

Creeps

Chapter One

Summer vacations, in one's youth, serve to cement friendships that will feel as though they go on for a lifetime, even if most of them crumble during the first five years after high school, leaving nothing but an irksome obligation to extend and accept wedding invitations for another decade or so after. After high school, summers revert to occupying an opposite niche. For those who attend college, summer breaks force the necessity of departing the company of one's new social circle and an attempt to reintegrate with the old crowd despite the friction of new affects, while those who entered the workforce more immediately try to remember a life when "summer break" was a thing and humor old faces still living by the old calendars. For those who remain in education even after college, summer breaks become a fact of life, an awkward listless phase demarcating the line between adults with normal – some might say "real" jobs – and those who teach.

And so it was that summer for the disjointed group of misguided assholes roped into or otherwise tangential to the lecherous schemes of Stacey Reeves. For young Kira, her post-graduation summer was a pastoral season of celebrating milestones and fond farewells. For big sister Stacey, a bitter and awkward reminder of the friends she'd gladly left behind, escaping her humdrum hometown to Lakeview as often as she could get consecutive days off work from her same old gig waitressing at Applebee's. For Naomi, there was the slow life of summer in a college town, drinking more than she planned and reading less, taking on a new lover who did even less for her than the last.

And for Martin Manning, summer was a scramble of self-reinvention. First came convincing the dean of his department at Lakeview to let him stay on as an adjunct in the fall – a bid that proved successful, netting him part-time temporary no-benefits employment for wages comparable to an Uber driver. He downsized his apartment, working in loose concert with Stacey in preparation for the next step of their own disturbing plans for future intercourse. Beyond that, he learned to appreciate the taste of PB&J ten meals a week, splurging occasionally on canned veggies but otherwise filling the corners of his growling tummy with fevered dreams of two Reeves at the same time.

And then it was August, and summer was over, and a new season began.

“Stacey! Hey, been a while since... face to face. You look great. Your tits look absolutely—”

“Don’t.” She held up a hand. “Just don’t.”

The test had been scripted, and both of them knew it. Despite being the hypnotist in the relationship, Martin had precious little experience with how durable his interventions could be. She had told him not to expect things to be like they had been in the spring, and it seemed she had been right. Just how much “progress” had been lost, he would discover in time, but for now, this was confirmation enough not to expect courtesy gropes to sustain him.

“They do though,” she replied, giving each bump a little pat, features softening. A concession to civility, demonstrating that they were at least well ahead of where they had picked up last year. No gun either, he noted. No room for one in clothes that tight. That too connoted progress, no more baggy pants and bulky sweatshirts to frustrate the male gaze. Just pure, natural, perfect Stacey Reeves.

Or rather, *physically* perfect, anyway. Beyond that... Martin had had three months in which to ponder the nature of her request. Admittedly, a request to which had assented, but “under duress” didn’t begin to cover it when there was a creature that heavenly dangling wildly enthusiastic virginal sex as a signing bonus. Still, in the days after, with those orgasms fading from compulsory masturbatory impulses to idyllic masturbatory memories, it occurred to him that Stacey might actually be kind of an awful person.

It wasn’t the incest.

No. It wasn’t *only* the incest. There. So much exposure to it as a casually exploited fetish in their porn viewing had dulled him to the reality of it. Martin was not an only child, and the practical aspects of such prospects were actually rather disturbing. Dwelling on Stacey’s request so much had even sparked a horrifying dream about his own mother, about which he would never tell anyone. (Though imagine his undying dismay if it ever became a casually shared factoid in an erotic story.) What he had done with Stacey, planting hetero seeds in lesbian soil, that had been controversial. What he’d agreed to do to Kira, however, was *wrong*. Simply because Stacey was hotness personified likely meant nothing to a sister. Shit, his own sisters were neither of them “hot,” but both well within objectively acceptable margins for a man of his own appearance. Even so, the idea of... *that...* with *them...*! If Kira harbored even half his own reticence, this would be a violation of no small magnitude.

It was nevertheless bigger than even that, though he devoted a significant portion of his available mental resources to not exploring all that. In for a penny, he told himself. After all, he’d given up his relationship with Naomi for this. Whether or not they’d really clicked as a couple, the sex with her had been unbelievable. Maybe not as unbelievable as with Stacey, but Naomi put out four nights a week, at least one of those going out of her way to generously indulge his fetishes. No, she hadn’t been Stacey hot, and no, she hadn’t been legitimately hypnotized, but she was hot, and she faked it damn

well. Now he was single, on top of which he had to shop at the Target in the next town over or else suck it up and become a Walmart guy. There was no going back.

“So how do you like the new digs?” Martin gestured around him. Here were the offices of the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic, a name the two of them had workshopped together for maximum banality. He’d advocated The Mesmer Institute, which she had not only rejected but forbade him to even speak the words again, neither within nor outside of her earshot. Normal-sounding was key, and he had to admit the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic was the most normal-sounding option they’d workshopped.

The clinic was the physical evidence of what had once been his limited savings in this world. Stacey had declined to assist on the financing, though only because he let slip that he could just barely afford it unaided so long as he didn’t put any new furniture in his upstairs apartment. “Upstairs apartment,” his euphemism for “stuffy yet drafty attic space.” If the zoning commissioner ever learned of his inhabitation of this commercially zoned space, they would have a fit. If there even was a zoning commissioner, and if they were prone to fits over minor violations of local zoning ordinance.

“Wow. This actually looks pretty incredible, Martin,” she said, taking a lap around the office. There wasn’t much to see. The Manning Mental Wellness Clinic was part of a strip mall on the outskirts of town with a hodgepodge of other small businesses eking out their dreams. The storefront, through which she had entered, featured a small sitting room with a half dozen chairs he’d picked up on sale from the closing of a local doctor’s office. There was a desk for a receptionist, though that was miles beyond the limits on his budget. For now, he’d placed a help wanted sign there and nowhere else to at least promote the appearance that he was legit.

Inside was where the real work would happen, where Stacey was now admiring a cheap yet still-more-than-he’d-spent-on-himself-since-April painting, abstract but with what he hoped was a soothing pastel palette. Other features included his old desk chair, which he would need to haul upstairs between sessions for use at his “home” desk to keep looking for a suitable second job; his old sofa where Stacey had entered her very first and later her final trance; various implements of the hypnotist’s toolkit. According to Stacey, Kira was tight-lipped about her hypnotic history with this Dr. Rivers back home, a woman who herself kept a low profile online. Stacey didn’t know if it was swinging pendants, ticking metronomes, or the simple vocalizations he himself employed that were her sister’s preferred. He was well read on all of them, in fact, but had relented that it would be wise to be prepared for anything when Stacey guided young Kira through his doors.

“You think? I worried the paint was a little too bright, might make it hard to relax, but... I don’t know. It probably won’t make a difference. If I can hypnotize somebody in a stranger’s apartment or a university chapel or a gender-segregated sorority house, surely I can do it in an office built precisely for hypnosis.”

She nodded, glancing at his selection of books on the shelves. “I think the paint is fine. Interesting selection of reading material, here. Are you just hoping she never looks at the titles, or what?”

“Yeah, the shelves were built in, and it looked weirder with nothing on them. I only have two physical books on hypnosis, both paperback, so I had to supplement the best I could. One of the college bookstores was doing some house-cleaning, so I stole what I could from their trash. Dumpster-diving by flashlight isn’t the best opportunity to be picky, though, especially since they share a dumpster with the Panda Express next door. Ugh.” With a shudder and a concerted effort at suppressing his gag reflex from that especially pungent memory, he went on. “So I cleaned up what I could, filled the shelves the best I could. You want to furnish a few thousand bucks worth of more appropriate lit just so she can think I’m legit, go for it.”

“Don’t be passive aggressive. I was only pointing out a flaw in case you hadn’t realized it. Try cutting the books back by a third or so and filling the empty spaces with diplomas, family photos, artsy stuff, that kind of thing. As far as Kira knows, you’re a therapist who specializes in hypnosis, not a hypnotherapist, so some generic psych stuff will play fine. I’ll see what I can find for the rest. Might be able to swipe something from DAT house.”

Still not an offer of financial assistance, but hand-me-downs from her sorority would be most welcome. Martin had been surprised to learn that Stacey wasn’t independently wealthy – or at least, that her family wasn’t, considering she herself was only a senior in college. They were comfortable, yes, but she was taking out loans, and received a stipend of unspecified magnitude for her role as sorority VP. Last year, most of that had gone to her sexy costume kink. More precisely, the funds had gone to the sexy costume kink she’d asked him over the summer to instill in Kira, who wore nearly the same size clothes. (She was two sizes bigger than her older sister, but that was one more item on Martin’s hypnotic checklist.)

Martin snatched a book off the shelf – *Clean Code: A Handbook of Agile Software Management*, a textbook common to individuals taking courses that would empower them to vastly out-earn him. It went into the trash, to make sure she appreciated that he meant to take her suggestion to heart. “Good call. Just text me before you come over with whatever you scrounge. I can’t hear crap down here from the apartment, and the buzzer doesn’t buzz up. I told the super, but I don’t think he cares.”

“Anything else you need from me?”

“Nothing material,” he replied, trying not to think about the bottle of ketchup and quarter jar of strawberry preserves currently stretching their legs in their isolation within his new used mini-fridge upstairs. “But... maybe let’s go over it one more time, make sure our stories sync up? I know this state doesn’t require a license to practice hypnotherapy, but if she catches us on inconsistencies and scratches beneath the surface, we’re going to have a whole other level of trouble on our hands.”

She took her usual seat on the couch. Martin leaned back onto his desk. (That one had been a real steal – literally, as he'd swiped it while the high school on the north side of town had been doing some summer cleaning, scores of the things sitting in the lot and only minimally observed.) Her expression was reassuringly serious. Stacey was no more interested in solving his problems now than she had been last year while she was teaching him to make sex slaves of the unwilling. If this went wrong, however, the two of them would live out the rest of their lives with their top google search a headline reading *Woman Hires Stage Hypnotist to Make Sex Slave Out of Sister*.

"All right. So remember, wherever possible, keep it to the truth. Last fall, I saw one of la Mesmer's hypnosis shows. It made me think of my mom and Kira's shrink back home, so I asked you if you did that kind of thing, and after we talked, you said...?"

"I always wanted to try, but I'd always been too afraid to go all in on a business.' But are you sure we should mention la Mesmer? Cheesy, skeezy stuff like that might turn her away."

"Don't bring it up, obviously. But if she does, don't go into detail about what it entailed. You advertised it too hard to scrub la Mesmer from the internet, so we don't want to risk her finding it out on her own and have us look like you hid it more than someone logically would trying to go legit."

Martin nodded. "OK. Smart. So then, you and I worked through some of your issues, and had real success using my techniques."

"And if she asks about those issues?" Stacey prompted.

"Locked safe," he replied confidently, turning an invisible key in his mouth and then opening wide to swallow it. She didn't crack a smile. "That way we don't need to lie, and it'll reinforce that everything we do is confidential, even from family – in case she worries about our prior relationship and confiding in me herself."

"Right. Though remember, you're not her actual therapist. Don't go dicking around in my sister's life beyond what you need to. She needs to want to fuck me, same as last year except for pointing it at me instead of you. She doesn't need to work through her issues. Frankly, if you poke around and actually solve them, she might want to stop coming, so it's in everybody's interest to leave well enough alone."

"Sure, sure. OK. So let's see, then, I took on some clients – some I found on my own, some referrals from you – and got up enough scratch to start out my business. We opened this summer, and that's why no receptionist, why she won't see anybody in the waiting room, and so on."

"Good." She inspected the couch. "It feels weird inviting my sister to lie down on a couch I've come on so many times. You know?"

"Yeah, no, a totally normal place to draw the line about sisterly issues," he observed dryly. "But it's been steam-cleaned. Cum-free, guaranteed. At least until we get her to add a little of her own." They both laughed, and had anyone else been in the room, they might have added the qualifying term "chillingly."

“You’ll get her. If you could get me, you can get her. We can do this, Martin.” She approached him, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders. “I trust Martin Manning.”

“Yeah?” Tentatively, he settled his own hands on her hips. To his surprise, she didn’t stop him or back away. “Yeah.”

The loose embrace lingered a moment, and finally they released one another in unison. “So freshman move-in day is this Thursday. It’s a pretty packed weekend, if I remember my own correctly. But Mom made me promise I’d get her in as soon as possible. Something about having read so many positive reviews about your little start-up online.”

All of those reviews had been written by Stacey and Martin. They’d spent a weekend in July following some online tips leaked from a Ghanaian election interference hub funded by the Russians. The troll farm had produced quite a harvest of fruit.

“All right. So next week, hopefully?”

“Hopefully. Just make sure you answer your phone when I call, and assume she could be in earshot of whatever you say – no ‘hey Stacey, missed the taste of your dribbly pussy’ bullshit, OK?”

“Roger.”

To their mutual surprise, she leaned in and planted a brief kiss on his cheek. “See you soon, Mesmer. Can’t wait to fuck you again.”

“I mean, I guess that’d be OK. If I’m available.”

She grinned. “If you can swing it by winter break, I’ll give you a bonus lay.”

“Kira’s straight, right? There’s half the battle where I’m concerned, and for you, you’re totally hot enough for most girls to experiment with. You keep her coming to regular appointments, and I’ll have her tied up in a bow for you by Thanksgiving.”

Stacey clapped her hands giddily. “Just this once, slap me on the ass on my way out. Gotta make sure I can still lube up for ya.”

Martin pinched, rather than slapped. Stacey flowed right out the door, an upthrust thumb doubling back just before it closed behind her.

So at least one courtesy grope. It would have to do.

It took until the third week of classes before Kira Reeves would walk into the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. In the meantime, he busied himself with prep for and commencement of the introductory 101 classes he was teaching at Lakeview that semester. It happened as something of a last-minute rush, as Martin had been paying minimal attention to his teaching with everything else occupying his thoughts and screens. The syllabus was imposed by the department, and he had lecture materials already completed from years past. Some personal touches, adjustments to a slide or two, and some tweaking to accommodate a new textbook thanks to the overachieving Dr. Knox, his old supervising professor, who'd published a new edition of the old book. That was it.

So when Kira suddenly walked into the sweltering closet he'd been assigned for Friday discussions, he very nearly dropped his tablet.

She was her sister's sister, all right. Side by side, nobody would miss the resemblance. She was a couple inches shorter than Stacey, and where the elder Reeves's frame was slender all over with a last minute effort to pack some fat onto the right places, Kira had the curves baked in. He had lost a great many hours that summer combing through Kira's vigorously prolific online presence, and all in all the effect was a Stacey whose tummy and thighs had been snipped away at, with the removed bits ground up and reapplied to the tits and hips. He thought he still preferred Stacey, but he'd had a lot more time and reason to appreciate the way her body was configured. Martin was nothing if not open to having that perspective challenged.

Not that it was such a contest. In fact, in some of the blurrier or more distant pics the girls had posted from their family trip to Cape Cod back in June, he'd had trouble distinguishing which Reeves was which if Kira wasn't showing off her tattoo, a sunburst on her right leg just above the knee. Somewhere over the summer Kira had dyed her hair with just a touch of red, subtly enough he'd nearly missed it, but it was one more scant clue to tell her apart from her sister's straight black waves. Their faces were too close for comfort, save for Stacey being a bit more subtle with her makeup and an attempt at perfect grooming, whereas Kira didn't hide from a thin gap between her front teeth. It was the only obvious imperfection he could find on her, which only made her more perfect.

Acting was not La Mesmer's strong suit – that was what he'd had Naomi for, to distract with her cleavage from what he couldn't conceal behind his mediocre showmanship. In the meanwhile, when he saw Kira in class, he bided his time and tried not to act too strangely around her or give her undue attention. The girl didn't make it easy. Kira took an active role in his class both in person and online, and seemed to be one of the few students who made it obvious they'd actually done the readings. It might have come across as show-offy if she hadn't seemed so earnest. He simply tried not to appreciate her embrace of modern collegiate fashion trends – i.e. a variety of normal outfits modified chiefly by the addition of the term “scantily” – and keep his eyes from lingering.

By the second Friday of the semester, he'd still heard nothing from Stacey. But then, it was Kira who approached him.

"You're the man who hypnotized my sister, right?" she said as the class was filing out. Not filed out enough for his liking; the accusation raised a couple eyebrows and turned a few heads. It wasn't an accusation, though. It was stated as a plain conversation starter, without judgment.

In the absence of the rigid confines of the plan, suddenly he was forced to improvise, so improvise he did. "You know, I wondered if you might be related to Stacey. I thought I saw a little bit of a family resemblance there, and of course the name. Wow, small world, huh?" Too small for his liking.

"Yeah, I guess so." She smiled, and it was a warm, comforting smile. When Stacey smiled, it made him nervous. Or horny. Both, oftentimes. But Kira simply looked sweet. There was an innocence to her that he couldn't imagine Stacey ever having possessed. Though that appearance of innocence only made him even more nervous. "She would not shut up about you this summer, you know? I guess you really did a lot for her."

"She did, did she? Well that's good to hear. I can't say as she talked a lot about you, but you obviously have a lot in common."

"Oh yeah? Like what?" It was distracting, being alone with a girl this pretty, especially one he'd pledged to turn into her sister's love slave in exchange for the right to tag-team her with said sister. His department had required him to go through the same training he'd received upon arriving at Lakeview for his TA position, namely to avoid being alone with someone of the opposite gender whenever possible, triply so if the door was closed. And this door had already swung shut automatically behind the last student to exit.

"Well, you're both very bright," he said. That was an easy, and valid, compliment. What else could he say? Only once the alleged commonality had left his mouth had he realized most of their other similarities NSFW. There was a thin sheen of perspiration on her forehead that was also faintly discernible at the bottom of his peripheral on her broad expanse of cleavage. "And, well, you just look so similar," he finished awkwardly. Hopefully that wasn't crossing a line. They did, after all, and most women wouldn't object to being compared favorably to Stacey Reeves.

"People always say that," she replied, smile fading. Shit. "But yeah, that's actually why I wanted to take this class. Not that it isn't interesting or anything on its own. But I was feeling like fifteen credit hours wasn't enough, so I picked up the course catalog and I saw 'Martin Manning' and I was like no way, Stacey's therapist, how crazy is that, so... yeah, I figured why not, right?"

"Sure, sure. Well I'm glad you did. You bring a lot to the table." Incredible boobs, he meant mostly, but the muted voice in his head that gave half a crap about his academics did find her curiosity charming enough. Kira nodded, then stood there, watching him. Was he supposed to say more? Was he supposed to know that her sister was trying to nudge her into his other office? But she only stood back, watching.

“Is there anything else I can do for you, Kira?” he asked finally when she didn’t budge.

“So... Stacey really didn’t say anything about me?” she asked softly. There was an edge to her voice, though, something that hadn’t been there before. “Like, a year of therapy, and she never *once* brought me up?”

“Um... no?” he answered – then tried not to hit himself for forgetting the script. “I mean, well, you can appreciate there’s such a thing as patient confidentiality. Anything a patient says to me, I’m prohibited from mentioning to anyone else without their consent.”

Kira nodded slowly, and then that reassuring smile of hers was back. “Right, right. That’s cool. But yeah, like I said, she really hyped you up. My sister, she... I guess I don’t need to tell you, she’s kinda fucked up sometimes. So I’m glad she got some help.”

An intriguing statement; he wondered how their perspectives on the fucked-up nature of Stacey Reeves aligned. “I was glad to. And, ah, she probably told you, she helped inspire me to go into business on the side. So, yeah. I owe a lot to her, too.” There, he’d pointed out the business, but hadn’t solicited. That would be weird, right? Being her professor, and then...? Right? His and Stacey’s script hadn’t said anything about this, damnit!

“Hey, from what I heard, she didn’t exactly cut you a check, did she? Payment-wise, that is.”

What?! What was she implying? “Uh... No, but... What are you asking, exactly?”

“I mean, she said you took her on pro bono, didn’t take a cent.” He let out a sigh of relief at the tame interpretation of how Stacey had paid for her time with him. “I’m only saying, you don’t owe her. She owes you, sounds like. Stacey has kind of a way of making people think she’s doing them a favor when it’s the other way around, that’s all.”

Did she ever. “Oh. Well in my case, I consider myself fortunate to have crossed paths.”

“Yeah. I guess you would.” Then her smile was back in full radiance. “Anyway, I’ll see you around, Mr. Manning. Have a good weekend, yeah?”

“Yeah, you too, Kira. Hope you’re settling in nicely at Lakeview.”

She nodded happily. “I love it here. Everybody’s been so nice to me, you know?”

It took Stacey nearly half an hour to calm him down. Her reassurances that Kira couldn't possibly fathom what they'd been up to the past year were hard to swallow through all the implied knowledge she'd brought to bear. He hadn't missed a bit of a cold attitude toward Stacey, either, giving him doubts about whether she could even get the girl through his door in the first place.

He ended the call feeling little better than he had when he'd first picked up the phone. Martin's constant low-grade panic only subsided, in fact, after he answered a call from an unknown number Sunday afternoon. He had been trying to savor each bite of an oatmeal cream pie, his reward to himself after his visit to donate plasma at the hospital. \$60 well-earned. Just enough that he could afford the rent on the place this month, so long as he continued walking two miles to campus for his professorial gig.

"Hey, is this Mr. Manning?" asked a familiar voice.

"Yes – who's this?"

"This is Kira. Kira Reeves? From your class?"

"Oh – right. Uh, what's up, Kira?" Had it been any other student, Martin would have demanded to know where she'd gotten the number and flatly instructed her to email him from then on, then hung up. But she was not any other student, and as it so happened, her call was in regards to exactly what he hoped.

"Sorry to call your personal number. That's what this is, right? I got it from Stacey. I was gonna wait to call until normal business hours, but she swore it'd be fine. You're not mad, are you?"

"Mad? No, of course not."

Faint, bitchy words made their way through the phone. "See, I told you, Kira."

"Shut up, Stacey!" Kira said, her phone held away from her face, but not far enough. "Anyway yeah. So, um, I wondered if you, you know, had any, um, openings? Like, for... patients? At your other job, I mean, the... what was it called. The Wellness Clinic thing. I'm so sorry, I should remember. Don't be mad." Before he could eagerly accept, however, she rushed onward. "Like, I get it if you can't, that would make total sense since you're my teacher – professor, sorry – and you're already seeing Stacey–"

"I told you, I'm not going in any more," Stacey's voice droned in the background.

"*Shut UP, Stacey!*" This time Martin had to hold the phone away from his ear, but she went on in a non-shriek. "And it's totally understandable if you can't, don't feel bad at all, and I don't know if you're allowed to take a student as a patient, or a patient's sister, former patient's sister whatever, or what, so feel free to say no, but–"

"Kira?"

"–my mom has been all over me because I see somebody back home, and she's worried I'm going to backslide if I don't have someone here even though I said I could just go home and keep seeing my old doc once in a while, which is kind of a far drive but I said I didn't mind, but Stacey just keeps going 'omg go see Martin Manning, he's the mother flippin' best' and she's got Mom convinced–"

"Kira."

“–that you’d be great for me, because if you can untangle the big ball of issues that is my sister, then you can handle someone relatively normal like me.” There was no pause, but suddenly the phone was quieter, removed from the mic, albeit not by enough. “Oh shut up, Stacey, don’t even start. No, you know what? You know what I’m talking about. Bull crud. You know what I’m... Do you want me to bring it up to him, right now? Let’s all have a big open talk about it. Yeah, didn’t think so. Anyway–”

“I’d love to have you come in,” he blurted forcefully.

“Yeah?” The voice was nervous. It was the voice of a young woman plainly being coerced into something she didn’t want to do, except a mom was involved, and that was that. If that was what it took to get her in his office and under his spell, he’d take it.

“Well OK.”

“Why don’t you text me some times that would work for you – and I’ll see if I can’t work you in. How’s that sound?”

“Cool.” There was a pause. “You’re sure this won’t be weird?”

“What’s weird, Kira? You’re the only person who needs to be OK with it. What I think, your family thinks... none of that matters. As far as I’m concerned, you’re getting help, and there’s nothing weird about asking for help.” There, that sounded like something a therapist would say.

“Yeah?” Her voice brightened, and he could see that smile return. “OK. I’ll text, as soon as we hang up. Which, yeah, I guess we can now.”

“Have a good night, Kira.”

“You too, Mr. Manning.”

“Oh and Kira?”

“Yes?”

“Martin is fine.”

She giggled. “Oh. Yeah. G’night, Mister... Martin.”

It was an effort of will not to make an immediate response to her text. Meanwhile, he browsed through his favorites from her galleries, fapping unmercifully to that innocent smile with its easily forgivable gap, a face so like and unlike her sister’s. Then the 8 PM deadline for commenting on the weekend’s discussion prompt arrived, and Martin took a moment to admire Kira’s thorough, articulate response. When he finished inputting grades, Martin booked her for the earliest appointment he could.

Creeps

Chapter Two

The patience of Martin Manning was a fortress besieged by many enemies. Hunger. Lust. Distrust of his allies. Fear of his prey. His awareness of the limits of his time, and of his ingenuity. The fact that the walls of this fortress had been constructed of soft cheese to begin with. Yet patience was the ground upon which he must make his stand. His was to bide his time, and make no mistakes.

That same time last year, Stacey Reeves was a name he barely knew, some sorority girl of minor infamy for the sheer excess of her beauty. With patience, he had wrought and realized a fantasy so fantastical few if any would believe it had ever happened. With time, with as few mistakes as possible, the woman had been bent to his will, stripped of her clothes, and beguiled by his cock. In the beginning, it had felt as impossible as her request had been insane. Bit by bit, he had found the gaps in her defenses and brought her down.

Martin had done it once. He could do it again. The knowledge and the experience were there. All that was left was to fix his eyes on his prize and refrain from blinking. Or starving. Or hearing his conscience too loudly. Or getting caught jizzing in her hair, which was apparently a thing that could happen.

Would that there were a way to fast forward through these dreadful, sexless, anxiety-inducing early encounters. But there was not, and so Martin Manning manned the walls of his fortress.

“Hey, Professor Manning.” Kira grimaced and laughed self-consciously. “Or Martin, I guess...? It’s still weird to think about calling my professors by first name. Doctors, too. Dr. Rivers never offered to go by first name. Elaaayne,” she pronounced awkwardly. “I can’t imagine.”

Martin smiled through his terror. It stemmed from many sources. One of them was that she’d arrived late. It had given him six minutes in which to panic over whether she’d somehow found him out, if Stacey had suffered a change of heart and confessed, or been careless talking about the plan. Laughable, almost; if there was one ironclad aspect of their plan, it was his co-conspirator’s obligation to secrecy.

“Well if Mr. Manning is more comfortable for you, that’s fine. I can go either way.”

“That’s what she said.” Her giggle cut short with a groan. “I can’t believe I just made a that’s-what-she-said joke with my professor slash therapist. Who’s a man. Ugh. I’m so sorry. I’ll take it seriously, I promise.”

“It’s fine, Kira, really. The university issued me a sense of humor during my orientation, so I can relate to the kids. Ha ha. Ha.” He tried to smile. Was he shaking? He had to be. She was so damn *hot*. And if this panned out, he was going to fuck her. This meeting had all the anxiety of a first date and a bank heist rolled into one. It had

potential to be even better than that wild, mind-fucked sex with Stacey. Every time he closed his eyes, he could picture the sisters on their knees, naked, panting with lust for him. Kira pushing Stacey out of the way so she could have a turn with his cock in her mouth, and that look of profound relief when she got that mouthful. And more than anything, the knowledge that *he* had put them in that frame of mind, taken two college girls and actually mind-controlled them to make them want to fuck him.

“You know, you’re probably my favorite professor, so far,” Kira said, then qualified. “Most of them are way old and... I dunno. Maybe I just don’t know them yet, but I know you more because of you and her.” Her nose wrinkled. Martin didn’t miss her sidestepping Stacey’s name. Hopefully years of sibling rivalry hadn’t built up too much of a barrier. Whatever it was, it was hard to imagine her reservations to fucking him being more profound than Stacey’s lesbianism.

“I’ll do my best to keep ahead of the competition. So did you find the place OK?”

“We got a little turned around for a minute there. Google maps just kept telling us to make a U-turn, then we did, and then it told us to make *another* U-turn, and... anyway, better later than never, right? Sorry I’m late. I’m normally super on time, honest. We won’t let it happen again.”

That “we,” Martin suspected, was the most generous contributor to his growing ulcer. He had expected her to show up alone. Stacey hadn’t said whether Kira had a car or if she was taking public transportation or walking or what. A sign in the waiting room invited her to come on in when she arrived. Crafting it had filled almost thirty seconds of his anxiety-inducing wait. Then she’d showed up, and while Martin hadn’t seen the rest of “we,” the blown kiss and male voice had painted an adequate picture.

Her boyfriend had brought her. And now this guy was sitting, unsupervised, in the waiting room. Not fifty feet away on the other side of a pane of glass, while he was in here preparing to sew the seeds that would make this young woman his – and her sister’s – personal slut.

“So... what happens first?” she prompted after he forgave the tardiness. “Do I need to fill out some forms or something? I’m on my parents’ insurance – I made sure to bring the card.”

Unlike the emergence of a boyfriend, this was one factor he’d prepared for. He presented his lie about being in the process of learning the billing software, and assured her, jokingly, that if she stiffed him he’d just take it out of her grade. It got the indulgent laugh he’d hoped for. Good. Martin planned to keep up this charade for a while, reasoning that if their time together cost her nothing, it was one less obstacle to her attendance. If she or her parents grew suspicious, he’d have Stacey on hand to persuade them that everything was perfectly normal. By the time anyone might really get worked up over it, he hoped to have both sisters happy to lie for him.

Or... or maybe he could charge her, a little? His stomach rumbled.

He explained his fiction, which she nodded at seriously, obviously never having needed to handle medical billing before. Neither had he, for that matter. “So for today,

I'd just like to start with a little oral history, give you a chance to ask me any questions you might have, start thinking about goals for our time together, and if we have any time left over, to start talking about what you're used to from your old therapist."

"Sounds great! Do I stay sitting up, lie down...?"

"Completely up to you."

"I guess... there." She folded her legs under her, sitting criss-cross on the sofa, right on the cushion her sister preferred, upon which her naked pussy had dribbled liberally. (The cushions had been flipped over the summer, of course. He wasn't a barbarian.) "So. Oral history. That's what..." She winced. "Anyway, what do you need to know?"

"Well, it's pretty simple. I'm not a psychiatrist, so I don't prescribe meds, do referrals, hospital admissions, none of that. So we don't need to go through allergies and current meds and all that. All I need to know is... you. So tell me about yourself."

Her lips twisted. "Um, like, what do you want to know? I don't even..."

"There's no right or wrong answers, Kira. Anything you think I ought to know, or feel like sharing about yourself. If you want to get into bigger stuff like why you're here today, that's fine, too, but you don't have to."

The low-pressure salesmanship seemed to work, and she let out a slow breath. "OK. So my name is Kira Reeves. I'm a freshman, and... Geez, I'm acting like this is speech class or something. Anyway, I just started at Lakeview, I live in Penderdast Hall, but I'm planning on rushing this winter. Dorm life is... I dunno. It's not horrible. I'm just not used to it. Sharing bathrooms and waiting to get a sink in the morning... Anyway. I'm undeclared, I'm a Libra, I was on the swim team and jazz band in high school but nothing like that here, I'm allergic to shellfish – or wait, you said no allergies. So never mind. And I love dogs, especially my baby Raider – you wanna see him?"

"Sure," Martin said, scribbling notes furiously. It was hard to imagine any of that being useful, though even harder trying to imagine this busty girl competing on the swim team with those twin anchors dangling from her chest. Easy to imagine her *trying* to compete though. He'd seen her in swimsuits online. The girl liked those likes, and knew how to get them.

Raider turned out to be some kind of mutt that resembled a German shepherd more than anything. "He's adorable."

"I miss him so much. I seriously cried almost the whole ride here, thinking about him. Like, saying goodbye to friends is hard, but at least they *know*, you know? And you can text them, snap them, whatever. But Raider's left sitting there wishing I'd come home and... Ugh. It sucks. Do you have a dog?"

"My mom's allergic unfortunately, so I never had one."

"Well you don't live with her now, do you? You should get one." She rolled her eyes at herself. "Or maybe you don't need me telling you what to do. Sorry."

"It's fine." He was impressed with himself for saying so, rather than what he'd almost said, which was *What kind should I get? Do you think the pet store is open? Let's*

go! The suggestive power of a beautiful face and killer knockers was right up there with his hypnosis, if not beyond it. Telling himself to hold it together, he went on. “That’s a great introduction, Kira. Thank you for that. So next up, what questions do you have for me? If any.”

She nodded, then pulled her phone out of her back pocket. When Kira had first entered his office, she’d done a brief twirl to take it all in. It had given him a glimpse of that flat rectangle wedged the left side of those rounded ovoids. Lucky fucking phone. It seemed she was pulling up a prepared list of some sort, and looked up as she read the first question.

“How long have you been doing this?”

“Therapy, you mean?”

“Hypnosis.”

“A long while now. Over ten years.”

“Really?” She made a perturbed face. “How old are you? You don’t look that old.”

“I started young. A passing curiosity at first, saw it in a movie and started reading up on how much of it was b.s., and soon I’d read enough that I wanted to see how much of *that* was b.s., too. I had some friends who let me practice on them sometimes, and after a while, I guess I got pretty decent at it.” Decent enough to turn a lesbian selectively straight, which was pretty damn decent in his book.

“Huh. So... it’s like a skill? I guess in my head it always felt like whether it works or not is on the patient, not the doc.”

“Oh, it’s absolutely a skill. Can’t just say ‘abracadabra’ and reach right into the subconscious like magic.”

“Huh. Interesting. My old doc always said... It doesn’t matter. OK, next.” She glanced back at her notes on her phone as Martin pondered what she’d been told. It was hard to imagine a hypnotherapist so ethical that they wouldn’t attempt to take advantage of this girl, though he had no reason to think this Dr. Rivers had been running any scams. “So... what can you tell me about what you did with Stacey?”

“Nothing.” He allowed the silence to linger to emphasize his sincerity. “Not a word. I can’t tell anybody about anything you say or do in this office.”

“I mean... There has to be something. Like, what if I did something... illegal?”

“The police don’t pay me a damn thing, Kira. I’m here for you. For my patients.”

“What if I, I dunno, said I was going to, like, murder somebody?” She splayed her hands innocently. “Hypothetically.”

“If you told me that, and I believed you, then I could only notify the person you threatened. I still wouldn’t notify the police.” He allowed a thin smile. “Though they might.”

“OK, so murder’s still on the table, cool.” She grinned impishly. “All right, what’s next. Oh! Yeah – do you record your sessions?”

This was a topic he’d only recently begun to consider. All last year, Stacey had done all the recording, even if it turned out she’d only done it to copy his induction.

She'd not shown him anything, but described the technique in enough detail for him to puzzle it out. Pretty simple sound editing, really. Take the induction from their sessions, then splice it together with her own hypnotic suggestions. The end result was that, unbeknownst to him, she'd been modifying his efforts from day one.

Every time he'd added to her mantras, she'd updated her autohypnosis recording with fresh post-hypnotic suggestions. Ergo, she trusted Martin Manning, but not about her plan. She would consider his suggestions, unless they involved Kira or impacted her precious dignity. His touch turned her on, but she would never let him fuck her until he agreed to manipulate her sister. It was a testament to her shrewd mind that she hadn't fucked everything up with her meddling, but Stacey insisted she'd always been careful not to disrupt his core efforts. Really, it was a good thing, too. If he'd found out earlier in the process that he'd be asked to make Stacey's little sister fuck her against her will, he might have walked away from the whole thing.

Kira was watching him from an angle, tits bouncing in her casually low-cut top as she adjusted herself on the cushion. Far too late to do the right thing now.

"I will be, yes. Today, I'm getting by with notes, but in future sessions, yes, I'll be recording. I managed last year without it, but I only had the one patient. Now, if the business grows, like I hope, I'll need to make sure I have records on everybody so I'm not relying on memory alone."

"Oh. I guess that makes sense. Dr. Rivers – my old doctor – recorded everything, too. I got used to it, but it took a bit. It's sort of like having someone watch you sleep, you know...?" She frowned.

Martin only really wanted to record it to keep more careful track of things, to be able to go over their sessions and review what worked, what didn't, her reactions, and so on. He'd had no intention of trying to do any actual psychoanalysis even before Stacey approached him with her prohibition against it.

"Well for what it's worth, I only intend to do audio recordings, so when I review our sessions, nobody's going to be 'watching' anything."

Kira considered, then slowly nodded. The distinction seemed to relax her somewhat. "OK. Cool. Um, so... do you do..." Suddenly she shook her head. "You know, never mind."

"No, go ahead, Kira. Ask me anything."

"No, it's nothing. If it ever matters, I'll ask then."

Martin frowned. "You're sure?"

"Yeah, no biggie."

"All right then. If you're sure. Any more questions?"

"OK. Just remember if you ever think of any more, you can always ask. Transparency is important to me." God, the fucking lie of it.

Kira replaced her phone in her pocket. "Gotcha. So... now what?"

Martin folded his hands in his lap, channeling all the mildness he could. "So... I said we'd talk about goals. Did you have goals with your old therapist?"

“Sort of? I know we talked about it once. I don’t think it really came up any time recently, though.”

“All right, so I’ll take that as some familiarity. Now, I don’t need hard answers today, but what I do want is for you to think about what you want to get out of our time together.”

Goals were something he’d heard therapists on TV talk about. Martin had never been to a therapist, never thought he’d had any use for one. Still, more than one TV shrink had blathered on about goals, and it sounded like the sort of motivational crap that could keep a person going. Besides, the more he’d thought about it, her goals could potentially be weaponized against her. He didn’t know yet whether it would play better to instill a sense in her that they were making progress and so she needed to keep coming to him for assistance, or if he could swing having her leave his office feeling like she was failing and only he could drag her across the finish line. In either case, though, goals could be a carrot, and he meant to dangle the hell out of them.

“Some avenues to thinking about them could include questions like: What brought you in here? Is there anything that bothers you that you’d like to stop? Anything you’d like to improve upon in yourself, or habits you’d like to kick? Relationships you want to improve? Anything student-related that—”

Four months is a long time to adjust one’s moral compass to the idea of doing something evil. It made for a rather copious space for rationalizing (by the time he was done with her, she’d thank him for getting her to agree to it), acclimating (he’d already done it to Stacey, and it was a lifelong fantasy besides), telling oneself that it had already gone too far to turn back (his rent wasn’t going to pay for itself), and otherwise twisting oneself into the sort of person who made someone fuck them and fuck their own sister (as he was presently in the midst of beginning to do). This was happening. Martin believed he had made his peace with his iniquity.

And then she interrupted him with what may well have been the only thing that could put a crack in his resolve.

“Stacey,” she said firmly. “I want things to be good between me and Stacey again.”

In spite of everything, his jaw dropped. He picked it up again soon enough, but there was no missing it. “Oh. Well... that’s a great goal, I think.”

She nodded. “I’ll think about other stuff, too. But I know I want that. But you can’t tell her, right? You said.”

“Of course not.” And he meant it. What could he tell her – that at the first opportunity to open up to him, confide in him, her first thought had been wanting a better relationship with her sister? The same sister who saw her as a warm body to fuck at her discretion? “You have my word.”

Kira offered a thin, sad smile. Her eyes were far away. “Right. Good. So, yeah. I’ll think about other stuff, too. God knows I’m a frigging mess – I dunno about meeting all the goals I need, but setting them should be no prob.”

“Great.”

Kira broke out in grins. “So that’s it? Don’t go easy on me now, Professor Manning.”

“Next question: how aggressive do you want to be about it?”

“Aggressive? How do you mean?”

“How often do you want to meet? You’re lucky in that right now, I’m still starting up, building my clientele, so I have room to give my patients ample attention. But how hard you want to push yourself is up to you.”

“Then let’s be aggressive! Yeah?” For the first time, Martin was grateful to have Kira in his class. Sure enough, he had read her exactly right. The girl was driven. Frame it as an opportunity to impress herself and others with her hard work, and she was in.

Biweekly. Up from bimonthly under her Dr. Rivers. If he could stomach making himself do this, it was in the bag. She was going to have some kind of relationship with Stacey by the time he was done with her, all right.

“So how’d it go?” Stacey asked him that evening. He was still in his office. There was no A/C in his attic apartment. Like most of the summer, he was sleeping downstairs and making heavy use of Febreze to make sure his scent didn’t stick to the couch and put off his sole patient.

“So far, so good.” He summarized the basics (except that excruciatingly sweet bit about her hopes to rekindle their friendship), trying not to remember how assiduously he had promised his confidentiality.

“Nice. That’s a really good pace. I didn’t think you’d get her more than monthly at first, honestly. Not without some kind of BOGO deal or something, anyway.”

“Nah. I can’t help it. Reeveses love me.”

She shook her head. “We find you useful, I’ll grant.”

“Oh, and before I forget, one thing I didn’t love was that her boyfriend gave her a ride out here.”

Stacey frowned. “Boyfriend?”

“Yeah. I didn’t get a look at him, but I know he waited in the lobby for her the whole time. I gotta say, it makes me uneasy, the idea of going to work on her while she’s got her guy in the next room. I did a little testing on how soundproof this place is this afternoon. It’s good, but it’s not perfect. Having his girlfriend hypnotized could be the kind of thing a guy could get nosy about.”

“Yeah, no shit.”

“Do you think you could offer to give her a ride? Maybe she’d—”

But Stacey’s head was already shaking a firm negative. “That’s a non-starter. She didn’t even come with me to Lakeview. Rode here with some girl she half-knows from high school instead. We’re... not close. These days.”

Martin had observed that very thing already. Hesitantly, he ventured, “Maybe you could start getting close again? She hasn’t opened up yet, but my sense is that she wants a better relationship with her big sis. If I were trying to read between the lines.” The lines on which *I miss being tight with Stacey* were written.

“I doubt it,” she grouched. “Anyway, it’s a no-go. We’ve barely talked since she came here, and it’d be really suspicious if I spontaneously offered to ferry her to her hypnotist. This whole thing will fall apart in a hot minute if she digs in her heels and thinks I’m trying to push her into something.”

“That bad, huh.”

“Things between Kira and I fell apart right about the moment she found out I’m a lesbian. They haven’t been good since.”

“Kira and me.”

“Kira and you, what?”

“You said ‘between Kira and I.’ It’s between Kira and me. Compound object of the preposition.”

“I’m going to compound fracture your jaw if you don’t focus up.”

“Oh.” He grimaced. “All right. Maybe Friendly McBoyfriend was a one-time thing. Do you know the guy?”

“Last I knew she was single, but no surprise. Guys like Kira, and Kira likes guys. Guyz, emphasis on zz.” Stacey offered a thin smile. “Not sure you’re her type, though, so don’t get any ideas about more conventional ways into those panties.”

“Like I’d rather fuck her the old-fashioned way? Pff.” Let alone that he was reticent to fuck her, even once she was willing, while she was his student. If the university found out, he’d lose his primary income, and back alley hypnotist didn’t sound like much of a resume-builder. “But say, speaking of love lives, how are things on the home front with you and Sherri?”

Her indulgent smile incinerated in a flash. “None of your business.”

“That bad, huh.”

And then she was on her feet. “I don’t remember inviting you into my private affairs, Mesmer.”

“Hey, I’m not trying to pry, OK? But now I’m involved in this shit, and you managed to let this Sherri chick in on some things she shouldn’t know about. And you were together for a while, it sounded like, so excuse me for wondering if she might know even more than that.”

“And you’re only asking now? Get a grip. If you think I let Sherri in on our plan, you can chill. Thanks to that fat blonde cunt, Sherri thinks I tried to get you to make me straight. Since we live under the same roof, I did what I could to smooth things over. We talked a bit after we came back, once, and my sense of things was that she made the same assumption you made, self-hating lesbian trying to hypnotize herself to be right with Jesus. Whatever she thinks, she definitely doesn’t suspect anything to do with Kira.” She folded her arms beneath her breasts, affording Martin his first glimpse of her augmented cleavage in months. “Satisfied? Any other shitty situations you want me to relive?”

“I didn’t mean to upset you. I’m sorry, OK? I know we’re not friends in the normal sense, but hopefully I’m allowed to care about how you’re feeling a *little* bit.” Her face didn’t soften. Or if it did, it didn’t soften long. When Stacey Reeves wanted to glower, she glowered like a champ. “Anyway, glad to hear our operation isn’t in jeopardy.”

“Focus on that. And... yeah. Sounds like you’re doing well. Don’t let resting bitch face make you think I’m not vibing your efforts.”

“It’s going to be great. Trust me.”

“You know I do.”

Martin did not know that, and now that she had said it, he was not sure he believed it. But she had once, and he hoped she would again.

Kira, as it so happened, had not been exaggerating about her capacity to identify goals. Martin looked over the list she had provided, transcribed verbatim onto his notepad.

Improve my relationship with Stacey. That had been there already when she arrived. They'd not had time in this, their second session, to get more into what that meant to Kira. Sad to think a reservoir of homophobia could be lurking beneath such a sweet surface. Sadder still that it might make a barrier to his work on her.

Make the dean's list. An academic goal, and not very surprising. She'd opened with that today, and it made for his introduction to the theme of the day's discussion. See, Stacey had finished high school in the top ten in her class of almost eight hundred. Kira, merely the top ten percent. Her parents had not let her forget the distinction.

Lose fifteen pounds. This had been an interesting point of discussion, at least. Martin had failed in his efforts at professionalism here, sputtering indignantly at the notion she had any reason to worry. Kira had raised her shirt to show off a tummy that only the most critical eye could call rounded, then pinched at it to show off her undercooked muffin top.

When he again tried to reassure her, she shook her head and told him he simply didn't understand. During a visit to DAT house two years back, her sister's sophomore year, she'd overheard one of the seniors tell Stacey that if Kira wanted to make it in as a legacy, she better get serious about her BMI if she wanted to beat the caliper test. Then Kira had explained what the hell all that meant. In any event, though she now insisted she had no intention of pledging DAT house this winter, the damage had been done.

Call my parents more. A simplistic goal, and well below the threshold for which a typical therapist might recommend hypnosis, but only a few weeks away from home and already Kira was being hit with guilt trips over how they'd been getting weekly updates from Stacey, but only got the occasional text or email from their baby daughter.

Get along better with my roommate. Apparently things in the dorm front had been off to a rocky start, though at least there was no Stacey in it this time.

Commit to my goals. Meta, to be sure, though it had been her idea, and as Martin tried not to choke on the enormous gob of undeserved fortune, she explained her feelings that she hadn't really tried that hard on the goals she'd set with Dr. Rivers. (That she hardly remembered what they had been seemed to underscore this fact.) Stacey had come home last semester seeming so much more focused, serious, mature, and she could only assume that her work with Professor Manning had a lot to do with it.

"Do for me what you did for her," she pleaded.

"I'll... do my best."

She then apologized that there hadn't been more goals, then asked if it was too many, and how many did Stacey have by the way? This was followed by another apology for attempting to pry into another patient's affairs.

Kira took a breath, composing herself. "So... we still have like twenty minutes left. These sessions are an hour long, right?"

“Not to the minute or anything, but that’s the minimum I make sure I set aside, yes.”

“So... now what? Is there time to put me under, do you think? Is that the next thing?”

How he wished it was. But twenty minutes wasn’t much time, especially for their first induction. Likewise, there was still the prick in the lobby putting an itch between his shoulders. Martin had gotten a look at him this time. A generically good-looking guy, though his mouth seemed permanently stuck open. Martin had disliked him already or he would have begun to do so on the spot.

Anyway, he had anticipated not having time, and had come prepared. “We may build to that. Usually that’s something we build to, although since you said you have prior experience, we may get there sooner rather than later. For now, though, I wanted to work on some more pragmatic solutions.”

“Great!” She clapped her hands together giddily. “What do I do? Teach me, teacher.”

Martin crossed his legs, like therapists in movies were always doing. He regretted it immediately, thighs just thick enough to be putting uncomfortable pressure on his balls. “I can’t help but notice that your relationship with your sister weighs pretty heavily on you.”

“Oh. Um, yeah. It does.”

“And we’re going to get into that. And that may well be something we address under hypnosis. But for now, we’ll start with something a little simpler and more direct.”

“Groovy.”

“What I’d like you to do is get in touch with your sister sometime between now and our next session. You two have appointments practically back to back. See if you can handle being together for a car ride to my office, and back to campus again.”

Kira was wilting before his eyes. “I don’t know, Professor Manning...”

“Just try, all right? Maybe she’ll say no. Maybe you’ll lose your nerve halfway through the call and back out of it. Or maybe not. Maybe you’ll be the bigger person, extend this tiny little olive branch, and we’ll see what comes of it.”

“But... she...”

“Does Stacey know you two aren’t in the best place right now?”

“Oh yeah. Big-time. This summer...” She shook her head. “Longest family trip of my life.”

“Well that’s good. You can tell her I put you up to it, and if you don’t want to talk to her, you don’t have to. This simple interaction might help give us both some insights into where we’re starting off at with your goal.” He tapped his notepad.

She took a deep breath, and for a moment, he thought her apprehension might win out. “I’ll try,” she said at last.

“And hey, at least your friend out there can take a day off, right?”

Kira's soft brown eyes darted to the door. "Actually... I'm breaking up with him tonight. Is that bad?"

There was no way she could appreciate the reason for his smile, but she returned it anyway. "It's college, Kira. Guys come and go."

"Here's hoping." She giggled. "Anyway, thanks, Professor Manning. I guess if I'm gonna try this bravery thing, maybe I ought to get on with this, huh." Kira inclined her head toward the waiting room, then dragged a finger across her throat and let her tongue fall out.

"Good luck, Kira. Try not to break his heart too hard."

She shrugged. "Eh." Then, with a demure handshake and a wish for a good weekend, she was gone.

The sight of the Reeves sisters standing side by side, in the flesh, in his office, perhaps the very spot where he would someday fuck them, was almost worth what followed. The pictures didn't do them justice. It was very nearly dizzying, his eyes being torn every which way in search of where it was most pleasing to look. Stacey's coldly beautiful face. No, Kira's warm, inviting one. No, her tits. Those big, bouncy boobs. Or maybe Stacey's? Impossibly perky, perfectly spherical. Or that thin strip of tummy between Kira's shirt and shorts? No, for sure Stacey's legs. Maybe a bit higher, though, actually. Lord, how he missed that pussy of hers. What would Kira's look like? Was that a camel toe he was detecting, or... yes, it had to be. But the faces, they were so...

"Dropping off your patient," Stacey said, holding the door open for her sister. Kira twisted conspicuously as she swept in, trying too hard to avoid so much as brushing against her sister. "I'm gonna run a couple errands, but I should be back by the time you're done. For my... session."

Martin returned her smile, only the moment he did, hers warped into the most livid scowl he could remember seeing on her since the year before when he'd dared to mention Kira. Then came the finger across the throat, apparently some kind of Reeves trademark for their approach to men who had displeased them. Stacey looked a lot more like she meant it, though. As Kira took her place on the couch, Stacey re-entered her field of vision, and the fake smile was back. She let the door slide closed, paused to glare raw hatred at Martin from behind the glass, and left.

Evidently, his lie that she was still his patient had not been a big hit. That wasn't for another hour yet, so for now, he focused on the Reeves before him.

There Kira was. He'd seen her that morning in class, despite his best efforts to pay her less than the usual amount of attention. The girl stood out. He'd noticed that she'd changed clothes since then, ditching a pair of torn-up jeans and a t-shirt with the Lakeview mascot for her present ensemble, a thin, tight sweater in muted rainbow stripes to unnecessarily emphasize her bust, with a pair of shorts so incongruous that it could only be fashionable. Short shorts were in, to his delight – it was dangerously distracting to drive through campus any more. (Or it had been, before he'd sold his car to pay for his security deposit.) Kira's thighs were covered barely more than they would be in her underwear.

Forcing his attention on her eyes, he opened, "So, I see you did it. Good for you!"

Kira nodded softly. "Yeah. It... I dunno. It wasn't that hard, I guess. We..." She swallowed down something that looked rather dense. "I said some things to her this summer. So... Yeah, I figured I'd have to really beg her, but she agreed pretty easy, so that was cool. We didn't talk on the way over or anything, though. It was really awkward. But cool that she agreed."

"Cool indeed." The space he allowed for elaboration went unfilled, so he went on. "So. Today's the day we really get started, and the work begins. Are you ready?"

A more vigorous nod this time. "So ready."

“All right. Now I’m going to leave this up to you how we begin. Last time, you seemed to be expecting to jump right into hypnosis as a solution. Is that what you prefer, or would you rather talk? No need to break out the ‘big guns,’ so to speak.”

Sweetheart that she was, his finger quotes netted a chuckle. “No, we don’t have to. I just figured you would. I mean, that’s your thing, right?”

Martin started. “My thing...?” Did thing mean *kink*? What had she heard? What had Stacey told her?!

“Oh! I hope you don’t mind, but I sort of... googled you.” She winced. “La Mesmer! That’s such a cute name.”

Whew. One of these days, he would internalize that Stacey was on his side in this. “Ah, that. Yeah, it was a... phase.”

“Was it bad? I, um... Maybe this is weird to say, and you can completely tell me to shut the heck up, but it looked sort of... sexual...?”

“Sometimes, a little,” he conceded, glad he’d drilled himself on this conversation so many times. “Why, what’d you see?”

“You at some coffee shop or something. Nothing R-rated or anything, obviously, but you were standing in front of this cute girl, and it looked like she was undoing a button or two, so...”

Martin did his best to laugh it off, the three chuckles from his rehearsals. He knew exactly what she’d turned up. When they’d been dating, Naomi had made a fake social media profile for “Holly,” her persona she used as his anonymous volunteer, and used it to spearhead some advertising. She sexted him once in a while from the account, too. It had actually been pretty hot. *I can’t stop hearing your voice in my head, la Mesmer, telling me to take off my clothes, making me want to hear you tell me to do more...* Anyways, now Naomi was the only one with the password to the account, and it remained one of the top search results.

Martin’s cheeks colored a bit, a genuine reaction, if not to what the girl assumed. The whole la Mesmer routine felt so pathetic now that Stacey had shown him what was possible. “Yeah, that was my old, um, assistant. And... girlfriend. Sorry, not to be all TMI. But just so you understand she was ‘in on it,’ so to speak. A little PR work for the hypnotism industry. All behind me now, I assure you.” He took a sip from his water bottle to wash down the taste of bullshit.

“And here I was worried I was gonna wake up with my top off!”

Martin’s inadvertent spit take only barely missed his patient. She shrieked in dismay, except it was dismay at having offended him, not the grotesque spray. “Oh gosh, I was kidding! I didn’t really think... Please don’t be mad. I was just teasing you – you were blushing, and I thought it’d be funny and why do I ever think I know how to be funny, and... are you OK?”

Martin hammered a fist into his chest, trying to purge the droplet that had sneaked down his windpipe. It took a moment, a moment in which Kira soothingly

patted his back, her breasts resting firmly on his shoulder. "I'm so sorry," he wheezed at last.

"No! That was so my fault. Everybody always says I flirt without meaning to, and now I'm freaking out my therapist – and professor! Good grief. Please don't read anything into it – just a dumb joke."

Martin nodded, head swimming a little. Some of it was the near drowning, but some of it was the meta nature of the interaction. Kira comforting him that of course she would never find herself topless in his office, when he had a script at the ready to assuage that very fear on her part.

"If it's OK with you, I'm going to try to scrape together what's left of my dignity and pretend that never happened."

"Same," she agreed hastily, returning to the couch.

Martin refilled his water bottle from the sink at the side of the room, and retook his seat. It was long enough of a break that most of the awkwardness had faded. "So, I think we left off discussing what your preferences were regarding hypnosis?"

"Yeah. Um... is it weird if I want to dive right in just so I don't put my foot in my mouth again?"

With a relieved nod, he assented. "That sounds great. So, Kira, I'm practiced in a variety of techniques. I'm not sure what you're used to, but usually I do a guided vocal induction. If you'd like, I have implements that might assist. A metronome, blindfold, more white noise tracks than you can imagine... just name it, and I can do it."

"Dr. Rivers used wave noises. Do you have something like that? That always relaxes me. Sometimes when I'm at the beach, I swear, I almost fall into a trance without even needing her to be there doing her thing."

His cock made a break for it, assaulting his zipper with deadly force. Hyperbole, yes, but the mere suggestion that she could be put into a trance so easily... God. Martin shifted his notebook into his lap for concealment. "I think we can manage that. If you'd be more comfortable, feel free to lie down, and we'll begin."

Eight minutes, forty-eight seconds. That was how long it took to put her into a trance. It had taken over months with Stacey, and even then she snapped out of it the first time he coughed. Not fifteen minutes into their third session, and Kira was lying down on his couch, eyes closed, breath slow, jaw hanging slightly open. The sound of waves crashing and receding issued from the speakers on his tablet.

"Kira, can you hear me?"

"Mm."

He smiled. So like her sister in that moment. "How do you feel?"

"Mm. Relaxed. Free. Helps."

"How does it help?"

"Been stressed. Tense. But when I'm in a trance..." She sighed, as soft as he was hard. In the slow arc of his eventual sexual conquest of this young woman, this moment was the normal sex equivalent of the first button coming undone. "Mmm. Melts away."

“You enjoy this, huh?” he asked, as transfixed in his own way as she was.

“Mm. Yeah. Comfy.”

“Does it give you... pleasure?”

Before he could slap a hand over his mouth in horror at his overreach, Kira was already nodding indolently. “Mm. Feels good. Wish we hadn’t waited.”

He threw his hands in the air, equally in triumph at how easy this portion of their journey looked to be, as well as latent exasperation that his sister had taken half the school year to reach the same point. If Stacey had enjoyed being hypnotized as much as her sister, he might have fucked her before Naomi ever even started in on him and dodged that whole bullet.

“Kira, is it all right if I ask you to do some things?”

“Mm. Sure.”

“Things like—” Huh? She’d just... agreed to it? Where was the *fidget*? Where was the cagey demand to know what kinds of things? Where was the Stacey in this girl?! With his justification turning out to be unnecessary, Martin started over. “I want you to say some things. Things that you’ve already admitted are true. Understand?”

She nodded. “Mm. Say things. Yes.”

“And it’s OK to say them, because they’re true. Then, after you say the words, I want you to think about how true they are. Understand?”

“Um... I’m not sure? I’m sorry.” She frowned, folding her arms under her breasts as if to hold in heat, like her confusion gave her chills.

It was as well she didn’t, as his studies had given him to understand that an illustration of such a technique was productive. Martin provided one. “Kira, say, ‘two plus two equals four.’”

“Two plus two equals four.” A dopey smile crept back towards pink lips.

“That’s absolutely true, isn’t it.”

Kira nodded slowly. “Mm. Yes.”

“You’re sure?” He barely waited for the nod to continue before pressing, “Why?”

With a wrist that looked strained by the weight of her hand, Kira counted it off. “Two, and then another two. Makes four. See? One, two, three four.”

“That’s right. Now I want you to hold onto that feeling, that sense of ‘of course this is true, obviously, duh!’ Think about this feeling. Memorize it. Do you have it?”

Kira’s eyes, closed, closed harder in concentration. “I think so.”

Martin ran her through a few more exercises, and each time, he went slightly more abstract. There were sixty seconds in a minute. Her name is Kira. Happiness is good. She loves her dog, Raider. After each, he reinforced the central lesson, that feeling of satisfaction to be certain of a thing. When she sounded more confident that she had the feeling down, he returned to his objective.

“It feels good, being certain about something, doesn’t it?”

“Mm. Yeah. Like a test. Where I know all the answers.”

“That’s right. You *know* the answers. You’re certain. Confident. No doubts.”

“No doubts.”

“All right, Kira, now repeat after me, and remember while you do how confident you are. How certain. Are you ready?”

“Mm. Repeat. Easy.”

In spite of himself, Martin was on his feet, standing well within the personal bubble he had lectured himself time and again to respect. She was making it too easy, and her hypnotically induced confidence was contagious. He was looking right down at her, at where her huddled arms pressed together a spectacular vista of cleavage, a nook so tight that if he tucked his finger in it, it looked like he might struggle to withdraw.

Only not today. Someday, but not today.

“I enjoy being hypnotized. Say it.”

“I enjoy being hypnotized.”

“And you still have that feeling, Kira. You’re sure that’s the right answer. You feel so good about yourself to say things you know are right.”

She sighed in quiet bliss. “Mmm. Feel so good.”

“I enjoy being hypnotized by Martin Manning. Say it.”

“I enjoy being hypnotized by... Professor Manning.”

The stutter around his first name betrayed that lingering hesitation, but he rushed to assure her. “That’s right, Professor Manning. It’s perfectly OK to call me that. You’re doing so well. So right.”

Like that, she was at ease again. “Mm. So right.”

“I want to be hypnotized like this every session. Say it, and know it’s right.”

“I want to be hypnotized every session.”

“I will ask Professor Manning to hypnotize me every session. Say it.”

She repeated it, verbatim that time. And on he went. Leering unabashedly, he fed her line after line.

“I’m glad to come here.”

“I like Professor Manning.”

“I trust Professor Manning.”

“It’s natural to repeat truths like this.”

“I feel happy and free when I am hypnotized.”

“Being hypnotized helps me realize things that are true.” (They took a few extra minutes to build to that admission, but once he prompted it, she offered no more resistance than on the others.)

“I listen better when I’m hypnotized.”

“I feel happy when I’m hypnotized.”

“I feel relaxed when I’m hypnotized.”

“I feel so, so good right now.”

“Being hypnotized is pleasurable.” (She giggled a bit at that, but assured him it was true when he double-checked.)

With his cock threatening to rupture his zipper at the sound of the busty little minx's breathy whisper of "pleasurable" echoing in his ears, Martin cut himself off there. He'd already been greedier than he could have ever imagined he'd have the chance to be in their first session. Her old hypnotherapist deserved a medal for priming the girl like this.

Then came the repetitions. The mantras would have to wait. In fact, their day might never come. He'd gotten away with them with Stacey because she wanted him to succeed, but Kira may well have to be handled entirely in-house. Fine by him. He could do this every day for the rest of his life and not get bored. Bit by bit, with persistent cheerfulness and unflinching obedience, Kira reiterated that she wanted this as often as possible, because she felt incredible. He made sure nothing sounded sexual, quite, and backed away from the "pleasurable" bit. No sense risking her waking up tomorrow in the midst of frigging her somnolent pussy at the thought of another session and getting curious as to why.

Eventually he let up. Stacey was in the waiting room again, which he only knew from the little thump of the office door when the exterior one opened. At least she had the good sense not to get snoopy and risk being seen by her sister, never mind that the girl was oblivious to the world except for his voice.

"Now, Kira, for a moment, I want to talk to you about Stacey." Martin had planned to focus on this today, but Kira had distracted him from his mission.

Suddenly, her nose wrinkled intensely. "Hmm."

Glancing at the door separating the source of her distaste, he kept his voice low. "It was big of you to ride with her here today."

Wrinkle. "Hmm." On second sounding, that *hmm* sounded like the *nuh uh* to the *yuh huh* of her *mm*.

"I get that you feel like you're... not quite enough around her. Not good enough. That's understandable."

Wrinkle wrinkle wrinkle. Kira's face scrunched like he'd shoved a plate of fresh steaming dog turds under it. If her face scrunched any harder, she'd either wake up, or implode.

"Is that not it?"

She shook her head with more vigor than she'd put into any motion since she'd gone under. "No. Too good."

"Too good? Can you explain? I'm not sure I understand."

"Stacey. Thinks I'm too good."

Martin stroked his chin. "As in, she's trying to take you down a peg somehow? Lessen you?"

Wrinkle. Shake. "As in, she wants to have sex with me."

The sensation of having one's heart stop is not a hyperbole to be lightly used. If CDC estimates are to be believed, close to a hundred Americans had died of that very condition since the beginning of Martin and Kira's session. Although Martin cognitively

considered that his heart might have ceased beating, so briefly that his mind couldn't even register it in words, this was a misunderstanding of the effects of a panic-induced burst of adrenaline giving him a sensation of slowing time. In fact, his heart was already beginning to beat faster, not slower. In moments, it would be hammering as if he had been performing vigorous exercise, or taken a hit of ecstasy.

In any event, the momentary bout of hypochondria helped him to overlook that he had peed himself, if only just a tiny bit, and thankfully not enough to show.

"She's your sister," he counseled sternly, not even pausing to consider if the suggestion might harm his cause. "She couldn't want that."

Wrinkle. "She does."

"Why would you think that?"

"Because she told me so."

Martin's incredulous gaping was met with a sudden chorus of beeps, buzzes, chimes, and other notification noises. By sheer luck, her skimpy shorts had no pockets, and so the sounds emanated from her purse lying on the floor beside the couch, and were *just* muffled enough on account of it. With the speed of a man possessed, Martin pounced, grabbing the purse and muffling it in the preposterous mechanism his instincts cried out for – namely, to throw it under his shirt as he dove into the corner of the room and shield it from open air by curling up around it in as tiny a ball as he could manage. He caught a glimpse of Stacey, staring incredulously through the glass door. Yet when he looked to the sofa, Kira lay still.

Ignoring the look of shock on Stacey's face, he calmly made his way back to his station. Only then did he realize what had happened, that Kira had set her phone to block notifications until after her session. He did the same thing, in fact, though the fact that his phone had remained silent was a rather judgmental account of the gaps in their respective levels of popularity.

As for his reaction, while extreme, it had probably been the right one. It was important to bring a patient out of her trance naturally; the process was part of what helped a subject compartmentalize their time in a trance and block what had happened from their conscious mind. Skip that, and the chance she would awaken with crisp memories of him drilling her love of his hypnosis sessions into her subconscious. How he would have explained him treating her phone like a live grenade, he didn't know, but accounted himself most fortunate that he did not have to. Kira went under in their first try nearly as deeply as her sister had by the time he was sucking on her boobs half the session.

Waking her was even quicker than the induction. Their time only went over by about five minutes, and when he at last brought her fully conscious again, the first thing she did after stretching and yawning was to seize her phone and frown.

"Wow. Did this make any noises? I'm surprised it didn't wake me up. I wake up for a text buzz if I'm dead asleep."

"I didn't hear anything," Martin lied.

“Wild. I guess you really know what you’re doing, huh?”

Martin smiled, trying not to breathe too hard. Stacey had told her *what?! It was only now coming back to him.* “I had an excellent patient.”

Kira grinned, tucking her phone away, easily chalking it up to an error on her part. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. You’re an excellent candidate for hypnosis. A natural. I think we’re going to make really good progress with it – if that’s an avenue you’d like to pursue, that is.”

“Absolutely!” she affirmed immediately. “Professor Manning, I feel so good right now. Like, so good. Thank you. I don’t know what else you did, but I feel like I just had the best nap I’ve had in ages. That was awesome. I can’t wait to do it again!”

Martin chuckled at her exuberance, struggling to remain mindful that he wasn’t allowed to fuck her on the spot. “Well then, until our next session, OK? I think Stacey’s waiting for us, and I probably don’t need to tell you she’s not the most patient patient.”

Kira rolled her eyes. “Ugh, I bet. Good luck with that one.”

They took to their feet as one. When he extended a hand for shaking, it prodded her right in the stomach as she came in for a hug. Awkwardly, Kira stumbled back, cheeks turning crimson. “Oh my gosh, that’s so embarrassing. I’m so sorry. I’m kind of a hugger, and I’m still sort of blissed out, and... I’m so sorry. That was so weird. I’m not a creeper or anything, Professor Manning, I promise!”

“Quite all right, Kira.” Should he...? No. No, the moment had passed. “We’ll work on it. For now, I’ll see you in tomorrow’s discussion session. All right?”

“Right! I already did the reading. I just have to finish doing the forum thing.”

“Atta girl. Would you mind sending Stacey in on your way out?”

“Sure thing. Bye, Mr. Manning!”

“Bye, Kira.”

He kept the smile frozen on his face until Kira finished waving to him through the glass, even with Stacey’s withering glare fixed on him. As soon as the girl was out of sight in the waiting room, it vanished.

“Let’s have a chat about our interactions going forward, ‘Mr. Manning.’” Stacey perched on the very edge of the couch, like she wanted to be ready to leap off and strangle him. All the while, she scowled her Stacey scowl.

For once, Martin was not put off by it, and returned it in kind. “Oh yes. Let’s do.”

Creeps

Chapter Three

It is a widely disseminated axiom that the only way to stop a bully is to stand up to them. While no more ironclad than any other axiom, it holds true more than most. This is not to suggest it is the only, or even necessarily the best means of addressing a bully. For example, in Stacey's case, the last time she had been bullied had been her freshman year of college, and in response she arranged to join the bully's faction and rule them from the inside. It had worked remarkably well. Nobody had dared bully her since, and when need arose, she now had her own pack of minion bullies to do her dirty work for her.

Martin had no such experience with bullies. Not to say he had never been, but he had been fortunate. His had been more the sort to tease, or occasionally gently ridicule, but they hadn't ruined more than an hour or two at a time, not the bulk of his K-12 education as some did. He'd never needed to stand up to them, only weather the occasional storm. As such, in the face of the unjust anger of one Stacey Reeves, he found himself quite unprepared for the staredown that ensued.

"Yeah, why don't you have a seat." She loomed for a moment after driving him back into his chair, but then, mindful of the glass door and the presence of Kira in the next room, took her place on the couch.

"What the hell did you think you were—"

"What on earth did you say to her about—"

The two started and stopped speaking in perfect concert, but Stacey took advantage of his courtesy faster than Martin could seize upon her outrage at being talked over. The low volume of her voice was almost swallowed by the beach noises still playing from before. The sound-proofing had been adequate to keep her from eavesdropping on Kira's session, but it would be unwise to treat this encounter as a live fire exercise to prove which Reeves had keener ears.

"Martin, I know we shared something last year. I haven't forgotten that. I'm appreciative of what you're trying to do for me – for *us* – too. Still, that doesn't give you the right to manipulate me into coming into your office. I have a huge amount on my plate. Double major double minor, graduating in the spring magna cum laude, maybe summa. Vice president at DAT house, a job search for my first real career job, keeping up a social life, cultivating my brand—"

"I'm sorry, did you say 'cultivating your—'"

"But even aside from all that... Martin, you cannot go forcing matters between me and Kira like that. You simply cannot. We had a falling out. A big one. So when you up and surprise me by stuffing us into a car, playing musical couches in your office, you're playing with fire. You don't know how close you came to ruining everything. You still might just on our ride back to campus. So drop it, all right? I thought I was very clear on

this. Get in her head, make her want it like you made me want it. But don't try to patch things up like you're a real therapist. You're not, and even if you were, this is too big for you. Do you understand?"

Taken somewhat aback by her shift toward earnestness, Martin found himself nodding. "Yeah. I understand. I didn't... I'm sorry."

Stacey allowed a mollified smile, though only for a moment. "Thank you."

"Though if I may...?"

"Martin."

He held up his hands. "I'm only asking. Not because I'm nosey, but because it affects our project. And I understand if you don't want to answer. No pressure. If you're not—"

"Oh my god just ask already."

"This beef between you two," he began, and seeing the dangerous glint in her eye immediately return, hurried on, "which I'm not asking you to explain the particulars of, at all! But so I know. Is this her problem with you, your problem with her, or is it mutual?"

"Why does it matter?"

Martin threw a hand in the air. "Because I'm trying to get into her subconscious and warp it until it thinks the universe begins and ends in your panties, so it might be helpful to know if she hates you or what. That's why."

Stacey folded her arms, a clear sign that she saw his point but still didn't like it. "It's her problem with me. OK?"

"Hmm. I thought it might be. But that's a good thing, actually."

"How is her loathing me a good thing?"

The truth was that it meant Kira's admission that she wanted to remedy their relationship signified her willingness to change. There was no telling Stacey that, however, not without passing on that one and only tidbit he'd withheld. If Stacey knew Kira had asked him to restore conviviality to their sisterhood, it could be disastrous. For one, Stacey might think he was looking to meddle, which it was crystal clear was a deal-breaker for her. For two, and more frightful still, it was the kind of sappy little tidbit that he worried might give Stacey second thoughts about the whole process.

Accordingly, he dissembled. "That means the obstacle I need to break down is in her, and she's the one I'm meeting with twice a week. You say she loathes you, but all I did was suggest she hit you up for a ride since she doesn't have a car. And was ditching her boyfriend."

"For a new boyfriend, actually. They were texting on the drive over."

"Really? Jesus. School's only been in session for two weeks and change. You're sure?"

"I've seen how Kira grins at texts from her friends, and I've seen how she grins when it's from a guy she's into. This was the second one. Trust me."

“Damn. Fair enough. Anyway, I casually said she might try asking you for a ride, which she obviously did. If she really hated you so much, she would have found another way. That she took my suggestion means the animosity might not be so severe as you think.”

“You weren’t there this summer. You didn’t see what it was like.”

He thought he had seen a great deal of it, actually, by way of their respective instagram stories during their family vacation. The two faked it beautifully. “I guess not. But I’m here now, and she did ask you for a ride. Look, all I know is that getting her to want to fuck us – fuck you – is going to be easier the less friction there is. I don’t want you to force it, but being able to sit in the same room together, or car, or whatever, without wanting to throw punches would help. A lot. Like, as much as it would have helped last year if you were into guys. But if you tell me you can’t do it, then I’ll find another way.”

Stacey regarded him coldly for a time. Wisely, he let her mull it over without interruption. “Fine,” she harrumphed at last. “If she still wants to ride with me, she can. But I’m not going to pretend we’re still meeting.”

“I told her we were, though. What if she gets suspicious?”

“Tell her I had to reschedule. Which I would, if I were. Make something up. Again. I don’t care.”

Martin folded his arms. He had not forgotten his initial cause for his own outburst. Kira had told him point blank that Stacey had revealed to her that she intended to fuck her. He didn’t know the circumstances of it, but it had potentially dire implications for his ability to get to work on her. What on earth she’d been thinking, he couldn’t guess, but he needed to know.

That, however, was going to be confrontational. Stacey did not handle confrontation well, at least not when she was the one being confronted. So instead, for the moment, he buried that line of inquiry and pursued an appeal to her rationality. She seemed to be in a conciliatory mood, after all. Stacey was capable of approaching his requests logically, though her temper had an unfortunate tendency to get in the way, validating all manner of offensive stereotypes of her ilk.

“Actually, that’s another thing. I was actually thinking, it might be a good idea if you and I continued to work together. Like, um... Like last year. I know, I know!” He motioned for her to keep her protests quiet, at least, and succeeded in silencing them altogether for the time being. “I know, things have stagnated a little, from where they were, and you might not be interested in picking up like things were.”

“Let me clarify that ‘might’ for you. Am not. Absolutely not. I let you get away with dressing me up like a slut, groping me and pinching me and and putting your lips on me and...” She shuddered, shaking her head vigorously for a moment. “No. I let you get away with that because I spent eight months being brainwashed into allowing it, baby step by baby step. It took the whole summer to clear my head, and thank you no. You had your fun, and that was that.”

“So you’re saying you don’t want to have sex with me any more?”

“No. I don’t. I’ll do what I agreed to, and we’ll have fun with it, but that’s it.”

Martin drummed his fingers on his lap, allowing a few waves to crash while waiting for an unspoken point to sink in. When it didn’t, he rendered it spoken. “See, that’s the problem. It’s going to be months yet before Kira’s ready, in all likelihood. At best. If you’re already at the ‘meh, I guess, if I have to’ stage after three months’ break, where will you be at six? Or twelve, if it takes that long? Do you really want to go into that feeling just... obligated?”

“I *am* obligated.”

“Right, but... Come on. Real talk, Stacey. I know you know I had a great time with you. And it looked like you had fun, too. Am I crazy?”

Stacey folded her arms. Her desire to issue a scathing retort was plain, but after giving him space enough to imagine a few, she relented. “You know I did. I can fake an orgasm as well as the next girl, but I can’t fake five. And then another three.” She bit her lip to keep her smile of remembrance from growing too big.

“Well? Don’t you see? We could have another awesome time like that, except with...” He jerked his head towards the waiting room. “Or, you could have sex with her while I hover around with my wiener out trying to get it on it. Which I will, I assure you, and I double assure you that she will insist right along with me. So why not spend a little time each week refining it, keeping the spark alive so that when it happens, it makes for an amazing memory and not some bitter awful thing you resent me for forever? Because right now, that’s what you’re setting yourself up for.”

Once again, the office was silent except for the waves. Or at least, that was their perception of it, and the title under which the mp3 had been marketed. The file being played was actually a sound editor’s enhancement of an audio recording of wind blowing through leaves on the trees outside his apartment in the suburbs of Minneapolis, played on top of itself several times with the volume fading in and out. The gulls were added from a recording taken in the derelict parking lot outside the town’s derelict K-Mart. It made for a convincing illusion, earning the editor enough in royalties to bring him current on his child support payments, followed by one hell of a weekend in Atlantic City.

If Martin managed to weave an illusion half so convincing, it would pay for a truly legendary threesome.

“You make a decent point. So fine, OK. But no more creepy mantras. Tune-ups only, and no hanky panky along the way. It was hot the first time because it was fucked up and wrong, and I could see you were going to say yes to the big ask so I didn’t have to hold anything back. But this time, some ground rules.”

“Right. Great. Lay ‘em on me.”

“No touching. Even if I initiate it, you stop me. No dress-up. That’s no to slutty outfits, no to beach wear, no to lingerie, no to costumes, and absolutely no nudity. No

porn. And in case it didn't go without saying, no sex whatsoever until I get mine. That's no sex with me, and no sex with her."

"Wouldn't dream of it." Probably true, if only because he almost never remembered his dreams.

"Once a week only, and I'll be recording it after today, in case you get any cute ideas."

"Wow, what ever happened to 'I trust Martin Manning?'"

"I do trust Martin Manning. I trust him to want me pretty freaking badly." Even smirking, Stacey Reeves was somehow beautiful. "So fine. We still have a good while left. Let's see if you can still work that voodoo that you do."

"Assume the position, Ms. Reeves," he quipped, prompting her to lie down on the couch. Once she was settled into place, he probed whether the white noise was distracting, but she insisted she didn't care, and it might help conceal whatever they talked about from the next room, just in case.

It felt appropriate to employ the same brevity of induction he'd left off with in the spring. Rather than beginning at the beginning – *close your eyes, listen for your heartbeat, feel for your breath, breathe through your nostrils, in, and out...* – they had milestones, shortcuts he could take to move her to the final destinations more quickly. It wasn't snapping his fingers and having her slip into a trance immediately, like in the porn they'd enjoyed together, but it still meant less of their time together was wasted on induction, so more could be devoted to posthypnotic conditioning. To his surprise, it worked just like it had back in the spring. Only a little over five minutes later, Stacey was lying still on his sofa under a trance once more.

Even so, five minutes was a lot of time to drone on the same old words. While he did his spiel, it gave him time to consider the basic nature of the woman before him. It occurred to him that she had given in to his request with a great deal less pushback than he was accustomed. Doubly so, considering how pissed off she'd been mere moments earlier. Very strange. Good luck? Benefits of hard work last spring?

Or could... could she be... humoring him?

He contemplated a moment while he watched her. Stacey was as gorgeous as ever, even if it was disappointing to see her dressed like a normal hot girl and not like some fetish slut straight out of his favorite subreddits. After a moment, he leaned in and said, with a dry smile, "Stacey, pick your nose."

"What?!" Her eyes shot open, turning to glare hard. But Martin only laughed, and after a moment, she did, too. "Sorry, I know I shouldn't play hypno-hooky. It's just been a while. I figured it'd come back to me after a while. Go on, try again. I'll be good."

"No, it's fine. I rushed things there, so that's on me."

It was not, in fact, on him. Stacey had tried to play him, and her relief at seeming to get away with it had been subtle, but unmistakable. This time, Martin went back to basics, no more games. It was the sort of induction he'd tried and tried all last fall with her until it finally worked, the same sort he'd never been able to get to work on Naomi.

It took real time that go around, more than twenty minutes of guiding her to the suppression of her conscious mind. Finally, he recognized the slow, rhythmic breathing of her fully tranced state.

Yet Martin still wasn't buying it.

For the remainder of their time, he played it absolutely safe. Repeating that she trusted him, was attracted to him, looked forward to fulfilling her promise, even to the point of qualifying that she only had to cooperate so long as he delivered. Absolutely nothing to give her the idea that he meant to abuse the very limited faith she was placing in his manipulation of her subconscious.

"It will be fun to celebrate our success," he prompted.

"Will be fun to celebrate our success," she echoed. No *mm*. She didn't, not always, but after catching her faking it once, he wasn't inclined to be fooled again.

Martin stood, took a few steps toward the sofa, merely halfway, then shook his head and sat back down. She would read it as temptation. Stacey would never buy it if he didn't appear to be tempted. "Nope, you held up your end. Now I gotta do mine," he mumbled. If she were faking it, he was going to sell it.

And there it was, a flicker of a ghost of a smile, so ephemeral that only someone who had spent days and days staring at those lips could detect it.

After that, he started to bring her out of it. Nothing at all out of the ordinary aside from ending a few minutes early. When he commanded her to wake up, her long, dark eyelashes fluttered open, and she sat up with a slow stretch and yawn.

"How'd we do?" she asked.

"You are now completely under my control. Muahahaha!" Martin joked.

Stacey rolled her eyes, but gave him his grin even as she put a finger to her lips and glanced to the door. "Not too bad. I almost missed it."

"Only almost? Come on, I could use an attaboy."

"And you'll get one once Kira's dtf. Until then... keep at it, Mesmer."

"You know I will." He produced his planner and the two arranged their next session to coincide with one of Kira's two the following week. With that, Stacey left his office without a backward glance. Martin walked her to the door, where Kira turned to wave a farewell, her smile evaporating once she looked back to Stacey.

He waited until their car was out of the lot and down the street before letting out a whoop of triumph that reverberated around the walls. Whatever the woman had blabbed to Kira, he had his Stacey back. He would have to move carefully, risking nothing. If he took his time and played his cards exactly right, Stacey Reeves was going to be his once again. Finally he would get to see just how far her subconscious could bend.

“Whuh... what happened?” Kira asked, sitting up groggily.

Martin laughed in a manner that he hoped was disarming. “My fault. I sneezed. You don’t remember?”

Kira’s eyes widened, and she laughed even harder than he had. “Oh my gosh! No, I don’t at all. That’s wild. And gesundheit!”

“Thanks.”

“So are we going to try again?” She found the clock. “I guess we have a lot of time left, so... may as well, huh? If it’s OK. Not to sound over-eager, but I left here feeling like a million bucks last time.”

“That’s great, Kira. Yeah, we’ll have a second go. Lie back down, and I’ll begin.”

Once she was again entranced, he momentarily excused himself to the empty waiting room and shot out a series of expletives until he had it out of his system. When he felt calm enough, he returned. Clearly, asking her to tell him about Stacey’s incestuous confession had been a mistake. The moment the question had left his lips, Kira had shaken her head, and then seconds later was wide awake. It had been a harder dead-end than he’d ever reached with Stacey, even when it escalated to the point of open fondling. Kira had kept her good spirits, at least, but her subconscious obviously wasn’t ready to revisit whatever had happened between them.

That was a problem, and one for which there was no obvious solution. The entire point of their time together was to prepare her to want to have sex with her sister. To a lesser extent in Stacey’s mind, and a greater extent in his, it was also to prepare her to want to have sex with him, too. Yet somehow Stacey had made her intentions known, setting up the mother of all mental barriers for him. It would have been hard enough getting the girl to overlook such a taboo, but now it was one she’d confronted.

The difference between enticing her into fucking Stacey and enticing her into fucking Stacey after telling her no might not seem like much, but a simple visioning exercise should suffice. Take grave robbing, for instance. The average person has most likely never devoted a moment’s consideration as to their precise feelings on the subject of grave robbing. If anything, the subject exists as a nonspecific apprehension of moral wrongness and therefore was not something in which to develop and pursue an interest.

Then one day, along comes some unsavory sort who asks our average person if they might like to rob a grave this weekend, and upon hearing a refusal, demands that they explain why. Only then do they begin to walk themselves through it and really examine their relationship to the dark act. There’s the sense of defilement, of course, of committing an act so fundamentally iniquitous that the sin may forever stain their conscience, perhaps even their soul. Then come the more pragmatic aspects, such as the dread about being discovered, which would lead to the ruination of every laid plan to say nothing of the looks one will garner around the neighborhood after that insufferable gossip Donna finds out. As if that weren’t bad enough, the act of robbing a grave in and of itself is fraught with difficulties and grotesqueries. The hardships of shoveling so much dirt. Fear of getting lost, of digging up the wrong grave, or of simply stumbling

and injuring oneself in the dark. The smell. Oh god, the smell, that horrific discovery of the gulf between Hollywood's portrayal of a putrid rotted corpse and the damned reality.

Oh, and the cleanup! Nearly forgot that. Very messy stuff, robbing graves.

Following such a consideration, no doubt one's resolve never to do this thing they had never been going to do anyway must assuredly be manifestly stronger, resistance amplified by orders of magnitude. This was the circumstance with which Stacey had now presented him. For now, Martin evidently couldn't bring Kira to even speak of it, much less reverse her stance.

For now, there seemed to be little to do but go to work on her in much the same way he had her sister. He hadn't known Stacey was a lesbian at first either, and with months and months of chiseling away, he had cut a doorway through that barrier, too. Or so he told himself.

Thankfully, some of the foundations required no work at all. *I like Professor Manning. I trust Professor Manning. I enjoy being hypnotized by Professor Manning.* She repeated those the first time he bade her. Other bits needed a little work to get done, but she didn't make it difficult, and he didn't abuse his good fortune. *I will be honest with Professor Manning. I want Professor Manning to like me.* Each admission received most of a session worth of attention, working her up to saying the words, and from there, repeating and repeating. In hypnosis, sometimes it was helpful to have a subject evoke and seize on a feeling, as he had with getting Kira to embrace the feeling that her words were truth in their first session. Other times, it was better to simply bait out the words themselves and then have the subject repeat them until the subconscious forfeited its slippery grip on their context. With enough repetition, a technicality could evolve into an epiphany. For weeks, that was his course. Pick up a new admission, repeat it until it was embedded as firmly as a catchy tune.

"Do you think your old therapist Dr. Rivers was helping you, Kira?"

Kira was awake for this portion of the session, if only for these first few minutes. "I don't know. Sometimes. It was good to have somewhere I could shut my brain off, at least."

"And yet you're still willing to undergo hypnosis to solve your problems. Why is that, do you think?"

"Well... I mean, at first, my mom kinda made me? I know that sounds bad," she rushed, "and now I'm pretty glad she did. But I guess it's just never made that much difference. Like, she hypnotized me and hypnotized me, but the stuff I wanted to be working on, it didn't get much better. It's like when you start a diet on New Year's or something, where you want it to work and you try at first and you're like 'yeah! maybe I can do this!' but then you slow down, make excuses, throw in the towel. You feel guilty when you start cheating but in the end, it's just this pressure in your head that you wind up ignoring."

“I see. Well I want you to know that I do have some techniques that are more aggressive if we don’t make enough progress to satisfy you. For now, though, I want to see what headway we can make with the basics.”

“If you say so, Professor Manning. I’m up for whatever.” There was once more a sudden grimace, but he had learned to stop fretting them. The girl experienced physical discomfort every time she suppressed a “that’s what she said.”

A short while later, an entranced Kira reiterated the same sentiments, confirming that her conscious and subconscious were of one mind on the matter of hypnosis. Kira liked it because it was a respite from her anxiety, but didn’t really believe it was something that could translate into real world results. His work building himself into la Mesmer had been much more theory than practice, yet even so he wondered how much of Dr. Rivers’ practice was founded on using hypnosis as a relaxation technique that masqueraded as real therapy. Was the woman a con artist, or did she simply delude herself into thinking her hypnosis actualized better results than it did?

No need to antagonize your gift horse, he chided himself. Whatever this Dr. Rivers’ shortcomings as a hypnotist, she’d presented him with a patient who gobbled down hypnosis with no more suspicion than if he’d offered her a tylenol.

It was time to make a believer out of Kira. For now, she seemed to enjoy having so much one on one time and attention from a professor, as well as getting to play couch potato. Stacey’s transformation had begun once she’d realized his efforts had yielded tangible results, and he needed to do that for Kira. Getting there, he figured, should be a simple matter of having her achieve one of her goals, and linking the achievement with their sessions.

Of her candidate goals, one was the obvious frontrunner. *Lose fifteen pounds*, she’d said. It was perfect. Achievable, measurable, short-term. Today, they would begin work on beginning work. Still the beginning of September, still plenty of time to guide her where he wanted her.

“Kira, do you remember your goal to lose weight?”

“Mm.”

“What was it specifically?”

“Lose fifteen pounds.”

“Why do you think you need to lose weight?” It was more than fair, as questions about a woman’s weight went. Few would describe Kira as “skinny,” but nobody would resort to “heavy.” Plus she possessed that fortunate genetic disposition to displace a good amount of her excess body fat in her butt and in her boobs, and she also possessed the even more fortunate social disposition to cut herself off from further weight gain before it more than grazed the rest of her. She still had a good deal of “curvy” and all of “plump” to get through before a justification for any vanity was jeopardized.

“I want to rush a sorority.”

He waited for more, but nothing came but imaginary waves breaking on an imaginary beach. “That’s it?”

“Mm. Big girls don’t get as many bids, or as good of ones. Really hot girls can go pretty much anywhere, though.”

Shallow, but probably at least a little truth to it. After that, he brought out a bathroom scale – \$17 at Target, not including the fuel to go to the far away Target to avoid Naomi – and carefully guided her onto it. 133 pounds. Fitness-minded as he wasn’t, he had no real notion as to whether that was high or low for her height and build. In any event, it was a baseline. Martin took the remainder of the session to walk her through a process to help her internalize some basic weight loss tips. She spent the final fifteen minutes before her wake-up call chanting, “I will eat healthy food. I will reduce portion sizes. I will exercise regularly. I will feel good when I do something healthy. I will feel bad when I do something unhealthy.”

He gave that two weeks, splitting their other sessions between reinforcing her fitness regimen and reinforcing her attitudes towards him – trust, amicability, respect. Meanwhile, he continued to play it safe with Stacey, making only the most token efforts to rekindle her trust and desire for intimacy, the latter always contingent on his success with Kira. She was recording him again, back in the spirit of her paranoid phase from the year before, and he had fewer doubts that she might actually be checking the tapes than he’d harbored last year. That is, if she were even going under. She had received ample opportunity to learn to fake it, and true to the common perception, there simply wasn’t a way to hypnotize someone who didn’t want to be hypnotized. Maybe she was going under and maybe she was faking it, but he couldn’t push the envelope under those conditions. He needed her to trust him again, and that trust would only be regained once she believed he was convinced he had it. Or something like that.

As for the younger Reeves, Martin’s frustrations with her slow start were minimal to nonexistent. Stacey had taken a long time to get going, too. Besides, their rapport was quite good. Kira was smiles and sunshine both in his office and in his class. It could be the hypnotic conditioning working or simply her kindhearted nature, but either way, he took it as a good sign. She even asked if he minded if she stayed after in his office one afternoon to talk about an up-coming exam, and the two spent several hours studying, reviewing, and chatting.

Finally, their next session – after congratulating her on a near perfect score – it was time to check on her progress. He put her under and retrieved the scale, excited to see how far she’d come. Kira struggled to her feet, loose but steady, and followed him over.

“Step on the scale, Kira.”

“Mm.”

He watched as the digits adjusted, at last settling on...

“One thirty-five? What the hell, Kira?”

Wrinkle wrinkle wrinkle.

He winced immediately. “What the hell is your secret, because wow!” he hurried to assure her. She’d been twitching her nose like she was cosplaying Samantha from

Bewitched, but flattery seemed to do the trick. “You did... good. Great work. Let’s lie back down again, OK?”

With minimal additional fuss, he got her back on the couch. How in the hell was this possible? He hadn’t assumed she’d lost it all already, but he’d listened to her promise to be a health nut in one phrasing or another hundreds and hundreds of times. He took a moment to inquire after what she’d had for lunch, but unless it was a bowling ball with a dumbbell for dessert, she hadn’t lost fifteen pounds. (It was not.)

“Kira, have you been exercising and eating right?”

She shook her head. “No.”

“Why not? You told me you were going to.”

“Mm. Feels bad. But... hard. Want to, but... can’t seem to make myself.”

“But... you said you would,” he whined piteously.

“Sorry, Professor Manning. Hypnotism doesn’t work for me like that, I guess. Every time I weigh myself, seems a lil sillier that it would.”

Fuck.

Fuck!

Already over a month into the school year, and the girl was less capable of being hypnotically conditioned than before she started! And not in spite of him, but *because of!*

Fuck!

Consigning the undisciplined tart to repeating her fitness lines (despite this new realization that they seemed to be achieving nothing at all), Martin sat down to think.

How the hell was he supposed to help her? Maybe one of the other goals? He fished out his notepad where he’d copied them down. Dean’s list – while she was doing great in his course, he had no idea what her performance was like in her other classes, and even less of an idea of how to link that success to hypnosis rather than her own good study habits. Plus it wasn’t put out until January.

Call her parents more? Achievable, sure, measurable, certainly, but as he warped the girl’s mind to the point of craving a shot at her sister’s pussy, the last thing he wanted as a lurking factor was frequent contact with Mommy and Daddy Reeves.

Improved relations with her sister, and with her roommate, both of which sounded a lot more like they required some combination of a real therapist and a committed RA.

And the last one on the list, being committed to her goals? He actually agreed with her on the need to work on that one. It had been a month, and the only progress she’d made was negative.

Fuck!

Focus. Martin took a few minutes, stared at her boobs rising and falling with each breath. It was calming. Motivating. Mesmerizing, in fact – a pity she wasn’t the one out to hypnotize him.

All right, so there was no sense bemoaning six problems at once. Pick one. The goal he'd chosen still seemed the best prospect, and frankly, if the girl was poised to pack on the freshman fifteen, maybe it shouldn't be ignored. The thought was as superficial as her hopes to land a sorority bid on looks alone, but this whole thing was rooted in base lust. No sense trying to be chivalrous about it.

So the problem was, his suggestions were doing less than nothing, convincing her further that hypnosis couldn't do anything for her. Sure, another six months of chants might eventually achieve something, but as or more likely, six months with minimal results would serve to deepen her conviction that hypnosis was only good for a power nap.

So, a different tactic. But what? Mantras remained a bad idea. If she wouldn't do something as basic as put down the fork, she certainly wouldn't do something as weird as brainwash herself in her free time. He could offer to exercise with her, once he taught himself how, but even if she allowed it, that was pretty far outside the parameters of their involvement, and was awfully public. If his department head found out he was fraternizing with one of his students – a young, hot, female student – his belt might tighten beyond his ability to tolerate it. They could use their hypnotherapy sessions to work out, but even if she could stay under for it, she'd surely notice waking up sore and sweaty. Plus all of those ran into the same basic problem, that she would be aware that hypnosis wasn't solving her problem; her hypnotist was.

Shit, he'd work enough jobs to hire the girl her own damn trainer, except a trainer wasn't hypnosis either! As well to wish for a magic wand for all he could make it happen.

One measly little miracle. To have the pounds melt off in a flash. Or have the January rush period commence tomorrow and really put the pressure on. To have her forget how much she'd wanted to lose in the first place and–

"Kira?"

"Mm."

"You want to lose that fifteen pounds, don't you?"

"Mm. Feel fat."

"Right. Now I want to do an imagining exercise with you. How does that sound?"

Wrinkle. "Weird? I dunno. Maybe fun?"

"That's right, it will be fun. Now I want you to stand up for me, OK?"

"Mm."

Kira was quite capable of remaining in a trance with her eyes open. It was helpful for these rare occasions when movement was necessary, though he was well aware it wasn't ideal to overdo it. The eyes were too sensitive, provided so much stimulus that it made it hard for a person to stay in their trance. Once he had her standing in front of, but not yet on, the scale, he bade her close them again.

"Now. I want you to think about the future. Think about a day when you've achieved your goal. You've lost the weight. Imagine it."

A little smile tugged at the corners of her lips. "Mmm."

“How will it feel? To stand on that scale and see that, thanks to my help and your hard work, you’ve done it?”

“Good. Proud. Surprised? Wasn’t sure I could do it. Didn’t think you could help.” Hurtful. “And you should be proud. That’s not something easy to do, is it.”

“Hm-mm.”

“Rewind a few minutes. Now you’re standing in front of the scale. You’re about to find out, but you don’t know yet. You don’t think we’ve done it, but you have to be sure.”

She nodded, looking glum again.

“Take a moment, picture the scene in your head. Where do you usually weigh yourself? The gym? Your dorm room?”

“Locker room. At school.”

So a high school memory, but that was fine. The freshman was still settling in.

“Good. So you’re in the locker room, Kira. Picture it around you. The familiar scene, the sounds, the smells. Do you have it?”

“Mm.” Martin gave her a twenty count to let the impression sink in anyway.

“The scale is there. Right in front of you. In a moment, you’ll step on it. You’ll see that your time with me has paid off. Hypnosis has done it after all.”

Wrinkle. A skeptic, even on the eve of her victory. So be it. “All right. Are you ready to weigh in?”

Martin was surprised when she shook her head, though. “Hm-mm.”

“Um... why not?” The question had been rhetorical.

“Wearing clothes. Adds a couple pounds.”

Martin froze in the midst of licking his chops. No. Of course not. That would be an insane risk, incredibly irresponsible. Absolutely out of the question. A momentary pleasure for what could be an irrevocable catastrophe. Definitely not doing it. Nuh, uh.

“Go ahead and get ready then. It’s OK.”

Well that wasn’t what he meant to say at all. Shoot.

“Mm. Right.”

There, in the middle of the main office of the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic, Kira Reeves started taking off her clothes.

When had he gotten Stacey to this point? March? April? They’d started a bit later in the year, but still. It was still September, and the moment her sandals came off, the girl was taking her shorts off, too. God, that ass. It was clearly a great ass; she’d worn shorts too brief and too tight too often for him not to be sure of that. Seeing it in only a pair of blue panties, the right side creeping quite far into the crack... It was incredible. For all their similarities, it was so distinct from Stacey’s. This was rounded, generous, broad. Kira bent at the waist to pull them to her ankles before kicking them off, and her butt jiggled slightly just from her straightening back to her full height. On closer inspection, those panties were nearly translucent except for tiny blue kittens sewn into them. The girl tanned in the nude as near as he could tell.

Kira's top followed. The reveal was perhaps a smidgeon less sexy, only on account of her having worn a sports bra rather than a regular one. (*And yet you haven't been hitting the gym*, he silently chastised her.) It didn't allow for much cleavage, Martin noted, craning his neck to inspect her from the front, but the dark gray spandex clung like a second skin, hugging each heavy breast independently. And spectacularly. Martin supposed he could see how, growing up in the bedroom next door to Stacey's, she might feel like there was more tummy than she'd liked, but if there was a man alive who'd kick this bombshell out of bed over it, Martin had never met him, and didn't want to.

That was as far as she undressed, however. Bra and panties. She might go through boys like a shark through krill, but still Martin felt like he had joined an elite group of men as he stared at this mostly naked girl in his office. His eyes locked back on the panties, the clear winner of the Oglympics. From the front, a dense thicket of black pubic hair was clearly visible through the gauzy fabric. After a moment to burn the image into his brain forever in case everything else went tits up, Martin forced himself to continue. Even though Kira herself never showed the least sign of impatience. Maybe he could take a few more minutes to...

No. He remembered the Lakeview bear and that beautiful, terrible cum stain in Stacey's hair. Stay true to the mission.

All the while, the girl never even opened her eyes.

"The scale is right in front of you, Kira. Keep your eyes closed, and step on."

Wrinkle. His heart stopped at the sight of that scrunching nose. It had done that right before she'd spontaneously awakened a few weeks ago, when he asked about Stacey's confession. He'd been lucky then – patients were far more apt to remember details from their sessions if woken suddenly. If Kira woke up now, like this... "Can't see..." she muttered, tapping one foot around in front of her. She kicked the scale a moment later, knocking it askew. "Need my eyes. Or help."

"Of course, happy to help. How can I help?" The offer was out of his mouth before he had time to rebuke himself for such greedy thoughts, the image of him guiding her with a mostly bare ass cheek onto the scale. What was he after here, a cheap feel, once, or a chance to be double-teamed by the Reeves sisters?!

Wrinkle. "Can you... put my foot on the scale?"

"Um... yeah. Sure, Kira. How, ah, would you like me to...?"

Suddenly she was standing on one foot. His stomach lurched, imagining her losing her balance and waking up bruised, on the floor, in her underwear. With no time to take another course, Martin dove to his knees at her feet, putting the scale back in place and guiding her by the calf down onto it. Only once he was one hundred percent sure she was stable did he let go, recoiling like her leg was scalding him. Kira waited, though, not moving the other smoothly waxed leg until he finally realized she was waiting for him. In fairness, her stance was wide enough she might well have missed it if not for his help.

Then he heard a soft giggle, and then he smelled...

No way.

But there it was. He knew that smell all too well. Still jerked off with the memory of it filling his nostrils. There could be no mistaking it. The Reeves girls were sisters right down to identically scented pussy leakage.

Martin shook his head. No. This had already veered miles off course, and he wasn't going to let it drift further. The whole routine was a variant on a hypnosis parlor trick, something he could have done when he was a teenager on a subject who was only half-willing. Make someone forget their birthday, miscount the fingers on their hand, or tell you with all certainty that they were a foot taller or shorter than they were. His shows as la Mesmer had featured the trick frequently as a warm-up to more interesting suggestions, and it was surprisingly easy to pull off. Martin remained where he was, however. He could do this as well kneeling behind her as standing in front.

"In a moment, Kira, you're going to open your eyes. When you do, you're going to be looking down at your feet, looking at the number on the scale. It's going to tell you whether or not you met your goal. Understand?"

"Mm."

"My eyes are already open, so I can see the number. So can I tell you some good news?"

"Mmm!" She smiled. Her weight shifted, and the right side of her panties slipped further into her crack. Her ass cheek was almost completely bare, yet he couldn't decide if he preferred it to the tantalizing half-concealment of the left side.

"We did it! That's right, Kira, our hypnosis did it! Isn't that great?"

"Mmm! Yes. Great," she murmured dreamily, though sounded only half-convinced.

"So when you open your eyes, you're going to see exactly the number we discussed. Imagine that feeling, that pride. Seeing exactly the right number. Can you feel it?"

"Mm. Exactly right."

"Yes. So whatever that number is, it's the one we worked for. You're going to feel so accomplished, so happy, so proud. You still feel it?"

"Mm. Accomplished. Proud. Happy."

"No matter what. Don't let go of this feeling, OK? You earned it."

"Mm. Don't let go. Feel good."

"With my help."

"With your help."

"Great. In just a moment, I'm going to tell you to open your eyes. What is going to happen?"

Kira grinned brightly. She really did have such a sweet smile. He couldn't wait to see it wrapped around his cock. "Open my eyes. See the right number. Feel good about myself. Feel thankful for you. No matter what."

He didn't correct her embellishment. "Atta girl. Now..." He took a deep breath, bracing himself to have her suddenly come fully awake and panic at her state of undress. "Open them."

Her eyelids fluttered open, fixed on the readout in front of her toes. 135, it read, the same as before. But Kira's smile blossomed, and then she gasped in what could only be rapture. "We did it!" she exclaimed.

"That's right, we did it. Thanks to your hard work and my hypnosis, you did it."

Kira stared at the number giddily, then peered around to direct it at him after a moment. "Thank you, Professor Manning."

That fragrance. God.

"You're welcome, Kira. You lost the weight."

"Mm. Fifteen pounds," she said. "Wow. I did it. We did it."

"So do you see now that hypnosis can help you achieve your goals?"

She nodded. "Yeah. Thought it was impossible, but wow."

"That's right. And we can do more, if you want."

"More weight?" she asked.

"Sure. And the other goals, too. If you do what I ask, and follow through, we can help you do anything you put your mind to."

Kira nodded. "Mmm. You're so good at this, Professor Manning. We did it."

"You made it hard, but I did my best." His tone was probably too jocular for a trance, but so be it.

"That's what she said!" Kira exclaimed, giggling. And then blushing. And then wrinkling her nose, scrunching her face, frowning, gasping, and...

"Oh my gosh!" Kira squealed, looking down at herself. She found her clothes in the next instant, hastily tugging her shorts back on, then her t-shirt. "Oh gosh oh gosh oh gosh...!"

Martin stumbled backward onto his feet as she hastily dressed herself. "Kira, I..."

"No, I...! Oh gosh, oh gosh...!"

As casually as he could, Martin interposed himself between his patient and the exit. "Kira, let me explain."

She looked past him, frowned, face pallid. "What, um... Why was I...?"

"It was a weight loss exercise." May as well stick to the truth. "I asked you to imagine yourself wherever you usually weigh yourself, right up to the point of stepping on the scale. Before I knew what was happening, you... did that. I was surprised, embarrassed, but... I don't know. I used poor judgment. I thought since I'd already seen it, maybe if I didn't wake you, we could complete the exercise and I could get you dressed again without you having to wake up and get embarrassed."

"Then why were you kneeling right next to me like that?" she asked testily.

"You couldn't find the scale with your eyes closed," he mumbled lamely. "You asked me to help you put your feet on it."

“You... you touched me? While I was hypnotized?” She grimaced, looking not far from being ill. “My feet?”

“Your shins,” he corrected, as if it made some grand difference.

“I... see.”

Martin hung his head despondently. “Kira, I’m very sorry. I should have cut our work short and stopped you immediately. It caught me off guard, and I tried to act like I thought I a doctor would,” he lied.

“I... see. I guess none of your other patients tried anything like that, huh.”

He shook his head. “She sure didn’t.”

“I... I think I’m gonna go now. This was...” *Creepy*, said her eyes. “Weird,” said her mouth.

“Sure. Just... we’ve been making such progress, so please don’t...”

Martin cut himself short. Of all things, he suddenly remembered that moment when Kira had confessed her desire to mend things with her sister. Her first goal, no delay, to patch things up with the morally bankrupt woman who had sent her here to be dehumanized and abused. His partner in that very crime.

“You know, never mind. Do what you have to do, Kira. I understand.”

“Yeah. Um... I’ll, yeah, see you in class tomorrow, I guess. Have a nice night, Professor Manning.”

Martin slumped down into his chair. Somehow, though, as he watched the girl leave, there was a part of him that felt an immense relief. Never much for foresight, he nevertheless had a clear mental image of a future in which this whole foray into hypnoslavery ended with a drained bank account rather than a tarnished soul. And in that moment, he was glad.

Then he thought about having to tell Stacey.

Maybe there was still a way to make this work. Surely Martin’s soul could take one for the team.

The following day was their discussion section, an overheated classroom in an obscure nook of an even more obscure class building. It was a more intimate gathering than the full lecture hall, though. His course had three such sections, two Thursdays and one Friday morning. Kira's was his favorite of the three. (Since he didn't care about the class in the first place, this favoritism was due entirely to Kira's presence.) Needless to say, after the previous afternoon's catastrophe, its status was in jeopardy. One could only throw up from anxiety so many times before it began to taint one's perspective.

There was no seating chart, and Kira used the freedom to remove herself from her usual place in the circle at his side to take a spot almost opposite, though not quite, since opposite would mean they were positioned directly facing one another. He was distracted, clearly, enough so that he could tell they could tell. He finally muttered an excuse about how he wasn't feeling great and let them out twenty minutes early.

With both dread and delight, he noted Kira dawdling about packing up her things. Another student also stayed after to complain about his grade on the exam, yet still she lingered. At last, once they each accepted their mutual inability to travel back in time and prepare him better, they were alone.

"I guess you still feel pretty bad, huh," she said with impressive sympathy.

"That obvious?"

"You look awful. Like you haven't slept in days."

"Just the one."

Kira nodded. "So... should we talk about it? It's past the add/drop deadline, so we're stuck together until at least December. Don't think I can handle an awkward silence that awkward for that long."

"Sure, Kira. I feel like I talked at you pretty hard yesterday when I was making excuses, so maybe this time I should shut up and listen."

"Yeah, maybe." Kira settled herself on the edge of her desk. "So did it really happen like you said? I sorta remember it, parts, but..." She shook her head. "It's fuzzy."

He hadn't lied about anything major, had he? The layers upon layers of deceit were all so hard to keep straight. "Yes. And again, I'm really sorry I didn't handle it better. They don't cover what to do when a patient spontaneously disrobes in the manual. Still, I should have done better."

It netted him a faint smile. "OK. I believe you. Like I said I sorta remember..." She quickly discarded the most apt term for it. *Stripping*. "It," she finished at last.

"I'm sorry for that, too. The dissociation can be uncomfortable, I know."

Her face did that scrunching thing. It was a great deal more adorable when it wasn't the harbinger of end times. "That happened a couple times with Dr. Rivers where something woke me up early. Her phone, once, I remember. Felt kinda the same. But yeah. Now you know, that's how a girl weighs herself." Her head drooped in shame. "God, I am so bad at freaking boundaries."

"Kira, no! Hey, that wasn't your fault at all. It was an accident it started, and my fault it didn't stop. You did nothing wrong."

“Well... kinda. I mean...” She shivered, despite the oppressive late summer heat of the room. “You know why I woke up, right?”

“Pff, yeah,” he replied, nodding. Did he? It had felt sudden, he remembered. Whatever. No take-backsies. “I bet I’d panic too if I was inexplicably half-dressed in some guy’s office.”

“Well that, yeah, but... I was...” She looked up at the ceiling, cheeks coloring. “I was, um... I dunno. Flirty, you could call it.”

“Flirty?” Martin arched a sweaty eyebrow. “No, Kira, you were just focused on your weigh-in.”

Her cheeks puffed out as she forced out another lungful of air. “No, I mean... You know...” Her eyes darted around as if looking for an escape, yet nothing held her there but her own feet. “Hrmr.”

The word was so low he had no idea what she’d said. “You were what?”

Kira shot him an exasperated look, and she had never looked more like her sister. “I said, I was *horny*. Oh my god, I can’t believe I just said that word to my teacher.” Indeed, she both looked and sounded mortified.

“Uh... you were?”

Somehow, his confusion seemed to be the right answer. “Yeah. I mean, I don’t know, I guess on some level... It was, like... kinky, or whatever. Being in my underwear... in front of my professor... And you were kneeling at my feet, you know, so it’s not like it’s my fault if I got ideas!”

She was accusatory, suddenly, and he held up his hands in protest. “I was only guiding you onto the—”

“No, I know.” Kira shook her head. “I know. And ya know, maybe I should feel mad, or embarrassed. No, I definitely feel embarrassed. But I didn’t want you to feel like you were the only one being, like, creepy, or whatever.”

“Thanks, I think.” The thought of Kira, in her underwear, bashfully horny to see him kneeling beside her, threatened to create a fresh embarrassment. Baseball had never been a fresh deterrent for Martin Manning. What to think of though? Grave robbing – that would do it.

“Moving on before I blush myself to death, so... Yeah. I lost a little sleep myself, thinking about what happened. So I thought I should definitely find a new therapist, because... yikes, you know? Like, even if we’re both embarrassed the same amount, that was *really* embarrassing.”

“Yeah. I understand. I’m sure I can find somebody else, do a...” How did one refer to that thing therapists and doctors did, where they referred a patient to someone, and served as a reference for past treatment? “A switcheroo.” Ah, yes, there it was.

“Hang on. So like I said, I was thinking the same thing, except... I don’t know. Maybe it was the thought of a guy looking at my chunky thighs, but I went to the Lakeview gym. At like 11 o’clock. I guess they’re open all night? Crazy. And anyway, I

barely did anything because my brain was making me way too dizzy to actually work out.”

“Yeah, yeah, my bad. I’m sorry.” Apologizing had so far kept her from threatening to tell his department head, so he kept to that tactic.

“No! That’s what I’m trying to say. Not your bad. You’re *good*.” She nodded. “When I saw that number in front of me on the scale... it was exactly what we talked about. I felt so proud of myself – and I realized, you did it!”

Martin gaped in shock at what she seemed to be saying. Before he could recover, Kira stood up and crossed the room, stopping only to throw her arms around him. “You are a miracle worker, Professor Manning! I don’t know how your hypno magic works, but whatever you did, you got me to lose the weight, and without even breaking a sweat! That I remember? I mean, I must have been, but gosh!”

After a moment of enjoying her curvaceous body pressed against him, Martin accepted that there was nothing to do but hug her back. A professional hug. Nay, a *professorial* hug. “You did the work, Kira. I just reached inside and helped you build the will to do it.”

“No, you don’t even understand. I’ve fought to keep in shape my *whole* life. When Dr. Rivers tried to get me to diet, exercise, all that junk, it never went anywhere. I seriously thought hypnosis was – pardon my French – bullshit. Every now and then I’d have a burst, but yeah. And you had me drop fifteen freaking pounds in only a couple weeks! And I don’t even remember doing it!”

“Hey, it’s... all part of the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic guarantee,” he said feebly.

Kira finally let go, but remained well inside his personal bubble. “So, if it’s OK with you, I’d like to keep going. And I promise I won’t take anything off again, if you promise not to get me to take anything off. Deal?” The girl extended her hand with a self-conscious giggle.

Martin took it, shaking it with all the confidence and vigor of an overcooked spaghetti noodle. “Deal.”

“So we’re still on for tomorrow?”

“We’re still on for as long as it takes.”

Creeps

Chapter Four

All things considered, Stacey took the news fairly well. Kira's presence in the waiting room kept her from screaming at him, which gave him room to clarify that it had, in spite of everything, worked out surprisingly well. A second round of not screaming followed, its volume suppressed by further exploration of the benefits of what had transpired, followed by what was more loud muttering than not screaming. With the wind out of Stacey's piratical sails, she finally let him bask in what she acknowledged was actually rather good news.

"So... you got her down to her underwear for you, and...?"

"And... what?" Martin arched his brow.

"Come on, give a girl a teaser."

"Oh! Really? You seriously wanna know what she looked like?"

Stacey sneered. "Why 'really?' I'm not sure if you heard why I arranged to have you hypnotize her, but yeah, I'm curious."

"Oh. Yeah, that makes sense. I dunno, I just figured, you know, you'd seen her in her underwear before. In my head, I guess it feels like you see hot girls in their underwear all the time."

"Sure, totally. We're having a panty party at DAT house this weekend, actually. I'm not sure if I'll go, though. Growing up with Kira, sitting around in our bras and panties all the time, you just sort of got sick of it after a while, you know? What am I saying, of course you know. You have siblings, right? What kind of underwear do they wear when you guys get together?"

"All right, all right, geez, point taken. She was wearing a gray sports bra, and these sheer blue panties with kittens on them."

The leer that crept onto Stacey's face as she channeled his simplistic description was a sight he had long missed. Her eyes slid closed. Did she notice her—

"Quit staring at my nipples."

Yeah, she noticed. He tried not to.

"So I talked to Kira about goals, like I said. Now that we're finally getting things moving, maybe we should talk more specifically about your goals for all this."

Her eyes slipped grudgingly open. "How do you mean."

"I mean, what's your endgame? Yes, I know you want her willing to sleep with you."

"Not willing. Wanting. And to *fuck* me," she clarified.

"Crass. But yeah, don't worry, you're not going to wind up with a sister always bugging you for some quality naptime. But is that it? Just fuck you?"

"What do you mean, 'just fuck me?' Why is that not a sufficient goal?"

Martin shot her an incredulous look. “Seriously? We spent months watching hypnosis porn together, and you don’t have any specific things you want from her aside from sex?”

“Like what? Don’t complicate things, Mesmer. I don’t need her to bark like a trained seal or pace back and forth like a zombie.”

“No, I mean...” He shook his head. Had she really not thought this through any more intently than this? He’d spent a whole year imagining what might happen when Stacey finished her conditioning, and had spent the months since then imagining their next coupling. “So for starters, do you want to do it more than once?”

“What? Of course I do. You thought I wanted her to want to have sex with me exactly one time and then never again?”

“OK. So then, do you want her, say, in a state of constant craving, fixated? Do you want her to switch on and off between her normal self and her I-want-to-fuck-Stacey self with some kind of trigger, like you snap your fingers and suddenly she’s crawling under the table and pouncing on your box? Do you want her submissive, more take charge, or simply left natural?”

“Left natural is probably bad, homophobe that she is,” Stacey muttered. “OK, so I see where you’re going. I didn’t realize you had this down to a science. No offense, but it felt like you were winging it last year, taking what you could when you could. Didn’t know I could request a custom job.”

“I tell you what. Why don’t we get on with the main attraction, and while you’re under, I’ll see what’s lurking down there. Get straight answers, unvarnished. Gay straight answers, I mean.”

“I... Yeah. I don’t know. No offense, but that’s kind of personal, isn’t it? Asking someone their innermost fantasies?”

Martin held out his hands as if to ask if she were serious. “What on earth could you possibly be holding closer to that incredible chest of yours than what you’ve already told me? Short of necrophilia, I think you’re pretty safe.” Still, he took her reticence as a good sign. There had still been no way of knowing whether his trances were legitimate or a façade on her part. That she was nervous could mean she’d been letting him in. Though it could also mean she’d been so caught off guard by his request that she’d forgotten she was faking. Alas, he was a hypnotist and not a diviner.

“Yeah, I guess it couldn’t hurt. Give us something new to talk about, at least. After last spring, it feels weird to keep coming here and not walking out with new mantras and freaky urges.”

“Well today we’re only going after existing freaky urges. Now lie down and let’s get going.”

“All right. Let me set up the cam.”

Martin sighed. “Is that really necessary?”

Stacey folded her arms imperiously. “Do you have something to hide?”

“No! But I do find it more than a little insulting that someone who recently chewed me out for not having time to come in and do these sessions manages to find time to rewatch them.”

His line had been crafted to elicit a response, something to show him whether or not she really was re-watching them. Before, she’d used their mere existence to keep him in line. Presently, however, he learned nothing.

“Why don’t you let me worry about how I spend my time.”

“Sure, but... Look, I don’t care. Record if you want. But you know as well as anyone that I honored my part of our bargain last year start to finish. If all of the sudden you think I’m out to pull a fast one on you somehow, I guess it’s just sort of hurtful. But whatever.”

“Honored your part of the bargain? Like when you trained me to let you grope me, pinch me, dress me up like a hooker, talk about me like I was a sex toy without me batting an eyelash? Like that?”

“You said, make you want to fuck me. If there had been a way to go from lesbian to cock worshiper, I’d have done that. It was a process. But you know, forget I said anything. Set it up, and let’s get on with it.”

Martin sighed and produced his notebook. In case she happened to be especially eagle-eyed, everything on it was the boring, half-hearted programming he’d been doing with her up to that point. It wasn’t difficult to maintain his sullen glare; her recording *was* rather insulting. Still, it was a bluff start to finish. If he couldn’t get rid of the damned camera this way, he’d find another. He’d considered that—

“Fine. But watch yourself. I don’t want to have to blow your nuts off.” His face brightened – not an act, either. She interceded however. “And don’t make some douchey guy joke about blowing your nuts or whatever.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it. Shall we?”

Stacey gave a long last look at her camera case, then tucked it back into her purse. “All right. Let’s talk about my custom job.”

Had Martin Manning been an athlete rather than a hypnotist, he would have spiked the ball in the end zone or performed a gaudy celebratory dance. As a hypnotist, he celebrated his victory in the more traditional way of permitting to grow out his wooly eyebrows another half centimeter. That camera had been one of the core stumbling blocks to his dream of a Stacey who wanted to go on fucking him in perpetuity. Now, it was out of the picture – no pun intended.

Then it was time to get to work. His inductions with Stacey had continued to favor the long form rather than his old shortcut methods. The rationale was that the more time devoted to it, the more her resistance would slip, worn down by boredom and its cousin tedium. She’d been put into a trance too many times by now to have her brain not want to do what it had become accustomed to doing, to give up control and bring forth the subconscious. So long as he didn’t do anything to put her back up. The last thing he needed was for Stacey to establish a fresh reservoir of resistance. That was why

he'd forewarned her of his agenda, and it was why he meant to keep precisely to it. Absolutely no deviations.

Once she was under, he began with the usual stuff first. If it was a sham, she ought to expect it, and not push back.

"I trust Martin Manning. I look forward to having sex with Kira and Martin Manning. I know I will enjoy my threesome with Kira and Martin Manning. If Martin Manning asks for my help with Kira and it doesn't cost me anything, I will consider it. I won't mind sharing Kira with Martin Manning when we have our threesome. I trust Martin Manning."

It was almost as enjoyable to hear her say it as it was to sit back and imagine it happening. He gave her a good while of that. The monotony of the repetition was on par with the monotone in her voice as she said it. One of these weeks, he'd need to arrange some kind of test to see if she were indeed entranced or not, but for now, it seemed to hurt nothing to treat his sessions like they were mantra hour. Nowhere near as good as having her do it to herself a hundred times a day, but at worst it did no harm.

His eyes flickered to the door to the waiting area, where Kira had told him she'd be working on the readings for this week's lecture. She'd complimented his new curtains then, cheeks flushing slightly. Her mind became legible, and in large print, in that moment. He read there a lengthy paragraph of relief that at least Stacey wouldn't be able to look in any more, with a brief aside of mortification at the specter of what might have happened if Stacey had done so during her little strip tease.

Kira couldn't know that the curtains were actually there to prevent her from seeing rather than being seen. He'd found some sound-dampening stuff to put up around the door as well, applied similar to weather stripping. His persuasive speech to reassure her that the extra privacy was to protect her rather than give him a secure space in which to get her clothes off again was written and rehearsed. A panhandler Martin had encountered near the office had accepted \$20 to accompany him into the office to help him test the soundproofing, with a \$50 bonus offered if he could accurately repeat what Martin was saying on the other side of the door. It had taken a low shout before the man earned his bonus.

Once she saw his upgrade, even Stacey had gone out of her way to compliment the effort. There shouldn't be much of any chance now of someone's ears perking up when their sister spoke their name in the next room. One less thing. Two less things, if one counted the cessation of recordings.

For Martin, it enabled the ensuing discussion to transpire with minimal anxiety. At last, he gave Stacey permission to stop, and got to the task he'd promised to discuss with her.

"Stacey?"

"Mm."

"I want to talk to you about Kira. About what you want to be able to do with her once I'm done with her."

“Mmm.”

Martin licked his lips in spite of himself. It was the first time that third, deliciously lingering *m* had graced his ears in months. Kira was too free with hers by half. Stacey’s were always, always a treat.

“Did you ever make wish lists? For Christmas, birthdays, if you win the lotto, et cetera?”

“Mm.”

“Did you get everything you wanted?”

“No. Asked for a puppy every year. Never got one.”

“That’s too bad.” Then he halted. “Wait, what about Raider?”

“Kira’s stupid humpy slobbery mutt doesn’t count.”

“All right.” He could empathize. His little sister’s cat had been his equivalent. Damned thing only had eyes for its owner, and only had claws for Martin. “So yeah, you got *some* of your wish list, though, right?”

“Mm.”

“Good. Now that’s how we’re going to talk about Kira. We’ll talk about what you want, and some of it I’ll be able to get, and some I might not, and that’s OK. Right now, we’re just making a wish list. That’s all. So everything is on the table. Whatever you want, you can ask for, because you know it can’t all happen. OK?”

“Mm. Yeah. OK.”

“So let me start with some direct questions, and then we’ll see if you’re up for a brainstorm. Question one: do you want to be able to repeatedly have sex with her, or do you just want to be able to do it once?”

It was Stacey’s turn to lick her lips. “Repeatedly. Want to fuck her ten times a day. Forever.”

A tall order, especially from someone who seemed to have slipped out of half of her programming in a few short hypno-free months. Someday they’d have to have a talk about what, if any on-going involvement he was meant to have, but not today. That was a hyperbolic version of the answer he’d expected, though. So far, no surprises.

“Great. Now I know you’re going to want to be with her once before we have our threesome. As you know, I’ve agreed to that request.”

“Mhm. God, yes. Can’t wait.”

“Yes. Right. So my question is, do you want me to be on-hand, or nearby, when that happens, so in case something goes wrong—”

“No. I want her all to myself. Just her and me. All mine.”

“All right.” He thought he’d talk to her about it later, but for now, he made a mental note to attempt to explicitly groom Kira to want to fuck Stacey, as opposed to suggesting that Kira want to do what he told her to do, which might include fucking Stacey. A fine line, but given her resistance to the incestuous act, it might not be wise to presume she would fuck Stacey on command her first time out.

“Would you prefer Kira embrace bisexuality broadly, or indulge in it only in the case of yourself?”

A pause, a shrug. “Don’t care. Whatever’s best.”

“What kind of lover would you like Kira to be? Give me some adjectives.”

A smile so lascivious it was almost off-putting – almost – blossomed on those plump pink lips. “Eager. Desperate. Groveling.” She considered a moment, then added only a single word. “Penitent.”

“Uh... penitent? What does that mean?”

“Regretful. Apologetic.”

Martin rolled his eyes. “No, I know what the word means,” *you pedantic bitch*, “but what is a penitent lover? Penitent for what?”

Fidget.

In that space between question and answer, during his knee-jerk reaction to a twitch of Stacey’s fingers, Martin sucked in a breath, choking down a squeal of delight.

That her fingers gave that spastic little jolt should have been insignificant. She’d done it a thousand times. Early on, it could be triggered by something as minor as when he addressed the girl by her first name. By the time the two were winding down in May, it had come as a result of only his most aggressive techniques, breaking down the lesbian’s resistance and warming her up for his cock. It was a useful warning sign, and Martin had encouraged it. Sometimes it was the heads up he needed to back off of something before it woke her up early.

Here, clearly he was coming close to her thin red line warding him off from her history with Kira. Familiar territory, if frustrating. Yet in terms of how anxious this one small fidget made him, it was no more frightful than a fire drill. Routine.

That wasn’t what had made him gasp.

It was that she didn’t know she did that.

Stacey Reeves was actually, truly, fully, in a trance. It was real. A minor gesture he hadn’t even noticed the first couple dozen times he’d seen it. No way she could fake that sign. She had her recordings – or she had once; that was terabytes of video, so he doubted she’d kept it all – but she’d admitted to him that she only used them to copy his induction. She wouldn’t be watching them for signs she was faking when she obviously knew she hadn’t been.

Stacey Reeves was in a bona fide trance.

He was so thrown off by it that he had to ask her to repeat her answer, and only after she had did he even remember his question. “She knows.” That was all she had to say on the subject. Apparently Stacey’s subconscious didn’t think he needed to know why Kira owed that apology. It sounded like it had something to do with the lurking ugliness of what Stacey called Kira’s homophobia and what Kira called Stacey being a freak. Come to think of it, it might be exactly that.

For now, though, he’d learned what he wanted to know. It may well be that Stacey had only let herself be fully entranced because she’d been excited for this discussion

topic, and that she had bought into his bullshit argument that her subconscious might hold useful information. Next week, she might go back to faking. (If she'd even been faking, but as far as Martin was concerned, if there was a chance, then it had to be treated as a certainty.)

At last, confirmation that he was getting through to her. Martin glanced at the clock; still lots of time to go, but none to waste. As much as he'd been looking forward to hearing Stacey fantasize at length to him about Kira, there were now bigger fish. Much as he might prefer to dive in after them, however, transitions mattered. Too sudden a shift could rattle her.

So yes, he would deviate. A little. Only a little, though. As much as she'd let him. But no more.

"What would you like our threesome to be like?"

"Quick," she answered. Quickly.

His lips twisted irritably. "Right, but like, what will we *do*?"

Fidget. "Sex. I'll have sex with you, then Kira. Me first. Feels dirty other way."

Hardly the explicit tale he had been hoping for, but a testament to why these sessions had been necessary to begin with. Yes, even if it was some assembly-line bada bing bada boom like she suggested, it would be incredible on his end. There was no such thing as boring sex with women this hot, especially with the knowledge in the back of his mind that he'd made it happen with his art. Still, it was disappointing how little imagination was being exhibited on the subject.

"You sound like you're not looking forward to it."

"Don't have to. Gonna happen either way."

Martin appreciated that she had embraced her obligation, but he wasn't looking to settle for obligation. "But no excitement for my being there?"

Fidget. "Cost of doing business."

It sounded like that was how she'd been rationalizing the necessity to herself. "Did you not enjoy our last time together?" He knew for a fact she had at the time, though memory had a way of putting itself in a twist over time.

"Yes. I mean..." *Fidget.* "No."

"No? Why not?"

Fidget. The frequency wasn't alarming yet, but this was the most aggressive questioning he'd done thus far. Not surprising that she didn't like that he was veering off track from what he'd told her to expect. "Asked if I didn't enjoy it. Said no. I didn't not enjoy it."

He worked it through in his head for a moment, but shook it off. "Oh. Well... that's good. Then why are you so disinterested in doing it again?"

Fidget. "No."

Martin fidgeted himself that time. "What? No what?"

"No. Can't tell."

Can't? Had he found the two most secretive sisters in all of creation or what? Still, a brainwashed lesbian espousing lukewarm interest in men seemed rational on the surface, to the extent that it wasn't all insane. No sense pounding on doors she didn't want opened when he didn't even know if there was anything on the other side. For the time being, he moved on. "That's OK, Stacey. I won't try to make you say or do anything you don't want to."

She let out a small sigh. "Mm."

"I want to make sure everything works out the way you want it, though. To do that, I need to understand your likes and your dislikes. All right?"

"Mmm." Stacey was expecting him to return to the subject of Kira. She was about to be disappointed.

"Do you ever miss any of the things we did last spring?"

Fidget. Fidget. "Can't tell."

What the hell was this secrecy? "Do you still watch any of that porn?"

"Mmm."

That was something, at least. "Do you still use the dildo I made for you?"

Fidget fidget. Before she answered, he was already throwing up his hands. "Let me guess, you can't tell me."

"Mm."

Time and again, that was her answer. Her agitation didn't seem to be amping up. It was like she was answering the same question, hardly more annoyed to fend him off the tenth time than the first.

"Did you like dressing up and undressing for me?"

"Did you like when I touched you?"

"Did you like being horny all the time?"

"Did you like when I told you how much I love that hot little body of yours?"

That last earned him another thin smile before it crashed into the same barricade. The clock on the wall told him time was running down. Tempting as it was to push until he found some crack to provide a glimpse of what was on the other side, his discipline came back to him. Nothing good came of groping about in the dark.

Well, no. Poor choice of phrasing, that, yet the intended point was nevertheless valid. Martin needed time to reflect and plan. The timeline today may be short, but their overall time was ample. After a few calming breaths, he submitted to the necessity of another transition.

"Stacey, remind me of the point of these sessions."

"To get mentally ready for our threesome. To sell the lie to Kira that I'm your patient."

"Right. Let's focus on that first one. How do you think we're doing?"

The sorority girl's slender shoulders shrugged. "Meh."

"You don't want it to be as fun as possible?"

"Mm. Yeah." But an unspoken *I mean, I guess* was there.

Martin disregarded the apathy. “You know, there’s a tool we have that might help.”

“Mm?”

“Do you remember the mantras?”

Fidget fidget. Fidget fidget fidget. One hand floated up and was wrung out like it had been stung by something. He heard a *crack* as her wrist flicked and twisted spastically. *Fidget fidget fidget.* “Mm.”

Martin jerked back. Her eyelashes had fluttered like she was about to wake up, fingers wringing themselves like they were out to get each other. Why had *that* question set her off? He really knew so much less about this woman than he needed to. For the third? time that session (Fifth? Tenth?), he abandoned his plan and improvised. Fuck everything. This whole hour was one giant slalom of deviations. May as well ride it out at this point.

“Don’t worry. I’m not going to ask you to do them.”

Fidget. Not stillness, but much calmer. “Mm.”

“Since we agree we’re not going to do them for now,” Martin casually slipped in the plural as a qualifier, but hurried to the point quickly, “why don’t you tell me why not? Then I’ll tell you why not.”

She frowned, shook her head. A rope of black hair drooped off the couch cushion and down towards the floor. “Nm. You first.”

Hmm. His hope had been to let her voice her reasoning and either agree or move on like he’d never offered to reciprocate, depending on what Stacey said. He hadn’t expected to need an actual reason. His mind raced in search of palatable bullshit.

“Because you told me you don’t want to, and I respect your wishes,” he said finally.

That brought her smile back, and she sighed herself deeper into the sofa, a portrait of a mollified woman. “Mm. You’re too nice.”

Notably, Martin Manning was not too nice; she’d simply made him too good of an offer, and that generosity predisposed him to acquiescence. “What about you, Stacey? Why aren’t we doing the mantras?”

“Work too well,” she murmured. “Can’t tell you more.”

For the remainder of the session, Martin drilled her on repetitions of that very claim. *Martin Manning’s mantras work well.* Alliterative. He stressed his name there in case Stacey began – or had continued – using mantras of her own again.

Meanwhile, it was Stacey’s words that echoed around in his head, over and over. By the time she returned the following week, there was a plan again, and this time, there were no deviations.

An arguably wise but tautologically quotable man once said, “When hanging a stinging insect, move very slowly.” Martin had been stung. Fortunately, Kira was not the sort to die after delivering a single sting. For the next little while, he avoided anything even remotely suspicious. There was no telling whether Kira possessed her sister’s cunning, feigning submission so as to discover what he was about. The girl may seem more innocent, but it was a big risk. The simple fact that she had snapped out of a trance half-naked once could mean a future spontaneous awakening at the slightest provocation.

Without knowing what else to do, Martin filled time by doing his ostensible job. More or less. The girl had goals, so if he couldn’t have her slobbering on his knob, he may as well build her trust in him and his craft.

Her weight loss was a real pursuit now, hitting the gym and watching her carbs. Dean’s list? He helped her find study groups for every one of her classes, and personally tutored her after those sessions when Stacey wasn’t waiting. The bit about calling her folks he ignored, counting it as a victimless crime. Considering the people had brought a Stacey Reeves into the world, perhaps they weren’t the best influences for young women anyway.

As for Emma the roommate, he was less straightforward in helping her with her issues, though he did put an end to the conflict. It was a simple matter of promoting direct confrontation of every grievance no matter how slight; learning to stand her ground where she felt she was in the right; and cultivating a mindset of allowing interactions to speak for themselves. e.g. When she told him about Emma’s habit of leaving dirty laundry on the floor overnight, he prodded her to throw away one article every time it happened. A few weeks later, a deeply tranced Kira giggled to herself over Emma’s tantrum at discovering on her laundry day that almost all of her underwear had grown legs. She accused Kira, but the reliable court of public opinion favored the hot popular girl as always, and soon the whole dorm was alive with the rumor Martin concocted for his patient that Emma had given up so many pairs of panties as trophies to guys she’d fucked that she had none left.

The week after that, Emma threw in the towel and demanded a roommate transfer from Penderdast’s hall director. Despite a handful of offers from Kira’s friends, she accepted her therapist’s advice and enjoyed having the room to herself. Then she thanked him for all his help.

In his unmerited defense, Emma’s persecution wasn’t malicious. It was only that when one’s overarching goal was, well, evil, its pursuit tended to inflict collateral damage. He no more meant to cause Emma pain than he did Stacey or Kira. The goal, however, was not happily ever after. It was to fuck the Reeves girls. Other considerations were secondary.

All things considered, Kira wasn’t making things hard on him. Yes, she’d hinted that their strange encounter had been in some small way a turn-on. She had also, however, made it very clear that whatever hot-for-teacher kinks she harbored did not

outshine her embarrassment and discomfort at being spied on without her consent. So he didn't ogle her, didn't come near her, didn't permit any more hugging after sessions, and absolutely didn't use the word "pleasure," ever.

What he did do was bid her to continue down the path she'd begun. Amidst all the self-help, she spent half or more of each session reaffirming a few ideas he considered jumping off points. Nothing far-fetched or controversial. It was almost so banal she might have acknowledged it while fully alert. Trust, enjoyment of coming to his office, and an abiding belief in the success of his work on her.

It was a lot like religion. If one didn't subscribe to it, it didn't do anything. A believer, however, could be fed all manner of ideas that flew in the face of reason and logic. Martin even intended to extend the metaphor to fucking his parishioners.

The process wasn't sexy, at least not beyond his hypno fetish. It wasn't in the same league as his achievements back in the spring, but even so, it was progress, however incremental. Kira repeatedly reassured him that his efforts were working and appreciated. Every time he woke her up, she awakened with verbally expressed shock at how good she felt. At least until she grew self-conscious about her effusiveness, at which point she simply blushed a little and made up some questions about classwork.

By the time Emma was out of the picture, it was time for fall break, roughly a quarter of the school year over. It was right after fall break he'd begun with Stacey the year before, so comparisons were inevitable. Overall, he felt pretty good about things. Regaining ground with Stacey, reasoning his way into some of the blind spots she attempted to impose upon him. Kira was easily hypnotized, bought into the program, and was increasingly willing to act on his suggestions. At his direction, she had evicted her roommate, aced her midterms, and was down twelve pounds from when they'd started. All things considered, it was excellent progress.

Kira went home for break. Stacey did not, though she did use it as a reprieve from hypnosis sessions since there was no need to chauffeur her sister. Martin's parents visited, both incredibly impressed at his entrepreneurial spirit. Less so at his sweltering attic abode, but his father slapped him too hard on the back and aptly reminded him that Bill Gates had started out in a garage. They came and went the same day, parting with the highest hopes they'd had for their son's future in years on account of not realizing his client roster could be counted on their collected right thumbs, and neither patient paid for his time. After a long weekend spent touching up lectures and finalizing his midterm reports for his students, classes and therapy sessions resumed. Kira was on boyfriend number four by then, having ditched #3 right before break and picked up a new one the night she returned to Lakeview.

The Tuesday following fall break delivered two meetings of great consequence.

It was his day to meet with both Reeves girls, ergo his favorite day of the week. Stacey's session came first. More work on stressing the efficacy of his mantras, some work on his new project, and then sitting back and titillating himself listening to her increasingly graphic depictions of what she wanted to do with Kira.

“Mmm. Love her tits. Always been a boob girl. Want to watch her crawl back and forth. See them swinging underneath her. Lie down and have her crawl over my face. Feel them slap my cheeks as she passes. Do pushups and drop them in and out of my mouth.”

Her thighs rubbed together beneath her skirt. Martin let himself walk to the end of the sofa, helped himself to a better view for a moment, then retook his seat. She hadn't raised the issue of recording since he'd guilted her out of it, which had meant copious time spent admiring her sweet little body from every angle.

“What else would you like me to let you do to her?” he prompted.

“Mmm. Dress her up in sluttiest little outfits. Bought so many for her last year once I saw you were doing it. Maid. Remember my maid? Would barely hold them in. Watch her jiggle around in it cleaning my room. Your office, too. Skirt so short. Grope her ass while she works. ‘I'm so sorry, Stacey. Please suck my titties, Stacey.’ Mmmm.”

So far, Stacey hadn't *quite* breached the line into open masturbation during their sessions, and that day was no exception. It wasn't far off, though. It had been easy over the past couple months to let his fantasies favor Kira. It would require a professional hotness assessor to distinguish them objectively. From Martin's perspective, he'd already had Stacey and Kira was new, so it was natural to favor the younger Reeves more prominently in his fantasies. Except then, Stacey had become his live action erotica narrator, and while he couldn't be sure, he thought he might be nudging her back towards some of her older habits. Or maybe she was just dressing a little hotter for fun. She could have a new girlfriend to look nice for, for all he knew. It certainly wasn't anything he could take verifiable credit for, but he was glad for it nevertheless.

Kira's apologies, often coupled with pleas for mercy (where “mercy” was usually code for being used like a sex doll) were a common theme in Stacey's narratives, but she'd never elaborated on the why.

“We are going to have such a good time,” she murmured during her swagger out of his office. Martin was having a good time merely watching her go, skirt swishing side to side with every swaying step.

Kira came in next.

“How was your break, Professor Manning?”

“Pretty good. My folks visited, which was nice. Haven't seen them in a while. How about yours?”

“It was so fun! Weirdly, I thought I'd appreciate a break from studying more than I did, but honestly, with your help, everything has felt so *easy*. But yeah, I got to see all my friends from back home, which was awesome, and my friend Elena is preggers and gonna get married in December, also awesome, and my cousin Chelsea who got married summer before last is expecting too, which is crazy awesome. I was one of her bridesmaids! Wanna see? I think I looked really cute.”

“Actually I've already seen,” he said by reflex.

They both reacted with some apprehension to his admission. Thankfully he covered quickly, and equally thankfully the truth was adequate as explanation. "Sorry. It's just – I'm assuming it's the same ones your sister showed me once last year? I vaguely recall her showing me some bridesmaids photos, and though I obviously didn't know you then, you looked so much like her I guess I assumed you were sisters even without the introduction. Hopefully that's not a breach of confidentiality. I just didn't want you thinking I was... you know, creeping on my patient or something."

She chuckled, but looked relieved. "So Stacey's the creep? No surprise there. But yeah, anyway, there's your update then. Chelsea is four months along, and just now told the extended family. I found out even before my mom and dad. I'm so happy for her. She's gonna be a great mom."

"That's great. Congratulations? I'm never sure what the right words are for someone telling me someone else's good news. But pretend I said the right words?"

"I'll tell her my hypnotherapist sends his best." She grinned. "Say, speaking of, not to be greedy or anything, but... can we?" Without waiting for confirmation, Kira assumed the position, sliding the throw pillow behind her head and wriggling down onto her back.

"Greedy?" Martin asked while pivoting to turn on the white noise.

"I mean... I dunno. Just... OK, don't feel weird or anything, but I really missed this. No joke, but I actually sorta had a hard time sleeping in my own bed. Then I finally had to close my eyes and pretend I was on your couch. Is that weird?"

"Oh, who's to say what's weird. Now go ahead and close your eyes, Kira, and we'll get to it."

She clapped her hands giddily, then rested them on her belly. "Mm. Let's."

On they went. Her eagerness to begin persuaded him to employ the abbreviated induction to maximize time. Minutes later, Kira, in a skirt as tight as Stacey's had been billowy, was breathing slowly on his sofa, awaiting his manipulation. Someday, he'd fuck those mouth-watering tits while her sister sucked on them. For now, though, he picked up where he left off. She seemed to be in a good mood today; maybe he'd try to nudge her a little farther.

First, however, came the basics. Trust, enjoyment, and efficacy. Rinse and repeat. "Kira, repeat after me. Hypnosis works well for me."

"Hypnosis works well for me."

"Now say that ten more times."

Martin opened his phone, scrolling further and further down through Kira's instagram until he found where she'd posted a subset of those wedding pictures of her cousin's. Her and Stacey in matching, incredible bridesmaid dresses. The bride, Chelsea, had tits even bigger than Kira's. It was objectively too much cleavage for tasteful presentation, which was just the right amount for him.

"Repeat after me. I like coming here."

"I... I like coming here."

He nodded. "Ten more times."

He zoomed in on that cleavage, despite the presence of a not inconsiderable amount of it visible in the V-neck of her tight autumn sweater on the couch before him.

He didn't look up, leaving behind the wedding photos for a few pics he'd favorited from their summer travels. "Repeat after me. My therapist is helping me lose weight and keep it off."

"My therapist is helping me lose weight and keep it off."

"Ten more times."

A shot of Kira and Stacey standing on a pier, the former in a green one-piece with glistening cleavage spilling out of the top, the latter leaning over a railing in a blue bikini she'd worn to his office a couple months before that photo had been taken. She held a fishing rod in hand. It had over 12,000 likes. What did it do to one's psyche to know *that* many people wanted their approval of her swimwear on record? No wonder these girls had such issues.

"Repeat after me. My therapist can work wonders on my body."

"My therapist can work wonders on my body."

Whoops. That had been accidental. *On my body* had come of a combination of her repetition about her weight loss, and his leering at her bikini pics. Ah well. She'd said it unhesitatingly, so may as well have her internalize it. "Ten more times."

As he was thumbing rapidly past boring pictures of indoor activities with her parents, Martin began to notice a slight tremor to Kira's voice. He grimaced, half-tempted to cut her short. She wasn't make that wrinkly face of hers, but the voice seemed to be conveying it all its own.

"Repeat after me. Our time together is relaxing and enjoyable."

"Mm. Our time together is relaxing, and enjoyable."

Slight pause aside, she seemed to be back to normal. "Ten more times."

There was a good one. The picture had obviously been taken by one of their parents, Kira holding a hand up to block her face from the shot but leaving her paper-thin tank top and boxer shorts in frame. She was twisted just enough to display a little sideboob. Very nice.

When she finished he was fixated on a grainy but nevertheless mouth-watering pic of Kira in a sequined bikini, standing in waist-deep water, hair up in a messy ponytail, freshly tanning body shining in the sun. So much so, he didn't notice the extent to which her breathing had accelerated. Her hands, folded on her tummy, were tracing delicate patterns on the scant two inches of skin exposed where her sweater had ridden up.

"Coming here is a high priority. Repeat it."

"Coming here... is a high priority." She giggled, but he'd learned to shrug off her implied that's-what-she-said-isms by now.

"Ten more times, Kira."

She nodded, droning on as directed. He had switched over to Stacey's page. Long ago he'd realized both of their parents followed both of their feeds, a fact which may be the impetus behind so many pictures putting out cloyingly happy family vibes that obviously didn't exist between the two. An innocuous shot at the breakfast table of their rented cabin featured an impressively good look down the neck of Stacey's pajama top, one of those that made a man stare in search of whether there were nipple pixels present or not. Martin had long since determined that there were not.

He glanced to his notes to check for the next line. "Repeat after me. If I follow my therapist's instructions, nothing can stop me from doing what I want."

"Mmm. If I follow my therapist's instructions, nothing can stand in my way."

"Ten more times, please." Kira's writhing, one hand dipping deeper and deeper into the waistline of her skirt, was lost on him as he inspected an image that wasn't explicitly sexy, but captured an expression on Stacey's face that was blank in a way fetchingly similar to her tranced self.

"Repeat: I trust Martin Manning."

"I trust Martin Manning," she declared emphatically.

"Twenty times on that one." Doubly important, after all.

Martin was feeling good about the improvements in his mental discipline after last spring's spooge-in-the-hair incident with Stacey. He was hard as a rock, dismissively brainwashing this vixen while he pored over images of her and her sister in various poses and states of partial dress. Neither of them noticed that she actually miscounted and repeated it twenty-two times, nor that both hands were finally where Kira wanted them, up her sweater and down her skirt.

"Repeat after me. Coming here feels natural, rewarding, and good."

"Mmm. Coming here f-feels natural..." Her jaw quavered. "Feels rewarding..." There was a sharp intake of breath that finally induced him to look up as she let out in a throaty groan, "feels *gooooood*..."

It was not readily apparent that Kira came as she completed the utterance. Not to him, anyway. There was such a sharp transition from the tiny pic on his phone of a cheerfully smiling Kira mounting her jet ski and the sight of the real Kira masturbating unabashedly on his sofa that he hardly realized what he was seeing before it was over.

"Kira...?!" He rose to his feet, gaping.

"T-ten more times?" she whimpered. "Please?"

"Yeah. Um, ten. Ten more," Martin stammered, stumbling to his feet only with the help of both hands braced against his desktop. What was happening?

"Coming here feels *natural*," Kira gushed, her broad hips thrusting into the air, grinding in circles against her fingers. "Feels *rewarding*. Feels so freaking *gooooood*."

Bit by bit, the hand groping her own tits raised up her sweater. Three halting, moaning repetitions in, she'd lifted it completely over a maroon colored bra. Silk, he thought, though it was hard not to focus on her fondling instead. There was no focus to it. She forced the hand into a bra cup, tweaked a nipple, and heaved her tit toward her

mouth. There was no effort to lick it, nor to do more than lower her chin in its direction for a moment, but by then Kira was giving herself a frankly painful-looking squeeze before moving to the other.

Her right hand looked much more sure of itself. Martin came around to where he had a better view, and sure enough, the girl was positively going to town on her pussy. The clit received the lion's share of her attention, but then he saw it dive way deep into her panties, clearly fingering deep inside of herself. That was where it stayed, then. Plunging what looked to be two, maybe three fingers as far inside her volcanic pussy as they would go.

"Coming here feels rewarding. Coming here feels good," Kira panted. Was she even counting? She'd added "coming here" to each subsection of the line now. Not that he objected.

Phone still in hand, Martin had the presence of mind to sneak a few pictures. No sense worrying about her waking up to find him standing over her recording what looked to be a steady stream of orgasms, each blending into the next. With or without the recording, this was a 10/10 on the relationship-destroying shock scale. So who cared?

Then, between one heaving, gasping breath and the next, her whole body slumped down on itself, and lie still, marionette with its strings severed.

He jammed his phone back in his pocket. "Kira?" he ventured.

"Mm."

"How do you feel?"

"Rewarded," she said with a happy sigh. "Good. Needed that. Missed it."

"Missed it? What do you mean?"

"Missed coming here. Fall break was *hard*." She flashed a pouty face, and he promised himself then and there never to make her wait to come ever again.

"Have you... have you come in my office before?"

She shook her head. "No. Wanted to. But no."

"So why did you today?"

"Finally decided to listen. You helped with the weight, and the roommate, and the grades. I trust you. So I listened to you."

"Listened to me? What? I..."

He looked down at his notes. In light of what he had just seen, it was as if he'd never read them before. Martin barely stopped himself from bursting into gales of laughter. He had thought a few of the lines might come across as suggestive, but still within the realm of plausible deniability if she retained something and called him out. What he'd forgotten to take into account was that he was dealing with the world's most devout believer in the "that's what she said" gag. She'd come to truly believe that hypnosis worked, and to trust his guidance. After that, a lazy overuse of an ambiguous phrase had done the rest.

"Kira, when you wake up, are you going to notice that you came in here?"

Wrinkle. “Yeah. Panties are soggy. Scratched my boob.”

Well fuck. Subconscious Kira might have been too horny to care about having an audience, but this was the same subconscious who had jolted itself awake and been mortified to be seen in her underwear only last month. What the hell was he supposed to do? Confiscate her dampened underwear? He imagined Kira going home tonight, wondering if she really hadn't worn panties to her hypnotherapy session, and then finding the scratch when she changed into her PJs. Her natural assumption would be even worse than the truth, which was itself really really bad. He'd be screwed.

Unless...

Unless...!

Nope. Nothing was coming.

“Kira, I want you to repeat it for me some more, OK? But no more touching yourself. Just words. ‘Coming here feels natural, rewarding, and good.’ Keep saying that until I tell you to stop, OK?”

“Mmm. OK. But please can I touch myself? Feels so good... Mmm. Please?”

“No. Words only. Follow my instructions.”

Giggle. “And nothing can stop me from doing what I want.”

“Only words.”

Once she made it through a few reps without succumbing to what was to Martin a very familiar temptation, he slipped from his office to the waiting room as quietly as possible. Stacey was on her phone, but glanced up. “Hey, K—.” She did a double take. “Uh... yo. Is... Where's Kira?”

“We have a situation, and I could use some help.”

“Situation? Again? Did you have this many idiot situations when you were working on me?”

“No!” he said a bit too forcefully. “That is, no. Almost never. Now shh, and listen.”

Martin brought her up to speed, silencing her several more times as her incredulity and libido vied for access to her voice. “And I think that's the basics. So now I have an eighteen-year-old girl in my office with her own cum in her panties and a mildly lacerated tit, and the moment she wakes up she's probably going to freak the hell out. Thoughts?”

“Thoughts? How the hell am I supposed to know what to do? You're the master hypnotist, Mesmer! How could you possibly pay so little attention that you didn't notice her start frigging herself ten feet away from you?!”

“Do you know how boring it is listening to someone repeat the same words over and over and over again? I was on my phone!”

“Your phone! What the hell am I pay—” She stopped. “OK, so I'm not paying you, quite. Either way, I don't know. Did this ever happen with me?”

He shook his head. “No. By the time I got you to touching yourself, you'd been priming yourself for it for weeks. My impression is that it felt to you like you'd been doing it and wanting it for a long time.”

“So... is she ‘primed’ at all? Like, have you been doing anything that she might internalize as building to this? Whispers in her ear, pats on the butt, complimenting her tits? Any of that shit you do to me? Used to do, I mean.”

“No. I mean, she was repeating the stuff that caused today’s incident, but I didn’t mean it like *that*. It certainly never did this in any other session.”

“But... what was it you said earlier? You said she was eager for it, right? Eager how? How could you tell?”

“She said she’d had a hard time sleeping over break. Imagined herself on my couch. That she felt greedy rushing into it.”

“OK. OK, so...” Stacey tapped her lip. “So yeah, it sounds like she’s been really digging your hypno mojo. Maybe an absence makes the heart grow fonder situation, and today it fondled all over your couch.”

“That seems pretty obvious in hindsight and all, but what do I do with it?” He pointed to the wall clock behind the vacant receptionist desk. “Goddammit, Stacey, I should already be waking her up!”

“Stop yelling at me!” she snapped.

“I’m sorry!” he snapped.

Stacey held up a finger, then stalked over to the door to his office. It was cracked open before he could insist she stay the hell out of there. To his immense relief, nothing had changed. “Coming here feels natural, rewarding, and good. Coming here feels natural...” No touching.

On impulse, Martin placed his hands on Stacey’s hips and pulled her away. Then pulled harder when he found her rooted in place, staring. At last she let him dislodge her from her observation. He gave her a pat on the butt for her troubles. God damn, but her ass was tight.

She forced away a dry smile as quickly as she could. Which wasn’t very quick at all. “I told you, Mesmer, you’re not supposed to touch me like that any more. Not until...” Stacey jerked a thumb toward the office door.

“Noted. So were you just going to watch as things blow up in our faces?”

“Do you want my help, or do you just want to whine and despair?”

“Help. Definitely help.”

“OK,” she said, leaning toward him and pulling his forehead until it met hers. The girl smelled good, he had to give it to her. “Here’s what we do.”

Kira Reeves shuffled back to her sister's car, fighting down a small sense of panic. How could that have happened? Had it really? No, it had. No point in denying it. Professor Manning's office didn't have a bathroom, so she'd had to make Stacey wait while she ran across the street to use the bathroom at the gas station. She hadn't peed herself. How screwed up was she that she'd actually been hoping that's what that wetness down there had been? Which meant that her hazy recollection of that session had been real.

Which meant she had *masturbated* in Professor Manning's office. Right there on the same couch her sister used for her sessions. The freak would lose her mind if she ever learned Kira was doing something like that in there.

What was it about that place that got her so... excited? Sure, part of her had enjoyed that crazy weigh-in incident, being exposed, vulnerable, sexy, in front of her therapist/teacher. She didn't have a crush on him or anything, but Kira knew the fetish well. She had been a ringleader of that fad of flirting with that hot substitute Mr. Kelley. Settling into the back of Stacey's car – no way she was going to ride up front where they'd have to talk and bleh – the lingering dampness in her underwear poked at her all over again. Thinking of Mr. Kelley wouldn't help. That guy had been way too sexy to be some lame-ass sub. Kira blushed at the memory of perching herself on the teacher's desk, chatting him up, daring him to try to look up her mini skirt. She had never intended to do anything with him, even if he was the kind of creep who would let her, but the fantasy had been there. Could some of that be transferring to Professor Manning?

No, there was no question. Some of it was. There was something about Professor Manning that told her that he could work wonders with her body. She'd thought it was innocent, though, played with those feelings with those big hugs and bright smiles and excessive compliments. She was a flirt. So what? Flirting didn't mean you were going to *do* anything. Stacey had always acted like her little sister was some big hoe or something, but really, Kira liked male attention, and the power she felt being able to play around with a guy like that.

Only today, she'd frigged herself into what she dimly remembered as a mind-blowing orgasm on his couch. Her games with Mr. Kelley had never made it past a tour of the house at her grad party. Kira had briefly shut the two of them in her bedroom together. She'd sat on the edge of her bed, leaning back on her palms, smiling up at him as he tugged at his collar and weighed whether or not he should make a break for the door.

Thank god Professor Manning hadn't been in the office when it happened.

Kira slammed the door behind her. "You know, it's really uncool of you to barge into Professor Manning's office while I'm in the middle of a session."

"I knocked," Stacey protested from the driver's seat, turning her music down a little.

“Still! We could have been in the middle of something huge, for all you knew. A break-through. Or I could have been in the middle of something, like, embarrassing. Like crying or whatever.” Good cover. “What was so important it couldn’t wait until I walked out, anyway?” She’d been so flummoxed by waking up and finding her pussy thrumming with pleasure, Kira had completely missed what the two were talking about.

“Look, I said I was sorry. What more do you want? You were right, OK? Feel better? I should have waited. But it was your usual quitting time and I have places to be. But I promise, it won’t happen again. Martin would probably have my hide if it did. You’d think you two were in there planning a bank heist the way he bites my head off if I dare to mention your name. Confidentiality is well and good, but that guy is such a hard core dick about it.”

“You... you talk about me? With him?” It was reassuring to hear Stacey’s complaint about how seriously confidentiality was treated in the clinic. Still, Kira didn’t like the idea of her sister talking about her to anyone, much less Professor Manning. She really liked him as a therapist and as a teacher. But if he found out about Stacey and her freako desires, she would never be able to show her face in his office again. She might have to change schools, and Dad could just throw himself a pity party that his daughters weren’t both following in his footsteps at Lakeview. Better a dad who was mad at her than ever having to face *that*.

“We don’t talk *about* you. But like it or not, you’re part of my life, so your name has come up. Occasionally. Infrequently. Briefly.” Stacey made sure Kira was watching in the rear view mirror when she dramatically rolled her eyes. “Relax. Believe it or not, I have other things going on in my life than my dippy sister.”

Kira was relieved to hear it, but scowled anyway. “I’m gonna make the dean’s list, you know.”

“Oh wow. How many semesters running does that make now?”

“God, you’re such a bitch sometimes, Stacey. You could just be happy for me.”

“OK. Great work, Kira. I’m really proud of you for your one good semester.”

Stacey glanced back in the rear view mirror. “Feel better?”

Kira did not feel better. The tedium of this routine antagonization by her sister had let her mind wander back to the bizarre nature of her session. How had she let it get out of control like that? She’d barely begun to admit to herself that these sessions felt *good* in a way that was not mere relaxation. That having a man control her body, even if it was only the food she put in it and the exercise it fueled, turned her on. On the one hand, it felt weird, letting go, deciding to listen to those whispers in her brain that could only be her therapist’s voice, instead of her own desires. Following her gut and doing things her own way had left her with a sloppy cunt of a roommate, at least two classes that felt like she was a year behind two weeks in, and, well, an expanding gut. Professor Manning had fixed her weight, helped her drive out that horrible Emma, and put her on track for the best grades of her life. All that, and it was only halfway through her first semester.

Except now Kira had begun enjoying coming in for his help so much that she had begun enjoying *coming* for his help.

Neither of them had noticed, thank god. Ironically, she supposed she owed Stacey. If her sister hadn't dragged him out into the waiting room to handle her drama when she did, Kira might have started touching herself while he watched. It was so...

No, not hot.

Well, it was, but it was other things way more so. She would simply have to control herself better. It was just that controlling herself was kind of the opposite of why she went to him in the first place. She went there to let *him* control her.

There had to be a solution. Maybe she could fool around with her boyfriend right before sessions, get it out of her system. Lord knew Jude wouldn't mind. Coming back to Lakeview horny out of her mind from a week of fantasizing about her next hypnotherapy session she'd picked the best-looking most available boy out of those at the Penderdast food court and brought him back to her room. They'd made out for a while, tepidly, and she'd woken up to three fresh texts from him. Jude hadn't even gotten past second base and he was already whipped. Maybe she'd have to find a new guy. It was hard staying with someone who didn't respect themselves. But who?

Whatever. Kira shuddered off the consideration. Boys didn't matter. What mattered was all the progress she was making. That was what college was all about, right? Professor Manning would help her become her best self. So long as she followed his advice, nothing could stop her from getting what she wanted.

Apparently not even basic social conventions like don't get yourself off in your therapist's office. She giggled at that. She would do her best not to let it happen again, but... if it did? The thought bothered her less than she might have thought it would. Coming there just felt... natural, somehow. No doubt he wouldn't see it that way, though. But he was also probably the best person to help her get her mind right anyway.

"What's so funny back there?" Stacey asked.

"Trust me, you would not understand."

"Try me."

"I don't want to talk about it, least of all with *you*. So there." Kira snorted, and made sure the light from her phone would be obvious so Stacey would know she'd been shut out.

That past summer had been the longest of her life. Stacey had sworn up and down that she was over it, that it had been a one-time thing, a drunken fancy no more serious than the time Kira had streaked one of Stacey's house parties her freshman year.

Maybe it was even true. Kira didn't care if it was or not. Some things, once heard, one couldn't unhear.

Professor Manning had worked wonders with her. Even so, it was hard to imagine anyone had the words that would make things right between her and Stacey again. That ship had sailed, been blasted to smithereens by torpedoes, and sunk to the bottom of the ocean where every last person on board was eaten by giant squids.

Poor Professor Manning. He'd done so much for her other goals, but when it came to Stacey, Kira feared that she had set him up for an impossible task.

Something itched inside her sweater, but when she scratched it, there was a faint blossom of pain. After making sure Stacey wasn't watching, she peeked down her neckline, shining her phone onto her boobs. Sure enough, there was a thin, straight scratch, right where her fingernail would glide if she were positively mauling her own tits.

How long until her next session? she wondered, then sent a text to Jude. *What're you doing Thursday afternoon?*

As another testament to his pathetic infatuation with her, he was already typing a response while she wrote her follow-up. *How would you like to go down on me in the back of your car? I know a good spot.* If Jude wouldn't, surely someone would. A good come before her session ought to keep her in line next time. It had to, or she'd lose all the respect she'd tried to recover from her previous embarrassing behavior around him. Poor guy. Why did she keep making things so hard for Professor Manning?

That's what she said. Kira stifled the giggle just in time.

I think we're good, Stacey texted him a short while later. She was pissed I "made you leave the office," but turned bright red when I pushed back. She knows what she did, but looks like you got her to think you weren't there to see it.

It was several hours before Martin read the text. Some of that gap was the necessary period of masturbation called for after Kira's display. It was the hardest he'd come since he'd nudded in Stacey in the spring. Another cause was that Martin had gone across the way to the very same gas station where Kira had recently inspected her dampened panties. Martin arrived just in time to catch the guy throwing out the past best-by sandwiches at the dumpster out back.

Damn. Egg salad today. Oh, well. He had some tums in the mini-fridge.

The final cause for the delay, as foreshadowed so long ago that one may require a brief use of their ctrl+f function to refresh oneself, was the second of the two meetings of great consequence. (Phrasing preserved for ease of reference.) Martin was in the midst of lowering his pants for a second go, the mayonnaise and mustard still pungent on his breath, when a knock came at his office door from the direction of the waiting room.

"One moment!" he stammered, cinching his pants back up with a belt that was going to need fresh notches if his diet maintained its trajectory.

Once satisfied that he was composed, he opened the door, mind racing for what excuse he might offer to Kira, the obvious source of that knock. Having not yet read Stacey's update, he assumed the girl must be murderous over his latest attempt at deception.

It was not Kira. Nor Stacey, nor Naomi, nor any other woman he knew. She was of a similar age with them, and very pretty. Someone familiar, but... Nope. He came up blank. "Hi there," he said awkwardly.

The girl's chin tilted down, eyes on the floor. She spoke so softly he could hardly hear her. "I'm sorry. Are you open? The door was unlocked, but there was no receptionist, so I..."

"Oh! Um, yes. I mean, no, but... Well, we're looking for a receptionist. But meanwhile here I am! So... yeah." He looked her over. Who was she? He tried picturing her as a blonde, but it jogged nothing. "What can I do for you?"

"I, um, wondered if you were taking any new patients? I'm on my parents' insurance, but they live in another state so I might be out of network, but I can pay you out of pocket. If you do that."

Martin arched a brow. Was someone really looking for his help? Why? He couldn't have a less credible reputation if he'd jammed quotation marks in his business title. The Manning "Mental Wellness" Clinic! Hypnotize at your own risk!

"Um, so, are you?"

"Oh. Um... yes? I mean yes! Yes I... am." Was he? What did he know about mental wellness? Maybe he really should add those quotation marks.

Yet in spite of his doubts, the girl smiled, relieved. "That's great. I know how hard it is to get in to see specialists without a referral, so... Thanks. Thank you."

“My pleasure.” He extended a hand, which the girl shook. Or at least wiggled softly. Good enough. “Martin Manning, at your service. And you are...?”

“Sharon Nelson.”

Nope, still not ringing a bell. He shrugged off the sense of familiarity. She must just have one of those—

“But people call me Sherri.”

Creeps

Chapter Five

“All right, I gotta ask. What the hell do you need with four pillows?”

“It’s none of your business, Naomi. Ring me up and I’ll be out of your hair.”

With theatrical flare, the busty blonde Target cashier craned her neck as if to check for additional customers, of which there were clearly none. It was half past eleven at night, early enough that the stragglers hadn’t yet made their way to the registers for closing, but late enough that the store was nearly empty. His luck had not been with him; his ex-girlfriend hadn’t often worked closing when they had been together. Having noticed Naomi standing bored at a register as he was slinking in, Martin had noted the presence of the self-checkout lanes and planned to use them to avoid an awkward encounter. Those kiosks had been disabled – some might say conspicuously – since his arrival. Like much of this strange, strange day, things were not happening as he had anticipated.

“Relax, Marty. I’m only making conversation with a customer. Just saying, that’s a lot of pillows for one guy.”

“It’s the number I needed. Do we really have to do this?”

“So let’s see. One for you, of course. Oh my gosh, are you still playing your little hypno-games with the Wilde child? You *are*! I guess one for her poor abused knees, then, right? Or yours, more likely. Then there’s you, though.” She hefted the fourth pillow and addressed it. “You, I don’t understand at all.”

“I’m doing some decorating. Does it matter?”

“Oh? For your fancy new office?” Her grin was smugness itself. “Yeah, I drive past it on my way to work. Nice sign. Very classy. Must’ve set you back twenty, maybe thirty bucks.”

The sign in question was a clump of letters on the marquis sign by the street. They had misspelled Manning, leaving out what he believed to be the second N, but was in actuality the first. It had, in point of fact, cost him nothing, having stolen the letters from the abandoned strip mall down the road and played contract lawyer with his landlord to force him to install them.

“If I could afford a fancy custom sign, I wouldn’t be coming to Target at midnight for 30% off pillows, would I.”

She laughed at that. “So really, are you and Princess Prettypussy still getting your freak on? Or did she dump your ass and now you’re shopping for fresh chumps – sorry, chumpettes – around town?”

“Stacey and I were never ‘together.’ It was an experiment, nothing more. Do you really want to rehash things right now, in the middle of Target?”

“This is the front entrance of Target, actually. And its only exit. And you’ve been shopping at the south side store since we broke up, so when else would I get to do it?”

“How would you know that I—” He caught himself too late. “*If* I shop south side?”
“I pick up extra hours over there sometimes. I’ve seen you.”

“So, what, you’re monitoring my comings and goings now? You don’t think that’s a bit much?”

“I’m sorry, it sounds like the guy who somehow managed to find a way to cheat on me with a girl I explicitly offered to threesome with him is accusing *me* of being too controlling.”

“You didn’t want a threesome, Naomi; you wanted me to let you kick her around and abuse her.”

“Yeah, with the three of us.” She flashed a look that screamed *duh*.

“If you want me to apologize again, I will, but only if you promise me I can take my pillows and go afterwards.”

She dragged her fingernails across his chest; he didn’t recoil fast enough to hide his acceptance of her touch. “Don’t be like that, Marty. We broke up, what, five months ago. I’ve moved on, found someone new, having the best sex of my life, and if you even got a taste of Wilde child, sounds like you don’t have cause to be bitter either. I was only teasing you a little. Now seriously, how’s your new business thing going? The Maning Mental Healthy Clinic or whatever?”

“Slow start, but it’s picking up steam. Just signed up a new patient today, actually. Thought it’d be nice for patients to have individualized pillows. You know, for sanitization.” (Or was it sanitation? Were they the same thing?)

“So you have... four patients?”

“Four pillows, plus the ones I already bought.” Which was two, which he had bought in January after Naomi had complained his existing bed pillows were musty. They were still on his bed, though during the move one had acquired a muddy stain he hadn’t quite been able to remove.

“Yeah? Well all right! Atta boy.” She clapped him on the arm. Another customer was approaching now, prompting her to at long last begin scanning the pillows. “Not sure these are gonna fit in a bag, but—”

“That’s fine. The pillowcases could probably use them, though.”

“You got it, sir.”

The rest of the transaction went more or less normally, aside from her pretending to memorize his card number. “I’m kidding! We used to date, so I’m teasing him a little,” she assured the woman behind him, who chortled at the sport. “I already have all your credit cards saved on my phone, anyway.”

The woman positively howled at that, all the harder when she saw his face growing as red as Naomi’s shirt. Naomi handed his card back. “Now are you gonna keep being a little b-word and hide from me, or are you gonna get over it and start shopping north side like a big boy?”

“Good night, Naomi.”

Whatever she was muttering to that customer as Martin hotfooted it towards the exit set off the loudest peals of laughter yet. “Give the Wilde child my best!” she called after him.

So, yeah. Pillows. Mission accomplished.

“Heya, Kira. Come on in.” Martin gave a nod to the boy waiting alone in his lobby.

“It’ll be about an hour, like I said, Alex. You don’t have to wait in here for me if you’re bored. The mall’s only like two minutes down the road.”

The boy in the waiting room rubbed his jaw for a moment. “Nah, I think I’m cool here. Have fun. Or, no, I mean—”

The door swung shut, and Kira wasn’t shy about eye-rolling his word choice. Then she noticed the pillow waiting on the end of the couch. “Oh hey, this is new.”

“Yeah, I thought it might be a good idea to do more than febreze between patients. So this is the official Kira pillow now.”

“Aw, thanks! Oh geez, though that reminds me – you know you still have not billed me? Free is a good price to me and all, but I feel bad.”

“No, you’re actually good. Since you and Stacey are both on your parents’ insurance, I just signed you up.”

“I don’t have to sign anything?”

“Nope, all part of that paperwork you filled out your first day.”

Kira didn’t remember filling out any paperwork her first day at the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic, which was because she hadn’t. But between financial aid, registering for classes and her now-defunct roommate agreement, she’d filled out enough in a brief period some months ago to presume there had been more. “Cool cool.”

“So, how are you doing?”

“Good, good. Um, good, yeah, pretty good.” She fidgeted in her seat, smoothing out her dress over her thighs. Martin could empathize. After his first time masturbating during one of his hypnosis sessions with Stacey, he’d been pretty nervous for the next one himself.

“Sounds... good.” They shared a tepid laugh.

“So... we doing this?”

Kira was most of the way to her supine position before Martin stopped her. “Actually, if it’s all right, I wanted to talk to you before we start.”

“Oh. Oh god. Yeah. Um, yeah. Look, if this is about last time...”

She froze, and Martin did as well. Her masturbation the other day was nothing he meant to broach as a subject. His mind raced for a pivot, to give her the space to avoid confronting it. He already anticipated having a harder time getting her to do it again; if she knew he knew, it might well become impossible.

“Hmm? No, no, last time was... Oh, do you mean because Stacey barged in?”

“Oh. Um...”

His heart thanked him for coming up with a plausible deflection from a discussion of her uncontrollable masturbatory needs during his trances. “Because I promise you, I made my displeasure very clear to her. That will not be happening again. I don’t want to have to do anything so draconian as locking her out while we’re in here, but if you’d feel more comfortable that way, I can.”

“Uh, yeah. Sure. I mean no! No, that’s OK. She said you were pissed. I don’t think she’ll do it again. But if you want. That’s all I meant. From last time. Um, yeah.” Her face scrunched up. He entertained an amusing thought of playing poker with this girl, and how easy it would be to squeeze a month’s rent out of her. Then he remembered he was working hard to keep her from paying him.

“I’ll touch base with her again when you two come in next week to make sure, but for my part, I’d rather keep the door unlocked. Don’t want anybody feeling cornered or anything, right?”

“Yeah. Thanks, Doctor– I mean Professor Manning.”

He chuckled. “Not a doctor yet. Anyway, there was actually something else I wanted to discuss. Though it is about Stacey.”

“Oh.”

“So, I feel like we’ve made decent progress on most of your goals these past couple months. But so far, I haven’t been able to get you to say word one about your relationship with Stacey, even though that’s the first goal you mentioned to me.” He didn’t bother adding how the slightest hint he was pressing in that direction had ejected her from her trance in a second. “Not from you, not from your subconscious. So I thought we should discuss it before we went on with any hypnosis. I wanted to know... well, anything, really.”

“Why can’t you just use whatever she’s already told you about it?”

Martin shook his head. “She’s said even less about you than you have about her.”

“Seriously? She never talked about... anything?”

“You know I can’t tell you what I talk about with my other patients. This is an unusual circumstance, treating both of you, but even if she’d opened up, it’s important to me to hear it from you.”

“I... OK, yeah. Um... Do we have to talk about that? Like, we have other stuff we could work on, right?”

“We don’t *have* to do anything. It’s your time. I’m here to help you the best I can. But I will say, it struck me how emphatic you were on day one about wanting to patch things up with your sister, yet you haven’t mentioned it since.”

Her nose wrinkled like it did during their sessions at the prospect. “And you can’t... I dunno, put me under and tell me to forget about it?”

“Forget about what? Your sister?”

“No, just... my feelings, or whatever. Just go, ‘Kira, forget all the bad stuff between you and Stacey’ and snap your fingers. That’s how you do it, right?”

He returned her smile. “Basically. But seriously, trying to forget your problems isn’t the same as resolving them. It’s up to you, though.”

After several months of routine hypnosis, Martin had nearly forgotten the *therapist* part of hypnotherapist. (For exploration of whether or not he ought to concern himself with the *rapist* part of hypnotherapist, google “dubcon.”) It finally occurred to

him during his brainstorm of how to make use of that incredible display she'd unknowingly put on for him that he could simply ask her things, like a normal shrink.

"OK. So, like, what do you need to know?"

"Why don't you start by telling me what's wrong with your relationship with your sister, from your perspective."

It was in response to that request that Martin learned about the still less obvious *not* part of hypnotherapist, because as he helped talk Kira down from a panic attack triggered by her attempt to form words about whatever had happened with her sister, he discovered that she still would *not* be disclosing that backstory so easily. Before he quite knew what was happening, he was sitting beside a sobbing Kira, her arms squeezing him like she might blow away if she let go. He rubbed her back consolingly, letting her cry it out. As for Martin himself, he was simply glad she was breathing normally again.

"I don't think I'm ready to talk about it," Kira murmured into his sweater.

"I'd say so. Though I'd also say, I'm a lot more concerned about it now than I was before." Not a lie.

"We're... she's..." Her chest began seizing again, and he shushed her back to silence before a second attack began.

"It's all right, Kira. It's going to be all right."

More crying, more sniffing, more clinging ensued. It would have been endearing if it hadn't been so frustrating.

"I've been hugging you for a really long time," she observed after a fairly long time.

"Stop when you're ready, but not before. It's OK."

"You're sure it's not awkward?"

"It's fine, Kira."

She sniffle-laughed. "I guess once you've seen me strip down to my underwear, a little hugging is no biggie, huh." The laugh cut off. "Yeah, now it's awkward."

Martin nodded. "Yeah, a bit."

Kira detached herself, and after retrieving a box of tissues for her, he took his own seat at his swivel chair. The last use those tissues had seen was sponging up the mess from his reaction to watching this girl jilling herself on his sofa. She dabbed at her cheeks, then took a moment to clean up the mascara that had made rather a mess of her face. Martin waited patiently.

"I'm sorry about all that. It's only, you asked me about Stacey, and whenever I start to—"

"Maybe it's best you don't set yourself into another panic attack trying to talk about it?"

Kira nodded. "No, I know. But I wanted to say that it's hard. Like, I don't want to get into it, but we didn't just grow apart or something. Some really fucked up – oh god, I used the f-word in front of my teacher!"

"It's fine. Go on."

After an apologetic grimace, she continued. “Some really messed up stuff happened. Like, next level. But Stacey just went on with her life like nothing ever happened. I can’t do that. Every time I see her, I relive it all over again. And it makes me feel...” She shuddered. “I don’t even know the word for it. Scared. Sick. A bunch of things. But when I let any of that show in front of her, I get a Stace on my case like there’s no reason to be freaking out. Gaslighting, Dr. Rivers called it.”

“You talked to Dr. Rivers about this stuff?”

“Oh heck no! Oh wow. No. No no no. I’ve never talked to *anyone* about it. I never want to. Ever.”

“I saw that. It sounds like whatever happened, it was really hard on you. So with that in mind, actually, I’d like to try something.”

Her chin quivered in anticipation of whatever she feared he might be about to suggest. “I know you want to help, Professor Manning, but I *really* don’t want to talk about it. Not even with you.”

“No, I understand. But I also think that what you’re carrying is awfully cumbersome. So for now, as a first step, remembering that you can stop taking steps at any time – *any time*,” he stressed, “I want to put you into a trance, and let you practice talking about it when no one is in the room. Just giving you the power to form the words. Then, maybe someday if you feel like sharing them, you’ll be that much closer to being able.”

Kira frowned. “How will I know you left the room?”

“For one, you can have your eyes open. For two, if I don’t, all I expect to happen from pushing you to open up is that you’d snap out of the trance, and lose a bunch of respect for me.”

“No, you know I wouldn’t. You’ve worked wonders for me, Professor Manning.”

“And I’d like to keep doing so. So what do you say? Worth a shot?”

Instead of agreeing, however, she pursued fresh objections. “You record our sessions, you said.”

“That’s right. So here, why don’t you hold onto my phone – that’s what I use, nothing fancy – and that way you know I can’t. How’s that?”

After a long, anxious pause, Kira nodded. “OK. I guess we can try. But if I start screaming, you’ll come back, right?”

“Of course I will. Just don’t make it awkward again once the hugging starts.”

Kira giggled, but then her expression faded to something softer. “You’re like the nicest guy I’ve ever met, Professor Manning. I just wanted you to know that.”

He smiled warmly. Fuck, he couldn’t wait to put his dick in her. He’d been such an idiot to agree to grant Stacey dibs once her time came. “Wait until you get to know me.”

And so he powered down his phone, handed it to Kira, and guided her into a trance. She was already on edge, so he used a more thorough induction, suppressing her

anxieties gradually until she was ready to let go of her conscious awareness of them altogether.

“Kira?”

“Mm.”

“How do you feel?”

Wrinkle. “OK. Not as calm as usual. Nervous.”

“It’s going to be all right, Kira. Do you remember what we talked about?”

“Mm. You’re supposed to leave. Not supposed to hear this.”

“That’s right. Do you remember what I asked you to do once I leave?”

Wrinkle. Wrinkle wrinkle. “Yes. Talk about the Stacey stuff.”

“That’s right. Do you think you’re ready for that?”

Wrinkle. “Not sure. Scared.”

Martin nodded. “I’ll bet. Would you rather do something else?”

Kira nodded even harder. “Yes. Oh gosh yes.”

“Well OK then. We’re done talking about your sister today. Forget all about her.”

“Mmm. Good. Bye, Stacey. Mmm.”

Like that, her body relaxed, the threat gone. “Do you mind if I take my phone back?”

“Nmm.” Her arm lazily flopped down to hang off the side of the sofa, but it missed her purse. Martin helped himself, switching it back on right away.

He ought to feel bad. No, he did feel bad. A little. But after two months of watching her dance circles around her grand mystery, he was bored of it. Or if not bored, far more interested in other things. This smoking hot college freshman had been masturbating in front of him only days ago. And not halfheartedly. She’d gotten into it, at least as much as he’d been.

He set his notebook on his lap. “All right. Now how about we do our exercises? To help you relax and enjoy yourself.”

“Mm. OK.”

“All right then. Now repeat after me. I like coming here.”

“Mmm. I like coming here.”

Martin sat back in his chair, switching on his camera and toggling video mode. He put Kira through the paces, the same utterances as the week before. Bit by bit, it seemed to be having its effect. She was wearing a dress more appropriate for September than October, thin and tight and, if not short, short enough. Cleavage in abundance, and ample thigh on display. Thighs she began to rub together as she continued.

“Coming here feels natural, rewarding, and goood.”

Still, she wasn’t taking it as far as last time. Not yet, at least. By the time she’d finished her ten repetitions of each line, she was visibly aroused. Her nipples poked out into the pale blue fabric of her dress, and she licked her lips more than anyone should. Her hips rocked side to side, slowly raising the hem of her dress with each undulation. By the time she was done, a scant yellow triangle of her panties peeked out the bottom.

Luckily, he felt like he had a decent theory why it wasn't going quite so far as it had the previous time. She'd taken comfort in believing, however falsely, that he hadn't seen, so he had to be careful with the next steps.

"How do you feel now, Kira?"

"Mmmm. Good."

"That's good. I'm glad to hear it. As good as last session?"

Wrinkle. "Nah. But still good."

"Why? Would you like to tell me what was different last time?"

Wrinkle. She shook her head. "No. Super embarrassing. So lucky you didn't see."

"I'm not sure I follow. You said you felt good, so how could that be embarrassing?"

Kira giggled, but her little face scrunched up even as she did. "Too embarrassing."

"Did something happen when I left the office?" Martin knew full well what had happened, and that he'd had front row seats. Still, he had to work her up to it.

She nodded. "Yeah. Love coming here." Another giggle.

"Would you like it if that happened again?"

She shook her head. "Not in front of you. Would be so embarrassing."

"Embarrassing, right. If I left the office for a while, like last time, how about then?"

"Maaaaybe. Dunno." *Wrinkle*. "Dirrrty."

"Well I tell you what. In a moment, I'm going to leave you alone in my office. While I'm gone, I want you to keep repeating all those things to yourself. Let's practice first, yeah?"

"Mmm." Her thin smile was sly. It was the smile of a girl who couldn't wait until he left so she could go to town on herself.

It didn't take long to get her stringing the whole thing together. "Hypnosis works well for me. I like coming here. My therapist is helping me lose weight and keep it off. My therapist can work wonders on my body." He left *on my body* in place, since she'd accepted it before. She still did. "Our time together is relaxing and enjoyable. Coming here is a high priority. If I follow my therapist's instructions, nothing can stop me from doing what I want. I trust Professor Manning. Coming here feels natural, rewarding, and good."

"Good girl, Kira." She beamed. The girl was a treasure. "Now I'm going to leave. You keep saying those words, and remember, you have the office to yourself. I won't return for a long time. Understand?"

"Mmmm. Yes. Hypnosis works well for me. I like c-coming here. My therapist is helping me lose weight and keep it off. He can work wonders... Mmmm... on my body."

Martin propped up his phone, adjusting the aim on his camera until the couch was centered perfectly, like he'd practiced. Then, as quietly as he could, he locked the door to the waiting room – just in case. Precautions seen to, Martin retreated to the

back of his office and tugged the cord that lowered the ladder to the attic. A fresh application of WD-40 let it slide down in near perfect silence.

"Nothing can stop me from doing... whatever... I want," her voice trailed after him.

He returned with right under ten minutes to go, creeping down the ladder and returning to his chair. Kira was still chanting, and as he came around the sofa, he saw she was still doing the rest, too. Her dress was flipped well over her panties – or rather, where her panties had been, as that lacey yellow fabric had been tugged down to mid-thigh. The dress wasn't tailored to allow her to expose her chest, so she'd come at it from underneath, squeezed up and over the left cup of her bra. Like the last time, she was splitting her attention between her boobs and her pussy. He made a mental note of her apparent preference for having those magnificent tits of hers played with. Some grand day, he would make use of this knowledge.

After stowing his phone, he took a seat and watched.

"I love coming here," she panted. "Mmmm, love coming here. Nothing can stop me from doing whatever Professor Manning and I want. Coming here feels natural, feels so good, feels so rewarding, coming here, love coming here..."

The mantra was a mess, but the effect was pure poetry. How many times had she come since he'd left? Surely, from the way she was carrying on, she must have. Before he had to figure out a means of intervening, however, she gasped, groaned, spasmed, and fell still. The words still trickled from her lips in a whisper, the exact rote words again now. Kira's body fell still, her dress a disheveled mess around the middle of her chest, her stretched out yellow panties resting at mid-thigh, her hair splayed out like any freshly fucked woman's should be.

Oh, screw it. He snapped a few more shots. He might wind up needing them.

"Kira?" he said softly.

"Mmmm. Professor Manning."

"Pretty soon, I'm going to start waking you up."

Wrinkle. "Aww. Bleh. Time together relaxing. Enjoyable."

"I think so too. Before I do though, I want to ask you what happened in here while I was out of my office. You don't have to answer, but I promise you that you can trust me to be OK with it."

"Nuh, uh. Embarrassing. Already made you uncomfortable before. Be mad."

"I won't be. You're my favorite patient, and my favorite student. I won't be mad."

"But I was so baaaad." Kira giggled.

Fair enough. Martin had hoped to make a little more progress, but really, making a habit of letting her get herself off in his office, at his direction, was progress by itself. "Pretty soon you're going to wake up. So if you want to make sure I don't know you did anything bad, make sure you've covered up any signs, OK?"

Wrinkle. Then she gasped. Was she going to snap out of it? He had a plan for that. Yet she merely hiked up her panties and smoothed down her dress, tugging things

roughly back into place. Her hair was still mussed, her makeup was still a mess (albeit mostly from crying earlier). A thin sheen of perspiration shone on her forehead and the exposed portion of her chest. He took a couple more pictures. It was too hot not to.

He brought her out of the trance, taking a couple extra minutes to emphasize the distorted recollection with which he meant to leave her. He was then treated to the sight of her bulging eyes as she sat up in a puddle. “Eep!”

“Something wrong?”

“No! No, I... Shit. Shoot, I mean! No. No, everything’s fine.”

“If you say so.” Let her think he was oblivious. “So. That was half an hour of you talking through your situation with Stacey to yourself. How do you feel?”

“I...” She frowned, puzzled. Would it really work? What a double victory that would be! Someday, he’d have to batter down her resistance to Stacey, and if he could do it by tricking her into thinking she’d worked it out, better yet. Indeed, she replied, “I feel... good? Like, weirdly good. Are you sure we...?”

“I was out of the room, but those were in the instructions I gave you. Do you remember anything?”

After a moment of contemplation, she shook her head. “I mean, just impressions. Feeling relaxed, peaceful. Like usual.” She squirmed, adjusting herself to keep the damp spot concealed. How many times had she come? “Yeah.”

“So... it sounds like it worked then, right? You talked out your issues, and came out the other side feeling better for it. I call that a win.”

“I... Yeah, I don’t know. I still don’t feel like I want to talk about it. I don’t think. Like, I’m not panicking. Not about that anyway. Or about anything else!” Kira grimaced. “But maybe that’s better. I mean, I guess it is. Right?”

“I guess so.” Martin looked pointedly to the clock. “Think about it, and we’ll talk more next time. I’m not kicking you out, but I hate to keep your friend waiting.”

“Oh.” She scrunched her face at the door. “Him. Yeah. That’s a good point. Damn, I was hoping we could talk about that article before discussion section tomorrow.”

“You know how to reach me.”

Kira rose, flipping the pillow onto what must be the damp spot with a laughable attempt at nonchalance. No grace at all. Then she came over and gave him a long hug. “Thanks again for being amazing, Professor Manning. I don’t know how I’d be managing without you.”

“My pleasure, Kira.”

Mission accomplished.

“Come on in, Sharon. Or no, Sherri, you said, right?” The greeting had felt more natural in his rehearsals than it did to the woman’s face. How had he let himself get talked into this? No, that was a simple answer. He’d told her he was fully booked, and she’d offered two hundred dollars per session. Dozens of times since she’d booked this appointment earlier in the week, Martin had considered canceling. But each time he remembered how sorely he needed that money. It was a king’s ransom, yet even so Sherri had looked relieved the price tag wasn’t higher.

Given who she was, Martin went into this meeting figuring there may well not be another, and let her poor negotiating skills stand.

To his question, she replied in her tiny voice, “Either’s fine.”

“Well what do most people call you?”

“Sherri.”

“Sherri, then. Welcome.” He invited her into the office, and she squirmed as wide around him as a person could. Sherri took a seat on the couch, folding her hands in her lap and studying the carpet between them. My, but she was beautiful. Annoyingly so, considering that unlike the other women he’d had in his office, there was no expectation of ever getting to fuck this one. She’d cut her hair shorter since last year, to her jaw line on the right and shorter still on the left, and dyed it a lighter red, almost orange. Probably why he hadn’t recognized her from Stacey’s photos at first. She was a little thing, barely taller than Kira, and even more slender than Stacey. Her DAT sweater was a smaller version than the one he’d seen Stacey wear last year during the phase when she was emphasizing her unwillingness to be leered at, but the shape of the navy blue leggings flowing out of it were a reminder not to discount the body under that face.

“So you can call me Martin, or Mr. Manning if that’s more comfortable for you.”

The girl nodded. She said nothing.

“I suppose I can open with a bit about what I do here, and then you can talk to me about what brought you in. Sound good?”

Sherri nodded again. Martin went through a spiel not unlike what he’d done with Kira, a generic explanation of the benefits and process of therapy. “So that’s me. Now what about you? What can you tell me about you?”

Sherri’s hands fidgeted in her lap, reminding him all too much of her ex-girlfriend. “My name’s Sherri. Not really sure what you consider important, so here goes. I’m a senior studying communication at Lakeview with a minor in computer science, I’m a member of Delta Alpha Theta, I was raised Lutheran but now I’m a non-denominational Christian though not especially devout, I’m allergic to bee stings, and I’m here because I’m tired of feeling sad all the time.”

Martin worked his jaw soundlessly for a moment. “That... is... a lot of information. Still, sounds like maybe we ought to begin with that last one. You say you feel sad. Tell me more.”

“I broke up with my girlfriend back in May, right at the end of last semester.” Her eyes took on a far-off look. “I was in love with her. But I found out she’d been hiding a

lot of things from me. Big things. I confronted her, and... she shrugged it off like I was nothing to her. My heart broke into ten million pieces, and ever since then I've felt... horrible." Sherri said all that like she was presenting a report, explaining the malfunction of her toilet to a plumber. "And I'm tired of feeling that way. So I thought I should finally get help."

"I... see. Can I ask, ah, why me? Out of all the shrinks in the book?"

For the first time, her eyes fixed on his and stayed there. "Because you're the reason we broke up."

Martin let out a sigh. He'd been afraid of that, but the longer he had denied her the opportunity to express that fact, the worse it had felt. "Aha. Now look, I—"

"You don't have to make excuses. I respect your professionalism. Stacey came to you for help... I suppose the two of you would call it that, at least. Anyway, she asked, and you helped her. I'm simply asking you to do the same for me. I'm not trying to guilt you into anything. I'll pay you. I want the same kind of help you gave her."

His eyes narrowed. "What exactly did Stacey tell you I did for her?"

"Oh, call it what you like. Gay conversion therapy, opening her up to men, making her jagoff family happy with their wayward daughter. Whatever. The semantics don't matter to me."

Martin was relieved by her misapprehension. "And that's what you want? To be straight? Because—"

"No." Her voice, while small, cut him off like a knife. "My comfort with the male body is fine where it's at. What I want, if you can do it, is to make me stop caring about her the way you made her stop caring about me."

"Whoa now, hold on one minute, I didn't—"

Again, she sliced right through his rebuttal. "You don't need to be defensive. I don't mean to accuse you of anything, and no doubt that's not how you would characterize matters. Like I said, we don't need to debate semantics."

"Semantics? You're saying that I brainwashed her straight or something!"

There was fire in her voice, though she spoke so softly his ears had to strain to hear her. "I get it. Stacey is gorgeous. No doubt the prospect of putting her on the market appealed to you. Earned some bro points or whatever. Call it what you want. I really, truly, don't care. I'm just tired of being miserable, and missing her all the time, and wanting to be with her all the time, even though she doesn't feel any of that in return. It's a hole in my heart that I can't fill, and I'm asking you to make it stop."

"Good grief. You make it sound like you're here for assisted suicide or something," Martin grumbled.

"I'm not suicidal. I had some dark days, but I never tried anything. And if I was, I wouldn't put that on you. As I said, I bear you no ill will. I doubt if you even knew I existed when you were working with her. Stacey was always a bit of a closed book."

“No joke. But... look. Maybe this was a bad idea, your coming here. I admit, I did recognize your name after you dropped it the other day, but I thought, maybe you were here for something unrelated.”

She arched an eyebrow. “You thought it was a coincidence that the former lover of the woman you spent all last year hypnotizing out of lesbianism showed up in your office asking for your help.”

“This isn’t going to work, Sherri. I’m sorry you were hurt. I really am. But the best thing for it is to find somebody new. You’re a pretty girl, and I’m sure you’ll find—”

“Are you seeing anyone?”

“Uh, no, actually, but... Look, I didn’t mean *me*, Sherri, but that’s sweet of you to—”

“I wasn’t asking you out, Mr. Manning. As you may know, or perhaps you don’t, I was there when your own girlfriend stormed into our sorority house screeching accusations at Stacey, mostly along the lines that she was some sort of homewrecker. That’s how I found out, actually. She managed to keep it from me for months. I’d wondered if, maybe, there was someone else. Holes in her alibis when she’d slip out for hours at a time, the way she started dressing around campus, how closely she guarded her phone around me. But I told myself, no way, her libido couldn’t be that out of control if she was getting action on the side. Somehow, I failed to consider the possibility that she was pursuing hypnotherapy as an escape from her dreary lesbian life. With me.”

Martin didn’t know what to say to that, but she obviated the need. “I’m sorry, I went off-topic. Forgive me. I was asking about your relationship status. That girl, Naomi I believe Stacey said her name was, was very pretty. And she seemed very passionate on the subject of your having... employed unorthodox techniques with a patient, let’s call it. So when you broke up, did you run right out, find someone else, and magically feel better? You’ve admitted you’re single now. Is that because your rebound was so incredible you forgot all about her?”

“I see your point, Sherri.”

“Good. Of course I tried seeing other women. They only made me feel worse.” Her eyes stared through the floor, into some darkness visible only to her. “I feel guilty every time I touch someone, because I know my heart isn’t in it, because my stupid heart is trapped in that moment when I found out what I thought was the love of my life was actually someone who was working day and night to be free of me.”

Martin’s cheeks puffed out as he let out a heavy breath. “You know, you really might want to consider someone more experienced for all that. I could ask around, make a referral or something...”

The fire in her eyes when she looked back up at him was enough to make him shrink back in his chair. “All right. So now, I’m saying you owe me. You say you recognized me, which means Stacey must have given you some idea who I was to her.

You went through with what you were doing, even knowing she had someone who cared about her, someone who *thought* she cared back. That's despicable."

This was really getting away from him fast. He'd been daunted by the thought of figuring out how referrals worked, much less actually grappling with the collateral damage of his actions.

"I never...! I don't know what you think happened last year, but whatever happened between you and her was between you and her. I didn't put any ideas in her head that weren't there already. Not where you're concerned. If she did you dirty, that's not on me."

That raptor gaze slipped back to the floor, collapsed on itself. "Oh."

He raised his chin defiantly. "Yeah."

"Oh."

Martin let that sink in. It wasn't his fault Stacey was a shitty girlfriend! He wasn't about to sit here and let this woman accuse him of wrecking her life. Who did she think she was?!

"I guess that's that, then. Sorry to have embarrassed myself. I'll be on my way. Do you want to refund the \$180 for the rest of the hour in cash now, or send me a check? Either is agreeable to me."

Four pillows in – one for each patient plus a spare, just in case – Martin did not have anywhere near that kind of money.

"Well hold on now. I didn't say I couldn't help you," he countered quickly. "I simply wanted to clear the air."

Sherri had never made it to more than half-standing, but settled right back down. She was so light, she barely made an indentation on the couch cushions. "Consider it cleared."

"All right then. So, um, say again, so I understand: what exactly is your goal in coming here?"

"When Stacey told me we were done, there was a coldness in her eyes like nothing I've ever..." Her lips pursed. "Like she was telling a bum to fuck off when they asked for change. I was ready for a normal fight. Make some accusations, demand concessions, maybe some makeup sex after if she was nice about it. But she brushed me aside like a wad of lint. She's in my sorority, too – maybe you knew that – so I still see her pretty much every day. She doesn't talk to me, won't look at me, and certainly won't acknowledge that there's anything uncomfortable on her side of things. To her, it's as over and as done as the tide pod challenge, and left about the same taste in her mouth."

"That sounds bad."

"So you asked me what I want? To feel like that. To feel... nothing. Eternal sunshine, a spotless mind. That's what I want." She looked up again, but only her eyes. Everything else still pointed right to the dingy gray carpet. "Can you do that?"

Too many thoughts flooded Martin Manning's mind in that moment to give a decisive answer. How would Stacey react if – when – she found out about this? Treating

her ex-girlfriend, the ex-girlfriend she nearly bit his head off over every time he mentioned her name... it was playing with fire.

Did she have a right to an opinion, though? Sherri was right. Stacey sucked as a person, and she probably sucked more as a girlfriend. There was no way she'd come to his show last year, asking what she had, expecting it not to disrupt or destroy that relationship. Still, they had a business relationship of sorts, and pissing her off would not do his goals any favors.

Could he hide it? Not with any reliability. The kind of heartache Sherri was expressing was not something he could rely on to maintain secrecy. It was volatile, and could well blast into an inferno before he could freeze it like she asked.

Could he win that confrontation though, when it came? Perhaps he could persuade Stacey to support such an enterprise. His old patient probably didn't bear this girl ill will – heaven knows she had no right to – so maybe she would agree it was a kindness. If she didn't, perhaps he could persuade her of it under a trance.

Would that interfere with his more pressing agenda, though? Was Sherri's peace of mind worth so small a risk to his goals?

He let out a sigh, and the acrid flavor of past best-by gas station sandwich flooded his nostrils.

"I'd like to try."

He was rewarded with a thin smile on tight lips. "Thank you, Mr. Manning. Though, I feel like I need to ask. Are you still seeing Stacey?"

"Seeing Stacey? She and I were never...! I mean, why would you even think we..."

Her eyes narrowed. "As a patient." He could almost swear her teeth were grinding, but this petite creature before him couldn't have the jaws for it.

"Oh. I'm afraid patient confidentiality strictures prevent me from disclosing my client roster."

"So yes."

"Or no. I really can't comment. But neither can I talk to her about your coming here."

Sherri folded her arms across her DAT logo. "How could you talk to her about my coming here unless you were still talking to her?"

"I meant, you know. If I were. Which I may or may not be." Smooth.

"Well, whatever. I suppose that was all I wanted anyway, your word that my being here won't reach her. My scheduling is flexible, so please do make sure our appointments are far enough apart that we don't risk coinciding. Since you say you can't officially comment, I'll make sure to always give you a few times, and you can tell me what works, if that's agreeable. And once you hire a receptionist, please make sure they understand the arrangement."

"That sounds fine." Receptionist? Maybe if he landed ten more real patients – which he certainly hoped he wouldn't. A woman as hot as Sherri deserved her place in DAT house, sure, but there was no sex waiting down the end of that road. Not so long

ago, being allowed to hypnotize a woman like this, even for entirely platonic ends, would have been the thrill of his hypnotic career. Now he had Stacey, and he had Kira. Sherri was an actual job, the farthest thing from his motivation for opening this business.

“So when can we start? I don’t actually know the first thing about hypnosis. To be honest, I was skeptical of it right up until the moment it turned my girlfriend straight.”

“That’s step one, in fact. Overcoming skepticism. Today, I’ll try a simple induction to see if we can get anywhere. My suspicion is no, but that’s all right. It can take weeks, even months to achieve a true trance. But we’ll get there.”

Sherri frowned. “I’ll cooperate with your methods, of course, but... for two hundred dollars an hour, I hope it doesn’t take months to get started.”

“Me too. But it’s hard for some people, giving up control.”

“Giving up control? Like, letting you...?”

He shook his head. “Giving up *conscious* control. Your subconscious is a horse of a different color. It has wants and urges and even needs of its own, all of which might be invisible to the conscious mind. And it’s not used to being accessed, which means you can shape it. Then once it’s closer to the shape you want, you can empower it to assert itself.”

“That sounds like witchcraft.”

“I suppose they didn’t teach this stuff in Lutheran school.” He smiled. “Like I said, it’s hard for some people. But we’ll see. Maybe you can surprise yourself. Skepticism can be a tough hurdle to jump, but what you have going for you is a sincere desire for results.”

“OK. Do I need to lie down or something? Close my eyes? Just tell me what to do. I want to start as soon as possible.”

Once upon a time, he might have taken a girl like this asking him to hypnotize her, and that soft, biddable “tell me what to do” and put it in his spank bank in perpetuity.

“Both are optional. My experience has been that the more comfortable a patient is, the easier things go. You’re the one who ultimately has to decide what’s comfortable or not, though.”

“Then I’ll stay sitting. It would feel strange, lying down on a stranger’s couch.”

“Sounds good. Let’s give it a try then, shall we? Remember, the worst case scenario here is that nothing happens and things stay the same. There’s nothing to be afraid of.”

“Things remaining the same is exactly what I’m afraid of,” Sherri retorted softly, closing her eyes. “But let’s try.”

By the end of their appointment, Sherri had come no closer to a trance than Stacey had in their first try. She looked weary. She looked frustrated. But beneath that, she looked determined. “I don’t feel like we came close.”

“Honestly, I don’t think we did. But we’ve found some things that don’t work, and we’ve demystified the process a bit. Those are good steps. Next session, we’ll take some more. We’ll get there, Sherri.”

“How long did it take before you could put Stacey in a trance?”

“Months,” he said somberly, trying to do the math in his head. \$200 a week times 4.3 weeks per month, minus the kevlar vest he’d need when Stacey found out... “It’s different for everyone, though.”

Sherri looked down at her lap for a long moment. “All right. If that’s what it takes. Can I pay in advance for next time?”

“Uh, yeah. That’d be fine.”

Mission accomplished.

“All right. I’m going to leave the office again, Kira. And you’re—”

“I like coming here. Hypnosis works well on me. Professor Manning can work wonders on my body. Coming here is a high priority. I...”

He slipped into the lobby as quickly and quietly as he could.

Stacey glanced up from her phone, surprised to see him so soon into her sister’s session. “Seriously? You cannot possibly have screwed things up again already. You’ve only had her in there for what, fifteen minutes?”

Martin sat in the chair across from her. “No, everything’s fine.”

“Oh. Then... shouldn’t you be in there?”

“No. Kira’s repeating what I told her to repeat. Your solution last week had an unintended consequence, though, one that I’m exploring. Exploiting, more like. It’s good stuff.”

“OK... Did you come out here to gloat then, or what?”

“No. I actually came out here to make you an offer.”

“Offer? What offer? We’re on the same team, Mesmer. If you have something for me, let’s get on with it. If you can’t do something yourself and I can help, ask, and if it’s not too much of a pain maybe I’ll throw you a bone.”

Martin smiled. That last bit had been a paraphrase of one of the sentiments he’d been drilling into that gorgeous little head of hers. “I think you’ll find this offer to your liking, actually. How would you like access to a video of little Kira in there masturbating on our couch?”

“You...” She hesitated, licking her lips. For all her self-possession, Martin could see all too clearly that he’d intrigued her. “You got her to do it again?”

“I’ve got her in there doing it right now. And I can do it again, any time I want, so long as I’m not in the room. Your good idea, actually. Her embarrassment over ‘nearly getting caught’ last week is keeping her from giving me another live show, but so long as I’m out of the room, poor girl can’t help herself.”

“That’s... good to hear,” Stacey replied guardedly. “So you were making me an offer?”

“Stacey, I’m going to level with you. I don’t think you and I are making as much progress together as I’d like. I don’t know why you’re so afraid to commit again, denying all the tools we had that worked so well for us back in the spring. But the way things are going, I’m not sure we’ll ever get back there.”

“We’re *not* getting back there. Was I unclear? Just because something was hot once doesn’t mean you want to keep doing it over and over again. Give it up already! You’ve got a good thing going here. Don’t screw things up by being greedy!”

He scoffed openly, a good deal more daring than he would normally dare to be thanks to that video. “I’m sorry, that sounded suspiciously like a lecture on not being greedy from the woman who wants me to make her little sister grovel for her pussy on her hands and knees in a slutty Red Riding Hood costume.”

“Right, because a magnanimous individual like yourself would never pursue something so base.”

“Look, I’m not trying to get you to go back to how things were. But I want us to have fun. That’s it! Simply to have as much fun as we had that amazing evening in May. And don’t you dare try to run me down pretending you didn’t like it every bit as much as I did, because I was there.”

“Why the hell do you care how much *I* enjoy myself?! I’ll fake a smile when I ride your stupid dick, OK! Just for you!”

Martin gave her a look, gesturing emphatically to keep her voice down. The sound-proofing only went so far. “I said I was going to make you an offer, so here it is.”

The hypnotist fished out his Lakeview-issued iPad – only five years old! – and unlocked it. Waiting for them on its screen was a shot of Kira in her previous session, blue dress up, yellow panties down, hand in her pussy, tit flopping out of her bra cup. He held it out to Stacey, basking in the sight of her twisting her head like a dog trying to make sense of what she was seeing. One whose tail was wagging out of control.

“I couldn’t decide which was the best shot, so you can swipe through my favorites. There’s a few of them there.”

For the first time in a long time, Stacey – a fully conscious Stacey – did as he told her. With each swipe, she peered at the screen from every angle, studying each pixel of Kira’s compromised position. There were only four, but she went back to each at least once.

“You said you had video.”

“I do. And that’s the offer.”

She swiped back and forth frantically, then backed out to see if the video file was saved where she could see it. “Well? Where is it?”

“It’s a trade, Stacey. I want something in exchange.”

“Well what? Come on, Martin. Don’t be like this. You have no idea how long I... Just... Please, OK? I said it! Please. Seriously, *please!*”

He had not dared to hope his bait would work so well. Failing to savor it a moment before responding would be a waste of a golden opportunity. How long since he’d heard her whining *please* at him in that pitiable tone? At last, concerned that his erection would rupture his zipper, he answered her. “In exchange, all I want is for us to watch it together. Once Kira’s session is done, you and I will go sit on that couch, the one she’s probably pleasuring herself on as we speak, and watch it together. Wolfing down hypno porn, side by side, like we used to. Except now, Kira is the porn.”

The hesitation had been precisely long enough for her to recover the slightest shred of dignity. “Did you ever tape me?”

“What? No! No, of course not.” Seeing the disbelief in her eyes, he elaborated, “I was scared shitless of you. Your sister’s a sweetheart, though.”

The glare lingered, then faded. “And if I say no? You going to lord it over me?”

“No. No, I won’t lord it over you. We just won’t watch it. I’d rather watch it with you, personally, but if you don’t want to concede this tiny bit, then fine. We can forget it.”

Stacey gazed down at the tablet again. “You are such a motherfucker. You *owe* me this, Mesmer.”

“I’m producing what I owe you, as we speak. This is about you producing what you are gonna owe me.”

But her eyes were riveted on the screen. Martin craned his neck. He couldn’t be sure, but it looked like she’d settled on the shot where Kira’s hands were caressing the tops of her inner thighs.

“Fine,” she snapped at last. “But I’m *not* masturbating.”

“Not while I watch. Ten to one you can’t stop yourself from sprinting up the stairs to the veep suite once you get back to DAT house.”

She flashed a lopsided grin. “Not while you watch.”

“Deal.” His hand stretched out to shake on it, but she was already lost in the images again.

“You’re sure she won’t catch you?”

“I’ve been putting her under for months. She never opens her eyes.”

“And if she does? A girl comes hard enough, she’s apt to open her peepers.”

“Don’t you worry about me. I’m mitigating my risks like a champ. Do you want the footage or don’t you?”

Defiance shone in her eyes. “Fine,” she muttered nevertheless.

Was she really that horny for Kira? He supposed it made sense. Even if he hadn’t been a part of this crazy plan of hers, Kira would be head and shoulders above the next hottest student in any of his classes. If he saw her in passing, he would remember her. Still. Martin had good reason for taking this risk, however slight. Stacey... Well, the girl was a study in the heart wanting what it wanted.

The two settled in to wait. He let Stacey hold onto the tablet; he had little doubt that she sent herself a copy of the images while he typed up emails on his phone. Why not. He never would have gotten to see it himself if not for her. Besides, if the girl could hide their activities from her own lover for months on end, she could be trusted with a few photos of her sister.

“Hey. Do you think we could, you know, crack the door a little?” She held up her hands. “Not to peek! Just... I want to hear it. If you don’t think it’s too risky.”

Martin regarded her for a long moment, then gave a little shrug. With no more prompting than that, Stacey skittered across the room and plunked herself down right around the corner from the door, her legs curled up to her chest. As Martin made his way to the door, her eyes looked to the ceiling as they slid closed.

“... relaxing and enjoyable. Coming... Mmmm... Coming here... high priority. So rewarding. Follow therapist’s instructions, nothing can stop me, doing *whatever* I want. Oh gawd. I trust Professor Manning. Coming... coming...! Coming! Coming here feels

natural. Feels rewarding! Feels so frigging good, coming here. Oh god. Hypnosis... works well for me..."

Using his foot to keep the door propped that half inch, he crouched down beside her and gave her a tap on the knee. Peevishly, she opened her eyes to look at him. "*No masturbating,*" he mouthed. "*You promised.*"

Stacey giggled, a giggle very much like the girl masturbating in the next room, then clapped a firm hand over her mouth and elbowed him. As they continued listening to the panting, moaning and chanting from the office, her eyes once more closed, but his stayed fixed on her.

He knew that look. Stacey may not be masturbating in fact, but she was most certainly in spirit.

Martin could not wait to fuck that spirit.

A short time later, Kira's eyes widened in what could only be the predicted embarrassment to wake up to find herself aroused, damp, her clothes disheveled. He played along, as if her having done anything but process her Stacey issues was unfathomable to him. After a quick hug she swapped places with her sister. Stacey forewarned her that they might be ending late. Lots to process this week, she explained. Kira volunteered to simply jog back to campus, since she'd been intending to hit the rec center anyway, and bid the two a good afternoon.

"Now show me that video before I beat it out of you, Mesmer."

Nestled side by side on his couch, Stacey insisted on sitting on the spot darkened by Kira's cum. Stacey's new pillow sat atop her lap. Not ten minutes in, as on-screen Kira began teasing at her thighs, Martin quietly retrieved a blanket for her and said not a word as her shoulder gently jostled his. When the video finished, he permitted her the dignity of keeping her hands under the covers as he uploaded that day's recording from his phone to his cloud storage so they could watch it on the bigger screen of his tablet.

"I like you, so I'm going to throw in this second one for free," Martin said, bringing up the file. It loaded on a screen of Kira lying on the sofa, mouth open mid-utterance, knees bent so that today's shorts bared her legs in their entirety. "The next one – if you want it – is gonna cost you."

"Do I even want to ask what kind of dickhole you're going to be about it?"

"Don't sweat it. For now, you and I have porn to watch." And he pressed play, and Kira played with herself on the screen, and Stacey played with herself on the couch, and Martin played with himself all weekend long. With fresh visuals, too. Things were well on their way to that threesome, and quite possibly many more to come.

Mission accomplished.

Martin felt pretty proud of himself for all he had managed to achieve that week. He had bolstered his business, moved Stacey one step closer to a return to lusting after him, and kept Kira on her quick march to join her. He'd even stared down his ex-girlfriend. By some metrics, the pride was well-deserved. To be fair, by other metrics, Martin was a fraud and a sex criminal, so, as in his American education, it may be wise to disregard metrics.

His pride, however, might not have been so overweening had he recognized the full significance of his missteps. Missteps which would – or in the spirit of abstaining from spoilers, might – destroy everything he had accomplished, and more.

Still a nice job on getting hot girls to masturbate around him. No impending doom could take that away.

Creeps

Chapter Six

At the close of their session, after washing her hands in the utility sink that served as Martin's kitchen and bathroom as one, Stacey at last had her wits about her enough to pursue a larger question. "How much longer do you think you can keep having her jilling it in your office during sessions before she wigs out?"

Her concern, however, was unnecessary. "I'm already on it. I haven't had the chance yet, but I have some thoughts on how to address it next time out. If it goes right, my hope is to continue the behavior with some adjustments in rationale. If it doesn't, we extinguish it for the time being but move forward making her romanticize it, miss it, fixate on how much better it is than yada yada."

"Good. Sometimes, I almost forget you aren't just some guy who paid a blonde beta to unbutton her top for tips."

"Wait until I tell you about what I managed with this smoking hot brunette last spring."

She faced his mirror, nonchalantly touching up her makeup. "Speaking of brunettes, how, um, goes getting her into *me* instead of just you? Not that I'm rushing things – I know, never rush a genius." Her reflection smiled patronizingly.

"I'll be honest: not great. It's tricky navigating it, what with the personal issues between you two, but my hope is that once I have her libido under control, I can start redirecting it toward women more broadly, and eventually yourself specifically." His preferred route still would be to resolve their enmity and approach things more directly, but neither had given him anything to work with on that score.

"And you think that will do the trick?"

"Always hard to say. When you're working with the human mind, you never know what a button will do until you push it, so we'll poke and prod and see what activates and what doesn't."

"Well OK then." She pivoted to face him with deep red lips. "Look forward to hearing your next offer. Makes it as good as this one."

Kira parted her legs and slipped a hand down her gym shorts before Martin even left his office this time, the chant in full swing. He departed, giving her the privacy she needed. (Stacey's camera notwithstanding. She had dropped it off over the weekend, stressing its superior recording capabilities.) He played Candy Crush in the waiting room long enough for her to get off at least once, gauging by the established precedent, then let himself back in.

From Kira's outfit, she was either on her way from or to the gym. The latter, he decided. No boyfriend in tow today, so she likely intended to jog back to campus and work out, like she had last time while he was priming Stacey. At least, she'd do so once she put the outfit back on. Her tank top was lifted over her bra, the same gray sports bra he'd seen during the phantom weigh-in. Her little green gym shorts had made it halfway down her hips, panties with them, but it left more than enough room for her hand to get in and do what it needed to do. The girl's fascination with own tits was in full swing as well, a meaty handful pressed into hungry fingers.

Martin buckled down and waited for her to finish coming, the trigger that seemed to reset her to a calm state. From his own intensive studies of those videos Stacey so coveted, Kira looked to have gotten off three separate times during both sessions, each time settling back in until the implications of her chanting as filtered through the comedic mindset of Michael Scott built her back into a barely controlled frenzy of lust. Martin didn't mind waiting. Even if they ran late, his hunch was that she wouldn't mind.

Something told him she liked coming here.

With a lurch like half a sit-up, then two more, she whimpered out her orgasm with one hefty tit squeezed tight in her hand and fell still. Her right still rested in her pussy, the left still softly fondling the bounty inside her bra, underboob spilling out haphazardly. Someday – he hoped someday soon – he wouldn't need to settle for glimpses and partials. In the meantime, it tided him over.

"Kira," he said softly, putting an end to her murmured attempt to keep her mantra going in pursuit of her next come.

"Mmmm."

"We're doing such good work, Kira. I want you to know that I'm proud of you."

"Mmm. Thanks."

"How about you? How do you feel about *our time together*?" He emphasized the words, and was rewarded by her picking up on their presence in the words she'd been frigging into her brain.

"Relaxing. Enjoyable. Mmmm."

"That's good. I want you to enjoy yourself."

"So enjoyable."

"Since I've been giving you your privacy," he said, switching off the camera and tucking it into a desk drawer, "I've been worried you might not be making as much progress. Tell me, how do you feel about what you've been doing while I've been out of the office?"

“Good. Love coming here.” She giggled in a manner that she must have felt was sly.

“That’s great. But now I want to ask you a sensitive question, Kira. If you don’t want to answer, tell me so and that will be fine. Understand?”

“Mm. Sensitive question. Don’t have to answer.”

“Very good. Now remember, coming here feels...?”

“Natural. Rewarding. Good.”

“Do you trust me?”

“Mmm. Yes. Trust Professor Manning.”

“And when we’re together, you feel...”

“Relaxing. Enjoyable.” *Wrinkle*. “Relaxed and enjoy it? Enjoy myself.” Satisfied with her rephrasing, she fell silent.

“I want you to tell me what you do when I leave the office. Remember, I’m not in here while you’re doing it, so I don’t know. But I’d like it if you trusted me enough to share – though I’ll understand if you’re doing anything bad, or unnatural.”

“No!” she whimpered, face scrunching like a rabbit with the sniffles, and at least as cute. “No, so good. Natural. Trust you.”

“Then do you think you could tell me?”

Wrinkle wrinkle. Her head shook side to side. “Nmm. Embarrassing.”

“How can something be embarrassing if it’s natural, and good?”

She shook her head. “You’ll think less of me. Don’t want you to be mad.”

“And if I promise I won’t get mad?”

Wrinkle. “Can’t promise that. Done things... you’d freak out if you knew.”

“Well, can I ask if it’s embarrassing like the time you woke up during the weigh-in?”

“Oh! Mm. Yes. Like that. And we both got embarrassed. Can’t happen again.”

“I didn’t think less of you for that, though, did I? I didn’t freak out or get mad.”

“Hmm. Guess not. But embarrassed. Almost ruined things.”

“That’s right. You were mad, I remember. And even more embarrassed.”

At last, Kira withdrew her finger from her pussy to scratch an itch on her nose. It glistened in the light creeping in through the blinds. “Mm. Mad *because* I was embarrassed.”

“Yeah. But it worked out all right, didn’t it? Now things are going so well, aren’t they?”

“Mmm. Like coming here.”

“I like having you come here.” He paused for her mischievous giggle. “And honestly? Seeing you that day, like that?”

“In my undies.”

“Right, in your... yeah. I was embarrassed, but I also sort of liked it. Did you sort of like it?” She had told him as much at the time, that it had held something of a hot-for-teacher vibe for her.

“Mmmm.”

“That’s right. Say it: you like Professor Manning seeing you in your, ah, undies.”

“Mmmm. I liked Professor Manning seeing me in my undies.”

“Ten more times.”

Ten more she went, though he noted that she did retain the past tense. Beyond that, although the horny little minx’s subconscious was going along with it rather well, he had little doubt that her conscious mind might well go ballistic if she came to realize how much she had shown off today. He had but to walk to the end of the couch to see her dripping, gaping pussy on display (which he did). Especially since the story he was selling her while awake was that she was working through her Stacey problems, not assisting him in brainwashing her to come like crazy in his office. She probably walked out of here confused at how her Stacey issues segued into random masturbation every session.

His counseling resumed once she’d finished her ten. “So if you like having me see you in your... your underwear,” he amended, having reached his threshold on her chosen term. Using the subject’s chosen vocabulary was a wise strategy for any hypnotist worth their salt, but he was doing all this to someone who was turning nineteen next week. Even Martin Manning had his squick point. “And I liked seeing you in your underwear, and since our time together is so relaxing and enjoyable, and you love coming here... Do you think we would like it if we shared another experience like that?”

The hand cupping her tit gave it a firm squeeze. “Mmmm. Probably.”

Martin sat back, folding his arms across his chest in smug anticipation of her submission. “So... now would you like to tell me what you did in here this evening?”

How he had lucked into meeting a girl like Kira Reeves, he would never understand. The perfect patient. Trained for trances but a clean slate for commands. The ideal intersection of youthful whims and adult urges. Trusting, unanalytical, biddable, eager to please authority figures, and as libidinous as Bear Lake was cold. No, she wasn’t Stacey, but there were days like these when Stacey wasn’t Kira. He had never dreamed a woman like Stacey Reeves would approach him for help becoming his fuck buddy. Now that she had, he still didn’t know which Reeves girl’s entry into his life was more surreal, more serendipitous.

So long as there was no unforeseen interruption in the next few moments – a phone ringing, an unexpected visitor knocking at the door, a sneeze that snapped her awake...

Martin winced expectantly.

All remained quiet and still.

Really?

Still.

Huh.

“I was playing with myself. Coming. I’ve been doing it for weeks. I love coming here. It feels so natural, so rewarding, so good.” Kira smiled, her free hand sinking back into her snatch in relief.

Martin frowned at the door, puzzled, wondering how his fortune could have improved so substantially overnight. Really? No surprise arrival of a boyfriend he hadn’t known was waiting in the parking lot? Kira was falling in line far, far too easily. It made sense logically, but intuitively, it flew in the face of his entire lived experience. Surely *something* would come along to ruin this. Right? The girl was still exposing far too much; a sudden chill could alert her to her exposed cunt. A bug could land on her bare butt. No chill, though. No bug.

Unforeseen external threats still seemed the most probable. No Naomi peeping at the minuscule gaps in the window blinds in some desperate scheme to punish him for his infidelity? A new walk-in patient banging on the office door when no receptionist greeted them? Not a bird flying into the window to frighten her alert?

Not one single nightmare scenario invoked at the capricious whims of a vengeful overlord dictating his misery from afar for some twisted amusement? Seriously?

Sometimes, it seemed, good things simply happened, no matter how bad of a person you were.

Marveling at the mercy from the powers that be, Martin returned his focus to his patient. “I’m glad you told me. I want you to know that I don’t think any less of you, and I’m not mad, and I’m not embarrassed. I asked you to tell me, and you followed my instructions.”

“Mmm. Yeah. Nothing can stop me from doing what I want.”

“Exactly right. Now when you wake up, you may still feel a little uneasy about it. I want our time together to be relaxing and enjoyable, so for now, why don’t you put your clothes back on like normal.”

“Mm. OK.”

Kira started awkwardly tugging things back into place, no mean trick considering she remained lying down. “And when you wake up, you won’t remember telling me about your masturbating. You’ll remember that you had a good time, and that you can trust me, no matter what. OK?”

“Mmm. I trust Professor Manning.”

“Atta girl. Now I’m going to count up from five...”

That was it, all it took. The following session, with only a little more guided nudging, the girl was ready to masturbate right in front of him, like she had weeks earlier before she’d internalized the potential for embarrassment. Kira was notably more taciturn about it, keeping her clothes on and as in place to the extent possible. It was almost sexier that way, seeing how weak her objections were, how easily they were being overridden.

He updated Stacey afterwards, during her own session. To the elder Reeves' relief, he demanded no more of her for access to the latest Kira porn than he had the first time.

"A few more minutes," she whispered when he pointed out that their time was up. "Almost. She can wait."

"I thought you weren't going to masturbate, this time," he teased.

"Well I won't masturbate faster if you shut up and let me watch." He could feel her leg twitching against his under the blanket. She hadn't complained when he joined her.

They went over by ten minutes and change. He waited until she was on her way to the door before he spoke up. "Next time we do this, the price goes up."

She tugged her jeans into their proper place, checked her belt. "Still not going to tell me what you're trying to pull?"

"I told you what I'm trying to pull. Just not how."

"I'm not a business major, but my understanding is that you raise the price when you refine the product. You got something special coming?"

Martin smiled on one side of his mouth, a supply & demand curve as rebuttal. "See you next week."

In their discussion section that Thursday, Kira and her partners had their group presentation. It was neither interesting nor profound, which made sense considering his assignment had been both tedious and uninspired. No one's expectations were upset. What was most of note, however, was Kira's choice of attire, and he might have given her an A even if she weren't who she was on that merit alone.

A simple green dress, plain cotton. It went from her knees all the way up to her neck, a useless nod to modesty as the fit of it was to be a sheath for her body, hugging every curve. The fact that he could see the outline of her bra so clearly from the far end of the classroom meant that the absence of panty lines must connote a thong. Or commando, he supposed. She'd done up her hair, sported a pair of high heels perfectly matched to the shade of the dress, and donned a pair of huge gold hoop earrings shining from beneath her waves of hair.

What really fascinated him, however, was the zipper. A shining golden zipper straight up the back. It matched the earrings. If it had been real gold, it might have matched the value of what it fought so strenuously to conceal. Martin had been intrigued when she came into the classroom in that get-up. When she turned to gesture to one of her powerpoint slides for the first time, she revealed what should have been obvious. This dress, crushed onto her body like a green plaster cast scraped to its thinnest sustainable level, was held on with a single, simple, golden zipper, its integrity practically unfathomable to seal in so much so tightly.

The invention of the zipper in 1893 was invented as a fastener for shoes, to accelerate the more common lacing method and reduce the necessity of individually fitting footwear as the two sets of interlocking teeth helped mold the shoe leather to the wearer's foot. Early models saw little use, but it inspired other inventors to improve upon the initial patent. However, it was not for several decades that the zipper would see common use in clothing, as the emerging technology took time to earn the trust of the modest American Christian consumer fearful of exposing themselves due to a fault in the zipper's structure. Martin Manning knew all this because of an equally uninspired essay assignment on fashion of the Roaring 20's while reading (or rather, assigned to be reading) *The Great Gatsby* when he was in high school. It was exactly the sort of pointless esotericism that appealed to him, even if the assignment itself had been pure boredom.

Martin loved and hated that essay as he loved and hated Kira's zipper.

"So, how did I do?" Kira asked as she flounced into the Manning Mental Health Clinic later that afternoon. He had watched her hop out of the car in the parking lot, and so had been afforded time to let out a sigh of relief that she had not changed after class before risking doing so inadvertently to her face. Better still, the car had immediately left. No boyfriend in the waiting room this week to heighten his anxiety. Just Kira, hopping and flouncing in that dress, with its zipper.

"You did great!" he assured her. "Solid points, good research, presentation looked good."

“Looked good, did I?” she asked, beaming.

“Buh,” Martin said. Buh.

“I’m teasing! Oh my gosh, your face is so red. It’s OK, Professor Manning. I won’t embarrass you by asking you to say it. I know I look extra cute today.” Her playful punch to his shoulder reminded him faintly of the less playful versions he had received in the past from her big sister.

“Sorry. Yes, you do. I’m surprised you’re still dressed up. The presentation was... six hours ago now? Figured you’d go home and put on something more comfortable.”

“Pff. When you look this cute, you don’t change out of it until you gotta. Besides, I’m going out tonight with some friends to celebrate, so... may as well, right?”

“Oh, sure. Though, on a Thursday? You have classes tomorrow, don’t you?”

“We’re not drinking,” she protested with a laugh and roll of her eyes. “I’m not, anyway. Some friends and I are going dancing at Vapor. It’s this eighteen and over dance club. Do you know it? There’s a bar, but you can still go in if you’re not twenty-one, so we go there sometimes. The music is fricking awesome, and the dancing is pretty good. Minor awesomeness on occasion. But, um, yeah, it’s my birthday actually, so...”

“Oh geez, happy birthday! Nineteen, is it?”

“Yep. Riding out my last year of hashtag barely legal teen,” she said with a twinkle in her eye. “Kidding. Sorry. When I know I look this good, sometimes I start thinking I’m funny.”

“You’re at least a little funny.”

She flashed a smile. “Thanks,” she replied in that way hot girls had where it was pronounced more like *thinks* on account of receiving so many compliments that the word began to sound funny.

“So yeah. Well then. Kira, since it’s your birthday – I feel bad I scheduled your project for today, much less making you sit here and process life stuff. You should be out having fun!” This may be the most dishonest suggestion Martin had yet uttered in her presence. He wanted nothing more than for her to be here, with him, in that dress, held on by that zipper, on this of all days. Only that wasn’t the thing he was supposed to say.

“Oh shut up, Mr. Manning! You know I love coming here. I always feel so relaxed afterwards. And this is a high priority for me! We’re doing so well with my goals, I don’t want to backslide. So you just sit your butt down and hypnotize me already, OK?” With both hands, she shoved him softly toward his chair, though lightheaded as her request had made him, he stumbled back and actually fell into it.

“Oh crap are you OK?! I was only playing! Stupid Kira, shoving your fricking professor!”

“I’m fine – you’re OK. Caught me off-balance is all.”

She grimaced apologetically, but accepted his pardon and settled onto the couch. He’d never complained about her sneakers on the fabric, but the fancy green high heels she’d bought to go with this outfit were nevertheless discarded at the side, her bare toes

wiggling happily in their newly rediscovered freedom. “So are we doing more, um, solo work today? The Stacey stuff? Because I think it’s—”

“Not today, actually. Today, I want to see if any of your work has helped. So we’ll dive in, see what’s been rattled loose, and then get you good and zen for your big night. Sound good?”

“Yeah. That sounds good.”

Kira went under in no time, effortlessly enough that he spent a few more minutes making sure she was fully tranced.

“Kira?”

“Mm.”

“You look cute today.” There, he’d said it.

“Mmmm. Thanks.” Or *thinks*, he supposed.

“Do you remember what we talked about last week?”

“Mm. What I do when you leave the room, you mean?”

“That’s right. And you decided it was safe to tell me, didn’t you.”

“Mm. Safe. You were nice. Felt good.”

That feeling, that some karmic shoe was about to drop, reasserted itself. His affairs simply could not proceed this smoothly without making him nervous. “Good. I felt glad you told me, too. Would you mind telling me again, what you do?”

“Play with myself.” She wriggled her hips into the sofa, bare thighs rubbing together under her dress.

“That’s right. Would it be all right if I asked you some questions about that? It’s all right to say no, but remember how good it felt to trust me.”

Wrinkle. “Trust Professor Manning.”

“So can I ask some questions?”

Wrinkle wrinkle. “Ask. Might not answer.”

“That’s fair. So first, I wanted to ask you why you think you started doing that.”

Wrinkle. “At first, it was just a funny thought. You said to say, ‘I like coming here’ and I was like ‘that’s what she said.’ But then I did say it. So... I was she, I guess. And I kept saying it, like you said, and so much of it made me think of that dumb joke, and then I kept thinking about it, and my mind sorta... wandered?”

“Minds will do that if you’re not careful.”

Kira nodded seriously, earrings twisting side to side against the cushion. “And it kinda got lost in what it was supposed to mean, and then I was like, I *am* kinda horny,” *wrinkle*, “and you said since I was following my therapist’s instructions, nothing could stop me...”

Martin also nodded seriously. It was about what he’d guessed. Assumptions could be dangerous. After all, for all he knew, Dr. Rivers had been an even bigger creep than him and he’d finally brought her back into some old habit, or a dozen other unanticipated, unanticipatable possibilities. That he’d read her right was a good sign. The better he understood a patient’s mind, the better he could find the stress points and

go to work on them. Three sessions in with Sherri and he'd gotten nothing but a headstart on this month's rent. Martin didn't *get* her, or at least didn't want to spend his free time contemplating the headspace of a person clinically depressed. Ten minutes with Kira, though, and he was already making strides.

"That makes sense."

"It... it does? So confused."

"Sure. Coming here is only natural, right?"

"Right." *Wrinkle*. "But that's what's confusing."

"Yeah, I'll bet. But look at it this way. It feels good, right?"

"Mmm. Good."

"And you like it, right?"

"Mmmm. Love it. High priority."

"Kira, do you believe I want you to be happy?"

"Hmm." Her lips pursed in drowsy thought, but she soon nodded. "Yeah. You're nice."

"That's right. Say it, and like before, you know it's true. Professor Manning likes me, and wants me to be happy."

"Mm. Professor Manning likes me. Wants me to be happy." Lord, but he wanted to stab his dick through that thin smile of hers. For now, it was time to move her into the next phase. Sexually, she was actually a bit ahead of where he wanted her, a point where subconscious urges threatened her conscious values. To restore equilibrium, he needed her to be ready to eat suggestions right out of his hand.

"Ten more times, now."

No resistance. When she finished, he added another. Then another. Then another. Some of them came from his own notes; others he entered or edited there while she recited them.

"Professor Manning gives good suggestions. I am happier when I follow them."

"My life is better because of Professor Manning."

"I can tell Professor Manning anything."

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about with Professor Manning."

"I like playing with myself in front of Professor Manning." That one took some coaching, but the ammunition she had provided him about her thought process brought her down fast.

"I want Professor Manning to think I look cute." After all, she wanted boys to think she looked cute, and what was he if not a boy?

"Professor Manning is nice." That last one might have been the most daring bluff of all, but the girl seemed to set a large stock by a man's apparent niceness. May as well nurture her delusion.

Then he spent some time weaving the whole thing together. Kira lay there, squirming a little but otherwise quiescent, as she mumbled her way into this new mantra. Martin considered if it was worth moving her to full out-of-session recitations

like he'd done with Stacey, but once more decided against it. For one, she was progressing well without them. For two, the strategy had worked on Stacey because some part of her wanted him to succeed, and knew the stakes. Sending Kira home chanting *I like playing with myself in front of Professor Manning*, when her conscious mind was still grappling with the fact that she was doing so at all, was far too big a risk. Let her chant his suggestions here, and give her time to let the subconscious marinate them. Kira wasn't Stacey, and Stacey's solutions were not all correct for Kira's problems.

This girl was always a test of Martin's willpower in a way Stacey never was. Last year had mostly been a test of cunning, seeking clever ways to abuse the few openings she gave him. The cum-in-the-hair incident aside, his willpower had been a skydiver waiting for a parachute, nothing to do until suddenly, even the unthinkable was safe. Kira, on the other hand, was sexually uninhibited – and not a lesbian – in a way that constantly tormented those creative centers he'd built with Stacey. Every nudge was a risk, but Kira's comfort with risky behavior inflamed his risky inclinations. But no, today, he'd already made good progress, and only an idiot would–

Kira suddenly rolled to the side to scratch some itch on her butt with the grace of a woman wholly oblivious to her audience. And then he saw the zipper.

"So, how do you feel, Kira?" What? Why would he even

"Good. Relaxed. Lil' horny."

"Are you disappointed you didn't get to play with yourself today?" No, don't do this, you're going to

Wrinkle. "Mm. Gotten used to it, I guess. Expected it. No sex in like a week."

A whole week, he thought irritably, but her loveliness soothed his malcontent with the reminder that his dry spell would end with her. The bitter moment spurred him on against his better judgment yet again, though. "Would you like to? I won't be embarrassed."

Her knees began to bend, thighs easing apart. "Mmmm."

"But since it's your birthday, maybe you'd like something special. I think you deserve something special on your birthday, don't you?" Special? Are you insane? She's barely handling it in her trance, and now you want to

"Mmmm. Special." Her fingernails – freshly manicured, he noticed at last – teased at the exposed skin on her knee, inching her skirt up her thighs, but only that inch.

"Would you like to play with yourself with me while you're awake?"

Oh well. The words were out now. Nothing to do but ride it out and see if he could manage the hottest fucking thing he could imagine. The Reeves sisters, taking turns masturbating for him in his office, waiting outside while their sibling ravaged herself for his amusement.

Martin wanted to keep his rebukes coming, but his lust conquered his fear and mounted fear's skull on his throbbing dick. Damn that zipper!

As for Kira, her fingers froze. *Wrinkle. Wrinkle.* A slow breath. *Wrinkle.* “Dunno. Might be too embarrassing. Trance is safe. Awake... scary.”

That was a good response. Considering, not panicked. “Why embarrassing, Kira?”

“You’d see me.”

“But you know I wouldn’t think less of you or be upset.”

Wrinkle. “Yeah.”

“And you love coming here.”

“*Love* coming here. Mmmm.”

“And I love having you come here. Say it.”

“You love having me come here. Mmm. You’re nice.”

“And coming here is natural. Relaxing. Good.”

“Coming here is natural. Coming here is relaxing. Coming here is goood.”

Another inch on the skirt.

“And think about the other times we dealt with embarrassment. The weigh-in, in your underwear? When you told me about you playing yourself behind closed doors? Both times, what happened afterwards?”

Wrinkle. Wrinkle. He was glad the tell for Stacey’s discomfort had been less adorable, or he might never have pulled back in time. So far, though, Kira’s one hard boundary had been her sister. Everything else with her was fluid.

“It got better,” she admitted at last. Fluidly. “Didn’t feel weird about it any more.”

“And wouldn’t that be nice? To not have to worry about feeling good when you come here?”

“Mmmm. Hate worrying. Love coming here. Been worrying way too much.”

He refused to let her worries put him off his game. “So do you think it might be OK to try it while you’re awake? As a birthday present from me, to you?”

“Mmmaybe...?” She tried. Another inch on the skirt, another scrunch of that pretty round face.

“Say it: I want to play with myself with Professor Manning for my birthday. It’s my present, and I deserve it.”

The number of face wrinkles that followed were too numerous for him to count. Yet on she went, all the while him tensing more and more, paralyzed by what he might have set off. Then another wrinkle. His heart threatened to stop altogether. Like a string of cheese stretching and stretching, except on one end of this cheese was tied his entire hopes for his life, and if it broke he might well lose them forever.

“I want to play with myself with Professor Manning for my birthday. It’s my present, and I deserve it,” she muttered so suddenly the blood roaring in his ears almost kept him from hearing it.

“Again.”

“I want to play with myself with Professor Manning for my birthday. It’s my present, and I deserve it.”

“Again.”

“Mmmm. I want to play with myself with Professor Manning for my birthday. It’s my present, and I deserve it.”

For fifteen more minutes, he had her repeat it. The dress that had impelled this whole moronic power grab was now ironically the only thing keeping her from caving to the desire here and now; it was too long and too tight for her to get at her pussy. Not without undoing that zipper, which he wasn’t sure she could manage in a trance standing up, much less lying down on the thing.

“All right, Kira. Now I’m going to count up from five, like the other times, and with every number you’re going to be more and more awake. You don’t have to trouble yourself remembering what you did while you were in this trance. The part of you that needs to know, will know. The rest of you will simply feel relaxed, and happy, and not remember.”

“Mm.”

That was rote by now. This time, however, he added one small detail. “There is one small thing I want you to remember, though. To know even when you’re awake. Can you do that for me?”

Wrinkle wrinkle. “Mm?” It was confusing for her; he’d never interrupted the routine for this before.

“I want you to remember: Professor Manning has a present for you, and you deserve it. Understand?”

“Mmm. Professor Manning. Present. Deserve it.”

It was as circumspect as he could make it. Maybe it would work, and maybe it wouldn’t. But it was a lesser risk than giving her the full knowledge of what that present was. It was the greatest concession he could offer to his own subconscious, which was presently frothing at the mouth for his reckless, selfish behavior.

“All right. Five. You’re aware you can wake up. There’s a world beyond this room, and soon, you can go there. When you do, what will you remember about today?”

“Professor Manning. Birthday present. Deserve it.”

Four numbers later, he cleared his throat, and Kira Reeves’ warm brown eyes opened. She stretched, back arching, feet arching, fists balling and releasing, and slowly eased herself upright. “Wow. I do not know how you do it, Professor Manning, but you do it. Just wow.”

He smiled, pausing an extra moment to see if she would go on. She didn’t. “I’m glad. It looks like you’ve been doing well with your solo work, so I think we’re ready for the next step next time we meet.”

“Really? That’s great! I was worried I’d, um, been... distracted. By... other stuff.” Her cheeks flushed. Halloween was mere weeks away, but her red cheeks and green dress had jumped the gun by two whole seasons.

“Oh? Anything you want to talk about?”

“Um, well...” Her eyes darted around nervously. “See, sometimes... Like, I really like coming here, you should know, and...”

Say it, he thought at her, as if his powers extended to the supernatural.

“I, um, I didn’t really know what I was doing, I don’t think, but I...”

SAY IT, his mind commanded her.

“I started, um...” She swept her hair back out of her face. “Oh gosh, this is super embarrassing to say, but... I started—”

HONK HONK! his mind roared.

Wait, no, that did not come from his head. That noise came from the parking lot. Unlike the commands from his head, the command from that vehicle produced instantaneous results. Kira sprung to her feet, looking to the clock. “Oh crud! That’s my ride – I told them I’d be out at two sharp. Crap! Well... to be continued,” she said, wincing in apology, but with her relief evident beneath it.

“Quite all right,” he muttered, escorting her to the waiting room. “Happy birthday, Kira. You have fun with your friends tonight. You *deserve* it.” Too blatant?

“Oh! Yeah, I will.” She paused at the door, turning to face him for a moment. “You know, actually, can I—”

HONK HONK!

She shot a glare out the door. “Right. Um, I will! Have fun, I mean. But not too much, I know, I know. See you next week, Professor Manning!” Kira waved goodbye as she hurried to the car, fast as her heels would allow her.

Ah well. Perhaps in a way, that had continued, not ended, his lucky streak. It was high time he take heed of his own advice and slow the hell down with her. Quick and easy was all fun and good in the pornos when you wanted twenty minutes of jack-off material, but when it came to the real world, slow and steady was the way.

When it came to slow, Sherri was unparalleled.

“Are you sure this is best practices? Every time you tell me to stop thinking it makes me more paranoid.”

Martin sighed. “I’m still sure it’s the best way.” Like the last ten times she’d said as much.

Three hours later, memories of that zipper stubbornly infesting his fantasies even as he told himself over and over he ought to be glad it hadn’t exploded in his face, it had come to once more waste some time with Sherri Nelson, buzzkill of buzzkills. It was unjust of him to resent her, he knew; not only was she paying him like he was a seasoned veteran of his field, but he was also very adjacent to the cause of her misery. Still, Sherri was frustrating where his other patients were gratifying, and combative where the Reeves were so accommodating.

“If you say so.” Far from the first time he’d heard that, too, even that day.

“I said you’d probably feel more relaxed lying down, too, and that closing your eyes was an important first step in trust building, and that you might have to expand your comfort zone.”

“My comfort zone is comfortable the way it is. Trust has to be earned,” she retorted in that high, thin voice.

Martin’s head fell back against his chair. “Are you sure you want this, Sherri? Honest question. Because everything about the way you’re approaching it tells me you don’t. You don’t take my suggestions, you can’t relax, and – forgive me if I am misreading you – you seem to resent any critical feedback I give you.”

“I want it. I told you, I’m miserable, all the time. Can’t you understand why that’s hard for me? Wanting to be happy doesn’t mean it’s easy to hand the controls to my brain over to someone I only know as the man who turned my very lesbian girlfriend bi.”

“And I told you, it doesn’t work that way. Stacey wanted what I did for her, so she made concessions to get it. I doubt there’s a woman or man alive who woke up one morning wanting to ‘hand their brain controls’ to someone else.”

“You don’t spend a lot of time on the internet, I suppose.”

Fair, but nevertheless annoying. “I’m only saying, we can keep doing this, me trying to suppress your conscious mind to free your subconscious, you questioning everything I do and trying to rewrite the hypnotism playbook. We could do it all year, and it’s never going to help you if you don’t at least *try*.”

“Why are you in such a rush? It took a year with Stacey. You’re being paid, aren’t you? Do I have to offer to sleep with you like Stacey to get you to help me? Which I am not and will not, by the way,” she added, hastily. Even for a lesbian.

“I don’t do business like that,” he said, contradicting what had heretofore been the entirety of the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic business plan. “But I don’t want to waste both of our time, either. The way it’s going, I’m not sure I could *ever* get you into a real trance, much less help you act on these feelings you have. I want that for you, but you have to ask yourself what you’re willing to do to get it. Maybe this isn’t for you.”

Sherri attempted eye contact, but it lasted only moments before she was once again studying the floor. The nature of her resistance was the subject of some consternation for him. To hear her speak, one would think her the very definition of self-possession. Poised, articulate, wits always about her, even when he was actively trying to dull them with his craft. She was regal. Unless you counted the quality of her voice, high and whisper-soft as it was, and really, along with every other thing about her, shrinking and evasive and embarrassed and self-pitying by turns, often in tandem. To look at her, great beauty or no, one would think she was fragility itself. Which was the truth?

“What did Stacey do?”

Martin leaned forward. “Come again?”

“Stacey. I know giving up control is really hard for her. I would have said impossible, before you. How did she do it?”

“I *really* shouldn’t talk about other patients,” he started, but she somehow cut him off.

“She’s not ‘other patients.’ She was my girlfriend, and you hypnotized her to forget about me. So let’s not pretend I don’t have any right to pry, like she’s some random name on one of your file folders. I’m not asking about her business. I’m asking how you took someone like Stacey, someone we both know in our own way, and what you said or did to get her to do what you keep asking me to do.”

It was no simple thing she was asking of him. Patient confidentiality was its own solid principle, but moreover, the nature of his relationship with Stacey was a secret he would take to the grave. Any tidbits he shared could open doors that needed to remain closed. Yes, their work together had broken this poor girl’s heart, but guilt was no match for this level of self-interest. He wouldn’t trade Kira for Sherri’s mental well-being, much less Stacey.

Sherri looked up at him, a single tear snaking down a pale cheek, a sinuous line of anguish that mirrored the wave of her crimson hair almost eerily.

He sighed. God, this woman was one irritating stain on what remained of his conscience post-Stacey Reeves. “All right. But I’ll warn you: you’re not going to like it.”

A while later, Sherri looked over the piece of paper one more time in the doorway of his office. “You’re serious about this? This isn’t some weird prank?”

“I told you you wouldn’t like it.”

“No, but really. Stacey did this? You’re not making this up?”

“Do I strike you as the kind of person who doesn’t take the particulars of hypnosis seriously?”

She glanced up. Unbeknownst to Martin, she was assessing the bushiness of his eyebrows, the hallmark of the collegiate hypnotist. “No, you do,” she said, but shook her head. “Look, I’ll... try. Ten times a day, you said?”

“At minimum. The more you do it, the better it works. It took Stacey months before she’d recited her mantra enough that she could slip into a trance with me. Think

of it like changing a diaper. Seems creepy at first, but once you get used to it, you start to forget it ever made you gag. You'll never grow to like it, but one day it's just a thing you do before you wash your hands."

"That's a gross way of putting it. But I take your meaning."

"I hope you do. We'll talk more next week, all right? And you have my number, just in case."

"In case of what?"

He shrugged. "In case you need it. I hope you don't, but I'll answer any time, day or night."

"All right." That was her farewell. No goodbye, no have a nice weekend. *All right* was all she had left in the tank for the man who had tanked her relationship with a beautiful woman and responded by inviting her to co-opt herself into her own brainwashing.

As Martin watched the DAT logo on the butt of her leggings shimmy side to side as she crossed the parking lot, he couldn't blame her.

Are you up?

It was 11:30 at night. Martin sat up in bed (meaning his futon, since he'd sold his bed for a tidy chunk of the rental fee for the moving van that had transported his things, other than his bed, last summer). He rubbed the sleep from his eyes, glanced around in confusion. Who could be texting him at this hour? Surely Sherri hadn't actually run into a mantra-based emergency. But when he saw Kira's number attached to the text, he gave his eyes a second, deeper rub, and replied.

I am now. What's going on? Are you all right?

His feet hit the cold floor, trying to imagine what calamity she might have encountered that would drive her to text him at such an hour. Or had Stacey had some kind of meltdown in front of her and Kira was reaching out to their only adult mutual acquaintance for guidance? Something class-related? But they didn't meet tomorrow. No, this had emergency written all over it.

Lol I'm great! was worried vapor wouldn't be fun on a Thursday but it was actually kinda cooler

He blinked. Perhaps he had over-rubbed his eyes.

You get to know the other people here better when there's lies of them, you know? lol

**lies*

**less ugh sorry*

Over or under. One of the two. Martin Manning had not maneuvered himself into a position where the girl felt comfortable awakening her therapist, her professor, for prattle like this when he had to get ready to teach class in six hours. For once, he might have to actually employ a little discipline on

Anyway it's almost midnight and you still haven't given me my birthday present!!!

You still want it? His eyes suddenly felt just fine, sleep requirements forgotten.

Is it ok? I don't wanna be a brat lol

For my favorite student, np, he wrote, wondering how this exchange would play out if his malfeasances ever came to trial. *Can you meet me at my office?*

Yayayayayayayayayayayayayayayayaayayayay!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! omw

Martin took a quick whore's bath at his utility sink, threw on an outfit, and climbed down the ladder into his office downstairs. Since he'd stopped sleeping here once it got cold out, it had become a little spooky, coming down here at night. Like it was someone else's business, and he were a burglar, prowling. The disused seat at the receptionist's desk served as his perch while he waited monitoring the dark lot, and the seconds ticked by like days.

At last, one of those pairs of headlights drifting by at intervals failed to drift by. Kira hopped out of the backseat. He hurried to the door, well aware that the unlit parking lot outside his office was the stuff of horror movies. Martin somehow (and by "somehow," he meant "zipper") forgot to be paranoid at being seen by whatever friend

had dropped her off. He remembered that he ought to have attempted at least some caution only when he caught sight of a woman easily twice his own age, clearly a rideshare operator. No one who would get nosy about this teenage girl stopping by her shrink's office at midnight. In that dress, the woman might well think he'd ordered himself some companionship.

"Mr. Manning!" she called out, and from the way she stumbled toward him, the inebriation he had anticipated from her texts was confirmed. "Hey!"

"Kira," he replied coolly, offering an arm to steady her. She took it, clutching fiercely. "You look like you had a good time."

She winced. "Oh come on, don't be maaad! It mah birfday!" She cackled with laughter as he escorted her into the building.

"I'm not mad. Are you all right, though? How much did you have to drink?"

"I dunno. There was this one guy, he bought me, like, two drinks. And then this other boy, kinda cute in a Billy Bob kinda way, he bought me one, and we daaaanced, but my friends said he was getting handsy, so then this third guy, or fourth guy... Well OK, so there were three more guys, and like... I don't know. Ten? Twelve? Basically that many. But I did it like a motha flippin' *champ* yo! Wooooooooo!"

Her barbaric coed yawp echoed uncomfortably loudly around the confinements of his office. "Dang, it's spooky in here at night, Mr. Manning! Were you working this late?" She gasped. "Do you do eleven o'clock appointments? That would be so *haaaawt*!" She trilled the final word several octaves higher.

"Why don't you have a seat, hon, before you fall down. OK?" She let him usher her to the sofa, but didn't release his arm in time to keep from pulling him down next to her.

"You are so nice, Mr. Manning. Marrrrrrrtin," she purred. "It's so weird to think of you as 'Martin.' Is that OK? Is it, that, OK, me calling you Mr. or Professor?"

"It's fine." This close, he could almost taste the alcohol on her breath. Whiteclaw, unless he missed his guess. The beverage of choice for her tribe.

"So... is it still technically my birthday? Am I too late for my present?"

Martin glanced at the clock. He'd been watching the time closely while waiting, but her state upon arrival had activated paternal instincts he hadn't known he'd had, and he'd forgotten all about it. "For a few more minutes, yeah."

She beamed. Then burped molten acid in his face. Then resumed beaming. "Sorry, that was gross. But puh-leeeeease?" She held out her hands expectantly, batting her eyelashes. Paternal instincts or no, deadly gas cloud or no, he empathized with those guys buying her booze all night. She was adorable personified.

"I told you what it was earlier. Do you remember?"

She shook her head, leaving her hands out.

Martin had been in college for six years, and was still working at one in this, his seventh. While he had never been exactly a partier, he was no foreigner to drunken college students. He had witnessed time and again how someone behaved when they

would wake up with no memory of the night before, and that was how Kira was behaving now. Right now, he'd done nothing so terribly wrong. He could end this before it became a catastrophe.

Whoever had made this dress had made damn sure people noticed that zipper, though. Like a bow on one of her conventional birthday gifts, daring him to start unwrapping.

"You know I know about what you've been doing during our sessions, don't you Kira?"

Her jaw dropped, and already reddened cheeks went even darker. "That's right! Oh my gosh. Yeah, whoa. Oh man, I never, I forgot I, that you, oh whoa. You must think I'm some total thot!"

"Some... what?"

Evidently, what the girl heard was an affirmative reply of *somewhat*, as she pivoted in an awkward gambit to curl up in a ball on the sofa, burying her head under what was in fact Sherri's pillow, still there from the afternoon. "Oh my god, I am! Oh gawd oh gawd oh gawd..." she muttered.

Martin was quick to console her, however, rubbing her back softly, shushing. "No no no, you're fine, Kira. You're fine. I just didn't know what... you said you're a thought?"

She nodded under the pillow.

"Well... you're not," he said, unsure what she wasn't. "You're a beautiful, sweet, intelligent, hard-working young woman, and there isn't one thing you've done since coming to Lakeview that you should be ashamed of."

After a moment, Kira peeked out from under her pillow. It had taken only seconds for her to work up tears. Now black and purple makeup was all over her cheeks in messy splotches. "*I played with myself*," she moaned piteously, "in my *therapist's office!* While I was supposed to be thinking about that fucking troll Stacey, oh my god!" Fresh sobs echoed into the pillow stuffing as she retreated.

"Kira, you got carried away with yourself, OK? We talked about it, and you said your mind wandered. You were in a trance, and you let your subconscious take charge. You enjoy coming here, it relaxes you, you were unobserved, and you let your urges take over. I don't care, Kira. It's natural."

"To get off, thinking about your gay freak sister?!" she wailed.

"No! What? No, Kira, Stacey had nothing to do with it. You told me that you enjoy coming here, to my office. That you trusted me, and let yourself get excited over how good it makes you feel. It's nothing to do with your sister. Understand? It's you and me. That's it."

She peeked out, a snot bubble forming and unforming. "Seriously?"

"Seriously. I got the answer straight from *your* brain."

"You're not just saying that?"

"You trust me, don't you?"

She sniffled, ending the snot distraction, then slowly sat back up with some help from him. She erected herself at an odd angle, leaning against the side of the sofa, her legs draped over his lap.

“Yeah. I trust you. Oh my gawd, that’s a relief. I’ve been *freaking. out.* for weeks! Like I couldn’t even touch myself – except in here, I guess – because all I could think was I was getting off to that time when Stacey and I...” Her whole face puckered. “When she...”

Martin waited, but instead, she shook her head. “So, um, anyway, you said you had a present for me? Or... something?”

One of the features contributing to the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic’s soothing banality was a poster, framed and with a clear plastic cover, depicting a waterfall, and featuring the Robert Frost poem “The Road Not Taken.” The opening line was printed in large cursive letters to give anyone glancing at it the thrill of remembering they had once read a poem. The background photo had neither roads nor woods, though he had reflected while hanging it that perhaps its creator had decided to take the path less traveled by.

(Apt to the poem’s point, such creative liberties – blunders, as they called them – had soon caused the poster company’s art intern to be dismissed from employment. She spent the next three months backpacking through Europe before settling on work as a street artist in Amsterdam, which lasted almost six weeks before desperation impelled her to seek work within the city’s notorious Red Light District. Ironically, the path on which she had employed less esoteric inspiration in her poster art selection would have led to the exact same place, and two months earlier.)

As for Martin Manning, there were two paths before him in this moment. So, as Frost suggested, he looked down one to where it bent in the undergrowth.

“I wanted to tell you that it’s all right for you to play with yourself here.” He said it as confidently as he could. “This is a safe place, no embarrassment. You can be whoever or whatever you want here. I like having you come here, and I want you to like coming here.”

She snickered. “That’s so what she said.” After a giggle, her eyes widened. “Wait. Are you... are you serious? You don’t care that I’m being a little freak in your office?”

“I think you can be as freaky as you want in here. No judgments. There’s a lot going on in that great big heart of yours, and I want to help you figure it out the best I can. And that means letting you be yourself.” Some Hallmark movie dialogue if he’d ever heard it. Was that laying it on too thick? No, not at her level of drunkenness.

“Wow,” was all she said.

As his anxiousness mounted, he motioned for her to go on. “Use your words, Kira. What are you thinking?”

“I mean... my therapist just invited me to play with myself in his office, while he watches. That’s, yeah, so... many things.”

“What things?”

“I mean, it’s... hot, yeah,” she said, her voice more grudging than the impish grin on her face. “And kinda creepy, not gonna lie. But also weirdly touching? That you’d even help me with my weird sex stuff?” She sniffled. “And also, even weirder, like...”

“Like what?”

Kira shook her head. Hair long since thrown into disarray from a night of partying flew back and forth. “Like... I deserve it? Like I want it, and I deserve it. Did... did you do that? Make me feel like I want to do this?”

“I can’t make people want to do things,” he lied. “You wanted to lose weight, so with my help you did. You wanted to better your living situation, so with my help, you did. If this is something you want to do – or well, shit, have been doing for weeks – then that’s you. If anything, at most I helped you see what you wanted.”

It never ceased to amaze him how willing people were to believe that ridiculous cockamamie line. One of the things he respected most about Stacey was that she’d never been willing to swallow that bullshit. Their relationship was predicated on their mutual desire to use hypnosis to make someone do things they would never, ever do. It was why he, and every other hypnotist he’d ever met, got into it in the first place. Stacey had sought him out as someone who could break the human mind into what she wanted it to be. They shared a dream, if little else. Stacey’s sister, though...

Kira stood up. His hands grasped her hips, and though he meant it for balance, there was no telling whether she stopped because she thought he was stopping her or if she’d never been intending to walk away from him at all. She stood there with her back to him, the lingering scent of her alcohol-infused breath fusing with her sweat from the dance floor, slathered over the nearly blinding fragrance of all the product she’d sprayed to keep her hair as tame as it was, and finally, beneath it all, a sneaky little something that his face’s proximity to her pussy couldn’t quite fail to miss.

“You really mean it?” she asked softly.

“I mean it.”

He didn’t dare move his hands, not so much as a twitch of his thumb, while she considered. It felt like hours passed, but it really was minutes, a long time to sit in silence wondering how a girl was going to react. Martin began to regret not offering to put her in a trance. There, she would already be halfway to her second orgasm, not fighting an internal war against her own shame and the deeply ingrained mistrust all women are taught to deploy against older men. Justifiably in his case, he was forced to concede. Maybe he could still–

“Be a gentleman and unzip me?”

A gentleman would have refused. The girl was drunk, was a student, was a patient, was the sister of a patient, was the victim of an elaborate mind control scheme to deprive her of her own free will. All things a gentleman would oppose. Even a man who merely thought himself a gentleman would have at least asked her if she was sure.

Martin Manning used his grasp on her hips to help himself to his feet, swept her hair in front of her shoulders, and seized that golden zipper.

With his teeth.

The slider rested at the base of her neck, which lolled onto his shoulder as she felt his sultry breath trail down her increasingly bared back. He took his time about it, inching down her spine. Her bra strap was a speed bump for his nose, but from there, it was all smooth, lightly tanned skin until he at last reached her underwear. It was a thong, like he'd imagined during class. Burgundy like the bra strap. It disappeared down the crack of her shapely ass. Still he went down, fighting not to lose his grip – on the zipper, on reality – as she gasped at the presence of a man's mouth on her bottom. Then he was past it, past the tiny triangular thigh gap, and down the thighs. And at last, right above her knees, his journey came to an end as the runner cleared its final tooth and the two sides of the divide slipped apart. He released it, then sat back on the sofa.

In the span of two heartbeats, that green dress fell off of Kira Reeves' body. Its zipper's reign of tyranny had come to an end. She stood before him in matching bra and panties. This was some elegant, sexy underwear. The kind a woman only wore to be seen and appreciated.

When she put them on that morning, whom did she hope would be seeing and appreciating them? Whom had she donned them for? Did she hope someone else would be taking them off? Surely not Martin la Mesmer Manning. Surely.

In any case, the dress was all he had been invited to remove, and given her reluctance, he dared not remove more. She twisted, addressing him over her shoulder. "Aren't you going to tell me I look cute?"

The twist cost Kira her balance, but he caught her once more by the hips, now bare. It planted her ass right in his face. "You're very cute. Now why don't you take a seat before you hurt yourself, huh?"

"I'll have you know I danced like this alllllll night, Master Minning," she slurred. She demonstrated, cocking her hips side to side, shuffling her feet with more grace than she had a right to. If she still had her heels on, those moves might have killed her, but barefoot she was a sight to behold. This girl deserved her free drinks.

The two bare ass cheeks clapping in his face didn't hurt.

Satisfied that she was steadier moving than trying to stand still, Martin relinquished his grip but remained ready to come to her aid at the first sign of peril. His permissiveness gave him his first sight of the front of her. It wasn't the first time he'd seen her in a bra, but never a bra like this. Never with those plump titties bouncing to some unheard melody, then echoing the bounces as a harmony of jiggles. She threw her head back and danced the dance of drunken college girls the world over. No choreography, no restraint, just pleasing flesh and the resolve to show it off.

After a few minutes, a few minutes etched indelibly into Martin's memory, his patient/student/project suddenly whirled and threw herself down butt-first onto the couch, eyes sparkling giddily. Her posture was pure immodesty. One foot on the floor, the other propped up next to her butt on the couch cushion. Thighs wide. The material on her underwear was some diaphanous thing, a deep red on the straps and cross pieces,

with lacey patterns across her pubes and her nipples, but everywhere else it was so thin that the skin visible behind it turned the ensemble a rosy pink.

“Last chance to back out,” she said, biting down on her lower lip, the thin gap in her front teeth commanding his attention in spite of so many richer targets. She was made for kissing.

“I told you, you don’t embarrass me. If you want to, go on.”

“And you’re just gonna... watch?”

“Do you want me to do more?”

Her eyes bulged. “Oh gosh no! I mean, oh man, I already feel so...”

“Thought?” he prompted.

“Huh?” She threw her head back and laughed. “Holy fricking cow, Professor Manning. It’s *thot*. That. Ho. Over. There. It means a slut. A skank. An attention-hungry whore.”

“Oh. Guess I’m a little behind the curve. Anyway, you’re not a thot. Maybe a little attention-hungry, but the way you looked in that dress, you deserved some attention.”

Another lip nibble. “Yeah?”

“Oh yeah.”

“And what about how I look *out* of the dress?”

“I mean, you already had my full attention, but you haven’t lost it.”

One hand went flat against her belly, creeping down until her fingertips grazed the hem of her thong. There it paused. “Um, Professor Manning? This might be weird, but can you turn on the white noise machine?”

He blinked. “The waves?”

“Yeah. It’s... I dunno. Kind of a trigger for me now.” She giggled. “Oh my gosh, could you imagine if I’m taking stuff I hear when I’m in a trance and it’s blending with all my hornies and turning me into some kind of public masturbator nympho?”

Martin allowed a chuckle as he switched the device on. “Subliminal messages in the white noise machine – not a bad idea.” It actually wasn’t, though the science on such, even with hypnosis undergirding it, was theoretical at best. Only an idiot would consider that route, Martin had decided after researching the possibility last year when trying to crack Stacey.

The waves crashed and broke and washed out to sea, and Kira’s hand rode the tide down into her skimpy little panties. There it played for some time before she made her first sound above breathing, a protracted “Mmmm...” but with so many more m’s he wanted to kick himself for ever feeling satisfied to hear so few when she was tranced.

“You really never watched me before?” Her eyes were closed. Martin was no longer a face to her but a voice in the darkness, the way she loved him best.

“Really never.”

She found a breast, searched for a nipple. The thin fabric looked to be accommodating. “Never even peeked?”

“No peeking.”

“Not even stumbled in because you were bored and oops, caught your thot touching herself?”

“I promised you privacy. Don’t you trust me?”

“Mmmm... I trust Professor Manning.” Her thighs spread wider. Wider. “Is that something I say? It feels so... right.”

“Trust is an important part of a relationship between a counselor and a patient.”

“God, why does dorky stuff like that sound so *hawt* right now.” She sat up for a moment, planting her butt atop the extra padding of the pillow. With grace that would be impressive had she been stone sober, the hand fondling her tits found its way behind her and unclasped the bra. She pulled it off her shoulders and dropped it on the floor. Kira Reeves’ bare boobs. He remembered the first time he’d seen her sister’s. Stacey would lose her mind when she heard about this. Then she’d lose her temper when he told her he hadn’t arranged to record it.

“Is this OK?” she asked, massaging the tender skin.

“It’s all OK. It’s natural.”

“And rewarding,” she murmured, her back suddenly arching as she transitioned to the clit. “Gooooood... good fucking gawwwd...”

He smiled to himself. “I do work wonders, don’t I.”

“With my body, you do. This *never* felt even close to this good in the stupid dorm shower when stupid Emma was still crowding me out of our room. Always, unff, some bitch in the next stall, or banging on the door yelling at you to, mmmmmf, hurry,” she grumbled, fingers aggressively sinking into handles and holes.

“But here, there’s total privacy.”

“Mmmm,” she agreed, obviously.

He let her play for a while, and while the dialogue was fun, the uninterrupted matinee playing out before him was beyond spectacular. Before long she decided she was too upright, so she scooped her butt down, the pillow rolling along beneath her hips, a few inches closer to where Martin was seated. Her foot bumped into his hip, though, telling her she might be getting too close. Then her pussy told her it wanted her to be more still horizontal, still less vertical, so she scooped again. He patted her foot reassuringly as it was now trapped firmly between her thigh and his. The next scooch was achieved by hooking it over his far hip and dragging herself further down, the accompanying leg bent over his lap. Propped up by that pillow, her pussy was practically aimed at his gaze like it was posing for pictures. She didn’t slow. When Martin adjusted his hands to go over rather than remain trapped under the leg, she just moaned softly at his gentle touch and let it happen. That was all he did, though. Kira finally flattened herself out altogether, her pussy so close to him that her knuckles were brushing his leg.

“Stupid friggin’ stupid thong in the stupid way,” she grunted, probing hard as Martin studied the way her tits clapped together when she played them right.

“You can take them off, Kira.”

He thought her eyes fluttered open, but as big as her eyelashes were with all that makeup, from his angle, it was hard to say. "But... then I'd be naked."

"I suppose you would."

"But that's, um, *really* slutty. You're my teacher. And my *therapist*. Girls who get naked for their therapist probly wind up needing more therapists."

"It's up to you. If you want to, then you should. Have I made you feel uncomfortable so far?"

"Well, no..."

"Has it felt good so far?"

"I mean, yes, so yes, but..."

"So then I tell you what. We'll act like you're in a trance. Something we do sometimes is a little exercise I call Truth-Saying. I say something you know is true, and you repeat it so you can believe it."

"Um, that went so far over my head right now?"

"Shh. Listen, Kira, and repeat after me. I can take my panties off in front of Professor Manning if I want to."

He waited, but she didn't make him wait long. "I can take my undies off in front of Professor Manning if I want to."

Once more with the undies. "Again."

"I can take my undies off in front of Professor Manning if I want to." She craned her neck up, eyes definitely open. "Oh my god, I'm imagining what my subconscious would say, or whatever, if you started talking about my underwear!"

Boldly, he delivered a reprimand in the form of a firm, but not too firm, pinch on her exposed ass. "Again, Kira."

"Oh! Oh my god, you..." Her head sunk back to the cushion. "I want to take my undies off in front of Professor Manning."

Not what he'd said, but he was not about to reprimand *that* mistake. "Again."

"Oh fuck, this is actually... This is so freaking spooky hot..." A sharp intake of breath accompanied Kira's hard twist on her nipple. "I want to take my undies off in front of Professor Manning."

"There you go. Now..." He leaned over until their gazes met. "Take off your thong, Kira."

The girl's legs flew into the air, side by side, and that thong was ripped out of its nesting grounds and tossed away into the corner of his office. He was familiar with the sight of her pussy by now, but it never grew old. The girl maintained it well, no doubt on account of the speed with which she went through boyfriends. It was a good deal dimmer in here by lamplight than it was by day, but even so her slit glistened with the intensity of her arousal, that greedy pink hole where her fingers came and went so eagerly.

"Tell me to do more stuff," she moaned pleadingly.

Jaw going slack, he blurted out the first command that came to mind. There wasn't an inch of her that wanted for hotness, but those tits were a wonder of the world. "Pull on your nipple."

"Can... Can you use my name? Like, pull on your nipple, Kira?"

"Pull on your nipple, Kira."

"Oh *fuck*," she groaned as she jerked the poor flesh upwards. Lucky for her she had two broad pink nipples, not some tiny pencil erasers like her sister's. It spread the weight a little, he hoped, reduced the strain.

"Pull on the other one, Kira."

"Mmmm, god, love coming here," she murmured as she obeyed.

"Kira, I want you to throw your leg over the back of the couch. Spread your legs as wide as you can."

That one turned out to be a bit of a mistake. She was drunk as hell, and not exactly an acrobat sober. Kira wound up thumping him in the face with her ankle in the attempt. He assured her he was fine as firmly as possible, then helped her get her leg where commanded.

"Tell me you feel good right now, Kira."

The incident was forgotten. "Mmmmm, god yes, feel so goddamn motherfucking cocksucking goddamn *good*!" she shouted.

"Tell me what the best birthday present anyone ever gave you is – and don't disappoint me, Kira."

"The best...? Oh! Oh fuck yes, it's this, it's so this, so fucking this!"

"What's 'this,' Kira? Tell me what I gave you."

"You let me be a little pussy-frigging tit-squeezing fucking thot!"

"That's not all I'm giving you, though."

Kira panted. Kira moaned. Kira pulled her own hair until her fingers trailed down to her tits and went back where they felt most at home, fondling and groping herself as she stormed through the best masturbation of her young life. "What... what else?" She giggled breathlessly. "I c-can't take... much more..."

Martin patted her thigh. "I'm letting you come."

*“MOTHERFUCKING CHRIST ON FUCKING GOD MOUNTAIN FUCKING
FUCK ME FUUUUUUUUUUCK!”*

Kira came.

Her eyes didn't reopen after she at last fell still; painfully loud snoring ensued. Knowing he had overstepped his bounds by leagues with no idea no idea how to navigate the intricacies of this very non-hypnotic sexual encounter, Martin's best hope was for a blackout, the waking equivalent of trance-induced amnesia. That wouldn't do much good if she woke up in his office, though, so he had little choice but to call another driver out to ferry her back to campus. This time, the driver was a man around his own age, so there could be no trusting the barely conscious girl to his custody. So Martin half-carried her in a dress it had taken him half an hour to stuff her body back into, her bra and panties tucked into her purse. Her feet were protected by his flip-flops, a regrettably unhygienic necessity to traverse the glass-strewn parking lot for a girl far too gone to attempt maneuvering in her heels.

It was after 2 AM Friday morning by the time the pair was dropped off at Prendergast Hall. There was hardly a light on in the building, so again, no trustworthy by-standers to escort her to her room. With her key card, Martin made it in just fine aside from startling a young woman carrying a laundry basket down toward the basement. On his way out, he was accosted by a pair of RAs who demanded to know who he was and why they'd heard some creep was carrying a drunken, disheveled young woman into their residence hall. He couldn't give ID, given his employment situation, so he made up a tale about bringing her home from a house party as a favor to the host. Hedging his anonymity by claiming he didn't want to show ID in case someone else had done something to her and how such a tragedy could come back unjustly upon him, Martin offered a compromise of giving them his phone number and letting them see that it was legit. That would be plenty for the police to track him down if there was cause, he argued. The two didn't like it, but Martin had spent no small amount of time building up an honest and empathetic demeanor, and the two settled for huffily escorting him out of the building and watching him walk away with disapproving glowers. Two blocks down, he finally glanced back, and they were still staring him down.

A cascade of side effects followed. The first, and most obvious, was that Kira remembered, confirmed by an Friday afternoon text saying they needed to talk. It turned out to be a good talk, however. She had enjoyed the experience, what she remembered of it, and asked if they could do it again, sober. Right then and there. Many of his assumptions about her nature bore out. Her kinks included hypnosis, niceness, and men in positions of authority over her. She stayed the night, and by 10 PM Saturday, she asked if he could put her in a trance and make her feel less embarrassed to ask him to fuck her.

After she went home Sunday bowlegged and beaming, it was time to do right by Stacey and inform her of what had happened. Martin tried to soften the blow, to explain that it was easy to get straight girls to fuck men, but he'd keep trying for her, the mission wasn't forgotten, merely out of order. She shrieked a *FUCK YOU!* so shrill it rattled the windows of his office, then hung up on him.

Sherri moved up her session, citing her anxiety over the mantra approach. Martin humored her, in too good of a mood over the quickie he and Kira had had in his seldom used and always cramped campus office that morning after lecture. Sherri retrieved her pillow from its space in the cabinet, a sign he took as progress since normally she refused to lie down and he had to set it out himself as a formality. He was still explaining the benefits of autohypnosis when she happened to flip it over, discovering the mess of Kira's makeup staining the backside. Then she squinted, then sniffed, then squinted closer, and finally demanded to know if those were a woman's cum stains on her pillow. His insistence that he had accidentally let another patient cry on it and the rest of her allegation was pure nonsense was met with Sherri's insistence that she had been the only lesbian at her high school and knew very well what a cum-stained pillow looked and smelled like. In a rage and filled with automatic assumptions for which he had no counter-narrative, she dialed up Stacey then and there, sobbing scarcely intelligible accusations and pleas. She stormed out of his office, a tornado in miniature, though not before promising to sue him for professional misconduct.

The following day, his department head Dr. Knox stopped by Martin's mandated office hours, encumbered by the heavy task of telling his former student that someone had made allegations against him of an inappropriate relationship with a student. Worse, when the student in question had been contacted, she had confirmed them, cheerfully explaining that she routinely masturbated for him in his office, assuring campus police that it was natural and nothing to be embarrassed about. That by Dr. Knox intruded upon the two of them fucking once more in his assigned office was all that was needed. Martin was terminated immediately, and only Kira's refusal to comply with their investigation kept the university from taking him to court.

Stacey never called him again, not even when he offered more fresh Kira porn. Naomi stopped by his office once, but only to spray paint the word *CREEP* in huge black letters on the wall on her way home from another night shift. His landlord, notified by Sherri or Stacey or those douchebag RAs or Dr. Knox or the campus police or any number of other people who'd discovered any of Martin's many colossal fuckups, refused to paint over it. The last of his Sherri money went to a fresh coat of paint so that he might be able to attract new patients. Kira swore she was trying to talk some of her friends into giving hypnotherapy a try, but the rumors had spread, and nobody wanted to meet with a disgraced ex-adjunct professor turned hypnotist who'd "somehow" managed to convince one of the hottest freshman on campus to fuck him. And recruit for him.

Kira dumped him a few weeks later, another boyfriend chugged and disposed of. The novelty had been fun, but now it was hurting her socially, and besides, he was so grouchy and depressed all the time that it was hard to relax. Plus he couldn't visit her at her dorm because of the sex offender investigation by the university, and also his attic was so cold in the winter. The Manning Mental Wellness Clinic shut down four months to the day after it had seen its first patient, though the Maning name lived on in the

marquis for some months afterward. On his way out of town, he saw someone had returned with spray paint to graffiti *LA MESMER* on the freshly repainted wall.

Penniless, Martin moved back in with his parents. His father seemed at least a tiny bit impressed by the portion of the highly censored version of the story in which he slept with a cute freshman. His mother could never quite make herself look at her son without suspicion of what that creepy habit of his, the one she'd worked all through middle and high school to make him discontinue, had to do with her son's downfall. She still loved him. Mothers had to love their sons, even when they were pretty sure their son was some sort of degenerate or pervert. Both, even. But it was not the unqualified love she doled out to his sisters, who soon regarded him in the same way, perhaps even more unfavorably.

It would pass. After some years, it would pass. Probably. He hoped. If not, he could always end it himself.

Oh and some years later Kira and Stacey had a huge fight during one of their rare interactions, at their parents' home for Christmas, and Stacey leaked the nudes Martin had sent her as retaliation for Kira's undying enmity. Kira attempted suicide, but was discovered by her four-year-old daughter who screamed for Daddy. She lived, recovering her mental wellness after years of therapy. (Not hypnotherapy.) Stacey disappeared, perhaps for similar causes, or perhaps to find out what gutter Martin Manning had slithered into, to go there and exact her revenge.

So anyway, that was one path.

At least, it was the best Martin could see of what lay down that path. It might err on the pessimistic end of the spectrum, somewhat, but it was easy to see how way led on to way.

Kira had said something, right before that poster had caught Martin's eye. What had it been? Oh yes.

"Yeah. I trust you. Oh my gawd, that's a relief. I've been freaking out for weeks! Like I couldn't even touch myself – except here, I guess – because all I could think was I was getting off to that time when Stacey and I... When she... So, um, anyway, you said you had a present for me? Or... something?"

He glanced down the other path. And then he took a step down it, and as soon as he did all doubt was gone as to whether he should ever come back.

"Kira, it's time to tell me what happened between you and Stacey."

Creeps

Chapter Seven

What follows is **not** the story of what transpired between Stacey and Kira Reeves.

The first time Kira consumed alcohol, outside of church, was at the tender age of thirteen. Her parents had left town, for the first time leaving their 16-year-old in charge of the house for two nights while they celebrated their anniversary at the cottage they shared between Mrs. Reeves' four siblings, a generous inheritance from their late parents. Stacey of course seized the opportunity in an instant to throw a house party, what she hoped would become and indeed did become the party of the summer. Kira, having recently completed the 8th grade, was permitted to attend as a bribe for her complicity, and on strict orders not to "do anything" with any high school boys, a nebulous term that wildly excited the imagination of the naïve girl whose sex education had been transmitted in diagrams, threats and omens.

Stacey watched her sister closely, doling out her limited intake of the beer acquired from a senior whose uncle owned a liquor store in town. No more than one per hour, Stacey stipulated, and saw to it. At least, she did so until her attention was diverted by the presence of classmates Shaun Reid and Kiki LaBelle using their parents room for, according to the little snitch who notified Stacey, what must be amazing sex. (They had been in there for over *twenty* minutes!) While Stacey snuck into the room and stealthily observed what little she could make out of Kiki's generous but not too generous posterior for filing in her own spank bank, Kira availed herself of as much as she could guzzle from the now untended trove of PBR, making up for some six hours in the span of time needed for the partiers to boo the DJ, self-appointed in absence of Stacey's executorship of the tablet that controlled her dad's speaker system, into tearfully abandoning his dreams.

When junior Troy Bogen asked to dance with her, imagined anythings suddenly became looming possibilities. It was her first time dancing with a boy without adult eyes upon her. Kira copied (or at least believed she was copying) the moves she had seen the older girls employing in the dance floor. Booty-bumping, crotch-grinding, titty-shaking skankery, all of it tarnished further by a substantial impairment of her balance by the alcohol (an issue she would go on to reverse before stumbling into the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic some five years later).

Troy, a local pioneer in the field of wooing the ladies, said he thought she was pretty, and asked if she wanted to go somewhere to talk, classic Troy moves. Troy was hot. He was the sort of guy who Stacey might have dated, if Stacey might have dated a guy. In fact, unbeknownst to the girl guiding Troy up to her bedroom with a tremulous skip in her step, it was that very subject which triggered his feigned interest in young Kira. She blushed as he asked her about photos on her wall, what grade she was going to be in next year, what movies she had seen that summer. The dialogue felt very mature.

Kira, meanwhile, cursed her braces for chafing in her suddenly dry mouth, and stammered out answers as requested. Mostly she listened to him talk while wondering what the individual steps were between dancing with a cute boy and kissing one. If she had sprayed on enough of her mother's perfume (eight puffs out to do it, she'd reasoned), hopefully Troy would show her.

Only then, Troy began to ask about Stacey. What it was like, growing up with a "girl like that." "A girl like what?" she asked, the beer adding more heat to her voice than she otherwise might have dared, or preferred. Troy said he meant nothing by it. But what *was* up with her, though? Stacey was so hot, but she never dated anybody, didn't flirt, only went to school dances with friends. What was she into? What kind of guys did she like? Any tips Kira might give him?

Elevations in both BAC and libidinous hope meant that it took her longer than it might have at other times to realize this was another boy trying to get with Stacey. That was a prospect Stacey had roundly rejected as far back as Kira had known of those categories: boys, and Stacey. Her sister's excuses varied. Sometimes the boy wasn't up to snuff. Sometimes she had too much going on to make time for boys. Sometimes Stacey said that Dad had forbidden her from seeing this guy or that, which had made Kira nervous to talk about boys with him even though she never heard these edicts from his own lips.

Sometimes, Stacey would fidget her wrists for a moment, get real quiet, and then tell Kira she wouldn't understand and stalk off to her room. It was those times Kira thought she understood her sister best.

She'd had a friend, Carrie, who had come out last year. It had been hard for her. Things were better for "that sort of thing" than they had ever been, Mrs. Reeves had told her when Kira asked what she could do to stop the other kids being so mean to Carrie. "Maybe too good." Kira wondered how bad they used to be, taking her mother's answer to mean that nothing could be done but wait for them to be better still. Stacey, she supposed, must be waiting too.

"She doesn't really like dating," she told Troy, thinking this an appropriately circumspect answer. "I can't wait to, though. My last boyfriend was some middle schooler." Her nose wrinkled in distaste. She was older now. Too cool for that. Excellent segue.

Troy nodded, said a few things, though none of them about her. Those anythings Stacey had forbidden Kira to do still burned in her mind enough to let him continue in his way. Time and again, he circled around to Stacey, and every time, Kira deflected him the best she could. Even once they were sitting side by side on her bed – a *high school* boy, in *her bed!* – it still seemed he only had interest in one Reeves, and it was not the one sitting on Queen Elsa's face on her comforter. (Ironically, sitting on Elsa's face had been a confusing but exciting fantasy of her sister's when she had been that age.)

Equal parts resentful of being duped into thinking this older boy had been interested in her and suspicious of his probing, Kira dug in her feet. “Let’s talk about us,” she said, not quite sure how two people became an us but desirous of learning.

“Us? Look at you, working your game,” Troy answered, bemused. He asked Kira her age, and then how much younger she was than Stacey.

“Stacey doesn’t like you and I’m right here!” she barked, the beer triggering her peak of volatility. The outburst surprised even her, and embarrassed her more than a little.

“What, Stacey doesn’t like guys or something?” Troy asked a bit too innocently. And even in the dim light, even drunk, even horny, even crushed by his disinterest, Kira saw that he wasn’t being playful. That this was the real question Troy had danced with her to ask.

The answer wasn’t for him to know. Kira locked her jaw in place and said nothing. She didn’t know that the fire in her eyes, the ice in her clenched fists, had been all the answer the boy needed.

Troy fuzzed Kira’s head and left her bedroom. Before he made it all the way down the exposed staircase, he announced to everyone that Stacey’s little sister had told him that Stacey was gay, his delivery rendering certain that all listening would understand was something deviant. (Not that Stacey wasn’t a deviant, but creeping on her peers’ clumsy attempts at fucking was not something Troy, or anyone, knew about, and therefore a mostly unjust portrayal of her.)

Kira ran out behind him, hissing denials that failed to reach the broader audience. She forcefully shoved Troy out of the party, something he allowed her to do alongside a smirk at the elder Reeves daughter, who had finally retreated from her observation post to see why the music had stopped. Stacey killed the rumor in its infancy, or at least fed it a few spoonfuls of poison, by flipping Troy off as Kira slammed the door in his face, switching on the speakers, and grabbing the nearest guy. She made Kira’s dancing look chaste. Stacey made out with him for a while on the sofa before passing out, which was not an act but rather the natural result of a girl her age and size pounding beers until her friends, alarmed, cut her off. Then Kira was hostess, bustling around keeping people out of places, tidying up spills before they became stains, and making sure nobody left without a sober driver, as she had been proud earlier in the day to hear Stacey explain would be one of the tasks for which a hostess was responsible.

Afterwards, they didn’t fight or anything. Kira apologized, explained what had happened, and Stacey told her it was fine, and gave her a hug. A little hug. And things weren’t different after, but neither were they the same. The rumor persisted, quietly, nurtured by douchebags like Troy Bogen and other guys who thought themselves unfairly spurned by Stacey. By the time she finished high school, it was more or less taken as an established fact, though never talked about openly in their household. Their parents knew – at least one of them even before it became public domain – but whatever conversations they had with one another, with Stacey, never included Kira.

Not directly. Mrs. Reeves began to take quite the interest in their younger daughter's dating life, introducing her to any young man of quality who entered her sphere of awareness. As for the girls, Stacey really did keep busy, and it was her senior year, so Kira only got to spend so much time with her as it was, and she left for college after the following summer.

Maybe the distance was nothing. Or maybe it was that. A weed that grows slowly is often mistaken for one more plant that was always in the garden.

The human mind is a complex thing. A host of factors – many of them stemming from that party, but so many more – had turned Kira tight-lipped where Stacey was concerned. Some were buried deep in her subconscious, layers of guilt and resentment and pain. Others were right there on the surface, the accommodations one makes to oneself to avoid unwinnable fights and undesired condolences.

The night of her 19th birthday, Kira left her party and went to sit alone in a room, drunk, to meet an older boy – a teacher this time, but not so much older than Troy Bogen – and he asked her questions that got her excited and let her hope there would soon be more.

Then he suddenly asked her about Stacey, and her secrets, and things her mother had made crystal clear without ever actually saying that one simply did not discuss.

There was only one reason Martin Manning received an answer where Troy Bogen had met a closed fist, and it was right there in the difference between the two. Troy Bogen had wanted to claim Stacey for himself, or burn her down if he couldn't. Martin Manning, she knew – she *knew* – only wanted to help. To help Kira, to help Stacey, and maybe somehow to save their whole damned family.

Kira Reeves trusted Martin Manning.

It was an event. That was the first bit Martin was able to pry from her. Not a feeling, not a reaction, not an argument for which neither made amends. Something had happened, he pried from her, which brought him right back to his first question.

“So what happened to make things so bad between the two of you?”

What follows **is** the story of what transpired between Stacey and Kira Reeves.

(It should be noted that this is a retelling of her retelling. It is filtered in order to reduce bias; restore accuracy where damaged by faults in recollection; omit sidetracks, blubbering, evasions, and the painfully numerous instances in which intervention was required to prompt continuation of the tale; and of course, for style. The meandering thoughts of a nineteen-year-old-girl, even a relatively bright one, are poor fodder for this sort of narrative.)

It began at their cousin Chelsea’s wedding, though neither sister would go on to remember it that way. The two shared a hotel room, their parents in the room next door. They groaned in tandem at the sound of their alarms chiming in unison. Stacey chided Kira for her snoring; Kira warned Stacey not to take forever in the shower for once. They ate breakfast together in the hotel lobby, sneering together at a pair of sub-par male specimens who tried to chat them up, then giggled together when they shuffled away in defeat, tapping plastic spoons to toast their victory. A shared smile permeated their silent breakfast, born of pragmatism but sustained by sisterhood. Both were mindful that they had agreed to dogsit for Chelsea’s two over-energetic pitties while she and her new husband were on honeymoon the following week, and were like-minded in wanting to start off their week of intensive cohabitation in this small rural town amicably.

As bridesmaids, they were expected earlier than their parents, but still not until after noon. They hit the hotel gym together, and then Stacey humored Kira’s suggestion to try feeding the ducks at the pond out back. Stacey had no experience with ducks but disliked them anyway, yet it was a warm June day and the outdoors sounded good so why not hang out by the pond. The ducks felt about the same regarding Reeveses.

Then it was time to get ready. The girls returned to their rooms to get dressed. They had been fitted separately for their matching dresses, and so this was to be the first time they saw one another in them. Stacey, who some years later would remind her co-conspirator that she and her sister did not lounge around together in their underwear, dressed in the bathroom. When she emerged, more than satisfied with her appearance, she rounded the corner and came face to face with Kira.

“Oh my gosh we look so hot!”

“Oh my gosh we look like twins!”

The words came out in perfect unison, and once they were said, neither girl was even certain who had said what. The two erupted into peals of laughter, falling into each other’s arms for support.

Weddings have a way of making people mindful about their connections to one another, doubly so for bridesmaids. It was a perfect moment, and as they released one another, they each realized it. Stacey gently adjusted a strand of Kira’s hair that was

hanging down too close to her eye hitting it with a ghost of a blast of hairspray to lock it into place. Kira beamed, inspecting Stacey's ensemble, but as ever finding no fault in her.

"You know I love you, right? One of these days I'm going to be standing beside you at your wedding and trying not to hate the guy who takes you away from me."

There was no remedy for Kira's makeup in the face of sappy earnestness of that magnitude. They both knew it was wedding-inspired emotions getting the best of them, that they knew sisters who were closer, who loved each other more, and that the intensity of their affection in this moment would draw down from this peak. They knew it was there, though, in that moment, and that some portion of it would linger on in their hearts.

The two hugged again, and then it was Kira's turn to inject a little levity, hamming up their capacity to slay at the reception. The bridesmaid dresses were undeniably too sexy. Mr. Reeves had frowned when he saw his usually modest Stacey in the thing when he took her to get fitted for it, and Mrs. Reeves had gone so far as to text Aunt Kate to see if there was anything that could be done when she saw Kira trying on hers. It had grown into a protracted commiseration, Aunt Kate bemoaning her daughter's beau. She assured Mrs. Reeves that the two would never make it to the altar, not once the man's family realized what people must think of her sinful life. "Sinful life," her usual code for the breast augmentation Chelsea had received the winter before she met him but which she had concealed from her mother until well after. The clit piercing Aunt Kate would only learn about when the two tried to board an airplane together some years later, and she blushed all the way to Boston.

The wedding was great, and the girls did slay. Stacey was less excited by the attention she received, and Kira was rather jealous that Stacey seemed to receive a teensy bit more of it than her, but both left the reception with a strut. Chelsea, unquestionably their coolest cousin, actually had some lesbians enumerated among her friends, and Stacey left the hall arm in arm with a very queer girl with short cropped hair dyed electric blue, metal studs seemingly adorning more bits of her than not. Kira watched them slip away to the parking lot as she danced in a group with the flower girl and some of the other kids.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves dropped their girls off at Chelsea's home, a cabin in a sparsely populated portion of this sparsely populated area. After a brief greeting and a how-to on handling the grandiosely named Scylla and Charybdis – Silly and Cherry in practice – she handed off the keys and ran off to meet her new husband at the airport. Before they quite knew what was happening, they were alone.

Objectively, it was idyllic. The cabin overlooked a naturally occurring reservoir, blue and beautiful, surrounded by warm, verdant foliage. It would look gorgeous in the fall. Their nearest neighbor was outside shouting distance, though not quite out of barking distance. It was perfect for Chelsea's art, with a large studio on the back end of the house surrounded by windows overlooking the wooded descent toward the water.

When Chelsea had asked Stacey if she would be up for it, this version was how she had pitched it to her. Stacey had been unmoved; a week in the middle of nowhere might be restful, but she wasn't sure she liked that much rest. Kira overheard them talking about it, seizing on the fantasy of a week in postcard paradise with two giant puppies, and she had begged to come with as if the deal were already sealed. Which had indeed sealed it.

In practice, it was a trial. There was no internet. Bugs, familiar and novel, came and went at their leisure. Silly and Cherry were sweet, yes, but willful, flailing their legs in the air like wild horses whenever they saw one of the girls for the first time in a short while. A trip to the bathroom was usually enough. Both dogs were magnets for ticks. Swimming was prohibited in the reservoir, rendering their weeks' worth of swimsuits and bikinis useless. There was no air conditioning, and even at night that time of year it was in the upper eighties. There was only one bedroom, displacing Kira to the sofa; whenever her skin slipped around the sheets, the leather stuck to her sweaty body like, well, leather. They had no car, only the phone number of a neighbor who understood their situation and, according to Chelsea, "would be happy" to give the girls a lift to town if they needed groceries, or the dogs ran into problems. It was a place where distractions were hard to come by, and harder still to cling to against the rising tide of adversities.

Stacey found solace in books, selecting tomes at random and camping out in front of the cabin's sole electric fan. She wasn't content, quite, but a lifetime of enduring discontent had inured her to much of the tedium. As for Kira, she tried to follow her sister's example, as she had so many times before. That lasted almost six agonizing hours, at which point she gave up and announced that she was walking to town.

To her surprise, Stacey didn't try to forbid it. "You're really OK with that?"

"Rapists don't patrol barely used gravel roads on the off chance some random hot girl might be out hitch-hiking. Which, don't, in case it needs saying. Be careful. Don't go anywhere with anybody. Understand?"

"I'll make sure you know where I am," Kira replied, and left before Stacey could push back. If she had seen Kira shed her t-shirt on the front porch and proceed with the walk in a striped bikini, she would not have let it go so easily.

It was close to two miles to town, such that Kinland was a town. The farming hub's population was so small that Kira thought it might be worth updating the signage on her way in. She had never been, but it was easy enough to find people. The community pool was closed since a fungal infestation a month earlier, so the local youths split between a playground behind Kinland's school, and an outdoor ice cream shop called Bizzy Bee's.

She was an instant sensation. Gone were the braces, the awkward demeanor, the half-formed curves. She strode into town in all her bouncy, curvy, hotness. Her hair wasn't dyed red yet – that would come later, when the need gripped her to distinguish herself from her sister to the extent DNA would allow – but her long black strands gleamed in the sun like polished obsidian. She had tanned for the wedding – naked,

even, a first – but here it was that she was tanned so lightly, so evenly, not at all the mottled sun-kissed tone on the Kinlander girls, that lent prestige. They had quite simply never seen her like. A whole town of people, she thought warmly, who wouldn't say to her that someday she would be as pretty as her sister.

A young woman like Kira would have been a sensation arriving among any gathering of young people, but here, she was Cleopatra, royalty by right of her beauty alone. There were exactly two cliques in Kinland, bitter rivals for the scant quantity of popularity available. Kira confidently selected one on the basis of them being the one she happened upon first, and quickly allowed them to co-opt her into their social structure and their schemes against the rivals.

Suddenly the week was fun. Thanks to Stacey's advice when she straggled in that first night, Kira wisely befriended the girls of her circle first, to belay territorialism over the scant pickings. From there, the girls advised her on the boys. Which were safe to allow to pursue her, and which were worth allowing. Stacey projected quiet caution as her sister came and went in different vehicles day by day. (Different pickups, anyway.) She'd done her best acting on their mother's requests for her to help Kira settle down a bit where boys were concerned, to pick a nice one and stick to him. It had not worked. Boys liked Kira and Kira liked boys, she had come to accept. She made out with two of them and kissed a third in that week alone, not counting a bit of gentle heavy petting with one of the groom's nephews in the parking lot outside the reception hall. (That had begun as a quest to find (read "spy on") Stacey and her blue-haired companion, but ended in an enjoyable failure.) She'd only shared the last bit with Stacey, who'd given her a look of pure disgust before a little smile asserted itself. It vanished before Kira could even ask what it meant.

At any rate, it was more restful in the sweltering cabin without Kira pacing back and forth like that first awful day, so she could credit malekind for that, at least.

The fourth day of their dogsitting, Kira left mid-morning to meet up with the girls. One of their dads was driving them to Epley, the slightly less tiny town where her new friends attended a shockingly small school considering its name, Tri-County High School. There was a downtown there so they could do some shopping, and Stacey had given Kira a few bucks for a trip to the salon as well. She wished her fun on her girls day out.

Halfway to town, Kira received a call informing her that their transport was going to be late, but not to worry, they'd come by and get her once it was ready. Figuring she'd mostly only seen her sister for a short window in the morning and evening and some Reeves time might be nice, she turned back toward the cabin.

Silly and Cherry pranced maniacally at her as she slipped in the front door, like usual. It was surprising that Stacey didn't call out to ask why she'd returned so soon. Gripped by that illogical paranoia that unfamiliar places tend to give a person, she made her way back to the art studio where Stacey spent most of the day, readying herself to

find her sister face-down in a pool of blood, readying herself to launch a crusade of vengeance.

Stacey was home. And alive. There she was in the studio's paint-spattered leather chair, her shorts and her panties gathered on the ankle of one fully extended leg. The other was hooked over the armrest. They were spread wide. One hand still held her book, closed around a thumb as if she'd been spontaneously overwhelmed by an urge and had not even had time to set it down. Stacey's t-shirt was bunched up around her breasts, not quite exposing them, looking more like it had simply ridden up when she slouched into her current posture, almost horizontal.

Kira froze in the doorway in shock. This was her first time seeing another girl doing... *that*. (The word "masturbate" had always made her uncomfortable.) Her guy friends back home had tried to make everyone watch some gross porn at a get-together earlier in the summer, but she had left the room to cuddle their schnoodle and tried not to overhear it. Guys in Kinland didn't do things like that, her new companions had told her. They were gentlemen.

Did girls in Kinland do things like... that?

And why didn't Stacey look up? That was the more bizarre question. Her back was mostly to the door, yes, but she had ears, and the dogs weren't subtle. Kira's ears caught it before her eyes, though. Whisper-quiet feminine moaning and panting. Earbuds, apparently, hidden beneath layers of perfect hair. Stacey liked to listen to music while she read, alternating between Chelsea's husband's record collection and a small one of her own, curated and downloaded on her phone over the course of several long days of spotty roaming data. Not all of it was music, apparently, Kira realized.

In that moment, perhaps for the first time, the full reality of her sister being a lesbian felt *real*. She had thought about it sometimes. Wondered. Tried to imagine what it was like inside that head. But she'd never fully gotten it before.

Stacey didn't just disappoint horny guys and mostly but not quite hide her sadness when people talked about their relationships. Kira peered closer, trying to see if there was a video accompanying it. Not that she wanted to *see*, only to know. It was a bad angle, though, mostly behind her target, the raised leg blocking line of sight to the sweet spot where Stacey's legs met, or where they would meet once her knees weren't three feet apart.

Either way, Kira realized it actually didn't matter. If Stacey didn't watch girls have sex, she obviously thought about it. She liked *girls*. As in, she wanted to do things to them. Have them do things to her. Touch them. Kiss them. Use her tongue, probably. No, definitely. She would *lick* other girls. Or rather, she *did* lick them, in all sorts of places. What all had happened between her and that hot butch girl at the wedding? How far had it gone?

Stacey never talked about that kind of thing at home. Walls were thin, and some non-zero quantity of parents were usually close-by. Plus she was private by nature. Had Stacey had girlfriends? After all she was a college girl now, had been for two years. Of

course at a college there would be lesbians lesbianing all over the place. And Stacey was one of them. A lesbian, not as some part of her identity that Kira was driven to protect and at times ponder, but as a girl who liked other girls. Sexually. Liked them so much that there she was, unable to restrain herself from sudden lesbian revelry, playing with herself in a room surrounded by windows, where if someone walked by they'd have an unobstructed view of the show of a lifetime.

(If they were really lucky, they wouldn't find out about Stacey's gun, a gift he'd given her the morning after Chelsea's wedding to protect her and her sister in case some creep came around looking for trouble. She kept it at her side in cases just such as these.)

Was this what being gay was, being so swept up with lust and fantasy and the sudden need to act on all those pictures in your head that you could hardly restrain yourself, right there where anyone would be watching you? Not that Kira was watching. Stacey's leg was in the way of the R-rated part, for one, and if it weren't she would have run away the second she saw anything. Three walls of glass welcomed the light of the world shining down on Stacey's softly shaking body.

No one happened by, though. Nobody ever came here. (Well, Stacey was about to, Kira thought, suppressing a snicker.) It was only the two of them. Only the one of them, as far as the whole playing-with-yourself thing went. Stacey, a lesbian, playing with herself while she listened to some other girl do the same. Or probably two girls doing stuff to each other, actually. That made more sense. Or more than two, even. And Stacey was... into it. Like, really into it.

Stacey came quietly, though not silently. A year in the dorms, then another sharing a room at DAT House, had trained her to be surreptitious. Plus, the other day when she'd abused the freedom, cutting loose and applying some volume, she'd startled herself as well as the dogs. Kira stared, numb, and finally backed out of the doorway and excused herself as quietly as she could the same way she'd entered. So far as she knew, and she was indeed correct, Stacey never knew that had ever happened. She and her then-girlfriend, a woman she'd met at Lakeview but wisely not a fellow DAT girl, had each embraced the podcast craze and recorded a few sexy sound files for one another, to tide them over during summer break. That the girl had been so bad at it wound up being the reason Stacey broke up with her in a text later that week while Kira was riding around on the back of some country boy's four wheeler. Bitch could've just ripped the audio from some porn and pretended she knew how to satisfy a woman.

Their last day in town, Kira woke up early and made the two of them breakfast. Burnt eggs and soggy bacon, a thing she did on purpose now after doing it accidentally as a child. Taking after her big sister, she responded to the criticism by doubling down about her intentionality and refusing to admit she'd ever erred. Now it was simply what she did, though she mitigated the worst of it for Stacey's plate.

"Look at you, taking over Mom duties. Somebody needs more money for their last day with their little playmates, huh." Stacey waved her fork tauntingly.

“No! I’m good, actually. The guys pretty much pay for anything I want, but they weren’t at the salon the other day, so.” Stacey thumbs-upped her entrepreneurship around a mouthful of crunchy egg whites. “Actually, I wanted to offer *you* something.”

“Oh yeah? You guys have an arts and craft day?” She laughed, then a bit harder. “Oh man, do you remember – well, no, you wouldn’t – but back when you were in either kindergarten or first grade, you came home and gave me this macaroni picture you’d made at school of you and me. I told you I loved it, of course, and you asked if I would hang it in my room. Only then we found out it had been a Mother’s Day thing they’d had you do, and it was actually supposed to be you and Mom. No slam on baby K’s skills or anything. Macaroni art’s abstract by nature.

“Anyway yeah, so Mom came in and told me, and asked if she could hang it on the fridge, and you *flipped* your *lid*. Just atomic meltdown level crying that mom would make me take our picture down, like you didn’t get that it was only being moved. So it stayed up there, and Dad got you another card to give to her or something. Oh, wow. That was... You used to be pretty cute, you know.”

Kira rolled her eyes, because that’s what one does to such stories, though inside she was smiling with all her heart. She did not remember any part of that, except that their dad was, as far back as she remembered, a major stickler when it came to them having quality Mother’s Day presents. “No, we did not have an arts and craft day. I’m pretty sure they’re all in, what do you call it? 4-H, or something. They’re seriously pro at making and fixing things. And animals! Though hey, maybe I could see if they could get you a pig, so you won’t be alone.” She stuck her tongue out.

“Is the pig single? ‘Cause, been a lonely week, just sayin’.” Stacey was surprised the reply was a blush rather than a grossed-out outburst. After an awkward moment, she went on. “Anyway, I’ll stop being a bitch. You said you wanted to give me something, and I put you through story hour and swine fantasies.”

“Right. So anyway, I wanted to invite you to come hang out with us tonight. Before you say no, it’s going to be really fun. There’s a quarry, whatever that is, and we’re going diving? So I guess there’s swimming, at least. Everybody’s really excited to meet you. I told you how they got blown away by the ‘cute city girl.’” She preened. “I don’t think they believed me when I told them my sister is even prettier.”

Stacey grinned tightly. “A quarry is like where Fred Flinstone worked. Big hole in the ground, where they got stone from for construction or whatever. And don’t think you can drag me out to join your game of Queen of the Rednecks with a little flattery. Gurl, I know I’m prettier than you.”

“Come on, Stace! It’ll be fun! They’re not bad people. I mean sure, a little rednecky, but they’re still nice. And you and me haven’t done anything together all week!”

“You and I,” Stacey corrected, establishing herself as a suitable subject for karmic reprisals. “And whose fault is it we haven’t hung out?”

“Nobody’s! It’s super boring here. You cannot blame me for not wanting to spend a week watching you read while I soak through my bra with boob sweat.”

“Graphic.”

“Pleeeeeease? I promise it’ll be fun. If it’s not fun, I’ll... do your laundry the rest of the summer.”

“You don’t know how to fold. No.”

“I’ll cook for you?”

It was a joke, but Stacey rebutted anyway, shaking a floppy piece of pinkish bacon at her.

“I’ll be your slave for a week!”

“And what use do you think I have for a slave like you?” Stacey retorted dryly.

“Pleeeeeeease?”

“No! I don’t want to hang out with a bunch of derpy high school kids. I didn’t want to hang out with high school kids when I was in high school, much less now that I’ve escaped.”

“So teach them a little class! Do some philanthropy. You’ll make me look soooo cool, I’ll be soooo grateful. Pleeeeeeease?”

By the time breakfast was over, earnest begging had won the day. Stacey insisted on a defined time window, and that they each be promised rides to and from, independently if needs be.

“Why does ‘if needs be’ sound like code for ‘in case my baby sis decides to thot it up with some dude?’”

“Read it however you want. But if it goes shitty, I’m not walking back here in the dark.”

Kira ran over and gave her sister a hug. “Thank you, Stacey!”

So long as Kira couldn’t see it, Stacey smiled a toothy smile. “Don’t make me regret it.”

There was one factor Kira had counted on to make the night run smoothly. If there was one thing Stacey got off to – other than that lesbian stuff she'd been listening to the other day, that is – it was having people be in awe of her.

Stacey Reeves was used to attention. She was used to impressing. She was used to turning heads, receiving compliments, and being remembered long after an encounter. None of those were the same thing as awe, though. What was awe? Awe was the look on those kids' faces when she strode out of the Kinland liquor store.

"How did you do that?" ask one of the boys, Tommy.

"Do what?" Stacey casually handed out everyone's orders. Each of them had gotten their own bottle, except Kira. It was orders of magnitude too much, but then, they'd made the orders assuming they'd never get it. It had been a wish list, not a grocery list. This city girl didn't even have her driver's license with her, and had told them she didn't turn twenty-one until next year besides. It turned out she must be some kind of genie.

"Seriously, Stacey, how did you do that?" Kira pressed. They'd all watched it happen from the sidewalk across the street. Stacey had walked up to the counter, set half a dozen bottles on it, and after a brief exchange, handed over a wad of cash. She'd even gotten change! If it wasn't a bribe, then what?

"I didn't do anything. I just put the bottles on the counter and told him that was what I wanted."

"He didn't ask for some ID?"

"You give him your number or something?"

"You ain't got a gun on you or nothin'? That wouldn't be fair."

"Not on me. And he did ask for ID. I told him I didn't have any, but I'd appreciate it a bunch if he looked the other way. So he did." She shrugged, as if it were the sort of thing she'd done so often that she'd forgotten mortals needed reasons and permission.

It became a running joke of the evening, "I appreciate it a bunch" any time anyone delivered the slightest favor, especially if it was for Stacey or Kira. Booty in hand, the group swaggered their way down Fourth Street to where it hit the aptly named Quarry Road. The quarry had a ledge about forty feet up looking over still, dark water. It was a proving ground for all, as well as an opportunity for the Reeves to finally get some mileage out of their swimsuits. By turns, they took a shot from their respective bottles, jumped, swam around, walked up the trail, took a shot, and so on.

"I can't believe you got everyone something to drink but me, Stacey," Kira grumbled as the two navigated the gravelly terrain on their way to rejoin the group. Stacey led the way, her tightly sculpted backside creeping out of the frame of her backless swimsuit, tied on with a single pair of strings behind her neck. That ass was waving a little too arrogantly a little too close to Kira's face for her comfort. She was back in the stripey bikini from her first day in town. She knew it did wonders with her boobs, but it was a rerun. Stacey was new and shiny. "You're so lame sometimes."

“I didn’t get you a bottle because you and I aren’t alcoholics, and can share the one bottle,” Stacey countered.

Kira’s eyes lit up. Not one time since that house party years earlier had Stacey ever offered her a drink. “Seriously?”

“Of course, seriously. You think I’m going to let those Dixie chick wannabes upstage the Reeves sisters? Hell no. You and I are the boss bitches, baby K.”

She held out her index finger to do the sizzling tsssss finger kiss thing they used to do, but Kira threw herself at her sister, a fierce hug. After a moment, though, she remembered the other day in the art studio, and became very conscious that she was wearing a particularly skimpy bikini, that her breasts were wrapped around Stacey’s arm, that it was the arm that had been maneuvering between her sister’s very bare legs. She let go.

“You OK?” Stacey asked, sensing something off.

“What? No, I stepped on a pebble or something, I think.”

“Maybe I ought to cut you off, then.”

“Gotta catch me first!”

Stacey had bought for herself what she had thought was an amusing, perhaps even condescending, novelty. It was a bottle of tequila. The label read Vagabundo de Medianoche, surrounded by a ring of moons in different phases. Stacey’s Spanish wasn’t great, yet she’d been correct that everyone else there mistook the flowing, elegant Spanish as something fancy. They were all of them impressed, Kira included. It had cost \$12 for a fifth of the stuff. Stacey was pretty sure it translated to something like “midnight hobo.” It certainly tasted like bum-grade booze, the sort of swill the frats on DAT’s ban list served to the horse-faced skanks they somehow enticed into their lairs.

Kira, worldly connoisseur, proclaimed that it was the best tequila she’d ever had. Nay, the best alcohol, period. Stacey, meanwhile, had a single shot and snatched the keys to Tommy’s truck right out of his hands when it was getting too dark to continue their fun safely, as if drunken cliff diving had theretofore been a harmless diversion.

Kira proposed that the group retire to the cabin, ideal as it was the only indoor place they knew of that lacked parental oversight and wasn’t a barn. Exacting Kira’s promise that she would clean up before Chelsea returned the following afternoon, and an oath from the rest to treat Chelsea’s pad like it was a holy site, Stacey acquiesced. Kira had known she would. She hadn’t been this drunk on awe even at Chelsea’s wedding, when people had lined up to gush over how amazing she looked even right in front of the other bridesmaids.

These were people used to hunting dogs and mastiffs, so they reacted to Silly and Cherry like feisty pomeranians. Stacey was even impressed when one of the girls recognized their full names from school. The dogs were in heaven with all the company and attention. The group gathered in the kitchen, an open place with ample seating. Knowing that it would be their last night with these gorgeous extraterrestrial creatures,

and being themselves teenagers, it was inevitable that someone propose passing the time with a sexually charged game or two.

They opened with spin the bottle.

“Please, dearest lord in heaven, let Kira land on Stacey,” Bobby muttered with reasonable comedic timing and volume.

Stacey laughed it off like the joke it mostly was, but Kira wilted. She’d been about to spin, but her hand recoiled. “Wait. If I... We don’t have to... No way!”

Stacey poured herself another shot, aiming to catch up with the rest now that one of the boys had agreed to start sobering to play DD later. “Wow, look who’s a homophobe all of the sudden,” she remarked wryly.

“I’m not a homophobe! But... you’re my... You guys!”

“Gonna need a few more prayers, huh Bobby?”

“Let us join hands. Our Father, who art in heaven...”

“Come on now, that’s too far!”

But they were laughing, and the game commenced. It ended only two spins in, neither of them involving the Reeves, when Eliza threw up on her way to James’ lips. True to Kira’s word, the Kinlander comported himself as a gentleman, shedding his shirt over admittedly impressive muscles and escorting her to the bathroom. Meanwhile Kira feverishly scrubbed up the vomit before the dogs could get to it.

“I don’t think I could stomach kissing anybody after seeing that,” someone said.

“Agreed. Two truths and a lie?”

“Naw, that’s no fair, we hardly know them two!” Left unsaid was that now that touching had been greenlit, nobody wanted to revert to games that were merely verbal.

“OK, how about truth or dare, huh? Make things fun!”

They were teenagers. It was truth or dare. They all agreed. All pledged to honor their commitment, hands over hearts like they were reciting the pledge. There was some debate about whether or not it was fair to request that nobody take things “too far,” then some debate over where “too far” began, but no one was willing to tank the game over semantics. As always it was a judgment call, with truths sure to be held to the highest standards, and dares subjected to the mood of the crowd.

One last spin of the bottle determined the first of them to be given the right to demand answers or actions. It landed on Tommy. He peered around the circle, building suspense, before making the inevitable gesture to Stacey.

“Truth or dare.”

Stacey poured herself a tequila shot. “I’m a little rusty, so let’s warm up with a truth. What you got for me, farm boy?”

He stroked his chin, eyes narrowing, using her mild pejorative (which so happened to be accurate in his case) as an excuse to cut deep on the first chance. “It true? You a lezzie?”

Kira’s jaw dropped. “Tommy!”

The ensuing seconds of silence formed a dialogue between Stacey and Kira Reeves, one in many ways deeper and more revelatory than any they had heretofore shared.

Stacey swirled her shot glass, the tension drawing out like a blade. At last, she downed it. “I a lezzie.”

Immediate responses varied from innocent shock to spiritual despair to voyeuristic nosiness. Stacey kept her eyes on Kira, who, during the commotion, stalked over to snatch their tequila bottle from her. She took a pull from it in the corner, her back to her unspoken accuser.

“So you’ve seriously never been even a little interested in guys?” demanded Tommy.

Stacey shook her head, chuckling. “Nope. Why, have you? I’d love to hear what’s supposedly so exciting about them.”

Like that, it was OK again. The spectacle was over, and all reverted to an atmosphere of camaraderie. The circle went on. Stacey soon received a turn, avenging herself on Tommy. At her suggestion, he also took a truth. After a glance to the back of Kira’s head, where she was still pounding tequila in the corner, she calmly asked him if he had a problem with gay people. Everyone watched him closely, so closely that it was obvious they all knew the answer and were on tenterhooks to see if he’d have the guts to say it to her face.

“Not any more,” he answered instead.

Stacey smiled evenly, magnanimously. “Well I appreciate it a bunch.”

The boy laughed, then lifted his shot glass to her. The rest followed suit, raising glasses to avowed homo and reformed homophobe alike. It was a great moment. For some it would become the inspiration for lessons they would years later teach their children about tolerance, this lesbian chick they’d met once who was actually pretty cool. All were inspired. Except Kira, that is, who remained in the corner for another lap around the circuit. She passed her own turn. The others’ truths and dares – banal, typical, unworthy of elaboration here – until it was Avery’s turn.

Avery did not like Kira. She had been thinking about how much she did not like Kira for several days now. The moment she had heard truth or dare was on the table, she had been excited to show Kira that she did not like her. The only reason she had wasted her first turn daring Bobby to eat a whole tablespoon of mayonnaise was because Kira had looked sad, and the optics weren’t yet right. Her second turn, Kira still looked sad, but she sensed the crowd had transitioned from pity to apathy.

“Kira.”

The younger Reeves’ head was elsewhere, several nights earlier when she’d opened her idiot mouth and told them what she had known, known in her heart, was none of their business. Kira had only brought it up because she’d witnessed that scene in the art studio and couldn’t get it out of her head. She’d had to tell *someone*. After outing

Stacey, there had been some teasing, suggestions that she was afraid to go back and get incested by her gay dyke sister, but Kira smashed that down hard.

"Don't talk about her like that. She's my sister, and I love her." She had been proud of that response, though her pride was inadequate to mask her shame. Had she only told them to get that feeling back, to retrieve her uplifting sense of guardianship and revoke... whatever that other feeling was?

"Ooooooh, you love her?" crowed someone, predictably, but others had seen that a mistake had been made, and they were about to cross a line they had never been meant to toe. They shifted topics, and let it stay buried. At least until Tommy had needed to know if he ought to waste his time trying to fuck Stacey before the night was out.

The truth had left a bad taste in Kira's mouth. So she answered Avery, "Dare."

"Kiss her," the girl ordered.

"Who, Stacey?" Kira gaped. "She's my sister. No. No way, that's freaking gross."

"You said dare," Avery countered. A strong argument.

"No. I'll kiss anyone else. I'll kiss the dogs, if you want. But I'm not doing that."

Laughter, some of it jeering, cut in. "Sounds like somebody still hasn't prayed hard enough..."

"Prayer circle, prayer circle!"

"This always happens when we play this, somebody chickens out and ruins it."

"Dooo it. Dooo it. Dooo it. Dooo it."

"What about," interjected Bobby, gently guiding Kira back toward the circle, "if we scaled it down a smidge. Like..." He looked around, then grabbed her bottle. "She kisses one side, and you t'other. Just, do it like the bottle weren't there. Yeah? How's that? No touching."

After seeing that Kira was still dreading it, perhaps still ready to ruin the game and shred her iconic status, Avery agreed that would satisfy her. Kira looked to Stacey for support, but her sister's face was a blank slate. At least, until she saw Kira was preparing to yield.

"We'll do it," Stacey announced. "Give us a sec."

"What? There's no 'sec,'" Avery complained.

"Do you want us to look good doing it, or do you want to see us—" Stacey made an ugly face, lips in a rictus snarl, "—against a bottle?"

As the boys loudly affirmed their preference, squashing Avery's protests, Stacey dragged her sister by the arm out of the kitchen and down the hallway, out of earshot if they kept their voices low. Cherry trotted after, hopeful that it meant they were going to bed at last.

"Kira, I'm not mad."

That was all it took for the tears to start. "Well you should be!"

"It's OK. I'm OK with who I am, and I don't care if these people who I'll never see again after tonight are OK with it or not. With the kind of job I'll get through the DAT

network I'll be able to buy and sell their whole shitty town. But what I can't do is watch my sister get bullied by some hick bitch. What'd you do, hook up with the guy she likes?"

Kira shook her head, which after all she'd had to drink, made her more than a little dizzy. "No. I actually turned down the guy she likes, which I think pissed her off even more."

Stacey grinned. "And you want a petty bitch like that to get one over on you? You want to leave here letting them think she drove you out of town?"

"Well, no, but—"

"But nothing. Kiss the bottle. Think of it like some dude's cock, if that sweetens the deal for you, somehow."

"Why would that sweeten—"

"Listen here. I *know* you're not ashamed of me. I know you're not Mom. I know you love me. Now do you want them to know it, or do you want to let this dumb girl put that doubt in you?"

Kira nodded. The pep talk was working. Or she'd drank so much that her judgment had gone to rot. "All right. Let's do it."

"Let's give that bottle the night of its life. Dry your eyes, baby K." The sizzling finger kiss landed this time. Then Stacey blew a bright pink kiss, caught it herself, and mimed it dragging her back into the room. Considering how much she'd had to drink, it was an impressively choreographed bit, and an adequate distraction while Kira dried her eyes.

The Reeves girls re-entered the room side by side, all heads turned their direction. Suddenly Stacey's hand was on her ass. Firmly. Why did she have to...?! Kira fought down panic. Avery smugly swaggered over, holding the tequila bottle aloft. "All right. Since y'all're using the bottle, though, ya have to do it for a whole minute or it don't count. Yeah?"

"No problem," Stacey declared, her hand slipping away as she moved to her side, opposite Kira. It left one side of her butt warmer than the other.

"Only one?" Kira channeled Stacey's confidence, finding none of her own.

Tommy organized a countdown, and Bobby held up his phone, stopwatch function at the ready. Eliza and James had returned from the bathroom, looking as excited as anyone for the spectacle.

"Three! Two! One!" It ended in a different word for everyone – Go! Kiss! Do it! – but the will was the same. Spectacle at its finest. Outsiders, sexy ones, sisters, at least one of them a lesbian, proving it for the roar of the Kinland crowd. The Reeves sisters stepped together, and pressed their lips to each side of the bottle.

It's cold. That was Kira's first thought as the assembly roared in excitement in a way that only a crowd of teenagers watching an idiotically contrived sexual display can. Stacey's breath, though, that was warm. Then she realized her sister's eyes were closed, and figured, sluggishly, that she should do the same. You didn't kiss with your eyes open, no matter who it was. *No matter.*

Then there was only sensation. Someone – it must be Stacey – seized the bottle from the spiteful country girl holding it. *Yeah. Can't be bullied.* Stacey's breath tasted like that vile tequila she'd pretended to like. But it was warm, still warmer than the chilly bottle. She grasped for the bottle, her hand closing over her sister's.

"That's not kissing! They're just standing there!" someone yelled, and the displeasure of the crowd was expressed in jeers and boos. Stacey stepped closer. Kira stepped closer. *We're so close.* Their breasts touched, even. Both were still wearing their swimwear from the quarry, each merely having added a pair of shorts for decency. Her breasts were touching Stacey's breasts.

Was this gay? What was this?

But the crowd was still riled, and she thought she heard someone announce that the clock had stopped. Though Kira would never know it, Stacey peeked, ready to follow her sister's lead if she bowed out, readying her rhetorical skills to spin this mounting insult to Reeves' dignity into a different fight. One she could win.

Win. Kira's lips glided around the neck of the bottle. She was wearing Stacey's lipstick, that same pink, and it smeared its way across the green glass until she found the woman on the other side.

Those lips weren't warm. *They're fire.* Fire that burned all the dinosaurs to death to pave the way for pushy lesbian sorority babes and their sweet but indecisive buxom coed sisters.

Stacey's tongue was even hotter, Kira discovered as she slithered her inside. Instinct was taking over. *Hotter.* Together they lowered the bottle through the slight friction of their intertwined tongues; some unseen looker-on relieved them of it. It gave Kira back her hands, hands which clenched the back of Stacey's head – *her hair. Feels just like mine* – and held her there until she could have wept with joy to find she didn't shrink away.

She kissed back.

What do they feel like? Kira wondered. *Too far? No. She likes girls. Hot girls. I'm a hot girl. Can't be bullied. I'll show them.*

Stacey's breasts were... slippery, actually, in the slick fabric of her swimsuit. But they were soft. Pleasingly, yieldingly, wonderfully soft. This was too much though, way too much – only then there were two hands gripping her ass, pressing her whole body to Stacey's, clinging to her. *She loves me.* They slipped inside her shorts almost immediately. Kira's bikini briefs sank into her crack from Stacey's aggressive fondling in a flash. Hands, on her bare skin. Soft, delicate woman's hands. *Not how I thought at all.*

Though she'd thought she'd never be able to taste anything but that hateful tequila ever again, she was discovering that Stacey's lips, her tongue, had a taste all their own. More tequila, yes, but something else. Something a little bit salty, and a little floral. *Nectar. That's what's in flowers. Ms. Gobuzzi said it feeds the world.* She lapped up more of it, sucking that tongue into her mouth to drink down all she could.

It was then her hand discovered, quite on its own, a way to get inside Stacey's swimsuit. Had she thought her lips were fire? *Burns. Burn me melt me drink the melt.* If her lips were fire, then her tits were the molten core of the sun, beaming down skin cancer by the thousands solely for Staceys and Kiras to feel justified stripping down to these skimpy spandex sheaths to cool off. *Show off.* Stacey whimpered with surprise, or excitement, or both, as Kira squeezed down too hard. Was that a nipple? Was that little tough bump her nipple? The hand still in Stacey's hair became a fist, refusing to let her escape.

Was this what being a lesbian felt like? Was this what Stacey had turned her back on for those fleeting minutes after Troy Bogen's accusation? Was this what had made Carrie forsake her place on the social ladder to endure ridicule and scorn?

Could this be what she'd been looking for when she was left wiping some boy's cum off her wrist and wondering why she didn't feel the same?

"Um, that's time."

Her eyes opened, and Kira was back in the room. She stumbled back from a wide-eyed Stacey. Tugged her shorts back up, dragged her bottoms out of her butt. Around them, the group of Kinlanders stared in utter shock. She didn't think their eyes would be bigger if the Reeves sisters sprouted wings. Or horns.

"Thanks a bunch," mumbled Tommy.

"GET OUT!" Kira sprinted. Only, she forgot that when one sprints, especially in confined spaces, that one must sprint *somewhere*. She hadn't picked a somewhere, so she just sort of collided with the fridge. Chelsea's save the date magnet for her wedding held on fine, but others, chip clips and a bottle opener and strange little anthropomorphized fish, were less lucky, clattering to the tile floor. Then Kira remembered the door, and sprinted for that. The dogs trailed after, dashing excitedly around her as she stumbled through dark woods, no real sense of direction except downward, the lake was downward, not stopping until she reached the foot of the little boat launch on the reservoir hundreds of feet below. Silly flew right past her, leaping clumsily into the water. Cherry recognized the water for what it was, stopping short and eyeing Kira anxiously as she Kira curled up in the cold dirt beside the dock in the tiniest ball she could manage and screamed until she could only sob.

It had been so hot that whole week that she had forgotten it could be cold. Lying on the wood of the dock, Kira shivered in the grip of what ought to have been a soothing breeze coming in from over the water. That moment, that whatever it was that had just happened, was a vortex at the center of her mind. All of her thoughts swirled around it, were swept up in its current, dragged down into the depths and crushed. Cherry nestled in behind her as she trembled. By the time Stacey found them, Silly had joined them, his sleek fur already mostly dry.

"So I guess we ought to talk, huh," said Stacey's voice, looming over her.

"Are they gone?" Kira asked into her knees.

"They're gone."

“Satisfied?”

“I don’t know if they left satisfied, but I don’t think anyone could say you didn’t honor—”

Kira looked up. Her voice hurt, was hoarse, but she refused to let that silence her. “Not them. You.”

“Me? Am I satisfied? With what?”

“You made me do that stupid bet! What the hell is the matter with you?!”

Stacey, who had been about to sit down and try a tender approach, instead took a step back. “Me? Hey now, I just wanted you to stop moping. To take a little pride in yourself in front of the locals.”

“Why should I care about what ‘the locals’ think? You said yourself they’re just a bunch of hicks I’m never gonna see again. But no, I’m an idiot, and I listened to you! And I—!” The words stuck in her throat. “And we—!” Again. “And you—” That was easier. “You made me feel bad for you so I’d... do that!”

“*I made you* feel bad for *me*. You’re the one who gets off telling everybody who’ll listen about your creepy lesbian sister. But I’m not allowed to have feelings about that? Hey, why don’t I go tell all my friends about...” She shook her head. “No. You know what, I’m not going to compare your stupid little crap to my orientation, because your shit is petty, and nobody would even care if I told them. But you can’t understand that because you’ve never met the guy you weren’t ready to prove how un-gay you are!”

Then Kira was sitting up. Incrementalism was not the way to go in a shouting match, so she kept going on up to her feet. Her balance was still weak, but fear of falling and hurting one of the dogs kept her steady.

“Right, because liking guys couldn’t be natural, right? Has to be me proving myself! Gee, I wonder where the whole human race comes from? Could it be from boys and girls doing it? I dunno! Let’s try having everybody lez up see how it works!”

Stacey’s nostrils flared with each breath, but she allowed a few before responding, lest she take the bait. “Kira, you’re drunk, and I’m a little less drunk, so I’m going to let whatever that dickhead bullshit was slide. Honestly, I don’t think *me* being gay is the issue we need to be discussing right now.”

Kira tried to shove her, but Stacey never had quite caught up, and dodged it with grace left over to help keep her from falling. “Are you saying *I’m* a gay?!” She’d meant to say “a lesbian” or “gay” but combined the two. Once more Stacey let it slide, but it was getting harder, accident or no.

“I’m not saying anything. But you just rammed your tongue down my throat and felt me up like no woman ever has. That was real, real intense for a stupid dare. And I think you owe it to yourself to talk about it. And who better to—”

“I’m not like you!” Kira shouted.

Stacey folded her arms and regarded the dirt-smeared, tear-stained girl with a cluster of leaves sticking to her hair with all her condescension. “I can see that.”

“If I got carried away, it’s because I’m drunk. What’s your excuse, huh?!”

Stacey planted her hands on her hips. “You haven’t had that much more than me. I’ve been watching you. Don’t want a repeat of that party when you were in middle school.”

“I was in high school!”

“You hadn’t started yet. It was the summer before.”

“Oh, my god, fine! You’re right! Because the beautiful, brilliant Stacey could never POSSIBLY be wrong! You win! I was in fucking *middle school*, OK?!”

“It’s OK to say you liked it, Kira.”

Kira’s stomach turned. “To say I liked what? That party? Because your stupid party sucked even worse than tonight’s! And tonight was the worst party ever!”

“It’s OK to say you liked kissing me. Touching me.” Stacey took a step closer. “I liked kissing you.”

Kira stumbled back like her sister had lashed out with a cudgel, her bare feet thumping onto the wooden dock. “You liked kissing your own sister? Holy shit, I knew you were fucked up, but I didn’t know you were a total freak!” *Fire.*

“I won’t judge you. Just be honest with yourself. Damn, Kira, that’s the best thing about being drunk is that you can blurt out crap you’re not normally supposed to say. I’m still processing myself, so who knows, I might even let you pretend you don’t mean it tomorrow.”

“Well I hope you rolled a few kegs down here with you.” She dragged her forearm across her mouth to wipe away Stacey’s lipstick. Their lipstick. Pink. *Lips.* “No. If this whole lake were tequila and I drank the whole thing, and they refilled it and—”

Stacey held up a hand. “I get it. You’re in denial.”

“Denial? Denying what? That my sister grabbed my ass? That she tricked me into making out with her? What are you, like, you think you’re Dr. Rivers, like you can *spwish*, *squish* make some noise and I’ll just wake up and be whoever you think I’m supposed to be? Well that sure as shit didn’t work for Mom, so good luck!”

“I think you’re beautiful, Kira.” Stacey took another step. Kira backed off, but then it was simply one Reeves pursuing the other as they moved further down the dock. The dogs, confused, waited on the shore.

“I know I’m hot, I don’t need you to—”

“I think you’re sexy. Sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Shut up. Don’t say that. You can’t say—”

“And I don’t know why tonight happened, and I don’t care. Maybe you’re right and I pushed you too hard. Maybe it was selfish, or ulterior motives, or... I don’t know. I don’t think I...” She shook her head. “But I don’t care. I loved the feel of your lips.”

“Shut UP!”

“You’re a crap liar even sober, baby K. I know you liked it. I *felt* you like it. I felt the heat between your legs when you touched me, and I want you to know I was every bit as hot as you.”

“This isn’t happening. You’re messed up, Stacey. Like so, *royally* messed up.”

The two were nearing the end of the dock, dark water stretching out for half a mile beyond. “There’s nothing wrong with those feelings.”

“You’re my *sister*.”

Stacey lifted her hair and undid the tie behind her neck. Her swimsuit jerked down, baring her chest so suddenly Kira simply stared, trying to make sense of it, to navigate around that vortex. “So? What, are we gonna knock each other up and have a bunch of inbred babies like those dickheads up there? How’s your sperm count?”

Kira commanded her eyes back up to her sisters. “You’re a freak, Stacey! A *FREAK!*”

Kira was at the very end. Nowhere to go. (The prohibition against swimming, somehow, was a social more to which she had retained unswerving fealty.) She felt a hand seize the waistband of her shorts, pull her a step toward safety. And imminent danger. Stacey was inches away, and drawing closer.

“So,” she said, no bottle to deny her the warmth of that breath this time, “let’s get freaky.”

Their lips met again.

No force short of divine intervention could make Kira admit that she had kissed Stacey this time. Their lips had not been touching, then they were, and not even retelling a retelling could permit a rendition in which she had any part of it.

It was only that she had no part of it for such a very long time. That when Stacey at last lowered her gently to the dock and followed her down, she put up so little resistance. That when Stacey’s hand slipped inside those bikini bottoms, this time from the front – and where had her shorts gone? – the noises she made could be so easily misinterpreted as pleasure. That when Stacey’s mouth took the place of her fingers, even Kira couldn’t have denied how very satisfied she sounded.

It was only that when she gushed her pleasure onto her sister’s wet, pink lips, her eyes slid open to marvel, with a dazed grin, and wonder whether those were the stars or some fresh devilry set in motion to destroy her.

The remainder of the story was history. By the time a weeping, shaking Kira Reeves relayed her conclusions of the evening – that her big sister had gotten her drunk and used a dare in a stupid game to molest her – he could hear Stacey’s voice concluding her rendition – that her little sis was every bit the creep that she was, but her mind too narrow to permit it. The alcohol had not robbed either of them of their memories of the night’s events, but it had given both plenty of leeway in which to rearrange and invent details to support the conclusion each needed to make.

After waking up in the pre-dawn light in her sister’s arms, Kira never did find her clothes from the night before. Eventually they became part of a mass of mud and sticks clogging a drain in the reservoir. Some years into his employment there, Tommy dislodged the mass, and for the briefest of moments before they were sucked into his machine, he wondered if he had seen anything at all.

As Kira told it, she hurried up to the cabin before someone could stumble upon her nakedness. There she took a shower and curled up in that chair in the art studio, too dazed to think to scratch at the many fresh mosquito bites she’d received during her night of exposure. Thank god the dogs had stayed close through the night; elated to be home, they settled across from her in a pile. The three watched Stacey, her clothes intact, make her way up the trail some time later. The dogs ran out to flail at her, leaving Kira to wait for her big sister to shower and dress as well.

There was no playfully warning her not to take forever, this time.

It was the nonchalant way Stacey called out a jibe at her for not making breakfast that pushed her from self-loathing into sister-loathing. She accused Stacey of abusing her, recounting the entire night to her in what Martin believed to be very much the manner in which he was told the story. To Kira, it had been a series of maneuvers, deceptions, betrayals and abuses connived by Stacey to take advantage of a confused girl. And perhaps it had been.

The sun would be coming up over the Lakeview campus soon. Word vomit was better than actual vomit, considering how much the girl had told Martin she’d had to drink, but even so he was far too tired to hear her tell the part of the story where she told the story she’d just told him to Stacey. He interceded and forestalled it deftly.

In her story, Stacey, unlike Martin, listened to this distortion of the evening without interruption. When Kira at last shouted for her to say something, anything, to justify what she had done, Stacey merely shook her head and said, “If that’s what you have to tell yourself. And Troy Bogen.” She let out a soul-weary sigh. “Then fine. I’ll be the monster.”

That triggered fresh hysterics, but there was only so long you could shriek at someone while they calmly went about tidying up the house. Kira finally gave up dogging her for an apology, a confession, even a simple acknowledgment and started in on the kitchen. She started with that bottle of Vagabundo de Medianoche, dumping it in the bottom of the trash bag and burying it beneath every other trace of the night she could find.

By the time Chelsea and her husband arrived that afternoon, overjoyed to greet dogs and Reeves alike, the two had spoken only twice more. Once when Kira forgot she didn't ever want to talk to Stacey again for any reason and said "excuse me" when they had to squeeze past one another in the laundry room. The other during the long, post-cleaning wait, when she issued an ultimatum that so long as Stacey never brought it up again, she wouldn't tell their parents. Stacey snorted, shrugged, and told her she could tell anyone she wanted. "It's what you're best at, right?" Kira pressed, and finally received an irritated, "Fine, don't worry, I won't tell anyone I made you come harder than anybody ever has or will."

It was as good as she would ever get. She let it drop.

The first Lakeview campus bus didn't come until 7, so Martin offered to buy her breakfast at the nearby Denny's to kill time, anything to escape the emotional fallout zone that his office had become last night. He was loath to use his Sherri money without need, but all she wound up ordering was a coffee. He had a water. No lemon. A 10% tip on the coffee.

Finally, as the two waited at the bus stop, he made his first attempt at a reply. "That was very brave, sharing that with me last night. I want you to know I'm grateful." He felt stupid saying it, such a trite sentiment in the face so monumentous a tale. It was what google said you were supposed to respond with when someone dumped their gigantic problems in your lap, though, as he'd learned while she left the table to pee.

"Mm," she replied, trying her best to tug her green dress lower. Looser, really, but lower would do. She was glad he had loaned her his coat, at least. He really was such a nice man.

The bus was coming, though its appearance made it feel closer than it really was. It was a long road, and it could be seen coming from a long way off.

"Stacey really never told you any of that?" she asked, watching its approach.

Like Kira in front of Troy Bogen, his awkward delay before sputtering the usual line about confidentiality spoke volumes.

"God. I can't believe she wouldn't talk to her therapist about *that*. I swear, sometimes I feel like there's some kind of hole inside her. Something missing. I just hope she fills it someday. Gets a dog, or something." She shook her head. "Well now that I told you, you can't tell her, right?"

"Never. Not a word. Trust me."

"I do, Professor Manning. I do. But I know if it were me, I'd have a really hard time sitting across from someone who had done something like that and not letting it show. I'd... scream. Or cry."

"You'd cry."

"Yeah, you're probably right." She sniffled. "I'm sorry to dump all that on you, but you were right. It does feel better that someone else knows. But scary, too. Like... I dunno. Like you knew her before you knew me, so like, what if you... took her side, or

whatever. I know you wouldn't. I mean, who could. But still. It's a raw nerve, I guess you could say."

"I won't take her side, I promise," replied Martin, who would in about two hours receive a text reading *well? when do I get that offer Mesmer? Can't wait to see her cum her brains out for us again. happy Friday*

The bus was close now. They stood, and Kira turned to give her therapist a long, tight squeeze. "This has been a weeeeird night, Professor Manning. But thank you. Not the birthday present I thought I needed right now, but the birthday present I deserved." She giggled, and slowly let him go. "And, um, about that other thing we talked about, um..."

"It's fine, Kira. Try not to think about it. We'll talk again soon. Be good to yourself this weekend, and text me if you need me."

"I will. I mean I hope I won't, but... oh, you get me. You always get me."

She returned his coat and boarded the bus, her golden zipper gleaming in the morning sun. Martin walked back to the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic, sent an email to his students canceling classes for the day for a health emergency, lay down on his couch, and cried.

If there could be ambiguity in an ordeal such as that which transpired between Stacey and Kira Reeves, surely there could be some in the tears of a simple stage hypnotist. Objectively, even in retelling, there was no certainty to them. Was he a man crying in self-pity for having wedded himself to a monster? Or a man on a mission, despairing at the weight of the obstacle he would yet need to overcome?

Perhaps, Kira might reply, in a retelling of their story, one set in some very different world in which it were she hearing him unburden himself of his troubles to her instead of the reverse, he was simply tuckered out. She would lull him to sleep, tell him he was a nice man, and he would awaken to the scent of crispy eggs and soggy bacon.

Creeps

Chapter Eight

Martin had ample time to reflect on the relative merit and value of an apology that weekend. There were so many due in this fragile web in which he had ensnared himself. To Kira, Sherri, Naomi, at the barest of minimums. He thought he might be owed one from Stacey himself, though it was no easy feat to distinguish between them at this late stage. Stacey was undeniably the worst offender, though as her accomplice he wasn't far behind. Naomi's karma was tainted only somewhat, making the feud public and so dragging down Sherri; Sherri, with her hands clean save for her crusade to bury him under a mountain of guilt, one spoonful at a time.

The only one of them undeniably on the moral high ground, as near as he could figure it, was Kira.

I'm sorry, Professor Manning, she wrote that Friday night.

Sorry for what?

Because you like(d?) my sister and then I said all that stuff and now I ruined it.

Martin nestled deeper into his blanket fort and sighed. *You didn't do anything wrong, Kira. And why aren't you out enjoying yourself? It's Friday night!*

Martin wasn't out enjoying himself because he'd been mainlining guilt cut with shame all day. He was only just beginning to come down from the worst of his OD, though the euphoria of nausea was still with him. Mercifully it was a shorter day than usual, considering he'd been up all night listening to Kira's tale and had collapsed within minutes of returning from walking her to the bus stop.

I am out actually lol, she replied, though by now, he knew her well enough to read that the lol was not laughter, but sheepishness masquerading as a casual shrug-off. I'm hiding in the bathroom for a while, I guess? like ya do

Martin didn't have a bathroom, per se. Apart from his washtub in the attic, he had access to the shared employee restroom from around 8 AM until the Dunkin Donuts down the back hallway closed at 9 PM, sealing the rear hallway behind them, and the men's room in the gas station across the street. Hiding in either was not on the menu.

Well get back out there and have some fun – we'll process next week. For now, distract yourself with music and boys, all right?

This was the first time he had nudged her toward other men. Kira had seldom needed any nudging where men were concerned. "Boys like Kira, and Kira likes boys," Stacey had told him. Now he wondered how much of her apparent boy-craziness was hiding from whatever girl-directed energies she had experienced that night with Stacey.

None, possibly. Or all of it; that was possible, too.

I'll try.. No promises, Kira replied, capping it with a tongue-out emoji. Honestly I'd probably take your couch over most boy I know at Lakeview. (I hope that's not too weird to say!!!!!!!)

Don't worry. The couch promised to wait for you until at least Tuesday

Martin's guilt spiked at the thought of leaving her hanging, embarrassed, a moment longer than necessary. All thanks to Stacey, the previous night Kira hadn't merely been re-living the worst event of life, but it had been preceded by an admission that she had taken – spontaneously, so far as she knew – to masturbating during their sessions. Martin thought of himself as a professor like the gas station cashier thought of herself as an oil tycoon, but he knew that for Kira, he was her teacher, which would make the hours she spent in his classroom sheer torment.

lol you crack me UP Prof M! She followed it with a picture of her blowing a kiss at her phone in what looked to be a dimly lit bathroom stall. *Thanks again – for everything. I know I keep saying it, but you're a nice man.*

Have a good night, Kira, he managed. With that, she left him alone. He added both her apology and her gratitude to the list of things for which she was owed an apology.

By the time the weekend came to a close, he was feeling, if not well, at least functional. Class was back in session, with yet more apologies to those who'd prepared for their presentations and received so little notice. Martin tried not to notice Kira sitting, as usual, in the front row, tried not to think about zippers and dog sitting and roads taken and not, as he made excuses. She knew them for falsehoods, even if she didn't begin to suspect how deep the lies went.

Kira hovered near the exit after Monday's lecture let out, but for once his teaching gig was an asset and not a liability as several of her fellow students wished to talk about the fallout from Friday's cancellation. By the time he satisfied them, she'd moved on.

Seeing her, however, reopened the wound. Whether or not she had become an object of pity, she remained an object of sexual attraction. His lizard brain had forgotten neither that zipper nor the intensity of the desire to unzip it. It had not forgotten the sight of her fat naked tits oozing out between her fingers as she squeezed down on them while she pleased herself. It had not forgotten a promise that had been made to him that he would get to fuck her.

Martin's first instinct after hearing Kira's tale was to disengage. Invent a reason why he couldn't see her any more as a therapist and do his best to ignore her for the remainder of the academic term. Invent some hypnojargon excuses for Stacey and wish Sherri the best before closing shop. Move to a living space he could actually afford.

His second instinct had been born of that guilt spiral, and it had been to attempt to actually treat the girl. He was no psychologist, but as a hypnotist, he felt sure he could help someone as pliable as Kira to heal from her trauma. Then, damage rectified, flee town before Stacey could end him.

It was with shame that he nurtured his third instinct, sitting in his campus office trying to grade papers through the distraction of that pic of Kira blowing him a kiss. He could still do it. Objectively, it was no more iniquitous than it had been before. Brainwashing a woman into having sex was no less ethical if the woman had a sad story.

So her sister had crossed a line in a vulnerable moment. So what? Not like he wouldn't have giddily trampled that very same line had she never corrected his ignorance. He still could. She was vulnerable, far more so than Stacey had ever been. In every way but one, it was the easiest path.

But one.

Fuck, how had he ever let that bitch's perfect face drag him down to her level? It disgusted him, how little he had settled for. Nothing more than an offer to fuck her perfect body and her perfect sister, the two of them bent by his hypnotic control, his lifetime fantasy, a dream he'd never thought it possible to realize? He was better than this! He always had been, anyway. Before he welcomed the she-devil of Lakeview onto his couch.

"I think it's working," Sherri said as she strode into the waiting room from the parking lot. She moved with uncharacteristic vigor.

Martin didn't hear a word of it, clutching his head at the receptionist desk.

"Sherri, honestly, why?"

"Um, why... is it working? I'm not sure I follow."

"No, why any of this? Why are you even here?" he groaned into the desktop.

"Why would you think..." Sherri shook her head. "Like I told you, to forget about Stacey. That's it. Are you well? If you're sick, I can reschedule, Mr. Manning."

He shook his head, but finally looked up. The dark circles around his eyes likely failed to dispel the cause of her anxiousness. "No, I mean... why forget? What Stacey did to you – what I helped her do – was... horrible. Why would you let her off with just forgetting? Why aren't you slashing her tires, or punching her in the face? Or shoot, one of those sorority girl tactics where you make up a bunch of fake rumors about her or put hair remover in her shampoo or something."

"I wouldn't have thought that a therapist would advise revenge and lying as methods of coping with pain," Sherri said quietly.

"Therapist? Pff – I'm the guy who fucked you over without a second thought, and instead of lumping me in with her, you're here asking for my help? To help you let that... that..." His snarl was for nothing in particular, and also everything. "That *woman* off the hook!"

His head collapsed back into his palms, and she was quiet for some time. Absorbed in his own little world as he was, by the time she spoke, he thought she had left some time earlier.

"I'm going to take what you said as hypothetical, and I'll respond in that same spirit. So, that said... vengeance isn't an option." Somehow, that high, thin voice had taken on a grave tone. "You may be acquainted with Stacey, might even know some things about her that I never did. But you don't *know* her. Not like I do."

"I *know* Stacey," he said dismissively.

"No, you don't, or you wouldn't be saying what you're saying. You can't get back at someone like Stacey Reeves."

“Oh yeah? Why not?”

“I’m going to proceed right past the physical sort of revenge you mentioned, and not only because Stacey would kick my ass if I tried.”

“Oh come on, you could–”

“She’s a head taller than me. Longer legs, longer arms. She spends ten hours a week in the gym, and – oh yeah – has taught the DAT house self-defense seminar the past two years.”

Martin had never considered Stacey’s muscle mass as making for anything but a pleasingly tight body. Personal experience, however, reminded him that she could indeed pack a punch if so motivated. “The gun doesn’t hurt either,” he muttered.

“The... did you say ‘gun?’” Sherri’s eyes widened.

“Oh, uh, no – I said the ‘guns,’” Martin amended, patting his biceps. He was annoyed with himself for forgetting that the gun was an egregious violation of the DAT house residency code, as well as annoyed to find his reflex was to cover for her.

“Oh.” Her eyes narrowed, but given nothing, she went on. “So since I can’t, I don’t know, ‘beat her up’ or whatever – not that I really want to, any more – that leaves hurting her emotionally.”

“Yeah. So... why don’t you?”

“How would I? Show off a hot new girlfriend? I can’t find someone hotter than Stacey, so it would only show her that I traded down. Even if I did, you got her off of women, so she still wouldn’t care. How do you hurt the feelings of someone who doesn’t feel anything for you?”

“It doesn’t have to be some petty jealousy thing. Everyone has buttons,” he protested.

“There’s her pride, yes, but even if I had a means of humiliating her, I won’t do anything that would tarnish the honor of Delta Alpha Theta,” she retorted, ignoring the heavy-handed eye roll that her Greek loyalty earned her. “Beyond that... I mean, what do you take away from someone who doesn’t want anything you can touch?”

Sherri, engrossed by the phantom vengeance he had dangled before her, continued, enumerating the many thoughts she’d already had on the subject. Her therapist’s attention was elsewhere, however. Stacey Reeves. The unattainable, unassailable Stacey Reeves. The hottest woman he would ever fuck, and the vilest bitch he would ever work for all wrapped up in one package.

She deserved to lose, but if she lost, so did he. Martin had been a loser before he had known Stacey. He had little desire to revert. Would it be so bad if he dragged her across the finish line sister-first? That guilt, burdensome though it was, wasn’t wrong. Kira was one horny lady. She’d like as not thank him when he was done with her. Hell, it was a more probable happy ending than dumping her to deal with a lifetime of still being Stacey’s sister unaided. It was pragmatic to the point of ugliness, but there it was. Or–

“Mr. Manning? Are you even listening to me?”

“Of course I am.” He looked up. “But we’ve let ourselves get way off track. You said, what, you think the mantras are working?”

Sherri blinked, caught off-guard by the abrupt transition. “Oh. Um, yes. I suppose I did say that.”

“Let’s talk more about that.”

There were tears of anxiety glistening in the corners of Kira's eyes when she entered the office for her session the following day. Without a word, she shuffled over to her teacher, her healer, and pulled him in for an intense hug. She sniffled, and then sniffled some more. Martin bided his time, waiting for her to be ready for the next thing. Until then, he hugged as good as he got. He owed her at least that.

"Was that weird? I feel like that was weird. I'm sorry." Kira plopped down cross-legged on the sofa in a pair of loose-fitting khaki capri pants, cleavage bobbling as ever in her v-neck sweater. It might well be the thing that brought about her undoing.

"It was fine, Kira. I've been thinking about you, too. How are you?"

"Not good," the girl replied instantly. "That was by a huge margin the longest weekend of my life. Except maybe the one when... you know."

"I know. I knew it wouldn't be easy on you. I'm glad you're still in one piece."

"Ta da," she muttered weakly.

"So if you have things you want to say, by all means. I want you to know, though, that I've spent a lot of time processing this since we last spoke, and I think I have a plan."

I have a plan. This was not merely an understatement, but a significant miscount. Martin had three plans. Each was contingent on the others, one and all a web of interconnecting contingencies, shifting priorities and shifty motives. All of it rested on his usual firm bedrock of throwing shit at a wall and seeing what stuck, and then seeing what would stick to that.

"Oh god, yes, plan me. Plan me all day, baby." She clasped her hands pleadingly. He had counted on her willingness to dive in. Kira was nothing if not trusting. She was about to be given a misleading glimpse of phase two of plan one.

"All right then. So we've run into two issues. Your history with Stacey, and... ahem. Your conduct in my office." Kira's cheeks flushed, but she didn't intercede to defend herself. From her perspective, there would be nothing to say. *Sorry, Professor Manning, I just spontaneously pleasure myself sometimes! Teehee!* This was good, though. The less she interrupted, the better he might steamroll over her objections and crowd out common sense. Then he could move onto plan two phase three, all the while leaving her thinking she was on phase one of the only plan, a plan which did not in fact exist.

"Now I want to be delicate about this. Emotions are high, I realize, and the worst thing we could do is to rush to conclusions. Please don't interpret anything I'm about to say as a diagnosis, or me saying that I know what you've been through. I don't. Maybe I can't. I do think, however, that you have some figuring out to do yourself. Some of your feelings may be clear, but unless I miss my guess, there are others you're less sure about. Does that sound sensible?"

"I... think so. And thank you. For saying that, I mean."

Martin acknowledged her gratitude with a nod, trying not to choke on guilt. “Of course. Now I don’t know if the two issues are connected in some way. Both sexual, both what we might call aberrant–

“Aberrant?” Kira shook her head in confusion.

“Very unusual.”

“Oh. Yeah, you could say that.”

Martin tried a reassuring smile. “I can dream up a lot of theories to explain things. The two could be connected somehow, or they could be totally separate. I don’t see any point to my forming a theory about it all until I – *we* – know more.”

“OK. So... how do we do that? Please tell me we’re not going to play-by-play that whole awful night with–”

“No.” Kira looked relieved to be talked over. “Honestly, I think the trauma of that incident means you and I will be unable to make much progress. At the conscious level, at least. I’ve tried addressing your enmity with Stacey at the subconscious level, too.”

Kira brightened. “Oh yeah?”

“That hasn’t gone anywhere, either.”

Kira darkened. “Oh.”

“At least, not until last week. You may recall an incident, something to the effect of you stopping by drunk as a skunk to chat me up.”

“So... am I supposed to just get drunk or something?” She laughed, but nervously.

“No,” he answered, in a tone that sounded a little too much like a yes for her total comfort. “But I’ve been looking at things, and... well, let me sidestep that for the moment. We’ll come back to it.” In phase 2.4. “What, if anything, can you tell me about the masturbating?”

Kira drew her knees up to her chest and buried her face between them. “Oh my god, I cannot believe I am having this discussion. With a teacher!”

“Hey now, we’ve been over this. You trust me, don’t you?”

“Yes, but–”

“And so far trusting me has worked out for you, hasn’t it?”

“Well yes, although–”

“So we can either pretend it didn’t happen, or we can act like adults, and address it head-on. It’s up to you, Kira. But I think we need to figure this out.”

His terse manner didn’t do much to improve her comportment. Wringing her hands, she was every inch her fidgety big sister. Spurred by his veritable dare, she settled for further concealing her face behind her hands. “Look, there’s nothing to tell. I barely remember it, OK? If I remember it at all. Usually I wake up and I can just... tell. I don’t know what it’s about!”

“All right. See? You talked about it, and nobody died. And I still want to help you.”

She peeked, but only with one eye. “Still. Ugh.”

“Now you say ‘ugh,’ but honestly, there’s something at work here. I take it you’d have told me if this were commonplace behavior. You don’t do this with any other professors, do you?”

Her head poked up like a mortified prairie dog. “No!”

“Think hard, now. You’re sure?” He made sure his smile conveyed that he was only shooting for levity on a tense subject.

“Obviously. Or I’d have just curled up in a ball and died of embarrassment a long time ago.”

Sober Kira was proving more reticent to share than Drunk Kira had been after her birthday outing, but a professional could work with that. “And – I’m sorry, but I have to ask – that you don’t have some kind of eclectic taste in men where *I* could be triggering it.”

“No. Like, no offense or anything. Just... no. I love coming here, and I’m so grateful for all your help, and–”

“It’s fine, Kira. If I took offense over my patients and students *not* masturbating whenever they’re alone in my office, I’d be curled up in that ball with you. But that does leave us in a predicament. Very unusual behavior,” behavior which he knew damn well the root cause of, but feigned ignorance was as ever his armor and shield. “On top of that, it started right when we began work on the Stacey issue.”

“Oh my god. You’re not saying...!” She was on her feet, fists balled. Good lord, was she going to hit him? “That is *not* about Stacey! How could you even suggest that?!”

This reaction had been anticipated too, however, and Martin calmly maintained his seat even as she loomed, one fist half-cocked, he hoped unconsciously. “Try to stay calm, Kira. I’m not suggesting that. But you agree that the two things accompany one another, right? Although as we discussed in class, correlation does not equate to causation. Honestly, my favorite theory thus far is that you’ve been masturbating for the exact opposite reason. That is, not because you’re thinking about your sister, but because you’re fighting so hard to distract yourself from thinking about your sister, and what could be a more potent distraction than... that?”

It was the thumbs first, wriggling out of her fists. Not an experienced puncher, Kira. The fingers followed, straightening, and then the limbs, slipping out of combat position. At last she sighed, nodded, and sat back down. “I’m sorry, Professor Manning. That was completely uncool of me. I didn’t mean to get mad at you. You’re the only person who’s ever tried to – who I’ve ever let – help me. Dr. Rivers wanted to, but I never really let her in. Can’t open up to someone who knows my mom and unload that on her. I’m so lucky I met you.”

“Don’t go bestowing accolades yet. It’s only a theory. And you’re going to like what I’m about to say about as much as what you thought I was saying a moment ago.”

“OK...” Kira folded her arms.

“I think we need you to keep on doing it.”

“Keep on...” Her eyes bulged even as her voice dropped to a hiss. “*Playing with myself?! In your office?! How is that supposed to help?!*”

“Are you familiar with state-dependent memory, Kira?”

“With... what? No.”

“It’s a concept in psychology in which suppressed memories – traumatic ones, oftentimes – can be brought back to the surface by returning to the state in which they were triggered. It can play a role in episodes of PTSD. A combat veteran hears fireworks, and it takes them back to the battlefield. That kind of thing.”

“Are you saying that because I was confused at first when... when Stacey and I, err, kissed...”

She was struggling to get the words out, however, and Martin stepped in. “No. But what were you supposed to be doing when your subconscious decided to take its little vacation?”

“Vacation,” Kira muttered to herself. “Better than the M-word, at least. But yeah, I was supposed to be talking to myself about that stuff with Stace.”

“Right. And how did you feel like your progress was going, before Thursday night?”

“I mean... great? I guess? Like, I was kind of embarrassed, but nobody knew, at least. Only...” She shivered, momentarily shifting back to her own battlefield. “I obviously wasn’t processing anything if I was doing *that* instead of talking stuff out.”

“Sure. That may well be. Except you came here Thursday night feeling awfully pleased with yourself, looking to be put under, looking to mas–”

“To go on vacation,” she supplied firmly.

“Right. That, again. Only instead, you finally managed to confront what happened to you. Do you see what I’m saying?”

“No.”

Martin scooped his chair closer until he could reach out and take her hands in his. They were small, and soft, and clammy. “I’m saying, that feeling – euphoria, arousal, whatever it was – subconsciously induced you to finally confront what happened. Somewhere in all that pleasure, you found something to immunize you to the pain.”

“I’m still not sure I...”

She was buying it, though. He could feel the heat in her grip. This concession on Kira’s part would have serious ramifications on plans 1 and 2, though 3 had contingencies in place to go on without it, especially since he’d likely get her there anyway in phase 2.6.

Had he over-planned? Better over than under, especially when it came to plan 2. In fact, he already had a plan to make a plan 4 if needs be, though plan 4 was basically to wing it.

“It’s up to you. Obviously I would never try to compel you to do something you’re not comfortable with.” At least not until he’d done it by accident, after which time he

couldn't seem to stop compelling it. "But it's doing *something*, and I think we need to try to figure out what that is. It might be the key to letting your unconscious mind address what happened to you. "

"Hold on. Are you seriously saying you want me to knowingly *play with myself* in your *office*? Just so I can be blissed out enough to be willing to talk about Stacey?"

"Minus the 'just,'" he said somberly. "Kira, when I first asked you what you wanted out of our time together, the very first thing you said was to fix your relationship with your sister. I know this is important to you. This might be the next step to achieving that goal. But I realize the method is unorthodox, and naturally you have every right to refuse. There's probably some other way, on a long enough time line."

"No, I don't want to stretch this out forever or anything. It's only that... pardon my French, Professor Manning, but this is pretty fucked up is what this is."

"Maybe fucked up problems call for fucked up solutions."

The moment this utterance was delivered, Martin cringed. No mere wince, but a full-on cringe of instantaneous self-loathing, such a cringe that it was no simple twist of the eyes and cheeks, but expanded to incorporate his entire upper body. His attempt to smack himself in the forehead was realized as excessive mid-motion, reversing only in time to thwap his mouth instead. To a casual observer deprived of the auditory input, it looked one hundred percent exactly like Martin had felt a bee land on his lower lip. This redoubled the instinct to physically withdraw from his infantile, 80's-movie-esque toe-dabble into the vast ocean of psychiatry via pithy one-liner such that he nearly tipped his chair backward, arms flailing to regain balance until landing forcefully on the pads of his feet, face still puckered heinously. It was a display of awkward doofusery that would have made Rowan Atkinson proud.

Had the audio been recorded as well, the casual observer would also have taken in a delighted, high-pitched shriek that trailed into fitful giggles. The girl's head flew back in laughter, missing his embarrassing display. "Oh my god, I cannot believe my teacher just dropped an f-bomb! Twice!" By the time her giggles subsided enough to re-open her eyes, Martin had composed himself. "But yeah, you know, maybe... Maybe you're onto something. Not like they make a pill for figuring out how to live with having messed around with your own sister." She nodded, let out a slow breath. "Let's do this."

"Very well then," declared a very grave Martin Manning fighting not to put a hand to his throbbing lip.

"Oh man. I should feel more nervous, shouldn't I? Like, should I ask for a blanket or something? Just so it's, I dunno, thirty percent less skanky?"

"Oh, um..." Martin looked around, as if a blanket might be lurking on a bookshelf. Never did his gaze near the entrance to the attic, where his pile of blankets lay in wait to sustain him when the space heater failed. "No, I guess not..."

"Yeah, guess this isn't exactly what you stock the office for. Well, here, how about if I..." Kira rolled away from him, her round bubble of a butt jutting toward him, the only preparation she seemed to require for her impending clandestine clit-play.

“And here, I’ll turn this way, so...”

“Thanks, Professor Manning.” Then, right before he could at last begin her entrancement, she added, “but I think we both know how easy that chair spins.” Then another little titter, and she let him do his work. Not five minutes later, she had relaxed enough to succumb to hypnosis.

“Kira.”

“Mm.”

“Recite your lessons.”

A thin smile. The girl did love to show off what she knew. “Hypnosis works well for me. I like coming here. My therapist is helping me.” Gone was the weight component. Martin helped her, full stop. “My therapist can work wonders on my body. Our time together is relaxing and enjoyable. Coming here is a high priority. If I follow my therapist’s instructions, nothing can stop me from doing what we want.” *I want*, once. Now *we want*. Halfway there. “I trust Martin Manning. Coming here feels natural, rewarding, and good.”

Then she said them again. And again. By the sixth time, she could no longer hide the way she was pawing at her tits. Following the tenth, he interceded to guide her specifically to the parts more conducive to coming.

“I trust Martin Manning,” she panted, thighs rubbing together. He was pretty sure she had a hand working plaintively at her clit through her clothes, too. “Coming here... high priority. Love coming here. Natural. Rewarding, coming here. Gooooood.”

Martin rolled his chair closer, inch by inch, utterance by utterance. When Kira finally managed to jerk her stubborn top up high enough to get to her bra – correction: where her bra would be if she hadn’t already tugged it over her tits through her top – Martin was at her side. He had excuses ready, a bullshit sandwich about building trust with a side order of *you said you were frightened but wouldn’t say of what, and I was so worried about you*, (phase 2.3™) but Kira didn’t care. In fact, with his breath brushing across her biceps as he bade her to tell him, again and again, how much she loved coming here, she merely rolled onto her back, eyes staring through eyelids and attic and roof and space at stars exploding in her pussy. The little tart had undone the fastenings on her pants and slipped a hand inside her panties. He’d thought she was warming up, but she’d snuck in a come before he could sneak six feet across the office.

Her fingers still wriggled spasmodically inside her pale pink panties, riding out her orgasm as best she could. He gave her a moment, but no more than, before it was time to put that energy to use. “How did that feel, Kira?”

“Mmmm. Good. Rewarding.”

“Even though I was here with you?”

Wrinkle. “Weird, but... dunno. Still good.” *Wrinkle. Wrinkle*. “Did *you* like it?”

If the force of gravity emanating from Kira’s mostly bared boobs would permit it, Martin’s head would have snapped back. Gravity, however, is a force determined by

mass and distance, and those tits were awfully close, and awfully massive. It was enough to hold him in his orbit, but didn't do anything to address his alarm.

Had that been... a question? Questions weren't unique in the history of hypnosis – had Stacey asked him something, once or twice? – but it was unheard of in Kira. Kira listened. Kira followed instructions. Kira showed up for the relaxation, and probing her circumstances did not relax her. So what the hell was this?

There were two answers:

1) “Yes, I loved it. You're so fucking hot.”

2) “No, as a professional, I don't think of you that way.”

There was no third option, no middle ground. Even a man of limited game like Martin Manning knew that there was no woman yet born who wanted to hear a man hem and haw on the subject of if or whether she got them hot. But which did Kira hope to hear? That her trust in the good intentions of her therapist were well-placed? Or that she was a babe, and no man could resist her?

“Professor Manning?” she prompted, nose wrinkling in frustration.

So, as so often seemed to be the ideal *modus operandi* when working with this particular patient, Martin asked himself what Stacey Reeves would have wanted to hear...

“Yes. You were incredible. Thank you, Kira,” he said warmly.

... and said the opposite.

“Mmmm. Yeah?” She grinned fetchingly.

“I wouldn't lie to my favorite patient.”

“Mmmm. So nice. I love coming here.” A giggle, as if he was oblivious to her other meaning. If there were even two meanings to that term any more. But his method had not failed, and this would be an instructive moment when it came time to plan the next future phases of plan 2. Whether or not her waking self called it “weird,” deep down, she wanted her audience to know she was a hottie first and a patient second.

“Kira, while you're... enjoying yourself, I want to ask you some questions about sex. Would that be all right?”

Wrinkle. “Do you have to?”

“I think it will help. Do you trust me?”

“Mmm. Trust Professor Manning.” So much that she still hadn't taken her hands out of her panties or off of her exposed tit.

“How many boys have you dated since coming to Lakeview, would you say?” He hoped that was a softball. These sorts of interviews worked better incrementally rather than diving in with *Did you like how Stacey's tongue tasted better before or after she shoved it in your box?* A good¹ hypnotist built to that.

A slow train of segues was easier on that part of the mind seeking reasons to disbelieve. As la Mesmer, he'd go for the quick trance – legit, if he thought he saw

¹ “good” here shall be construed to mean “evil – but talented”

someone sufficiently trusting, but usually with his plant, Holly, a.k.a. Naomi. Start with an innocuous query about height, then is your hair color real, from there to are your boobs real, then cup size, then what color bra today, then panties, and if the audience was digging it, a query about how she maintained her ladyscape.

He discovered Naomi was lying about her height in between her audition and their first public show, when she'd bragged on her "cleverness" for tricking him into believing an extra three inches. It took over a year before he discovered she'd lied about the cup size and shave job, but he had found himself much more willing to pat her on the back for her cunning with her giant amazing tits in his face.

Martin watched as Kira counted on her fingers. As she started her second round on her hand, she shook her head, then got confused and started over. "Nine, I think," she said uncertainly. "Depends if you count Barrett and Keith."

"Why wouldn't you count them?"

"Only made out with Keith at a frat party at Tau Psi. Went down on him, let him play with my boobs. Never actually *dated*. And Barrett and I were supposed to go out Saturday, but I canceled, told him I'd reschedule. Not sure if I will. Do you think I should?"

"Let's call it an even ten, then," Martin went on. Kira and her questions tonight, though this told him more than most of her answers. Namely, she was willing to take his advice on her love life. "So I take it you enjoy dating?"

"Mm. I guess. Something to do. Sometimes it's fun."

"You don't sound like you think it's fun."

Kira shrugged. Martin almost missed what she said as he was sucked in by the sight of bobbling titty. "Sometimes it's not. Kinda... meh."

"Why meh?"

"Lot of guys say they got game, but don't know what to do. Sex doesn't always feel good. Unsatisfied, lot of the time."

That was a version of sex Martin had a difficult time relating to. Once, perhaps, but it had been quite some time since he'd had a sexual encounter that hadn't been deliriously good. Naomi might not have been Stacey, but she was still Naomi.

"How many of these ten did you have sex with?"

Wrinkle. "Only two."

"Did either of them... satisfy you?"

"Christian was fun. One time we hooked up on the bottom bunk while Emma was up top. She was so mad." Kira giggled, but it gave way to a sigh. "But then he got pushy. Don't like pushy guys."

"What kind of guys do you like?"

Wrinkle. "For dating? Or for sex?"

An intriguing distinction. "Either."

"Never really done a long-term relationship. Four months, longest. Like hot guys. Faces. Muscles. Six-packs. Confidence." Idly, Martin wondered how many hot guys with

handsome faces and six-packs lacked confidence. “But... dunno. Thought that was what I liked, but maybe... nice guys? Older guys?”

He sat up straighter. “Maybe? Why maybe?”

Wrinkle. “Come here, with you, better than I ever have with any other guy. Like, by a ton.” *Wrinkle*. “Is that bad?”

Her words set fire to plans 1 and 3, and significant portions of 2. Why did this girl always have to make it so goddamn easy for him to be so goddamn horrible?

“Why do you like coming here, Kira?”

“Natural. Rewarding. Good.” She teased a few synchronized circles around her nipple and clit.

“So if coming here is good, it can’t be bad, can it?”

She giggled. “Mmm. Good point. Can I...?”

“You can come here whenever you want, Kira. Any time.”

“Mmmm. S’what she said.” She giggled, but didn’t stop touching herself. Martin ordered her to keep repeating it as she ramped up toward another orgasm.

“Can come here whenever I want. Any time. Can come here whenever I want. Any time,” she murmured. Her shorts were around her knees now, and her panties around her hips. Two fingers (or was it three? his vantage point was imperfect) plunged in and out of her pussy noisily, messily.

“Can I ask you some more questions while you play?”

“Mmmm. Anything. So long as I can keep coming.”

“Of course you can. Any time, remember?”

“Mmmm. Remember.”

Back to those leading questions. “Have you ever been asked out on a date by another girl?” Martin kept his tone gentle, his phrasing as innocent as he could. Keeping this dialogue away from Stacey was the only way to have a chance that she wouldn’t clam up.

Perhaps it was the present distraction, or that she kept such thoughts distinct from family, but in any case, Kira’s round button nose barely wrinkled as she answered. “Yeah. Once by my friend Carrie. Like, years ago. And once at Lakeview, on my birthday.”

Recently. Interesting. “How did it make you feel?”

“With Carrie... felt bad. Didn’t want to hurt her feelings. Didn’t want...” Suddenly her whole body shuddered, a gasp of air sucked down into her chest. From what she went on to say, there was no telling whether it was the dreaded S-word or she’d simply gotten a brush against her g-spot. “Didn’t want Stacey to think I was like Mom. And I wasn’t into Carrie. Not like that.”

“What about on your birthday?”

Without further theatrics, Kira went on edging herself as she dazedly told the story of a girl at Vapor who’d started dancing with her, then offered to buy her a drink. “Didn’t take it, though.”

“Why not?”

“Friends watching. Would’ve been... I dunno. Weird.”

Martin let her pull on her nipple as he thought how to craft the follow-up question. “Was she attractive?” Yes. That was good. Not *were you attracted to her* – not there yet. He’d needed months to nudge an admission of Stacey’s sexuality from her. Kira was far less guarded, but still, a topic that sensitive that might still take–

“Kinda. On the big side. Good for dancing, but I like skinnier girls. Skinnier than me, at least.”

Seconds. It might take seconds, to receive an instantaneous confession from the first question he probed the subject with. “Kira... are you bisexual?”

She nodded, driving her hips to meet her fingers. “Mm. Didn’t I tell you that? Like, first session? Not embarrassed of it. All my friends know. Pretty sure everybody in class knows, too.”

What? What the actual fuck?! “Does Stacey know?”

Wrinkle wrinkle. Wrinkle. “No. Never. Don’t tell family that stuff. Mom’s... ugh. Dad would tell her if he knew. Tell Stacey too, probs.”

As she resumed enthusiastically fucking 60% of the digits on her left hand, Martin excused himself, snatching his laptop off his desk and bringing up the folder full of ideas, contingencies, mantras and interrogations that he’d spent the past five months working up. His new plans were too new to serve as a file structure – he’d only had time to contemplate the basics. That wasn’t to say he was disorganized, however. *To get her talking* was one he’d updated only that afternoon before she came over. *Gay thoughts*, that one he’d spent much of July tooling, brainstorming ways to get a straight girl’s imagination going. *Suggestive scenarios* and *think about it like this* really ought to have been merged into one file of imagination exercises designed to get her questioning her hetero cred. *Cure for homophobia*(™) he’d titled as a joke, but had done some work drafting questions that would guide even an open bigot like he’d been fucking told Kira Reeves was towards twenty-first century wokeness.

He highlighted the folder, then tapped the delete key.

His chair awaited him at her side, and he quickly settled back into his front row seat to the Kiralympics. “If you’re bisexual, why haven’t you ever dated a girl before?”

Wrinkle. “Didn’t know it for long time. Thought... I dunno. Maybe Stacey being how she is fucking with my head? Once I knew it... Couldn’t bring one home, back home. Here, just haven’t met that many. Not a ton of us out there.” *Wrinkle.* “Not hot ones, anyway.”

“What about a threesome? Have you ever fantasized about that?”

She nodded, panting for a few breaths before digging back in with a plaintive mewl of lust. “Mmmm. Yeah. So frigging hot. Yes. Don’t know how it would be irl, but fun to imagine. Oh! But only with a boy and a girl. Not two guys.” *Wrinkle.*

Martin shook his head. How could this be so easy? Once upon a time, he’d wondered if Dr. Rivers had played some part in helping set this up, if Stacey had

somehow gotten to her the way she'd gotten to him. It was a lot to take on faith, the arrival of a hot, horny, hypnosis-ready girl, pre-packaged with exhibitionism, an attraction to "older nice men," as she'd quickly come to see him. Now this, pre-ignited bisexuality waiting for him to discover and activate.

But it wasn't a scam, no hoax, nothing from Dr. Rivers or anyone else making Kira into this walking bullseye for his fetish. One didn't conduct as much hypnotic fuckery as Martin Manning without recognizing the fingerprints. If Stacey ever found herself in a trance before Dr. Rivers, it wouldn't take that woman the whole hour of their session to recognize what had been done to the girl, and by whom.

None of what he was seeing needed suggesting. This was who Kira was. The perfect goddamn prey. And for such an imperfect predator².

When he didn't say anything for a while, that spark of self-indulgence in her spawned yet another question. "Do you like my boobs, Professor Manning?" she asked in a small voice, massaging the both of them, her head turned toward him but with eyes shut tight. Thin lines of wetness decorated the one from where her fingers glistened with her come.

Martin didn't dare answer. He had glimpsed where that path led. She had already derailed his contingencies for plan 2 by abrogating the need to probe her sexuality. Simple motives led to careless mistakes. "If I could find a girl – a hot girl – who wanted to be with you, would that interest you?"

Wrinkle. "Be with me? Like, for sex?"

"Yes. Sex."

Wrinkle wrinkle. Her self-lubed hand slid down her stomach and back between her legs. "And she's hot? Like, really hot?"

"Yes."

Wrinklewrinklewrinklewrinklewrinkle. Pity at those facial contortions almost bade him pat her poor, tortured cheeks as she warred with her question. What had he...?

"As hot as Stacey?"

Ah. God, what twisted paths and ruts had this poor girl's big sister warped into that brain? The bandaid on his broken heart ripped right off as once more he confronted the fallout from that calamitous night. To make oneself so vulnerable chasing a moment of passion, only to find that the chase led down a cliffside from which there was no stopping, no return. It sickened him anew to realize what side he had taken, agreeing to dupe the girl into falling down the cliff all over again, only this time, to be kept down there in perpetuity.

And yet...

Hearing her say the name, hearing her hold up Stacey as the gold standard of hotness... so help him, even as the more noble lobes of his brain despaired, the more primal ones held no such qualms. There was no stopping the revival of that cherished

² This comment is a product of Martin Mannin's self-reflection, and should in no way be construed to deny that Stacey Reeves may well be, in context, the perfect predator.

mental image. Two dark manes of hair, side by side, feasting on his cock, competing gently but doggedly for who would get to be the lucky one to be rewarded with his cum. Cum neither of them had wanted before he'd reached into their minds and made them crave it. Stacey, unable to resist suckling at Kira's tits, but so grateful to Martin that she joined Kira in insisting he share the same nipple, their tongues dancing across the girl's plump red areolae. Kira, dizzy with the lust he'd implanted in her innocent young mind, asking him with bashful greediness if it would be all right if she made out with her sister while riding his cock.

"Almost exactly as hot as Stacey," he answered, licking his lips.

"Mmmmm." Before he knew what was happening, before he could even wonder if he wanted to stop her, her hand was on his leg. Only the calf, but it pulled at his rolling chair with more urgency than he could resist. The therapist's knee rested against the patient's elbow as the attached arm went back to boob-fondling. The way her body shuddered with each breath, there was no doubt she wanted that contact, wanted more, would stop him from withdrawing if he tried.

"That would be cool," she exhaled.

"Repeat after me, Kira. I want Professor Manning to set me up with hot girls." Too bold by half, but it would test if she could be pushed into—

"I want Professor Manning to set me up with hot girls."

Martin's cock strained at his zipper. "Ten more times.

"Mmm. I want Professor Manning... mmm... to set me up with, ungh, hot girls." Her thighs slowly spread apart and clapped back together as she chanted. In her state, counting was beyond her. Martin counted in her stead. When she was rounding nineteen bound for twenty, he realized he'd forgotten to stop her at ten.

"Repeat after me. I trust Martin Manning to set me up with girls."

"I trust... Professor Manning to set me up with hot girls." Not exact, but good enough. Good enough to start her on another ten that turned into another eighteen, since she started coming at ten and he didn't have the heart to stop any part of it. Somewhere along the way, the artfully painted fingernails clutching his leg left some scratches as they dug under his pant leg; gently, he pulled them out from under the cuff. Kira had found his hand, then, though. She steered his grasp to her tit, groaning delightedly when he reflexively gave it a little squeeze.

Had Naomi's tits been this big? This incredible? He could hardly remember fondling another set before.

"Do you like being touched like this?"

"Mmmm, love having my boobs played with... Don't stop, please..." the barely conscious slut on his couch moaned in response.

"Repeat after me. I love it when Professor Manning plays with my boobs. He can play with them any time."

“Mmmm, yes, love it when Professor Manning plays with my boobs,” she panted. He gave a little squeeze as she proceeded, gritting his teeth – no notion as to why – as she grunted out the second half. “He can play with them all the time.”

All the time? “Ten more times, Kira.”

By the time she hit six, he was kneeling beside the couch, one plump tit in each hand, his lips suctioned tightly around one nipple. At ten he wasn’t done, so he let her keep going. With every repetition, she was less and less cognizant of what it was she was saying. The particulars varied from one repetition to the next.

“Please play with my boobs, Professor Manning. Never stop, all the time.”

“Play with my boobs whenever you want, Professor Manning. Any time, whenever, I don’t care.”

“Frigging *love it* when Professor Manning plays with my boobs. Want more, any time, all the time.”

It was reckless, letting her rewrite the script like that, but right then, he lacked the wherewithal to stop her. At... thirty? (fifty? a hundred?) he came up for air while she squealed out another elated orgasm, and he saw the clock was running down.

“Do you think this session went well, Kira?”

When his hands left her chest, she snatched them back, pressing them into the tender flesh. “Mmmm. Yes. More like this. More. Can go long. I’ll skip evening class. Please.”

Tempting, but...

No, he couldn’t. Who knew what she’d miss in class? He certainly didn’t trust her to inform him of serious conflicts. There was probably nothing big, though. The odds of it being some huge exam she couldn’t sob her way into a retake of were remote enough that, yeah, maybe he could...

No. No! He had no plan at this point. Kira might have remained entranced through a half dozen orgasms, but that was no guarantee she would continue to do so if he pressed onwards. Where was her breaking point? If he kissed her? If he touched her pussy? If he spread her legs and fucked her right there on the same sofa he’d toyed with her hypnotized sister on so many times and in so many ways? The girl was having the time of her life – it might be kinder, in fact, to...

No. “No.” There, he said no. Why was that so hard? *That’s what she said*, he thought, rolling his eyes at her for making him think the joke. “Do you want to be able to do this again in our next session?”

“Yes.”

“All right. Now there’s a technique I’ve used with patients before. It might be more than you’re willing to do, but I’ll explain, and you can–”

“I’ll do it. Tell me what it is. I’ll do anything. Love coming here. So rewarding. So good.” She pressed down on his hands, frustrated to be merely touched and not fondled.

“Kira, do you know what the word ‘mantra’ means?”

Not long after, a newly re-clothed Kira – one who had pouted the whole time he coerced her into putting her clothes back on, imploring him not once, but twice to take another feel of her tits – was already rehearsing on her way out the door.

“I trust Professor Manning. I want to understand my sexuality, and he can help me do that. I will give his relationship advice serious consideration. For now, I will not date or hook up with anyone he doesn’t approve.” (*Or hook up with* had been her suggestion to add, in fact, though with her conscious once more at the helm, she’d also been the one to haltingly nominate *for now* to preempt it.) “I’m completely comfortable being bisexual. I’m completely comfortable with Professor Manning’s therapy techniques.”

“You got it,” he assured her as they entered the vacant waiting room together.

“And if... if some of it doesn’t feel...” Kira grimaced.

“Even if it doesn’t feel totally true right now, this will help make it true. If you want more sessions like today, this is the best way to make that happen.”

“Today was...” Her grin was irrepressible, though her cheeks were merely rosy, not crimson. “Yeah. That was good. Super weird! But good. I feel... yeah. Wow.”

“I’m glad.”

“So... yeah, see you in class Wednesday, I guess?”

“That you will.”

Kira made her way to the door. There she paused. “Did you, um... put your mouth? On, um, me? Anywhere?”

“Uh... why, why would you, ah...”

“Nothing.” She gave a vigorous head shake. *Now* she was crimson. “I mean, my... my, um, boob? It’s kinda sticky. Is all. Not that... But yeah.”

He swallowed his cough drop a good deal louder than he would have preferred. Caught red-handed, his lie would be more damning than the truth. “You didn’t give me much choice, Kira. You were... pretty aggressive.”

“Oh. Oh gosh. I’m... sorry? I didn’t go all Stacey on you or anything did I? Oh god. I’m so sorry! I–”

Seeing the bloom of panic in her eyes, he silenced her with a hug, petting her hair like he would a dog on the Fourth of July. “It’s all right, Kira. You didn’t do anything wrong. In fact, you did a lot right. Understand?”

“Yeah?” she whimpered into his shoulder.

“You did great. *We* did great. And we’ll do better next time.”

When she let him release her, it was to treat him to that adorably gap-toothed smile. “You are something else, Professor Manning. Now I’m gonna go before I wreck everything. But I’ll see you in class, yeah? You nice man, you.”

Kira stayed late after class again that Wednesday. When he asked what was up, she stammered until he was sure she'd been about to invite him to touch her again. With a blush and a mumble, she swore she forgot what she'd stayed for and sprinted from the lecture hall, pausing only to smile over her shoulder at the end of the long hallway beyond. After the following day's discussion section, she hung back to apologize for the previous day's weirdness, insisting that she had only wanted to tell him that she was saying her mantras like he'd asked. That was it, she insisted. Nothing *weird*. Nothing *slutty*. Mantras. That was all.

"Do you think Stacey will be able to, you know, *hear stuff*?" She finished in a mortified whisper. "Tomorrow, I mean. When we... When I... you know. Do *that*."

"My office is sound-proofed for your complete privacy."

"Oh. Right. Yeah, I knew that. But good. Because... I mean, yeah, if I – when I – you know, that will be... Yeah. Better."

Her shirt was unbuttoned far more than appropriate, and she was standing far too close, her chest thrust out far too invitingly. "It will be fine, Kira."

"Yeah. It will be great. I mean, I hope. Not that I, you know, spend time hoping about it. Not that I don't think it will be good! And I'm talking too fast and too loud and too much. Ugh, shut *up*, Kira!"

Martin patted her on the shoulder. He would have sworn under oath that the tit accompanying that side tried to leap out of her neckline and into his palm. "I'll see you tomorrow, Kira. And keep saying that mantra for me."

"I will!" She lingered a moment, in one last vain hope he might reach out and seize his due, but he didn't, and she finally made herself depart unfondled. Plan 2 began muttering as she walked out the door.

Creeps

Chapter Nine

Plan 1 and Plan 2 – that is, the Reeves sisters – arrived ten minutes early that day, Stacey’s car sloshing through the thick puddles in the pothole-pocked parking lot outside the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. By the normal starting time, the younger Reeves was already in a trance, already professing her urgent need to come. With her already probing her erogenous zones, her therapist excused himself from the office and stole into the waiting room. The “receptionist wanted” sign had begun to yellow from exposure, and the tape wouldn’t hold much longer. Hopefully it wouldn’t need to. A few more dominos in place, and it could fall to the carpet and get sucked up by the vacuum.

First, though, those dominos.

Stacey glanced up from her phone. “Another week of letting her get freaky in solitude, huh? Ever planning to ramp things up, or are you slow-and-steadying your way through this whole thing?”

“First off, I’d take another six months if I thought it was the best way to go. Don’t rush me.”

Stacey let him issue the imperative with a wry smile. “Fair enough.”

“Second, we’re ramping up just fine. As are you, speaking of keeping things moving. If you’re ready.”

“Me, ready?” She crossed her legs a bit too smugly, or it would have been too smug for anyone without those perfect legs in that perfect skirt. “Finally ready for your bold new offer, eh? About time.”

“Today’s the day,” Martin confirmed. “I’ll start with what I want from you, and then I’ll tell you what you get in exchange.”

“Hit me.”

“Mantras.”

Stacey had anticipated the request, plainly. “Thought it might be the mantras again. That, or getting rid of the blanket when we... watch our little camgirl in there. Mantras.” Stacey took to her feet with a sigh. “How do you monitor that? I assume you aren’t accepting the honor system.”

The honor system had been precisely what he’d had in mind, but the way she laughed at the prospect had a way of correcting his few remaining generous assumptions of her character in a hurry. “Of course not. You can just Zoom me while you’re doing it.”

“And when you’re busy? I’m not rearranging my life for your curiosity, you mistrustful bastard.”

He admired the hips her hands now rested upon, then shrugged. “I’ll credit you a *little* honor.”

“Now that’s assuming I accept your offer in the first place. If I’m only getting more of the same, then why would I—”

“She’s in there, right now, ready to go to town on herself at my invitation. Agree, and you can come with me and watch. Live nude shows, baby – Vegas style.”

That, she had not expected. A testament to how far he’d kept her meddling at bay. Stacey’s mouth opened and closed several times before she managed to squeeze out any noise. “How do we know she won’t wake up? If she wakes up and sees me...”

“She won’t.”

“How do you know?”

“I knew with you when I could take things to the next level. I know with her. I know.”

She hesitated, but a single glance at the door to his office was all that was required. “What would I need to say, exactly?”

When she heard his proposal, she simply scoffed. He repeated it verbatim, no sales pitch, only words. This time he received a retort of “no fucking way am I saying that.” With a shrug, Martin strode to the door to the office and walked in. When she saw he wasn’t stopping her, Stacey followed. Her boots were noisy ones, heeled, and so it took a moment to remove them before she could safely follow him into the office. Waiting for them on the couch was Kira, resting comfortably on her back, eyes closed as always, as she chanted her own mantra under her breath. “...want to understand my sexuality, and he can help me do that. I will give his relationship advice serious consideration. For now—”

“Kira,” he interrupted.

“Mm.”

“Do you remember what we talked about, how we’re going to begin our sessions?” He gestured for Stacey to take a seat in his chair, but she was frozen in place just inside the door. There wasn’t really anything to even see yet, yet she clearly meant to observe anyway, Charlie Bucket peering through the window of the candy store.

“Mmm. Yes. Play with myself. Love coming here. Is it time yet?”

“It’s time.”

“Finally,” Kira breathed.

She spoke the words without even being prompted. There was no telling if Stacey could even hear her, her whole mind through her eyes. Kira made it easy, all right. Even Martin was impressed. Having been given permission, having received reassurances that her audience enjoyed it, having left the office earlier that week still trembling with ecstasy, there was no more hesitation. Off went her pants. Off went her top. Off went her panties – a thong, today. Off went her bra. Her socks, for some reason, remained, though not one of the three of them noticed.

Kira masturbated. Since it remained vacant, Martin took a seat in his chair and rolled boldly right up to where the girl’s smoothly tanned legs were parting on the couch. Unprompted, she worked on the old recitation, the one that seemed to kindle the fires of her unslakable lust while under his trance. “If I do what Professor Manning says,

nothing, mmm, nothing can stop me from doing what we, oh *frick frick frick*, what we want...”

He let her go for a time, watching as her body responded to her touch. Watching Stacey watch. When he felt it had gone on long enough, he intruded. “Do you like having your boobs played with?”

“Mmmm, love it. Love coming here. Love coming with my boobs.”

“Do you like it when *I* play with your boobs?”

“Hells yeah. Been thinking about it for days. Amazing. So wrong. Wrong is so hot.”

Stacey mouthed the words, but not even challengingly. Like she was savoring poetry. He tried to react like that was something he’d planted there, rather than Kira simply being kind of a kinky slut from the get-go.

Martin watched the elder Reeves as he continued. “What about if it was a girl? A hot girl. As hot as Stacey. Would you like it if a hot girl played with your boobs?”

“Mmmm, please, yes. Please approve her. Please. Touch my boobs.”

It looked like Stacey’s neck was failing her, somehow, her head lolling like she was drunk.

“All right now, Kira. We’re going to do an imagination exercise. Is that OK?”

“Do I have to stop playing with myself?”

He chuckled. “No. In fact, I want you to keep going.”

“Mmmm. Nice man. Thanks.”

“Do you want me to touch you, like I did last time?”

“Oh god, *please*,” she groaned, squeezing her tit in frustration that the task was relegated to her, and not her therapist.

“All right. In a moment, I will. But when I do, I want you to imagine it isn’t me, but a hot girl touching them. Instead of strong, rough men’s hands, think about how women’s hands would feel. Slender. Delicate. Soft.”

“Soooo soft.”

“That’s right. Just make sure you keep those big pretty eyes closed—”

Giggle. “You’re so nice, Professor Manning.”

“—or you’ll see it’s me, and it’ll ruin it. OK?”

“Mmm. OK.”

“Now what are you going to do?”

“Imagine your hands are hot girl hands. Keep eyes closed. Come.”

“Good girl.” With only a tiny creak, Martin regained his feet and gestured for the thunderstruck Stacey Reeves to replace him. Her lips twitched; she had a lot to say, but didn’t dare risk Kira hearing her voice. Then she went to slip past him, to partake of his generosity, but he caught her with a firm grip inside the back of her skirt.

A thong, Martin’s questing fingers noted. Like her sister.

“You’re going to say them?” he whispered.

“Yes,” said both Reeves sisters, the one merely mouthing. Kira, misapprehending, resumed her old mantra, basking in the urgency of coming in her therapist’s office. Martin released Stacey, and she took his seat, pink tongue caressing red lips as tremulous hands inched forward.

“Aren’t you going to touch me, Professor Manning?”

Bracing himself on Stacey’s shoulders so his voice would seem to come from the proper space, he answered softly, “Remember, Kira. I’m a hot girl right now. You can’t imagine I’m a hot girl if you call me by a man’s name, right? So what should you call me?”

Wrinklewrinkle. “Don’t know. Never been with hot girl.” The indignant narrowing of Stacey’s eyes was steadfastly ignored by Martin Manning.

“How about something generic? How about... mistress?”

Kira giggled at this amusing twist in their game. “OK. ‘Mistress.’ Touch me now? On my boobs? Pleeese?”

Stacey’s head whirled to face him so fast he worried he might have somehow given offense. Only when he took the measure of those dark pools did he realize it was something else. Gratitude?

No, deeper than that. Awe.

Stacey grabbed Kira’s tits.

“Oh, *FUCK.*” Kira groaned at the sudden contact, at the delicately manicured nails making furrows in the acres of her chest. For the first time, Martin wondered what Stacey’s taste in girls was? Was she a boob girl? Ass girl? Face girl? Did she just want someone soft and sexy to go down on her? Did she just want Kira?

Did she want herself, and Kira was the closest approximation she could find?

Whatever her taste, she was enjoying herself. That much was plain. They both were. The one with vocalization privileges moaned between babble about the wonders of coming in his office. The one without chewed on her lower lip to keep all the noise she wanted to make in. Even not participating, Martin was exultant. They were enjoying themselves, both of them. Tremendously. One didn’t know about the other, and the other would be perfectly happy to keep it a twosome with herself and the one. Still, one was giddy with the thought that he was squeezing her tits as some kinky lesbian game, and the other was so inured to his proximity to her sexual outbursts that she didn’t care that he was watching her play with her own sister’s plump round knockers.

How far could he let this go? As far as it had gone before? When they...

Fuck.

The specter of Kira’s story suddenly pressed at the corners of his mind. What happened in their cousin’s cabin, and what happened after on those docks. He’d thought himself resolute in his course, but watching this unfold, his stomach wanted to empty itself. What in the hell was he doing?

What followed this self-inflicted moral conundrum was a brief dialogue with himself. Martin wanted it to be an argument, so he could at least *say* the right thing in

case the other him won the argument, even if only inside his own head. Instead, it took the form of a series of half-hearted excuses, offered to his id in order to allow himself to grease up the slope nice and slippery, so he could slide down it without disrupting the vista.

She's enjoying herself. Maybe this will heal both of them, somehow. They'll thank me when we're through. Kira was having a hard time finding a girl, anyway. I'm not even charging her. That last one almost choked him even in the privacy of his own inner dialogue, but swallow it he did, and onwards he allowed things to proceed, conscience sufficiently buffered.

It was an infantile level of self-absorption, but to be fair...

Um...

At least he wasn't...

Hmm. No. That is, yes, he was.

Well, best not to be fair.

In any event, whatever the moral outlook, it was a necessary stepping stone. If it had to happen, he wouldn't be any less guilty if he enjoyed himself as it unfolded. It was an easy delusion to justify what he was about to revel in doing, so long as he didn't think about it. Martin's professional experience ran primarily to prohibiting *other* people from thinking too much about ludicrous propositions. Perhaps it was time he indulge himself in that, if only a little.

"Mmmmm, your hands, mistress... so soft... do you want to touch my pussy? You can touch it if you want."

And there ended Martin's capacity for internal chit-chat, much less ethical analysis. He shook his head at Stacey, who grudgingly nodded acquiescence. "Later, Kira. I will later."

"Thank you, 'mistress.'" She giggled. "Mmm, my therapist – my *mistress* – can work wonders on my body..."

While Martin's brain trudged through the waist-deep mud of temptation, Stacey was wasting no time. She worked her sister's nipples. Squeezed those titties until they oozed between her fingers. Caressed them in ways only a veteran lesbian knew how.

"Oh gawd oh gawd oh gawd oh gawd oh gawd oh *GAWD!*" exclaimed Kira. She'd stopped playing with herself, instead rubbing and squeezing shapely thighs as she let Stacey take the reins of her pleasure.

It had been obvious that watching this unfold would be hot. Martin had not been prepared for *how* hot, however. It shouldn't be. It was wrong, so wrong that even he had qualms, but in this moment, the pleasure principle was trampling all others.

On impulse, he once again took control of Stacey by the waistband of her skirt, lifting her out of the chair. It only half-worked; those tits would not be abandoned so easily. So instead she found herself bent perpendicular at the waist as Martin inserted himself in his vacated chair. He'd meant to simply seat her in his lap, but with her ass in his face, standing would do fine, he decided. Stacey's skirt was loose-fitting, floral,

would have been more at home in a church or a funeral parlor than a therapy session. With her return to mantras, he'd have her dressing properly again in no time. The skirt slipped over her backside easily, and he put a color to the texture of the thong. Blue. A rich, royal blue, for his queen.

Independently, but in tandem, all three of them took things to the next level.

Kira whipped her pillow from underneath her head and seized it between her thighs, holding it in place as she humped the flannel pillowcase she'd supplied some weeks earlier.

Stacey, with impressive swiftness, threw her hair in a ponytail using a scrunchy he hadn't even noticed wrapped around her wrist. Hair secured, she bent double and wrapped her lips around an invitingly engorged nipple.

Martin peeled down her royal blue thong, and buried his face in Stacey's pussy.

"I. LOVE! COMING! HERE!"

Martin licked. Stacey sucked. Kira humped.

"Shh," he cautioned Stacey when he sensed she was nearing an orgasm of her own. The sense was long disused, yet had not dulled a whit.

"Sorry, Prof... Sorry, mistress! Try to... to keep it d... keep it... keep coming..." Kira wheezed, saturating her pillow with a fresh burst of cum that only intensified the vigor of Stacey's tongue.

Kira came three more times (although one might have simply been one intense minute-long orgasm) before Stacey at last stiffened and rewarded Martin's efforts with a sploosh of her own. She collapsed down into his lap, thong wrapped around the tops of slender thighs, not even complaining when he held her upright with two handfuls of her own perky tits. How long since he'd been permitted to squeeze these things? How much of his life had he assumed bigger tits were always better? He still couldn't rank the Reeves girls' tits for the life of him.

"No more mistress?" whimpered Kira as her tits went unattended.

"Keep playing with yourself," Martin instructed her through a mask of pony tail. Once the girl was creating some noise cover for him with her panting, he dropped his voice to a whisper for Stacey's ears only. "Go on and wait for me in the waiting room, OK?"

Stacey Reeves nodded, too dazed to respond even if she could do so in her sister's presence. She made it halfway across the office before her thong dropped from her thighs to her ankles. Her stumble was stopped from ruining three lives only because she'd had the presence of mind to remove her boots earlier.

Martin barely knew what to do with Kira any more. Her subconscious was ready for so much more than her conscious mind that it was hard to imagine any mantra that would both be acceptable to her and still move her forward. Her subconscious had just invited him to pretend he was a girl – a girl who, in her mind's eye, was either her sister, or one inspired by that muse – and then invited him to finger her to orgasm while

sucking her nipples clean off her tits. Her waking mind might be a slut, but it still had a few lines drawn in the sand.

It was the conscious he needed to address, then. He prepared to wake her up.

Then he saw Stacey's lipstick smeared across her breasts. He had her masturbate anew while he "fondled" her as a pretense to wipe, lick and suck it off.

Then he woke her up. This time, rather than allow her to forget everything that had happened, he encouraged her to remember how she'd felt, what she'd thought. It would likely be fuzzy, not altogether coherent, but in time, it was a tool that might help bridge the gap.

"How do you feel?" he asked an awakened Kira.

She was dressed again, composed and put together aside from a little disorder to her hair. Somehow, despite the superior display he'd just witnessed, the simple sight of her in her ordinary state was still enough to keep him rock hard.

"Horny," Kira blurted. She clapped a hand over her mouth, words barely intelligible through it. "I'm so sorry! I shouldn't say things like that to my teacher!"

Martin smiled that reassuring smile she'd given him so much practice at. "Kira, you know what I saw you doing. I don't think a word is going to shock me, after that."

"I... It was shocking?" Her eyes glanced down to his lap. "Man, I am becoming queen of the blue balls, aren't I?"

"Huh?"

"I keep coming here and... doing that, and you just sit and watch and... I feel bad! Even though, um, I guess there's nothing I can do about it..."

It was a suitable subject for scholarly debate, whether or not there had been a suggestive question mark at the end of that utterance. It wasn't as if Kira hadn't sucked anyone off before, and her pussy was doubtless revved up like never before. Yet it was equally plausible that it had been a simple, awkward statement of sympathy. She was nice; she certainly believed he was nice. It could be merely that.

But maybe, just maybe, she was wet and wild and ready to pounce cunt-first on his cock so hungrily that his cum would shoot up out of her throat.

Many things were possible.

"I'll be fine," he assured her.

She frowned, but dropped it. "So, did we, you know, make progress today? I sure hope so. Otherwise I'm only coming here so I can play with myself for an audience. Man, that would be..." Her tongue snaked out, soothed her lips. "Bad."

"We did. I'm starting to think that what might be best for you is to explore a relationship – or at least, go on a date and see where it goes – with another woman."

"Yeah? Man, that'd be... Yeah! I'd be down for that. If you can find me one who's not too butch or whatever, holla at your girl, Professor Manning." Her eyes widened as she went to set her pillow back where she usually laid her head, obviously feeling its dampness in the flannel. Her inviting expression gave way to a wince, but she said nothing of it. He let her have the fig leaf.

“I’ll keep my eyes open. In the meantime, there was...” He tried to look uncomfortable. It was difficult when he felt that smug. “Something you said. In your trance. That I thought, maybe, we ought to address.”

“Oh no. Oh crap no. What did I say?”

“Well, you said...” He tugged at his collar. “There’s no delicate way to put this, so I’ll just come right out and say it. You said you were hoping I would touch your breasts.”

Her eyes went from squinting nervous to horrified agog in a flash. “Awake?! Or, um, while I was under?”

“You didn’t specify, and I can’t quote the dialogue since we’re not recording any more, for obvious reasons.” Her cheeks flushed as she realized she’d never even thought to ask him to stop on her own. “But my sense was you meant it awake, especially, but maybe either.”

“Oh gosh. I’m so sorry. I swear, I’m not trying to get myself in trouble! Please don’t be mad!”

“I’m not mad, Kira. I’m... I don’t know. I only wanted to make sure that, whatever feelings you’re processing, we keep them confined to my office, all right?”

“So... you’re saying it’s OK if I ask you to feel me up here?”

Was her tone hopeful? Jibing? Resentful? Teasing? He honestly couldn’t tell.

“I’m saying here, you can say anything you want and there’s no judgment. But if my beautiful young female student keeps pinning me into a corner with her cleavage after class – and I don’t say anything to reprimand her – there could be trouble for both of us. Do you understand?”

Kira nodded, eyes downcast. “Yes. I understand.”

“Are you OK? I didn’t mean to embarrass you. It’s not your fault, OK?”

“It feels like my fault. I swear, I’m usually not such a slut. There’s just something about y... your office.” She winced at the transparent sidestep of what she’d initially intended to say.

“Hey. Hey.” He snapped his fingers until she had no choice but to look up. “You’re all right. I’ll keep saying it until you believe me. No judgments in here. Ever.”

“OK. If you say so.”

He put his hands on his hips. “No. You’re not leaving this office until I can see that you know I don’t think any less of you.”

“I... I, um...”

Martin allowed himself a casual chuckle. Two chums talking through a humorous misunderstanding. “Let’s do it like this. Kira, ask me to touch your boobs.”

“Professor Manning!”

“It’s nothing you haven’t done already today. Just ask, and trust me. You trust me, right?”

Kira nodded, deep red hair in a flurry. “I do. I trust you. But...” She sighed. “No. There’s nothing to be embarrassed about with Professor Manning. From the mantra, you know?”

“I know. Go on.”

She took a deep breath, then finally dragged her gaze off her shoes and locked eyes with him, as earnest as he'd ever seen her. “Professor Manning, I want you to touch my boobs.” The rest of the breath came out in a *whoof*. “There. I said it. That... wasn't so bad.”

Martin smiled proudly. “Exactly. And, to show you I'm not judging... are you actually asking me to, or are you only asking because I told you to?” He raised his hands at the wrist, but no more.

Even that was enough to render her cheeks scarlet. “I... I, um... I guess, ah, because I... I mean, because *you*. Yeah. Because you told me to.”

He nodded, as if the difference meant nothing to him. “Well OK, then. You keep saying your mantra, and I'll see you again next week. We'll get there, OK?”

She threw her arms around him in a hug before heading for the door. What would she do if he just grabbed her ass in the midst of it? Fuck him on the spot? Somehow, the idea that she would take offense was becoming harder and harder to swallow. Her subconscious remained in the lead, but her slutty, slutty conscious mind was racing to catch up. For now, though, he left her rounded ass ungroped. Not yet. Just a few more dominos to go before everything, and everyone, was in place.

“Send Stacey in, would you?”

“You got it.”

He watched her ass shake as she practically skipped to the door. “Your turn,” she said simply to the woman on the other side.

Stacey brushed past her sister with a cold sneer that bloomed into an elated smile as she closed the door behind her. “We are gonna fuck the shit out of that girl.”

Martin smiled, but as he tucked Kira's pillow back into the cabinet on the shelf above Sherri's, he couldn't help but ask himself again: *Are we?*

At last, the discovery phase was behind him, and his plans were in motion. Every week made for fresh progress with his patients. The dominos, at last, began to fall.

During her next session, Sherri finally entered a trance. Like with Stacey the year before, it was tentative in the extreme early on. The first taste of anything personal snapped her out of it, and it took half the session to get her there, but under she went. There was nothing nefarious he even wanted to try with her while she was vulnerable, but so long as he kept to her stated purpose – coping with her anguish over Stacey – the redheaded sorority girl didn't disrupt his long-awaited opportunity to properly ogle that smoking hot body of hers. She had been a good match for Stacey. Physically, at least. Admiring the conservatively attired DAT girl was solid voyeurism, but that wasn't his kink, nor was it worthy of commentary compared to his sessions with the Reeves. Nevertheless it helped pass the time while listening to her repeat "I want payback on Stacey Reeves," "Stacey Reeves was a bad partner and should pay for what she did to me," "I will take pains to make Stacey Reeves jealous of me," and of course the usual "I trust Mr. Manning."

After the literal taste Martin had given Stacey, she was fast becoming as malleable as she had ever been. The mantras she'd scoffed at before pawing at Kira's tits were accepted with only token reservation during their next session. It was mostly old lines from last year, some of it modified to include Kira. "I enjoy being touched by Martin and Kira. When we're together, they can touch me however they want and I will revel in it. I want to be Martin Manning's good girl so he'll let me enjoy Kira." She'd repeat them for him awake, repeated them for him on the phone, texted him to snark that she'd said them and he hadn't even made her. When she pressed him on how much longer he thought it would take, he playfully added "I can play with Kira as soon as Martin says she's ready."

Was she using some annoying trick to subvert his influence again? Maybe. Her behavior at their sessions didn't suggest as such, at least, and certainly the occasional reinforcement in the form of a fresh video of Kira pawing at herself like a woman possessed sapped her of at least some of her oppositional defiance.

As for Kira, he didn't reinvoke Stacey into their sessions again, but those recorded snippets from their interactions became a regular occurrence. She kept it spicy, too. The week following her unwitting acceptance of Stacey's touch was Halloween; Stacey dropped off a few slutty costumes. All he had to do to get Kira in them was to remind her of the holiday to normalize it, then assure her it would entice him to touch her again. Sexy kitten, sexy cop, and of course the very same French maid uniform he'd been treated to Stacey cleaning in back in the spring. He'd thought it looked divine on Stacey, but on Kira, it was more devilish than the black leather devil costume that had preceded it. Her rounded bottom couldn't be contained beneath the skirt, and her tits oozed and bobbled and flounced out of the neckline.

Stacey left the Halloween party her DAT sisters had been invited to in order to visit him in his office. They watched the video together on his couch, both of them

masturbating in the open as they watched Kira stumble around the office dusting with one hand, fingering herself with the other, while Martin followed behind humping and groping at his leisure.

The week after that, he accepted Kira's invitation to finger her pussy. Stacey greedily licked his fingers clean when she came in for her time.

By the second week of November, Kira was comfortable sitting on his lap while she masturbated. By the third, he weaponized her guilt over being the "queen of blue balls" to induce her to pleasure the both of them at once. The performance was lackluster, but the fact that it was happening at all was validation of his efforts. During that same session, she stayed late – no Stacey waiting for her that week – to tell him she felt like she needed to know what it would feel like to be touched by him.

"You don't know how it is. Like, I think about our sessions all the time. Not 'all the time' all the time like some total creeper, but you know what I mean. It's so freaking *good*, Professor Manning. So much better and more intense than anything I've ever had with anyone, and I... I know you're my teacher, and my therapist, but please. Just once. I need to know if it's some sketchy little impulse in my subconscious, or... or if..."

He didn't make her finish the sentiment. Curious how she'd react, he replied with a simple command. "If you really want it, Kira. Take your shirt off."

"Oh! You mean... bare...?!" Martin froze at his overreach, but Kira performed like Kira and immediately adjusted her therapist's reach to be within his grasp. "Oh. Yeah, I guess you've already, um, seen... yeah. So... the heck with it, why not. Probly feel better." With no further fanfare, she lifted her sweater off over her head. Her breasts glistened in places where he'd been sucking on her minutes earlier. They'd never addressed what he'd been doing to her during their sessions except when she was in a trance. Still, she wasn't surprised to find her nipples freshly sucked. He waited for her to realize he wanted the bra gone, too. He didn't wait long. Kira barely hesitated to strip for him. She wanted to know if it could be as good as those tantalizing orgasms she couldn't quite remember.

Martin said not a word. When he moved on her, it wasn't in some timid *Is this OK, sweetie?* fashion. He felled her backwards onto the couch, following her down, and landing with his mouth on one gyrating tit and his hand on the other. He didn't take long, only a few minutes, exactly long enough for her to accept that she loved it, that her proposal for a feel had turned into having her tits sucked until he bored of it and that she was shockingly comfortable with that.

"Well?" he said, standing suddenly.

Her eyes took a moment to refocus. "That... that was..."

He nodded. "I expected."

"What does that mean?" she asked, looking around for her bra, hardly caring when she didn't find it right away.

Martin had written a script for his diagnosis of her tangled-up mess of a subconscious, but it wasn't yet time to issue the final word. Close, but not yet. He told her to be patient.

"And in the meantime, we just keep... doing this? Is that, I dunno, unethical?"

The girl sounded more worried he would agree and put a stop to it than that they were crossing some line in the sand. Martin assured her they were getting closer to understanding her spontaneous (as far as she knew) masturbation. Soon, Martin promised, he would give her an opportunity to satisfy those boundless lustful urges with some TLC from their root cause. "A woman," he added quickly, vaguely, before she could assume he'd meant the dreaded specific of Stacey. "Soon."

Kira looked disappointed he didn't have some hot slut waiting in the closet for her. Then she looked for her absent bra and sweater.

That same week with Stacey, he asked her to bring his dildo, the one he'd sculpted to be identical to his own cock. Sometime since he'd last seen it in the spring, she'd written *Mesmer* along the length of it. Oddly endearing. At his direction, she stuffed her pussy full with the thing while they watched their purloined Kira porn. He updated the mantra, and had her recite it while she watched him fingerblast her little sister's cunt. As before, with some new additions. "I love the feel of Martin Manning's cock in my pussy. I'm a good, straight girl for Martin Manning. I get off watching him play with Kira. I want to watch him play with Kira. Watching him exercise his control over Kira makes me so horny."

The next week, she said it sitting naked on his lap. When he told her the dampness she felt on the back of her legs was where Kira had come a short time earlier, she knelt before him and licked his thighs clean. His cock twitched so hard it tapped her on the forehead. She doled out a sly peck on the tip, but no more, as she relentlessly fucked herself with the dildo.

"Martin, you might get me better than anyone else ever has," she said, sucking the dildo clean. She still wasn't sucking his cock, quite, but the closest thing.

"Oh come on. You and Kira used to be close. And, what was that cute little redhead's name? Sherri?"

Her eyes narrowed. "Sherri loved me. But she didn't understand me. She wanted us to get married, be a power couple, edgy lesbians, coming home from high-paying corporate gigs and ripping one another's pant suits off and scissoring each other stupid."

"Scissoring? Is... is that an actual thing?"

Stacey resumed her place on his lap. "Everything is a thing. Anyway, yeah. The sex was always good. Not great, but good. But honestly, by the end of the year, I was starting to look forward to our sessions almost as much as date night with my hot redheaded girlfriend – a woman who eats pussy like Guy Fieri eats molten hot chicken wings."

On a whim, Martin scraped up a dribble of the come trickling down her thighs and sucked it off his finger. "Flavor town, baby."

She swatted him in the arm, but only half-heartedly. Three-quarters-heartedly, anyway. “Don’t be an idiot. Anyway, my point is that I had to put up a front around her – for obvious reasons. Can’t tell most people what I really want. Guess I got lucky to run into a kinky dude like yourself who doesn’t mind some hard core debauchery, so long as he gets to be in on it.”

He settled a hand on her perfectly toned naked ass; she didn’t object. “Must be hard, having to keep living with her after everything.”

“For her, maybe. I moved on. She’s had six months. If she can’t do the same, that’s on her.”

Sherri, meanwhile, was trying her best to do the same. By the time Thanksgiving break came and went, she was increasingly dancing to his tune. “The best way to forget Stacey Reeves is to level the playing field. Until we’re even, things will never feel right. I want to do to Stacey Reeves exactly what she did to me. I want to get back at Stacey Reeves, and Mr. Manning is the only one who knows her well enough to help me do that. I’ll do whatever it takes to forget Stacey. I... Hold it.”

Martin folded his hands in his lap innocently. “What?”

Sherri looked up from where he’d written down her newest mantra. “What is *that* doing there?” she asked, holding out the card and stabbing it with a red fingernail.

He leaned in, though he knew what it said without having to see his handwriting. “What’s the problem?”

“Seriously, Mr. Manning? You’ve done a good job so far, and I tru... I’m starting to trust you. But really, ‘I need to look my hottest at Mr. Manning’s office?’ Is that some kind of joke?”

“Oh shit!” He slapped his forehead, as if he’d forgotten. “Sorry, that was actually your idea. Once in a while I forget you don’t remember everything from our sessions like I do.”

“Are you serious? You expect me to believe that I told you that deep down, I want to dress up like some male fantasy for you? I wouldn’t do that for my girlfriend, much less my therapist. A man who helped land me in therapy to begin with, I might add.” She folded her arms across her pert breasts.

“Girlfriend? You mean Stacey? Because she’s actually your–”

“Please stay on topic, Mr. Manning. This is disappointingly unprofessional, and I would like an explanation. You were trying to tell me that I suggested I dress sexy for you. Apparently.”

“Not for me,” he clarified, summoning from somewhere deep down, a place that ought to only store future hemorrhoids, to find a capacity to look offended by her assertion. “For Stacey. At least, it better be for Stacey. That’s what you said. Technically, I think you said ‘that Reeves bitch,’ but I can’t imagine that referred to Kira.”

“Kira? How would she even know how I... Wait. You’re treating *Kira*?!”

“My patient roster is confidential,” he said in a voice that would leave no doubt he was annoyed to have been caught. “But anyway, no point pretending. Yes, Kira is a

patient. I'm surprised you didn't know. They carpool. I figured you'd seen them together at DAT house. Two women like that has to register on your gaydar."

A crude expression, but a necessary revelation for Plan 3. "Kira is as straight as an arrow, Mr. Manning. Stacey went on and on and on about it, like it was some moral failing. Trust me, Kir is even less interested in me than our shared sister, regardless of what I wear."

Martin scoffed. "Baby K Reeves? Straight? She—" He winced. "Damnit, forget I said anything. Either way, it doesn't matter. My assumption, since as usual you wouldn't answer personal questions, was that you wanted to make Stacey jealous. I don't have the years of experience in sorority reprisals to ponder how exactly the gambit would work.

Sherri's expression was far-off, processing his revelation, but it soon returned, accompanied by a haughty roll of the eyes. "It doesn't require a devious mind. If Stacey saw me leaving here wearing something... of the nature you're suggesting—"

"You're suggesting."

"—then she might well assume that you and I have struck the same sort of relationship that the two of you had. i.e. That you might be attempting to turn me straight."

"Hmm. That makes sense, I suppose. I'm at least relieved you don't have any designs on Kira. I know you want to get back at Stacey, but going after her sister... That's harsh."

Sherri said – twice, before her hour was up – that the idea was horrible. That she would be embarrassed to say it, much less try it. Martin shrugged as if he had no skin whatsoever in the game. But the seed was planted. When she showed up for her first December session, she was wearing the shortest skirt he'd yet seen her wear, and a pair of thigh-high stockings that drew eyes to her legs like metal filings to a magnet.

Providence struck two days later. The Manning Mental Wellness Clinic had its first ever walk-in, a 40-something guy who offered cash up front for a session, just to try it out. Martin had no idea how the guy had even heard of him – though with the parking lot's sign still in error, he deduced why the fellow called him Dr. Maning – but after a mediocre attempt at hypnosis, Martin was able to treat himself to not one, but two slices of gas station pizza and set the rest aside to snag Christmas presents for his family. The man didn't call back, but he'd snagged \$19.05 per family member for the holidays. Better than he'd done the year before, when Naomi's present had consumed the entirety of his gift budget.

In her next session, Martin ushered Kira into his office with a hand on her ass. She gasped, but blithely accepted his rationale that he needed her as sexually charged as possible if she was to make progress. It paid immediate dividends; she spent most of the session straddling his lap, humping his crotch while he played with her tits. All the while, she chanted the updated, less subtle version of her in-session indoctrination.

"I'm always horny around Professor Manning. There's nothing I would be embarrassed to do with Professor Manning. I won't call attention to us in public, but in

his office, we can do anything we want. I'm ready to have sex with any hot girl Professor Manning approves of. I want Professor Manning to watch me have sex with a hot girl. A threesome with Professor Manning and a hot girl he tells me to have sex with would be the most incredible sexual experience of my life." The closer to coming she got, the more frick's were interspersed in her recitation.

He'd abandoned Kira's conscious mantras. They did nothing for her. Sherri and Stacey still needed the goading, scaffolding to help support their frail grasp of what he was building them into. With Kira, though... If anything, he had to hold her back, or she'd be crouching under the podium sucking him off during lectures.

The next session, Plan 1 received a thorough check-up. Reaction to a compliment on the way her ass looked in her jeans? Positive. Recoil from giving it an appreciative feel? Absent. (Complaint present, but tepid.) A command not to wear underwear to their next session? Accepted with an indifferent shrug. Willingness to practice oral sex on his finger? Unenthusiastic, but willing. In her trance, she was more biddable still. Nudity, groping, fingering, licking sucking, and acceptance of a far greater range of sexual activities in their impending threesome, all present.

"Do you think we ought to do our first threesome with the two of you under hypnosis?" he asked as Stacey was casually dressing herself upon awakening.

"First? We agreed to exactly one."

Her scowl faded as he responded mirthfully, "I've not yet accepted that you won't enjoy it so much you'll ask for more. Don't shit on my dreams until it's time."

"As long as you know I am going to shit on them," she said with a laugh. "But why the trance? Is Kira still not ready for this particular 'hot girl?' Do we need to keep the wool over her eyes? And even if we do, I don't see why I would. Your cock's a cock, but as cock's go... I guess I can't say I've had worse, but I can tell you I've never had better." She winked playfully. Stacey Reeves might never become as bisexual as her little sister, but when it came to Martin Manning, she was very much on the spectrum.

"You flatter me. No, I was thinking it might be better for both of you actually. For her, like you said. Frying her mind with ultra-sex might be the catalyst for preparing her to transition from wanting *any* hot girl, to wanting you specifically."

"Uh, meaning...?"

"I mean, if she has the best sex of her life, and then finds out you gave it to her, that could be the final step. But as for you... I don't know, you just always seem more enthused entranced than awake."

"I'm plenty enthused awake, Mesmer," she replied dryly, making her point by rubbing her ass cheeks against his face as she used the couch to help her put her socks back on.

He couldn't resist responding with, "There's my good girl." Stacey stiffened in silent bliss, then happily allowed him a moment to probe those globes before resuming. "But anyway, I'm not insisting or anything. I... I guess I thought it would be on point for this whole endeavor."

Stacey fastened her bra around her mid-section, then spun it into place. See-through black mesh. Since she couldn't dress like a slut for him with Kira around, they'd settled for putting that energy into lingerie selection. "If that's how you want it, I guess you've earned it. It still counts, though. It's not a test-run. If you run this is a joint session, that's still the threesome. No rehearsals."

"How many times do I tell you I'm not going to renege on you? It was only a thought."

"You have my blessing, then, if that's what you're after."

Martin pulled her in by the ass cheeks for an exuberant hug. Stacey half-grinned as he sucked on her neck, kneading the lightly padded muscle of her butt. "Sorry. You're just so hot when you're agreeing to give me what I want."

"I'm hot all the time, thank you," she retorted, but good-naturedly.

They always got along so much better in the weeks leading up to fucking each other.

Dead week arrived, finals week looming. Patience for the tedium of his university job reached an all-time low as Martin rejected plea after plea for make-up work, plowed through haphazardly produced essays. The only student who received the benefit of any mercy was Kira, who asked for a one-on-one review session in his office at the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic following her appointment. He "jokingly" proposed a game in which every time she got an answer wrong, she had to take off an item of clothing – all the more sensible since it would get her ready for their session, he laughed. Kira "jokingly" countered that every time she got one right, *he* had to take an item of clothing off.

By the time they'd reviewed the study guide, Kira was missing both shoes and her left sock; Martin had been naked for over an hour and had traded promise after promise of future rewards as IOU's.

"You don't want to wait for me to undress you until we get you under?" he asked, not slowing in unbuttoning her top.

"I wanted to see how it would feel. And I got the answer right, so get to work, Prof," she retorted, sticking her tongue out. She didn't turn to give him access to her bra, so he did it with their chests pressed together, his very erect cock pressed into where her tummy peeked out beneath her blouse.

Kneeling to remove her panties, he extended his tongue as if he meant to take a taste. "Jokingly," again. They were both of them in a very funny mood that afternoon.

Kira ran her fingers through his hair affectionately. "You can, if you want. Not like you haven't gotten me off before, Professor Manning. I mean, if you don't want to, it's fine. But if you do, you totally can. If you want."

So he ate her out. Kira came with a shriek they indubitably heard in the Dunkin Donuts next door, sound-proofing be damned. Without him asking, she reciprocated, slurping down his cock with obvious greed, eyes twinkling up at him as she fellated with a fervor.

Only after gulping down a boatload of his cum that did Kira finally ask what he'd been building her up to asking for weeks.

"Professor Manning? Have you, um, found a girl for me yet?"

"You're pretty eager for that, aren't you?"

She nodded. "Not to nag! I don't wanna be rude. But it feels like it's been months, and I've been thinking about it and thinking about it, like, all the time, to the point where I'm imagining having sex with every even halfway cute girl I see. I, err, even have a few you could consider, if you wanted suggestions."

Martin helped her up from her knees onto the couch beside him. "Yeah? You've been holding auditions?"

"What? No! No way. I would never ask a girl out without you okaying her. But I have been, you know, asking around, keeping my eyes open. So I've found a few who might be good. If you think they're good, too, I mean."

"You need to be patient, Kira. Soon. I promise."

"But you said soon forever ago!" she whined.

"It sounds like this is really starting to get to you."

"Oh my gosh you have no idea! Like..." She looked around the office, as if someone might be eavesdropping in the nonexistent shadows. "I know you can't talk to her about me, but *especially* this. But like, lately, I've even been thinking back to that time? With Stacey? You know, when...?"

"I know."

"But yeah, I'm starting to wonder if I might have... overreacted? A little – only a little! I'm still mad! But don't you see, Professor Manning, that's how bad it's gotten. If I don't get my hands on a girl soon, I don't know *what* I'll do!"

Martin spent her entire trance drilling that sentiment regarding Stacey into her head. It wasn't even part of Plan 2. Plan 2 was basically done, waiting on 1 & 3 to finish up so it could initiate its end zone celebration. No, that day, there was an attempt at what passed for kindness in his clinic. If it worked, Kira wouldn't be able to stop herself from re-writing a dark moment from her past, even if it was only out of an overabundance of undirected lust and post-hypnotic nudging. She'd be better off that way than she was remembering it as it had happened.

It was what Sherri had asked for. Plan 3 wasn't taking Sherri in that same direction any more, but she was right to have asked for it.

Kira scheduled a session for every day of that week. Stacey came with her to three. She begged him for another opportunity to interact with Kira directly. The first two, he put her off, exchanging a maybe for fresh additions to her mantra that he monitored multiple times a day via video chat. "I want to fuck Martin Manning. Martin Manning deserves to fuck me. I want Martin Manning to fuck Kira. Martin Manning deserves to fuck Kira. I want to watch Martin Manning fuck Kira. I deserve to watch Martin Manning fuck Kira."

As a reward for dutiful recitations, that Saturday, he allowed Stacey into his office for another imagination exercise, this time imagining that Martin's chest was a hot girl's. Kira sucked her sister's tits, her mistress's tits, like she meant to suck them off her chest. Then Stacey returned the favor while Martin stood back, recording the event. The elder Reeves didn't even ask for a copy. She simply told him to text her whatever the new mantra was along with the file. He had nothing more to add. The incest porn was an early Christmas gift. The Reeves sisters left his office with soggy panties and visions of threesomes dancing before them.

Sherri had but the one session during dead week, but she arrived in a skin-tight yellow shirt so thin and tight that it was basically not there, and a skirt so brief that she had to remind him that she hadn't worn it for his amusement. Two months of constant reinforcement of the desire for revenge, coupled with weeks of pressing the ideas he'd fed her about her wardrobe, and she came dressed like a very straight slut every session.

"I know you didn't wear it for me," Martin assured her, prying his eyes from where the mini skirt teased him with glimpses of pale panties.

"That's right. Although, that said, speaking of the reason for... this," she gestured across her petite frame, so fetchingly displayed, "I wondered if... well, if you might do me a favor."

"What kind of favor?"

She took a deep breath, and her reluctance deepened his impression of her as a woman who didn't often ask for favors. Maybe ever. "I wondered if you would reschedule me. So that my appointment coincides with Stacey's. Assuming she's coming in during finals week? I suppose we could wait until after break, if we have to, but—"

"Sherri, you know I can't disclose information about my other clients. Would you like it if I told her where and when to find you?"

"Stacey doesn't care where I am, or when."

"Still..."

"I'm not asking for anything nefarious. It's only that I've been thinking that maybe I was onto something when I suggested dressing up for my appointments. Think about it. Stacey leaves your office, and there I am, looking hot, on my way into your office. She asks herself: What's going on here? Why is my ex going into the office of the man who turned me straight? Why is she looking so good for him? Has she forgotten all about me? Has he betrayed me, doing for her what he did for me?"

"I'm not sure I like it going in a direction of incriminating me..."

"I'm only projecting how she might feel. Besides, you haven't been especially squeamish in the past when it comes to wielding your talents in a morally gray manner. I only want to cross paths. Then she'll notice, and she'll wonder, and then she'll go home for the holidays and have three long weeks to ask herself what her ex has done to leave her behind in the dust."

Martin acted like he was thinking it over for long enough to let her get tense. "All right. But after this, we're even. I'm crossing a big line. Whatever you think of what I helped her do last year, I never betrayed a confidence or broke a promise."

"Fine. Do this, and I'll never guilt you for what you did to me again. Or what you helped her do to me, since you always insist there's a distinction." It was simultaneously refreshing and annoying to hear her admit she'd been weaponizing guilt against him.

"All right. Everyone's schedule is weird, since we all have final exams, but once I have the two of them scheduled, I'll let you know. If we can work it out, so be it."

Sherri smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Manning. Martin, if that's still all right."

"Martin is fine."

"You've never considered going by Marty, have you? You strike me as more of a Marty than a Martin. If that's impertinent."

"Only my own ex-girlfriend, and only when she wanted to irritate me." But he smiled to show he wasn't bothered in this instance.

"Forgive my bringing it up, then. Martin it is."

They resumed their session. She went under the fastest yet, and spent their hour together reinforcing Plan 3. Martin walked her to the door with a reiteration of his promise to contact her for the reschedule. Half an hour later, Kira and Stacey arrived. Stacey went first that day. She was slammed for finals week, she said, no time for a session. She was pleased, however, that Kira had asked to ride home with her for winter break. Stacey hadn't even planned to go, but the choice of company changed her mind.

"She's ready. Next week, we can do it."

Suddenly she was unslammed. They took off their clothes, and for the next hour, she rode his lap, grinding her slit against his shaft. All the while as they made out, they shared murmured fantasies of what they would do with Kira.

"I'm gonna fuck those tits."

"I'm going to sit on her face, see if I can feel that gap in her teeth."

"I'm going to fuck her *while* you ride her face."

"I want to make her lick your cum out of me."

"I'm going to make her apologize for making us wait so long."

"I'm gonna make her beg me to fuck you."

"I'm gonna make her beg *me* to fuck *you*."

"I'm going to watch you fuck her noisy little face, and while you do, I'm going to use your dildo on her pussy. And I'm going to thrust it, and twist it, and watch your cock fill her at both ends, until the little slut doesn't know which end's coming in her and which end's making her come. And then I'm going to make her get on her knees, with your cum still dribbling out of her mouth onto those stupid perfect boobs of hers, and thank you for everything you've done for her."

Martin came. Stacey already had been, but she was a lot cooler about it than he was. She stroked his cheek, murmuring into his ear as her body trembled, "If I don't

remember our first time, with the trance and all, I may just twist your arm and force you to give us a second.”

Martin flipped her onto her back and slipped his cock into the drippy groove of Stacey Reeves’ pussy. Not inside it, but nestled between her soft, wet lips. He humped that slit, only inches away from fucking her. As she came – again – it was with an animalistic growl:

“I can’t wait to watch you do that to Kira, but for real.”

Then the sisters swapped places. Martin told Kira that he’d found a girl for her, and next week he’d introduce them to one another, right there in his office. And then they could fuck. Before he could suggest that she let him watch, she cut him off. Not to protest that a hookup in her therapist’s office was weird as fuck, or even to demand more information on her blind date. No, as ever, she exhibited that she espoused most of the exact same fetishes that he did.

“You should totally join us. Is she bi? Even if she’s not. You should insist. I’m pretty cute, right? And I’m so horny I’m going to make her pop off like Vesuvius. I’ll make her let you join us. If you want, I mean. Oh geez, that probably sounded really conceited, assuming you’d want to. But I want you to. We have so much fun here, it would be a shame not to end the semester with a bang, especially since you won’t be my teacher any more after next Thursday, so it would be totally cool.”

“We’ll see what she says. You never know.”

“Oh god. Oh god oh god oh *GAWD!*” She leapt to her feet, shaking a fist of triumph in the air at her impending lay. “Put me under. Put me under right now, and let me come. However you want, I don’t care. Honestly, I kinda like letting you decide what we do. Is that weird? I don’t wanna creep you out. You don’t have to, if you don’t want.”

“Take off your clothes for me, Kira. I’ll start the induction while you strip.”

Martin genuinely wasn’t sure if she entered a full trance. She was masturbating the moment her clothes were off, and while she repeated what he gave her to repeat, she panted and moaned through the whole pleasurefest of a session. He never did touch her. Right then, he found himself wondering if he had already touched her enough.

When he woke her up – entranced after all – she once more apologized for blue-balling her poor teacher/therapist and offered to help him out.

“I’ll be fine, Kira. But thank you.”

“I could send Stacey in, if you want,” Kira said with a giggle. “Pretty sure she likes you almost as much as I do.”

He froze. “What do you mean?”

“We’ve started talking again recently. Did she tell you? Oh, right, confidentifreakinality. But yeah! It was fun. Went to dinner Saturday, and a party at Beta Theta after. Not a great party, but a good one. And, um, since we were talking, and I know we’ve been working on fixing things between us, while she was driving me back to my dorm, I took a chance.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah! I just came right out and asked her why she started seeing a hypnotherapist when she’d told Mom a million billion times that she wouldn’t see Dr. Rivers.”

“Did she answer?”

Kira nodded. “Yeah. She told me all about it.”

He froze harder. The room actually got colder in an area around his desk. “What did she say?”

She laughed, mistaking his tension for his usual gruff refusal to discuss his consultations with Stacey. “You really need me to tell you? I guess you can’t tell me – though I hope you know I’d never try to trick you into saying anything, Professor Manning. But no, yeah, she said how she’d always had these weird feelings, these doubts about being a lesbian, and she wanted someone to help her through them. She figured Dr. Rivers would do what Mom wanted and try to force her to be straight. But she told me about how you guys figured out she was only bi, like me.”

That statement was, in that utterly misleading Obi Wan Kenobi sense of the word, true. From a certain point of view. “She told you that, huh.”

“Yeah. And I guess all the confusion, and the doubt, and the not knowing, was sort of making her act out, be girl-crazy – the same way I was being boy crazy because I didn’t know how bad I needed you to find me a girl to get with!”

“Huh.”

“I suppose, you being my therapist and all, I should have said something, huh. Gotten so used to you helping me come that I forgot what the coming is all about! But yeah, we didn’t talk about *that* – you know what I mean – but we talked around it, and I think we might be OK now. Or closer to it. I don’t know. I guess we’ll have three weeks sleeping under the same roof back home over winter break to find out, huh?” Her smile at the thought of three weeks with her sister was warm, warmer than he’d ever seen it when her sister was involved. Then she went right on as if it were all of no particular gravity. “Don’t you think it’s weird that college winter break is three weeks long but high school was two weeks? Why is that, I wonder?”

Martin didn’t know the answer, nor did he know what to say about her admission. So he walked her to the door and talked with the two of them in the waiting room to find time slots for their finals week session. Kira pressed hard for Monday, but he made up excuses for why they should wait until closer to the end of the week. With a gleam in her eyes, Kira read that as his wanting to wait out their final remaining days as teacher and student so he could fuck her and her new mystery girlfriend. It was more than enough for her acquiesce.

The Reeves sisters departed, and while Martin hadn’t paid attention on their way in, they strode out side by side, laughing about something, and for the first time he had noticed, Kira rode in the front seat. They each waved at him through the glass of the clinic’s main entrance.

Had he done that?

Had that even been done?

No, it was done. Kira had been sincere about wanting her Stacey back, and god knows Stacey was sincere about wanting her Kira.

Should he feel good about it, or even guiltier?

Martin let out a sigh and called Sherri to get her on the calendar. Then he returned to his professorial drudgery to keep his mind occupied. The dominos were struck, nothing left but to watch how they fell.

Creeps

Chapter Ten

~~Sharon “Sherri” Nelson was last in Martin’s heart, but that Thursday afternoon, she was first in his office. Last in his list of patients he would fuck given the opportunity, but the first to stride in dressed in a fashion that men who saw what she was (and wasn’t) wearing would wonder why a girl that hot felt she needed to try that hard. The last girl he thought he’d ever have a chance to fuck, but the first to lie down on his couch and make him want to. The last to yada yada yada, but the first to holy shit had her tits always looked that good, and my god that ass – in that skirt! – and goddamn if he wasn’t going to try to stick it in her after all.~~

~~Someday, anyway. Not today. Today, everything was under his control. Any new variables could ruin it all. No matter how fuckable she looked, the fringes of her deep red bra darkening her broad neckline.~~

~~“You look really nice,” Martin said~~

You know what? No. No, no, no. Sherri may have arrived first, but this was not a story about Sherri. It was only marginally about Martin. No, this was a story about Stacey Reeves, and the grand mess she had made of so many others’ lives. Let’s try that again, but this time, we begin a short while later. The place, the date, the thick air of sensuality flooding the office – those were all the same. But it was a short while later. With Stacey.

All right then.

Martin slipped out of his office, opening the door so slightly that even his slender physique scraped almost painfully against the door jamb. Some parts of that physique were thrust out more than others and received an especially painful rebuke. The door shut very nearly on his heels, as fast and as silent as a glimpse of a ghost. In the waiting room, waiting, was none other than Stacey. Nay, Stacey Reeves, DAT veep herself, cloaked in glory the likes of which he’d not seen surrounding her since she had dismounted his cock two hundred and twenty-nine days, seventeen hours, six minutes and some seconds previously. Their genitals both remembered the event to that very degree of specificity, and had for quite some time harbored a grudge against the rest of their bodies for delaying their reunion for so long a time.

There. Much better.

“Look at you, drama queen.” She smiled. Not a smirk, nor a grin, nor her trademark mirthful sneer. A smile. As beautiful as she had been when she’d been nothing more than some local hottie he loosely monitored via instagram (a.k.a. the poor man’s onlyfans). “Don’t want me getting even a peek, huh?”

He smiled back. It was not beautiful, nor even especially handsome, but it was well-received by Stacey Reeves. This man, despite that handicap, had somehow given her more pleasure than ~~Sherri~~ any woman ever had. (Apologies. Still not Sherri time.) “I’m a showman, Stacey. They don’t call me the Amazing Mesmer for nothing.”

“Oh? Someday you’ll have to introduce me to ‘they.’ I look forward to hearing the accolades.”

“Oh, you’ll hear—”

“Is she ready?” she blurted. The interruption wasn’t purposefully rude. Martin wasn’t unaware of the suspense looming over this meeting.

“She’s ready. Readier by the minute, in fact. How about you? Are you ready?”

Stacey rose to her feet, expression somber. Before he quite knew what was happening, she was undressing. Earlier, before he’d taken Kira into the office for final preparations, he had been pleased to see Stacey arrive in a top that hung off only one shoulder, along with a dress with a slit most of the way up her left thigh. He had not realized that beneath it, she wore a second outfit.

It was... slutty. Whorish, really. A pale blue tube top compressing a thin line of cleavage over an almost completely bare and impossibly flat tummy. A skirt that was little more than two tiny rectangles, one front and one back, dangling loosely from a gawdy golden chain. “Tiny” being a relative term, it should be clarified that the front flap was so narrow that it revealed the beginnings of those heavenly lines that led down to paradise. When she twirled to show herself off, he couldn’t help noting that the back displayed more of her ass than some swimsuits he’d seen her in.

“You know, you got so excited about getting ready to be penetrated, you barely even came after the dress code this time around. I have to say, I was a little disappointed. I missed having an excuse to dress up like this.”

Martin massaged his jaw, trying to remember which languages he was supposedly fluent in, and what the words were. (Englitch? Something like that.) Meanwhile, Stacey retrieved a pair of huge gold hoop earrings from her huge over-sized purse and fastened them in place. “Where do you even buy clothes like that?”

She laughed. “The top was easy enough. Lots of places sell skanky tops. The skirt... that, I’ll grant, took some doing.” She reached out and physically tilted his chin up from ogling her. “So, Amazing Mesmer, what do you think? Am I ready?”

Martin nodded. “You’re ready.”

She released his chin, saying nothing when he went right back to staring. A disembodied voice spoke to him from somewhere in the waiting room; it wasn’t coming from Stacey Reeves’ vagina, so he had no way of being certain of its origin. “Actually, before we dive in... I wanted to invite you to a little pregame celebration. If that’s OK.”

“Hmm? Oh, yeah, that’s um... Yeah, totally,” he muttered. “Totally, totally.”

“Christ, Martin, do you want me to flash you my pussy so you can snap the hell out of it? I’m trying to talk to you here. Act like a guy who’s fucked a DAT girl, for god’s sake.”

Rather than accept her offer or reply to her rebuke, Martin simply lifted the skirt. There it was. No panties had been expected, and none were in evidence. There it was, Stacey's pussy. Had it only been days since he'd seen it, stretched out around a dildo of his own proportions? It felt like so much longer. Stacey waited, and after a long moment, he answered. "Sorry, you were saying. I'm listening."

"Good. Do you have any shot glasses?"

"Do I...? Yeah, a couple. They're in the apartment, though. Why, um...? Why?"

Stacey bent over to reach into her purse; when Martin dipped a finger in to test the waters – warm and flowing – she said nothing. Only when she turned to face him, a bottle of booze in hand, was he forced to withdraw.

Martin inspected the bottle. *Vagabundo de Medianoche*, the label read. It sounded familiar, but he couldn't recall from where, and exceeded what little Spanish he knew. "Don't want to wait to celebrate until after? She's in there waiting for us."

"Is there a reason to hurry? I have the entire evening free, and I believe you intimated that the cryptic rendezvous she was taunting me with in the car pertains to our plans together, right?"

"Yeah. She thinks tonight's the night I'm finally introducing her to her dream girl. Which, I guess, maybe it is. I'm expecting someone later, but not for a while yet, and it's nobody important. We got time."

Stacey glanced toward the office door, beaming. "Good. Sit with me for a sec." She waited for him to take a seat, then nestled into his lap.

"You smell nice, too. That's some seriously sexy perfume."

"I think that's my shampoo," Stacey answered bemusedly.

"Oh. Right. That's, um, some nice... crap. Whatever. Go on."

Stacey chuckled, but her attention was obviously fixed on the bottle in her hands than the man beneath her legs. "This," she said seriously, "is a special bottle."

"Oh? Looks like it's already been opened."

As she continued, Martin finally noticed the smudges of lipstick on the neck of the bottle. One stable lip print, and another that began on the opposite side and smeared around to meet the first. Then he remembered, his mind replaying that mental image from Kira's birthday confessional of the Reeves sisters' first kiss.

Stacey fidgeted with the bottle, untwisting its metal cap. The scent of cheap whiskey immediately drove away the fragrance of her shampoo. "You got mad at me a while back. Accused me of blabbing our plan to Kira. Remember? Well I did, but I should probably tell you how it happened, because it wasn't what you seemed to think."

"Oh. Um..." She silenced him by putting the bottle to his lips and tilting it until a thin stream poured in, then took a swig herself.

"It was a couple summers back," she began, "when

Hmm. That was getting very serious. There is a place for seriousness in this narrative, but for now, perhaps it's best to try to cling to the sexy-fun vibe we had going. Remember the skirt? Stacey's slutty, barely-there skirt? That's the kind of thing this story ought to be about. Hot girls doing hot things. So, then, ~~back to Sherri~~ let's devote some attention to young Kira Reeves, starting an hour or so prior to the reveal of that fateful bottle of tequila.

"Professor Manning!"

Her hug was so intense it actually knocked him off balance; only the grip of her arms kept him upright. "Well hello to you, too."

"Aren't you two getting awfully chummy," remarked Stacey dryly as she hung her coat on a peg near the entrance. She was poorly dressed for the season, which was to say well-dressed for the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. He'd always liked the off-the-shoulder look.

"Shut up, Stacey," Kira snapped, but with a smile, "not everybody hates hugs."

"I like hugs fine. Just not from a therapist old enough to be my teacher."

"Professor Manning is my teacher."

"Yeah. I know."

The girls were in a playful mood, if a tad feisty. Kira glared, though she didn't quite get the joke, and Stacey smirked, though she was not quite sure the joke was good enough to merit smirking. Martin interceded, withdrawing some rolled-up papers from his pocket. "Speaking of, you nailed the final Kira. Very well done."

"You already graded it?" She snatched the exam from his hands, leaping in the air with an exultant whoop at her score. "I did it! I mean, I knew I'd do OK, but... yeah!"

It earned him another hug, another smirk. "I guess a week of studying one on one with the prof paid off."

Kira's cheeks flushed at the reminder of those "study sessions," which had been 10% exam review and 90% flimsy pretexts for the participants to take off their clothes and touch themselves. "I guess it did. Wow. Thanks, Professor Manning. I learned a lot this semester."

"To be fair, you had an amazing teacher."

"I did!" She laughed. "So Stace, um, you wanna go first today? I, um, had a lot I wanted to talk about, since we're not gonna be here again until after winter break. If that's OK?"

"You two take your time. I have nowhere to be." Stacey fished her phone out of her almost comically large purse and swiped it on, not bothering to look over.

Kira looked anxious. She'd come anticipating meeting a girl, and while she didn't expect to fuck this girl right there on the spot, she'd thought... ya know, maybe. Her therapist's office was a place where weird sex things had become commonplace. A casual hookup with some random hot girl would be par for the course, and she knew her therapist wouldn't judge her. It was all a part of her healing journey. Somehow. Still, he couldn't just march some stranger right past her sister into the office without arousing

major suspicions. Trying to explain the course of her therapy to Stacey would be mortifying – if she could even come up with any reason why her therapist was setting up booty calls.

“Come on, Kira,” Martin said, placing his hand on the small of her back and guiding her into his office. Her skin (bared, as she was wearing a fashionable orange tank top with a massive window to her cleavage and barely tried to cover her belly) was feverishly warm.

Though he couldn’t see her face, he could sense her crestfallen expression at finding the office empty, as if he’d smuggled a woman in previously and had her stashed in a nook awaiting his orders to eat pussy. She managed a weak laugh. “You know, I don’t know why, but I almost wondered if you, you know, had someone waiting.”

Martin laughed along. “If I knew the sort of woman who would sit around my office all afternoon waiting for me to bring in fresh conquests for her, I’m not sure I’d be willing to share.”

“Wait, are you talking about me...?” He laughed harder, and she brightened. “Because you know I wouldn’t mind you sharing.”

“Oh I know. Go on and have a seat. To put your mind at ease, yes, everything is set up and ready. I don’t have an exact ETA, but she’ll be here, and she’s excited to meet you.”

“Yeah? Who is she? What can you tell me? Sorry, I’m just dying of curiosity.”

“She can introduce herself, when the time comes. Whether or not you have chemistry, time will tell, but believe me when I say she’ll meet your high standards.”

“Oh man, do I come across as being superficial? I don’t mean to be!”

“You’re fine, Kira. You’re a beautiful young woman, and there’s no reason to feel bad for wanting to be with another beautiful young woman.” She was, in fact, somewhat superficial, but only marginally more so than most women of her caliber, and far less so than her sister, who had made a solitary exception to her 9+ coupling requirement in the case of Martin Manning, and that only after months of hypnotic brainwashing.

“You’re so nice, Professor Manning. Does she know about me? What did you tell her?”

“You seem pretty excitable, Kira. I tell you what. Why don’t we put you under, I’ll help you relax, and then I can answer all your questions.”

“But I won’t remember what you said!”

“I’ll answer them again when you wake up, if needs be. All right? Come on, you aren’t going to make much of a first impression being this jittery. Let’s cool those jets of yours so you don’t melt her face off when I introduce you.”

Kira blushed, nodded, acquiesced. If she followed his instructions, after all, nothing could stop her from doing what she wanted. It took a few more repetitions in his induction than usual to put her under; she really was revved up. Under she went, though. She was always ready to be entranced, and he’d built up her hypnotic focus to

the point that a freight train could run through his office and she'd not bat an eyelash. She was entirely his.

“Kira, are you ready to fuck a girl?”

“Mmmmmm...”

So it's probably worth getting back to where Sherri fits into all this.

"You look really nice," Martin said as an overture to converting the sumptuous redhead to ravenous heterosexuality.

"Where are Stacey and Kira?" she snapped, somehow still a lesbian despite his compliment. "You told me my appointment abutted theirs."

"It does. Yours comes first, though. You can ambush them on your way out of the waiting room."

"That is not what I remember us discussing, Mr. Manning."

"Martin. Remember, you said you'd call me Martin from now on."

Hands went to the slender waist over nicely rounded hips. "I have a final tomorrow morning in C531. Students have broken down and *cried* from that final. Now instead of studying, like everyone else in class, you're asking me to sit here and waste an hour in your office playing hypnosis games instead of finalizing our business together. Forgive me if I'm feeling less chummy."

"Games?" For once, Martin didn't need to feign indignation at her accusations. "Is that what you think we've been doing?"

"Call it what you want. I won't be drawn into a semantic argument over it. I'm not denying your method's efficacy. When I first came here, I didn't really think you'd ever be able to put me in a trance, but you somehow managed it. Plus those so-called 'mantras' have helped me relax and open up. Still, I can't help but notice a conspicuous lack of diplomas, licensure. A receptionist? This isn't a real business."

"Yet."

"Yet. Maybe someday you'll have a line out the door of people so desperate for solutions to their problems that they're willing to fork over a slice of their free will to get them. For now, I'm here because of you, and Stacey. And now you're toying with me."

Martin listened as patiently as he could, nodding with empathy he did not begin to feel. "You know, you're right. I should apologize. I'm sorry I failed to appreciate the demands on your time."

Sherri's anxiety over her class was not feigned. The lack of a "but..." following Martin's apology, however, allowed precisely the necessary grace for her to accept it. "I appreciate your saying that," she replied, curt.

"I do always seem to wind up owing you apologies, don't I." Martin sat down against the edge of his desk. "Be nice if I actually had some idea how to even the score. Because – no offense – you walking out of here in that... You look crazy hot and all, but I don't know if Stacey is the sort to even notice, much less flip her lid and give you some cathartic moment."

"She'll notice," Sherri retorted too forcefully. "I'll make her notice."

"That sounded awfully ominous. Pretty sure that shirt is too tight to be hiding a bomb vest."

"Trust me, it's too tight to be hiding even what it's designed to hide," she muttered, glancing down self-consciously. True. The longer the interaction went on, the

harder it was not to notice her nipples just barely pushing out into the paper-thin lavender fabric. They weren't even hard. The material was simply that thin. "But... never mind. Just don't get in the way today and we'll call it even, OK?"

"Get in the way of what? Is there something I should know? Because if you have some ace in the hole and you're looking to get payback on that..." He choked down an expletive with a snarl. "On Stacey, then you might ask yourself if you'd do better to have an ally rather than someone merely willing to stand aside."

Her eyes darted around the office, considering but guarded. "Why? What did Stacey ever do to you that you'd want to help me? From what I understand, I thought you'd be her biggest supporter."

"For starters, there's what she did to you, and that she used me to do it," he said evenly. It was a risk, being honest with Sherri. But he thought he knew her well enough by now to know where her loyalties lie. "It's more than that, though. It's who she is. I've had a lot of time to think about the way she's shit on people. There are no words for how much I regret helping her. At first I took you on out of guilt, but being around you only made it worse."

"I'm sorry...?"

"No, not because of you. Because of her. Your having to spend months in therapy trying not to think about losing her is one more Stacey Reeves victory. The more you opened up to me, the worse I felt." He looked up. "I need to stop feeling like that."

Sherri held his gaze, probing behind his eyes, then took her place on the couch. "What about Kira?"

Martin blinked. "Kira? What about her?"

"That's what I just asked."

"I mean... She's a... sweet girl, I guess. What about her?"

"You said she's bi. Are you certain?"

"Sherri... You know I can't talk about other patients."

"You've already said she's bi. If you want to clear your conscience about what you did to me, this is your chance. Tell me how you know."

Martin huffed crossly. "She told me so. Why would she lie? And not just told. We've... In a way, it's almost like the opposite of what I did with Stacey last year. Stacey wanted to learn to appreciate men; by this point, Kira is practically frothing at the mouth for a chance to get her hands on an authentic lesbian."

"What does that mean?" He didn't miss her pausing to lick her lips. "Kira came to you and asked you to turn her gay? I find that hard to believe."

"I would, too, but it's about Stacey. Like everything seems to be this past year and a half. They have... a complicated past, and – not to put too fine a point on it – it led to her wanting to understand how much she has in common with her sister. The particulars are too personal to repeat. I won't cross that line. But believe me, she's looking to explore that side of herself like you wouldn't believe."

"That's awfully vague."

“The girl deserves her privacy. What privacy I’ve left her after saying all that.”

Sherri went on as though he hadn’t spoken, gathering her thoughts. “Though I suppose if you were lying, you’d come up with something more convincing. Hm.”

Martin allowed her a few moments, but when she continued contemplating her twiddling thumbs, he intruded. “Well? Can I know now why you’re even asking?”

Sherri attempted to smooth out her skirt, but spandex didn’t smooth. All it did was remind her of how it sunk into the indentations where her tight little panties were digging into her skin. She felt like an absolute slut in this, but sacrifices must be made. “A while back, the first time you brought up revenge, instead of forgetting... Do you remember that?”

“Sorta, sure.” That had not been Martin’s most lingering memories of those days after Kira’s tale surfaced. He recalled having a minor meltdown in front of her, though, and was fairly sure that was when that sentiment had arisen.

“I was feeling rather sorry for myself. Happens too often these days. And I said there was no way to get back at someone like Stacey. She’s too cold, too proud, too above the fray. You weren’t the only one pushing me to try to get back at her. At you, too, while we’re sharing confidences.”

“Revenge by torturing my conscience?”

“Basically. Anyway, do you remember what you said to me?”

He shook his head.

“You said, ‘everyone has buttons.’”

“I did, did I.”

“You did. And it got me to thinking, especially as your counseling shifted its course into our present preoccupation of pursuing inner peace through vengeance. I thought, what are Stacey Reeves’ buttons? I thought and thought about it, and for the life of me, I couldn’t come up with anything. Nothing beyond the same buttons we all have, at least. Petty pranks won’t suffice, and again, I won’t drag my DAT sisters through the mud by risking the humiliation of the boss bitch herself.”

Martin nodded. “I remember that. You’ve said, under entrancement, that it wasn’t going well.”

“It wasn’t.” She failed once more to smooth that clingy skirt. “At least, not until you mentioned Kira.”

Martin’s eyes widened in comprehension, and quiet, reserved little Sherri couldn’t quite keep a self-satisfied grin off her face. Plan 3 was shaping up better than he had thought, though he knew he didn’t deserve full credit for her vindictive enthusiasm. “You didn’t dress up to mess with Stacey. You dressed up to get at Kira.”

“You said she was bi, and...” She shrugged. “What better way to get revenge on your ex than hooking up with her sister?”

“That’s...” Martin threw his head back and laughed. “That’s fucking brilliant, Sherri! Evil, and twisted, but brilliant. Wow. I thought you said you had a girlfriend, though?”

“When did I say that?”

“A week or two ago, I think? Or maybe not.”

“Oh. Well. What difference does that make to you?”

“I’m not going to spend spring semester helping some poor girl try to forget *you*, that’s why. My days of helping people cheat on their partners are good and done.”

Sherri actually smiled softly at that. “That speaks well of you. Martin. I happen to be single at present, to put your conscience at ease. Hm.”

Martin’s eyes narrowed, but she gave him nothing. “All right. So if you’ll permit me, I just might be able to help take you back off the market...”

It all blurred together, the events of that evening in the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. When he thought back on that day in the years to come, each re-telling would shift the timeline, alter details, trip him up over the fine points. That was the trouble with his planning. He'd had three plans, not one, and as ever, the women in his sphere conspired to throw them one and all into chaos.

That afternoon, the plans all came together in a big sweaty jumble, yet for all his attempts at control, he was a rider hitched to a wagon dragged by three frantic runaway horses, tugging the reins to keep them running the same direction.

"Stacey."

"Mm."

"Recite your mantra for me."

"I want to fuck Martin Manning. Martin Manning deserves to fuck me. I want Martin Manning to fuck Kira. Martin Manning deserves to fuck Kira. I want to watch Martin Manning fuck Kira. I deserve to watch Martin Manning fuck Kira."

Her butt flap had failed to interpose itself between Martin's thighs and hers when she took her place on his lap. Her heat and her wetness pulsed against his bare skin. If she shifted a few inches, he could slide right inside her. There would be no resistance.

"Tell me you want to fuck me."

"Mmm. I want to fuck you."

"Tell me you want to watch me fuck Kira."

"Mmm. I want to watch you fuck Kira."

"Tell me I can fuck Kira."

"Mmm. You can fuck Kira."

"Tell me you trust me to—"

"I trust Martin Manning."

"Good girl." Stacey sighed rapturously at his praise. "Now listen, and respond when I stop talking. Tell me you trust me to get Kira to have sex with you."

"I trust you to get Kira to have sex with me."

"Even if the methods seem strange, or don't make sense?"

"Mm. Yes. I trust Martin Manning."

"I'm going to pose a hypothetical scenario to you, Stacey. Suppose I told you that watching me fuck you – just the two of us – was the thing that would make Kira decide to join in and make it a threesome. Would you do it?"

"Yes. I trust Martin Manning."

"Good girl." Her pussy thrummed.

"Sherri."

"Yes."

“I want to ask you some questions. You don’t have to answer them, but if you do, it will help you get your revenge on Stacey. Do you understand?”

“Yes. Want to ask me questions. If I answer, could help.” More so than the Reeves, Sherri was big on repeating. Her way of making sure she got things exactly right, he supposed. Or maybe a quirk of a communications major exposed to hypnosis. It was a common affect in hypnosis porn, so Martin didn’t mind listening to her slur out her reiterations one bit.

“Do you sincerely want to get back at Stacey for cheating on you?”

Her usual obstinance had been eroded by their freshly sealed pact, and by the straightforwardness of the question. “Yes. Want to get back at Stacey. Trying since May. Need it. Need her to know how it feels.”

Now, to keep that ball rolling. “And you’re hoping to do that by seducing her sister, right?”

“Yes. Right. Seduce Kira. The harder Stacey pushes back, the more enticing it becomes for Kira. Basic psychology.”

Astute. “How far would you take it?”

“As far as it takes. We deserve it.”

“Would you have sex with Kira?”

“Yes. Have sex with Kira. Do it in my room at DAT house. So Stacey finds out.”

“You want Stacey to find out you’re having sex with her sister. Say it.”

“I want Stacey to find out I’m having sex with her sister.”

Ten repetitions later, he went on. “Do you want to get caught in the act?”

Sherri’s pallid cheeks reddened, though her hair was redder still. Had she gotten it brightened? It was a good look. “Not the goal, but could be... interesting.”

“Kira.”

“Mmmm.”

“You want to fuck a girl. Say it.”

“Mmmm. I want to fuck a girl. One you approve of.”

“And if I present to you a girl – a hot girl – you’ll fuck her if I tell you it’s OK.”

She whined in frustration; Martin had let her strip, but made her lie down on her hands so she couldn’t masturbate. He ran his fingers across her bare tits while they spoke, to compensate. “Yes. Please. Please give her to me.”

“Repeat after me. I will fuck any hot girl Professor Manning tells me to fuck.”

“I will fuck any hot girl Professor Manning tells me to fuck.”

“Ten more times.”

She nearly came around the eighth time; he held back one hand, and alternated breasts to keep her right on the cusp.

“What if it’s someone you know?”

“Hmm?”

“What if the girl I pick is someone you already know. Like, say, Alisha, from class?” They’d been assigned to the same group project; he’d hoped Alisha would distract him from Kira, but that damnable zipper had made him forget the plump-lipped Latina was even there.

“Mmm. Alisha’s hot. Yes. Totally.”

“It wouldn’t be weird, that you already know each other?”

“Barely know her.”

“All right, so what if it was someone you knew better?”

“Don’t care. So horny. Touch me. Squeeze my boobs. Mmmmm.”

“All right. What if it was someone Stacey knew?”

“Oh god, mmmmm! Even better!”

“Why is that better?” he asked, faintly surprised.

“Because I want her to find out I’m not like Mom. Want her to know I’m *good*.” Her hips made circles in the air, grinding her pussy against a cock, or a mouth, that wasn’t there. Not yet. “Maybe one of her sorority sisters? Was thinking of rushing DAT house. Would be super cool...”

Leave it to Kira to make what ought to have been her hardest steps easiest.

“What if I were there, with Stacey?”

“In DAT house? Not allowed.” Sherri eyed him reproachfully. He usually didn’t let them open their eyes, but today was an exception. There was no avoiding it.

“All right, so what if it was somewhere else?”

She shook her head. “Doesn’t make sense. Wouldn’t be doing that anywhere you could walk in.”

“What if it were here?”

“Here?” Sherri glanced at his office dubiously.

“You planned to start the process here today, obviously.”

Sherri smoothed that skirt again. “Get her eye. Not sleep with her.”

“A hypothetical scenario. Today, you bumped into Kira here, in my office. Your plan works – your outfit slays, and she’s immediately into you. I step out – to talk to Stacey or something – and the two of you are alone. Kira makes a move.”

She licked her lips again. Was that a tell? It was December; it could just be dry air. But he thought it might be a tell. “I’d let her.”

“You’ll do whatever it takes to fuck Kira. Say it.”

“I’ll do whatever it takes to fuck Kira.”

“You’ll do whatever I say to fuck Kira. Say it.”
“I’ll do whatever you say if I can fuck Kira.”
“You trust that whatever I tell you to do is the thing that lets you fuck Kira.”
“I trust Martin Manning. I trust him to help me fuck Kira.”
“If you have to watch Kira getting fucked before you get to, you won’t be jealous. Say it.”
“I won’t be jealous if I have to watch first.”
He gave her a full thirty of those.

“I’ll fuck any hot girl you tell me to fuck. I’ll fuck you. I’ll threesome with both of you. All I want is sex. I’m here to fuck. I’m here to be fucked. I’m here to come.”

“Imagine the look on Stacey’s face when she catches you with Kira.”
“Imagining the look.” Sherri’s eyes slid closed a moment, for as long as it took for her conniving smile to slip into place. “She’s so hurt. So angry. So helpless. I’m so sexy I turned her homophobe sister lesbian.”
“How does that feel?”
“So good. Perfect. Exactly what I want.”
“Would you stop?”
“If Kira stops. If not, no. Let her see it and weep.”
“Are you saying you want Stacey to watch you have sex with her sister?”
“Not watch. See.”
He rolled his eyes. “Now who’s being semantic.”
“Hmph. Fair.”

His eye on the clock, Martin gave her ten repetitions of “I want Stacey to see me have sex with Kira.” By the time she was done, those nipples really were hard, little bullets pressing into the tissue-thick fabric.

“What if I were there, too?”
Her head slowly shook, but her response was automatic. “No. Shouldn’t be. Unprofessional. Creepy.”
“What if that were the only way to have Stacey keep watching?”
She hesitated, but not for long. “No. Don’t want you to see me. Plus, not fair to Kira.”
“What if Kira wanted me to watch?”
“It’s hypothetical. What if Kira wanted me to watch?”
“Doubt that. Still, fine for her, but I don’t want a man to watch. Felt so slutty leaving the apartment in this.”

It was almost reassuring, seeing a lesbian hold out and remain a lesbian despite his best efforts. Martin was glad the Reeves girls hadn't, but he was still glad the world made at least this small bit of sense. Besides, it wasn't like he didn't have an ace in the hole.

"What if that was the only way I would help you?"

"Hmm?" She frowned up at the ceiling.

"You want me to help you attract Kira, which means getting her away from her sister and alone with you. You want me to help put Stacey in the room with you so you can rub her nose in it. Maybe you could do it on your own, with time, but I'm telling you I could help you do it today. Give them three weeks of winter break to wallow in your victory. You trust me, don't you?"

"I trust Martin Manning."

"You know I want to see that look on Stacey's face, too, don't you?"

"Not all you want to see," she replied with impressive snarkiness considering her trance.

"Sure. But what if that's my price? That I'll make everything you want happen, so long as I get to be there when it does?"

"I was being hypothetical," she countered.

"We still are."

He allowed her some time to consider. The Reeves wouldn't arrive for another fifteen or twenty minutes yet, and even if they were early, the office door was locked.

Sherri licked her lips for him once more. "Hypothetically? Yes. Today. But you couldn't touch me."

"I wouldn't dare. Now repeat after me. You can watch me with Kira as long as Stacey is watching, and you don't touch me."

"Yes, you can watch me with Kira as long as Stacey is watching, and you don't touch me."

"Keep repeating it until I tell you to stop."

"Do I have to?" Kira groused.

"Remember what happens when you follow my instructions."

"I get to do what I want!" Her eyes opened, sparkling, and she heeded his command to clothe herself. Hardly any purpose to it. She might be the most chastely dressed woman in his office that day, but what a low bar that was. Whereas her sister's top had been designed to hang off of the one shoulder, Kira's kept lazily slipping off of both, like it wanted to make her flash her tits even more than Martin did. Or Stacey did. Or Sherri did. Her jeans were ripped up so badly that a sharp tug would disintegrate them, unraveling the few threads patching them together over those full thighs. As it

stood, more of her legs were showing than not, and plenty of ass cheek as well. Might have shopped at the same slutty boutique where Stacey had bought her “skirt.”

“That’s right. I’m going to go get her. I’ll give you a moment to get dressed, and then I’ll bring her in here.”

“And then I can fuck her?”

Now it was Martin’s turn to nearly make himself come. “Let me take charge, all right? Just sit there, look pretty, and wait for permission. Understand?”

“OK, Professor Manning. I’ll sit here, look pretty, and wait for your permission to fuck.”

Christ, that felt good.

It is probably time for us to get back to more serious matters. As Kira and Sherri were becoming reacquainted, Stacey was still clad in her street clothes, still telling the familiar story – with less embellishment, mercifully – as she stared mournfully at the bottle of tequila. Martin tried not to let his impatience show, nor his contempt for her role in the narrative. Her presence in his lap gave him adequate cover to scowl at need.

“And then that dried-up twat up and dares Kira to kiss me.” Stacey shook her head. “Should have seen it coming. What’s more middle America than petty vengeance and incest porn, after all. For me it was only a stupid dare. I didn’t want anything to come of it, much less expect it. Believe it or not, back then, I’d never really thought about her like that.”

“I don’t believe it.”

Her elbow was as pointy as ever, but less fierce than it could have been. “I’m not blind. I knew my little sister was turning into a full-on commodity. But in those days, I labored under the delusion that common parents was a *bad* thing. Crazy, right?”

“Insane.” Martin squelched an errant thought about his own sisters, lest she have to feel his boner shrivel. “So what did you do?” he asked, as if he didn’t know.

“What do you think I did? I took Kira aside and told her not to let this little redneck cunt get the better of her. You know Kira, though. Always so freaking squeamish. So she says we’ll kiss, but around the bottle, only somebody calls her a pussy so we upgrade it from kiss to makeout.”

Stacey held up the bottle, the lip prints still evidencing her story. “So we put our lips on it. I’m figuring we’ll give them a little show, let Kira shine as the big sexy alpha she’d been to them all week. Before I know what’s happening, though, her drunk ass is on me. And I mean *on. me*. That girl’s hands have some instincts.”

Stacey twisted the bottle in her hand, finally planting a small, sweet kiss where that long lipstick smudge began. “I didn’t know what to feel. What to think. We were both drunk. Nothing really to read into it. As likely a scenario where she’d been wanting to do that for years as one where the thought popped into her head for the first time that

second. Booze makes idiots of us all. The whole makeout didn't last long. Felt long, but I know it wasn't."

"And that's when you decided you wanted this, today, huh?" It wasn't, Martin knew, but he didn't want to wreck her story by telling her he'd gotten spoilers. If there was one thing he'd learned in the last year, it was how to maintain a lie. Making faulty assumptions was one of the most basic tricks. The nerve of this woman, trying to spin this story into something... sweet.

"Actually, no. I mean, sort of, but I was miles away from processing it then. We ran out the clock – a minute or whatever it was – and kept going. If they tried to tell us the time was up, neither of us heard it. Eventually one of the kids did a 'whoop whoop' or said something stupid to finally snap her out of it. Whatever it was, it ruined the moment. I remember feeling like they turned it cheap. It sure snapped her the hell out of it. She turned beet red. I probably did too, honestly. We were only beginning to figure out how screwed up it was, I knew, so I told the kids to fuck off. They were sour about it, called us some things like it hadn't been their stupid fantasy to begin with. Kira bursts into tears, heart-broken. So I got my pistol and started counting."

That detail, somehow, had *not* made it into Kira's version. "Holy shit, you pulled a gun on them?!"

"It wasn't loaded, and I didn't point it at anyone. I'm not insane. But I also wasn't about to let some piece of shit sheep-fuckers from Bumfuck, Nowheria pick on my baby K, either. Anyway, it worked. I didn't make it to three before they were trailing piss down the driveway to their uncle-brother's p.o.s. pickup truck."

Martin let the irony of her incest jibe sit. "Then what?"

"What do you think? I went to find my sister."

A few minutes prior, Martin ushered Sherri into his office, where Kira sat in freshly re-donned clothes. Surprise registered slowly on her hypnotized face. "I literally did not know that door existed until this moment."

Sherri looked no less surprised to see Kira Reeves waiting for her in his office, as if he'd been making it all up. "That was me a little while ago. There's a whole hallway back there. Smells like donuts, too. Pretty cool." Martin had had her hiding back there for most of an hour, occupying an empty stall, while he prepped Kira. She'd been a trooper about it, though. Anything to get back at him and Stacey. She might be playing up her passion for the latter, but he knew full well she hadn't forgotten the former. Maybe if he fed her a Reeves pussy or two she'd forgive him.

Martin closed the door to the building's employees only hall behind him. "Yeah, there's an employee bathroom for the building back there. Sorry if I kept you waiting, by the way."

But the girls had already moved on past the back hallway. Kira's eyes were wide, fixed on the luridly sexy redhead with whom she had been presented, in her paper-thin top and spandex dress. Sherri, meanwhile, enjoyed a lick of her lips at the sight of Kira's tits bulging out of her top, her jeans begging to be torn right off of her.

"Oh, right. Do you two know each other? Sherri Nelson, this is Kira. Reeves."

"Stacey's sister," she said. "We met. Couple years back, when you visited for sibs weekend?"

"Totally," Kira said solemnly. "I remember. You look amazing, by the way."

"Yeah? Thanks. You look really good, too."

The two stood there openly checking one another out. With both of them primed to fuck one another's brains out, neither of them seemed to sense the awkwardness. Martin, however, quickly excused himself. Kira would fuck anything he pointed at, but Sherri would function better with a little privacy. "Oh! I just remembered I needed to talk to Stacey about something. Feel free to hang out, catch up. We'll be a few. Office is yours."

"Professor Manning? Is this...? Can I...?"

Martin patted her shoulder. "You have my permission."

Sherri's surprised squeal as Kira tackled her to the couch was the last thing he heard before he squeezed as tightly as possible out the office door.

"It's time, Stacey."

"Fuck me," the mesmerized Reeves sister whispered. "Please fuck me. So I can fuck Kira."

"Good girl. In a moment, I'm going to bring you into my office."

"Yes. We'll fuck Kira. Want to watch Kira get fucked."

"You will. Remember, you have to trust me."

"Mm. Trust Martin Manning. Watch Martin Manning fuck Kira."

"That's right. You want to see Kira get fucked, don't you?"

"Mmm. Watch Kira get *fucked*." The girl literally trembled with lust.

"I'm going to share something with you, Stacey. When I open that door, you're goin to see Kira getting fucked." He would have to unlock it first; in case this went badly, he couldn't have Stacey waking up and storming in there. She'd been anxious after opening up and sharing her story; the shock of Sherri's presence might push her past her waking point.

"Mmm."

"But not being fucked by me."

Fidget. "Mm?"

"Someone's helping get her ready for us. Someone you care about. Someone we can trust." Cared, past tense, would be more accurate, as would "someone *I* can trust."

To the extent he trusted Sherri. Still, no sense burdening the woman with information she didn't need.

Fidget. Fidget fidget. "Nm, mm. You and me. No one else."

"It was the only way. I know it's not quite how you pictured it, but... you trust me, right?"

Fidget. "Trust Martin Manning. But no one else was supposed to—"

"Promise me you'll look, and you'll think, before you do anything."

Fidgetfidgetfidget. "No."

Chaos.

"Promise me you'll look and you'll think before you do anything, or we can't fuck Kira today."

FIDGET. Her hands were nearly spasming. Stacey's eyes started to flutter open.

"Be a good girl for me, Stacey. Remember, when I make reasonable suggestions, what do you do?"

There was a line he hadn't reinforced in a year. Would it even—

"I will consider it, and if it doesn't cost me anything, I'll do it."

"And this time, I'm going to let you watch Kira, and not charge you a thing." Or was he? He barely knew what had become of his plans in the past twenty minutes.

Fidget. One final, plaintive twiddle of her slender thumbs, and they fell still. "I'll do it."

"Do what?"

"I'll look. And I'll think. And I'll be a good girl for Martin Manning. And then I can watch Kira get fucked." A soft whimper issued from her throat. "And then I can fuck Kira?"

"Come on, then."

Martin Manning's high school guidance counselor had advised him to pursue a career in hotel management. This was no reflection of any data anyone had aggregated on him; it was simply the career path she proposed for roughly 40% of her caseload, the ones unremarkable enough not to arouse sufficient interest to dig deeper. His father, unable to imagine education without monetary function, had pressured him to pursue an MBA. Martin's mother had merely wanted him to find a nice woman and settle down; she had been content to wait for him to find one pursuing her M.R.S. degree while he frittered away his 20's on a deplorable excess of education. His little sister had once suggested he look into marine biology – or as she put it, "swim to the bottom of the Mariana Trench and see if you can discover another member of your species, you fucking creep."

In spite of all of them, he had opened the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. For six months, Martin had lived in a sweltering attic with no bathroom. He had eaten

noodles by the penny and expired egg salad sandwiches by the pound. Martin had taught college students paying tens of thousands in tuition for barely enough money to rent and furnish an office that was only temperature-controlled in the hours leading up to an appointment with one of his three clients.

In spite of her apathy toward her own career, his guidance counselor had been right about one thing – or at least, one of the faded posters on her corkboard had been. When you do what you love, you never work a day in your life.

What ought to have been surprising to Martin Manning as he returned to his office, a desperately horny, whorishly attired coed queen prodded ahead of him, was to have an office filled with three absurdly beautiful women who were all ready to fuck, be fucked, or to allow him to watch them fuck. Instead, he was only surprised to find Sherri and Kira were still wearing their clothes. What scant clothes he'd bade them wear.

That wasn't to say they had been idle. Far from it. Someday, when Martin got around to checking his covert recording, he would see Sherri laugh as she squirmed out from underneath the gropy younger Reeves. The two sat close on his sofa, attempted awkward conversation for several minutes as Kira repeatedly tried to reinitiate. Around the time Stacey's narrative was winding down, they returned to the more productive task of admiring one another's fashion choices, and finally, the two of them lunging at each other lips first in unison.

Not much would change during the time he spent prepping Stacey in her trance, watching her strip down to the minimal coverings she wore into his office. Sherri was straddling Kira's lap. Her skimpy spandex mini skirt had crept up enough to display a thin ribbon of bright pink underwear which had crept snugly into the valley between her thighs, the damp spot not obvious until you really stared. Which Martin presently did.

There was no need for introductions, though divorced from context, it almost sounded like the girls made them nonetheless. For a fun game you can play at home with your kids³, try to match each line to its speaker.

"Sherri...?"

"Stacey?!"

"Kira..."

"Stacey."

"Mmmm, Sherri..."

"Kira..."

"Girls."

"Mr. Manning."

"Martin...!"

"Professor Manning!"

The women looked back and forth between the four gathered in his office. None of them could seem to decide on which reaction to embrace. Stacey split herself between gaping at the unexpected presence of her ex-girlfriend and glaring at Martin for his role

³ Absolutely do NOT play this game with your, or anyone's, kids.

in this unwelcome surprise. Sherri plainly wanted to smirk at Stacey – as smirks went it was disdainful on a level with the one Stacey had leveled at Naomi some months earlier – but Kira, continuing to absent-mindedly lick Sherri's neck, forced at least some concession to pleasure. Kira's eyes, peering over Sherri's shoulder, were wide, but whether in shock, delight, outrage, or simple confusion was unclear.

Martin spoke in a commanding voice. It was essential to assert himself before one of them started something he couldn't prevent. Too much chaos already. "Do you trust me?"

"I trust Martin Manning," came three voices in response.

"Good girls. Now I want you to listen to me. This is an unusual situation, but you have to trust me. I'm here to help you. You're going to get what you want if you trust me. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Mm."

"Mmmm."

"Stacey, I want you to sit down in my chair. You can look, and you can think, but that's all. Like you said. Understand?"

With a bitter glance at him, she took a seat and resumed staring. "Look. Think. Watch you fuck Kira."

"You said you wouldn't touch me," Sherri warned.

"And you said I could watch, which is all I'm doing, right?"

"You're going to *watch* us, Professor Manning? That's so hot..."

Sherri didn't look pleased, but gave him a curt nod. With a final smug look at Stacey – even if she had no idea how much smugness she was entitled to – she returned her attention to Kira, lifting the girl's chin until their lips met with hunger that could not be feigned.

"Kira."

"Mmmm?" she replied, her purr echoing in Sherri's mouth.

"How do you feel?"

"Mm mmm mm mm-mm m mm-mm–"

He sighed. "Sherri, if you really want to see her go nuts, suck on her tits."

"Don't tell me what to–"

He continued to assert himself over his patients. "Trust me."

Three voices replied in monotone, in unison. "I trust Martin Manning." (One of them called him Professor.)

Sherri scooted down off his therapy sofa, kneeling before it. It was easier to adjust Kira's neckline than remove her shirt, so she simply jerked it down and let those two fat tits heave forth into the open air. The DAT girls jointly marveled at them, but the one in a position to act on them quickly did. Kira's eyes slid closed, her neck lolled back, her fingers sunk into Sherri's red mane possessively. Her sister's presence was either forgotten, or... it wasn't.

“Kira.”

“Mmmm?” No obstruction this time. She simply liked to answer in moans.

“How do you feel?”

“Mmmmm, so good. Thank you. She’s so hot.” She pulled back her unsucked left tit and let go, letting it slap the redhead in the cheek. Kira giggled, but then Sherri switched nipples and it became a moan.

“What about Stacey watching?”

“Mmf. Why is she here? Bad. Not supposed to know.”

“But she does. And look – she isn’t upset. Are you, Stacey?”

“No. Not upset. Not at Kira.” Sherri chuckled a malevolent chuckle into Kira’s nipple.

“See? She’s not judging you, same as I’m not judging you.”

Kira’s eyes squinted tighter, tighter. With a sudden lurch, she came. Sherri didn’t let up; if anything, she sucked those titties harder. “Did she come just from having her boobs sucked on?” Stacey’s jaw hung low.

“Yes,” said Martin/moaned Kira/marveled Sherri.

“Told you so,” muttered Martin at the redhead.

(Kira had dyed the red highlights in her hair back to the natural black, matching her sister. Apparently their mother had tinted her own hair to match after admiring her daughter’s at Thanksgiving, and it rubbed Kira the wrong way. Surprising, considering how many right ways there were to rub the girl.

All that to say, Sherri had remained a redhead, just to be clear who bore the brunt of his told-you-so.)

“Stacey?” Martin walked around behind her, bent down and massaged Stacey’s tits as her little sister trembled in the hands and mouth of Stacey’s ex-lover.

“Mm.”

“Tell Kira you want to see her get fucked.”

“Kira, I want to see you get fucked.”

“Mmmmm. That’s... super creepy, Stace.”

“Kira, tell Stacey you want to get fucked by a hot girl.”

“Mmm, frick yes, wanna get... fuuuuuck... wanna get fucked by hot girl.”

“How hot, Kira?” Martin asked. “Do you remember how hot you said the girl had to be?”

“As... as hot as Stacey.”

“Mmmm,” purred Stacey, flattered. Her thighs spread apart, and a hand found its way between them.

“How did I do, Kira?”

“Oh, she’s so freaking hot, Professor Manning. You did awesome.”

“You like how she’s dressed?”

“Oh, it’s so hot,” Kira cooed, gazing adoringly at the girl doggedly lapping at her nipples. “Slutty. Hot slutty. Like a hot slutty costume to get fucked in.”

“It was a good idea to dress like a slut in my office after all, wasn’t it, Sherri?”

“Yes. Good idea to dress like a slut to your office. Stacey looked crushed.”

Stacey turned her head up to look at him. He stole a kiss, which she reciprocated hungrily. When she came up for air, she asked her question. “You brought her here to hurt me?”

“She came to me, Stacey. What we did last year hurt her, Stacey. It’s only fair. Don’t you feel bad about that?”

“Didn’t mean to. Was necessary. For Kira.”

Kira squeezed her tits together. “For me? Why?”

“Sherri, take her pants off and eat her out.”

This time, Sherri didn’t argue. The fragrance of that pussy had been driving her wild for over an hour now. Meanwhile, Martin earned the award for being the first member of their odd little hypno-orgy to get naked. His cock, harder than it had ever been in his life, jutted out over Stacey’s shoulder.

Unasked, she swiveled to take it into her mouth, running her lips and tongue up and down its length.

This was to be Stacey Reeves’ first ever blowjob. And he hadn’t even asked.

Sherri, still helping Kira remove those frayed jeans with a special care not to destroy their fragile composition completely, sneered over her shoulder. “How’s the dick, Stacey? You really left *this*,” she lifted her skirt, shaking an ass that refused to quit shaking, “for *that*?”

“Tell her how you feel about my cock, Stacey.”

Martin hadn’t been sure what the response would be, but it was more than satisfactory. After finishing a lick down the length of him, she paused only long enough to retort, “I want to fuck it. Love the feel of it inside me. Missed it for so long. Don’t...” Her eyes slid closed, overwhelmed, and she dragged her lips along its length a few more times, savoring it with her tongue. “Don’t know what I’m doing, but can’t... can’t stop.”

“Straight skank,” Sherri grumbled as she hiked Kira’s panties down to her knees and began licking the wettest pussy she’d ever tasted.

“OH. OH *GAWD!*” moaned Kira, throwing her head back against the couch cushion and panting at the ceiling.

“Is that right, Stacey? Are you straight?”

“Nmm,” she grunted before being wracked with coughs after an ill-fated first ever attempt at deep-throating. She finally understood why those porn stars’ eyes watered during those scenes, so many stepsisters overwhelmed by their stepbrothers’ swollen cocks.

Sherri issued a derisive laugh, letting her finger sub for her tongue on Kira’s swollen clit. “Not straight, she claims, as she sucks some creep’s dick.”

Martin stoically refused to take offense. The presence of a gorgeous lesbian’s lips rubbing curiously up and down his cock helped. “She’s really not. Sherri, Stacey never went straight. Not to say what she did wasn’t a betrayal, but... she had an experience a

couple years ago that left her confused, and she came to me looking for help making sense of it. The only cock she's ever wanted was mine, and it was only to pay me for helping her. Isn't that right, Stacey?"

Stacey, still slobbering inquisitively up and down Martin's shaft, nodded. Her eyes narrowed somewhat, her subconscious filling in the details so that his misleading representation rang true for her. To Sherri, it was a shocking revelation, though not at all the shock she would have received if she understood the full nature of the help Stacey had requested. To Kira, it was a confusing suggestion that their night together had fucked up Stacey's mind about boys the way it had hers about girls.

Everyone processed. Everyone wondered. Everyone moaned. Kira's hair trigger pussy came and came. Having a beautiful woman's face between her thighs was everything she had hoped it would be, and Sherri was an enthusiastic pussy connoisseur. Stacey was too horny to care that she was sucking a cock. It was *Martin's* cock, and she loved Martin's cock. She'd masturbated to this sight a million times, after all. She'd never had a boy come in her mouth before, but she loved that dick. She wanted to fuck him. Wanted to fuck Kira. While Stacey had never put it to mantras, she rather missed fucking Sherri as well. Her mouth had long been her vehicle of orgasmic pursuit, and so she sucked, and she swallowed, and she asked Martin if he would please, please fuck her.

"Kira, would you like to eat out Sherri now?"

"You don't wanna fuck me, Professor Manning?" God help her, she even thrust out her lower lip.

"I may, later. For now, I want you to get to fuck a hot girl. Go on."

Sherri, her face shining with Kira's cum, frowned back at him. "I don't want you to see my pussy."

Before Martin could solicit her assistance, Kira went to work on her. "Please, Sherri? 'Sokay for Professor Manning to see us naked. He's really cool about it. Saw me in my underwear when I was weighing myself and he didn't even care. Please? I wanna see if I like eating pussy. Please? Let me taste you? Pweeeease?"

"Fuck her," Stacey whispered. "Fuck her. Want to see Kira fuck."

It took Kira joining Sherri on the floor, licking her own cum off the kneeling DAT girl's lips, before Sherri finally relented. She didn't have much choice, really. That tiny pink skirt had already ridden up over her ass, and she didn't have the coordination or the willpower to fend off Kira's many-pronged assault on her panties. Finally, at Kira's direction, Sherri lay down, her ass on one armrest to elevate the target. Her pussy looked as if it had been shaved bare recently, but not too recently. Little hairs, deep red but not quite black, poked out of the alabaster skin of her pelvis.

Kira stood at the end of the sofa, looking down at her prize, licking her lips thirstily. "Go on, Kira."

Sherri looked over at Stacey with an unreadable expression. Then Kira bent at the waist until her face was buried between those neat pink labia, and Sherri's eyes slid

closed, a lazy, dopey smile coming on her lips almost as quickly as Kira had come on them before.

Martin made his way across the room, behind Kira. She was posing for it, asking for him to come up behind her, inviting him to use her pussy the way Sherri was inviting Kira to enjoy hers. He positioned his cock, good and lubricated from Stacey's blowjob and already regaining vigor, between Kira's legs. Her back arched at his touch, hips wriggling this way and that as if trying to suck him into her pussy.

"Fuck me," she whimpered into Sherri's snatch.

"Fuck her," whimpered Stacey impotently, fingering herself feverishly.

"Fuck," whimpered Sherri, though likely as interjection rather than imperative. Stacey was in no position to debate the grammar of it with him this time.

But Martin teased only, rubbing his cock between her legs everywhere but where his former pupil wanted it. Once she'd gotten him back in full fucking condition, he pulled back, ignoring pleas and protests from the respective Reeves sisters.

"Come here, Stacey," he commanded at the other end of the sofa.

Stacey was the only one present in the room whom he was certain wanted to fuck every other person. She'd never been this turned on in her life, and he could see at a glance it was eroding her brainpower. She didn't need to be told to come twice; however much she wanted to see Martin balls deep in Kira's pussy, she hadn't forgotten she had one herself. The minuscule flaps on her skirt bounced with each hurried step, flashing herself to the entire office, though they'd all seen it before. He positioned her opposite Kira, one Reeves bent over each arm of the sofa, with Sherri spread eagle in the middle with her pussy offered up to Kira, her face gazing upside down at Stacey. With an arm around her middle to keep her upright, Martin pushed down on her back until she was braced around Sherri's face.

"Apologize, Stacey."

"But—"

Then his cock was between her legs, teasing as he had her sister. "Apologize."

When she didn't, Sherri looked up at her accusingly as she squeezed her thighs around Stacey's face. "She can't. Emotionally incapable of admitting she was wrong."

"It costs you nothing to apologize," Martin prompted, angling the very tip of his cock into her gushing, waiting hole.

Stacey moaned, her elbows nearly buckling and dropping her face-first onto her ex. "I'm sorry," she whined.

Martin gave her an inch. "Go on."

"Mmmm... Never meant for you to find out..."

"That's not an apology," Sherri retorted, chin quivering at Kira's amateur pussy-licking but nevertheless stoic.

Martin took his inch back, and she growled in frustration. "Fine! Was selfish, OK? Knew what I was doing, did it anyway. Was selfish! Now fuck me? Please?!"

"Do you accept her apology, Sherri?"

“No. Coerced. Still selfish. She just wants your cock. She’ll say anything to get it.”

“Ask her if I should give in and fuck you, Stacey. You might try a ‘please.’”

“Tell him to fuck me, Sher.” Again, an inch. Her body shook with anticipation.

“Please, all right? Don’t be a cunt.”

“No. You left me for that cock.”

“Nmm. Left you because of *her*,” Stacey snapped. “Only made myself fuck him because of her.”

Kira peered across Sherri at them. “Me?” She blinked. Then licked. Whatever else was happening, she wasn’t going to stop fucking.

Martin silenced Stacey the best way he knew how – by slamming his cock home inside her. The sound she made was more bellow than moan, throaty and drawn out and very, very satisfied. Her arms failed her almost instantly, face-planting her into the couch cushion by Sherri’s shoulder, her breath hot and moist on her former lover’s neck as Martin began a slow rhythm.

“Oh my gosh, you’re fucking Stacey...!” Kira marveled, staring intently.

“You’re actually fucking her,” breathed Sherri. “A *man*.”

Stacey just made a high-pitched noise.

“You can kiss her, if you want.” Martin was non-specific, but both DAT sisters took him up on it. Their necks spun, one up and one down, until they met lips to upside-down lips. Sherri laughed at the absurdity of it; Stacey moaned at the taste of her long-lost lover’s kiss.

Martin returned to the cause for his distraction. “That’s right, Kira. This is because of you.” Whatever it was. This was no longer any plan; what remained of his plans had gone up in flames, ignited by Stacey and Sherri’s unplanned kiss.

Chaos. Damn that Stacey Reeves.

The DAT girls were beyond listening, clasp one another’s faces together to keep from splitting apart. Perhaps raw lust had a power that apologies lacked. As for Kira, her head cocked like a confused labradoodle, but her tongue kept darting in and out, mostly grazing Sherri’s thigh.

“But... why?”

Martin accepted another shot of cheap aged tequila, wincing. “What did she say when you found her?”

But Stacey, sucking down another shot herself, shook her head as she succumbed to her own tequila face. “No. It wasn’t like that. We didn’t talk it out. This wasn’t some after-school-special easy resolution.”

“I may only be a pretend therapist, Stacey, but still, let me just say: no fucking joke.”

She chuckled, glancing at the door to his office like she might see something through the blinds. "I couldn't find her for a minute. I was yelling to her that they were gone, but no reply. I thought she might be curled up in a ball doing her baby K super sad cries. That's what my dad and I always called it. She just implodes in on herself sometimes. Really embarrassing.

"Anyway, she didn't answer, so finally, I looked for her out back. Like, maybe she wanted to super sad cry in the moonlight so it would be even sadder, you know? And I'm standing on the back patio like a derp, reassuring her that I got rid of the bumpkin brigade, when suddenly something flies up and hits me in the face."

Martin blinked. "What, like a bat?"

She laughed. "You know, I think at the time that was my first reaction. But no, it was a bikini top. Just came flying at me out of the darkness, this stripey, sexy-casual bikini top she'd put on to cliff dive, showing off those good Reeves genes for the children of the corn. She still has it, though she's grown a cup size since then at least. Looks damn fine."

Martin knew this, having seen their beach vacation pics online, but no sense ruining the moment with creepy admissions. Still, it was ruining his moment all right. This was not the version Kira had told him. She'd been blubbing a lot by then, and he'd had to extrapolate portions of it, but none of it came within a country mile of her playfully projecting her bikini at her sister. "Like, she threw it at you? Really?"

"Sling-shotted it by the string, I think – it came at me fast. Then I heard her laughing, just giggling like an idiot. She'd obviously heard me that it was just us, but when I told her to come talk to me, the laughing just got farther. So I traipsed out into the dark after her. The dogs were following – I'd left the door open, I guess, or maybe Kira let them out with her. I was glad for the company, though. Black as hell out there in those woods. But every time I was worried I'd gotten lost or was wandering the wrong direction, I'd hear her laughing again. It was kinda spooky for a minute, but then I saw a pair of jean shorts hanging off a tree limb."

"Hot."

"I'd say you have no idea, but obviously you do. Little by little I can tell I'm going downhill. Remember I said there was that lake, or reservoir or whatever, out behind the cabin? I can smell the water when suddenly her briefs hit me in the face, and another of those disembodied giggles running off. So now I know that Kira's out there, in the dark, buck-ass naked. So my drunk ass figures it'll be weirder if only one of us is dressed, so I say fuck it. No idea how I'm gonna find my clothes later, but I strip down and dump my stuff in the woods. I wasn't about to leave her stupid drunk naked ass wandering around the forest to get eaten by a bear. Or hell, maybe that's just how my drunk ass justified it."

"You thought you'd do the eating?" he teased.

Stacey punched his arm again. "Focus, mesmer. So finally I make it out of the woods, and there's the water, and down by the docks I can make out her hot little body. The dogs saw her first, and they run after her, almost knocking her into the water with

them.” Stacey smiled fondly at the memory. “But I just walked down there, the two of us naked as hell, and say... I dunno, ‘we should talk,’ or something underwhelming like that. What do you say in that circumstance, you know?”

“And what did she say?”

“I was drunk, mind you. We both were. You’re not gonna get a full play by play. But I remember, god how’d she put it? She made fun of me for talking her into that stupid dare – like I was the one who’d given those horny dorks the idea. We bickered, kinda, but then before I knew what I was doing, I kissed her.”

It had been months since Kira had wept her way through the telling of her version, but the mental image of that kiss was still with him. “How did she react?”

Stacey smiled a coy smile. “If you’ve done your job, in a few minutes, you’ll get to see it all over again.”

He jerked back suspiciously. “Really? She just... what, gave in? Let you...?”

Stacey laughed. “Let me? Begged me, is more like it. When she didn’t just take charge herself. I’m sure I don’t need to remind you that that girl is a bona fide horndog.”

“Really?” She glared at his incredulity. “No, I mean nothing against your sex appeal, but that’s a hell of a taboo you’re talking about. You’re sure she wasn’t just... playing along? Too drunk to know what to do, so she lay there and let it happen?”

“Hey, eat a dick, Mesmer. I was there. Before we fell asleep, she looked me in the goddamn eyes and told me it was the best she’d ever felt. It’s probably only because of our cunt of a mother that she didn’t come to you on her own and ask you to do for her like I did.” Her fierce expression softened as she went on. “In the morning, yeah, we both felt pretty awkward about what we’d done. She asked if I wanted to do it again, and like a dumbass I told her I didn’t think so, that it was probably something bad.”

“Wait, you rejected her?”

Stacey nodded, took another shot. “She tried to kiss me, and I stopped her. I could tell it broke something, that rejection. But I hadn’t had time to process. If she’d given me a few days for me to realize incest is only bad because of inbred fuckwit offspring and because usually it’s some rapey creep of an uncle forcing himself on his niece or whatever...” Stacey sighed, took another swig. “I should have kissed her. But I didn’t. So she lost her shit. We had this big awful fight. Before we could make up, Chelsea was back and there was no more privacy to talk about it. Back home she avoided me like the plague. I suppose I wasn’t great to her either. So it just became this Thing between us, something we did but never talked about.”

“So since you knew she was enrolled in hypnotherapy, when you saw my act, you thought...”

“She’d already decided to come here. So yeah. I figured if Kira won’t let me make things right, I’ll *make* things right.”

“Because the two of you need to make things right,” Martin answered.

Wrinkle. “This... this is right?”

“Look, the two of you had one hell of a crazy falling out. But for two years after, you hated each other. Did you feel better then, trapped under a roof with someone who made you question your entire identity? Or now, watching your lesbian sister beg for cock just so she can have you back in her life?”

This was the over-simplification of a lifetime, of course. A binary choice so disconnected from lived trauma that it was objectively confusing to offer as a solution. Martin barely understood the reductive proposal himself.

His plans were dead. It had seemed so straightforward that morning. Give Sherri her well-deserved vengeance against Stacey by inducing her to fuck Kira. Help her move beyond the dismal situation she'd been settling for since. Help Kira process her trauma by embracing the lesbian side of herself while rejecting the incestuous urges that had so long tormented her. Give her a hot girl to play with, and let her spurn Stacey as much and however she wished. And Stacey? Stacey, he would drag through the ordeal of watching her sister snatched away by the same woman she'd so blithely discarded herself, left to settle for a cock she knew she shouldn't want yet was all that she had left to her. It was a network of schemes that had skirted widely around Martin's own culpability, but it was reward, recompense, and revenge as merited for everyone else.

Then out came that bottle of cheap tequila, and once more it sewed its chaos.

None of his plans had had a contingency in them for having his entire understanding of Stacey Reeves' evil incestuous mind control slavery scheme into question. Stacey could be lying, of course, but both acknowledged their drunkenness, so who could even say which one had the right of things? Certainly none of what Stacey had shared was a suitable justification for her fantasizing about Kira begging forgiveness on her knees, but that came more from two years of waging a cold war more than that one day.

So after seven months of scheming, four elaborate plans, and twenty plus months of collective hypnosis appointments between three very different patients, Martin Manning threw out the playbook. Who was deserving of what, he no longer had any idea. Martin looked to his gut and took the leap.

“You said you wanted to mend your relationship with your sister, Kira. Here's your opportunity. She submitted to hypnosis, gave herself to me, so that I would help her fix things with you.”

“You did?” Sherri whispered, but Stacey silenced her with kisses before Kira even realized someone else had spoken.

“You... you made her have sex with you, to get you to... what?”

“Nobody made anybody do anything. Hypnosis doesn't work like that,” Martin assured his innocent freshman student as she ate her sister's half-naked lesbian ex-girlfriend's pussy on her therapy couch while the senior sister, likewise a lesbian,

enthusiastically took a cock from behind while she tried to initiate make-up sex with the sexy redhead the two sisters were tongue-fucking at either end. "Trust me."

"I trust Professor Manning. But..."

"Don't think about *why*, Kira. You know my methods have always been outside the box. This is your goal we're talking about. Do you want a relationship with Stacey, or not? She'll never be readier than she is right now."

Martin slapped Stacey's tight little ass. She yelped into Sherri's mouth, but it fast became a moan.

"I... I do want that... But how does any of this... Am I supposed to, like...?" She gazed inscrutably at where his cock was gliding in and out of Stacey's frictionless pussy.

"You don't have to do anything you don't want. But I think you two should talk, instead of me talking for you."

Martin pulled out of Stacey. "No!" she cried, thrusting her hips back this way and that as if her pussy might stumble back onto his cock.

"Stacey, tell me how it would feel if you had to watch Kira sit on Sherri's face."

"No," she whined, more pathetically this time. "We were just kissing. Missed her lips..."

"Sherri, do you want revenge against Stacey?"

"Um, yes?" She blinked, dizzy from the overload of pleasure. "Yes. I want revenge against Stacey. I can't feel right until I've hurt Stacey like she hurt me."

Stacey's reaction to this pronouncement was anyone's guess since she was still bent over the arm of the couch with her face buried in a couch cushion. Probably didn't love it.

"Then invite Kira to sit on your face."

Sherri nodded. "Kira, sit on my face?"

Kira glanced down. "That means she'll eat me out, right?"

"Yes, Kira," answered everyone but Kira.

"You want to fuck hot girls, don't you Kira?"

That was as much as it took for a grand shuffling of positions. Sherri only moved to lay flat on the couch. Kira mounted her face, gasping as the cunnilingus immediately resumed, pawing at her plump, perfect tits as she was so fond of doing. The faint sounds of wetness on wetness were barely audible as Sherri wore her pussy like a beauty mask.

As for Stacey, Martin settled her straddling Sherri's thighs, facing her sister. If Sherri didn't like her being there, there wasn't anything she could do about it while she was pinned down by Kira's cunt.

"Can I use my dildo on her?" Stacey asked him.

With a grin at her ingenuity, Martin hustled into the waiting room. Darkness had settled while they'd been having their bizarre group therapy session. He retrieved the dildo from her purse. On a whim, he brought the tequila bottle, too. There was still about a third left. He set the latter on his desk and brought the former over to the mass of bodies on the sofa. Stacey inserted the Martin-dildo into Sherri without asking,

without warning. It slid right in, perfectly at home. Stacey rose up long enough to let Sherri spread her legs a bit wider for ease of access.

The Reeves sisters straddled either end of Sherri, one casually humping her face, the other nonchalantly fucking her pussy with a facsimile of their therapist's dick. They were watching one another, though, so Martin stayed clear. When neither spoke, the possibility that they might just have a boring old orgy without resolving any interpersonal drama occurred to him. That would not do at all. After Kira recovered from her first momentous orgasm of that particular position, he prompted, "Tell each other what you're thinking right now."

"You look incredible," Stacey started.

"Thanks," said Kira, meaning thanks. "You look really hot, too. I mean, like always. Duh."

"Missed you, baby K."

"Mmmm. Missed you too, Stace."

Sherri clawed her shirt up over her breasts, wild with need. Both of the Reeves reached for her tits, hands colliding over Sherri's nipples. They laughed, and each took charge of fondling one breast.

"Mm. Wish I'd done this sooner."

Kira giggled. "Set up a crazy foursome in Professor Manning's office?"

"That too. Was supposed to be a threesome. Didn't know Sherri was involved."

Kira's hips rocked a little faster. "Was trying to figure it out. You know, what we did, at Chelsea's? I guess I thought if I hooked up with a girl and liked it, it'd mean I was just bi. Not a freak."

Huh. Martin nodded in approval at his patient's self-diagnosis. Better than what he'd come up with. "I'm sorry for how I handled it," Stacey said, twisting the dildo in Sherri's spasming pussy. Howls of pleasure sounded, muffled by Kira's gushing pussy. "You deserved better."

"Mmm. Mmmmm." Kira sighed as her body shook in orgasm. "Sorry. Sherri... so hot. So good."

"Mmm. Right?"

She rolled her shoulders, shook herself alert, and refocused her eyes. "But yeah, me too. I put it all on you. Wouldn't let you in."

"Made it so hard for you."

"That's what she said!" The girls glanced to their therapist's massive erection, twitching with his heartbeat over the proceedings. Both giggled hysterically. "Sorry. Couldn't resist."

"You never can," chided Stacey with a soft smile.

"Do you, um, want to..."

Stacey lunged in and kissed her.

Chaos reigned.

“Fuck Kira, Martin. Fuck her. Want to see you fuck her. You deserve to fuck her. She deserves to be fucked by you. Fuck her. Please fuck her.”

“Fuck Stacey, Professor Manning. She’s never loved a cock before. Wanna see how she looks with you inside her. Want to taste her come on your cock.”

“Fuck my sister, Martin. Fuck her. Fuck her so hard I have to carry her to the car.”

“Fuck my sister, Professor Manning. Fuck her so good she turns totally straight – except for me.”

“And me,” Sherri protested timidly.

Kira giggled. “And Sherri. Everybody can fuck Sherri.”

“Except me,” Martin assured her.

“Fuck them, Martin.”

“Fuck us, Professor Manning.”

“Fuck us, Mesmer.”

“Fuck *you*, Marty.”

Suddenly, the door to the office of the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic swung open. Martin had forgotten to secure it when he retrieved the dildo and tequila. The bottle was tapped now after they took turns drinking the runoff from Kira’s tits, letting her drink from their kisses.

“Naomi?” As one, the four of them turned to look at the busty blonde newcomer. “We’re in the middle of something. Get the fuck out, OK?”

“I can see you’re in the middle of something. In the middle of trying to turn these three into your personal fuck puppets.”

“You are?” Kira asked, frowning.

Naomi snorted. “Oh, he sure is, ‘baby K.’ Do you even realize the depths to which this man will sink to get his sad little pencil dick wet?”

“Not little,” Kira protested fiercely. The lesbians looked less sure whether or not there was a call for defense.

“Leave, Naomi. I’m not kidding.”

“What are you going to do, call the cops on me? I’d love to see you try. I can’t wait to see you explain *this* to them. ‘You see, ossifer, I wadn’t up to nuffin’. Durr, I’s just been hypnotizing these womenfolk to get them to fuck me against their will. That’s right, they’s all sisters and two of ‘em lesbos, but I was a’gonna do it anyways, durr!’” She paused for laughter. Needlessly. “Please. You’ll be lucky if you only go to jail. I remember you saying that the bitchy one has a fucking gun.”

“Am I the bitchy one?” Kira whispered, mortified.

“Naomi...!”

“Fuck off, Marty. You think you can lie to *me*, cheat on *me*, with *that*, and there won’t be consequences? Bitch, please. Do you know how long I’ve been watching your creepy little operation?”

“Since the sign went up?”

“Pfff! As if! I’ve had my eyes on you since the day I left your ass back in May, watching to see what this skinny bitch was after.”

“Who is she? What’s she talking about, Professor Manning?” Kira asked. She was frowning now, and none of their asses were waving for him any more.

“Oh, you mean he didn’t tell you? Yeah, your cunt sister came to him last year, told him he wanted him to hypnotize her into wanting to fuck him. Sounds crazy, I know. I sure didn’t believe it when he first told me. But then I saw him doing it, watched the little skank crawl and plead and beg for him like the fucking gutterslut she is. So I did some sleuthing.”

“Sleuthing?” Stacey asked, eyes narrow. “That what you call coming to my house and trying to start a fight? Trying,” she sneered her Stacey sneer, “until I sent you running with your tail between your legs?”

“Yeah, Wilde child, you’re so fucking tough hiding behind your legion of preppy skanks. But it was a fake-out anyways! See, I wanted you to think I was defeated. Like I was gonna just slink off and call it a day? You fuck with the Nay-Nay, I fuck up your day-day.”

“That’s...” Kira shook her head in distaste. “No. Doesn’t sound as cool as you think it does.”

“Eat me. Fuck, I did all this for *you*, don’t you see? Turns out, your so-called ‘therapist?’ He’s been playing you since day 1, working with your psycho sis there to brainwash you into fucking the both of them. Then he was going to hand you off to her as a sex slave, so she can keep you on some fucked up leash in her basement or whatever. Don’t believe me? I have proof, bitch! So *ha!*”

“Proof? What proof?” Stacey asked evenly, avoiding her sisters’ eyes.

“You don’t remember that dude, a month or so back, came in wanting a one-off session? He worked for *me*, dumbasses! I paid him to come in here, and when the great Marty Maning wasn’t looking, he put a listening device in here! Yeah! For *weeks* now, I’ve been hearing every sick, twisted thing he’s been putting in all y’all’s heads.”

“None of that’s true,” Kira protested feebly, but she was no longer kneeling, no longer baring her ass in hopes of seducing Martin even while begging him to fuck her sister. She sat on the couch, huddled into the corner. “It can’t be. Can it? Professor Manning is *nice*. He *cares* about me.”

“Cares about you? Look at yourself! Naked next to your own sister, a sister you couldn’t stand six months ago, begging this dickless loser to stick it in you? Come on, Kira. You’re smarter than this! Or shit, maybe not, but you fucking well oughtta be.”

“Professor Manning? Stacey?” Her voice was almost as small as Sherri’s, who was herself conspicuously silent.

“You seem pretty pleased with yourself, Naomi.” He folded his arms across his chest, refusing to let his nudity diminish him. “What does it say about you that you spent the last three months eavesdropping on my every conversation? And I’m a loser? What do you call someone who can’t get over her ‘loser’ ex-boyfriend?”

“Past three months? Marty, Marty, Marty... The past three months is when I decided to up my game, get hard evidence so polite society can say bye-bye to your ass. You don’t even know the full extent of my game. If you even guessed at the half of it, it would—”

“You mean how you hooked up with Sherri after the both of you got your hearts broken in some kind of twisted revenge pact?” Martin arched an eyebrow. “Like that?”

“How I...” She looked at Sherri, suddenly wide-eyed. Meanwhile, the girl on the couch turned as red as her hair, head to toe. “Look at you, making up crazy theories just ‘cause—”

“Don’t bother lying, Naomi. I’ve known about your scheme for a long while now.”

“You did?” Sherri yelped.

“Of course I did. For one, you picked her up down the street on like her third session, like I don’t know what your piece of shit car sounds like sputtering by the office. Not subtle. For two, she was in the background of a picture you were tagged in on facebook, some cookout or something. She was blurry, but she was looking right at you.”

“Bullshit! I blocked your ass, and I have my privacy settings up!”

“But your friend Jayla didn’t, and doesn’t. Not that it mattered anyway, since I would have figured it out while I was, you know, *hypnotizing her*.”

“Aha!” Naomi jabbed a finger in the air. “She was faking it the whole time, Morton!”

Kira arched a brow. “Did... you just blend ‘Martin’ and ‘moron?’”

“Yeah, was that on purpose?” Stacey cringed.

Naomi looked unsure herself. “Fuck you both! But see, goes to show how little you knew! Who do you think was downloading the stuff from my bug? Simple little app on her phone, just have to be close-by. She’s been a mole in your scummy little operation since the beginning!”

Martin sighed, then squatted down in front of the sofa. Stacey was still in fuck position, unwilling to let this bitch interrupt her fun. He rewarded her with a little squeeze on her ass. Eyes on Naomi, he reached under the couch and produced the device. “You mean this bug?”

Naomi flinched. “What? You knew? And you still left it...?”

“Because she stopped being your mole the day I put her in a trance. I’m honestly embarrassed for you that you don’t think I’d notice when someone’s faking it. Why do you think I picked Stacey over you last year? I know how to spot a fraud on my couch.”

“No, she told me...”

Sherri whirled, aghast. “You knew? The whole time?”

“Almost.” He shrugged.

“But then... I don’t understand. You knew I was here to expose you and Stacey, and you let me?”

Martin put a hand on her shoulder. For once, she didn’t recoil at his touch. “I didn’t need hypnosis to make you want revenge on your cheating ex. No more than Naomi needed it. I just needed to give you good advice and let you take it. Once you believed I wanted the same thing you did, to ruin Stacey, you relaxed enough that I put you under for real. From there, it wasn’t hard to figure out what you’d really been up to, coming in here.”

“I never told you!” She looked to Naomi. “I swear, Naomi, I *never* told him!”

“You didn’t have to tell me, Sherri. I know her. Once I realized the two of you were in it together, it was pretty easy to unravel her idiot scheme.”

Sherri shook her head, dumb-founded. “You planned on reconciling the three of us all this time?”

“Of course I did.” Chaos, lies, and more chaos.

“So... you’ve known, this whole day, that Naomi was behind my being here? That I was cheating on her, the way Stacey cheated on me? You were OK with that?”

“I knew she’d eventually come for her Gotcha Moment, and it felt like today was going to be the day. I certainly gave you enough hints to feed back to her. Meant to lock the door so she wouldn’t interrupt, but... my bad. Anyway yeah, you deserve better than her, Sherri. I wanted to help you snap out of it before she drags you so far down the same toxic hole she’s decided to live in that you can’t climb out.”

“Toxic? *I’m* toxic?! You know what? Whatever. Beeb, come on. Where’d that hot little outfit we dressed you up in run off to?”

“Around here somewhere,” mumbled Sherri, though she pointedly did not begin searching for it.

“You think you’re so smart, Marty,” Naomi went on. “Maybe you saw it coming, but you didn’t do jack shit to stop me. Stop *us*. You’re fucked good now, though. We’ve told little sis what he did, and he can’t undo that. Have fun with your harem of zero, dickhead. Let’s take our evidence and see what the police think. This has to be malpractice or something.”

Martin sighed irritably. “Well, since the three of them are still under hypnosis and will remember as much or as little as I tell them to when they wake up, actually yeah, I can undo it. And I will. And Naomi, Kira and Stacey and I are going to stay here and fuck each other until we can’t take it any more. You told me the files are on your phone—”

“I did...?”

“You did. Delete them, and you can stay. You don’t even have to dump her if you don’t want.”

Kira blinked. “Wow, Professor Manning. Thought of everything. I really won’t remember you’ve been setting me up for this orgy all semester? Not gonna lie, that’s kinda fucked-uppedly hot.”

Stacey grinned at her. "Yeah?"

"Nobody's ever gone to anywhere near these lengths to try to fuck me." She elbowed her big sis playfully. "You want my pussy so baaaad..."

Stacey scooped up a fingerload of slime from between Kira's legs. "Not as bad as you want mine, apparently."

Kira picked up her pillow and slugged her with it. Stacey fought back, and once Sherri showed him the empty folder on her phone, she joined the pillow fight. In moments, it became a frenzy of arms and legs, fingers and tongues.

"Those pillows were a great investment, Naomi. You're a gem of customer service."

The blonde's whole body was trembling with rage. "*I DUMP YOU!*" she shrieked at Sherri, then stormed out of the clinic. Her tires squealed as she peeled out of the lot. Martin calmly locked the office door behind her.

"She's probably been waiting for me out there for hours," Sherri mumbled sheepishly. "I feel bad."

"Get over here and let's make you feel good." Kira giggled infectiously, and soon they were all doing it as they made their way back to the couch. "But you gotta fuck Stacey first."

"You promise I'd get to watch you fuck Kira," Stacey insisted, though the way she waved her ass at him was an invitation, not a rejection.

"It's really that good, Stace?"

Stacey nodded to her DAT sister. "Like the toy I was using, but better. It's warm, and it sort of... I don't know. Not vibrates, but kind of. Surprisingly pleasurable."

"And I really won't remember any of this?"

"You'll remember what you need to remember, but I can employ a 'what happens in a trance stays in a trance' approach if you like. Your call."

Sherri made a point of not looking back at Martin. "If you tell me you're using the dildo, I swear I won't turn and check," Sherri's high voice offered quietly. He wasn't sure if she was still red from before, or was blushing anew.

"Mantras while I think, girls. Until I tell you to stop."

"I love coming here," began Kira.

"I want to fuck Martin Manning," began Stacey.

"I trust Martin Manning," began Sherri. He'd have to work up a new one for her, but that sentiment would suffice for now.

Three hypnotized women knelt on his sofa, arms resting on the back, staring with unfocused eyes off into nothingness. Three perfect asses waved back and forth imploringly. Three sets of tits emerged above or below three inadequate shirts, each there to be fondled at his leisure. He selected a pussy and told its owner to fuck him, as he would do time and again into the night.