at hearing this language from the doctor; Rick himself hadn't said anything quite so explicit, nor had he admitted that whenever she finished with one of her "guests," Rhonda shoved his face between her legs. Resisting would only get Rick spanked; more importantly, he knew that the blowjob he needed so desperately by that point would be withheld if he didn't "do his part" first.

But the most Rick had done was to describe the smell of the men's "semen" on his wife. He hadn't admitted eating her out afterwards.

Rick asked meekly, "How did you know, doctor?"

Dr. Mercado's smile turned into a frown.

"Don't try to hide things, Ricki. I've had a lot of experience with girls like you."

"Girls?" Rick asked nervously.

"Boys. Men. Whatever," said Dr. Mercado. "Tell me, Ricki, does your wife expect you to perform oral sex on her lovers after they engage in intercourse, too, or only before?"

"What? No! Why would she do that? She doesn't do either!" Rick sprang to his feet; he instantly wished he had not done that, for it called attention to the embarrassing boner that jutted through his skintight red stretch jeans. How the hell had Rhonda convinced him to wear these dumb things out in public, let alone to the doctor's office? *And* the white vinyl boots with the three-inch heels? *And* the lacy black tank top, which was so tight that Dr. Mercado could see how hard Rick's pierced nipples had gotten?

"I'm not gay, doctor!" Rick snapped.

"I know you're not gay, Ricki. Sit down."

"I'm not even bi." Rick's face was hot; he was so embarrassed he trembled all over. He wanted to run for the door, but he knew he could not face the humiliating walk down busy Foster Street to the subway station while he was flying his flag like this. His small but very hard dick stood out plainly through his red stretch jeans, its outline obvious both to Rick and to Dr. Mercado. It would be just as obvious to anyone seeing him on the street outside. Rick could even see a tiny wet dot at the tip.

"Of course you're not gay, Ricki. You've said that, and it's obviously true."

"I'm not even bi," Rick repeated weakly, desperate to hear the doctor acknowledge it.

"Sit your ass down, Rick," Dr. Mercado said, the first time he'd addressed Rick with such aggression.

Rick didn't know why he obeyed. He should have stormed out of there, hard-on humiliation be damned.

But he didn't. He decided to say and see if the doctor could really offer him help. Tears welled up in his eyes again. He didn't know why he felt so overwhelmed. It was something about having the hot doctor call him "Rick" instead of Ricki. *No!* Dr. Mercado was not hot. Well, yes, he was *hot*, but only for *Rhonda*. He would not mind one bit seeing those gorgeous lips all over his wife... nor would he doubt that the doctor's slacks held a cock that would look positively delicious slamming into Rhonda's tight holes while she undulated on their bed and called Ricki names...

Dr. Mercado said, "Importantly, Ricki, I think that I did hit a nerve there. You say you're not bisexual, and I hear you. The concern becomes, then, why is it you wish to see other men have relations with your wife... while she calls you names, sexually denies you, even refuses to let you pleasure yourself." Dr. Mercado seemed to take wicked pleasure in repeating himself in plainer terms: "Rhonda won't even let you jerk off. And you let her control you like that, even when she spreads her legs for real men's dicks."

Rick opened his mouth to interrupt, but Dr. Mercado talked over him.

"Your words, Ricki. 'Real men,' that's what you called them." Rick racked his brains to remember himself using that term with Dr. Mercado... he didn't remember doing so. But anything was possible. For a while there, the words had been spilling out wildly. He had lost track of what he was saying. He wasn't sure how much detail he'd gone into. He was sure he hadn't brought up Rhonda making him eat her cummy pussy... and he *certainly* hadn't brought up the fear that someday his wife might make him "clean up" her lovers, as well as herself.

But he'd thought of it.

And as for "fluffing"? As for Rick sucking a real man's cock before he stuck it in Rhonda? That had been something he'd thought of a lot. Rhonda wouldn't do such a nasty thing, he knew... she knew he wasn't a faggot. She just *called* him that sometimes, because it made his little dick hard.

Dr. Mercado continued: "But you say you don't want to perform what some men in your situation call 'fluff jobs' on your wife's lovers. And I do understand that, Ricki, because you're not gay or bisexual. *But*, and I've seen many cases of this, Ricki, sooner or later, your wife will be tempted. You've described a certain level of emotional sadism on her part--"

"That's for sure," Ricki murmured.

"--and I can guarantee you, Ricki, sooner or later she'll bring home a bi guy who wants to stick his dick in that pretty mouth of yours--"

"Hey!" Rick started to get up again, but a stern look from Dr. Mercado made him sit down. Rick's hand went to his mouth; he covered it. He hadn't worn too any lipstick -- just a hint of that Nanette Bernier clear gloss, the one with a cherry scent and a whisper of sparkles. The cherry sent soothed him, like the few dots of perfume he'd dabbed on his shaved chest and behind his ears, where the dangly earrings tickled his jawline when he squirmed like he was doing now.

It wasn't that Rick didn't like to think about Dr. Mercado noticing his "pretty mouth." In fact, what disturbed Rick the most is that he found he liked it *too* much. He couldn't suppress the thought that bubbled up suddenly; what was the doctor *really* packing inside those slacks? He was quite tall, at least six-two, maybe six three, maybe taller. He had towered over the five-five Rick when they'd shaken hands, even with Rick wearing his white go-go boots with the heels.

Dr. Mercado was muscled and lean. Rick tried not to think about it, but he couldn't stop himself. He knew from extensive experience that men who were naturally long and lean like the doctor tended to have longer, slimmer cocks. If they were cut, sometimes they had prominent heads. If they weren't, the foreskin changed the whole landscape, and deep penetration

was harder to achieve in a pussy as tight as Rhonda's. Nonetheless, diligent effort could get a whole nine inches into her. Any longer than that, and Rhonda would have to go anal, which she often did. She was *obsessed* with the thought of accepting into her tight body *every inch* of cock that entered her bedroom. Except Rick's, naturally. To think, Rick himself had been the one to put that thought in Rhonda's head. Rick felt a hot stab of regret at confessing his fantasies to her in such detail. He'd never dreamed that she'd follow through, double down, become the cock-hungry slutwife he'd always dreamed of, and more. He'd never dreamed she would really make him eat him out after fucking another man, other *men*, sometimes two, even three in a night.

And Rick had most certainly never expected to feel himself drooling at the thought of someone like Dr. Mercado putting his cock into Rhonda. Rick's eyes filled with tears of shame. He lowered his gaze to his own crotch, examining his humiliatingly small but degradingly obvious bulge... and then furtively glancing at Dr. Mercado's, wondering if it would be as big as he'd imagined. It wouldn't be proper, of course, now that he was Dr. Mercado's client, but if Rhonda met Dr. Mercado in some other context -- online, at a pickup bar, on the street, at a party, in one of the swing clubs they'd frequented early in their "explorations" -- would she have been as intensely attracted to him as Rick felt she would?

Dr. Mercado said, "Take a deep breath, Rick. These are *hard* issues. They go *deep*. It can be *rough* to deal with them. It's better to just acknowledge the truth than to *choke* on your feelings."

Rick was sure he heard Dr. Mercado's voice emphasizing those words, but he knew that had to be his imagination. His *filthy* imagination. Rick's mind filled with images of the handsome doctor fucking Rhonda from behind, and he felt a hot wave of guilt about letting himself slip into that all-too-familiar pattern.

Dr. Mercado said: "Take a deep breath, Rick."

Rick did.

"Deeper," said Dr. Mercado. "Don't let it out right away. Breathe in... hold it."

Rick did, and let Dr. Mercado decide when he released it, with a strong "Let it out!" that had Rick feeling like he was exhaling his shame and guilt over his feelings. Even his highly inappropriate thoughts about Dr. Mercado fucking Rhonda.

"In," said Dr. Mercado. Rick felt dazed, so the doctor had to say sharply: "Ricki! *In*."

Rick obeyed, breathing in deeply, letting it out only when Dr. Mercado said to do so.

"Slowly, Ricki... count of four. In, two... three... four... hold it... and... out... two... three... four. Good, Ricki. Good. Very good. Now again, in... two... three... four..."

Rick let Dr. Mercado guide him in slow rounds of deep breathing, hearing the doctor say things like, "Fill up your lungs, Ricki," then "Fill up your chest," then, as Rick relaxed, it turned to "Fill up your tits." He was deep into the comforting sense of relaxation by then, so when Dr. Mercado began to say "Good girl!" after every few rounds, Rick did not find it shocking or even humiliating. It seemed *correct*. He could still feel his cock throbbing inside his skintight stretch jeans, so fully erect that the tip of it poked over the low-slung waistband. Rick's cock was quite small, and he knew it. After seeing his wife fuck a hundred or more men in under a year, he no longer tried to pretend that it wasn't. But the panties Rhonda had made him wear were much smaller. He could feel the string of the thong-back tugging up into his crack. As he relaxed more deeply, Rick started feeling the warmth of the leather chair under him. He no longer squirmed, but it felt like the soft leather seemed to send pulses of pleasure through the tight fabric and into his smooth-shaved butt. He could feel the pressure of the thong against his hole.

At some point, Rick's eyes had started to droop. They didn't quite close, not until Dr. Mercado said, "The good news is, I have a guided hypnosis

technique that will be very helpful. Breathe deep, Ricki... in, two, three, four... out, two, three, four... Ricki, do you need to be back at work today?"

Rick shook his head, feeling sleepy. "No," he said. "I took the day off."

"Good girl," Dr. Mercado said, and the use of the feminine passed through Rick's mind with a soothing ease. "After the treatment I have in mind, you're going to feel like a new... *person*. I don't think you'll want to go right back to work. Besides, you'll probably have things you need to do."

Rick asked, his words slurred slightly, "What kind of things?"

"Never mind that," said Dr. Mercado. "Just keep breathing, two, three, four... hold it, dear, now... out, two, three, four... good girl, Ricki. What you need to know is that if you allow me to hypnotize you... deep breath in, Ricki, two, three, four... hold it...you won't do *anything* that you don't want to do... that you haven't wanted to do for a long, long time. Let it out, Ricki, slowly, out, two, three, four, good girl. You understand that about hypnosis, don't you, Ricki? I can't make you do anything you don't already want to do... no matter how deeply I hypnotize you. That's it, breathe in, Ricki, in, two, three, four... hold it... out, two three, four... do you know that, Ricki? Do you accept that whatever you to here today, and from this point on, is something you've always wanted?"

"Of course," breathed Rick, feeling a soft sense of relaxation overtaking him. At first, he had not liked how Dr. Mercado insisted on calling him "Ricki," the way that Rhonda always did... but he'd started liking it. He liked it *lots*, now.

"Slowly in, two, three, four, Ricki... hold it... gently.... I'd like to help you understand yourself better, and let your wife do what she needs to in order to give you what you've always wanted. Now... exhale, two, three, four, good girl. Good girl, Ricki. In, two, three, four... yes, that's right, you know the way, don't you, Ricki?" He spoke slowly, his voice droning on soothingly: "In... Ricki.... out... Ricki... in... Ricki... out... Ricki..."

Rick followed every instruction, accepting the doctor's voice as he fell slowly into the deliciously pleasurable trance.

The doctor's strong voice droned on: "In... Ricki... out... Ricki... in... Ricki... out... Ricki..." The pattern of breathing slowed, and Rick felt himself sinking deeper into an uncontrolled and seemingly uncontrollable spiral of relaxation. He felt like he was being sucked into a whirlpool of warm, soothing water... but he could breathe. He could breathe better than ever. He no longer felt that tightness in his chest... he felt open, alive, receptive...

Rick already felt deeply relaxed by the time Dr. Mercado continued.

The doctor said: "If that sounds good to you, Ricki, you needn't do anything, really. Just relax. All I need you to do is relax. If you want me to take control and help you find happiness, Ricki, just say 'yes' by letting your eyes flutter closed... your heavy eyelids... so heavy... so heavy..."

Rick did not even think about it consciously. It just happened. He accepted it. He wanted to be in a trance... he wanted the doctor's help. His eyes fluttered closed. Part of his mind tried to think about whether he could trust this man. After all, only moments ago, Dr. Mercado had jumped to the conclusion that Rick was gay... or bi... or whatever... he'd thought Rick "fluffed" his wife's lovers; the doctor had very nearly called Rick a faggot...

But such thoughts were elusive. They drifted off into the pleasurable haze that filled Rick's world.

Rick heard Dr. Mercado's voice, soothing him, guiding him deeper into the deliciously relaxing trance.

Rick felt more comfortable than he ever had before. Everything seemed right. The doctor would help him accept that.

He heard the doctor's incredibly sexy, seductive voice, telling him:

"Ricki, please lift your right hand."

Rick didn't know if he did or not; he felt his hand going up, but was it him doing it? It almost felt like some unknown force lifted it for him.

"Very good, Ricki. You're a very good girl, aren't you? Put your right hand down. Now raise your left."

Again, the same thing happened. Rick felt a soft kind of pleasure to hear Dr. Mercado giving him orders... and feel his body responding without his mind being fully engaged. No more thinking. No more processing. No more feeling guilty when Rhonda said, "Eat my gooey cunt, slave," and he wiggled across the bedroom with difficulty, his wrists bound to his ankles. No more struggling to obey her and feeling a mounting sense of guilt as he did. There would be no more effort. He just had to let his mind relax while his body performed for the doctor...

"Very good girl, Ricki. Left hand down... now take your right hand, and put it in your lap. Feel how hard you are, Ricki. How hard your clit is."

Clit. That word seemed so right. Rhonda had called it that, sometimes; Rick had read it in porn as a degrading term for a very small cock. Rick knew his cock certainly qualified, but even Rhonda tended to still call it a "dick."

"Unzip your pants, Ricki." He did. "Good girl! Pull down the front of your panties." Ricki did, some distant part of him thinking the whole time that this was crazy... he didn't want Dr. Mercado to see how little he was!

"Keep breathing deeply, Rick. In... two... three... four... out... two... three... four..."

Rick. There was something not right about that word. The part of Rick's mind that still struggled with thought groped after that disconnected word... and he found his body obeying.

"Now take out your clit, Ricki."

This time, Rick did it without even thinking. His hand circled his little cock, holding it tightly. Somewhere inside him, he wanted to stroke it, but he didn't, for a very simple reason: Dr. Mercado had not told him to do so.

"Is that a dick, Ricki?"

Rick opened his mouth but didn't answer. Part of his mind was lost, distant, tangled in the fog of the doctor's words. It tried to think about whether there was an answer... and came up empty.

"Good girl," Dr. Mercado said. "Pull down your pants... that's it... panties, too, Ricki, pull them down... pull them down all the way to your ankles... that feels good, doesn't it, Ricki? Having that soft black leather against your pretty butt?"

Through the fog of relaxation, Ricki felt a sense of pleasure at having his butt called "pretty." It felt especially good to hear that word used by a man as hot as Dr. Mercado. Somewhere in his swirling mind, he wondered if Dr. Mercado really thought his butt was pretty. Did the hot doctor like his face, too? What about the rest of him?

Dr. Mercado kept saying: "Good girl... good girl... you're a very good girl, Ricki. Aren't you? Good girls do everything real men say, don't they? Aren't you a very good girl, Ricki?"

Rick kept repeating, in answer, on cue: "Yes, doctor. Yes, doctor. Yes, doctor." It felt good to say.

"Good girl," Dr. Mercado repeated again. "You're a very good girl. Now, Ricki, in a few seconds I'm going to tell you to open your eyes, Ricki. First, let's keep breathing, so deeply, so deeply... fill up your tits... fill your tits up with air, Ricki... in... two... three... four... out... two... three... four..."

Rick did as Dr. Mercado suggested, and after a few rounds, he opened his eyes on the doctor's command.

Dr. Mercado was standing. His slacks were bulging, as Rick's skintight stretch jeans had been doing earlier.

Dr. Mercado asked: "Ricki, is what's in your hand a dick?"

Ricki heard herself saying: "No, doctor."

"Is your hand holding a very small penis, Ricki?"

"No, doctor."

"Is that a tiny little cock in your hand, Ricki?"

"No, doctor." Ricki's brain felt disengaged, but something much deeper -- her *soul*, maybe? -- felt a soaring sense of pleasure at admitting the truth.

"What is that in your hand, Ricki. What is it?"

"It's a big clit," said Ricki. "It's a really big clit, doctor."

"Good girl," said Dr. Mercado. "You're being a very good girl, Ricki. You'll be a good girl from now on, won't you?"

"Yes, doctor," Ricki heard herself saying. "Of course, doctor."

"You've always *wanted* to be a good girl, haven't you, Ricki? Haven't you always been a very, *very* good girl inside, Ricki?"

"Yes, doctor."

"You've always secretly been a *very* good little slut, Ricki, isn't that right?"

"Yes, doctor." Ricki kept filling her "tits" with air, breathing deeply in the rhythm that Dr. Mercado had established. With each exhalation, she felt tension leaving her body.

"What does a good little slut do with clits, Ricki?"

"She licks them," she said.

"And what does a good little slut do with cocks, Ricki?"

Ricki stared at Dr. Mercado's bulging crotch, breathing in the easy rhythm that now came to her naturally. *More* than naturally. It seemed compulsory, like the swelling beneath her tongue as she drooled, her glossy mouth hanging open as she stared at Dr. Mercado's crotch...

"She sucks them," said Ricki. "A good girl sucks dick."

"And you know you're a good girl, Ricki," said Dr. Mercado. "You're a good little slut. You suck dick, don't you, Ricki? You *want* to suck dick? You *always* suck dick, when you get a chance, don't you, baby? And when you don't have a chance, you find one, don't you? Maybe you ask for dick, maybe you crawl to it, maybe you just watch politely till big dick is done fucking your wife and *then* you ask to clean it."

This all seemed right... it seemed *perfect*.

Ricki moaned softly, "Yes, doctor."

Inside, Ricki felt something strange... that ineffable sense deep inside her pulsing with pleasure. It was different than her mind, but somehow connected. It accepted all of this. The part of her that could still form words other than those the doctor presented for her, Ricki felt something far more overwhelming than just the sense of relaxation and acceptance. In the part of her mind that still floated, far away in the fog, disconnected, she thought:

He called me "baby."

She had never felt such pride or happiness. Not even when she'd first seen Rhonda take another man's dick. Not even when she'd kissed her wife on their wedding day. Ricki had never been happier than she was now,

staring out at the most gorgeous thing she'd ever seen, knowing that it was in her immediate future.

Ricki's whole body pulsed with pleasure as she looked at Dr. Mercado's bulging slacks.

Dr. Mercado said, "Do you see a dick in this room, Ricki?"

"Yes, doctor," Ricki said.

"And what does a slut do with dick, Ricki? *Do it.*"

Ricki was out of the loveseat in seconds, crawling, her tight red stretch pants and hot pink panties down around her ankles. She wiggled her butt as she crawled, feeling a pleasure at how luscious it was to be down on her hands and knees like a dog, the way she was when Rhonda brought men home and fucked them and made Ricki watch -- no, no, *let* Ricki watch.

The next thing Ricki knew, her face was against Dr. Mercado's bulging slacks. She rubbed her face all over the gorgeous bulge of his cock as she fumbled with his leather belt. She had never unfastened a man's belt from this end before. It was awkward, but her hands found the way. She'd never unbuttoned a man's slacks, either... or unzipped his fly... or pulled down his pants... or his jockey shorts... or moaned in delight as his giant cock bounced free and hit her across the face as she lunged up to take it deep in her mouth...

It was long and slender, like she'd thought it would be, and like many of Rhonda's lovers, Dr. Mercado was uncut. Ricki knew what to do, because she had watched Rhonda doing it so many times. His foreskin was partially retracted, because Dr. Mercado was entirely hard. But she drew the foreskin down still further, exposing the great bulk of Dr. Mercado's musky-scented head. Distantly, Ricki could remember thinking about how she'd know he would have quite a big dickhead, just like her wife preferred. Rhonda had told Ricki dicks with big, prominent dickheads did something exquisitely pleasant to her tender G-spot.

As Ricki's wet mouth glided up and down on Dr. Mercado's glorious prick, she groped after that thought, along with the one that should follow it: *Rhonda will love the way he feels inside her.*

But the thought was unclear. Her mind was still there, in the distance, as if watching, but the part of her that retained conscious memories was lost in the moment right along with the part of her that knew she'd always wanted this.

The taste of Dr. Mercado's big, uncut cock was musky and pungent. The taste and the smell suffused Ricki's body with pleasure, and she opened wide for it. Her tongue swirled around the head between deep strokes onto it; those strokes grew deeper as Dr. Mercado's length cock began striking the back of Ricki's throat.

Dr. Mercado was talking, but Ricki was lost. She could hear him, but it's as if his words were bypassing her ears and going directly into her... *deep* into her... so deep into her she could not stop them any more than she could understand them.

But that didn't matter. What mattered was *this*, this big *dick*, and the desperate feeling of wanting and trying to stretch her throat for it, choking, gagging, spilling drool everywhere, trying again, taking deep breaths -- two, three, four, out, two, three, four -- then lunging forward and struggling to swallow, until she felt Dr. Mercado's glorious dick finally breaching her throat and her lips sliding down to the base.... two, three, four, hold, two, three, four, hold, two, three, four....

"You're a very good girl, Ricki. You're being a very, *very* good girl. Such a good little slut. Now, come up again.... good girl.... just rub it all over your face, get yourself messy, Ricki, get yourself very, very messy for me, now put it back into your mouth and suck... that's right, good girl, Ricki, very good girl, you're a very good slut... now all the way down again... good girl... and then when you've gone to the lingerie store in the mall, you'll walk just three doors down to Modern Girl, now come up for air, Ricki, rub it on your face... that's it, rub it all over your face... and at Modern Girl, you'll find three skirts, three blouses, a tube top and shorts that match, a

bikini, a sundress, another pair of those cute little stretch jeans you're wearing, but even tighter... lick your way down, Ricki, that's it, now worship the balls, lick them, baby, that's it... you're such a good girl, Ricki... rub it all over your face... now back up, Ricki, take it in your mouth, that's it, baby, suck it..."

Ricki eagerly followed Dr. Mercado's instructions, even though she knew instinctively what to do. It aroused her to have Dr. Mercado telling her what to do, and to feel herself doing it with no resistance whatsoever. This was what she'd always needed. She lost herself in the task of worshipping Dr. Mercado's cock.

The doctor was talking again, and the words seemed to bypass Ricki's ears and find their way deep into her brain.

"When you leave here, you'll have a prescription... you're going to drop that off at the pharmacy on Twenty-fourth Street and Kennedy... right by the mall... drop it off before you go shopping, so you can pick it up before you go home... you'll take three pills a day, Ricki. It'll start working immediately. You'll like what it does to you. It's going to give you nice big sexy boobies and cute little hips, and it'll shrink that little clit of yours to just the right size so you never get tempted to call it anything other than a clit again... but this drug won't make it stop getting hard, Ricki, you'll still be horny... *hornier*, probably, a *lot* hornier... you'll want even more dick than you've *been* wanting... than you want now..."

Ricki's mind re-engaged briefly; she didn't believe *that* was possible. She'd want dick more than she wanted dick now? More than she'd wanted it all her life? Impossible. If she wanted dick any more than she did, she'd fucking explode... she'd need to start walking the streets, get a job in a brothel, or maybe just learn to flirt fiercely, the way Rhonda had after she'd given in to her husband's perverted fantasies... what a sick pervert that guy was, just like all guys... Ricki was so much happier being a girl... She thought, *We're perverts, too, but it's sexy when we do it...* oh fuck, I want it... I want Dr. Mercado to fuck me... fuck me in the ass... can I ask him?"

But Ricki did not ask him, because her mouth was full of dick and she didn't want to relinquish it. Instead, she surrendered to Dr. Mercado's next round of instructions... the most delicious yet.

"It's time to get your reward, Ricki, for being such a good slut, and for doing exactly what a real man tells you to do... good sluts *always* do what a real man tells them to do... now wrap both of your hands real tight around the base of it, Ricki, that's it, now close your mouth even tighter and suck real hard while you move up and down, that's it, now pump it, Ricki, like you're trying to suck through a really big straw what has something stuck in it... just suck, Ricki, suck and force your head up and down... move your hands a little with your mouth... just like when I taught you how to breathe, two, three, four, that's it, Ricki... let yourself feel it. You're going to get your reward. Don't stop sucking, Ricki, but I want you to *think* about what a reward for a slut like you is. Think about what you want... think about what a slut needs and what she does when she gets the only real reward she craves for being a good girl... think about what she does with it... you're going to do that, Ricki... good girl... very good girl... a good little slut...uhhhhh..."

Ricki knew. She'd always known, even back when her big eyes would run with mascara-black tears when Rhonda shoved her face down there after her lovers had left. Ricki knew what a slut needs.

"Uhhhhhhh... good girl... good girl, baby... Ricki, oh, such a good girl, little cocksucker..."

Ricki's mind reeled with the first hot blast of Dr. Mercado's cum in her mouth. No, not her *mind*... it was something else. Her mind was still floating pleasantly, elsewhere, somewhere that she couldn't fathom. But there was the part of her that felt the ecstatic pleasure of Dr. Mercado's hot, salty pulses on her tongue and down into her belly. It was realer to Ricki than her mind had ever been. Maybe it was her *soul*... or whatever... she didn't care. She just knew that it was the part of her that always accepted what she was and why she would never be able to change it... or want to...

That was the part of her that felt such pleasure at gulping down every hot stream of Dr. Mercado's copious jizz. She kept sucking even after she felt Dr. Mercado softening, heard his voice far above her...

"...the shoe store, you'll go to the perfume store. It's called *Senteurs Séduisantes*. Ask to see Marta, there... she'll be on duty at the counter. Tell her I sent you, and tell her you want something sexy, like what you're wearing but with just a little more musk... let her smell what you've got on your neck, little slut, and notice how good her lips feel against your skin when she inhales. Make sure you tell Marta you want something that will drive men crazy... she'll help you find it. Put some on so you smell very, very good on the subway ride home... and notice how men look at you. Notice how all the men look at you, all of them want you, and notice how happy you feel being wanted by them. Then, when you get home to your slut wife who fucks other men, show her the presents you bought yourself... and tell her you want to be her little slut from now on, and suck every man she brings home, fluff every one of her new lovers, even do *other* things with men, dirty things, things that Rhonda wants to see you do, and things that men want from you. *Anything*. Tell her you want to give real men anything they demand of you. Because you do, don't you, Ricki?"

Ricki couldn't answer, because her mouth was still full of Dr. Mercado's semi-hard cock. But she thought it: "Yes, yes, yes, yes." She thought it over and over again. She *did* want to do things with real men. She wanted to give real men whatever they wanted out of her. Dirty things. Sexual service. *Anything*.

Dr. Mercado said: "That's enough, Ricki. Stop sucking."

Ricki obeyed, her lips coming off of Dr. Mercado's half-hard cock with a slurping sound. Spit ran down onto her tits, soaking the black lace tank top.

Dr. Mercado said: "You're such a good girl for swallowing all of that yummy cum. Good little sluts swallow all the cum real men feed them, Ricki, don't they?"

"Yes, doctor," Ricki panted. "Good sluts swallow it all. We eat cum all the time. We suck cock and eat cum all the time..." She didn't know where these thoughts or these words were coming from... but they felt *amazing*. She loved saying them. She would have said more, but Dr. Mercado was talking... and good little sluts never talk over handsome, seductive, powerful men. Good sluts let real men talk whenever they want to, and do whatever the real men say.

"Good girl," Dr. Mercado said. "Now give it a little kiss... pull the underwear up, that's it... put it away... now the pants... buckle the belt, first, good girl, good little slut, you're going to do this a lot, so get used to it, Ricki... you've always wanted this..."

Ricki accepted that she had. She'd always wanted to be on her knees before a real man, whether that man was about to fuck Rhonda or not. She had always known it was her place to unzip a man's pants and lower them, take out his cock, worship it... and clean up her mess when she was done...

There was very little mess with Dr. Mercado, because Ricki had swallowed every drop. But her face was incredibly messy, and after she'd put Dr. Mercado's big cock away, Ricki felt him wiping spit from her face, cleaning her up, grasping her long auburn hair and turning her head this way and that to examine her face.

"I think that pretty face is presentable.... barely. From now on, you wear lipstick, eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, blush and foundation every day, Ricki. Even to work. You're going to need to come out. I'll help Rhonda to file the papers for you. But you're going to need to tell your boss. When you do, if he seems like he wants it, you're going to offer to suck his cock, Ricki, aren't you? That should make things go easier."

Ricki had started to feel something akin to fear; the part of her mind that still functioned with rational motives had started to re-engage at the thought of "coming out" to her boss and her coworkers. But at the mention of sucking her boss's cock, Ricki lost herself once again in the pleasure she felt at the prospect of doing what she felt was natural.

"Stand up, Ricki. Pull up your pants. Put your clit away. Take your seat."

Ricki wanted to pout, but she didn't... she was a good girl. A good slut. Good sluts do what real men tell them. Her hands obeyed without her mind even engaging. She pulled up her panties and tucked her hard clit away. She pulled her red stretch jeans up, wiggled her hips back and forth to get the skintight cotton pulled up until just the top of her hot pink thong-back panties showed above the low waistband, creating a sexy "whale tail." Ricki zipped her jeans with a little difficulty... but for some reason, she didn't button the top button. She left it open... it just seemed *right*. Like an invitation. She'd walk around half-undressed. It wasn't obscene or anything. It was just... *proper*.

Good sluts do stuff like that, Ricki knew.

She took her seat.

Dr. Mercado said, "Now, Ricki, I'm going to bring you out... and you won't remember what happened, but you'll follow every instruction I gave you today... you'll leave my office and drop by the pharmacy, drop off the prescription I'm going to get you..."

"Yes, doctor," Ricki said softly.

"Then you'll go shopping, Ricki... what will you buy?"

In the distant part of her mind that still processed thoughts, Ricki was surprised to hear the words rattling easily from her wet lips. She could still taste Dr. Mercado's cum on her mouth, and it gave her exquisite pleasure to repeat his words while she savored that lingering taste.

"Four pairs of panties at Under Femme, two garter belts, six pairs of stockings..."

"Good girl," Dr. Mercado kept saying.

"...tube top and matching shorts..."

"Good girl. You've got it. Now close your eyes, Ricki, and breathe with me... fill your tits... in, two, three, four... hold it... out, two, three, four..."

There was a long, yummy period of just listening to Dr. Mercado's voice and relaxing. Ricki felt herself receding into the depths in the fog of her mind...

And then Dr. Mercado snapped his fingers.

Rick woke up happy... *deliriously* happy.

He asked, "Doctor, what happened?"

Dr. Mercado smiled.

"You fell asleep, darling. Sort of. You had a dream, baby. It was a good dream. You liked it."

Rick felt a surging wave of pleasure at hearing those words.

Darling. Baby.

"That's the end of our session," Dr. Mercado said. "I'll see you next week."

Smiling, Rick got up. He took the slip of paper Dr. Mercado held out for him.

He didn't have the foggiest idea why he did it... but he did. Without even thinking.

He bent down over the doctor's chair... and hugged him.

He even kissed Dr. Mercado on the cheek. He smelled the doctor's scent. He wanted to do more, but... that was completely inappropriate. He shouldn't want that.

Rick smiled shyly at Dr. Mercado as he stood, blushed fiercely, and scampered out the door.

Dr. Mercado reached for the phone.

#

Rick did not know why he felt compelled to go on a shopping spree, but he did. Rhonda controlled their finances, naturally, so he knew that he really should ask for permission first. But he didn't. He hoped she wouldn't be mad.

If she was... maybe she'd spank him.

Rick would like that.

Rick had never been able to go shop for women's clothes alone before. He'd never had the guts. He'd gone twice with Rhonda, but his wife had really had to push him. The rest of the time, Rhonda bought him things -- panties, stockings, baby doll nighties -- or he ordered them by mail order -- like the red stretch jeans he wore now, which were actually men's jeans from a Goth mail-order house.

But now, it felt right to just waltz into Modern Girl and look for a tight pair of shorts and a matching tube top.

To Rick's surprise, the salesgirls treated him well... even flirted with him a little. Women *never* flirted with Rick. He'd have to tell Rhonda about that, as well. Would she spank him for being a little flirt? He was not supposed to do anything, like, sexual, with anyone but Rhonda... would flirting with salesgirls count?

Rick would find out, because he'd have to tell her. If Rhonda was mad, well...

Rick's clitty stiffened in his panties.

If Rhonda was mad, maybe she'd do more than spank him. Maybe she'd whip him.

He'd *really* like that.

At the end of the day, weighed down with his packages, Rick picked up the prescription he'd dropped off. The label said it was for "Mood Imbalance." He was supposed to take three every day. He dry-swallowed them on the subway, just because he really wanted to start getting better. He wanted to stop being a little cuckold sissy whiner, like Rhonda said he was. He wanted to start being a good girl.

He'd try *hard*, Rick told himself. He'd be a good girl no matter what.

#

"I was reluctant to go that far," Dr. Mercado told Rhonda on the phone. "But when you showed me the paperwork... well, he did sign over total control to you."

"Total power exchange," Rhonda said, her voice hot and breathy against the phone. "I own him completely. I just couldn't bring myself to do what I wanted. What *he* wanted. He couldn't even admit it himself."

"Well, that's not a problem, now," Dr. Mercado said.

Rhonda asked nervously: "I won't have to force him to do it? I don't think I could make him do something he doesn't want. I'm not a *bitch*. I like to, you know, *play* the bitch, but I really love him. You promise I won't have to push him too hard?"

Dr. Mercado chuckled. "Not at all. Once I got in there, it became obvious what the little sissy wants. You might have to force him *not* to suck cock."

"Mmmmm," purred Rhonda happily. "Maybe I'll ball gag him before he goes to work. He's always had a thing for that hot boss of his. I don't think

he even knows it, but..."

"Yes," Dr. Mercado said. "You mentioned that. I think what I did will help that."

"His name is Roger. He's... oh, he's just gorgeous. I want to fuck him, but... I can't do that! To actually fuck my husband's boss?" Rhonda laughed nervously. "Wouldn't that be going too far?" Her breath came more quickly.

Dr. Mercado said, "That's an interesting question. Let's discuss it at *your* next session."

Rhonda said coyly, "I thought you said you'd just see *him* from now on?"

"*Her*," Dr. Mercado said. "Don't forget, you'll call her *she* from now on. You need to reinforce that, don't forget."

"Yes, of course, doctor."

"And as to my just seeing her... I've got Wednesday at ten o'clock open. Take it or leave it."

Rhonda's breath quickened.

She said, "I'll take it."

"Good," Dr. Mercado said. "Short skirt, no panties. Let's say a... *tube top*."

Rhonda gasped. "Tube top!"

Dr. Mercado said, "High heels, too."

Rhonda moaned softly.

"Yes, doctor," she said.

