

The Creep

Chapter One

Martin Manning was everybody's nobody. He'd been a nobody as a kid, a nobody in high school, a nobody in college, and remained a nobody in grad school. It wasn't deliberate. To the contrary, Martin had tried his hardest to carve out a reputation. Those who knew of it, however, didn't think of it, and those who didn't likely wouldn't have anyway.

To be fair, it was easy for anyone to fade into the woodwork at a school the size of Lakeview U. Close to twenty thousand students, of whom only a scant handful were popular enough to be able to call themselves such. A young woman in one of the classes Martin TAed for had close to half a million Youtube followers, a bit of trivia that impressed exactly no one Martin had mentioned it to in conversation. Nobody was starstruck to meet the fourth most popular collegiate freegan survivalist content creator. Even less so if they got close enough to catch a strong whiff. Nevertheless, he had to concede that even she was more of a somebody than him.

Which was why his chance meeting that afternoon with one of the genuinely popular members of the Lakeview student body was so damn strange.

It was backstage after one of his shows—

Right. That bears some explanation.

Martin was no showman, despite his assiduous efforts to demonstrate otherwise. Nevertheless, he did put on shows, after a fashion. Martin la Mesmer, he called himself. (No one else called himself by this title.) The effort at alliteration was unnecessary considering it was already present in his actual name, but once a pretty girl had told him she thought it was clever, and whether it was to pacify him and send him off or a compliment given sincerely, he had seized on it and was no longer willing to budge. As to the nature of the show, it was nothing so unusual in the context of a university, where every talent under the sun could and did find purchase. There was an audience for it all, from musicians, to standup comics, to contortionists, to chainsaw jugglers. A hypnotist like Martin was far from exotic.

He had no following of note, and by this late stage in his career, many venues wouldn't even permit him any more. They were advised up front that his was an adults only show, so any blame could hardly be placed on his shoulders. Nothing more shocking than a little disrobing, but not past the underwear, followed by a few cheap thrills from the then-scantly clad young woman. Garden variety, but for folks who liked that kind of thing, it was that kind of thing. The diversion wasn't exactly smiled upon by his academic contemporaries, but it so happened that one of his fellows in his program remained (very) gainfully employed at a local breastaurant as a side hustle, which he

had pointed out to the academic director when the man's "concerns" came under discussion. It left them in the possession without firm footing to make an issue over adult-themed employment since fortunately, at a liberal university like Lakeview U, they couldn't come after him without risking the PR landmine of shaming a student for what she chose to do with her body.

Martin wished she would come to one of his shows and let him use his craft to help her make some different choices. She never did. Still, it was a cover, and he'd take it.

"Is that shit real?"

Martin nearly jumped out of his socks. He was in the midst of changing out of his costume and back into his street clothes, backstage in the Lakeview Lounge. The joint was a comedy club by weekend but a pretty much whatever they could find club other nights. The dressing room had no door, though nobody but staff was supposed to have access. The sudden presence of a strange voice – a *woman's* voice – was unexpected.

"Of course it's real," the performer said quite defensively, tucking his costume shirt back in as if he'd been in the process of donning rather than ditching this outfit. It wasn't much of a costume, a purple-red tuxedo that seemed to split evenly between reminding viewers of My Cousin Vinny and Beetlejuice. He wasn't about to take it off in front of *her* though.

Her, after all, was none other than Stacey Reeves. Yes, *that* Stacey Reeves.

"Bullshit," was all she said.

Doubt and mockery were very familiar responses to his craft, if not quite so much as the more standard accusations of being a creep. Still, unlike most who bothered to go out of their way to express their disregard, Stacey leaned against the doorway to the dressing room, arms folded across her chest.

That chest was a not insignificant portion of what fuel Stacey Reeves's celebrity status. Not true celebrity, of course, but the sort of cheap, temporary celebrity that would fuel any such woman's sense of general superiority for at least until she hit her forties. The woman was a stunner, no doubt about it. Raven black hair hanging straight down past her shoulders framed a face that was conventionally beautiful, so much so that one even had to inflect "conventionally" without the standard veiled derision. Her breasts weren't celebrated for their enormity, (though they were at least ample, probably even generous), yet even more so they were prominent, jutting forward and slightly up in celebration of these final sag-free years of her life. Her ass was no less sexy, round and perky and simply made for bikini wear, as Martin knew from ample study. Not that he'd ever been in a room with her to do any such studying, much less at the beach, but like half the men at Lakeview he followed her instagram, and like all those men lamented that she had too much social collateral and family wealth for an onlyfans.

“Am I in your way or something...?” he asked after a moment. He knew there was an open mic music night happening shortly, though he’d thought not for another half hour yet. Sometimes he stuck around for those, in case someone wanted to chat up Martin la Mesmer. (No one had yet, but perhaps someday.) “I’ll be done here in—”

“Nope.”

Martin tried not to stare, but there was really nothing else to do. He couldn’t change with her standing there, and his instinct to slink away from this vision of sex appeal was stymied by her position in the doorway. For a moment he wondered if it was really Stacey Reeves; the light was behind her, and the dressing room lit only with a single dim red bulb. The face was a silhouette, though the basic contours – symmetry, conventionality – seemed right. The tits, however, were a dead giveaway. He knew the outline of those tits.

She didn’t say anything, though, so when he began to find it growing harder to avoid looking directly at her chest, he finally had to say something before he risked offending her. The consequences for such offense were unknown, but one of them was likely that she would stop standing near him and talking to him, which was motivation enough to force himself to behave. “Did you want something?”

She tapped her lip a few times. “I think your hypnosis stuff is bullshit. Tell me how it works.”

Martin frowned. It was easy to be intimidated by beautiful women, but her abrasive approach, combined with his acclimation to regarding undergrads as his subordinates, won the encounter. “If you think it’s bullshit, why would you want to know how it works?”

“So you admit you have no proof.”

“Did you not see the show? Do you think my volunteer – Holly, I think she said her name was? – took her shirt off in the middle of the room? At my mere suggestion?”

“Some people get off on that. Lots of weird kinks out there.”

“That’s your theory. That I happened to stumble across a one in a thousand freak as my one and only volunteer for my show.”

“Let’s not get rude about it. I didn’t call her a freak. People can have kinks. Nothing wrong with that. Bet you have a few yourself.”

“How fun. Hypnotist meets mind reader.” He rolled his eyes. It was difficult. Everything about her told him to be polite, smile, do what she asked and maybe she’d throw him a bone, maybe see that he was *#special*. Existing in the presence of this much sexiness was heady, all the more so with all of her attention on him.

“Not like it’s hard. Guy running an erotic hypnosis show... you don’t exactly hide what gets you off, ‘la Mesmer.’ And by the way, what’s your real name? Is it actually Martin, or is that bullshit too?”

“Yes, my name is Martin, and no, my skills aren’t bullshit. I’ve been practicing for over a decade. I’ve taken courses.” Sort of. Enough youtube tutorials surely counted as coursework.

“Courses? That’s right, you’re a TA, aren’t you. Big shot grad student. Lotta courses, I bet.”

“Excuse me? How do you know I’m a TA?”

“It’s called google. Haven’t heard of it? You should google it, it’s tits.”

Her phrasing beat out his irritation, and he gazed down. Hers was a plain white t-shirt, but there was a thin gap that showed some of that well-known cleavage. Fuck, she was hot. “Why were you googling me?”

“You like my tits?”

Martin blinked. “What? I mean, why...”

“You looked right at them a second ago. And like six other times since I came back here.”

“Look, I didn’t mean to offend you or anything. I’m sorry. OK? There. I apologized. Now maybe you should—”

“Did I say I was offended?” Stacey shrugged. “I have great tits.”

“Are you... What are you even doing back here?” Lord knows the girl didn’t need to seek men out to validate the merits of her bosom. Was this how girls as hot as Stacey Reeves flirted?

“I wanted to know if you’re legit. Like I said. Should we be having this dialogue via text, or can you handle ogling and talking at the same time?”

“I was not ogling! And yes, I am legit,” he added in less of a shout. While trying not to continue ogling. (Was she inviting him to? No, that couldn’t be.) The profile of that perfect rack of hers resting on her forearms was hard to ignore, though.

“Seriously? If it’s all an act, just say so. Nothing wrong with putting on a show or whatever. But if it’s real, you gotta be straight with me.”

“It’s—”

“Because there’s probably half a dozen guys in earshot who’d beat your ass up and down the street for any of a dozen things I could scream.”

Martin hesitated. It was not an implausible threat. Still, it was obviously his hypnosis show that had brought him onto the woman’s radar. He wasn’t about to admit that “Holly” was an aspiring model named Naomi whom he’d hired after she flunked out of the university two years back. He *was* a hypnotist, and he *had* studied; no sense explaining to her that obviously you couldn’t make a total stranger take her shirt off and strike poses with a five-minute induction. Nuance never worked in opening explanations.

“It’s real.”

Stacey pivoted to face him, the single red bulb in the dressing room finally catching her face. It smiled. In red. “You do private shows?”

It was three days before Martin heard from Stacey. Three long days of answering every unknown number that called him. He'd twisted Naomi's arm to let him get some real practice in instead of mere performance. She'd twisted back until he'd had no choice but to offer her an extra \$50 a show if she let him practice on her. It had been a while since he'd actually hypnotized someone. No guess what a woman like Stacey might want with his talents, but the last thing he wanted was to embarrass himself in front of her. Being a nobody was familiar, comfortable; the prospect of transitioning into the somebody who'd become a laughing stock in front of Stacey Reeves herself was not something he relished.

Naomi had been her usual grudging self. It made for the worst kind of subject, one who didn't want to be there, didn't seem to have a submissive bone in her body, didn't trust him farther than she could spit. Naomi might not have been a great student, but she wasn't so stupid that she didn't know full well that Martin wanted to fuck her, that hypnotizing girls into sexy situations was his whole deal. He insisted that the whole hypnotizing girls into sleeping with you routine was really only a thing in fetish porn. Of which Martin was surpassingly familiar. Still, letting go of herself in front of a man with that familiarity was beyond Naomi's comfort level, which meant his practice was barely enough to slow her breathing and heart rate a little. It could as likely have been sheer boredom.

"Martin?" Stacey asked after he merely said hello. Expecting it to be another scammer like the last ten times he'd hoped an unknown number would be Stacey's, he didn't answer the phone with his name.

"Yeah, this is. Is this Stacey?"

"Obviously. So are you still interested?" There was only a half second pause before a burst of giggles. "Just kidding. I know you're interested. But are you free tonight?"

He made a face. "You know, you're the one asking me to do you a favor."

"Yeah, yeah. Sorry, I guess. Anyway, are you?" He could sense her satisfaction in his affirmative reply before he even answered. "Cool. I'll text you the address where we're meeting. Eight OK?"

"Yeah, eight's fine." In fact, he had plans that night, but there was no way bowling with some people from his grad program was going to take precedence over literally anything Stacey wanted. (The admission stung a bit, but only a bit.) Martin reminded himself for the hundredth time that it was obviously nothing erotic, no matter how much this scenario resembled the beginning of one of his hypnofetish pornos. (If she had been his stepsister, it would have been a lock.) As to the question of what she did want, he could only guess. Help with studying? Stopping smoking? Repressing some horrible memory?

He'd find out at eight.

This address is a hotel..., he texted back once she'd provided it.

Yep was all she said. Great.

The hotel in question was a Best Western a few miles off campus, coincidentally the same one his parents had stayed at when they'd visited in the fall. It was a reasonably nice place, though the prospect of sitting alone in a hotel room with Stacey Reeves had him hard all evening. (Would they even be alone? That was an assumption, not anything she'd promised.) Around 7:15 he gave up and beat off some of that excess big dick energy, with an assist from some of Stacey's instagram pics from her vacation to Cancun a couple years back on spring break. That pink and white mismatched bikini could get it. He had to click around the images containing her little sister, a girl who lived in that uncanny valley between barely legal teen hottie and a 3-year stretch for misdemeanor statutory rape. Inconsiderate of the kid to intrude on his masturbation.

Martin wasn't sure how to proceed upon arrival. She'd merely sent an address, after all. Were they meeting in the hotel lobby? Did he ask for her at the desk? Or were they meeting in the lot and going together somewhere? And what in the name of all fucks did a woman like Stacey Reeves want with a nobody like Martin Manning? His sweaty palms were still gripping his steering wheel in indecision when there was a knock at his car window that made him yell in fright.

"Easy, la Mesmer. You coming in or what?" Stacey asked.

"Yeah, sorry, I was... using a technique. Autohypnosis, it's called. Getting my mind relaxed, limber."

"Yeah, ya seemed pretty zen." She blew a raspberry and flashed a thumbs down. "Well whatever. I'll be in the lobby when you're ready."

"I'm ready," he said quickly. She started without him anyway, so Martin was left trailing in her wake like a baby duckling. Only no duck had ever had an ass like that. Her cell phone, tucked in her back pocket, swayed with a rhythm that any hypnotist would envy.

As it turned out, Stacey had a reservation. The clerk checked her ID and then handed over a key card to a room, up on the fourth floor. The top floor, he was pretty sure. Was that significant? Who could say.

In the elevator, she finally acknowledged his presence again. "Could you believe that guy?"

"Who? The guy at the desk?"

"Yeah."

"How do you mean? He seemed nice enough." In truth he'd been preoccupied trying to recall what he'd learned in the autohypnosis videos he'd watched. Years ago, at this point. He could use help calming his nerves. He couldn't help dreading that when they got to the room, there would be a bunch of Stacey's friends ready to laugh at him.

Why all the effort, he didn't know. Could it be a robbery? Maybe it was a cult thing, and he would be their human sacrifice. Or—

“The way he didn't even say anything when we checked in. Like we were a totally normal couple.”

The scorn in her tone was sufficiently thick that Martin forgot his anxiety. Rudely kind of her. “Was he supposed to do a spit take or something?”

She snickered at that, but didn't reply. It was enough that he was only just remembering the potential for curved daggers waiting behind that door. Yet when she keyed it open, it was dark, and prohibitively cold, like any hotel room he'd ever stayed in. Stacey gave a little shiver, too, though he wondered whether it was the chill or if she had her own anxieties about... whatever this was.

Stacey looked around as if there might be something here that could provide her the opportunity to criticize her surroundings. She didn't seem to find anything, though, and after a moment settled into the swivel chair at the desk in the corner of the room, setting her purse down beside her. Martin plopped himself down on the edge of one of the two beds, what he hoped was a respectful distance away. And out of stabbing range, if it went that way.

“So,” she said.

“So.”

She took a deep breath. “Tell me about your hypno-skills, Martin.” Stacey folded her hands in her lap. She hadn't worn anything special, simple jeans and a pink t-shirt. A little makeup, lipstick, but nothing beyond what he expected she wore every day. Maybe less, even. Surely murder cultists would wear something more exotic. The thought did make him feel a little more at ease. A little, exactly.

“Sure. So, I got started when I was in middle school, actually. I found a book in the school library, and it seemed interesting so I started looking at stuff online. I did it for a school talent show.” Four, actually, one each year of high school. That sounded pathetic somehow though, and he couldn't be pathetic in front of her. “Since then, I've studied a fair amount, refined the art. I like to think I've gotten pretty decent at it.”

“Art, eh?” She considered his use of the term, nodding slowly. “What would you say is the most extensive thing you've ever done with it?”

“Done with it? You don't really ‘do things’ with it. I don't know that I've ever...” He paused. Clearly that was not the answer she was looking for. Crap. Time to cover. “I suppose I don't think of it as ‘doing with it.’ It's not really something you can use ‘on someone,’ so much as unlocking things inside of people. Things they might not have realized were there, or that you helped expose them to until they take root.”

Her frown faded, though only somewhat. “Hm. So, can you make someone do something they don't want to do?”

“Sure. It’s harder, more involved, but it can be done. I literally just did something like that a couple days ago.” Not with hypnosis, but for \$50 extra per show. In truth, he’d never gotten someone to do something more contrary to their nature than getting his mom to make breakfast for dinner. That may well have been her humoring him. He was pretty sure it was the hypnosis, though. “After all, you’ve probably heard of people using hypnosis to lose weight or quit smoking. Both examples of people who don’t actually want to quit, but with hypnosis, you can sort of make them re-prioritize, start valuing the parts of their lives their behaviors are damaging more, the parts of their lives the behavior rewards less, until the behavior follows”

“Yeah, I guess that sort of vibes with what I read.”

“You read up? None of this is classified, you know. If all you wanted was answers, you could have just used google. I hear it’s tits.”

“Write your own material.” She sneered. No points scored for revisiting that quip. “And duh, obviously I could get answers. The problem is that half the stuff that pops up when you look into hypnosis is a bunch of creepy fetish sex shit, and the other half looks pseudoscientific at best. Barely a step above the crap my anti-vaxxer aunt posts on facebook.”

“So you wanted answers from an authority on the subject. Fair enough. But why drag me way out here? You didn’t need to rent out a room for this. We could have just met at my apartment.”

Stacey snorted. “Yeah, and risk getting trafficked? No thanks.”

Martin rolled his eyes. “I couldn’t traffic you from here?”

“I’ve taken some security precautions.” With perfect calmness, Stacey reached into her purse and returned with—

Martin leapt to his feet, scrambling back until he hit a wall. “Jesus fucking Christ, is that a gun?!”

“Uh, duh.”

“Well put it away!” His hands crept into the air unbidden. Unless the presence of a gun barrel whose trajectory was waving back and forth across his torso could be considered a bidding, in which case the gesture of surrender was quite bidden.

“In a second. What was I saying? Right, precautions. So if I disappear, you should be aware that people will be looking for me. There’s the obvious text trail – you’re my last phone call and I texted you an address, this hotel, where I got a room with my card under my name, which should point the police right at you. Still, I made sure that people will be alerted in short order if I go missing, and those people will have your full name, cell number, address and class schedule. In case you had any thoughts of getting cute.”

“How the hell did you get my class schedule?”

“Hey, looks like we can update it with this crash course in social media privacy settings. Fun.”

“All right already! Now would you put it away?!”

“Guns make you nervous, huh.”

“Of course guns make me nervous! They’re *guns*!”

“Bleh, it’s just a girl gun my dad got me before I left for school. But suit yourself.”

After fiddling with something on the side of it – *did she just turn the safety back on?! –* Stacey placed the pistol back into her purse. “I only wanted to make sure we have an understanding.”

“I understood I wasn’t a human trafficker well before you drew a gun on me,” Martin grumbled, though the removal of the weapon from his eyeline did have some small calming effect. Slowly, sulkily, he returned to his seat on the bed.

“Sticking around still, though? Guess you don’t hate them *that* much, so...” She grinned, though it only touched one side of her mouth and neither of her eyes.

“So?”

“So, I pulled a gun on you, accused you of trying to sell me to traffickers, and you’re still sitting there. You must be pretty desperate to find out what I brought you here for, huh?”

The truth of it stung, if not so much as her last assault on his dignity. “I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t curious.”

“Weren’t curious,” she corrected.

“What? What’d I say?”

“You said ‘if I wasn’t curious.’ That’s the subjunctive mood. Changes the infinitive *to be* from wasn’t to weren’t.” She shrugged. “Thirty grand and counting on my English degree.”

He wanted to make a retort about misallocated funds, but instead Martin replied, “English minor here, and I said ‘if I said,’ not ‘if I wasn’t.’ The ‘wasn’t’ is the main verb in the appended subordinate clause. If you were looking to learn anything.” He leaned back on his palms.

“Good, good. I didn’t want to risk liking you, and shit like that is basically ice water in my panties. Very good. That was a pop quiz, and you passed.” She took a long breath, letting it out in a huff, and then another. Martin was about to demand she finally get to her point when she finally blurted it out.

“So... yeah. I want you to make me want to fuck you. Can you do that?” Her hands did a good deal of animating her query, right down to her index finger plunging in and out of a hole made with the other hand. On Stacey Reeves, the juvenile gesture was one of the hottest things he’d ever seen.

Then her words broke through the smoke screen of her body language. Martin blinked. Then rubbed his eyes. Nope, she was still there. He wasn’t sitting alone in a hotel room hallucinating one of the most popular, best-looking girls on campus

demanding he act out his darkest, innermost fantasy. Something wasn't connecting right. "Hold on. You... what now?"

Her head shook irritably, once again pointing back and forth between them and illustrating the fucking still more demonstratively. "I said: I. Want you. To make me. Want. To fuck. You. I can try it in Spanish, but I promise it won't be as smooth."

"You want me to make you want to fuck me? I... I don't get it. What?"

"You know, for a guy I found hypnotizing girls in a comedy club to take their tops off and shake their tits around, you sure are bad at hearing what you want to hear."

"I... I just don't... I don't get it. Are you saying you want to, um, have sex with me?"

"No. Ew. Gross. Oh god no. Definitely hard pass, no."

That smarted. "Then... what?"

"Look. I'm not attracted to you. Not at all. Like, you're a guy and I'm straight, but that's about as close as you come to fitting the bill. Are you circumcised?"

"What? I mean yes, but what's that—"

"OK, so that's two things you have going for you. What I want to see is, can your hypno-crap make someone want to do something they are totally opposed to doing."

"But why *that*? Like, if you want me to see if I can get you to do something you don't want, why not have me try to get you to go skydiving, or eat grass, or... you see where I'm coming from?"

She cocked her head to the side, looking at him like he was the single densest idiot she'd ever met. "So you'd rather watch me eat grass than see me spread my legs for you and ask for your dick?"

A more than fair point, put that way. "Right. OK. But like..." He shook his head. "Did someone put you up to this? Are you being paid to ask me to do this or something?"

"I guarantee you that if I didn't want to be here, you've never heard the amount of money it would take to get me here, asking you to do this."

"So then... why? Why does someone like you—"

"One of the top five hottest girls at Lakeview," she clarified.

"—ask someone like me—"

"A creep nobody's ever heard of." A less charitable clarification, but not inaccurate enough to split hairs.

"—to hypnotize you to make you want to have sex with me?"

And yet, in the middle of asking him to break her will and bring her under his control, she still had to demonstrate that she was in charge. No simpler illustration than completely disregarding his consternation and replying with a question of her own. "Can you do it? Yes or no."

Martin sat up straight, trying to look as officious as he could. How had he sounded when that kid came asking him to change his F to a D on his mid-term? He

tried to channel some of that energy. "Of course I can." Only after the words came out of his mouth did he realize what bullshit they so obviously were.

"All right. So... do it." She gestured, as if her request were perfectly mundane, its satisfaction readily achieved.

"What, now?"

"You said you were free tonight."

"Hold on, Stacey."

"That's Ms. Reeves."

"Ms. Reeves, then—"

"I'm kidding." The ease of her manipulations brought a pretty, if smug, grin to her face.

Martin threw his hands in the air in exasperation. "Can you focus? God! What you're asking... this won't be easy. If someone could swing a pendant in someone's face and say a few words to get her to sleep with him, don't you think people would be doing that all the time?"

"All right, that's fair. OK. So I got time. Not infinite, but... how long you thinking? A few hours? I have class early tomorrow, but I can be tired for it."

"Hours? I've never tried anything like this before, but if you're as resistant to the premise as you're suggesting—"

"I am."

"—then try weeks, at minimum." It wasn't easy keeping the panic from his voice at the daunting nature of her request, the certain humiliation if and when he failed. "How, um... how long do you have?"

She didn't look pleased at his pronouncement, but neither did she look deterred. "How about we shoot for... end of the school year. Yeah? That gives us weeks and weeks. Then you can spend your summer bragging to all your sweater-vest-wearing grad student buddies about how you almost banged Stacey Reeves." She suddenly doubled over laughing. "Sorry, just imagined how somebody would react if you tried to sell them on that."

Martin might have liked to snap back at her, but she had a point. "That time frame should work. I finish my program in May, but I'm still here for the summer before I leave to start my doctoral program, in case we need the time." Would even that be enough? He had no idea. So far as he knew, if she really were so disinterested, there was no way he could make this work if he had a hundred years and Svengali's own pocket watch. Stacey, however, only nodded gamely. "So should we establish some parameters, expectations?"

"What'd you have in mind? I know you don't expect me to pay you for this."

He had in fact been about to suggest that very thing, grad student income being ever in short supply. "Of course not. I meant that we should set up a schedule, meeting

dates and locations. Somewhere private, obviously, though I assume you don't want to keep shelling out for a room every time we try."

"How often do you think we should try?"

"As often as possible," Martin insisted quickly. This would likely turn into nothing more fantastical than getting to sit around staring at her with her eyes closed, but even that he'd take, the closest thing to the fantasy he would ever realize. "Let's shoot for roughly one-hour sessions, extending them if and when there seems to be merit, and three days... No. Better make it four days a week."

Rather than counter, negotiation ended with the opening offer. "Then four it is. We can meet at your apartment," she said as if she were offering him a favor by inviting herself in. "Any other stipulations?"

"Nothing coming to mind."

"Great. On to my own conditions. Number one, sessions will be on video. That recording will be streamed live to an address only I and people I trust know about."

"Recorded? Why? You can't re-hypnotize yourself with a recording. Not effectively, at least." He was pretty sure, anyway.

"Good to know, but that's not the point."

"Then... why?"

"You want clarity? Sure. Let's get clear. Your job is to make me want to fuck you. That's it. Not to make me actually fuck you, not to make me your sex slave, not to pick out my clothes or walk me around on a leash or get me to give you a private strip tease or whatever kinky sub-dom shit you're doing a fair job not drooling over. You're exclusively to make me *want* to fuck you, and nothing else."

She was clearly winding up to a point, but he interrupted. "But... you don't see a paradox there?"

"How so?" Stacey sounded genuinely curious.

"Let's make the assumption that by the time the process succeeds," and what an If that was, "I also want to have sex with you."

She snorted. "Right, that one will take months to achieve."

Martin soldiered on. "I'm saying, if we reach a point where you want to have sex with me, and I want to have sex with you, then... why wouldn't we actually do it? At that point, we're two consenting adults."

"Let me stop you right there. I can appreciate you're going to get some spank bank material out of this. Obviously you've got a fetish for this shit or you wouldn't be doing it. At least, not the way I saw you doing it at the Lounge with Little Miss Thang. That's fine. I don't judge people for their kinks. Got a few of my own. When I'm not around, you can beat off all you like."

Martin nodded, listening, but still trying to figure her out. Was it a submissive thing? Coupled with an edging thing? Like she wanted to want it but not have it?

“So getting back to my point. Internet says hypnosis can make people disassociate, forget stuff you do and say while they’re under. No offense intended, but I don’t know you. I have people – that’s as specific as I’ll be – who know about what we’re doing. People I do trust. They’re running my security on this, which means they’ll be watching everything you do and say to me. If they catch the slightest whiff of anything I didn’t ask you to do, you better hope you can hypnotize somebody into submission between the time they draw and when they pull the trigger. Which, based on your reaction tonight, seems unlikely.”

“Jesus.”

“Damn straight. Everything we do, everything we say, is on that record, so if you’re thinking about trying anything that has even a chance of moving me from wanting to doing, you better run it by me beforehand because I can’t vouch for what my people might do. They’re very protective of me.”

“I... see. OK. So wanting only. Looking, but no touching. Got it.”

“And let’s keep the looking to a professional level so long as I’m, you know, awake, or whatever.”

“Sure. Sounds fine.”

Stacey swished her hair back over her shoulder with a flip of her neck. Even that small gesture, even in the midst of this barrage of threats and demands, was sexy coming from her. “One last deal breaker. I know all this, what I’m asking, is pretty fucking weird. Maybe you’ll lose some sleep over it. Whatever. But if you try to go looking into my reasons, we’re done. If you don’t like our arrangement, you speak up and we’ll talk. Until then, we’re both committed, and never mind the why.”

“You’re sure there’s nothing else?”

“Don’t sulk. It’s not cute when you do it.”

“I’ll try not to.”

Stacey slapped her knee. “Great! So I got people waiting for me now – we’re already two minutes past when I said I’d check in, so before they do anything too crazy. Let me just...” She fished her phone out and began typing something as she mumbled the rest of her words to Martin. “So, yeah, how about we... tomorrow good? My last class is out at two, so any time after that.”

“I’m not free until six. Call it seven so I can eat first. I’ll text you my address.”

Stacey finished her text, then her bright blue eyes flicked back up to him with a warm smile as she hopped to her feet, grabbing her purse and its nefarious contents. She practically skipped across the room to him. “No need. I know where to find you, la Mesmer.” She patted his cheek. “Tomorrow at seven.”

Chapter Two

It was an uncomfortable feeling for Martin, having a secret. It was no ordinary secret, after all. He had not so much as sworn to Stacey to keep it. To the contrary, she was the one who'd made him aware of the allure of telling it. Neither did its keeping protect someone he had any particular feelings for, lust notwithstanding. Martin was already quite sure he didn't even like Stacey. It was certainly no benefit to him. If he had his druthers, he'd notify the entire student body. No, this secret was far from ordinary. The only reason it need remain a secret was the simple fact that no one would believe him if he told them.

Martin tested this suspicion on his closest confidante, a fellow in his program named Dustin whom he'd gotten along with reasonably well. They'd come in together, played games together online occasionally, and usually partnered for bowling unless one of them thought they had a shot with a woman. Hence, usually.

"Do you know who Stacey Reeves is? Undergrad, junior or maybe senior, I think. About so tall—"

"Of course I know who Stacey Reeves is. I'm pretty sure everyone at Lakeview knows who she is. Why? Is she here?" Dustin looked around the food court in haste.

"No. I just wondered if you knew her was all."

"Know *of* her. Not like I *know* her." His fellow popped a fry in his maw, chewing open-mouthed. "Why bring her up then?"

"No, it's nothing."

"Come on. You can't just bring up the hottest white girl at Lakeview and then go taciturn on me. What's up?"

Martin pushed some ketchup around on the wrapper he was using as a plate.

"Well, I was doing one of my shows the other day, right?"

"You're still doing that? The whole creepy hypnosis thing?" Martin nodded. He didn't talk about it often, so Dustin's surprise was unsurprising. "What, she come to the show or something?"

"Yes, actually. Or, well, sort of. I didn't see her there. I guess she must have been, though. She, um, sorta came by my dressing room after."

Dustin laughed, flecks of potato splashing onto the tabletop. He winced, wiping his mouth on his sleeve, and recovered. "Sorry. You said she came to your dressing room? Seriously?"

"Yeah. She said she thought it was really interesting."

Dustin still looked skeptical. "No way."

"Yeah. She... man, this sounds weird to say out loud. She set up a meeting, and said she wanted me to try it out for her. Um, on her, actually."

Even as he said it, he saw he was losing his audience. “Dude, I’m not even into that and I’ll still grant that’s a hot-ass fantasy, but you shouldn’t be making up stuff like that with an undergrad, even if she’s not your student. Wasn’t Dr. Knox already iffy about you doing those shows in the first place?”

“He was, yeah, but I’m not making it up! She really did—”

“Sure, sure. I tell you what, you get her to bark like a dog or whatever, you let me know.” Dustin laughed as he inhaled another bite. “Anyway, you hear about that freshmen in Paige’s W131 class? With the parasol?”

And that was that. Martin didn’t bring it up again to anyone. It would be a juicy morsel to share, if there were anyone to share it with. Yet the upside was that he could savor it all for himself.

He'd invited Stacey to meet him at seven. In truth, he canceled his last class of the day and spent the afternoon splitting his brain between making his sty of an apartment presentable (at least in the living room), and developing a plan on how he was going to proceed. For the first time, employing hypnosis to make a woman want to sleep with him wasn't some idle fantasy, but a reality that needed planning. In those fantasies, it had always seemed so simple. He'd feed his pliant subjects suggestions; they would repeat them back (and in a sexy, dream-state voice, no less). He'd wake them up, they'd beg for cock, spurt spurt done. In reality? Part of him was glad to be a member of a species for which such distortions of free will were presumed impossible. The rest of him agreed, though only because there was no point arguing against the natural order.

When it comes to solving a novel problem in a field in which they have some small familiarity, there are two sorts of people: those who thrill at a fresh challenge, eager to put their skills to a new test; and those who approach it as an obstacle, using tried and true methods and adapting as required. Unbeknownst to him, Martin was neither of these sorts. No, this problem was frustrating, and frightening, and it made him feel stupid. What did he know about making beautiful women want to fuck him? If he knew how to do that, he would have done it long since.

By the time he heard Stacey's car door slam shut in the lot, he felt like he at least had a hypnosis-ish way to fill an hour. He peered between the blinds, watching her approach. There she was, on her way in to follow through on her invitation to bend her mind into drooling over his cock, dressed like she was on her way to meet her brother for brunch. Make no mistake: Stacey Reeves looked damn good even in comfy jeans and a comfier Lakeview sweatshirt. It was only that there wasn't much she could wear to look less damn good. Her hair, still damp from a recent shower, was up in a casual ponytail, makeup as minimal as his odds of success.

She buzzed at the front door. He stood at the intercom for a moment, not wanting to appear too eager, but she reached out first. "Martin, let me in already, Jesus. I saw you watching me through your blinds."

Rather than reply, he hit the button to unlock the door. Her footsteps were light in her sneakers, but he heard her before she appeared through the peephole. With there being no sense in further pretending he wasn't waiting on her, he opened the door as she approached and stood aside to usher her in.

"Not too bad," she said, setting down her purse on his kitchen table. For once, it wasn't stacked high with old pizza boxes and junk mail.

"Thanks," he said, though as she began prowling around the room, lifting objects in pursuit of something she alone knew, he felt he might have extended her the small courtesy too easily. "Can I help you with something?"

"Looking for hidden cameras," she explained, continuing her search.

"There aren't any."

“Which is what someone hiding cameras would say,” she said dismissively, pausing to examine a picture of Martin, his parents and siblings at his college graduation.

“No, you’re right, I drilled holes in my mother’s eyes in that picture and set a micro-camera behind it, diabolically choosing a frame that tilts upwards so I can capture the sight of you walking on the ceiling.” He shook his head.

She chuckled. Ugh, how he hated that it immediately made him forgive her. “Reversing gravity is session one, eh?”

“By the way, I seem to recall you saying that *you* were going to record the session. You didn’t hear me making a fuss over it.”

“You didn’t have a choice. I do.”

“And why is that?”

Stacey gave him a quality *duh* look. “Because you didn’t push back, while I’m here stopping you.”

Martin didn’t have an answer to that. He allowed her to continue her inspection, after which she finally turned to give him her attention. “So. We’re really doing this.” In spite of her start to the evening, she managed to sound excited, if still somewhat anxious.

“If you still want to.”

She nodded. “Wouldn’t be here if I didn’t. What’s the protocol? I saw you did that girl at your show standing up. Is that how we do it?”

“Nah, that’s for theatrics, so the rest of the audience can see everything. We’ll definitely get better results sitting, or if you’re comfortable, lying down.” He gestured to the sofa. It was a hand-me-down from his older sister, lumpy yet plush as hell. It was his favorite place to sleep.

“Lying down is fine. This thing looks pretty soft.” She plopped down so hard she bounced, but looked pleased. “Yep. Good start.”

“Good. Do you need to set up?” Martin pulled up a chair from the kitchen table and set it a few feet away, far enough to be outside what he estimated a typical person’s bubble would be. “You said you were going to... oh, yep.”

Stacey was already in the midst of setting up a small recorder. The tripod somehow managed to fold up small enough to fit in her purse, and now held a video camera pointed at the sofa. She took a moment to adjust it, making sure the focus was right, then stopped to check the volume. Once it was all to her satisfaction, he went on.

“Do you need me in the shot?”

“Nah. Honestly, probably be better if you don’t enter it at all.”

“Why’s that?”

She arched an eyebrow. “Because it means you didn’t try to touch me or something while I was under...?”

Martin sighed. "Right. So, speaking of, that's sort of what I wanted to start with for our first session. I don't think there's any way we can get to where you want to be—"

"Wanting to fuck you, you mean."

"Right. That."

"You can say it, you know."

"Say what? You mean... what we're trying to do here?"

"Yes." Her frown intensified, and she bit off each word. "Trying to make me want to fuck you. It won't hurt you."

"I can say it if I want."

"So say it."

"I don't want to."

"How are you going to do it if you can't even say it?"

Martin let out an exasperated sigh. "Fine. I'm going to use hypnosis to make you want to fuck me. There. Feel better? Turned on yet?"

Her lips twisted to the side. "All right, you got me there. Feel free to not say it again."

"We'll build to it, but hypnosis can't get us there in an hour. Much as we'd both love to hit the fast forward button, you're going to walk out of here tonight still not wanting to have anything to do with me. That's especially the case considering where you're starting—"

"Being a thousand percent totally opposed to fucking you. Or touching you, even."

Martin made himself take a deep breath. "Yes. Can I finish? So what I wanted to work on first was trying to overcome what looks to be one of our major obstacles. Namely, trust."

"What makes you think I don't trust you?"

Her sarcasm wasn't lost on him. "Sure. Now, we could discuss it and try to break down the barrier the natural way, but to be honest, that would probably only make things worse. Like being at a frat party and having a guy get up in your face going 'drink this, drink this, you can trust me, drink this' – only going to put your back up."

"You really want to be making me think of being raped right now...?"

"Plus, you said you wanted me to hypnotize you, which in and of itself requires trust, so we're not going to get very far without addressing your hangups. So that's the plan. Now I just need you to close your eyes, and I'll get to work."

"OK." She hesitated, as if unsure why her eyes weren't closing. "You have no idea how badly I want to run out of here screaming right now."

"See? Case in point. Shall we?"

"Oh let's do." She shuddered, closed her eyes, quickly peeked again, then finally let them stay shut. Martin switched on his metronome, and got to work.

“That did not work at all.”

“I realize that.”

“Again.”

“Yep.”

Stacey rolled over to glare at him. She was wearing much the same bland outfit she had to their first session. Try as he might, draped in those shapeless garments and with never a kind word, the irritation of Stacey’s presence in his apartment was overwhelming his attraction. She was right. It wasn’t working.

“You told me you knew how to do this, you little freak.” Her words were distorted by a yawn, but stung no less for it.

“I told you I would *try* to do it. Jesus, look around. See any women lining up to sleep with me? No, you don’t. Because maybe, overpowering the conscious mind isn’t exactly the flip of a switch!”

“Martin, it’s been four sessions now, and we’re not getting any closer. If I find out you’re just fucking with me, I swear to...” She paused to yawn. “I swear to god I will have you crucified. Maybe literally.”

“Right, because I definitely have no incentive to try, is that it? ‘Ol’ Martin’s got a fetish for failing to hypnotize beautiful women. His type? Any lady who will tell him no, over and over again, in the bitchiest possible way!’ Ya got me, Stace.”

“If you’re trying, then why isn’t it working? With the extensions you recommended, I’ve spent going on six hours now sprawled out on your stupid couch, listening to you drone on at me. I’ve repeated it so many times I don’t even know what the words mean any more. ‘I trust Martin Manning. I feel comfortable around Martin Manning. Martin Manning’s apartment is a safe place. I am totally relaxed around Martin Manning.’ I’ve said your goddamn name so much I... I...” Another yawn escaped. “I hate the fucking sound of my own voice saying it!”

“How do you think I feel? Do you think it’s fun, having some insanely hot girl up in my face berating me for not being able to perform miracles? I keep trying to get you to relax enough to enter a full trance, but your guard is up so high that nothing works!”

“Nothing works?! Pff.”

“You said candles were for cultists. Relaxing music was for burnouts. The metronome ‘made something in your soul itch,’ whatever the hell that means. I offered you drugs—”

“Do *not* start on that shit again, or I really will—”

“Which is fine that you said no to because believe it or not I don’t know any drug dealers, but short of whacking you upside the head with a rubber mallet, I don’t know how to make you relax enough for this to work!”

Lying on her side, the best Stacey could manage was one hand on one hip. “So it’s my fault? I’m supposed to magically forget a decade of training myself to be paranoid about men, right in front of the sketchiest dude I’ve ever been alone in a room with?”

“Yeah, keep the insults coming. Really greases the wheels.”

“If you’d earned a compliment, I’d have...” Another yawn.

When she didn’t finish her retort after, it turned out to be precisely the necessary amount of time to remember to de-escalate the situation. Yes, these sessions had accomplished nothing. Still, that didn’t mean it was impossible, did it? She was still showing up, on time, insisting she wanted this, swore she was doing the exercises he’d given her. That had to count for something. If only there were some way to bridge the divide between wanting to be hypnotized into being his lover and the simple fact that she was terrified to be vulnerable around him.

“OK. Let me just... real quick. Back on your back, eyes closed.”

“I don’t have time for a twofer, Martin.”

“No, this isn’t going to be that big. Just... if we’re ever going to get there, we need to at least try to establish norms. Maybe eventually...”

Stacey rolled her eyes, sighed, but complied, flopping onto her back. She peeked right in time to catch him trying for the hundredth time to make out the shape of her breasts through that sweater, shook her head, and closed them again. Whatever it was she muttered was lost before it reached his ears.

“Stacey, I’m going to ask you a few questions, all right?”

“OK.”

“It’s important to be honest when you answer them.”

“What if I don’t want to answer them?”

His teeth clenched. “Remember, Stacey. Relaxed, open, listening. Don’t think. React. All right?”

Slowly, she nodded, then put a fist over her mouth. She must’ve had a heck of a long day to be this tired. “Go ahead.”

Martin went on. This wasn’t the right way, he knew. She wasn’t hypnotized. At best, she was pretending to be hypnotized, humoring him. When she was even doing that. The subconscious was much harder to access when you forced it. There was no alternative, though.

“I want you to imagine your dentist’s office. Can you do that for me?”

Surprise registered, but she nodded. “Sure.”

“Good. Now imagine you’re there for an appointment. See yourself walking in from the parking lot, up to the front door. Inside. Look around the reception area. Can you picture the receptionist?”

“No. Why would I remember what my dentist’s receptionist looks like? I go there like twice a year and barely talk to her.”

“All right, all right, whatever. Walk through the reception area and into the main part. There’s a chair there, waiting for you. Go on and sit down in it.”

“I thought you said you had questions.”

Martin ignored her. “You settle into the chair, but you remember suddenly that there was something he told you to do last time you were here. Something you didn’t do. Do you remember what it is?”

She opened her eyes and shot him a withering look. “So, this is like some weird, oral hygiene roleplay or something now?”

“Come on. He’s going to be here any moment. What was the thing he asked you to do?”

It was obvious she liked it even less, but she settled back down. “Can we make it my orthodontist? My dentist and I never really had problems.”

“Orthodontist then, sure. What did *he* ask of you?”

“First off, *she*. Second off, you’re sure we don’t need to go back to the parking lot first?”

Martin impressed himself by not strangling her. Her stupid camera would have given him up; also, he still hoped he might make this work. “No. You’re in the chair, just a different office. She’s getting ready to come over to see you. What did you forget to do?”

“Rubber bands,” Stacey answered, nodding. “I was so bad about remembering those. You ever have braces?” He didn’t answer, and after a moment she realized he didn’t mean to let her reverse the interrogation and fell silent.

“OK. Now she’s about to be here. She’s going to ask if you did as you were told and wore the rubber bands. You know you didn’t do what she asked, but what do you tell her?”

“I just lie and tell her I wore the stupid things. Like he’s going to be able to tell the nanometer shift or something.”

Martin stroked his chin. He thought he could use this. “Sure you do. But she’s your doctor, right?”

“Sort of.”

“Sort of?”

“She’s an orthodontist. Less than a neurologist, but more than a chiropractor.”

He extended a middle finger to her supine form. (Then yanked back lest it appear on her recording.) “Sure. But the point is, you’re the one paying her to help you, right?”

“I guess. Insurance or whatever, but... ya know. Yeah.”

“And your... underbite?” Martin’s own familiarity with braces was secondhand via his little sister, and he remembered the rubber band thing, sort of. Stacey nodded, confirming. “Your underbite, how is she supposed to fix it if you aren’t honest with her?”

The absence of a cutting remark was a victory worthy of celebration in its own self. “I guess. Had to wear the dumb things for most of eighth grade because I didn’t wear them like she said.”

“So shouldn’t you tell her the truth? Maybe she could even find another way to help, or at least nag you so you don’t ruin eighth grade for yourself.”

“Eighth grade seemed to ruin itself just fine,” she grumbled. Another yawn followed, along with a stretch that at least exposed her tummy, briefly. Not much, but Martin would take it. “But sure. OK. Is this going to get relevant any time soon?”

“You need to think of me like your orthodontist. My apartment is that office. I’m trying to help you, but if I ask you to do something and you lie to me, I can’t help you any more than your orthodontist could.”

Her eyes opened, and she turned her head to look at him. The gaze was met with a rebuking snap of the fingers, at which she closed them again grouchy. “This is about the exercises. Duh. Man, must be more zonked out than I thought.”

“Yes, it’s about the exercises. You haven’t been doing them, have you.”

Her displeasure at having her lie revealed was plain. “I tried. Once or twice.”

“Meaning once.”

Work as a TA was often as much about grading papers as it was fielding desperate pleas of the undergrads. To date this semester, Martin had doled out nearly five hundred hours of extensions and consoled his students on the losses of no fewer than thirteen grandmothers. (Evidently grandfathers were not esteemed to have quite the tug at the heartstrings as their spouses.) The more egregious cases swung by his office hours to flash puppy dog eyes in person.

So when he saw the look on Stacey’s face, he recognized it immediately as a young woman bracing herself for rebuke. As it had before, it softened his response before less beneficent (however apt) instincts might direct him.

“At least we know now,” he replied at last. His tone, gentle after their heated kerfuffle moments earlier, caught her off guard. “Can I ask why not?”

“I don’t know. I mean... It’s *weird*. You know?”

“And this isn’t?”

A sigh triggered a yawn. “No, I know. You’re right. But this is a weird place, you’re a weird guy, so weird feels *normal* here. Sitting around chanting at myself, though...? ‘I trust Martin Manning. I’m comfortable with Martin Manning. Martin Manning relaxes me. Hypnosis relaxes me.’ All that.” She shuddered visibly. “It’s *culty*.”

“Hypnosis does have that rep. Now, I could sit here all evening and berate you for not doing it, for lying to me about it, but that won’t help anything. I crafted” (*crafted* seemed a better word than *bullshitted*) “that exercise because I thought repetition might help, and that it would make our time together more a part of your life instead of this side thing that doesn’t touch anything else. If you aren’t willing to commit to it, tell me,

and maybe I can figure out another way or something. You just have to tell me. I'm only doing this to help you."

There was a little smile on those red lips. Lipstick? He hadn't noticed earlier. Martin had thought she looked pretty today, but he thought that every time she stopped in. It was easy to forget the potency of that face. Stacey Reeves was simply that pretty. "Not *only*," she pointed out, but without her usual vitriol.

Martin, however, was in the midst of a realization that had trampled through his awareness like elephants on the stampede. "You're wearing lipstick," he said.

"Yeah..."

"And the yawning. You keep yawning!"

Her eyes opened, surprised to find him on his feet, looming. "Sorry, god, it's nothing personal. I just—"

"And look at you. You're lying on my couch!"

"Martin, what are you spazzing about?"

"We ended almost half an hour ago, but you haven't budged!"

"Am I in the way or something?"

"No! Don't you see? It's working! It's actually working!"

Stacey tried to sit up; Martin lent a hand, but kept going until she was pulled all the way to her feet. "What do you mean it's working? Did you plant some subconscious seed or something? Am I showing some kind of tick?"

"What? No. Well, yes! Stacey, when you first started coming over here, you were taking time beforehand to wash off your makeup. You were up and out of here the moment our time was up, and you were so full of anxiety that you literally bounced around the couch the whole time."

"I was *not* bouncing!"

"Stacey, trust me, when a girl like you bounces, a guy like me notices. You bounced. But not tonight! That's what I'm trying to say – tonight you were *relaxed*."

"I was?" She blinked, but then jumped in the air and let out a cry of excitement. "I was! Holy bitchballs, Marty, I was! Oh my god, no wonder I can't stop yawning! The first few nights I kept imagining you driving a knife in my chest while I was lying here, but tonight all I could think about was how comfy it was and how bored I am!"

"And people who think they're about to be murder-raped aren't bored!"

She threw her arms around him. "We're doing this!"

"We're doing it! You're going to want to fuck me in no time!"

Like that, the hug became awkward. She stepped back, grimace and grin warring on her face. "All right, not bored any more."

"My bad."

She patted his chest, though as much to push herself comfortably away from him. “I am going to start doing those exercises, buddy. Damn, I really thought this was going nowhere. You think next time you’ll be able to really put me under?”

“You’ll go under as soon as you want to go under.”

“Here’s hoping.” She took a deep breath, closing her eyes and murmuring, “I trust Martin Manning. I trust Martin Manning. I trust Martin Manning.”

“Hearing you chant it like that makes me feel very untrustworthy.”

“Yeah, same. But if it’s working, I’ll say anything if it gets us there! Well, not *anything*. Not yet, anyway! But we’re gonna get me wanting to fuck you!”

“Why—” He stopped, shook his head. Forbidden fruit, that. “When do you want to try again?”

“Saturday. I’m busy night-time, obviously, but I can come over like... ten? Is that too early?”

“Ten will be fine. You want me to walk you to your car?”

“Aw, look at you, being chivalrous. No worries. I got Smoky in my purse.”

Martin’s imagination conjured a snarling chihuahua on the cusp of asphyxiation, but then he remembered her gun. “Try not to shoot any of my neighbors, if you would.”

She stuffed her camera in her purse, though didn’t bother with the tripod. That was new. “I’ll do my best.”

“See you Saturday at ten.”

“Yeah you will, creeper.” If her grin was friendly enough to dismiss the taunt, her parting comment would make him forgive her anything. “If you wanna watch my ass on my way to my car, I won’t look back when I open the door and make you *feel* like a creeper, though.”

Stacey winked. Martin was at the front window before the door closed behind her. With a mental note to send a word of thanks to his landlord for the excellent lighting in the parking lot, he watched Stacey’s perfect ass strut across that lot without a second’s worry of getting caught. Ogling this vixen like he’d bought the right to it. If everything fell apart tomorrow, this would have been worth it.

Don’t forget your exercises, he texted her after. Meanwhile, Martin busied himself drafting next steps. After all, he couldn’t bear to let this all fall apart tomorrow.

Chapter Three

After more than a month of bi- and tri-weekly hypnosis sessions, it would be inaccurate to say there had been no progress. There had. By three weeks in, Stacey had relaxed enough to enter a mild hypnotic state. It ended the moment he attempted a suggestion – “raise your right hand” – but two sessions later, survived a request to repeat her mantra of trust and relaxation, which she kept up for the remainder of their hour. Two more weeks later, hand-raising was achieved. Her neatly manicured fingers, their nail polish the only signs of advanced grooming on her whole body, remained in the air for almost twenty seconds before her eyes fluttered open and a suspicious glare replaced hypnotic docility. The week after that, the duo enjoyed their first session absent the reassuring presence of Stacey’s gun. That they had been conducting their sessions with it sitting in her purse was news to Martin, but the added revelation of its absence seemed to signify some form of advancement in their pursuit.

However, to say their progress was incremental would be, at best, debatable in regards to precisely how one defined incrementalism. If one subscribed to a broad interpretation, in which coincidence and familiarity were ascribed as affirmative evidence, then yes, they were gaining increments. A less generous definition, however, would – and did – leave the both of them frustrated and irritable over the whole affair.

“We only have until the start of summer,” Stacey griped after letting herself in for the start of a Sunday morning session. While her family was attending church, here she was inviting a man of very questionable integrity to reduce her to a pussy-drooling smattering of jiggling flesh. “At this rate, we won’t get there by *next* summer.”

They had agreed not to speculate aloud that their goal may well be unachievable altogether, and Martin likewise honored that pact in his response. “We’ll get there. You’re going under easier and faster every week. Last time it only took twenty minutes.”

“Yeah, but then as soon as you tried to get me to do anything – anything but that stupid chant – it broke and I couldn’t go back under for the rest of the session.”

“Hey, for the record, the chant is not stupid. It’s the best improvement we’ve had since we started. But it’s hard to get a lot of mileage down Trust Avenue when we started at concealed carry and video surveillance. That’s a lot of baggage to overcome.”

“For the millionth time–”

“I know! God, believe me, I fucking know.” Martin rolled his eyes so hard they almost did a second lap with the momentum. “The recordings are non-negotiable. No questions about why you’re here. I know. I’m only saying, that’s a lot of baseline reservations to overcome. That we are where we are is impressive, considering.”

“Well? What do we do about it? Because if I have to sit here for another hour watching you jerk off to me airing out my pits again, I’m a lose it.”

Martin had decidedly not jerked off in her presence, not even on those occasions where she remained in trance, content with her mantra. It had not been easy. “So, I did have an idea. There’s a catch, though.”

“I do not like the way you say that.”

“Yeah. That’s why there’s a catch. So I’ve been studying up on phobias. See, a phobia an irrational fear of–”

“I know what a phobia is, professor.” With her tripod and recorder in place, she settled onto the couch, laying down flat. As usual, she left her shoes on as her feet moved up to the couch cushions just to annoy him. “This isn’t that. It’s not ‘irrational’ to be afraid some pervert is going to rape me when I’ve almost asked him to.”

“I wouldn’t expect a modern woman to subscribe to the ‘she was asking for it’ mentality.”

“What the hell ever. They can shake their fists angrily every time they hear someone go ‘look what she was wearing!’ But there’s a big difference between a girl dressing cute and one shoving her tits in some dude’s face and asking him if he wants to find out how creamy her pussy is. Second bitch don’t get to be offended when she gets stuffed in a trunk is all I’m saying.”

“Wow. Just wow. Anyway, back to my point? So sure, maybe you’re not phobic, but there is obviously some paranoia there. I can keep reassuring you until I’m blue in the face that I won’t cross any of the lines you specified, but studies in overcoming phobias suggest that’s unlikely to help. Like reminding someone having a panic attack over their fear of flying that air travel is actually very safe. They probably know that. That’s why they call it irrational.”

“All right, I think I hear you. So, what do your little books say does work?”

“This is gonna be circuitous, but bear with me. So our goal is to make you lust after me, right? To get there, we’re going to need to move from our present point – let’s call it tolerance – through a few more points.” He ticked them off on his fingers. “Say, comfort. Trust. Acceptance. Curiosity. Experimentation. Enjoyment. Delight. Some kind of spectrum like that, whether or not it winds up anything so linear in practice. But we’re hitting a roadblock with your not-phobia.”

“I *do* trust you. As much, maybe more, than I would trust any guy in this circumstance. I can’t even imagine going into some other stranger’s apartment like this. So?” Stacey gestured for him to move on with it.

“So, some experts think the best way to overcome a phobia is to confront the fear. Mind you, not immersion therapy like you see people do on TV. Like, say someone has thalassophobia – fear of deep water.”

“I do have thalassophobia. I *hate* open water.”

“Right. So, say we were to charter a boat, sail a few miles out to sea and toss you overboard. You can see the sharks from the boat, and now they’re all around you, swimming around in little sharky circles.”

“Jesus cock-sucking Christ are you stressing me out right now.”

“OK, but now, what if I reminded you sharks almost never eat people?”

“I’d get my ass back in the boat and dice you up into fucking chum and we’ll test that theory.”

Martin smiled. “Exactly. But what you could do is go to the beach with some friends, around people, and try to do a little snorkeling in the shallows. When you get comfortable with that, go out a little farther. Maybe try it on your own. And so on – you get the idea.”

“So, what. You want to just make out for a while, see if it grows on me until I’m ready to beg for your dick or something? Because guess again.”

Hearing her say those words alone was enough that he had to fold his hands over a developing boner. “No. But, well, I said there was a catch, and here it is. Your hang-ups, justified or not, are making it all but impossible to go any further. So I thought that maybe, since like you said, time is a factor, we could short-cut it and do a little bit without hypnosis. Only until the comfort’s there, and then we’re right back to it.”

Stacey sat up in a huff. “What? No! The whole fucking point is that you hypnotize me into wanting to fuck you!”

“But this might help get us from where we are to there. Don’t you see? We–”

Then she was on her feet. “Abso-fucking-lutely not. I’m not gonna come over to your dingy little apartment and girl talk with you until we’re just two buds who figure we may as well fuck each other! Mind-fucking me into needing your dong and making a go at being fuck buddies aren’t the same thing at all! Hypnotize me into wanting your hog, or tell me you can’t!”

He looked up at her, looming, sneering coldly. He mirrored it the best he could. “OK, fine. I...”

The second word caught in Martin’s throat. It had lain dormant in there for some time, and every session it crawled closer to the exit. Every week spent pondering what motivated this gorgeous creature to seek out a nobody like him only drove him closer to resentment. Did she share his hypnosis fetish? Was it some dare from one of her sorority sisters? Had she been hypnotized already by some malefactor and was seeking out someone with the skills to dredge something out of her subconscious? The more he thought about it, the more bizarre and elaborate the theories became, and not a one of them had a lick of evidence. Certainly the prospect of bending *the* Stacey Reeves to submit to his sexual desires was the stuff of fantasies, but if she only meant to dangle it

in front of him and never put it within his reach, then it was the cruelest prank imaginable.

She was so *hot*, though. If only there were some way to make her accept doing what he asked so long as it didn't cross any of her lines! Then...

"I can do it." He said it before the realization had fully formed, much less become an actual plan. "Now please, lie down, and let's get started."

Two weeks later, Stacey entered Martin's apartment with what was meant to be a glower, but really ended up as more of a sulk. She wiped her feet on the rug, then bent down and untied and removed her shoes. Martin was watching the sight of her bent over, and no doubt enjoying it despite her oversized t-shirt covering most of her ass, but there was nothing she could do about that. Without so much as a hello, she set up her camera, settled onto the sofa, and conveyed her impatience with an unblinking glare.

He proceeded without fanfare into the induction, her lips retaining their downward tilt like a child sent to the principal when it was totally that other kid's fault. There was no one else for her to blame for her predicament, however. She had, quite literally, asked for this.

The induction was time-consuming with their new paradigm. Her subconscious fought it, resented it, even as it knew it had no choice. Frequent reminders were necessary from her old mantra.

"You trust Martin Manning. You're relaxed with Martin Manning. You feel comfortable around Martin Manning." So it went, over and over, pausing at intervals to let her repeat and internalize. A typical induction was usually more about quieting the conscious mind, but since the whole point was to create a state of calm, relaxation, and lack of inhibition, the mantra they'd been reinforcing while she was under had become part of the process of going under in the first place.

Martin could only imagine what her relationships with others must be like, men in particular, if her attitude towards him and their shared project constituted "trust, relaxation, and comfort." The woman probably needed to be roofied just to show up to a date in the first place. Eventually, however, her eyelids stopped twitching, her body went slack, her hung indelicately open.

"Stacey?"

"Mm." Sometimes when she was hypnotized, he thought she was trying to say his name, but was too relaxed to make it past the first letter.

"Stacey, do you remember your mantra?"

"Mm." Then, after a moment, "Which one?"

"Start with the first one. Say it for me." *For me* was a recent addition. Getting her to do things explicitly *for him* could be an important step. For all he knew.

"I trust Martin Manning. I feel comfortable around Martin Manning. I like being with Martin Manning. I want Martin Manning to hypnotize me. I'm comfortable being hypnotized." On and on she went, her little sulk fading. It never did quite disappear, though. The use of his last name felt cumbersome, but she had both a cousin and a high school friend with the same name, and they'd agreed it was best to proceed with caution.

"Very good. You did a very good job."

"Mm." A brief smile. Flattery did all right with her, usually.

"Now the second one. Do you remember that?"

The smile fled. “Yes.”

“Could you say it?”

“Mm. I could.”

He rolled his eyes. Even her subconscious was oppositional defiant. “Stacey, recite it for me.”

She took a slow, deep breath, chest swelling. God, how he couldn’t wait to get to a level when she stopped wearing these boring, formless outfits.

“If I tell Martin Manning I won’t do something, I don’t have to. I don’t have to do anything that’s humiliating. I don’t have to change the way I dress unless I want to. I don’t have to tell anyone about our time together unless I want to. I don’t have to let him touch me unless I want to. I don’t have to touch him unless I want to.”

The first part of mantra 2.0 came with a look of some small self-satisfaction, perhaps some relief mixed in as well. It was there to keep her comfortable, to keep her from panicking out of her trance at the rest of it.

“Otherwise, I have to go along with what Martin Manning wants. If he wants to talk about stuff I didn’t forbid, I’ll talk to him. I’ll be honest with Martin Manning. If he wants me to watch something or read something, I’ll do it attentively. If he asks me to do something I didn’t forbid, I’ll seriously consider doing it – especially if it doesn’t cost me anything. Embarrassing isn’t humiliating.”

Her recitation was markedly improved from the earliest phases. It was admittedly some word salad, he knew. Martin hadn’t been able to devise a way of phrasing it that a) was simpler and b) that Stacey would agree to. She’d not liked it, true, but after nearly storming out of his apartment altogether, he’d explained what he hoped for them to achieve from it and she’d conceded. Very, very grudgingly, but concede she did. It *was* hypnosis, per her insistence, and the previous mantra had helped prepare her to accept his recommendations. After all, she presently didn’t want to fuck him, so it stood to reason that wasn’t going to change unless she agreed to some things she didn’t want to agree to.

Her recordings became an asset, helping her practice until she’d memorized it. He caught a few minor alterations, but whether they were intentional or an accident, it didn’t significantly alter the message so he let it slide. If she was being straight with him, she’d been using her downtime to repeat it to herself for weeks now. If class started late, get a few reps in. In the shower, or using the bathroom. Putting herself to sleep at night. On the treadmill at the rec center. Stopped at a red light? Take a turn brainwashing yourself.

Today, for the first time, Martin meant to move from saying the words to acting on them. Time to find out if it was doing any good. He gave her time for a few repetitions, her fingers twitching the whole time. It was a signal he recognized, that she was uncomfortable, or maybe just unhappy. When they started flicking around too

much, it meant the trance was about to break. Before she hit that point, he told her to stop.

“Stacey.”

“Mm.”

“Did you ever tell me I couldn’t ask you about your love life?”

“No.”

“Good. So if I wanted to ask you some questions about it, you’d say...”

She hesitated. Her pout intensified. “I’ll talk to you about it. And be honest.”

“That’s good. So, Stacey...” Martin’s breath caught. Here it was. For the first time in his short life, he was at liberty to ask a beautiful woman a skeezy question – and quite possibly to receive an answer. If it went according to plan, soon he would be able to accompany his post-session masturbation jam with actual knowledge of the inner workings of the filthiest portions of Stacey Reeves’ imagination.

Then again, if it did not go according to plan, Martin’s short life might become reclassified as Martin’s *entire* life. This woman had privacy issues the likes of which he’d never dreamed of. And a gun.

“Tell me what kind of porn you’re into.”

His heart hammered in his chest...

Exactly once. Her response was automatic, and the most disappointing response available. “No.”

“Oh.” Well shit. “Why not?” He omitted the remainder, *you prude bitch*, aloud.

“I don’t have to.”

“Don’t have to watch porn?” He supposed that made sense. A girl as hot as Stacey could probably find a guy on minutes’ notice to enact any fantasy she could dream up if she so chose.

“Don’t have to tell you.” Even her subdued, hypnotized tone managed some condescension.

“Because it’s embarrassing?” he pressed, wondering what weird fetishes beyond hypnotism she could be harboring.

“Because if I tell you I won’t do something, I don’t have to.”

“Oh.” Hm. What did that even mean? Something to ponder later. For now, she was still placidly under. Her freedom to deny requests that crossed her boundaries seemed to be keeping her relaxed about the direction of questioning.

“All right. Let’s try something else. Tell me what size bra you wear.”

“33 D.”

Martin’s sudden, feverish giggle brought on a fresh round of finger twitching. It was all he could do not to leap out of his seat and shout in triumph. It worked! He’d asked this uppity bitch how big her tits were, and she’d told him! The woman wouldn’t

even wear a top that showed the outline of a bra in his presence, but now he knew. Articulating why this revelation was so exciting was beyond him, but excite him it did.

With a force of will, he calmed himself, resolving to maintain his cool going forward. “Do you trim your pubes?”

She hesitated, her frown deeper than before. “Does waxing count as trimming?”

It answered the question, but he gave a quick “yes,” and received one in kind.

Stacey Reeves waxed her pussy. Fuck.

“How do you feel about blowjobs?”

“Disgusting.”

So much for that. “Ever have any bisexual thoughts?”

“When I was younger. Not for a long time though.” His mental image of Stacey scissoring one of the busty girls in his cohort winked out as swiftly as it formed. So much for that.

“What do you think is your best physical feature?”

“My face.” No hesitation. This was another something to which she had already devoted some thought.

“Really? Not your boobs, your ass?”

“My boobs and my ass are hot, but I’m *really* pretty. Was ranked prettiest in Delta Alpha Theta.” She didn’t frown at that one. It would be tempting to think her conceited, but no objective observer could find fault with her conclusion. The notion of a ranking gave him questions about how the ladies of DAT house spent their free time, but this wasn’t an interview about her sorority.

“Have you ever used your looks to get what you wanted from someone?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me about a time you did that.” Martin crossed his legs and leaned back, ready for story time.

“I got you to hypnotize me,” she said simply.

Martin sighed. Fair, but still bitchy. Pressing for another example was an option, but her resistance soured his enthusiasm in a hurry. A frown of his own was developing; if she was going to be difficult, then so could he. If he pushed her too hard and caused her to wake up, so be it.

“Have you ever had anal sex?”

“No.”

Of course not. “Ever let a guy fuck your tits?”

“No.”

“Do you own any sex toys?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me about them.”

“Mm. One. Stole it from my freshman roommate.”

“Uh, what? Why?”

“She reorganized my shoes. Didn’t ask. So I took her dildo. Wrote her name on it. Left it in the lounge. RA found it. She got so embarrassed.” A thin smile.

“Jesus. For moving your fucking shoes?”

The question had been meant rhetorically, but her subconscious wasn’t processing that. “She was a cunt before that. Kept it as a trophy.”

Fair enough. Onwards he went. “Ever gotten a facial?”

“No.”

“Been spanked?”

“Mm.” Oho! “By my dad. I tore the head off my sister Kira’s doll.” Oho.

“Had a guy’s finger in your ass?”

“No.”

“Had someone choke you during sex?”

“No.”

“Threesome?”

“Not yet.”

“Had a—” Martin blinked. “Wait. You have one planned?”

“Yes.” To his undying delight, Stacey’s slender thighs rubbed together as she deliberately, deliciously, licked her lips. It was an image that he had no doubt would remain with him into his old age.

“Tell me about it.”

Her fingers fumbled at each other spasmodically. “No. You said I don’t have to answer any questions I told you I wouldn’t. No.”

Now that was interesting. There weren’t many forbidden topics. Still, she was obviously on the cusp of waking up; time to back-pedal. He went back to the mundane: favorite cereal, first concert, list her cousins alphabetically. Soon her hands settled back onto her stomach, which meant it was time to go on. That was enough dicking around with idle curiosity. Time to learn something practical.

“Tell me what turns you on in a guy,” he proceeded.

“Nothing, really.”

They frowned together this time, though hers in distaste, his in bewilderment. One thing to accept that a woman who looked like Stacey could afford to be choosy, not ready to settle for any mediocre male specimen, but “nothing” took things a little far. Well, unless...

“Hold up. Stacey... are you a lesbian?”

Fidget. Fidget fidget. *FidgetfidgetfidgetfidgetTHRASH*

Stacey was suddenly sitting upright, gasping, panting. “What the hell did you just do, Mesmer? My heart’s beating like crazy!”

He wasn’t about to be put off, though. “Are you a lesbian?”

Then she was on her feet, scowling murderously down at him. “What?! Who the fuck do you think you are?!” Her eyes darted to her purse. With the rage smoldering behind them, he wondered if she were regretting not bringing her gun.

“I’m not judging! I just... you said...”

“The deal was supposed to be you getting me to do little stuff to nudge me in your direction! Watch porn with you, look at your stupid baby-dick, make sexy moans or whatever – not bare my goddamn soul! What the actual fuck is wrong with you?!”

Her shove was more than enough to bowl his chair over backwards, sending the hypnotist sprawling until he rolled into the opposite wall. He caught her foot as it swung toward his stomach. His chivalric resolve not to hit a woman was put to the test as she wrenched it free and tried again, and again. At last, she simply grabbed a jar candle and launched it at his head. He dodged in the nick of time, the glass shattering against the wall and spraying across the living room.

Martin had been two years younger and forty-four pounds heavier when he started graduate school at Lakeview. It had been that candle, nearly burned down to the wick, which had affected the difference. The scent of warm apple pie had made an acceptable substitute for the *taste* of warm apple pie, beguiling his sweet tooth into impotency.

Martin had very much liked that candle. He was finding that he did *not* much like Stacey Reeves.

The display stalled her, and he took the opportunity to regain his feet. “I barely even probed the surface, Stacey! Almost every question I asked was some kind of tell. No boyfriend, not interested in getting one, no experience with men to speak of.”

“What, you were asking me if I gave good head? If I liked a hard dick in me?”

“No! I mean, sort of, yeah – but that’s the point! If I couldn’t even get you to talk about sex, how in the hell do you expect me to get you to actually want to do it? And that was before I knew you were a fucking lesbian!”

“You got something against gay people? I knew you were a pervert, but I didn’t think you were a homophobe, you creepy-ass limp dick mother fucker!”

“I’m not! But if you aren’t into men, what the hell are we doing here?” Then he answered his own question. It was all too obvious. “Holy shit. Stacey is this... is this some kind of gay conversion therapy or something? Oh my god. Is that what we’re doing? Why you’re hiding it so hard, so paranoid of anyone finding out? That’s it, isn’t it!”

Martin’s brain raced down the trail of breadcrumbs from their interactions, revising his mental portrait of her. A gun-toting father, raising his oldest daughter to protect herself from the rougher boys in their provincial village. Hiding out at the public library to escape male attention, to help pave her way into a university and from there into a career that would never send her back. A pretty little sister looking up to her

worshipfully; meanwhile Stacey looked back trying to conceal her shame, unable to shatter little Kira's rigid image of her third rate hero, the prom queen of Bumfuck, Nowhere. Getting to college to find out the frat boys and sorority cunts who instantly enveloped her into their circle were no more accepting, and finally turning to an outcast who could turn her into what she believed they would accept when there looked to be no safe outlet to be her true self.

If it wasn't that, no doubt it was some variant of it. Whatever it was, it was tragic that she'd been driven to these extremes.

"No!" she roared to his accusation. Then she wilted, looking down. "Or... well, so what? If it gets you what you want, what do you care about why anyway? You didn't twenty minutes ago!"

"Do you understand the legacy of conversion therapy? That's not a line I want to cross. Shit, Stace, I wouldn't go to a white power rally to get in your pants, either, in case you were going to ask."

Her fist clenched. He braced himself, but no swing came. "So you'd rather have your pathetic principles than my pussy? That's what you're telling me?"

"What you're asking isn't just wrong – though it is wrong – but it's probably impossible, too. You can google it. God, no wonder you were pushing back so hard! Do you even appreciate how much harder it's gotta be to tweak the kind of man you're attracted to, as opposed to tweak the goddamn sex you're attracted to?"

"I'm not asking you to give me your bullshit therapy course, asshole. I'm asking you to hypnotize me. Reach into my head and break some taboos, make me do what we want. It's totally different from what you're talking about."

"No. Look, I'm sorry. I really am." He *really* was. "But my answer is no. You have my word I'll keep this to myself. Like you said, who would believe me? But–"

Then she punched him. It was a hell of a punch, the sort of blow that in a less evolved mind might have cemented some negative stereotypes about her kind. He was still catching his breath on the floor when the door slammed behind her.

Naomi sighed. “Do we really need to rehearse again? I thought you said you had it down after all that chanting stuff we did a few months back.”

“I told you, we’re upping our game. The stuff we’ve been doing is amateur. We have to have something new, fresh.”

“Right, because that’s why people go to a hypnotist show. For cutting edge techniques. My boobs, no part of the appeal.”

Martin wasn’t even tempted to look down. Teasing was an art form in which she possessed extensive experience. Still, after growing accustomed to the sight of Stacey Reeves’ lying before him, it was difficult to descend from hottie to cutie.

“We’re never going to make a name for ourselves—”

She interrupted him with a jab to the chest. Not painful, but recent assaults had made him jumpy, and he flinched harder than he was proud of. “Make a name for *you*, you mean. You better not start using *my* real name.”

“Fine. I’m never going to make a name for myself if all I can do is get a girl to blink a little bit and unbutton her top.”

“Look, I’m not trying to rain on your parade or anything, but you’re never going to make a name for yourself because you’re a flippin’ hypnotist. Go on, name one famous hypnotist.”

“Svengali.”

She cocked her head to the side. “I thought you said he was fictional?”

“Well I could name real ones but you... wouldn’t, um, have heard. Of them.” He sighed. “Fine, but still, I can take pride in my craft, can’t I? I told you, I’ll pay you for your time. Just please, OK?”

She folded her arms. “I want another \$50 per show, and \$20 an hour for practice.”

“Seriously?! You already made me up your pay last time we practiced. I’ll pay you for these extra sessions, but come on. As it is, pretty much all the money I bring in with this is going to you.”

“Pretty much all the money you bring in from this is coming from me. Sounds fair to me.” Admittedly, they were nice boobs.

“\$25 a show. That’s the best I can do.”

The round-faced bottled blonde mulled it over, but at last gave a sigh of resignation. “All right. If you say that’s what you can afford, I trust you.”

Martin offered a hand, and they shook. With the clock running, he wasted no time getting her laid out on his couch and proceeding with an induction. Like when he’d used her to prep for Stacey’s early sessions, it was difficult to tell how well any of it was working. In their shows, her hypnotic state was an act, or at least he was pretty sure it was. He didn’t ask, and she was gentle enough with his pride not to say otherwise. He

had made it clear these sessions were supposed to be real, but he wasn't entirely sure she knew the difference.

So he put her under and tried out some of the chanting he'd done with Stacey. She complied without complaint. One of the traits that made Naomi so perfect for these practices was her casual certainty that he wanted to fuck her, and her equal certainty that it would never happen. It wasn't condescension, as it had been with the last woman he'd had on his couch, but rather a confidence in her judgment. Life had not always been kind to Naomi, and she was not about to squander what progress she had made on a dubious prospect like Martin la Mesmer, even if she found some small charm in his earnest fixation on his strange hobby. So she chanted about trust and comfort and relaxation, and he tried not to make any unfavorable comparisons.

"How do you feel?" he asked some time later as she sat up.

She yawned, stretching her arms and shoulders. "Good! Bored, sort of, but really relaxed. My muscles are like jello."

"No offense taken," he assured her despite her not having said she hadn't intended any. "Do you feel... different? You know, like, did anything seem to stick?"

"I don't know. Like, I feel comfortable here, relaxed, I trust you, all that stuff you've had me saying. You know that stuff really gets in your head? It's like I hear it—"

But Martin was looking down at his phone, again. He shook his head and put it back in his pocket.

"Who's that? Same person who's been at you the whole time I've been here? I was sorta out of it, but I thought I kept hearing a buzz."

"Yeah, same person."

"Why, Mr. Mesmer, you got a special lady in your life?" Naomi grinned toothily.

"No. Hell no."

"I dunno, your mouth says no but your pouty little face says yes."

"She's not important. Can you come back tomorrow?"

She could not, but made plans to return in three days' time. His phone buzzed again as he walked her to the door, and she departed with a knowing smile over her shoulder, despite not being capable of ever guessing who was texting him or what the nature of that text was.

He waved out the front window, sulked for a few minutes, then finally read Stacey's message.

Let's keep going. You were doing so well! You can't tell me you aren't still thinking about me. About what I want you to do to me. About what I want you to make me want to do to you.

Martin shook his head. The first week had been threats and non sequitur fits of rage and vitriol. One night Stacey had come over and tried to force her way in. Only when a neighbor emerged and threatened to call the police if she didn't stop trying to

kick down his door did she withdraw. No doubt her fear stemmed more from being discovered in his company than anything the milquetoast campus police might threaten local legend Stacey Reeves with.

Her second campaign was more difficult to withstand, though withstand he had. There had been no transition. *I know how to make fires that can't be put out* came last Thursday night, and then Friday morning he awakened to *I'm still doing what you told me to do, Martin. I still trust you. Just let me in and make me need you like I know you need me.* It wasn't exactly artless, though it was debatable how much rhetorical skill was required to bandy about a few key words and phrases. *Want me. Need you. Hypnotize me.*

Reading up on conversion therapy was all it took to keep him honest, though. He wouldn't be the first to try to hypnotize someone into switching to the other team, and the anecdotes of just how colossally the process had failed were horrifying. Even with her sincere participation, the odds of it all ending with her gun in her mouth were much better than whatever dim prospect of success he might have. He could be no part of leading someone to a place like that.

Leave me alone, he replied. It was the only reply he'd let himself give.

Naomi's car started in the lot. There was still some bitterness over her pay hike, but he did hope the woman could at least fix up that garbage car of hers.

Meanwhile, Stacey replied. *I'm going to spend an hour obeying your post-hypnotic suggestions. Then we can talk again.* Ugh. She was learning the terminology – or what terms google supplied her – just to entice him. He tried not to picture her in her room at Delta Alpha Theta, lying flat on her back, dressed far more casually than she ever had for him. Eyes closed, mumbling the words he'd given her. *I'll talk to him. I'll be honest with him. I'll read and watch attentively, whatever he wants. I'll consider doing what he asks.* It wasn't exactly those words, nor was it exactly *I can't stop frigging my pussy whenever I think his name*, but god. Compare that to her total ignorance that he or anyone resembling him had or ever would exist. He shut off his phone for the night, but there was more waiting for him the coming morning.

And so Stacey worked on him. Never did she get a different response from him, but she was undeterred. Mid-terms came and went, during which she relented only somewhat. Seldom, if ever, had he seen someone with such perseverance in the face of such seeming apathy. Several times a day, sometimes spread out morning to midnight, sometimes in bursts, Stacey came at him.

Hypnotize me.

Leave me alone

Please?

Leave me alone

I know you want me. I know you're jerking off like crazy missing me.

Leave me alone

What if I forget the words? What if we lose the gains we were making?

Leave me alone

I know you can make me want to fuck you.

Leave me alone

What if I told you it's not what you think it is? Maybe I have other reasons.

Leave me alone

C'mon "la Mesmer." Hypnotize me. This is your shot to earn your cheesy nickname. Hypnotize me. Become a legend.

Leave me alone

I watched some hypnosis porn, just to see.

I think I get what you like about it.

We could watch some together, if you want.

Leave me alone

I want to want to fuck you so bad. Please?

Leave me alone

It was exhausting, especially since she made many strong points in her favor. Even Martin knew it was quite possible she might catch him at a weak moment or slip between the gaps in his defenses. No matter how she came at him, though, he didn't engage. So long as he kept up his firewall, she couldn't get into his system.

At least, not until one day when the door to his apartment opened, and striding through the doorway was Stacey Reeves.

Or someone much like her. Over their months of sessions together, Martin's mental image of the woman had undergone significant revision. Prior to that day backstage at the Lakeview Lounge, Stacey Reeves had been no more than her instagram persona. Airbrushed to perfection, every shot immaculately posed and rehearsed, flawless everything. Not so much as a hair out of place. There existed a picture of her at the beach in a bikini top and a thin dress billowing up around her waist without quite revealing her bottoms, a wave splashing up her legs, droplets of water caught mid-air. Her panicked laughter, fending off the splash, could have been on a magazine cover. It had taken her four hours to get the shot perfect, including drying off between attempts, leaving Martin's guess at less than fifty percent of the reality.

While getting to know her, however, he had grown accustomed to a markedly distinct Stacey Reeves. One who wore minimal makeup, if any. One who had no trouble hiding killer curves in her comfy wardrobe. One who often as not came in stinking of sweat from her workout at the Lakeview rec center. One who belched like a caveman if she drank so much as a sip of anything carbonated.

This was not that Stacey. This was instagram Stacey, and only then, seeing her float through his doorway did he appreciate how little she relied on filters. Tits. There

were her tits. A plunging neckline in her sky blue top revealed a deep line where a bra that had to have been designed by a man with tastes mirroring his own thrust them outward and upward and inward. They were eye-popping. The shirt was brief, displaying a tummy so flat, so tight, that her navel was a narrow vertical line, a sparkly little stud glittering in its piercing. A ruffled pink skirt that somehow had four layers to it despite not making it more than a third of the way down her thighs went with a pair of matching pink heels, gawdy plastic straps wrapped around feet and ankles. The flower tattoo on her right thigh that he'd only glimpsed online was suddenly half-revealed to his eyes, the brevity of her skirt imploring him to crane his neck to drink in the rest of it.

Yet in spite of all that, it was her face that arrested his attention. It was, in a word, a boner pill with a body leaking out of it. Tweezed. Plumped. Brushed. Her eyelashes were longer, eyebrows thinner. The blue in her eye shadow was a perfect match for the blue in her top, linking those rich hazel eyes to her set of big bouncy boobs. The earring he could see sparkled to draw the eye, revealing to him that he had never realized how sexy an ear, of all things, could be. A thin wisp of black hair hung separate, down one cheek and curling around her chin before dangling down towards her breasts, was begging for a man to reunite it with its fellow strands. Her lips glowed so pink they'd probably register on a Geiger counter, but theirs was the sort of radioactivity that promised the granting of superpowers.

"Hi, Martin."

"Uh, hi Stacey." What? Had she just become so hot that her name became a word in a foreign language that he didn't know how to pronounce? The fuck? "Erm, Stacey."

She gave a thin smile, not at all unaware of the effect she was having on him. "You can call me Stakey if you want. I like that better than all that 'leave me alone' nonsense."

Oh right. He wasn't supposed to engage. Too late now. "On your way out to a big date?"

She turned and closed his door so slowly it could only be to remind him not to forget how incredible her ass was. How could someone that fit still have an ass that generous? There had to be some kind of hot girl exercises they kept a secret amongst themselves. "No. I wore this to come here. For you."

"I thought you said I couldn't tell you how to dress."

"You didn't," she said quickly, a bit of the Stacey he knew seeping into her voice. She squelched it fast, however. "It's just... well, you gave me a lot of time to think about things. Obviously our... relationship, if you want to call it that, was a little more one-sided than I'd thought. You were doing what I asked, and it was even starting to work a little, I think. Not that you turn me on at all, yet—" Her eyes rolled to glare at her own tongue. "—but I kept figuring the end game was payoff enough for you, and it clearly wasn't. So... yeah. Here I am. Thanks for leaving the door unlocked by the way. Not that

I didn't think I could get you to let me in, but harder to seduce a guy through a peephole. Unless he's even more of a creeper than you."

Martin looked her over, her insult unheard. And then some more. Fuck, she could hypnotize a man just by standing in front of him. "You look great, Stace. Really. *Really* really. But that doesn't change what we talked about." He flinched as his libido tried to score a throat punch.

"I didn't get dressed up to come say hi and figure a cute outfit was going to make you betray your principles. I'm not a total cunt." She tapped her lip, snickered. "Not all the time, at least."

"So then... why are you here?"

"Right. So... yeah. I'll be frank. We just burned two and a half weeks right as we were getting somewhere. I was really starting to feel it, to change. Even now, with you ogling me like you paid for the privilege – and maybe you kinda did – I actually feel weirdly OK about it? I tried to take things further on my own, try more, um, 'advanced' mantras, but without you, without the trance, it doesn't work. Gave myself a panic attack a couple times, actually. Was pretty fucked up. My bunkmate Monica lost her shit when she came in on me... never mind."

If the sight of her hadn't been enough to get hard, her confession was more than enough. It was working. She needed him. Wanted him. God, it was like the text, but they were being narrated by a sexual goddess, right to his face.

She continued, "Anyway, I know I'm asking you to do something you're not comfortable with. Yes, I could tell you that this isn't about lesbian hang-ups, but there's too much I'm not ready to tell you, or anyone, to ever make you believe it, so whatever. Long story short, I figured if I'm asking you to cross a line for me, I should be ready to do the same."

Did she really think his integrity counted for so little?

Then again... maybe he was just being stubborn. She had, after all, asked for this. Nobody had made her seek him out, made her go crazy over it like a mosquito at a blood bank. And she was offering to compensate him for it, something she'd never even pretended to do before. Yes, if they ever hit a day where she begged him for sex, it would feel like it was all worth it, but that was definitely distant, and probably impossible. To put some literal skin in the game... it counted for something.

And that skin... so much skin...

So be it. Yes, it felt dirty. Yes, there might be ethical questions he'd be asking himself until the end of his life. Still, if she was willing to dress up like *this* for him, there wasn't enough capacity for that magnitude of willpower in his entire stunted soul. Being willing to objectify herself for him, it was too rich a gift to pass up.

That all went through his mind in the time it took her to pause for breath. She finished her offer. "So I thought I'd give you a couple options. You can either see me

naked, or... I'll suck your dick. Your call, whatever you want. Tonight only. As long as you promise to keep working with me."

"I need a moment to think it over," he croaked.

Stacey's disappointment at his lack of instantaneous refusal wasn't subtle. If she'd known that Martin's hasty retreat was, in part, because he had just come in his pants, she might not have taken it so hard. He went first to the bathroom, and once he'd handled matters there, retreated to his bedroom.

It did, however, give him time to think, and at least a modicum of clear-headedness. Not enough to grant real consideration to his scruples, no. The insidious connotation of conversion therapy was well-deserved, but Martin Manning would have done a lot worse for a lot less. The outfit alone had granted him whatever peace he'd ever have with crossing that line in the sand.

The real question was which prize he coveted more. A sight that could never be unseen, or the smug satisfaction of taking Stacey Reeves' oral cherry?

His erection had not waned in the least by the time he returned, fresh briefs still cool beneath his jeans. Stacey still stood in front of his couch, still radiant as the sun in July, awaiting his decision. She said nothing. Much as he would have enjoyed hearing the offer from those lips once more, he didn't dare risk breaking whatever resolve of her own it had taken to say it the once.

"Strip, Stacey."

Like in his fantasies, a smile bloomed on those rosy lips at his straightforward order to disrobe. It wasn't glee at the opportunity to pleasure her master, no, but it was the perfect prelude to the main event. Before she began, however, she took two steps forward, bending down to look him in the eyes, inches away. How had he not noticed her perfume? She smelled almost as fuckable as she looked. That she'd fallen prey to the classic sorority girl trap of finding a decent scent and practically bathing in the stuff only enhanced the effect.

"Swear to me you'll finish what we started," she whispered.

"I swear."

"Say it. I need to hear you say all of it." Right in his ear, this time, one hand cradling the back of his head.

"I swear, I will make you beg to be allowed to fuck me."

White teeth shone as she drew back. "Good. Then I'll strip for you."

It wasn't a show she put on. She took off her clothes the way she would in the privacy of her own bedroom at the DAT house. Stacey removed one article of clothing at a time unhurriedly, no fucks given for anyone's field of vision or the way her increasingly revealed pieces were displayed. She took off her clothes, no more, no less. Her bra and panties matched, fire engine red, ruffled fabric not unlike the skirt now

crumpled up on his living room floor where her camera usually sat. The underwear was dropped atop it.

There were too many details to drink in. Her pussy was baby smooth, waxed, just like she'd told him weeks ago. Her nipples were the same cheery pink tint as her labia, which she immodestly displayed when bending over to peel down her underwear. There was a small birthmark on her left buttock. The flower on her hip wasn't colored in, though she explained she meant to finish it someday when she caught him inspecting it. Her ass jiggled even more than her tits when she walked in those heels. Heels, which she left on at his command. She stood there, hands on her hips, welcoming his gaze, in nothing but those cheap, slutty shoes and a conceited grin.

"You'd better get used to this."

"This is a one-time thing. Look as long as you want – I'll spin for you if you'd like to see the back – but it's tonight only."

Martin wagged a finger reprovingly. "Oh no. Remember, if I tell you to do something and it's not forbidden, you have to at least consider it."

Her grin slipped. "You can't tell me how to dress."

"But I just did, and you just obeyed. You don't have to feel embarrassed about it. If you're going to fuck me, you're going to need to be ready to get fucked, Stace, and that means clothes off." He twirled his finger, and at his command, almost by reflex, she spun to display her bare ass to him. Another gesture and she bent forward, back arched, cunt and asshole alike available to be taken. (At least they were in terms of their physical readiness, if not psychological.)

"I..." She took a slow breath. "I'll consider it."

"Tell me you're sorry you didn't get to blow me."

She looked over her shoulder. "Do you want me to sound like I mean it, or do you prefer the sincerity of sarcasm?"

"Fake it 'til you make it."

"Fine. I'm so sad I didn't get to suck you off, Martin," she simpered, skipping the T in his name for extra cuteness, then cut the moment off with a snort. "Feel better?"

Martin left her in place, bent over, supporting herself on the arm of their hypnosis couch, tits dangling, quavering with each breath, ass in the ready position for a royal pounding. He paced around her, studying her perfect body from all sides. Her breath had a tremulous quality to it. Considering she'd never let a man see her naked before, some anxiety was to be expected, he supposed.

"All right, next question. Honest answer this time."

She replied in the monotone of her hypnotic mantra. "I'll be honest with Martin Manning."

"Are you turned on right now? Even a little?"

Stacey froze. Somehow, that question cut to something deeper than the flesh. To bare her pussy was one thing; the last time she'd bared her innermost self, she'd almost ruined her whole mad scheme. The question was a violation more personal than if he'd jammed a couple fingers unasked right up her dampening pussy.

"Wait..." Stacey touched her slit, probed inside gently with an index finger. When it withdrew, there was a faint sheen to it, glistening in the overhead light. "Holy... I guess I am. A little."

Martin beamed, kneeling down behind her. His face was close enough to her cunt that if those lips could draw breath, he'd feel it on his cheeks. She didn't move an inch. Stacey Reeves trusted Martin Manning. He didn't touch her, though. Not yet. Instead he picked up her underwear and offered it to her. "I am going to make you want to fuck me so hard you're gonna need sturdier shoes to keep on your feet, Stace."

She accepted her panties, though there was no rush to put them on. Stacey Reeves was comfortable around Martin Manning. "A little more now."

"Get used to it."

She glanced at the couch. "I have my camera in the car, if you want to go right now. Dressed or not, your choice. I did offer you this one night."

From prior experience, Martin knew full well not to proceed with this complicated game of incremental submission without a plan in place. Suggestions needed to be considered carefully, worded just so, notes taken on her reaction so that adjustments could be made. Diving in dick first would be a mistake, potentially catastrophic. That she still felt she needed the protection of her camera spoke volumes about the distance they still had to cover.

Still, he would have agreed in a heartbeat if Naomi weren't still hiding out down the hall. She'd seen and heard too much from her vantage point in the bathroom when Stacey first arrived, hidden around the corner as Stacey made her vulgar offer. Far too much had transpired now to try to smuggle Naomi out without talking about all this first.

"Tomorrow."

Stacey's head snapped back, surprised and perhaps a little wounded. "Bad timing, huh?"

"I'll need to do some planning first. But tomorrow. Wear something like this." He pointed to her discarded articles of clothing.

"Like this?" she repeated. "So, something cute bordering on slutty?"

"Just slutty, but if you want to call it cute, Stace, be my guest."

"You can't tell me how to dress, you know, la Mesmer," she said, but teasingly, as she worked at getting her panties back on over her heels. "But I'll consider it."

Chapter Four

Martin watched Stacey go because, well, look at her go. Even with Naomi's gaze boring a hole in the back of his skull, he wasn't about to miss out on the sight of Stacey Martin in all her glory, fresh out of his apartment after stripping for him, posing for him, *flirting* with him. Kind of. For a lesbian.

Naomi, however, was not a lesbian. She only stripped in modest, publicly acceptable quantities, and only because Martin "la Mesmer" Manning paid her to. She had never flirted with him. The only thing she and Stacey had in common in that moment was that hypnosis was the only shot he had at either of them.

"OK. I kept my mouth shut. And from what it sounds like I missed, you *so* owe me. Now talk, because *that*—" She pointed to where Stacey was pulling out of the parking lot. "That can't have just happened."

Martin at last turned to face her. Here he was, paying Naomi to humor his attempts at his dreams, while Stacey had walked in and fulfilled them beyond his wildest dreams. It occurred to him that the best possible thing that could happen right now would be to send her away, pay her her due, and never speak to her again. The only obstacles were that she had seen what she had seen, and that someone had seen what no one was supposed to see. The former was an issue because it meant there were witnesses, questions he wasn't allowed to answer, questions he was sure he didn't know the answers to. The latter was a problem because the urge to share this secret – the juiciest one Martin had ever kept – had been corroding his will for months.

Martin sat down. This was not a standing conversation. Standing conversations were an interval on the route to the door, and he needed to figure this out before she took that journey. He gestured for her to join him. With an impatient glower, she flounced onto her space on the couch, where she had been right up until Martin had seen Stacey's car enter the lot a short time ago.

"Look, Naomi. I know that was... unusual."

"Unusual?"

"All right, weird. Really weird. Sure." That reassessment seemed to satisfy her rhetorical needs. "But I need you to swear to me you won't tell anybody about what you just saw."

"See? I hardly saw anything, just some tasty babe strutting up to your door. I might have seen more, but you told me if I so much as peeked down the hallway there would be 'a catastrophe of Godzilla-esque proportions.' Your words. But what I *heard*..."

Martin could only wish she'd seen nothing. His reaction to Stacey's arrival had startled Naomi, and she'd looked out the window before he could cover for it. She'd barely gotten half her question of who on earth it was, and none of the follow-up about why he looked so startled.

“And you did great. I am so grateful, truly. But please, can you just... forget that happened? Please?”

“Martin, who was that? Was that a call girl? She looked like a call girl, but she sure didn’t act like any call girl I ever met.”

“How many call girls have you met?”

“Martin...!” It was practically a growl.

“It doesn’t matter who she was. It’s just this... thing I’m doing. It’s hard to explain. But it’s all harmless, and she’d be extremely embarrassed if anybody found out about it, and—”

“Found out about what? I couldn’t hear half of what Little Miss Breathy-Voice said, but I heard enough. That woman, she gave you your pick of a beej or a strip tease. Who does that?”

Later, Martin would concoct any number of satisfactory lies he might have offered Naomi at that moment. The best of his options was that the woman was a hooker who’d arrived earlier than he’d asked, one catering to his fetish, and he was embarrassed to admit it. The worst, that she was an ex-girlfriend who’d been consumed by her own fetish for hypnosis and couldn’t help returning time and again to plead for more. Either would have been better than what he actually said, though, because it was the truth.

“Her name is Stacey. She sought me out to use my hypnosis to help her overcome some... very personal hangups. We’ve been working on it for a while now, and that’s why I’ve been asking you for more time, so I can get practice to do right by her. It’s very very private. Nobody was ever supposed to know about it, and if anyone ever find out, she’s going to kill me.”

That he had handed a woman who’d been all but extorting him the keys to the extortion kingdom occurred to him only in time to avoid explaining that the killing might well be literal. He imagined trying to convince Stacey that he hadn’t sought out a witness, that it was all an accident. She’d never believe it.

Rather than asking for the slow train to Disappointmentville by demanding his debit card and PIN, however, Naomi asked, “What kind of hangups?”

“It’s private.”

“Pfff. I guess I’ll just make something up for the newsletter then. See ya!”

Martin seized her by her wrist. A bluff, but also a message. “Hang on. Let’s talk this through.” She let him restrain her, returning to her seat pleased at her triumph. She’d wanted him to acknowledge that she had him by the cojones, and he had.

After a moment to consider, he tried for empathy. It was cheaper than paying blackmail any day. “Imagine it was you for a second. Say, you were frigid or something, and wanted me to help you past it.”

“I would never have that problem, and if I did, I would never ever ask you to hypnotize it out of me.”

“All right, so imagine it was smoking.”

“Why would I care if people knew I was a smoker?”

“Dammit, Naomi, you know what I’m trying to say!”

“You’re trying to get me to admit that having someone hypnotize you out of your kinks isn’t fucking weird as fuck, and that paying you with sex stuff isn’t ten times weirder! And I won’t.”

“I already admitted it’s weird!”

“What kind of hangups?” she asked again.

“Naomi, it would be a betrayal of her trust.”

“How long do you think it will take me to ID a college girl named Stacey with *that* body? Lakeview’s not small, but it’s not *that* small. From what I saw, she sticks out.”

“That’s all the more reason not to tell you!”

“Well tell me something because right now, I am losing my shit more than a little.”

Martin shook his head. “You’re losing your shit? What the heck for?”

“Oh, I dunno, the guy who’s been moving heaven and earth to get me to let him hypnotize me, who pays me to do PG-13 sexnosis shows, has been working on another woman who’s now showing up at his house and asking to be allowed to blow him. Are you doing something to me? Because I swear...”

“Oh my god. Oh my GOD! Naomi, no! No, I would never...” The look in her eye caught that lie in his throat. Of course he would. Until Stacey, only the fact that it was impossible had held him back. “I haven’t. I’m only practicing inductions. She’s had a hard time relaxing—”

“Oh yeah, she seemed real uptight.” Naomi adopted a high, breathy falsetto. “Oh Mr. la Mesmer? Can I pretty pwease suck your fat dick? No? Aww, well can I at least show you my big round—”

She let Martin silence her with a finger to her lips, but not without a little giggling. “As I was saying, she’s had a hard time relaxing into a trance. So I’ve been using you to practice putting, shall we say, a less willing subject under. That’s it. No weird post-hypnotic suggestions or anything. That’s mostly fiction anyway. Come on, Naomi, you know I haven’t tried to make you do anything you don’t want to. At least not without compensation.”

“Is that what your pal Stacey thinks, too?”

“Naomi!” It was, by some metrics, impressive that the man was able to muster sincere indignation at her assertion that he might ever have the temerity to do the very thing he had pleased himself not three hours earlier imagining doing.

This raises questions, however. Did one bear any moral culpability for the inadvertent realization of one’s most depraved fantasies? Does lusting after the

impossible assign a karmic taint to a man's soul when the impossible is achieved? If so, did his level of enjoyment deepen his debt?

Martin, however, was not pursuing a post-secondary education in philosophy, so these questions did not interest him. What did interest him in that moment was how soon he could get Stacey Reeves back into his apartment and under his spell. A very distant second was dealing with Naomi and her insinuations.

"Martin. What's her hangup?"

"Why do you care?"

"Because I do. Now answer my question, or we're done." There was little doubt in the way she inflected it that they would not merely be done for the evening.

Martin took a moment. Telling her was definitely a bad idea. It was a betrayal of Stacey's incredibly fragile trust, and if she ever found out, she'd never come back. Yet conversely, *not* telling her was as bad or worse. There was no telling what Naomi might do with what she'd seen and heard tonight, and she'd made it fairly clear she understood the leverage it gave her.

All he knew right then was that one of those paths seemed very likely, and very immediate. Perhaps if he could stall Naomi long enough, Stacey would be too much in his grip by the time it all inevitably blew up in his face. This is what Martin convinced himself of. So, like so many men in generations of his predecessors who likewise had little experience in delicate matters between beautiful women, he opted to rely on her basic humanity.

"She's gay. OK? Happy now? She's gay, and she asked me to help her see if I can bring her around to the other side. Or maybe both sides. I don't really know. It's a work in progress. But it would be super embarrassing, and unless you want to out that poor woman—" (Note: This was the first recorded instance in Stacey's life someone had spoken of her with pity, apart from sycophantically, to her face.) "—then you have to take this to your grave. I'm begging you, Naomi. Please."

Her dark face lit up at the revelation of this juicy gossip. "*That* girl is a lesbian. *That* girl. No way."

He nodded, his own instinct to grin proving irresistible. There were few joys like sharing a truly delectable secret, coerced or no. "It's true. Hand to god."

"Damn." Naomi slumped back on the couch, mind blown. "That's wild. And she sought *you* out?" Her incredulity was hurtful, but not unfair.

"We hypnotists are in short supply these days," he remarked dryly.

"But why you? Did you know her or something?" Her tone indicated she thought this about as likely as him having a brunch appointment the next morning with Beyoncé.

"Who, me?" He tried to apply the appropriate dismissiveness to that ludicrous premise. "She went looking for somebody with some skill, saw one of our shows, and the rest is history."

“But... wow. I mean, that’s a lot to trust some random creepy dude with. No offense.”

Martin took *some* offense, though only some. “I try to earn it. I haven’t told anybody but you, and I really didn’t want to tell you.” That didn’t include Dustin, who’d laughed his tale off, or anyone from the hypnofetish message boards he frequented, but it still kept Naomi in a small window of a few hundred people, most of whom didn’t know his name or locale. So mostly a secret.

Slowly, Naomi gave a thoughtful nod. “All right. Your secret’s safe with me. I won’t tell anybody.”

“You promise?”

She raised her hand in what he thought was a girl scout salute. “I swear. Put me under and make me if you don’t trust me.”

He laughed, mostly because he would have done so in a heartbeat if he thought he could, but since he couldn’t, why not laugh. “That’s a load off, Naomi. Thanks.”

She pushed out a breath, still digesting this news. “Say, I was going to go get Thai with a friend after we wrapped up here, but now that our timing’s off... wanna order in?”

“You want to eat?” He blinked. “With me?” The sudden shift was obvious to him. Martin Manning was not a man completely ignorant of the ways of women. He had been with ~~many~~ ~~several~~ more than one, after all. It was a casual but open-faced flirtation, this, familiar enough. Still, coming from such a *pretty* girl... suspicion was only natural when exposed to the heretofore unknown. Naomi may not have the raw beauty of his other hypnotic subject, but she was still pretty, and he’d been handily supplementing his TA income with an assist from her more than generous curves. (Or he had been, until recent renegotiations, now supplementing her income from her real job at Target.)

“C’mon. Buy my silence with pad thai.”

The nod to his blackmailable status, however much it seemed in jest, was sufficient to cover an order to doordash, albeit with a diminished tip.

“So... we should probably talk about the other night, huh.” Stacey crossed her legs guardedly, even though the suggestion was hers. Still, she was wearing a dress for once rather than sweats or mom jeans. On Stacey Reeves, even exposed calves were not something to be taken for granted. It engendered an empathy for the fascination with ankles experienced by his fictitious Victorian contemporaries.

“No, we shouldn’t.”

“Come on. Sherri gave me the ninth *and* tenth degrees, leaving DAT house dressed like that. Made such a scene, half the house came out to grill me about my big date. I barely made it out the door, and now Sherri’s sure I have some big secret lover.”

“Who’s Sherri?”

“She’s my...” She shook her head. “A friend. It doesn’t matter. That’s not what we need to talk about.”

“We’re not going to talk about it, I said.”

Men not wanting to talk to her was in itself unusual, but a man who’d seen her naked and didn’t want to rehash it upon open invitation... it was inconceivable.

“Seriously? I came in here and took off my clothes for you. Said I’d blow you. You don’t have any questions about that?”

“Of course I do. But like you said... we’re not here to buddy-buddy our way into nearly fucking. We’re getting there with hypnotism, remember? So zip it, lie down, and let me get you to a place where I can ask them.”

A smile stole across her ruby lips as she saw he wasn’t saying no, but rather yes-and. “All righty, then.” He took note that she still set up her camera, but with that measure in place, Stacey took her spot on the sofa almost eagerly.

She went under in record time, in Martin’s book a cause for celebration on par with her strip tease. She repeated the words of the induction with conviction, he thought, or as much conviction as a sleepy monotone could muster. If hearing her acquiesce to trusting in him absolutely gripped at his conscience after betraying her confidence to Naomi, his voice fought to give no sign of it.

It had been weeks since she’d last been under, since she had outed herself to him and revealed her true purpose in coming to him. Her mantras came out in crisp, precise repetitions, however, as if no time had passed at all. She’d texted him that she had kept at it, and by all appearances she had.

“If I tell Martin Manning I won’t do something, I don’t have to. I don’t have to do anything that’s humiliating. I don’t have to change the way I dress unless I want to. I don’t have to tell anyone about our time together unless I want to. I don’t have to let him touch me unless I want to. I don’t have to touch him unless I want to.”

“Otherwise, I have to go along with what Martin Manning wants. If he wants to talk about stuff I didn’t forbid, I’ll talk to him. I’ll be honest with Martin Manning. If he wants me to watch something or read something, I’ll do it attentively. If he asks me to

do something I didn't forbid, I'll seriously consider doing it – especially if it doesn't cost me anything. Embarrassing isn't humiliating.”

What drove her to such lengths to reinvent herself, he still didn't know. Whatever it was, it at least explained some of her paranoia about the need for secrecy. Bigoted family, her own deep-seated homophobia, religious hang-ups and fear of hell... They could be powerful motivators. For now, that barrier could remain intact. He had more interesting topics to discuss with her today.

Impatient though he was to get to them, he nonetheless gave her a half hour to repeat the litany of trust and comfort, swearing to be honest and obedient*.

Not a bad way to bide one's time. Her dress was nothing flashy or ornate, the sort of thing any girl on campus might wear on a spring day like today. With free license to stare, though, the presence of even the less interesting portion of her legs, the barest hint of cleavage at her neckline, were enough to keep him twiddling his thumbs while doing the important work.

Finally, it was time. “Stacey, I'm going to ask you some questions now.”

“Mm.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Answer them honestly.”

“Why?”

“I'll be honest with Martin Manning.”

“Good girl.” He winced at the slip; that was something he only said in his fantasies, not during sessions. Indeed, her fingers warned him with one of those telltale fidgets they exhibited when she was resisting him. “Do you remember what happened last time you came over?”

“Mm. I told you I would strip for you, or give you a blowjob. You said strip, so I stripped. Then you made me pose. Then you said we could keep trying.”

“That's right. If I had asked you to blow me, what would you have done?”

“Depends.”

“Depends on what?”

“Whether or not you asked before or after I stripped.”

“OK, so before. You offered me the choice, and I chose a blowjob.”

“Then I would have given you a blowjob.”

God, he felt lightheaded in that moment. “What about after?”

“No. You already got to see me naked. Either/or, not both. Ungrateful fuck.”

Martin was nothing if not grateful for that night. Waiting for Naomi to leave so he could retreat to his bedroom and beat it half the night had been almost physically painful. “Previously, you'd told me that I couldn't make you dress a certain way, that I couldn't touch you. What changed?”

Her hands fidgeted suddenly, and he knew he'd tread on dangerous ground.
"Nothing."

"Stacey, you have to be honest with me."

Frown. Fidget. "I was. Nothing changed. You can't change how I'm dressed unless I want to. You can't touch me unless I let you."

"What made you want to, then?"

Fidget. "I was losing you."

Recent exposure to Naomi made him cognizant of the ways in which he might attempt to leverage that sentiment into something, but such temptation was quickly squelched. The idea was to hypnotize Stacey, not coerce her, into not-quite-fucking him.

"Repeat after me, Stacey. I know that won't happen again."

"I know that won't happen again."

"I trust Martin Manning."

"I trust Martin Manning."

Her fright had been a useful one-time nudge, but to get where they needed to be, where he wanted to be, fear wasn't much good. He went through those lines a few more times each, reasoning that trust and security might ease her into it. Her hands fell back to the couch cushions, still and calm as the rest of her. For his part, Martin very much hoped that it *would* happen again, but a few repetitions of a soothing lie were unlikely to hurt those odds.

"How did you feel when you were naked in front of me, Stacey?"

"Humiliated. Creeped out. It was hard not to show how it made my skin crawl." That was certainly honest. Then she added, as a very distant afterthought, "But I guess part of me was turned on."

What a relief that was. Martin certainly hadn't forgotten her saying as much, but it was to the good that she hadn't either. "Why do you think you were turned on?"

"It felt like it might actually work." A thin, hopeful smile.

"That's it? Not because you were naked in front of someone?"

The smile faded with a shrug. "Dunno. Never been naked in front of a guy before."

"Did some part of it feel good? Powerful, maybe?"

Her head shook side to side. "Always feel powerful that way."

"Of course you do," he muttered. So much for feeding on her vanity. That was a wild mustang the likes of which he was unequipped to ride.

Was there even anything to this, or was he simply pursuing his own desires? He certainly wouldn't say no to another free show, but would it even bring her closer to their goal?

"Stacey, how do you feel when you dress sexy?"

"Mm. Sexy."

“Is sexy... horny?”

Fidget. Her reply came slower. It always did when it was one given under the “if Martin Manning wants to talk about stuff I didn’t forbid, I’ll talk to him” clause of her mantra. As wordy as that all was, he took it as a sign that it was achieving results that Stacey could process it so quickly.

“Yeah. Feels good to look good sometimes.”

“If you’re going to ever want to fuck me, you’re going to have to get horny around me. Right?”

“Mm. Prolly.”

“So don’t you think it would help to wear sexier clothes? Or no clothes?”

“No. I don’t have to change the way I dress unless I want to.” Fidget. “Not being horny is your problem, not mine.”

“My problems are your problem!” He began in a shout, but dropped it to a loud whisper before it snapped her awake. As it was, there was a lot of hand movement. Martin brought her back to her mantras while he stood up and paced up and down the hallway, contemplating. Now here she was, finally giving him a hint about how he might turn her on (and entertain him in the process). She had seemed so eager to make more progress after the stripping incident. Enthused, energized, ready to take direction. Now, days later, it had been relegated to regrettable necessity in her memory. Worse, she’d used the H-word. Mere embarrassment, he might be able to play around some.

Although...

“Stacey, is it humiliating for a doctor to see you naked?”

It took her a moment of consideration. They were already at their time threshold, but she wouldn’t complain if they got something out of it. Time to see where this went.

“Prolly not. As long as it’s not some creepy old man.”

The “creepy” and “old” parts were practically one word to her. “Why not?”

“Necessary.”

Not the answer he wanted, but he could roll with it. Whatever good the more blunt force brainwashing they’d been focusing on had done, hypnotic suggestions had achieved minimal effect. From his self-tutoring in the craft, that was supposed to be where the meat of hypnotism lay, tapping into the subject’s existing feelings and attaching other thoughts. Perhaps she was more susceptible now after some months of tinkering? Time to find out.

“For a doctor, it’s just a job, right?”

Her nod and shrug combined into an awkward spasm. No fidgeting, though. Her hands remained flat on her flat tummy. “Yeah.”

“And it’s nothing they haven’t seen before, right?”

“Mm. Yeah.” Even quicker that time.

“Now keep that thought in your head. It’s OK for a doctor to see you naked. It’s just a job. They’ve seen it all before.” Not her words, but she’d agreed easily enough. “Repeat that.”

He had her say it a few times before beginning his pivot. “Now what’s my job for you, Stacey?”

“Hypnotize me. See if you can make me wanna fuck you.”

“Right. It’s just a job. Say that.”

“It’s just a job.”

“And since I started doing that job, I’ve seen you naked, haven’t I?”

Fidget. “Not part of the job. Seduced you. Brought you back. Not supposed to see that. No choice.”

“Sure, but if I didn’t have that job, to make you want to fuck me, would you have ever let me see you naked?”

Her face puckered up like he’d shoved a lemon in her mouth. “Fuck no. Never. Not inna million years.”

“Right. So me seeing you naked was because of the job. Part of the job.”

Her head lolled side to side as she considered, and finally relented with a shrug. “I guess. Kinda.”

“Say it. Me seeing you naked was part of the job.”

Fidget. “Seeing me naked was part of the job. Once.”

Martin didn’t love her edit, but there was only so far micromanagement would take him. “So it’s sort of like a doctor, right? Seeing you naked is part of the job. It’s nothing your doctor or I haven’t seen before. Say it.”

She struggled a bit, but he helped her through it. Her thumbs twiddled.

“So, with that in mind, how would you feel about me seeing you naked again sometime?”

“No.” Instantaneous, adamant, hands at rest. Hope died almost audibly in the room.

“Well dammit, why not?” he snapped peevishly.

His rhetorical question was not understood as such by her pliant brain, however. “Because I don’t have to change the way I dress unless I want to.”

One of his least favorite concessions in her mantra. Martin wasn’t about to give up, though. Not quite yet. He knew he was reaching, but it still felt like he was circling something. “But you also have to seriously consider doing what I say, don’t you?”

She nodded with only a fraction of a second more hesitation. “Long as it’s not something I don’t have to do.”

“Stacey, is there a difference between making you fuck me, and making you *want* to fuck me?”

“Yeah. Can’t make me fuck you. Supposed to make me want to.” Another immediate agreement.

“That’s right. So there’s also a difference between making you dress a certain way, and making you *want* to dress a certain way?”

Somehow, even with her eyes closed, even responding in a clipped monotone, she managed to sound impressed. Not half so impressed as he felt when he heard her say, “Yeah. There is.”

“So I *can* make you *want* to dress a certain way.”

“Mmmmmaaaaaaybe,” she agreed uncertainly.

“Say it.”

“I... I don’t...” She shook her head, hands fidgeting like she was stuttering in sign language. He watched with excitement as her own brain-washing set in. Saying these words was something she hadn’t forbidden, and it cost her nothing. Right out of her own lines, recited now hundreds, perhaps thousands of times. Martin wasn’t sure what the cumulative effect of saying the same words so many times was, though deep down he did suspect that there was one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all.

“You can make me want to dress a certain way.”

“Again.”

“You can make me want to dress a certain way.”

A dozen repetitions later, her hands lie still. Then he had her reinforce her own assertion that she enjoyed dressing sexy, that it felt good. That it was something she liked doing. Even a woman as contrarian as Stacey Reeves couldn’t deny that she wanted to do things she liked doing. She wasn’t embarrassed to be sexy, much less humiliated, she had no trouble admitting.

From there, he removed the lines from her old mantra about clothes, then set her to memorize the revision while he drafted a fresh set of lines. It was nearly an hour late when he awakened her, but the last thing he heard before guiding her out of the trance were the hundredth repetition of the words, said unhesitatingly, with conviction:

“I’m not embarrassed to dress sexy. Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy. There’s nothing wrong with looking sexy whenever I want, around anyone I want. Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy around him. It’s nothing he hasn’t seen and he’s only doing his job. I don’t have to obey, but if I don’t, I have to justify to myself why it would cost me something to do it.”

As ever, a complex bit of memorization, but in a trance her mind was significantly more spongy, and Stacey had come to him with a head for memorizing quotes and passages.

Stacey Reeves stretching, arms over her head, was quite a sight, though his hard-on predated the display by some minutes. “Dang, that was... holy fuck, an hour over? Seriously, Mesmer?”

“It was necessary. I would have woke you up for permission, but then it might have taken three hours.”

“You didn’t even know if I have plans tonight, asshole,” she grunted, pushing herself groggily to her feet.

“Do you?”

“No.” Her head snapped back. “Oh god, that honesty thing... god dammit, it’s becoming more and more automatic. Ugh. Anyway, just... try not to, OK? I don’t want to have to lie to Sherri and my sisters about where I’ve been and why I don’t answer. They always think I got kidnapped or something if I don’t pick up right away.”

“I thought you just had the one sister?”

Her fists clenched, and fire flashed in her eye. Martin actually leapt back from his seat. “What the fuck do you know about my—” Belatedly, she processed the root of his question and calmed back down almost as quickly as she’d escalated. “Fuck. Sorry. My DAT sisters. I don’t check in with Kira or anything. Kira’s my actual sister.”

He made a mental note not to dig around into her family business, lest her pistol make a return to her purse. She stayed only long enough to pack up her camera and schedule their next session. After such a long delay, she pressed for more time together. Backed up with work though he was, Martin caved easily, and they slotted back to back appointments two and three days later. Then she was gone.

Is this her?

The text was appended with a URL that Martin recognized as Stacey's. Lovely. She hadn't let it go.

Yeah, that's her.

*Wow she's even hotter then I thought from the little I saw
Guess you saw more than me tho huh? ;)*

*haha
Guess so*

Martin was careful to use a "haha" rather than a "lol" so the lack of intensity behind his professed bemusement would be obvious.

She's got kind of an Olivia Wilde vibe but not anorexic

That's a bit much, don't you think?

Do you think she's prettier than me?

This question is well-established in its association with second- or even third-rate minds. It ranks in blatancy of mediocrity just below *which thank you cards should we use?* and any variety of *would you still love me if...*, but above *do you like me like me?* A wise man gives the answering of such questions due process in proportion to his hopes to have sex with the women, tempered by the level of his fear of her displeasure.

I mean, it's not a contest

Martin would very much like to have fucked Naomi, but knew he had no real prospect of it, and his fear was only secondhand by way of having her foul things up with the objectively prettier woman. For heaven's sake, she was the one who compared Stacey to one of the most beautiful women in the world.

lol your an ass

She took it well, at least.

So hey your paid up on practice

When are we going to get at it?

It was suspicious, her sudden and as near as he could recall unprecedented interest in him getting his money's worth out of her. Yet at the time, he was still distracted by the link she had sent, trying to assess whether Stacey's outfits in her recent posts bore any measurable shift towards sexiness. Not that he could tell, but she only ever posted something if she looked good in it.

*I'll text you – working with Stacey tonight and tomorrow, and I don't know
when after.*

*Wow, back to back with the Wilde thang? lolol look at you, hard at work for
your little crush ;)*

Two winky faces in one conversation. It meant something, but since Naomi had seldomly engaged with him socially beyond the minimum required by their professional relationship, he wasn't sure what. Could she really be flirting? (Again?)

No matter. He had bigger fish to fry. Prettier, too.

I'll be in touch Naomi. Have a good one!

With the exclamation point in place, the discussion was closed.

The sessions with Stacey went smoothly. If her clothes grew any sexier, he couldn't have said, but she didn't revert to the old uglies. He wouldn't have called her choices of attire sexy except for any bias imposed by the girl wearing them. They adhered to their time constraints, the duration of the session largely consumed by reinforcing the new mantra.

A belated recollection of her mentioning exploring a hypno-porn fetish tickled at Martin's memory, so he pursued that. In the pro column, Stacey was refreshingly open about what she'd told him about it, and confirmed she hadn't been making it up to bait him into responding to her during the leave-me-alone phase of their relationship. Though in the other column came the admission that she had found the stuff, as she put it, "really hard to imagine getting off to." Nevertheless he slotted the last fifteen minutes of each session to watch one such video with her, careful to choose something he hoped might appeal more to his lesbian audience.

"Are you turned on right now, Stacey?" he asked as his final question each night.

"A little," she said the first night.

"I'm menstruating, so I've been horny all day. Always happens," she said the second.

The cause was bolstered by the result, a net win. He offered her as much more time as she wanted, venturing to share openly that she'd told him she was horny on account of her period, and that it may be best to strike while the iron was hot.

"Did you just call my period a hot iron? Because... I don't even know. I do not enjoy period metaphors. Especially from you."

"I didn't mean anything by it. I only thought, if you're turned on already, we might have an easier time. It's your call."

Stacey rubbed at her face as if to massage herself out of a strange dream. "Fine. I have company visiting, but I can sneak out for a while."

"Oh! I don't want to get in the way of—"

"That's sweet, but you're right. Lord knows you do less than nothing for me, so if we can trick my pussy into giving off a little heat around you, we probably ought to."

"I really hope someday you're forced into a frank and open relationship with someone who's as disinterested in you as you are in me. I really do."

"Don't hold your breath, la Mesmer." She fuzzed his head and set out.

Their follow-up session went well. She was definitely dressed up that time, a cute skirt and tight sleeveless blouse in a dazzling royal blue, lots of makeup and her glossy black hair in an ornate braid. Alas, she explained that she was meeting up with friends (Sherri again, and whoever her visitor was, along with a few other DAT girls) for a frat party, so he still had no reason to think her appearance had its root in hypnotic suggestion.

More mantra, some questions about what she did and didn't like about his porn choices. (Bigger boobs, she said, and then some bitchy digs at the hypno-fetish on the whole. "Less chanting, more fucking. Get to the good shit.")

As Stacey left, she ran headfirst into Naomi. Nothing was bowled over, save for Martin's hopes at keeping the two from ever meeting.

"Whoa, hi, sorry," Stacey said, jumping back. Seeing that Naomi was heading towards Martin's apartment rather than down the hall to somewhere else, she hesitated again. After all, anywhere else was the most likely destination for the curvy young woman with her dirty blonde hair.

A stand-off formed in the doorway. Stacey had seen Naomi before at his show, when she had been "Holly," a "randomly selected" audience member, "hypnotized" into showing her bra to the "crowd." Naomi had only seen Stacey by accident the other week, though, of which Stacey knew nothing. All it would take would be Naomi uttering Stacey's name to trigger a shooting spree the likes of which local police would never solve. (Admittedly it would top any episode of every cop drama Martin had ever seen.)

"Naomi, hi! Naomi, this is my friend Stacey. Stacey, Naomi. She works with me in the la Mesmer act."

Stacey glanced over her shoulder, as if amused to be called a "friend," but far better condescending bemusement than psychotic rage any day. "Right, right. I came to one of his shows once. I think I remember you. 'Getting sleepy, arf arf cluck cluck, oops my boobs popped out.' Yeah. Nice to meet you."

Naomi's face had been bright when the door opened. A face that had plainly been lying in wait for just such an ambush, albeit without quite so much velocity on the part of Stacey. The uncharitable yet accurate summation of her acting career soured that tout de suite. "Hi. Sorry about the bump there – I was just about to knock, and... yeah, sorry. So... yeah. Hey, you're looking like you're off to have some fun. Or maybe fun already had?"

The feigned innocence in the allegation wasn't lost on Stacey. "No no, already on my way out. He's so very all yours."

Girls, please, don't fight over me, said mirror dimension Martin, where the two women were having a very different argument.

Still, neither of them had moved, each planted firmly in the other's path. They weren't fighting over him, he knew, but there was a power struggle at play, governed by some inscrutable girl rules he didn't know. Was the less hot one supposed to flinch first? The one with the least claim to Martin? If Naomi knew about Stacey's documented habit of packing deadly weapons, surely she would have stood aside first.

The actual deciding factor, of course, would be simple democratic displacement, a process as old as *Survivor*. When Martin chose a side, that side would trample the other, at least insofar as the stakes of pride invested in the conflict.

Both held some appeal. Stacey for the obvious reason. Hotter, and here on the voluntary basis of pressuring him to brainwash her into becoming his pliant fuck buddy (though without the fucking and likely never to be buddies, as he always had to remind himself). Naomi was likewise here of her own volition, but it was clear she was playing some weird game he didn't quite understand. Still, that game seemed to involve a fair amount of flirtation that may lead to actual sexual activity rather than stopping on the brink. Almost but never fuck a certified 10, or take a plausible shot at a solid 8? The whole conundrum was an indictment of the uselessness of every story problem his math teachers had foisted off on him.

"Text me later, Stacey. And have yourself a good time with your friends." If he remembered his lessons in rounding improper fractions correctly, this was the clear choice. It gave him cause to place a hand on her shoulder as he swept her past the defeated Naomi. Her deferential smile was forged in melted daggers.

"You know I will. And you two... yeah. Have fun." Stacey upped the ante with a patronizing squeeze on the girl's shoulder as she passed, not so much as diverting her head to the side in acknowledgment as she sauntered away. Never before had Martin witnessed so much jiggle in her step, and he had watched her take a great many steps.

After a sulky glower at the raven-haired bombshell's parting strut, Naomi choked it down and buried it under a rubble heap of cordial smiles as she entered the apartment uninvited. "Hey there stranger. I didn't hear back, so I thought I'd surprise you."

"Surprise!" he droned, thick with sarcasm, all but slamming the door behind her. "And you happened to arrive on my doorstep the exact second Stacey was leaving?"

"Yeah... What, you think I was lying in wait for the thrill of meeting the Wilde child? Believe it or not, I've bumped into hot bitches before. The thrill is dulled after the first thousand or so."

"If you say so. Anyway, I'm busy. This really isn't a good time for a practice session. I've been working with her almost every night of the past week, and my brain is just kinda fried on hypnosis." This was a lie, a damn dirty lie, and it hurt to give it voice. He would hypnotize beautiful women every waking minute if he could. Still, he was angry. If she blew things with Stacey this far into things, he didn't know what he'd do.

Naomi offered a half-sympathetic chuckle. "Oh. Sounds like it's been stressful. Must be rough, having that body lying on your couch, lezzed up in spite of your best efforts. Frigid, untouchable."

"Believe me, I'm more than used to having beautiful women I'm forbidden from touching lying tranced out on my sofa."

He'd meant it as a barb, but it was plain she'd found some other way to take it. She took a familiar stride closer, put her knuckles to his chin and gave it a faux punch. "Oh come on, Marty. Not all of us beautiful women are so bad."

Ah, there it was. Right when he began to think she'd come by to sabotage, out came that flirty smirk. "I like you just fine, Naomi. This is just a bad time. And please don't call me Marty."

"Right, sorry, Martin. I just like you as a Marty. My bad." Her lips twisted sympathetically. "You sound stressed."

"It's nothing. I just really don't want her to find out anybody knows about us."

He was surprised she actually looked abashed. "Hey, I'm sorry. It won't happen again, OK? You and your instagram model chica do your thang, and I'll stay out of the way. Hand to god."

Martin eyed her warily. Her game wasn't over, whatever it was, but there was no point rejecting a peace offering. "Thanks. It means a lot." He turned, intending to open the door to show her out, but suddenly there were two hands on his shoulders, fingers sunk deep into tense muscle.

"Naomi? What are you...?"

"Shhh, relax. Jesus, you really are tense. Come on, let me. It's the least I can do, after..." She nodded to the direction Stacey had departed. "Sit down. Give me ten minutes, and you'll be right as an angle."

Like anyone suddenly brought under the effect of a shoulder massage by a person they'd like to fuck, Martin was helpless, a rat before the Pied Piper.

Aha! There was another famous hypnotist. Several months too late, but still. (Was he fictional, too?)

An hour later, he was shirtless, in his bed, Naomi astride his back. His fingers were well past any intense work now, but he was at least as happy with the feather-soft tickles back and forth across his skin. Whatever she was up to (if she were up to something; anyone this generous with their affection might well be above suspicion), he no longer cared. When he finally summoned the grit to roll onto his back, depositing her on the bed beside him, he hadn't even thought about Stacey since...

Well, since the last ten times he'd had that realization since her fingers first settled on his shoulders.

"Feel better?" she asked with a quiet smile. She'd let her hair down at some point, a mop of brownish blonde curls pooled on his sheets.

"You're amazing."

"More amazing than your 'friend?'" Her chin jutted forth teasingly. She was really close.

"I mean, it's not a contest, but..."

With a squeal of delighted rage, she grabbed his pillow and launched an offensive. The attack failed as catastrophically as intended, with Naomi on her back and Martin atop her, lips pressed together hungrily.

Before long he made a move on her top, but she caught his hands. “Hold on...” He stopped immediately. Just because a man’s deepest fantasy was to render a woman incapable of denying him his every wish did not mean he didn’t believe in the sanctity of consent.

Her smile grew as he anxiously awaited an explanation. “You have to say it.”

“Please?” Begging wasn’t a good look, but this close, he wasn’t worried about his pride.

Yet she only laughed. “No... Come on. You know the words.”

Martin’s mind raced. ‘Pretty please’? ‘Fine, OK, you’re prettier’? ‘Are you starting a prank show and am I on it?’ Nothing sounded quite right.

“Say it, la Mesmer.”

Oh god.

Oh *GOD*.

He’d been hard for hours now. He nearly came in his shorts.

“Holly,” he began, employing her stage name, “you are totally alone right now. You don’t hear anyone, or see anyone. My voice is your own voice, inside your own head.”

“Alone...” she murmured dreamily. That giddy smirk was still warring with the dream-state blankness on her face, but the latter was gradually winning. “You’re... in my head...”

“You’re actually at home. You’ve just arrived at the end of a long day. Tell us: do you live alone, Holly?”

She shook her head. “No. Roommate...”

“Oho,” he said to their phantom audience, as if intrigued at this unexpected development in their thoroughly rehearsed act. “Is your roommate a boy, or a girl?”

“Chris,” she answered. Or perhaps it was, “Kris.”

They could hear the usual tittering in the crowd at the ambiguity. “Is Chris” (or perhaps “Is Kris”) “a boy or a girl?”

“Girl...” she murmured, not at all self-conscious.

“Right. So it’s just you and Kris. In for the night, ready to relax and unwind after a long, long day.” She affected a blissed smile. He could feel the hypno-fetishes budding in the audience. “You don’t wear a bra when you relax around the house, do you Holly?”

She shook her head. “Never. So... tight...”

“That’s right, it’s very tight. But you’re home now, ready to relax. But Kris is right there, so you can’t just take everything off. Do you know how to take your bra off while leaving your shirt on?” He turned and addressed his ceramic Diablo figurine on the dresser. “Sorry guys, that kinda show costs extra.”

She nodded. “Yeah. Just gotta... squirm... a little...”

Squirm was a word they had workshopped. They had wanted to sound just a little bit sexy without breaking the illusion. *Wriggle* was too rhymy; *peel it off* was a tad suggestive; Naomi's initial suggestion, *free my titties* was Martin's favorite, but mutually agreed to cross a line.

"Go on, then. Squirm, Holly."

Her lips, still glistening from prolonged contact with his, twisted down. "Can't..."

He started. That wasn't the script. "What? No, you can. It's just you and Kris, very OK. Go ahead."

She shook her head. "No. Not... wearing bra..." Slowly, in a reasonable approximation of the sleepy movement she employed on stage, she rose to her knees on the mattress, crossing her arms to grab the bottom of her shirt. She peeled it off (definitely too suggestive) inch by inch, though somehow it still looked like she was totally oblivious to an audience, unhurried to the point of a tease. She paused at the exact moment the underside of her tits came into view. Still lying down, he had the perfect view. There was a little mole on the left side of her right boob. He had never been so fascinated by a mole in all his life.

"What's wrong, Na- Holly? Why did you stop?"

"Kris is home," she murmured unhappily.

"No no - Kris is gone now." He leapt out of bed, darted to the bedroom door and swung it broadly, loudly closed. "See? That was her leaving. It's only you now. She won't be back for a long time. Maybe never."

Naomi, her face shrouded behind her upraised shirt, giggled in spite of herself. "Good... Now I can..."

And the shirt came off.

Her tits were spectacular, he had to hand it to her. He'd come very close to seeing them countless times before. In some variations of their act, she removed the bra, letting a tight shirt, or a low-cut one, or one that could display some eye-popping jiggle, sell the crowd. Others, mostly older scripts before they'd been warned to stop, she'd ditched her top and kept the bra on. She'd looked good, of course, but the right bra could make any old floppy granny tits look at least decent. As to where the one she had most definitely been wearing when she entered his apartment had wandered off to, he had no idea. He hoped it never resurfaced.

"Spectacular."

Naomi stared forward blankly, but her eyes sparkled.

"Now they've been hot and cramped all day, Holly, so why don't you give them a little massage."

She nodded slowly, as if his suggestion made perfect sense. One hand found each pert, lightly freckled breast and began kneading them affectionately. A satisfied whimper trickled up from her throat as she played. He said nothing, willing to watch for

as long as she continued. After some time, he caught the barest questioning glance in her eyes and realized he might have let it run a little long.

“I got carried away. You look amazing. Sorry.”

She looked up, suddenly alert. “Don’t be. One thing I learned a long time ago with you is that sometimes it’s kinda hot to be somebody’s fantasy.”

“Yeah? Why didn’t you ever...?”

“Hey, I’m doing it now, aren’t I? Now do you want me to sit here squeezing my tits all night, or would you like to take over and give me something else to do with my hands?”

La Mesmer returned at the snap of his fingers, which, like in their act, was all it took to put her under. “Just as you’re finally relaxing, Holly, the door opens, and in walks the man of your dreams...”

“Did you do something to me?”

Martin jumped almost out of his skin. She was almost an hour early, and hadn't buzzed or knocked. He must have forgotten to lock the door after he walked Naomi out that afternoon. She'd stopped by for lunch and a bit of light making out before work. Knowing what was under that coarse red shirt made even the boring Target uniform look hot.

“Can you be more specific?” he grumped, composing himself.

The door slammed behind her. Stacey hastily shed her coat, and comprehension dawned instantly.

A black crop top, loose, but so brief that the bottom inch of a royal blue bra peeked out underneath. *DAT GIRL* was printed in white, billowing across the curves of her chest, split in the middle by a broad, savagely cut V that displayed incredible cleavage. Her shorts (which Martin then mistook for a mini skirt) were a narrow band across her midsection so black it was impossible to tell if they were spandex, lycra, or some other fabric. Whatever it was, they were skin tight. The V of her hips was displayed eye-poppingly low, visible almost to the point of confirming what he'd already learned, that she waxed her pubic hair. If she'd been wearing panties, he would see some sign of them. He didn't.

She put her hands on her hips, waiting for him to stop staring and get to her question. “You look nice.”

“I look hot as fuck, which you know damn well. Me looking hot is the foundation of your side of our relationship if you recall. Now tell me why I felt guilty coming over here in anything less than this get-up.”

Considering he wanted to throw a fist in the air and cheer, the fact that he only clapped his hands once and chuckled was a compromise. “Sorry!” he said immediately after when she looked like she might hit him. “OK, yes. We added a new mantra.”

“We? What the fuck we? *I* zonked out on your couch while you spun me around and made me feel like some kind of black-haired Barbie bimbo!”

“No no no, see, this is good news! Great news, maybe. You just have to stop and think it through.”

“Think *what* through? That you found some pervy way to make me dress slutty for you? So you can beat off, laughing about how you're changing me for your own sick amusement?”

“Hey!” Martin's hackles were officially up. “I tried to put a stop to all this. I tried to find some techniques to do this without hypnosis. Remember? You insisted. Said it *had* to be this way. Did you think I could hypnotize a lesbian into wanting to fuck me without changing the way she does things?”

Her chin tilted up, but she held her tongue until her temper was under control. For the moment. “So explain then. Tell me why this–” She hefted her tits under her shirt. “– is such a great development.”

Martin invited her to sit down. Once she grudgingly accepted, he took his usual spot in the chair across from the sofa. It was one of his kitchen chairs. In the early months with Stacey, he would drag it from the tiled area lovingly dubbed the dining room to the living room for each session. After the first month, he’d simply left it there between sessions. Even when he said he’d quit.

“So first, tell me how you’ve been feeling. What you’ve been doing – as it’s relevant to... this. So I can better understand the situation.”

Her hair was back in a bun, sprayed and gelled so it looked wet. There was a single thin strand in an arc around her forehead, almost across her left eye. She swept it back, and it immediately snapped back into place. It looked like something she’d done many times.

“For the last... I dunno. Around a week or two? Around the time we started back up. Obviously. I’ve been... I don’t know. Like every time I’m leaving the house, I go through my closet, the back part, looking for the hottest thing in it. It’s like this debate I’m having with myself almost, like skanky frat party outfits are the norm and I have to come up with a reason to wear jeans and a sweater. It’s supposed to be the other way around! And that’s chump change next to how I’m... how I’ve been...”

Horny. That was what she couldn’t bring herself to say. The flush in her cheeks, however, the way her thighs pressed together, her tongue’s betrayal in darting out to moisten her lips... Martin had fresh experience in seeing a horny woman.

“Right.”

“Not right! Not right at all!”

“You thought changing your sexual identity was going to feel right?”

“It wasn’t supposed to feel like *this*! I’ve changed clothes more times in the past five days than I did in the past five weeks! My– Sherri was getting suspicious, catching me staring at myself in the mirror... Sexy little outfit after sexy little outfit... Those long, hot, steamy showers...” She drew a shuddering breath. “So whatever you’re doing, do it right, and fix this!”

“Stacey, if there was a switch in your brain I could flip that would make you want to fuck me, don’t you think I would have flipped it? I mean, crap, don’t you think someone would be out there flipping it left and right on every woman like you?”

He expected a barb about how he must have flipped it on Naomi, welcomed it, looked forward to getting to brag to her that she wasn’t the only woman in his life. Not for days now. Instead, it seemed the chance encounter was the furthest thing from her mind, if indeed she even remembered Naomi’s name or even her existence. When she didn’t take the opportunity for a retort, he went on, moderating.

“It’s not a perfect process. I don’t know if anyone has ever done what you’re asking me to do, and I really am doing my best. You’ve made it abundantly clear that you understand my motivation. So let’s look at this. This is definitive proof that what we’re doing, the process, is working.”

“This is *not*—”

“It’s part of it!” he thundered. “Like you were ever going to want to fuck me if we can’t even get you aroused in my presence! And look, we’ve done that. You see what this means? It means, however indirectly...” Martin leaned in and looked her hard in the eyes. “*I can turn you on.*”

By increments, her livid expression faded, then bloomed into a sly smile. “If clever guys turned me on, I’d want to fuck you already, la Mesmer.”

“Thanks?”

Stacey reached into the pocket of her coat, folded over the arm of the sofa, and fished out a phone. “Looks like we got about forty-five minutes before we start up... Wanna watch some more of that creepy porn you like to set the mood?”

“Don’t act like you don’t love it. Now make room, horndog. I get to use my own couch for once.”

Chapter Five

Many an aphorism regarding the best ways to handle the often delicate nature of intergender relations decorated the interiors of the myriad books lining the shelves of Martin's more than humble apartment. With his face buried deep between Naomi's legs, the sweat of her thighs smeared liberally across fresh-shaven cheeks, it was unfortunate that none of them had anything useful to say on his present predicament.

Not that he had it rough, or would even complain. (Who would he complain to, anyway?) For weeks now, he'd alternated evenings between his sexy new girlfriend, who occasionally humored (even if she didn't quite share) his hypno-fetish; and his hypnotic subject, and an even sexier woman who dropped by a few nights a week to watch porn and help him condition her to dress and feel slutty around him. If his academics were suffering because of it, then it was only a testament to how much of a waste of his time they were to begin with.

With Naomi it was still that early phase of the relationship where they exchanged best grooming and hygiene practices for loads and loads of sex. With Stacey it was three steps shy of his wildest fantasies realized.

"Oh my god, you should definitely hypnotize Stacey into letting you go down on her," she cooed as she descended from her orgasmic high. Martin collapsed beside her, working his jaw into functioning again, tongue stiff and limp at the same time.

There, in that suggestion, lay the root of the complaints he could not make. It was the third time she'd brought up Stacey since coming over. It was the second time she'd broached the subject of their work together. Expand the timeframe to the past week, and those numbers soared.

"I told you, we're not actually going to do anything. We're just working to get her ready to do something, with some other guy." He was very much not certain that any of her conditioning would help her avail herself to any man but Martin Manning, but Stacey hadn't explicitly asked him to, so until she said otherwise, this assumption was an easy one to make. Prepping herself to be some rich asswipe's trophy wife certainly made more sense than a spontaneous urge to become la Mesmer's fuck slave. Not that it made much.

At one time, his hypothesis was that he had simply hallucinated the whole thing, or even hypnotized himself into imagining it, but thankfully now he had Naomi as an eye-witness to convince himself he wasn't delusional.

"No I know, but I mean, you could make her want to. Oh shit, I wouldn't even be mad if you went down on her once. Not too mad anyway." Naomi giggled and prodded his ribs with an elbow.

"Well that makes one of you. Like I said," many, many times, "she doesn't even let me touch her. I don't think that's likely to change. Maybe we'll shake hands, or go wild

and share a brief hug, once we hit the end.” This was not strictly true. Their porn watching was usually on his laptop or her cell phone, if she found something she wanted to watch with him. It meant they sat on the couch, shoulder to shoulder, arm against arm until they got sweaty from contact, for an hour or so several nights a week. Last night, she’d actually leaned over and let her head rest against his for a while. She wasn’t thrilled about it, but she permitted it, which was laudable.

“Sure, with the little ice princess that’s all you get. Guess that’s what you need me for, right? Somebody’s gotta drain those balls after she gets them all filled up, huh?”

Martin rolled his eyes. “Yeah, the beautiful naked blonde in my bed with me has nothing to do with that. Thank goodness for Stacey or I’d probably forget I had a penis.”

His flattery was usually less sarcastic, though seldom less secondhand. It produced the desired effect. Naomi rolled on top of him, gave him a brief kiss, then slithered down between his legs. “Saving all this for little old me? Why thank you, master.” She winked, then sucked him down. It was the closest she’d come to hypno-play in a blowjob. Again, not that he was complaining.

But as she licked his cock like a kid with a Dilly bar, she paused to flip her hair out of her eyes and did it again.

“You better keep those eyes open, Marty. Don’t want you up there imagining there’s a certain somebody else down here.” She giggled, and went back to work. Marty, who had given up insisting on Martin from a girl with first-rate tits and a willingness to let him suck on them, laughed, too. At least he tried to approximate what a laugh sounded like.

Earlier in the year, Martin had become enmeshed in something truly bizarre. A woman too hot for him to ever have a conversation with walked into his dressing room and asked to be hypnotized into willingness to do the exact thing he would have wanted to hypnotize her to do. He knew the basic reasons now, or he thought he did, but there was still so much unsaid that it remained a part of his life with at least one foot in some parallel dimension of carnal rule. It was alluring, frustrating, terrifying, and maddening all at once. It was on his mind every hour of every day, a fixation he couldn’t comprehend.

So when Naomi made her sudden transition from exploitative work buddy to covetous lover, he had been primed to view it through the same lens. A puzzle, questions without answers and answers he couldn’t be sure he even wanted. Why the sudden shift? Was she part of whatever unfathomable karmic forces delivered Stacey to his doorstep? Was someone out there manipulating beautiful young women around Lakeview, and as a hypnotist he was drawn into the fringes? Was he somehow taking advantage of her, or she him? Or, in the simplest terms: Why?

Three weeks of dating had given him all those answers, though he still wasn’t sure he wanted them.

Naomi was accustomed to her part-time employer la Mesmer lusting after her in vain. She was to any objective observational standard simply a bit too hot for the likes of him, and if that bit was a smaller gap than the chasm between him and Stacey, that postulate served as a foundation for their personal and professional relationships. Discovering that another woman, a better-looking woman, had usurped her role as his unattainable hypno-hottie had forced her to re-examine that foundation. So Naomi seized what it seemed to her the other woman pursued in order to bolster her greedy, fragile ego, bruised by Stacey's willingness to do more than Naomi ever had.

Jealousy. It really was that painfully simple. Young, single, horny, fresh off a shitty breakup, flexible in her standards, and not excited that a guy she'd long enjoyed a power play over suddenly seemed to have better prospects. Full stop.

It all would have been fine if Naomi could accept that she could wrap Martin around her finger with all of the ease that Stacey could. Yet she was consumed by her unspoken need to have it confirmed, again and again, that if the two women stood to either side, calling his name and beckoning him toward their pussies, he would run to Naomi.

He caught his eyes slipping shut, and snapped them open. That hadn't been an idle demand on her part. She nodded approvingly and went right back to her perfectly enjoyable (if entirely free-willed) blowjob.

Her fixation was agonizingly stupid. For one, of course he would go to Stacey. Who on earth wouldn't go to Stacey? And for two, so what? He didn't need her to assuage his fears that she'd choose Martin Manning over even a lesser Hemsworth. Martin didn't even think he was bad-looking; his lack of success with women was much more because he was a weirdo than an uggo. But he didn't need Naomi to confirm it for him every ten minutes! He didn't need to make her say that every good-looking guy in every movie they half-watched between makeouts was no match for the likes of him.

His heavy-lidded frustration was mistaken for proximity of orgasm, which spurred her to finish him off, which wound up accomplishing just that. Naomi pumped him with one hand and formed a seal with her lips, draining him dry and then gulping down his seed with theatrical volume.

"Mm. Bet you Wilde child never swallows, no matter how good you do her." She grinned. He grinned. She excused herself to the bathroom to tidy up (and, for all her braggadocio about swallowing, avail herself of the bottle of mouthwash she'd stocked his place with). Martin checked his phone; he'd seen it light up while Naomi had been deep-throating him.

Got a pretty good video for warm-up hour tomorrow. Little outside our norm. C'est cool?

I can't wait.

He was asleep before Naomi made it back to bed.

Stacey never mentioned Naomi. Maybe she didn't want to give him the satisfaction of displaying interest in his love life. Maybe she simply respected boundaries and left him his privacy. If he had to bet on it, his money would be on her simply not remembering Naomi existed. Each meeting, Martin hounded his girlfriend to clear out well before Stacey was expected, though more than once Naomi maneuvered around his objections and took the chance to greet Stacey in passing.

That night, Naomi had stopped in with dinner, insisting he try this Italian place she liked. (She had at least had the grace to be embarrassed to find out Fazoli's was a chain restaurant.) Then she took ten minutes after finishing the meal brushing and flossing; when the front door still hadn't opened, she claimed she really had to use the bathroom. Martin privately noted that he didn't hear a flush before she exited.

"Oh, hi there – Stacey, right?"

"Yep."

"Sorry, I was just on my way out. You look really nice, by the way." A colossal understatement. In her backless silk top and micro mini skirt, she looked positively edible.

"Oh, thanks." Stacey stood aside and let the girl leave. It was a dismissal, but there was nothing for it but to be dismissed.

The door shut. After a few seconds, Naomi's footsteps started away from the door. Or he thought they did. He wouldn't put it past her to be faking her retreat in order to eavesdrop, but there was no way to check for that without opening a whole can of worms.

He at least locked the door to fend off the worst possible eavesdrop. "So what's this new video, perv? Inquiring minds have been dying to know."

"Videos, plural, and they're pervier than usual." She flounced down beside him. He didn't need the reflection in the TV to look up her skirt. It was short enough that simply sitting down flashed a pair of electric blue panties. Martin had by then seen more of Stacey's panties than any other man had since her style of choice had been diapers, but the thrill never dulled. Not even a little.

Martin had opined that the porn portion of their time might be better allocated post-hypnosis as a diagnostic for whether his suggestions were taking root, but Stacey had overruled him. "*Going into it wet makes all the yadda yadda sink in deeper,*" she'd speculated. That had been all the data he'd needed.

It was a trio, preselected to occupy porn viewing time allotment. The first video wasn't hypnosis at all, but rather mind control, a distinction which counted a great deal to la Mesmer but not at all to the mesmerized. Some musclebound tattoo-coated fellow masquerading as an average office worker with the aid of a sleeveless button-up shirt pointed a ray guy from the Dollar Store at a busty blue-haired woman anyone could

have IDed as a porn star from a thousand paces. Suddenly her libido kicked into overdrive and she couldn't stop throwing herself at him.

It wasn't bad. Videos that focused on the whole "as you command master" vibe were functional for his masturbatory preferences, but that wasn't why Stacey was here. Whenever possible, he tried to stick to the sort where a man rewired a woman to reciprocate or tolerate his affections. The latter, free-use, was likewise not ideal, since he was out to make Stacey want to fuck him, not accept being fucked by him, but they agreed it was much more palatable than the sex-slavey types. Still, she'd chosen today's, so he wasn't about to exert effort to put her off her appetite.

Video two was back to hypnosis, incest sneaking in this time. A brother tricked his bratty sister into looking at some mesmerizing app on his phone, but at least an induction scene followed. Nothing special, but she pointed out that the brother bore some resemblance to him. Martin hoped she didn't expect them to bear too much resemblance once his pants came off, but with luck a converted lesbian would be lenient on issues of girth.

The final video featured mostly lesbian content, something he'd been avoiding so as not to reinforce the very mindset she sought to repress, but it was a man in a POV shot narrating an induction to two sorority girls. From there, the girls had sex with each other at his direction. Not exactly what he and Stacey were going for, but he caught her rubbing her palm against one protruding nipple for a bit too long to be satisfying an itch. Martin let the ff content slide.

Then it was onto the main attraction. More mantras. With her clothing situation progressing nicely, he'd start pushing boundaries on physical contact, though so far no break-throughs. To date they had progressed from *I don't care what my doctor does, you're not ever allowed to touch me* to *I guess a hug would be OK, if I initiate, but I don't think I will*. Baby steps. He kept coming at her from different angles, figuring that the more time she spent thinking about expanding her personal bubble, the better. Out of her trance, she maintained as ever that it was his problem to solve.

That mentality was one more piece of evidence in his case of Stacey As Delusion. Every progress they made, she celebrated with him. Still, outside of his hypnotic suggestions and the impact of the mantra-induced brainwashing, never did she offer further assistance. The woman even seemed to take some offense when he suggested it. Martin didn't mind her intransigence; to the contrary, he preferred it. She was a puzzle sitting on the table, waiting for him to solve all by himself. Still, it was another way in which her demand to make her want to fuck him, *with her resisting to the extent he was unable to prevent her from resisting*, aligned too closely with his fantasies to be real.

But Naomi was real. Very real. And she believed in Stacey. So.

In the meantime, Martin was allowed to look, and listen. If he never made it further, it still might be the best experience of his life.

“So she really doesn’t pay you?”

“No.”

“So then... why do you do it? Like, I get that she’s cute and all.” Naomi liked to call Stacey “cute” rather than “insanely hot” to buffer her insecurities. “But still, you’ve put in... how much time, would you say?”

“I don’t know. An hour or two a week for most of the past four or five months, plus some time planning on the side. More, if you count practicing on this smoking hot blonde I know.”

“Watch out for that type, Marty. They’re dangerous.” She beamed a smoking hot blonde smile. It was smoking hotter than she had a right to. “So yeah, that’s a ton of time. She owes you! You’re still working on finishing up your little, what do you call it...”

“Masters degree.”

She nipped him gently. “And don’t think I don’t know you’re only getting it because you’re hoping someone will call you master.” This was a joke she’d made more than once, though it was a joke his actual friends, acquainted at least passingly with his hypnosis act, had likewise made. “But you should be looking for an after-school job, right? Not doing charity for dizzy lezzies.”

“I’m pretty sure after-school jobs are what you get in high school. Maybe you’re thinking of a career...?”

Her nip was not gentle this time. He withdrew his finger with a hiss. “Don’t be a dick. I did go to college for a while, you know. I’m just trying to look out for you! Does she really think you’re such a simp that you’ll do it all for the favor of her company?”

“It’s not something I’d charge for. I just want to see if I can do it, you know? It’s fun. A personal challenge. I wouldn’t pay somebody if they went running with me and I was trying to beef up my cardio, you know?”

Naomi lay down with her head on his lap, looking up his nostrils. Not his best side. “You don’t even exercise. Wouldn’t kill you, you know. You sounded like you were suffocating down there the other night.” Not her best side either, he decided. “But I’m serious. She doesn’t do *anything* for you...?”

The tone in her voice was deliberate, so his response was directed at that. “I told you, we haven’t done anything. She stripped for me that one time, and that’s it. And she didn’t like it.”

“So you’ve never, like, messed with her while she’s under? Not even once?”

“Of course I haven’t! Did I ever try to mess with you when you were under?”

“I was never under.”

“Well I wouldn’t have.”

Naomi had made thousands (more than one thousand, anyway) off of his hypnosis acts, between her take of the meager revenue and her demands when he cajoled her into giving him more practice for Stacey. He hoped the balance of that

income was on the side of the former. It was impossible to explain to her that his hobby and Stacey's need, however unusual, were a symbiotic, as opposed to transactional, arrangement.

Naomi took control of his hand again, holding it in the valley her shirt made between her breasts. Without a bra on, and with boobs like hers, it was quite a valley. Those slopes squeezed down around his hand with muscles he didn't quite understand, something they must have taught in some special girls-only section of phys ed.

"Well maybe you should."

"And what am I supposed to do? Walk over and squeeze her tits? I think that might wake her up."

She only laughed. "You don't have to be that rough."

His free arm went in the air in exasperation. With the other unwilling to so much as budge from its nesting grounds, it wound up looking more spasm than anything.

"Why are you pushing me to mess with another woman like that? Aren't you supposed to be jealous or something, babe?"

"I am jealous. Bitch steals my man for three nights a week, she oughta take a hit for it."

Martin shook his head. "Well you'll be devastated to know she still records the sessions."

"You really think anyone watches those?"

"What do you mean?"

Naomi laughed, again at him rather than near him, and kissed his clasped hand. "You are adorably naïve sometimes, beeb. Do you honestly think she would ever let anyone see that? You said she loses her shit any time you try to pry into her dating life or her family or her precious sorority bitches or whatever. And you think someone with those kinds of trust issues is gonna hand out video of her chanting 'I'ma be your Marty's little fuck buddy' to anybody?"

"Martin's." She had a point, though, and she didn't even know about the gun. "Still, she still has the videos herself. That's part of the point, so she can check it and keep me honest."

It went without saying that Martin had no idea how to achieve any such dishonest end, and that if he did, he would have been lying up a storm.

"But you said yourself it's been hours and hours every week, and most of what you do is chant the same old shit. You really think she's going to watch all that? Doesn't she have a life?"

And suddenly something clicked. "You know, when I started in changing up her dress code, she came to me weeks later demanding to know what I did. If she were watching – if anyone were watching – she wouldn't have come in with questions about what happened!"

Martin's cock surged to life with more vigor than he could possibly have wished for given the presence of his girlfriend's head in his lap. Still, this was huge. If she wasn't watching, then it meant... He barely knew what it meant. His thoughts raced to keep up with that sudden thrum of power he felt. Then he found it.

When Stacey was under, there were truly no eyes on him. She was entirely in his hands.

He was the invisible man.

Voyeurism had always occupied a space quite a ways down his list of kinks. Looking was fun, sure, and looking without the observed party knowing you were looking at them was the seed that germinated the internet. Still, this was Stacey Reeves. In his living room. Eyes closed. Helpless. Trusting. Obedient.

He didn't know what it meant. He didn't know if this realization would spell the doom of his hypnotic aspirations, or their realization. He only knew that he couldn't get Naomi's clothes off fast enough.

“Aaaand rest,” he finished.

A body at rest tends to stay at rest, unless acted upon by an external force. Stacey’s body had been at rest since well before the conclusion of his induction. Anymore she tended to flop down, close her eyes, and didn’t move until the session was over. Yet still, the difference between Stacey’s body reclining on his couch and Stacey’s body resting, because she’d been told to rest and she trusted the voice commanding her, was an external force like no other.

There she was.

Today’s ensemble was a glossy lavender dress, billowy in the skirt, hanging loosely from her neck with a tall oval showing off an impressive field of cleavage. Backless, as she seemed to prefer when going for sex appeal, though that counted little for Martin with her lying on her back. It looked like a bridesmaid’s dress for a bride who had some pretty hot bridesmaids she wanted to show off, which he said to her when she came in, and which she immediately confirmed. To his surprise, she even showed him a few pictures of the wedding in question, her thighs pressed tightly together as she thumbed through shots of her cousin’s big day with him. She did look pretty amazing. He wasn’t about to say it, but so did her little sister, wearing an identical dress beside her, and the bride herself, sporting what he was pretty sure even at a glance were fake tits bursting out of a somehow skimpy wedding gown.

“Were you checking out my cousin?” she’d asked darkly, phone suddenly snatched out of his eyeline.

“No!” True, technically. At least when she made the accusation, he’d been admiring the way her sister filled out her dress even better than Stacey. To be fair, this was the first time Stacey had shown him her phone for anything but to watch porn. He simply wasn’t used to having her show him pictures like normal people did. Plus, the pictures were all of her looking hot! No reasonable jury could find him at fault.

She eyed him hard, then gave a curt nod and subjected herself to Martin’s first porn video suggestion of the evening. Since she’d opened the floodgates and it seemed to triple the available hypno content, he treated her to another incest-flavored video, apologizing heartily that he’d had it picked out before she got prickly about her cousin. She didn’t look happy, but she let it pass.

The reacquisition of boyfriend status had reminded Martin of the scent of female arousal, and by the time the hypnosis section of their session commenced, she couldn’t hide it. The signs of his own excited state were concealed beneath his laptop, though the woman needn’t gather evidence to know it was there.

Now, there she was.

Some mantra chanting, as usual, to get her warmed up. Everything he’d studied insisted that whatever utility the reinforcing mantras did when conscious, the

foundation was laid in trance. Their power later on down the road came from taking some portion of her back to these moments of vulnerability.

“I’m not embarrassed to dress sexy. Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy. There’s nothing wrong with looking sexy whenever I want. Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will. With anyone else, it’s my choice.”

It was more concise than it had been, that jumbled mess about her justifying deviation from his orders. Plus, they’d found it made her more comfortable dressing appropriately in her day to day. If Stacey had been dressing up and posting to her instagram more lately, it was also springtime, and so was anybody else with a freckle to their tits. He had attempted to append an *obey* after the words *Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will*, but that had set off the fidget jitters hard enough to wake her up.

“When I look sexy, I want to be admired. It’s natural for Martin Manning to look at my body. It’s natural for Martin Manning to admire my body. I don’t take offense at Martin Manning admiring my body. Martin Manning can talk about what he thinks of my body and I won’t get upset.”

Next up had been moving from her looking sexy to her wanting to be appreciated by him for it. As evinced in the mantra itself, significantly less progress there than on the clothing front. It was a work in progress. Still, when he’d told her how nice her boobs looked in her dress this evening, she’d merely twisted her lips for a moment, nodded, and went back to watching the brother convince his entranced sister that anal sex would be a great idea.

Tonight, however, it was time to try something new. Something daring. She wanted to want to fuck him by graduation? Well the clock was running, and *fortis Fortuna adiuvat*.

With a hand he fought to prevent from trembling, he reached over to her camera, and pressed the pause button. In the history of bold adjustments of cinematic controls, this was his second most reckless to date. Third place went to the time he had been stuck in a hospital waiting room for over five hours, one TV screen displaying nonstop medical ads for seniors on a ten-minute loop, the other on the fritz. Martin, foolishly attending to what turned out to be a hairline ribcage fracture without having paused to gather earbuds, turned on Netflix at audible volumes in a public place. First place easily went to an incident when he was twelve during which he excused himself during a church service ostensibly to use the bathroom but in reality to browse porn in the deacon’s study off the narthex. He would have gotten away with it, too, if he’d known it was where the stewards came to tally the collection plates. Martin learned a powerful lesson in the limits of Christian charity that morning. The deacon had to settle for minor lessons in password protecting his PC and clearing his browser history.

Nothing changed on the screen, but to make sure, he waved his hand in front of the lens. Nothing displayed on screen. He was invisible, untraceable. Unless he fucked up. While Stacey could open her eyes and remain entranced if he told her to, they had for some time defaulted to closed, and seldom opened unless he really got her upset. That was something he had no intention of doing.

“It’s natural for Martin Manning to look at my body. It’s natural for Martin Manning to admire my body.”

He accepted her invitation.

Martin left her on repeat, burning her willingness to be ogled and objectified by him into her insufficiently defiant mind. Meanwhile, for the first time in many months of sessions, he came within ten feet of his subject during her trance.

So subtle a shift in perspective, now viewing her from above rather than the side. Nothing he hadn’t seen, not much to see at all really, but he couldn’t stop staring. The way her chest rose and fell, her breasts inflated and receded, meeting in a thin line and separating into two smooth slopes with each breath. He was in danger of being hypnotized himself.

He didn’t dare speak, of course. A few times she’d woken up quite suddenly, and he’d have no explanation for why he was looming over her, and if she noticed the recording had been paused, he’d be in some mighty hot water. He should back off, and get on with his plan.

But first he took his dick out.

God, it felt good. Objectively not quite as good as some of its recent outings, thanks to Naomi, but to be standing over this perfect creature, dick exposed to the open air, gently stroking...

Wait, stroking?

Huh. So he was.

No harm in that, he supposed. It wasn’t noisy, and she was still in a trance and chanting her – *his* – slutty little mantras contentedly. She was so fucking *hot*. Hot, and obedient. Pliant, even. And so hot. Those tits. Fuck. The dress hung off of them enticingly. It had looked tighter in the shots on her phone. To say nothing of...

Hmm.

Well, what could it hurt.

Martin knelt down and fished her phone out of her purse. He winced for a moment at the consideration of violating her privacy, but he promised himself he wouldn’t abuse it. He’d learned her password a long time ago thanks to close proximity and raw nosiness. It worked as well for his thumb as for hers. The wince became a sparkle of triumph at the thought of what he could do with this. But no. This was too important. He’d honor his unspoken promise – unspoken because it might wake her up

and she would literally and painfully murder him – and confined himself exclusively to those wedding pics she'd already shown him.

Scanning through the gallery to find them, he dutifully tried and failed to ignore scores of other pics. Nothing scandalous. Some food, a few of the lake at what looked to be a sorority picnic. Lots and lots of her and her friends. Sisters, he supposed. Was one of them her Sherri? There was a tasty little blonde with a stud in her nose that was in an awful lot of them, often with only the two of them, often in close physical contact with Stacey. Mismatched bikini tops casually brushing together at a tropical beach somewhere. Matching sweaters in what had to be DAT House. The two of them beaming cheek to cheek.

Not his business. Martin spurred his thumb onwards to the stuff he had promised himself to exclusively violate her privacy with.

“Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy.”

She was dressed sexy. She was horny. Martin had watched her thighs rub together half an hour earlier while the brainwashed sisters crawled around in maid uniforms scrubbing their stepdad's floors. That fresh memory rendered him powerless to avoid zooming in on a shot of Stacey and her sister (Kayla? Kira? Cara? something like that, he was pretty sure) bending over a flower girl, four tits swinging low in dresses wide open across the chest. One of Stacey and the bride back to back, butt to butt, hands raised in finger gun position for some reason. The next they were both blowing invisible smoke off of them, but if he zoomed in just right the fingers vanished and it was two hotties with puckered lips waiting for a cock to enter their faces from any side.

Martin aimed. Right between the eyes. He wasn't going to do it, obviously, so why not enjoy the moment.

A good many of the photos were nothing special. Sure, a few lookers – one of the other bridesmaids was pretty hot, too, and there was a good shot of her in profile planting a kiss on Stacey's cheek. Fuck, this girl was hot. Lying oblivious in front of him, chanting the lines he'd fed her, not even aware he could be coming on her face in minutes if he didn't pull back.

“Martin Manning can talk about what he thinks of my body and I won't get upset.”

“God, you have some perky fucking tits,” he grunted, closer and closer. Seconds now, maybe. Time to–

“I know,” she said. “Sherri and I wear the same cup size but hers sag more. She always jokes that she has boobs but I have titties.”

“Oh *SHIT*.”

Most little boys learn at a very young age that the aiming capabilities of the penis are limited, at best. Some internalize this lesson after trying to pee their initials in the snow; others from playing “swords” at the toilet with a brother or cousin; others more

gradually through the course of a lifetime of disbelieving scoldings from the women in their lives at the messes around the rim. That fact in mind, the extent to which Martin missed Stacey was actually fairly impressive. The initial burst narrowly avoided her face, thank god, landing where her freshly brushed hair draped across the sofa pillow. During the second, he was panicking, and mid-pivot splashed a broad dollop across the front of her dress. From there he simply seized the thing in his fist and did his manly best to dam the floodwaters. The room was silent, though he was deafened by the blood roaring in his ears.

“Uh, Stacey...?”

“Mm.”

Dear heavens, somehow she was still under. No doubt she didn’t realize what had just happened, but that wasn’t going to last long. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck!

“Uh, resume chanting. New mantras,” he ordered.

“Mm. I’m not embarrassed to dress sexy...” She resumed without missing a beat. The drowsiness in her voice kept him hard as a steel beam in spite of his rising terror.

First things first, he snatched a handful of tissue and cleaned off his hand, then tucked his stupid, thoughtless dick back into his pants. *Wouldn’t Naomi be proud*, he thought glumly. Seeing that his patient wasn’t stirring, not even fidgeting, he was emboldened to approach her once more.

This was a problem. While Martin had never made a formal study of his ejaculate, he doubted that it would be very long before it began to soak into the surfaces to which it clung. Already there was a dark spot on the front of her dress where it was seeping into the silk. Her hair mercifully had but a single thick splotch that he could see. Still, it wasn’t two inches from her cheek, close enough that the fragrance of it would be noticeable to her awake. Even if he avoided skin, it would make for a lot of fiddling in her hair. There was no way he could get in there and dab it out without running a very high risk of her feeling it. The dress would dry, but perhaps not in time, and if she recognized a cum stain on it a month from now when she went to launder it...

In less than half of a second, his brain raced through a scenario in which he succeeded, his dreams came true. Stacey wanted to fuck him – and then they both did what they both wanted. It was perfect. She sucked him hard and leapt onto his cock like she’d been deprived of it her whole life and couldn’t bear another second without it. The beginning of a lifetime of eternal bliss, fucking and fucking his hypno-slut. Until one day she discovered the stain, found he’d violated her trust, used her as a cum sponge while she was vulnerable, and everything unraveled. Gun in hand, she chased him as he screamed and wept and begged for his life, and then she shot him in the dick a thousand times until he died from having no dick while Naomi laughed and said it served them both right.

He shook himself out of it. That was no way to think during a crisis.

Martin needed to be able to touch her. And he needed to be able to touch her right that minute. He hoped that in this case necessity would be the mother of invention, and not the mother of a felony sexual assault conviction.

“Stacey?”

“Mm.”

“Are you horny right now?”

Fidget. Fidget. Not a subject she enjoyed discussing, especially not so bluntly. “Yes.”

Still honest, at least. That was pretty strongly imprinted by now. “Do you like to be touched when you’re horny?”

Fidget. “Mm. Doesn’t everybody? Not by you, though.”

“By whom, then?”

Fidgetfidgetfidgetfidgetfidget eyes fluttering—

“Never mind!” he cried out. “It’s OK. You don’t have to answer. It’s OK. You’re safe. Relax. Nobody’s going to ask about that again.”

He took a few breaths, trying not to stare at that damning white gob in her black hair. After a minute, she was still again. Her toes were curling and uncurling against the armrest, but that might not have been anything. Or maybe it was her tell for when she was about to murder someone. No way of knowing. Onward.

“I won’t touch you without your permission. Say it.”

“Mm. You won’t touch me ‘thout permission.” Her hands rubbed at her stomach, usually a sign that she liked what she was hearing. Only while she did so, they drifted higher, stopping so close to the stain on her dress that at first he thought her palms must be resting on it. Not quite, though.

“Now, say someone – not me, someone you like – picked up an object and touched you with the object. You wouldn’t say they were touching you, would you?”

“Depends.”

“What does it depend on?”

“Object. Some yes, some no.”

In a trance and reflexively making categories without hesitation. As good a reminder as any not to underestimate the mind he was dealing with. “Elaborate, Stacey.”

“Like... gloves. Gloves would be touching. Balloon, not touching.” Balloon? “Paper towel, touching. Stick, not touching.”

Martin supposed that was straightforward enough. Sounded like if the fingers could perceive her through the object, it was a touch. Which eliminated paper towels explicitly, as well as napkins, washcloths, old socks, and pretty much any simple means of cleaning he could think of. Fuck!

He looked around for alternatives, and when he saw nothing, sent his mind’s eye racing through the apartment for anything else. He could dump water on it, he

supposed, but what the fuck alibi he could have for that, he didn't know. Plus if it didn't work, he was worse off than before, caught in the act of concealing his crime. Putting a blanket over her? Seemed less likely to awaken her, but also unlikely to absorb much without being able to pat at it more directly. 3 out of 10.

He imagined his way through his closets, discarding item after item. Clothes hanger: no. Old posters from his college dorm room: no. Books: no. Defunct ipad: no. Didgeridoo: no. Quirky metal wall hanging that had torn two separate screws out of his drywall: no. Gripper from when he needed to be able to pick things up with a cracked rib: no.

Or wait. Wait.

"Do your mantras!" Martin barked over his shoulder as he sprinted down the hall, rummaging through the junk piled at the bottom of his real closet until he found it. It wasn't much, a cheap plastic thing that had been almost as frustrating to use as it had been to not use. Still, it was all he had. Stacey, languidly slurring the familiar words, had barely completed a single recitation by the time he was back. Glancing at the clock, he still had almost twenty minutes.

OK. Distance touching – not touching, as she'd stated. This had to work. Only once he stood over her, the notion of diving right in to sponging her off seemed ridiculous. She still hadn't said she'd allow anything of the sort.

"So Stacey," he interrupted firmly, "you're still–"

"Mm."

"Right. OK, so you're horny, right?"

Fidget. "Yeah. So sexy. Look so good in this dress. You couldn't stop ogling me." Her face darkened slightly. "Or Chelsea and Kira."

"That's right. You look incredibly sexy."

"Mm. We looked sexy."

"You, Stacey. You looked sexy. Say it again."

"I look so sexy."

"That's right. You're so horny right now."

"Mm. Horny." For once, no fidget. Maybe he hadn't been pushing at that hard enough.

"Now Stacey, I'm not going to touch you. But I want you to feel good, to be touched."

She shook her head. A rare protest, but a serious one. Emphatic. "I don't have to let you touch me. I don't have to let you let someone else touch me either."

Argh, why did she have to talk so fucking slow like this? Normally it was a major turn-on, but presently it was maddening. "No no no. No one's going to touch you. But if you're touched by a stick, that doesn't count as being touched by me, right?"

Fidget. "I guess not. Don't. Horny. Gonna feel bad."

All the while, Martin had been looking around the room for something suitable, and finally, in the midst of her profession of stick dread, he spotted it. On a shelf in the corner of the dining room sat a little white stuffed bear, wearing a sweater with the Lakeview logo on the front. His parents had bought it for him during a visit, under a misapprehension that he was burdened by any school spirit. After today, if this worked, Mr. and Mrs. Manning would be receiving a long overdue bit of gratitude.

The gripper tightened around the polar bear's midsection. Martin's fist clenched tight as he prayed the flimsy contraption would be sufficient. The thing was only a few feet long, so he had to kneel near the couch, lowering his voice and projecting into the floor to try to sound as far away as he could.

"In a moment, you should feel a nice, soft, touch." *Fidget*. "If you don't like it, all you have to do is say so and it will stop right away, OK?"

Fidget. "Mm. Don't... *touch me touch me*."

"I won't. Trust me."

"Mm. Trust Martin Manning."

Here goes. A thin white crust had formed around the blob in Stacey's hair. With both hands, as gentle and steady as he could manage, Martin extended the gripped bear toward Stacey, and, with all possible delicateness... swiped her cheek with a paw. He braced himself for her to cry out, jump up, kick his balls up into his throat. Then discover the uninvited cum and rip them back down and clean out of his scrotum.

Stacey grinned a drunk, sleepy grin. "Mm. Nice. Soft."

"You like that?"

"Mm. You can keep going."

His sigh of relief nearly bowled him over backward. The paw made slow circles around her cheek, and Stacey nuzzled into it. The stuffed animal was admittedly quite soft, especially for some cheap trinket his folks probably picked up at the closest college-affiliated gift shop to his house when his father finally relented to the necessity of averting his wife's panic attack over the unforgivable breach of courtesy of visiting someone's home without a gift in hand. Martin worked the cheek a bit, then, as she continued welcoming it, moved slowly down to her neck. She leaned away from it in what initially seemed to be discomfort, only then it became clear it was to avail more of her skin to its touch.

On he went to her bare arm, goose bumps quickly forming; along her calves one by one; the tops of her feet. The fidgeting of her toes concerned him at first, but a quick verbal check-in confirmed she was very much enjoying it. The present crisis was very nearly forgotten as he lost himself in ever-so-softly teasing – nay, as her *Mm* became an *Mmm*, he upgraded it to *pleasuring* – Stacey Reeves. It was like some sort of voodoo ritual, except the practitioner was the embodied in the doll, and the girl experiencing the sensations was all too real.

It was time. Not five minutes before she would expect to wake up. Not sure what else to do, he moved the bear first to the spot on her dress. There may not wind up being much he could do about it, but hopefully Stacey's breasts would keep her from seeing it. She always wore that stripperish overcoat here; with luck, she wore it back into her room at home. In what to any sorority sister's eyes would be an obvious bridesmaid dress, there was a good shot she'd hide it to avoid awkward questions, and by then, hopefully it would be dry enough to be missed.

The bear's butt bounced around the upper portion of her tummy. Her hands lay at her sides now, fingertips softly teasing along her hips. It would be sexy as fuck if he had the time to admire it. For his part Martin focused on keeping clear of her breasts. One thing to tease skin she'd exposed, quite another to commence unsolicited booby honking. Finally

Fidget. He almost missed it, distracted by his task and with her hands not in their usual place.

Sponge.

Fidget.

Uh, oh. It wasn't stopping. What now?

Fidget.

Shit. *Sponge sponge.*

Fidget.

Spongespongesponge.

Fidget fidget.

"Stacey..."

"Mm."

Never before had Martin seen the pout of Stacey Reeves. Few had; Martin had seen her weapon of choice, and pouting was no part of it. The last young man to behold it at full force was Stacey's acquaintance and would-be boyfriend Ryan, a brother at Beta Theta Beta. Ryan misattributed the pout to her not having anyone to dance with at a frat party one night, and after a long night of over-aggressive consoling and unwelcome flirtation it culminated in a bored and bemused Stacey Reeves walking home with his paddle, a souvenir which meant less than nothing to her but was well-established as a sacred totem amongst his brethren.

(The record should further clarify that when Stacey learned he was to be paddled anew by his brothers as recompense for his slight, she returned it with haste. Let it also show that the pout was in actuality triggered by the bar running out of the punch she had been theretofore over-enjoying.)

White cum was drying in black hair, but the pout made a halo around her face that blinded him to anything else. "Do... do you want me to keep going?"

“Mmm, yes, please. Feels good.” No, not good. *Gooooood*. That was how she said it. Her breath was accelerated, choppy. “Don’t stop.”

“I, um...”

“Keep touching me. So good. Should have asked sooner.”

He was still dabbing. Her fidgeting hadn’t stopped. It was increasing, and her voice was getting steadier, too. She couldn’t wake up yet. There was more to do. But if he sat here titillating her, he couldn’t clean! The hottest catch 22 he had thus far seen. But what if...

“What if I used my hand in the same way...? Would that be OK?”

Fidgetfidget.

“Otherwise, I’ll stop now.”

The threat was pathetic. *Let me put my hands on you or I’ll take away this cummy baby bear toy*. Ludicrous. In no universe should it have worked.

And in this case, the expectation bore out in reality. “Fine. Stop.” There was that pout again, though.

Martin’s jaw dropped in consternation more than surprise. He’d been muddling like a pro up until that point. He couldn’t stop though. Especially not with *that* pout.

Trembling from anxiety, Martin crept closer until he was kneeling at her side. He extricated the bear from the gripper and held it in one hand, praying to it like it was his heathen god.

With the other, he grazed his fingertips along her arm.

“Mmmm.” Four this time. He heard four.

The fidgeting ceased in an instant, and that lazy smile returned. It broadened as the bear resumed tickling the side of her face. Its already dampened behind did its ursine best to scoop up the remaining cum. Her cheek caressed it affectionately as it shimmied back and forth through the dollop. When he lifted it to inspect progress, he saw there was nothing but a few flecks of white that could be dismissed as dandruff and a sheen far too subtle to notice unless one was looking for it.

Then his gaze zoomed out, and he saw she was kissing the bear’s paw.

Oh fuck.

Martin’s eyes closed, and on instinct, he switched hands.

Comparisons between Naomi and Stacey, while inevitable, were unfair. A thumb was firmly pressed on that scale. If Martin had been forced to choose between sliding his cock between the lips of the sexy, free-willed Naomi Kent, or taking part in the oh-so-compromised Stacey Reeves craning her neck to suck down more of his finger, bit by bit in baby gulps to maximize the friction, he would choose the latter eleven times out of ten. This would have been his polling response prior to this firsthand experience, and it remained as such afterwards.

The bear tumbled to the floor as, emboldened, the other hand moved from teasing her arm to gliding down the middle of that oval of skin that framed her cleavage in lavender silk. He was still working up the nerve to try breathing again when her hand pushed his inside the dress. If she were surprised to be grasping something warm and fleshy, it wasn't enough to awaken her. Her mouth opened to let out a moan of raw, animal arousal as his hand took hold of her bare breast. Her back arched, her thighs undulating together like they were boneless, like tentacles. He had never seen her this excited. Never seen *any* woman this excited.

And whatever they showed in porn, a woman this excited did not remain in a hypnotic trance for long.

If he had not gotten off mere minutes earlier, Martin never would have possessed the strength of will, but to pull back. She kept at it for a few moments, her fingers trying in vain to create the same delicious vibes as la Mesmer and his magic bear. The pout once again, and it nearly broke him. Surely he could squeeze her tits just a *little*, the poor thing...

Then he remembered the last time he'd ventured forth across a line, and stopped himself. Barely.

It was at their time limit, but he couldn't let this pass. Back at a safe distance in his chair, he addressed his subject. "Stacey?"

"Mm." The term *fidget* didn't cover what her body was doing. Writhing was more like it.

"You liked that, didn't you."

"Mmm."

"Say it."

"I liked that. So much."

"That's right. In fact, you loved it. Say it."

"Mm. Loved it."

"Say that you love being touched."

"I love being touched."

"Ask me to touch you again."

"Touch me again? Please?" No hesitation. No resistance.

"What if I told you that some of that touching was me?"

"I know. Felt good anyway. 'S weird, but... please?"

Fucking hell. "On a scale of one to ten, how horny are you right now?"

"Nine." A small fidget. "Eight since you made me answer a survey question. Still, wanna come so bad."

"If I invited you to come right now... would you?" His breath caught in his throat.

"No," she muttered. "Not until home."

Hmm. "With Sherri?"

“Huh? No. Sherri doesn’t make me come. Be nice, but no.”

Hmm. He still didn’t know what to make of Sherri. Bestie? Roomie? Crush? Ex? That was for later, though. Or never, if it was going to be a block for her. “By yourself?”

“Mm. Go home, get out of sexy dress – feel so horny when I dress sexy – and go to shower. For long time. Touch myself. Like usual.” He received an after-*fidget* for the lurid detail.

Like usual. God. Had she really been...? And did that really mean *he’d* been...?!

The next step was clear, and required no consideration. “From now on, no more coming. No masturbating, unless I say so.”

Fidgetfidgetfidget. “No. *Need* to. So horny...”

“Stacey, what do you do when I ask you to do something that isn’t forbidden?”

Fidget. Pout. “Seriously consider doing it, especially if it doesn’t cost me anything.”

“Does abstaining from masturbation cost you anything?”

“I guess not. But... so horny... Please, Martin?”

In that moment, he hoped that if he ever failed her that she would come after her with the gun and not that pout. “No. You’re being a good girl so far, Stacey. Doing what I tell you. That’s a good girl. If you keep doing what you’re told, I might touch you again. If you’re a good girl, maybe I’ll even let you come again.”

“But... please?”

“Do as I ask, Stacey.”

Pout. No fidget. “Mm. OK.”

The following evening, the floor of the apartment was discovered to be liberally smattered with wadded up tissues. So was the sofa, and, at the end of the hall, the bed and its attending carpet. The door was unlocked, and Naomi let herself in. Her nose wrinkled at the mess. Nobody seemed to have heard her buzz, nor her knocking, so it was unsurprising that her boyfriend was not there to greet her. Neither did he respond to her calling for him, nor did he react even when she entered the bathroom.

The air in there was thick, droplets gathering across the ceiling. A silhouette of a man's – her man's – backside was just visible through the fog bank. "Beeb?"

Martin started at the sudden proximity of another person, very nearly slipping and breaking his neck. He caught himself, just, but Naomi still rushed to help steady him. Only the apartment's central boiler kept hot water flowing to the nozzle. A cascade of mist splashed at her, driving her back a few steps.

"Sorry, babe. I, um... sorry." Martin's balance now reassured, his brain turned to other tasks, such as identifying the unexpected presence of another human in his bathroom while he was showering. "Wow. You look... wow. You look amazing."

The compliment landed, or at least, Naomi leaned into it. It helped that she agreed. True to her word, her exact wording in fact, she was thotted up to the nines. Stretchy black pants, a stretchy black top with plenty of skin showing left, right and center, something sparkly sprinkled across her impressive cleavage, two big bangly earrings hanging halfway to bare shoulders. Her lips were painted purple, nails and eyeliner tinted to match, lending her a touch of darkly exotic allure. It was a good look – as hot as he'd ever seen her.

"I sure must," she answered dryly, though not displeased. When the boy didn't seem to take her meaning, she nudged his swollen red member with a finger. It bounced and bobbed in front of him like it didn't mean to stop. "What did I interrupt, exactly? Pregaming without me?"

"Huh? Oh, that. I, um... yeah. Sorry babe, I didn't..." He was at a loss for words, but luckily, she seemed to find his embarrassment funny.

"Well we're already running late, beeb, so towel off, get dressed, and you can de-prune on the way." Except then, the befuddled look on his face betrayed the ignorance that his confusion had nearly papered over. "You didn't forget, did you?"

"Forget... Um..."

"The party. My friend's party. Jensi's party? Remember? We were going tonight? Together?" Her eagerness to show off her new boyfriend to the gang was being overstated by the gloom in her eyes. Martin was not her usual type, but the last iteration of her usual type had cheated on her with her best friend, and then again with her new best friend, and then stolen some of her jewelry when he moved out. One of the nice things about a guy like Martin was that, whatever his shortcomings, she didn't have to worry about getting her heart broken, and probably not about losing jewelry. He was a

little creepy in some ways, but she'd gotten used to it. Once in a while, every girl was due a novelty boyfriend.

"Oh. I mean, yeah, right, of course I remembered. I was just, um..."

"Jacking it in the shower first...?" She frowned. Scowled, nearly. "Martin, this was supposed to be our first time out as the two of us. I was already running super late, and you look like hell. Your eyes are almost as dark as mine."

"Yeah, I didn't really sleep much last night. Kinda feel... bleh. I canceled my classes."

Her eyes narrowed, flickered down to his still thoroughly turgid cock, and back. "Have you been to the university clinic?"

"Nah, it's just a bug." He forced a smile. "Must've picked it up from the Wilde child or something. Guess you were right, she really is bad news." He had never before used her flatteringly derogatory nickname for Stacey, but she appreciated the concession.

Naomi put the back of her hand to his soggy forehead. "You feel warm, but that could just be because you've been stewing in your shower since lunch." A well-timed droplet fell from the ceiling and splattered on her bare freckled shoulder. "Well shit. OK, so you want me to hang, feed you soupy soup?"

Martin smiled, he hoped feebly. "No, no - I'll be fine. Was only trying to take my mind off it when you... anyway, yeah. I'll be good. You should go have some fun."

"Oh, beeb. You poor thing. You sure?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'll be good. Next time, OK? Promise."

"OK then. I'd give you a kiss, but..."

Even Naomi wasn't sure whether she demurred because he was dripping wet, allegedly ill, or unflaggingly erect. Martin blew one to her in lieu. Naomi snatched it, slapped it on her crotch with a wink and a giggle, and left him to it.

As Martin probably went right back to what he had been doing. Looking hot as she did, she could hardly blame the guy. After pausing to shake her head at the inexplicable presence of a stuffed Lakeview polar bear resting on the bathroom counter, she excused herself. She was almost to the door when she heard a buzz.

To Naomi's credit, she almost hesitated.

The phone was locked with facial recognition. Typical college boy shit, and even she knew they hadn't been together long enough for her to start a fight over it. Plus, he had taken a shortcut and left it so he could still see what notifications were without unlocking the phone. Sloppy. Just annoyed enough not to resist (though it may be worth noting that in another life, in which she was not annoyed at all, she would still have proceeded in the same fashion and without remorse), she inspected the offending buzz.

As it so happened, the notification was an email, some spammy sounding ad for 10% off on Doordash. She'd not been hoping for anything damning, but it was still

disappointingly noncontroversial. However, beneath it was another as yet unread notification. A text from Stacey Reeves, a little over two hours ago. In notification mode, it didn't let her read the whole text, but it gave her a solid glimpse.

You srsly need to let me come. NOW. This is fucking craz...

That was it. But that was so much.

Her own phone rang an hour later. "Nay-nay! You coming, girl? I thought you were bringing that new guy around, Hypno-man? Where you guys at, bitch?"

"Sorry girl, but I'm not gonna be able to make it," Naomi answered. "I caught a bug."

Chapter Six

It was the best of times. That's all. Whatever the worst of times of Martin's life were, he certainly couldn't remember what they'd been. Who had time to ponder the travails of pre-eighth grade summer school when they were constantly surrounded by beautiful, bedeviled young women?

Martin's illness - chronic, inescapable compulsion to masturbate to the fresh memory of the sight of his cum drying into Stacey Reeves' hair - cleared itself up. His fever broke after about thirty-six hours. He played it straight Saturday, told Naomi to hang back another day in case it was catching. He would have smuggled his patient in for another session, but no matter how eager both he and Stacey were to reconvene, it was Saturday night. Stacey Reeves did not set aside her Saturdays for Martin Manning. So he tidied up his apartment of its excess of discarded kleenex and paper towels (and one squishy old sock), did some of his actual Work work, and caught up on laundry.

At the last moment he snatched the stuffed polar bear out of the washer and put him back on the shelf as is. That was a trophy, and a trophy ought to have a plaque.

Sunday he surprised Naomi by picking her up from work and making amends for Friday night's insult. The couple enjoyed a couple's night: a nice dinner at a nice place near campus, then out for drinks at her favorite bar, conveniently across the street. They met up with some of her friends, who got their opportunity to meet Naomi's mysterious rebound guy, and he played DD for some of the rowdier ones. Of an age where small distinctions felt larger than they were, it wasn't always easy for the post-grad to blend with a pack some four to six years his junior, but a good faith effort was made. He must have done a decent job, because the night concluded with a passionate kiss at her door and an invitation to come inside.

It was the second time he had ever been in her house. The first had been an accidental B&E when a miscommunication led him to pick her up for a gig at which she already awaited him. Her now ex-ex-boyfriend had been over, passed out on the sofa. Waking up and finding a strange man in his girlfriend's home, the fellow threw a beer bottle at his head and accused him of fucking Naomi - at the time, a prospect that would have been laughable if he could laugh with broken glass in his cheek. Martin wound up having to cancel the gig to get four stitches.

(Naomi broke up with him a few weeks later after he forgot to pick her up from class.)

The second time was as satisfying as the first had been traumatizing. On a handful of occasions during their brief romance, Martin had worked up the nerve to solicit her willingness to indulge in a little hypno-roleplay. Hypno-roleplay, not to be confused with hypno-play, because he had never been able to bring Naomi under deeply enough to touch her, much less make any suggestions that might let him fuck her. That

night, it was an inebriated Naomi who initiated, the first time she had done so since their initial night together.

“You really don’t have to do this for me, babe.”

She shoved him, lost her balance and bumped her ass on the kitchen countertop. “Your powers are too powerful, la Mesmer.” Her wordplay elicited a giggle. “I am powerless to resist your voice. Now come on, put me under. Please?”

Worried that in her compromised state, an induction on the sofa might end in her falling asleep rather than falling into his arms, he treated it like one of their shows and did it standing up. She was tipsy, but a hand on the counter held her steady enough that he felt comfortable letting her close her eyes.

It was after one in the morning, and she’d been drinking since nine. That meant a hasty induction, more so even than in their half-hour mini-shows, but she played along, murmuring her repetitions of his commands to relax, wind down, trust his voice, hear nothing else. Words he’d said so many times, he could almost hypnotize himself.

During their shows, the couple had workshopped a facial expression for “Holly,” her giggly, adventurous bystander character. The softest of smiles conveyed that she was enjoying herself, which in turn staved off any potential repeats of the incident in which some would-be paladin almost beat the hell out of Martin to defend the honor of the innocent, beautiful stranger. Now, the woman knew exactly how to summon a sparkle to her eye to assure anyone looking that she was happy, horny, and content. The trick, she’d confided once, was to think about how funny it was that anyone would be stupid enough to be taken in by their charade.

That night there was no sparkle. Only a flat, glassy window looking into an empty room. To Martin, it was the hottest she’d ever been.

“Your slut listens and obeys, Master.”

No, *that* was the hottest she’d ever been. It was then Martin’s turn to be supported by the counter. “What? When did... Why... I never told you to call me – or you – that,” he mumbled.

“Did your slut make a mistake, Master? Please punish your slut for her mistakes, Master.” Two palms went facedown on the countertop, one bearing the smudged red stamp from the bar they’d gone to on the top of it. Her back arched, ass offered in submission to his judgment, perfectly outlined in her standard issue twenty-something hot girl pair of black leggings.

This was something to consider. It was quite a shift from the usual almost playful hypno-roleplay she permitted him, in which she largely stepped into Holly’s demeanor. A normal college girl, mesmerized into lowering her inhibitions by tricks of hypnosis the likes of which could never work in so short a time frame, not even on Stacey in her deepest trance. This... this wasn’t Holly. This was...

She adjusted her hips, the shimmying of her ass reminding him that he had much better things to be doing than consideration right then. Martin had done nothing to even suggest this sort of behavior. That meant that, whatever this game was, it was her idea.

As a TA, Martin prided himself on never suppressing a good idea.

“Lower your pants, slut.”

“Yes, Master. Your slut obeys, Master.” She bent even farther forward, two thumbs hooked into the tight waistband of her tight leggings. Absent her hands, she rested a pair of weighty breasts on the countertop to support her torso. The landslide of cleavage making a break for her neckline could almost compete with the emerging buttocks.

Maneuvering behind her, he kneaded her bottom through her panties, purple with white raised polka dots, as abrasive against his palms as her ass cheeks were yielding. “How sorry are you, slut? How much punishment do you require?”

“My body belongs to my master. My ass belongs to my master. Master may punish his slut as much as he desires.” Her back arched still further as Naomi propped herself up on her elbows, her tits shelved along clasped forearms. Her panties crept slowly into her ass crack as if being inhaled.

Martin cocked his head to the side. “Naomi, you... you really want me to do this?”

She didn’t look back to him. “Master’s slut has no will but to serve her master. Her only want is her master. What Master wants, Master’s slut wants him to get.”

His hand drew back of its own accord, trained to the instinct from long years of beating off to this exact fantasy. Not infrequently with this exact woman. “You’re *sure*?”

She stared blankly ahead.

There was no way of knowing how many times he smacked that soft pinkening ass before he realized he’d forgotten to have her count, but once that command was given, it was eighteen more before Martin had the presence of mind to demand that she thank him after every swat. The spanking was quite mild, in fact. Martin had no desire whatsoever to hurt her, even if she seemed like she might enjoy it. Once he saw the way her padded posterior quivered after each slap, however, each jigglacious display made it impossible not to want to see it again. And again.

And again.

A hundred and seventy-two more times, not including the uncounted ones at the beginning.

“That’s enough, slut.” He was breathing hard. She wasn’t. She looked as calm as she did when playing her part in their show. Naomi stood up straight, arms hanging at her sides, bright red ass long since having turned her panties into a thong.

“Thank you, Master. I won’t let it happen again, Master.” Neither of them remembered what invented crime even started the whole thing. Whatever it was, Martin hoped she did it every day from now on.

“Are you turned on right now?” He knew the answer, but he wanted to hear her say it. He could have done nothing but sit back and listen to her talk in this smoky monotone without her even touching him and still had one of the best nights of his life.

“Master’s slut is a slut. Sluts are always horny. Master’s slut is always ready to fuck her master.”

“Show me your tits.”

Without hesitation, without hurry, her hands obeyed. Her blouse buttons fell apart one by one, then the garment slipped off her shoulders and fell to the kitchen floor. The black tank top underneath followed soon after with no more ceremony, finally followed by a black bra, not one of her come-fuck-me ones she often wore to his apartment, but one of the heavy duty real world bras that took its job seriously. Her arms went back to her side, two massive tits jutting forward in an unspoken offer.

“My tits belong to my master,” she said declaratively.

“I want you to tear off those panties, slut.” Martin leaned closer and added in a whisper, “I’ll reimburse you.”

Naomi processed it all in character, though. “Master’s slut’s panties belong to Master. Master’s slut is happy to rip them off.”

The only thing was, those turned out to be some well-made panties. Her struggles to obey marked the first time that ice cold veneer had broken. She hadn’t even flinched when he was spanking her. Not that he’d been vicious about it, but still. At any rate, after an awkward moment of failing to tear through the waistband of her underwear, she finally reached into a drawer and produced a set of kitchen shears. Snip snip, and she pulled what was left of them up through her ass crack and over her slit. Onto the pile they went. Her leggings still covered her from ankles to mid-thigh, but the rest was his.

There was no helping it. A woman this attractive, this docile, this unbelievably generous... He just had to squeeze those titties. Naomi didn’t move other than to adjust her balance, already compromised by alcohol. A mental note was filed not to be too brusque with her; if she toppled over and hurt herself, this whole incredible insane thing would be ruined by bad luck. His last visit had ended in the hospital, and it would be an even bigger shame if this one ended at the police station.

The reflection of her dazed, dreamy grin was just visible in the glass of the rear window. Martin required not even that much invitation to enjoy her, squeezing at every enjoyable part that presented itself, of which there were no shortage. Soon, the simple pleasure of her submission outweighed the merely carnal. Yes the tits were incredible, but they paled next to the unspoken consent to kiss along the back, the neck, the stomach of a woman who reacted no more to having his fingers inside her than would the toaster. Less, since the toaster could express its displeasure, yet Naomi’s pussy was already at its divine maximum temperature and stung him not at all.

“Good slut.” Martin took a moment to consider that he had just told a woman she was a “good slut.” It felt like an important milestone. “Now get me ready.”

Naomi turned, eyes not quite settled on his. Fuck, she was good at this. She began with his shirt; unlike her own dismissively discarded clothing, she folded it neatly and swept off a place for it on the counter. Then she knelt to work on his pants. The intent of his command had actually been to simply get his dick out so he could fuck her, but he wasn’t about to object to the slow, adoring lick she bestowed on his shaft.

“Would Master prefer his slut to make him come, or is she allowed to simply worship his cock?”

“Worship...?”

Martin had been coerced into a religious upbringing that he’d not managed to buck until well into his teen years, and still had an irritating tendency to creep up on him when he least expected it. His devotion to his occult part-time occupation had left little room for a god. The fantasy did not permit a third tier of power above him. The very idea of it had for a time converted him to that variety of atheist whose vehemence made aunts and uncles warn their children not to talk to him at family functions. He had grown out of it, for the most part.

In that moment, he nobly set aside his own misgivings towards religion and invited her to practice her sacrament. By the time, some half hour later, she finally gazed up at him and asked (pleaded, really) to be permitted to savor Master’s cum, swearing that she would gladly ready him to use her pussy afterwards if he so desired, he had made a return to religion.

Martin never did fuck her that night. But it marked the first time he ever told a woman he loved her, and meant it.

She didn’t deign to explain what had come over her that night, so Martin did what any man would do and committed himself to the fabrication that she had enjoyed the experience as much as he had. Not to say Naomi hadn’t enjoyed it. It was kinky, and it was sexy, and it was heady to hold so much power over a man. Plus the far more conventional sex the next morning was actually pretty good. When he asked what had come over her, she reminded him of her intoxicated state and asked him to fill her in on what all she’d said and done. That was a story he was only too happy to relive, though she knew she could have told it better.

Naomi gave Martin room to savor, brag to his friends, whatever. Give a man a gift and immediately ask for one in return, and he might think she was working an angle.

Forty-eight hours ought to do it.

“What the fuck gives not responding to my texts?” Stacey demanded before the door even crashed shut.

“Well hello to you, too, sunshine.”

“Call me sunshine again. See what happens.”

“OK, geez. Look, I had a busy weekend.”

“Too busy to respond to me? Who the fuck do you think you are, Mesmer?”

It must be uncommon for Stacey Reeves to be left on read, he concluded from the balled fists and wild eyes. “I’m sorry, OK? I should have gotten back to you. I apologize. But we’re both here now, so let’s talk about it.”

“So start talking, pencil dick. What the fuck did you do to me?”

“Uh, what you asked me to? Stacey, we’ve been over this. It’s going to be uncomfortable at times. You can’t go from lesbian to some random guy’s adoring wannabe lover without there being some hiccups.”

“Hiccups? *Hiccups?*!” A two-handed shove on the chest knocked him across the living room. “I’ve felt like I’ve been going *crazy*, for *days!* Do you wanna hear about *my* busy weekend?”

“Yeah, what’d you—”

“I guess it was about a sixty-forty split between masturbating like it was my new workout regimen and burning through my life savings on...” She growled, and it made him back-pedal almost as far and as fast as the shove. Instead of finishing the sentence, she removed her coat and threw it down.

After the early months of her bulky outfits, the fashion equivalent of brandishing a rape whistle in his face, he had grown accustomed to her wearing her street clothes – sexy on account of the body they were draped upon, but no more than. He had not yet adjusted to the transition to truly sexy attire, things she’d bought for date nights and parties with her sorority sisters. In one case, a tasty little bridesmaid dress. This was just as well, because today, she wore what was, quite simply, a fetish schoolgirl outfit. A gray checked skirt that wasn’t even trying to hide the black panties beneath it, and a sheer white blouse tied off beneath her breasts, the matching bra quite visible not only in the wide gap between but right through the fabric as well. He had thought her choice of pig tails odd when she burst in, but her tirade had kept him from dwelling on it.

Now, he got it.

“Wow. Did you, ah, feel compelled to wear that for me?”

“No, I figured I spent almost two hundred bucks on four dollars worth of fabric so I might as well get some mileage out of it the one place I can wear it without having to wear a bag over my head so nobody realizes that I get off on these thot threads! You tell me why I fucking wore it! Why I bought the damn thing to begin with!”

“Well for what it’s worth I think your tits look amazing in it.”

Stacey nodded. “Yeah, it’s a push-up bra, and it’s doing its job all right, ya know?” She gave them an admiring glance, casually concurring. “Anyway, now tell me why I’m wet enough to irrigate the Sahara but I can’t fucking get off!”

Luck was with him that he was all the way across the room and one foot in the hallway, for his satisfied grin likely would have earned him another shove, or worse. Not that her frustration was so amusing (though it was, at least a little), but that she’d let his comment slide with no pushback at all. A perfectly normal point blank compliment on how her boobs looked in her slutty outfit, and she’d accepted it and moved right on.

He returned to topic soon enough that Stacey hadn’t quite reached him for a second strike. What he wanted to ask her, he could not, which was why she didn’t simply watch the recordings and answer her own questions. That would have been a perfectly logical line of inquiry, except that the most recent recording, in which he’d jizzed all over her, had been paused a short ways in and never unpaused. If she hadn’t already watched it and generated all those questions for which he had no answers, there was no sense encouraging her to do so now.

“I gave you some post-hypnotic suggestions to make you more receptive to physical contact. Mine, that is. That it would turn you on, but that you couldn’t come without it.”

He held up his hands defensively, and not a moment too soon as she launched him further down the hallway. “You did *what?!?*”

“What’s your problem?! How was I supposed to get you to fuck me – or want to, whatever – without being able to touch you?”

“And stealing control over my orgasms? What the fuck does that have to do with it?! I told you to make me wanna fuck you, not to make me have to beg you for it!”

It was, admittedly, a bit difficult to take her entirely seriously dressed like the anything-for-an-A slut from a schoolgirl porno. “Look, I didn’t think it would actually work! Do you have any idea how many suggestions I’ve attempted with you that did basically nothing? Even the ones that do work usually take weeks of repetition in the mantras before they make progress.”

She shook her head. “At first, maybe, but lately it’s been moving faster and faster. Getting me to even say that first mantra on my own took at least a month, and way longer before it worked so that I trusted you enough not to keep bringing my gun. And that was a *gun* – even I thought that was a bit much. When did you first start this whole touchy-touchy no-coming shit?”

“Thursday was the first time.”

Her eyes narrowed, and she stalked after him into the dark hallway, a lioness pursuing wounded prey. “Bullshit.”

“I swear. But what do you mean, you can’t orgasm? Something like that shouldn’t even be possible. You stimulate your naughty bits, the nerve endings do their work. I’m a hypnotist, not a brain surgeon.”

“No shit. Trust me, the nerve endings work just fine. But... I don’t know. Like my own hand feels... wrong. I feel guilty when I try. Like it’s... someone else’s body I’m touching. No, that’s stupid. More like... like I...” She looked down. “Like I don’t have permission.”

Martin nodded. “Yeah. I mean, you don’t.”

And there it was, yet another shove, and this time she followed it with another. He was in the bedroom now. “Well why the fuck do I need your permission to touch myself?!”

“Stop shoving me!”

She shoved him again, obviously. They were both in the bedroom now. She was breathing like she was in the middle of a workout. Or maybe mid-coitus. He looked around a bit nervously. If Naomi ever found out they’d been in here together, Stacey with that frantic look in her eye, those panties flashing with every step, tits fighting the constraints of her push-up bra, hands lingering a ghost of a second too long every time they landed on his chest... Suffice to say that his girlfriend would never play Master and Master’s slut with him again, to say the least.

Still, there they were. Obviously she hadn’t pushed him in here for no reason. If he could be with Stacey, even an angry, resentful, Stacey – an *aggressive, needy* Stacey – did he really need Naomi? Was what they had really so special that he couldn’t throw it away for a night of–

Stacey punched him, right in the stomach.

“Next time return my fucking texts! See you Wednesday!” He finally remembered how to move air back into his lungs right as the door slammed shut.

Wednesday came, and Stacey returned. A less angry Stacey. Somewhat. “Still can’t fucking come, you asshole. I almost got there this afternoon when I was trying this on, but nope, something in my head told me not coming didn’t cost me anything, and I’d been asked, and I trust you, and... Jesus, my head is such a clusterfuck of stupid gibberish, all of it on fucking repeat. If I’d known all I had to do was repeat something a few thousand times to make it sink in, I wouldn’t have come to you in the first place.”

There was no need to point out how hot she looked. Today, her coat concealed a bright orange bikini with blue trim, top and bottom alike tied on with thin blue strings of bouncy elastic. She’d even finished it off with a pair of flip-flops, and painted her fingers orange to match the spandex. The swimsuit wasn’t a g-string, but it was decidedly on the skimpy end of the swimsuit spectrum. It did wonders to show off not only her always-impressive curves, but also the efficacy of her fitness regimen, the flawlessness of her skin.

A bikini. It wasn’t even an outfit. It was something sexy for the beach, or a pool party where she wanted to impress a boy or shame the other girls. He pointed it out anyway. “You look freaking edible in that, Stacey.”

“Believe me, I know.” Again, no reaction to his crude comments. Incredible. “It’s actually been part of the problem. It’s this feedback loop. I put on something cute, which gets me horny, so I try to play with myself, but I feel bad finishing, so by then I’m even hornier, so I put on something sexier figuring that’ll push me over the edge, and I’m closer, and closer, and so fucking close, but I know you asking me not to ought to be a pretty easy request and what kind of fucking trash-ass slut can’t stop herself from coming for one little week, so I stop, but now I can’t think about anything but how horny I am, but I don’t own anything sexier than what I’m wearing, so I go online and find something sluttier because god knows I can’t go out in public feeling like this anyway so why not go all-out, and by the time I’m done shopping I’ve calmed down enough that I can put on regular clothes, but regular clothes are so boring. Then I put on something cute, and round and round we go.”

She took a deep breath. It gave the impression that she had been reflecting on this state of affairs at some length. “So here I am dressed for Martin la Mesmer like a come-fuck-me sunrise over Laguna Beach.”

It occurred to him that given Laguna Beach’s orientation on the west coast, she would really be more of a come-fuck-me sunset, but he wisely refrained from pointing this out. He had seen her punch. “Fuck. That sounds rough.”

“Yeah. It hasn’t been great. So how about today, we take some time off from making me such a nympho that I might actually someday think about doing you – which I definitely have not, by the way, so don’t flatter yourself – and try to make me capable of living my life again. K?”

“Yeah. I will. I’ll try not to over-do it again.”

“Good.”

He hesitated, wondering if she was going to offer any apology for the assault. But she merely laid down on the sofa, nipples pushing through the thin pads in her bikini top, and closed her eyes.

“Listen to my voice, Stacey. Listen to my voice, and let all other sounds fade from hearing. There is no sound but my voice.” The induction began. For all her bellyaching, it wasn’t much harder to put her under than usual. He tested her a little, asking a few questions about her futile masturbatory adventures, which she answered in detail, and consistent with the details she’d provided.

“You know, your sister is really hot, Stacey.”

Fidgetfidgetfidgetfidgetfidget. “Mm.” There was a touch of a growl in her monosyllable.

“She have any skimpy bikinis like this, you think?”

Her arms trembled. “Shut the fuck up ‘bout Kira. Not your business.”

“Fair. Hey, how has Sherri reacted to you dressing like this? Bet she’s pretty pleased.”

Her hands went into a fidget-frenzy so intense he thought she might not only wake up but also clock him in the jaw before she even knew why. “Stay out of my life,” she snarled.

“I will. I’m sorry, Stacey. I won’t ask about them again.”

“Mm.”

There it was. He’d poked the bear, but she’d kept right on sleeping.

“OK, you can come out now,” he called softly down the hallway.

Naomi strutted out from the bedroom, and though she wasn’t at all hard on the eyes in her gym shorts and tank top – braless, no less – she was only a cute girl wearing cute clothes at her boyfriend’s place. Stacey was the goddess in a bikini he’d had delivered to his doorstep from doordash. There was no contest.

“What the hell is she wearing?” Naomi asked, a bit too loudly. Martin stiffened, paralyzed by fear that a strange voice would awaken her. But Stacey kept muttering through her mantras, promising to dress sexy and love every minute of it. He let out his breath, then put a finger to his lips at Naomi.

“Right, sorry,” she whispered. “You weren’t kidding. Your AC is baller. I needed three blankets back in the bedroom. Bitch has to be freezing her little tits off in that thing.”

“Didn’t expect a swimsuit, but at least it’s something people actually wear. The other night... I swear, I haven’t even seen girls dress that skanky on Halloween.”

The look on Naomi’s face conveyed that she did not consider the tiny orange smattering of spandex to be something people actually wore, but she said nothing. Not even to herself.

Naomi walked right over to where Stacey was reclining and knelt, inspecting her point blank. Martin said nothing. If Stacey woke up now – woke up any time tonight before he was ready for it – and that punch in the stomach would be a lullaby next to whatever she brought after him.

“She really is ‘under,’” Naomi murmured once she withdrew to safe murmur distance, finger quotes and all. “Do I look like that when I’m under?”

“No. But you’re not really under. You’re just a little relaxed ‘cause I’m talking soft and faking the rest. Even then, not like that.”

“What do you mean, I’m not under? I go under.”

Martin smiled and kissed his girlfriend’s forehead. “No, you don’t. But that’s OK. I still like ya.”

“You more than like me,” she lilted, kissing him back on the lips. “Why do you think it is that she ‘goes under’ so easy, so deep she can’t even hear us talking about her right in front of her face, and I just... can’t? I try to, sometimes, but I just don’t.”

Martin gently pulled their foreheads together, and kept his tone gentle. “She wants to, and you don’t. It’s that simple. It’s mostly bullshit, that old adage about how you can’t make someone do something they don’t want to under hypnosis, but—”

“There are old hypnosis adages? Adagi? Adagě? Whatever.”

He continued past her. “But you can. Stacey and I are proof of it. Unless you’ve got some kind of CIA truth serum crap on hand, though, the one hypnosis impossibility that is absolutely ironclad is that you can’t put somebody under in the first place unless they want to. And most people don’t want to give up control.”

Naomi slowly nodded. “Yeah, you may be right. It’s fun sometimes, playing games, being ‘Master’s slut’ and all that shit. But I guess if I didn’t have a choice in it... I dunno. Still don’t think I’d hit you in the stomach, though, beeb.”

He smiled. “Yeah. She’s got nothing on you sweetness-wise.”

“And in what ways does she have something on me?”

A voice drifted over from the sofa. “It’s natural for Martin Manning to look at my body. It’s natural for Martin Manning to admire my body. I don’t take offense at Martin Manning admiring my body. Martin Manning can talk about what he thinks of my body and I won’t get upset.”

He shrugged, point made.

“All right. So we’re still doing this, right beeb?”

Martin rolled his shoulders. “You know, I’ve been thinking...”

She didn’t look surprised to be disappointed, that was for sure. Glancing irritably at the woman on the couch, she dragged him by the wrist down the hall. “Martin, baby, we talked about this! You said – you told me! – she *hit* you. All this you’ve been doing for her, this creepy shit, no reasons given, ignoring everything you said about the whole gay conversion thing, talking down her nose at you, pulling a gun on you! And then

when you do everything she asks and it actually starts to work, she sucker punches you, kicks you while you're down? That is not OK, beeb!"

The embellishment of the kick had helped explain away his soreness to her satisfaction. Stacey had long legs. Best not to dwell on his underdeveloped abs.

"Look, I obviously didn't like it either, but... I dunno. The chick clearly has issues. Maybe... maybe it's best if I just talk to her after. I'm sure she's sorry."

"You mean she didn't even give you some crappy fake apology?! Don't make excuses for her! Your little Wilde child had every opportunity to make it up to you and she didn't even pretend to. Come on, Martin!" She kissed his chin. It was admittedly much more convincing than a punch in the gut.

"It's just, I dunno, it feels... mean. Like, she's so vulnerable like this. I'd feel bad taking advantage of her."

"But it's OK for her to take advantage of you?" The counter, of course, was that she had definitely made him come far more than the reverse, but he wasn't about to explain that to the runner-up. "Come on. We aren't turning her into a child predator or something. Heck, if you do this, you might even get her what she wants faster, and you've said time and again how nutso she is about the summer deadline. You don't have that much time left. Maybe you'd be doing her a favor."

They both knew that what they discussed, what had begun as a bitch session after explaining to his girlfriend why his abs hurt too much for sex, was not a favor. At least, not to Stacey. In case he was unsure who it was a favor to, she supplied the requisite justification. "You deserve this, beeb. Heck, I've loaned this girl my boyfriend three nights a week since we started going out. *We* deserve this."

"What about what she deserves?"

He wanted to take back the words as soon as he said them, but she didn't lash out over his concerns for the bikini-clad sorority girl's well-being. Instead, she put his hands around her waist and sidled up close to him. "She wants to want you, right?"

"I think so." She wanted to see if he could make her want him, but maybe that was too fine a line. "Yeah, I guess."

"But she also likes girls, right?"

"That she does, but...?"

"So think how psyched she'd be to get to be with *both* of us. Think about it, beeb. The two of us, on our knees, taking turns worshipping our Master's cock. Fucking my tits while she sucks on them. The two of us making out while you shove it in her sloppy little pussy and I sit on her face to keep her begging quiet."

His eyes drifted in and out of focus as she described it. Only his grip on her waist kept him from losing his balance. She narrated his fantasies like she'd hypnotized them into him to begin with, only somehow, by some insane twist of fate, it might actually be possible.

“OK,” he said at last.

“Yeah?”

“I’ll do it.”

Naomi glanced past him to where Stacey still lay. “Otherwise, I have to go along with what Martin Manning wants.” she was saying.

“Don’t be gentle, beeb. Make the bitch beg.”

“I love you.”

“Yeah ya do.”

And so Martin returned to the living room, invigorated by the assurance that corrupting Stacey Reeves was a noble deed, undertaken for the purpose of proving his love to the woman who'd sucked him off so exhilaratingly earlier that day.

"Stacey?"

"Mm."

"How do you feel right now?"

"Relaxed. Horny. Frustrated. Angry." Quite a grab bag.

"Do you remember what happened last time I put you under?"

"Mm. Told me not to come." She pouted. As sad as someone could look wearing a bikini that happy.

"I did. But do you remember what else I said?"

After a moment, she shook her head. Many an induction ended with a suggestion for her to forget what they had talked about. It was easier on the psyche than most people believed, letting go. Most details of most conversations left the mind not long after having them, after all. It made taking public transportation bearable.

"I told you that if you were a good girl, and did what I said and didn't come, I might touch you again. Does that sound familiar?"

"Mmm. Not supposed to touch me."

"I won't unless you want me to. Do you want me to?"

Fidget. "Can I come? If I let you touch me?"

"Maybe. If you want, I could touch you with something else, not my hand, first. Like before. That was nice, wasn't it."

"Mmm. OK. If I can come."

"I didn't say you could. But if you're good."

She nodded, a little too readily. "OK. Go ahead."

He retrieved the polar bear from its shelf. Martin spared a glance at Naomi, who nodded encouragingly from her post in the hallway. As soon as its fluff brushed the skin of her arm, she sighed happily and allowed herself to smile. Up close, the orange of her bikini bottoms featured a pinky nail sized spot that was almost red from her arousal.

"Tell me it's all right for me to touch you with things."

"It's all right for Martin Manning to touch me with things."

"Good girl."

"Can I come?" she asked instantly.

"Not yet. Keep saying it."

"It's all right for Martin Manning to touch me with things. It's all right for Martin Manning to touch me with things. It's all right..."

On she went as he teased her with the white and off-white polar bear. "How long do you have to do that before it sinks in?"

"It's not an exact science," he mumbled back. "Now shh."

It did not take a master hypnotist to deduce that conversing across a room while kneeling not two feet from Stacey's ears was a poor risk. Which was good, since the only hypnotist they had on hand was intermediate at best. Naomi didn't put up a fight.

The Lakeview mascot enjoyed a few more trips across Stacey's flesh before he decided to escalate matters. "Would it be all right if I used my hands now?"

Fidget. "Don't have to let you touch me."

"That's right, you don't. But it would feel good, and maybe then I would let you come."

Fidget fidget. A pause. *Fidget.* "All right. But not my pussy."

The bear returned to hibernation as Martin's fingers made contact with featherlight touches. "Mmm." Stacey lay still as he caressed her cheek, down her neck, back across to her mouth. She didn't kiss his fingers, quite, but rather nibbled at them with lips alone.

"Say that it's all right for me to touch you with my hands."

Fidget. "It's all right for Martin Manning to touch me with his hands."

"Keep saying it."

Her fidgeting, quelled mostly by the addition of a second hand and a shift to her bare shoulders, subsided entirely over the next few minutes of repetitions. He discovered a few ticklish spots and quickly learned to avoid them, but the rest, she entirely accepted. Indeed, from the way her breathing accelerated as he played with his new favorite toy, it was clear that the consequences from stopping would be worse than any from pushing onward.

"Stacey?"

"Mmm."

"Are you enjoying this?"

"Mm. Can I come now?"

"No. Not until you're my good girl."

Fidgetfidget. "Mean. Asshole." There was little heat to it, but there was as much as her hypnotized monotone could inflect.

"Do you think my good girl would call me an asshole?"

"Not your good girl." Her nose wrinkled in distaste even as she raised one arm over her head to guide his questing fingers to her triceps. "Not *anyone's* good girl. Nuh ever."

"Oh, that's too bad. Because I can't let you come until you're my good girl."

Fidget. Fidget fidget. "Asshole."

"That's not how my good girl talks..."

"Good. Fuck good girls."

Her moan as he grazed the side of her belly was almost enough to melt the steel beam girding his dick. "But you can't come until you are."

“Can. You just have to let me.”

“But I won’t let you until you’re my good girl.”

“Asshole.”

It made for a tight circle, too tight for even a hypnotist of Martin la Mesmer’s impressive desperation, to work in a corrupting word. Naomi was fixing him with a skeptical look.

So like any hypnotist of quality, he expanded the circle outwards into a spiral.

“Why are you so desperate to come, Stacey?”

“*Horny*,” she groaned. “So horny. Your fault.”

An affirming accusation if ever there was one. Martin applied a slightly firmer touch to her abdomen. Any concern that it might not have been as well-received as the lighter caresses was dispelled in an instant by the way hips bucked upward. “And why are you horny?”

“I feel horny when I dress sexy. Look so fucking hot in this.”

“And why are you wearing it?”

“‘Cause Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy. ‘N I will.”

The very rote response he’d hoped for. “But Stacey... I didn’t tell you to wear that. I actually haven’t told you how to dress even once.”

Two frowns bookended the *fidget*. “Told me to strip once.”

“OK, aside from that, I haven’t told you how to dress. You just keep showing up dressed in sexy outfits. Why?”

The frown waxed pensive. “You didn’t have to say it. You wanted it.”

“What happens when I tell you to dress sexy?”

“I will. For you. Not other people.”

He spared a grin back at his lurking girlfriend, a certified other person, who was watching with rapt interest. “But how did you dress when I didn’t say anything about dressing sexy? For instance, how did you dress tonight? Describe what you’re wearing.”

“Bikini. Orange, navy. Gives me badass cleavage. Doesn’t ride up my ass too much.”

“So you wore that, without anyone telling you to.”

“I... Mm. I guess. For you, though.”

“But you chose it. Say it, Stacey.”

“I...” Her lips twisted, but it was then that Martin made the leap from her tummy to her calves, and while she processed, up to her lower thighs. “Mmmm. I chose to wear this.”

“You chose to wear a bikini to some guy’s apartment. A guy you know has a girlfriend.”

Her thighs parted a few inches as her face scrunched. “You have a girlfriend?”

The crack of Naomi's knuckles tightening was quite audible; without even looking, the sound was not mysterious to him in regards to its nature. "You've met her. Hot blonde, perfect boobs?"

"Oh. Thought she was just la Mesmer's slutty assistant."

He turned, shaking his head before Naomi could cross the room or say anything to defend herself. Just in time.

"It's an act. She's not a slut – you're talking about my girlfriend. Apologize!" he snapped, hoping it mollified his observer without overly side tracking his patient.

"Mm. Sorry."

With another placating gesture, Naomi returned to her hallway observatory post.

"So now you know. What is that, then? Deciding to wear skimpy bikinis with 'badass cleavage' to a guy's house because it makes you horny, because you hope it will help you get off? What would you call that behavior?"

Fidget. But it was only one, as she considered it. "I only did it because—"

"Stacey." His voice was almost as hard as his cock. "What's our policy on honesty?"

"I will be honest with Martin Manning."

His hands traveled up her legs until he was only inches from where smooth flesh ended and slick spandex bikini began. *Parting* was no longer the word for it. Those legs spread. Her left, closest to the edge of the sofa, slid right off the cushions, her foot thudding on the floor between his feet, dangerously close to landing on his junk. Her arousal was visible in the space between. Audible in the quickness of her breath. Fragrant, even. Three out of five senses accounted for, with at least some possibility that she might permit one or even two more if it finally granted her that precious orgasm of hers.

"Honesty, now. What do you call that behavior, Stacey? Showing up practically naked, begging for orgasms, letting me touch you like this." He grazed, so lightly he almost forgot for a moment that his girlfriend was watching, one fingertip across that wet spot. Fuck, it was warm. "What do you call it?"

"S-slutty!" she gasped.

"And you've been dressing slutty like this, wanting to come like this, for a while now, haven't you?"

"Yes." Her right leg threw itself over the back of the couch.

"And what do you call someone who—"

"A slut," she groaned. "I'm acting like a slut. Not my fault."

"I wouldn't call it a fault at all, Stacey," Martin countered, kneading up and down those slender, glorious thighs. Not one hair, not one blemish, not so much as a freckle to distract from the two rivers of lightly tanned girl flesh pouring into those bikini briefs.

"Now let me ask you something else."

“Ngh, just let me come!” she whined.

“You seemed very adamant a few minutes ago that you weren’t my good girl. Weren’t anyone’s good girl.”

“Mmmm. Not.”

“Why not? What did you think I meant by good girl?”

“Demeaning.” Her thighs quivered in his grasp.

“Why demeaning? What’s a good girl, Stacey?”

“Like... a pet. Somethin’ you say to a dog.”

Martin rolled her eyes. Naomi could see where he was going, even if she wasn’t sure what he meant to do with the conclusion. He only needed her to say it. “You know I know you’re not a dog, Stacey. So what do you think *I* mean? What is ‘good girl’ to me?”

Her mouth hung slack, breath ragged. “Hot. Obedient. Easy.”

Not the phrasing he was after, but that spiral could expand a little further yet without her losing her focus on the center. “Are you hot?”

He ran his thumbs along the blue trim between her legs. How much separated him from her labia? It couldn’t be more than an inch. “Mmmm. On fucking *fire*.”

“When I told you not to come, did you obey me?”

Fidget. Fidget fidget. “I guess. Didn’t cost anything. Said I would if it didn’t.”

Which wasn’t quite what she’d said – that she would *consider it* if it cost nothing – which he found promising. “If I told you to wear a slutty outfit for me next session, would you obey?”

Fidgetfidget. “Yes. Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will.”

“Would you say that makes you, at least somewhat, obedient?”

Her hands really went in a tizzy, but he hardly noticed with the way her thighs were clapping together against his hands. “Mm.”

“Wilde child for realz,” mumbled Naomi.

He ignored her. He might not even have heard her. “Say it, Stacey. Say you’re obedient.”

“I’m obedient. A little.” Her nose wrinkled.

He shifted to the outer thighs to protect his hands if she got wild again. Just as good by him, teasing at the sides of her ass. “Say you’re obedient, Stacey. Only that. It doesn’t cost you anything to say it, and you know you are.”

Fidget. “Fine. I’m obedient.”

“And easy. What’s another word for easy, Stacey? The way you meant it a minute ago, an easy woman. A good girl.”

It took her cycling through “loose,” “skanky,” and a plainly oppositional-defiant “licentious” before she finally gave up “slutty.”

“OK, so let’s put it together. My good girl, you said, was hot, obedient and slutty.” She didn’t correct the phrasing, at least. Sweet of her, albeit not nearly so sweet as the

piece of her he was after. “All of which you admitted you are. Say it for me, Stacey. Tell me you’re hot, obedient, and easy.”

In the blink of an eye, her thighs came to a rest. Her hands weren’t doing their usual twitchy, twiddling tell. Instead, they clenched into fists, knuckles white. A patter of footsteps retreating down the hallway told him Naomi wisely shared his dread of what was to come.

Which turned out to be nothing but small, tremulous words. “I’m hot. A little obedient. And slutty. But only for you.”

Martin was silent for a while, though he kept to his massage. Gradually, as her fists relaxed, he moved back to the center, and her body began to relax.

“That’s right, Stacey. You’re hot, obedient, and slutty. But I have good news for you.”

“Mmm.”

“That means you’re my good girl. You weren’t even trying, but you are. You’re my good girl.”

Fidget. “Mm.”

“You don’t look happy, Stacey. Don’t you remember what I told you?”

Her head shook. Martin sympathized; if he were as turned on as she smelled right then, he wouldn’t remember ten minutes back either. “When you’re my good girl... you get to come.”

Her whole body quivered as she sucked in an exhilarated breath. “I... can come?”

“Good girl, Stacey.”

That was as explicit as he needed to be.

Academically, Martin was curious whether his downstairs neighbor had ever pounded on his ceiling before. It was a common enough response to irritation, common enough that he had no specific memories of it but could easily believe it had happened. In any event, the pounding triggered by Stacey’s howl, itself triggered by the workings of her fingers on her clit once she untied the bows on either hip and permitted full access – and full view – was one Martin doubted he would forget.

It wasn’t her only orgasm. No, Stacey Reeves was making up for lost time. As if no one were watching, she diddled out come after come after come.

After taking a moment to gape, Martin went to Naomi, who had returned to her observation post in the doorway, and spoke in a low voice. Neither were able to take their eyes off the raven-haired vision noisily ravaging her pussy across the room. “That took some doing.”

Naomi giggled. “You did amazing, beeb. I know you said she was... yeah. But hearing it and seeing it... Shit. You really are turning her into your obedient little slut. Not a shred of self-respect, huh?”

“OH FUUUUUUUUCK MEEEEEEEEEEEEEE I’M COOOOOOMIIIIIIIIIIIIING!”

Pound pound.

“About that... I–” Naomi tapped her ear, so he leaned in to speak directly into it. “I don’t know. This, tonight, was fun, but... we’re not looking to actually mess her up. If I even can, which I doubt.”

“Looks to me like you can just fine.”

“It’s not that easy. When she’s under, she’s... susceptible. The mind focuses in too hard on what you put in front of it, ignores other stuff. A horse with blinders. I’ve gotten her this far with those mantras I told you about, which only works because she repeats them out loud awake, for days and weeks. We’ve expanded what she’ll tolerate, but it’s a pretty massive leap from dressing cute and being turned on, to pledging herself as my – our – loyal slut.”

“Didn’t look like such a big leap to me. You connected the dots for her, and voila.” She gestured, right in time for him to take sight of Stacey’s top snapping up over her tits. Her efforts to fondle her breast left no room for worrying about whether anyone got an eyeful of them. And they filled the eyes quite nicely.

As to Naomi’s point, the real problem was, he was afraid she might be right. Going straight to “I want to be Martin Manning’s good girl. I am his obedient slut” was more ambitious than he might try for, but some of the pieces along the way may well be possible. Moving “If it costs me nothing, I’ll consider it [and in all cases so far, obey]” to “I obey if it’s not too much” might well be possible. “I come when Martin Manning tells me to” was already on the menu. “I like being slutty around Martin Manning” shouldn’t be all that tough, either, with an unwitting assist to DAT house for encouraging its sisters to reclaim the word.

It was exactly what the protagonists always did in hypnoporn, though usually without all the incrementalism and a much quicker induction. The end goal, though, was exactly what Naomi – and Stacey – were agreeing on. For Stacey to be an obedient, submissive slut.

“I... I’m not sure about this, Naomi.”

“Why not? How many times do I have to remind you, beeb. All she’s done to you, all she’s put you through?” Reading the redoubled resignations in his eyes, she hastily added, “All the fun you and I could have together with her? Master’s two adoring sluts, fighting over privileges on Master’s big, hard cock?” She gave it a lengthy feel, in case he’d somehow forgotten where it was throbbing, aching, in his pants.

It was wrong. Wrong, bordering on evil. Stacey was no saint, but neither was she a murderer, a rapist, the sort to omit spoiler warnings on social media. To reduce her, degrade her, subjugate her in this way... No bones about it, it was wrong. Martin knew this, had known it from the moment the temptation first entered his mind. If there were such a thing as a soul, this would stain his irrevocably. If his mother was right and he

would someday be called to account for it, there would be no excuse accepted for such an act.

None of that mattered one whit to Martin Manning. That crime against nature was one he had dreamt of committing all his post-pubescent life, and coming closer to actualizing it had done nothing to invite second thoughts.

It was, however, a risk. Thus far, the steps along the way that had angered Stacey had been necessary. To allow him to change her, she had to trust him and take his advice. To have a shot at a sexual connection, she had to be comfortable being aroused in his presence, by his presence. If they were to ever come close to fucking, she had to be able to be comfortable being naked around him. These were indisputable essentials. Admittedly, the strictness of her adherence to his suggestion not to get herself off had veered from the course of necessity, but Stacey wanted it done fast, and the writhing and wailing on the sofa was exhibit A for such a defense.

If Stacey realized he was not, in fact, attempting to hypnotize her into desiring consensual sex, as was quite explicitly her wish, and that he was instead seeking out a wrong-bordering-on-evil end for her, everything he'd been working towards could implode in an instant. Yes, Naomi was incredible, and it would be a whopper of a lie to pretend he didn't find the threesome she'd described to him when they'd cooked up tonight's plan to be the hottest thing he'd ever heard. But what he had been doing was working. This, this insidious betrayal, was not what he had been doing.

(And sure, yes, OK, Martin occasionally enjoyed Stacey's company, even if she was kinda mean, and violent, had a tendency towards the pedantic, and took his enjoyment for granted. But she looked really hot doing it, and... well, she was the only person in his whole life who'd ever taken his hypnotic aspirations seriously.)

(Which had nothing to do with his hesitation.)

"Beeb, come on. Whip up another one of those chants and get her on it. You still have plenty of time left. Keep playing with her if you want. I don't mind if she gets my man ready for me. Like a fluffer, you know? In porn? Come on, get this slutty little slutball rolling!" She slapped kittenishly at his chest.

"Oh my fucking god I'm such a good girl, good coming fucking good girl fucking coming and fucking good, good girl!"

"OK, babe. I'll do it."

"Yeah?!"

"Now c'mon, let me do my thing. She really could wake herself up any second, and if she finds you watching..."

She hesitated for just a moment. Then one more moment. "OK." She pulled her boyfriend into a long, deep kiss. "Try not to have too much fun without me, beeb."

He gave Naomi's butt a pinch in parting, flipped open his laptop, and got to work drafting a fresh set of words for her to chant. The neighbor pounded three more times

before Stacey finally subsided. And whoever they were, they were due full credit for their patience in between pounds.

A softly panting Stacey awakened from her trance, blinking drowsily, or perhaps heavy-lidded from her recent exertions. After a moment, she jerked upright, hastily grasping the loose fabric of her bikini bottoms and squeezing her thighs shut for modesty the best she could. "What the fuck?!"

"Not my doing, I promise. You got... sort of carried away."

She glowered at him, but quickly turned her attention to re-tying the strings at her hips. It wasn't easy. The last string bikini she'd owned didn't even untie, but instead merely looked like it did, a precaution against the sort of douchebag frat boy asshole who might untie it at the pool. Which was to say, most of her male social circle.

(Martin, meanwhile, occupied himself admiring the view proffered by her top's position bunched up near her neck, contemplating whether he liked the look of her tits better lying on her back or upright.)

"You made me come," she said, and it was unclear whether it was an accusation or an expression of gratitude.

"You made yourself come. I just, you know, gave the go-ahead."

The right side secured, she swiveled leftwards. The string from her top dangled down and tickled at her thigh, but she didn't pay it any mind. "Do you have any idea how fucked up that sounds? You *let me* come. My own clit, and I had to come over here to some weirdo's apartment to use the damn thing." She shook her head. "Why do they make these things so fucking hard to tie?!"

"I think you're supposed to tie them before you put them on, maybe?"

"Lot of experience trying on bikinis there, Mesmer?" Frustrated, she at last stood up to tackle the problem. In her discombobulated state, twice the elastic string got away from her; on the second, her briefs dropped all the way to the floor. She simply rolled her eyes and retrieved it. "No sense being coy. Not like you didn't just see me rub myself raw."

"Your boobs are out, too," he pointed out at last, having ruled the contest between flattened and filled out a tie. "But feel free to leave it that way."

Her bottoms tied, Stacey emphatically turned her attention to the top, making sure Martin didn't think he was getting away with that. "You can't humiliate me, remember."

"So masturbating on my couch wasn't humiliating?"

She flopped down on the sofa so hard that even her slight figure made the springs groan. "Competing priorities, I guess. I really can't tell you how horny I've been the past while. I've been skipping classes because I don't trust myself." Trust herself to what, she didn't say.

“I guess on the bright side, we’re definitely making progress. We still have a month to go, and you’re moving right along. I tell you what, I’ve been skeptical at times, but I think we have a real shot at it.”

“What...” Stacey stared balefully at her hands, condemning them for betraying her. “What happened tonight?”

“Touching. Lots of me touching you, then lots of you touching you.”

She glanced up, but only momentarily. “You... you touched me?”

He nodded. “Yeah. We started last session, but we kicked it into gear tonight.”

“Where?”

Martin gestured. “Right there, on the sofa.”

Her nostrils flared. “I *meant*—”

“I know, I know, just fucking with you.” She let herself smile, but the glare in her eyes didn’t go away. “Nowhere your bikini was covering, if that helps.”

“Since I woke up naked? No, it doesn’t.”

“Mostly it was just light, teasing stuff. Your neck, your arms...” He demonstrated on his own. “That kind of thing. Then we worked on channeling all that sexual energy you’ve been carrying around, and you had me move on to some other places. But in the trance, at least, you were digging it.”

“You have no idea how weird this has been. Probably more of a vain thing than a lesbian thing, but looking hot has always gotten me hot. But you, my hypnofetishist friend, you put that feeling on early 90’s era after school special strength steroids.”

“The strongest steroids.”

“So is there any chance I’ll be able to go back to living my life here soon? Because I cannot keep going like I was this weekend. And would you sit down already? I don’t wanna go home with a sore cunt and a sore neck from looking up at you.”

The rules of the game of choosing a couch seat are essentially an Easy Mode version of urinal selection. Various factors come into play – current occupation, forecast for arrival of additional players, relationship with predecessors, and at times, simple cleanliness of the target. Martin’s worst defeat to date had been in a 5-station match with opponents already positioned on 1 and 5. Without considering the two men who had been shuffling in the same direction, he settled into 3. The prior participants had only just beaten him, however, culminating in a 2-3-4 pileup debacle that still haunted him whenever he had to pee at that particular Denny’s. The variables were different that night on his sofa, but in spite of etiquette, with Stacey on station 3, he selected the more intimate option on 2. It was a gambit, but when Stacey held her position, not even defending with an expression of distaste, the referees called it a legal maneuver and awarded him the W.

“We should talk about that, the distractedness thing. As I see it, it’s a bit of a gamble. On the one hand, having you revved up and ready seems to be making our sessions vastly more fruitful.”

“Only a career hypnotist would unironically use the phrase ‘vastly more fruitful.’ God damn.”

“Productive, then, whatever.”

She flicked him in the forehead, ignoring his wince of pain. “Right, because I didn’t understand it, that was my point. Ass.”

“Anyway, we can undo it, if you want. Like I said, I didn’t think it would work that well in the first place, so I never thought it would cause the problems you’ve been having. We can try to undo it if you don’t mind sticking around for a while tonight, but just bear in mind that it may make our deadline harder to hit.”

“I keep telling you the deadline is *your* problem. Am I being unclear? I. Am not. Your helper. If I was going to make myself wanna fuck you, we could have just added ‘I am crazy wild horny desperate to ride Martin Manning’s fledgling donger’ to the very first mantra and we’d have closed it by Christmas break.”

He rubbed his temples. “This really would be way easier if I understood why. I’m not asking, so don’t fucking punch me again or anything, but... if you really want to switch teams, you’d throw me a bone and give me a hand with this.”

“So maybe I want more than that. Look, the show I put on in here tonight ought to be a down-payment to have your ass on twenty-four hour retainer, no questions asked. Just drop it, OK? Why is it so hard to just be glad I’m letting you do it? Any other hetero dude would beg to be in your shoes, even if they had to follow in your footsteps and give up ten years of virginity to study for it.”

It was insulting enough an insinuation that he finally stopped staring at her chest. She hadn’t reacted to his ogling in the least. “You think I’m a virgin?”

“Right, right, the assistant chick with the rack. My bad.” Stacey crossed her legs and looked at him with a rare expression of concern. “You know, she’s actually kinda hot. You’re sure you wanna lose her fucking around with me?”

He wondered how well Naomi could hear them down the hall. “She’s OK with it.”

“She sure as shit shouldn’t be. I put on a full X-rated show in here tonight, and let’s not kid ourselves that you’d cheat on her with me in a microsecond if I let you.”

“Hey! I am capable of self-control, you know. You’re hot, but I’m not a total simp here.”

While Stacey had cordially tolerated his on-going leers, she drew the line at transparent lies such as that. Without ceremony, a sharp tug on the back of her bikini top let the elastic jerk the orange fabric right up and over those two breath-taking breasts of hers. “Put your hands on my tits, Martin.”

They were there before he realized he was doing the obeying this time. The gap between earlier when he'd deftly grazed the very hypnotized Stacey's pussy through her clothes and now taking each plump, perfect, pouty tit in a hand and squeezing them firmly right in front of her very alert eyes turned out to be vast indeed. Even when his brain caught up and pointed out that she was obviously deploying her titties rhetorically, he couldn't stop himself.

"You really think your little girlfriend would be all right with what you're doing right now? Simp?" She spread her arms in case his attention hadn't been drawn to the tit fondling going on in front of him.

"She knows all about—" The fondler stopped himself, but not before a dangerous look settled onto the eyes of the fondlee. "She knows I'm helping another woman with something. Hypnosis-wise. That it's a little bit sexual. She's fine with it."

"If your girlfriend has any clue in the world what happened in here tonight and is telling you she's cool with it, she's playing you, Mesmer. And if she doesn't, then you're not gonna win any boyfriend-of-the-year trophies for lying to her."

He hefted her tits, testing their weight. "You're judging me? Right, because you coming over here to get off on my sofa is totally cool with Sherri."

While she still seemed perfectly content letting him squeeze her boobs, the name drop crossed a line not yet erased. "I don't know what you think you know, but back off outta my business." She looked like she wanted to fold her arms imperiously, but his hands were in the way, still pawing her boobs, still in awe of them. It really wasn't fair; he'd always been more of a tit man and had told himself that Naomi had the edge there, if not in the face, the ass, the legs, or the pussy. Yet shape counted, feel counted, and Stacey was simply not beatable. She went on, sans arm-folding. "And I'm not judging. We're doing what we're doing, and we're both probably doing a few extra years in purgatory for it. But I'm telling you, as what probably passes for a friend, this is not going to end well for your little sidepiece. One of you is gonna get hurt."

Each nipple received a soft tweak. "You almost sound like you care."

"Guy has my tits in his hands and accuses me of being cold. And you wonder why I never had any use for your kind."

"Yeah, why *are* you letting me...?"

"Well at first I was making a point that you are the simplest simp who ever sipped a Shirley Simple. But then you started, and it kinda feels weirdly... good. Which is good, which means you're doing your job, and my good boy deserves a treat."

His dopey grin robbed him forever of any right to deny her simp diagnosis. "Can I—"

"No."

He hadn't leaned in far, but he made sure to pull back emphatically, respectfully. "Fair."

“So? You fixing me, or am I going to keep using my panties as a crock pot?”

“Uh, what...?”

“Because they’re hot and wet and full of tasty all day, dumbass.” Stacey inched closer, forcing her tits hard against his palms. “Well?”

With two hands inside the front of the waistband of his pants, Naomi pulled her lover close. “So? What happened? You got her, right? You nailed that condescending cunt, right? Please tell me you did like we talked about and tamed Wilde child.”

Martin kissed her. “Of course I did. You were listening, weren’t you?”

Naomi shook her head. “I couldn’t. At least, not much. The eruption of Vesuvius, yes, but after that I couldn’t hear shit over your window AC thingy, and you can’t shut it off without those loud-ass beeps.”

True. The Friedrich Smart Center window AC thingy was a quality brand that frankly didn’t belong in so modest an apartment complex. Rated for up to 12,000 BTU, remote control with onboard sensors to regulate temperature with peerless accuracy, electronic ionizers to reduce pollen infiltration, washable filter, and ventilation capable of being toggled between interior and exterior at the user’s choice. The only reason such a fine piece of HVAC technology was to be found there at all was because the landlord’s former brother-in-law had serendipitously discovered a few dozen such units which, purportedly, had fallen off the back of a truck and thereafter gone unclaimed. Familial obligation bid him sell them at a steep discount (by black market standards). Obligation had done less to keep him from sticking his dick in a neighbor lady, after which time Martin’s landlord had ironically thrown *him* from a truck.

In any case, the model in question had run all evening. The fan was a jet engine and the beeps from pressing any of its buttons could wake the dead.

“Oh, damn. So yeah, she stayed under the whole time she was going at it. She finally calmed down, but I was ready. I got her right back to repeating—” He suddenly darted to the living room and back, calling to her over his shoulder. “I’ll show you. Brand new mantra.”

On the screen was a short paragraph in crisp Arial 11-point font. It was italicized, for some reason. Naomi leaned in and read, her smile spreading like the cartoon Grinch on his way down to Whoville.

I love it when Martin Manning touches me. In private, Martin Manning can touch me wherever he wants. If I need to take clothes off to let him touch me somewhere, I will. When he touches me, I want to come. I can only come when Martin Manning gives me permission. I am a hot, obedient slut for Martin Manning. I am Martin Manning’s good girl. I want to prove I am Martin Manning’s good girl so he’ll let me come. If he lets me come, I’ll do what Martin Manning tells me to.

Martin waited for her to finish, which became evident when she threw him to the bed and followed him down, already in the midst of removing her shirt. The laptop tumbled to the floor, forgotten. If it broke, at least it broke for the worthiest of causes. “You’re fucking *evil*, beeb, and I love it!” She squeal-purred, a sound he hadn’t known a girl could make. “You really think she’s gonna say all that shit?”

“Oh yeah – see, that’s the thing, I told her to only say it when she’s playing with herself, so I figure... Look how she gets when she’s that turned on, you know? She’d say a prayer to Joseph Stalin if she thought he’d send her an orgasm.”

She went to work on his belt. “She would, totally! Oh my gosh, this is going to be amazing. She’s not gonna know what hit her when we’re done with her. Now how about we get those boxers off and you let Master’s horny little slut be good to her master.”

“Blow me, slut.”

Naomi settled her body on the bed between his legs, but her mind was on the sofa in the living room. “Oh, Master! I thought you’d never ask.”

Ten minutes earlier...

"No, Stacey. You're going to go home, and you're going to keep dressing slutty for me, and you're going to keep being horny, and you're not going to push yourself over the edge until you're back with me."

Stacey sighed resignedly as he tuned her nipples. "Fine. Jesus, this is going to suck."

"I'm not finished."

"Well you gotta finish soon, because I have a three-page paper due in the morning in my comp class that I don't have a hundred words down for yet."

He put a finger to her lips. To his perverted delight, she not only allowed it there, but she didn't stop him when he slid it inside her mouth, worming it between her teeth. There was no sucking, not so much as a twitch of the tongue. But she left it there.

"Good girl." Her eyes slid closed, and for a moment, she sucked. Only a moment, and her embarrassment was palpable after. But what a moment. "You're going to get back to me, tonight, with a list of times and places we can meet, because you and I are going to start working on this five days a week. More, if possible."

"Whuh othuh pluthes?"

"Places, because I have a girlfriend, and... well, I have a girlfriend. So sometimes we're going to meet somewhere else, and sometimes we're going to go more than the usual hour. Agreed?"

"Shuh, whuh nuh."

"Good girl." Again, the eyes and the suck. "You're going to go home, and you're going to send me pictures of the sexiest underwear you own. Email, not text."

"Guhlfruhn wuches ya phun, huh? Hulthuh thtuff." She rolled her eyes, but her tongue ran a quick circle around his finger. His other arm was on fire from being over-extended so long, but he'd let it burn if it meant continuing to knead those tits. "Und nuh. Nuh wuh. Thuth humuhuluhuh."

Martin arched an eyebrow.

"Humiliating," she repeated, then let him slip it back in. Her hands rose to hold onto his wrist.

"OK, fine. Then bring your three three sexiest sets of underwear with you next time. You're going to try them on for me, and I'll tell you which one you're going to wear. If I don't think they're hot enough, you won't wear any of them. Understand?"

She nodded, lips smacking around his slowly thrusting finger. "Good girl."

Stacey squirmed in place. "Unuthung ulth?"

"Yes. We skipped the porn the past couple sessions, but I still need you to be taking in some examples of other good girls. I'm going to send you videos, and you're to watch them on your own time. When we meet, you're going to tell me what you liked about them. How they made you feel. Understand?"

“Yuh.”

“Good girl.” She was touching herself again, rocking her hips against the fingers inserted into her orange briefs. Martin *felt* her whimper around his finger more so than he heard it. “Nextly, I can’t have you messing up your academics over this. I’m going to send you my schedule. If you hit a point where you feel like you can’t handle classes, studying, whatever, you come find me, and if you’re a good girl for me, I’ll help clear your head. Understood?”

Her crotch made contact with his knee, and she quickly realized it was better than her fingers and got them out of the way as she grinded herself on him. “Mmhmm. Thuh guhd.”

“Good. Now get on home.”

Her eyes snapped open, the sucking stopped, her hips froze. Her face was so thoroughly impaled on that finger she had to wriggle it off to speak. “You have to finish me. I can’t do my paper like this. Make me finish.”

Martin said nothing.

“Please.” She perched on his thigh. “Please, Martin.”

Stroking his chin pensively, he let her stew, right there in her little orange crockpot. “Take off your bikini for me, Stacey.”

She was standing in a second, and her bikini was off in another. She watched him, tense, waiting to see what magic he could work that could give her the mind-melting euphoria that had been slowly fading ever since waking from her trance. Never before had a man made her come. She’d never been so much as curious about the experience.

At least, never before tonight.

“Are you ready, Stacey?”

She nodded. “Touch me.”

He stood, gave her pert round ass a few pats, and nudged it toward the door. “Go home. You have a paper to write, and I just watched you get off a bajillion times. If you aren’t satisfied, that’s on you.”

Her coat was barely on when he opened the door for her, and only because she failed to call what surely had to be a bluff when he reached for the knob. “Wait!” She paused in the doorway, stuffing her bikini into her coat pockets. Nothing covering her now but a long coat, a pair of heels, and lacquer of lust coated in a glossy veneer of shame.

“Yeah?”

“No new mantras? With all that’s changed, surely we need to do some updating.”

Martin smiled, glancing back to his laptop. Nothing he’d written had sounded even remotely plausible. It still didn’t. He had to make something up for Naomi, though.

“One last piece of homework, then. Come up with your own before our next session, and I’ll let you know if it’s good enough for my good girl.”

Her mouth was still open when the door swung shut.

Chapter Seven

Tuesday evening

"I can tolerate Martin Manning gently touching me. Gentle touches aren't a violation if they're done in private. I can still say no to anything in public, or anything on my privates. When I allow it, being touched by Martin Manning feels good."

Stacey held out her hands. *Ta da!* they said. Then she settled back into his couch and waited for her accolades.

"No."

She had the balls to look surprised. It was not the first occasion on which he wondered which of the two of them possessed the saggier pair. Martin consoled himself that at least his was the wrinklier, although he suspected that was not a thing. "What, no?"

"No. I mean... no. You had to know that wasn't going to fly when you wrote it. Come on."

"What's wrong with it? Like you have some kind of monopoly on mantra crafting? It's not that hard. And this one literally authorizes you to put your grubby paws on me, Mesmer. You should consider yourself goddamn lucky."

"Say it again."

He folded his arms as Stacey humored him, setting down his reaction more specifically as he listened to her new self-developed mantra a second time. "Yeah. You don't hear that? 'Tolerate.' 'Violation.'"

"I said *aren't* a violation!"

"Still say no.' 'When I allow.' That whole damn thing is taking us backwards! Are you freaking kidding me?"

Stacey crossed her legs irritably. She didn't look as shocked as she had initially. Not at all, really. "So maybe that's what you get for trying to get me to do your hypno-shit for you. Since when am I required to be your accomplice? Do I seriously have to keep reiterating to you what your basic freaking job is?"

He scowled. The deeper because she was right. She did not want to fuck him. That was very, very clear. She didn't want to want to fuck him, even. It had taken a long time to wrap his brain around that, the mindset of someone who genuinely wants to be corrupted into self-destruction. Recent successes had gotten him lazy, and cocky.

Finally, after most of an academic year of incremental adjustments made more by coercing her into brainwashing herself, he'd been able to start making real post-hypnotic suggestions. It was his lifelong (or at least post-pubescent) dream. More than, because he'd never dared to dream that it would happen with a woman as gorgeous as this one. Watching her twitch and fidget in a haze of pleasure after their

sessions was... shit. It was almost hard to settle for his hot busty girlfriend next to the memory of that.

Apparently, though, a one-off was not necessarily the progress he might have wished for.

“Fine. You did your homework. I respect that.”

“No you don’t.”

He ignored her as diplomatically as possible. “So why don’t we get you back under, and I’ll... work with what you’ve given me. OK?”

“Oh really? You mean I don’t have to hypnotize myself? Generous of you. Dick.” She rolled onto her back, eyes squeezed shut, looking as pissed as a person who was submitting to total relaxation could.

He put her under. Frosty as she was, it was no harder than usual. Frankly, he suspected he could skip half the induction, but it was working, and he wasn’t about to fuck with what was working. It only took ten minutes or so. Tedious, the whole “you’re getting sleeeeeeeepy” (without quite saying it that way), but for all he knew, boredom with repetition was part of what put her under.

He tweaked her new mantra. It didn’t take much; the hypnosis made it much easier to push her that extra step. Once he’d nudged her into the necessary admissions and declarations, he set her to repeating it while he thought things over. That was the problem with waiting to see what she came up with; he had to react on the spot, rather than plan it out in advance. Time was getting awfully precious in this little experiment. Not three weeks to go before her deadline.

“I like Martin Manning touching me in private. His touch turns me on. He can touch me anywhere, but if it feels bad I can tell him to stop. I want to be his good girl so I can come. Being touched by him helps me come.”

It was a lot better than her version. Good in general. Stacey Reeves, Waking Thinker was difficult to move. Her hypnotized self, however, was another story. When she was under, letting her subconscious take the reins, she was almost a different woman. Or rather, it gave a glimpse at just how much she was hiding. Awake, Stacey was arrogant (if deservedly), stand-offish (by years of habituation), and a plain lesbian (as a stern reminder that the world was unkind (except maybe to lesbians)). In her trance, Stacey was lascivious. Curious. Needy. Sexually charged. She accepted advances and made admissions that she otherwise would not have done under torture. For all her bluster about how it was entirely on him to drag her to the finish line, her subconscious was an eager accomplice. *Why* she wanted it so badly, he didn’t know, but she did.

Even hypnotized, however, Martin wasn’t about to cavalierly squeeze her boobs yet, but if he could get her to display them again – a decent bet – it opened the door for him breaching that barrier. The pussy might take longer (ugh, that deadline), but once he was shoving fingers inside her, that had to be close to the real thing.

Or rather, having her want the real thing. Thank god for Naomi to scratch those itches Stacey never could. Never would, anyway.

So what now? The mantra was fine, but its predecessors had generally taken weeks or months before they bore fruit. He didn't have months any more. No, now was the time for her to say them, awake, and force her to acknowledge what she was saying. To use the sessions to rev her up, then take advantage of that heightened arousal and her impressive libido to demand more. Autohypnosis had brought her to where she was, but only a master of the craft could finish the job.

While she chanted, he got to work, fingers dancing teasingly across her ample amount of exposed skin. The shoulders made a good starting point, then the arms. He asked if she'd like it on her tummy, received an encouragingly vigorous nod and raised hem. Next the legs, calf up to thighs, up to where her dolphin shorts covered the holies. A few inches away from her crotch he saw a head shake and a sudden *fidget*; before she could utter a protest he retreated and didn't go closer.

Then she started rubbing herself over the shorts right where he'd been teasing at. Right in front of him. Stacey Reeves, edging herself in his fucking living room. Even with his pressing business, Martin had no choice but to revert to spectator mode as she pressed at her pleasure button through the layers of fabric. He ventured to interrupt her mantra. "Good girl."

After that, her mouth hung open during the pauses in her mantra. Her shirt was dragged up, her tits popped out. Not the first time he'd seen them, but the sight was nevertheless breath-taking.

In spite of its at times controversial role as a staple in women's attire, even the most ardent critics had little choice but to concede that the bra deserved extensive credit in its capacity to paper over flaws. Lopsided breast sizes, misshapen areola, overly swollen nipples, saggy tits – and its more insidious cousin, post-collegiate saggy tits – all of these and more were easily hidden from even the most misogynistic observers. A pair of supple, symmetrical, eagerly buoyant titties like those born by Stacey Reeves were considered by some in the industry to be an affront to bras everywhere.

With one of her hands between her legs (albeit over the shorts), and the other fondling her breasts, Martin saw his opportunity to reinforce some messaging. He returned his own playing to the tummy. Stacey wasn't ticklish, thankfully. He'd tried the same with Naomi over the weekend only to have her reflexively elbow him in his own stomach during a fit of defiant giggles. His patient subject, however, let slip a faint moan, probably from her own ministrations but he assigned himself the assist. He supplied her the lines. His words were like a cock in a porno, and she the porn star. She swallowed what he gave her, then spat it up to display her pride in her service.

"I want to be Martin Manning's good girl so I can come. Being touched by him helps me come," she murmured as he eased higher, little by little. Soon his fingers were

comfortably and unobjectionably nestled in that crevice under her boobs. There was a thin sheen of sweat down there, but he wasn't about to recoil from it. It was Stacey Reeves' underboob sweat, after all. In at least three parallel universes, there were people bottling and selling the stuff as an aphrodisiac.

He left it at that, grazing at the underside of her tits, though only because that was as far as he'd gotten when their time ran out. His alarm buzzed, and for once, as an experiment, he skipped past the usual process of emerging from her trance and simply commanded her to awaken on the spot.

Stacey's eyes snapped open. Her hand between her legs jerked back as if stung; the one on her tit followed with a bit less verve. She moved upright, glaring up at him. "What the fuck was that? Feels like you threw a bucket of cold water on me."

"I didn't. I just stopped you before you came your brains out on my couch."

"Pff. I..." She didn't have much of a rebuttal. Waking up with your boobs out and your pussy gushing made indignation hard to summon. "I definitely wasn't that close. Must not've been a very 'good girl.'"

"Your boobs are still out, by the way. And in case I haven't said it enough, nice tits."

She nodded, lowering her shirt. "I really ought to mind that, shouldn't I?" But she shrugged. "So who's picking the porn tonight?"

"I got a good one to warm up with. Lesbians – you're welcome."

"Not sure I need to be much warmer," she muttered, scooting over to make space for him. The bucket of cold water evidently hadn't cooled her much, Martin thought as he sent the link to his TV.

He reviewed the new mantra with her during the sex scenes. By then, she was sufficiently absorbed in watching the step-sisters sixty-nine that she hardly remarked on the changes. And when his hand settled on her knee, she put hers over it, slid it a ways up her thigh, and said not a word.

Tuesday night

“So how’d it go? Another exciting evening of watching the Wilde child play Elsa?”

“Uh... what?”

Naomi rolled her eyes, her usual defense when a joke hadn’t played out and she didn’t want to take ownership. “Elsa. *Frozen*. Ice queen.”

“Oh.” He laughed far too belatedly, but nonetheless the perfunctory amount for a boyfriend. “Yeah, she was her usual fun self. We worked on the new mantra. Not sure how well it’s working out, but we can be flexible if it starts unraveling.”

It was pure evasion. Now that he had officially lied to his girlfriend about his efforts to distort Stacey’s request, there was nothing to do but double down and keep on lying. No, he wasn’t setting out to turn Stacey into some mindless pleasure slave. Sure, he might be aiming for more than Stacey had signed on for, but blank-faced groveling at his feet wasn’t it. Besides, it was defensible. A certain amount of obedience and sluttiness was necessary to move her down the path.

Strange that he should feel guilt for misleading Naomi but not for trying to make Stacey beg him to get her off. He told himself that whatever happened with Stacey in the end, he’d make excuses and chalk it up to things not going according to his plan. Aw, shucks, no sex slave, babe, whatcha gonna do? Thank goodness Naomi had dropped out and hated dealing with campus traffic. Now that he and Stacey were going to be meeting on campus occasionally, anxiety plucked at his mind at nights, dreading the prospect of her discovering it. Finding out that her fantasy was not on the menu.

“Really? It seemed like it was working so well the other night. Had her eating out of the palm of your hand. Or like you were gonna have her eating out of the palm of your ass inside the week.”

“What is the palm of my ass?”

“I was being funny.” She poked his tummy a bit too hard. “But that’s too bad. I was having so much fun thinking about how fun it’ll be when the two of us get to play with you. For you.”

“Yeah? Anything I get to hear about?”

“Bring Wilde child to her knees, and you won’t need your ears, beeb.”

Or maybe he’d try to give her a taste of that fantasy. A small one. Maybe. That wasn’t why he was pushing obedience though. Really.

Wednesday afternoon (technically)

“You were supposed to be here at noon. It’s 12:06.” Stacey folded her arms irritably, hurriedly closing the chapel door behind her.

“I told you, I have a class that runs until 11:50, and I had some students keep me after to talk over some stuff. What, was I supposed to tell them, ‘sorry, can’t talk about the final project, gotta sneak into the chapel and hypnotize a girl into fucking me?’”

“Are you honestly asking me to weigh in on whether solid course evals or getting to fuck me should be a higher priority?”

Martin looked her over for a moment. In her brief, floral dress, tight across the bodice... “Yeah, fair. So, this is the spot, huh?”

“It is for today. One of our custodians was also assigned to the chapel renovation crew. I managed to convince him I’m deeply religious and going through some hard personal stuff, heart-broken not to have access to my favorite campus spot for quiet reflection. Leery old prick offered to let me borrow the key before I even asked.”

Martin gestured to the rather unambiguous “UNDER CONSTRUCTION” sign silhouetting a rectangle against the stained glass. “And you’re sure nobody’s coming in? Like, to work...?”

With the same wry flair, she gestured to their pristine surroundings. Martin had never been into the reclusive little building. Stacey hadn’t since her campus tour before she’d even enrolled. Not even five hundred square feet, the Lakeview Panspiritual Chapel was in a small grove a short ways away from some of the campus’s major academic buildings. The interior featured padded benches, kneeling pads for prayer, multicolored but pictureless stained glass windows, sockets (empty, presently) for burning candles. It should be ideal for their on-campus sessions. The place was quiet, peaceful, and private – if she was right.

“My guy said they finished renovations two weeks ago, but they’re not due until the end of the semester. Until then they’re making up delays so they max out their billable hours. My uncle works construction. Standard practice.”

“Fair enough. I guess if you’re comfortable with it, I’m comfortable. Oh and hey, can I see your panties?”

“What? No, you can’t–” She paused, took a slow breath. “I guess it doesn’t cost me anything.” Then her eyes widened in startlement and not a little anger. “God I hate it when those mantras squirm out when I don’t mean them to. Fine. Here.”

“Blue today. Nice. From behind?”

She shot him a look, but pivoted. “Happy?”

On a whim, emboldened by her compliance, he reached out and gave it a couple pats. “Very. You’ve got such a nice *whoomf!*”

As Stacey's elbow connected with his stomach, Martin doubled back until tripping over one of the kneeling pads and crashing into the wall, then down onto the worn stone floor. When he regained his capacity to breathe, he looked up at where she loomed over him. The panties still looked good from that angle. "Yeah, don't touch me like that."

Martin nodded. "Right. My bad. Gimme a hand?"

Stacey helped him to his feet, and like that, the prologue of their session was over. Stacey took a space lying down on one of the benches. It wasn't especially comfortable but she was slender, and fit her better than it would most people. There was no pretense at recording the session, he noted, saying nothing. Over the course of the induction, he gradually reassured himself that she had not fractured one of his ribs. Soon she was under, and it was time to work on progress. Mantras first, five repetitions each except for the newest, which got twenty.

Meanwhile, Martin occupied himself by doing what any man of influence does in a house of worship: he whipped his dick out and got to using it.

With her eyes closed and her brain on autopilot, the distinction between being rubbed with a finger and rubbed with a cock was impossible to discern. The athleticism needed to lower his waist to bench level and maneuver it with any penidexterity was trying indeed, but well worth it. By sense, it was no better than rubbing it on his forearm, but knowing that the skin in question was the thighs of Stacey Reeves? It was a good thing he'd taken time to jerk off before rushing over here. As if he'd ever waste time chit-chatting with students with *this* awaiting him.

Once he confirmed that she was horny – as if she wasn't always horny during their sessions any more – he helped her flip onto her front, tits down ass up, and lifted her skirt over her butt. It didn't take long before she permitted his fingers, teasing across those panties. Then he very carefully swung a leg over bitch and bench alike, straddling her, and put himself to softly humping the clearly defined crack of her ass.

Oblivious, she said nothing. Noticed nothing. She complied.

"Do you like being touched like this, Stacey?"

"Mm. Hot."

"You like it when I touch your ass. Say it."

Fidget. "I like it when you touch my ass."

"What if you found out that what I was touching you with wasn't my fingers? For instance," he went on quickly, seeing her *fidget*, "what if it was, say, a pencil?" He didn't like the comparison, but it was cylindrical and unobjectionable. It would do.

"Fine."

"What about a toe?"

Fidget. "Weird, but fine. I guess."

"Right. So it doesn't matter what I touch you with as long as it feels good."

“No.” She shook her head. Martin sighed. So much for quick and easy. “Not mouth.”

His head snapped back in surprise so suddenly that he knocked himself off-balance, stumbled backwards down the length of the bench until he landed on his butt. “Mouth? That’s the only exception?”

“Mm. Wet. Have to walk around... spitty.”

“Heh.” He shook his head and maneuvered back into place. A soft moan of satisfaction came when he resumed touching her. Her ass was sculpted, two pert cheeks that formed a perfect canyon. “You like what I’m doing right now. Say it.”

“I like what you’re doing right now.”

“Do you ever hope for me to touch you like this?”

Fidget. “Sometimes. But only if it’s while I’m under. Being touched by you helps me come.”

“Yeah, I noticed,” he grumbled. “You look forward to me touching your ass. Say it.”

“I look forward to you touching my ass.”

“With anything but my mouth. Say it, all together.”

“I look forward to you touching my ass with anything but your mouth.”

He gave her another twenty repetitions, making sure he didn’t let himself cross the edge. One panicked cum-cleanup was plenty. With that, he added it to the newest mantra. There was no certainty the vague phrasing would yield results, but it seemed unlikely to hurt.

His thighs burning from holding that squat, he finally had no choice but to give in. Dragging one of the kneelers so he could sit beside her and keep using his hands, at least, Martin finally got on with the most important – perhaps the *only* important – portion of today’s plan.

“Do you think I enjoy touching you?”

“Mm. Obviously.”

“Do you care if I enjoy it, Stacey? Does that matter to you?”

“Eh. Keeps you trying.”

“What if I stopped enjoying it? Do you worry I’d stop?”

Even in her trance, even with his hands groping her inner thighs, with the fragrance of her pussy filling the chapel, she managed to snicker. “You’d never stop.”

“You sound awfully sure,” he grumped.

“Hit you in the stomach. Still doing it.”

She had a point there. “Still, you like being touched, too, right?”

“Mmm. Yes. Right there. Higher. Please.”

Any higher and he’d be touching her pussy. Had there been recording equipment present, as well as a sufficiently accurate chronometer, the duration for which Martin

mindlessly succumbed to her request would have been timed at exactly 0.8119 seconds, rounded to the nearest ten thousandth, likely sufficient for our purposes here. That was how long it took for him to require that, like that, she'd handed him what he wanted.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, if I touched you between your legs?"

"Mmmm." The elusive four m's. Martin licked his lips. This girl was really tired of masturbating, seemed like. He could empathize.

"But I'm not, am I."

Her head shook. She frowned, frustrated and confused and a bit angry.

"If I liked it more, I'd probably do it, wouldn't I?"

"Dunno. Dunno why you're not already."

Seriously? "I'm telling you, it's because you haven't done enough to make me want to. You haven't made me like it enough."

"Mm." She squirmed on the bench, inching downward, trying to force him to do as she wanted. On the one hand, her sudden interest in having him touch her pussy felt like a huge leap forward. On the other, it had taken less than ten minutes from the first time he touched Naomi in any sort of sexual way to the time he'd had his dick inside her. A month of thrice weekly edging Stacey – plus what further she was putting herself through – was a rather grueling pace by comparison.

"Do you really want me to?"

"Mmm. Yes." *Fidget*. "Just to see."

"See what?"

"If it feels good. If it feels like I hope."

"If you made me like it more, I would probably touch you there. Say it."

"Mm. If I make you like it more, you'd touch my pussy."

Her edits were a decided improvement over the original. "How do you think you could make me like it more? Not just today, but in general."

Her response was so immediate that an objective observer might have assumed she was the one prompting this line of inquiry. "By letting you do it when I'm awake."

"That's right. So... would you?"

She snorted a lazy, hypnotized snort. "No. I don't have to let you touch me unless I want to."

His fingers sunk deep into the soft flesh of her bottom. The moan was a pale token of appreciation next to the way her hips arched back into the air, pressing herself against him. Jesus, the libido of this woman. "Are you seriously telling me you don't want me to?"

"Different awake," Stacey murmured into the bench. "Would remember it."

He grit his teeth. Insulting, but time to get back to work. He worked his thumbs, kneading her legs, her ass, right next to but never quite touching that dark blue spot

waving in the air. “OK. So, how else do you think you could make me enjoy it enough to touch your pussy?”

“Be your good girl. Hot. Obedient. Slutty. Always seems to work.”

“That’s right. But you’re obviously not doing enough, are you?”

At the merest graze of her slit, Stacey’s hips bucked hard. Was that a fidget? What would she even do if she woke up with her butt in the air mid-ass-massage? Probably finish the job on his ribs.

“No.”

“So the only thing to do is be a *gooder* girl. Right?”

“Mmm.”

“And if a good girl is hot, obedient, and slutty, then you’d need to be...?”

He gave her another quick touch, right near where he thought her clit was. Her moan made him hope the chapel was well sound-proofed. “Hotter. Sluttier. More obedient.”

“Can you think of anything you could do – right now – to make yourself hotter, sluttier, and more obedient?”

She frowned, even as her ass was practically twerking for him, it was twitching so hard. Then she arched her back, and pulled down her panties. It was right in his face. Stacey Reeves, balanced perfectly on the chapel bench, doggy style.

“Touch me,” she whispered. The damp blue fabric bunched around her knees, stretched between them in the air.

His fingers finally, slowly, migrated toward the center. He brushed up and down her glistening pink slit a few times, and then softly put a moist finger to the engorged little nubbin protruding at the front. The whole length of her was dripping wet. Her body was wracked with shudders of ecstasy.

“Good girl.”

“Mmmmm!”

“Say the new mantra. On repeat, until I tell you to stop.”

“I like Martin Manning touching me in private. His touch turns me on. He can touch me anywhere, but if it feels bad I can tell him to stop. I want to be Martin Manning’s good girl so I can come. Being touched by him helps me come. I look forward to you touching my ass with anything but your mouth.”

Martin worked her clit, careful not to let her enthusiasm force him to overexert. No penetration, not yet, but he’d been around the block enough to know you could get plenty of results in the suburbs. Every few repetitions he’d switch off, teasing the labia along with the toned ass cheeks framing it, to give her a rest.

Already, in minutes, the new line in the mantra had grown dated.

Naomi had given him copious experience in monitoring the approach of an orgasm. When she was playing slave girl, she liked to climax in unison – and la Mesmer

knew what his assistant looked like when she was faking, so those were legit. The ways, the places she tensed, the budding wetness in her pussy, the little tremor in her slackened jaw...

Martin wrapped his nonessential arm around her legs to make sure she didn't fall off the bench and commanded, "Stacey, wake up."

Her eyes fluttered open. With two more swirls of his thumb, he brought her to orgasm. Thank goodness for bracing her or she would undoubtedly have fallen. Her moment of bliss was not brief. When it subsided, he released her and took a few steps back, admiring the sight of her recovering.

"Wh-what the hell was that?" she asked groggily, taking her feet. With her panties around her knees she nearly stumbled, but caught herself with his assistance, then hiked them back into place.

"I wanted you to know what you were missing out on while you're under."

She'd accidentally tucked the back of her dress into her underwear, and squirmed to fix it. "You've been fingering me while I'm unconscious?!"

"No. What? No! You were in a trance, and when you're under, when you put some of your reservations aside and got in touch with your primal emotions. Stacey, you were practically" (*literally*, he amended internally) "begging me for that."

"No way. I would never..." She shook her head.

"There was such a disconnect between your conscious and subconscious, this was the only thing I could think to do to try to try to bring conscious you up to speed. How do you feel? Are you OK?"

"I... don't know. Like, I'm creeped out, but at the same time, that was... That was fricking something though. I'm still sort of wrapping my head around it, but... that was... good. I mean it *felt* good. I don't know."

"You're not embarrassed?"

"Why would I be? It's natural for Martin Manning to admire my body. I don't take offense at Martin Manning admiring my body." She made a face. "Dammit, there it is again!"

"Well think about it. You know how horny you've been, and that's been a tool that's doing wonders to build progress. But if your subconscious is getting you to agree to things you don't want to do, I'll... I don't know. Maybe there isn't another way, but better to fail than to—"

"I'll think about it. Your place tomorrow night?"

"Unless you need me sooner. Happy to provide some relief. You look pretty hot when you come, ya know."

"Yeah?" Stacey paused in the midst of fixing her hair, favoring him with a smug grin. "Yeah, I probably do."

Friday evening (although technically Saturday early morning after a page or so)

“Would Sir prefer a handjob, blowjob, or titjob? Or perhaps Sir would prefer my ass?”

“Isn’t a titjob, like, getting them done bigger? Babe, if those things get any bigger, you’re going to have to replace half your wardrobe.”

Traces of exasperation belied the superficiality of her servility. “I’ve heard it both ways. And no, neither you – Sir – nor Target pay me enough to have them done, even if I wanted to, which I don’t.”

In a way it was a shame. Naomi’s tits were like good Chinese food. Immensely satisfying, but in a way that only made you wish there was more of it. It was roleplay night, and her boobs looked amazing in her French maid uniform. She was technically playing the role of herself hypnotized into serving as his maid, which was a level of nuance he appreciated tremendously. The costume was cheap, the sort of thing you picked up two days before Halloween at Walmart for \$20, but she’d complemented the look with her own fishnet stockings (close enough) and had gone the extra mile on hair and makeup. She was a gift.

“I think I’d like to fuck you, Monique,” he asserted, getting back into his own character. Some “character,” a guy who wanted to hypnotize his girlfriend into being his slutty domestic servant. The role he was born to play. Naomi had picked it for him, though, so it seemed she was content to take on the lioness’s share of the theater.

“Oh oui, Sir.” (And what theater. Not even an attempt at an accent.) “Let me assume the position for you, yes?”

To his mild surprise, she led him down the hall to the kitchen. The dishes from dinner still sat in the sink; Naomi stopped the drain and started adding warm water and soap. (Unbeknownst to both, this was to be the beginning of Martin’s inexplicable arousal in the presence of the scent of Dawn dish soap.) Naomi arched her back, the skirt riding higher, offering a tantalizing glimpse of the frumpy black cotton underwear that had come with the rest of the costume. Sir was permitted to lower it himself. By the time the sink was filled, his fingers had her juiced up enough to slip on in right as her hands slipped into the sudsy water.

It was a long fuck, if not by intent so much as because she was shorter than him, and it was hard to thrust under the conditions. Worth it, though. Domestic servitude was not a core part of his hypno-fantasies however much they seemed to occur together in porn. As for Naomi, it was a solid boost to his morale when he found her moans weren’t merely theatrical; the girl spent the last half of the leisurely screw leaning over the counter with her tits soaking in the sink, washing nothing.

“That was so good, beeb,” she sighed, flopping down on top of him, costume deposited in the hamper to keep from getting the floor soggy. It was hard for Martin to breathe with her body on top of him, but the feeling of her breasts smushed against his chest made it well worth it.

“You were incredible, babe. Thank you. I’m the luckiest boyfriend in the world, I swear.” It was overstatement, but if one lumped in his luck at landing Stacey Reeves and her insane request, it may well be true.

“Ya like having a slutty French maid, huh? Pig.” She tapped his nose playfully.

“Target ever goes under, you’ve got one hell of a fallback plan. Just sayin’.”

Naomi rested her cheek on his shoulder, her breathing slow and warm on his skin. “You ever think about trying some cosplay stuff like that with Wilde child? She likes dressing slutty, right? I bet she could rock something like that, with some coaching.”

“She sure wouldn’t fill it out like you do.” Conversations about Stacey were always such a mine field. At least that was one land mine dodged.

“I’m serious! If we’re gonna make her act like our – your – submissive little slut, maybe we ought to have her get used to dressing the part.”

Martin had survived waking Stacey with his finger on her clit because she got a quick orgasm after days of delay. If she woke up and found herself dressed in anything even resembling that costume, she’d kick his balls right up into his throat. So he did what any sensible boyfriend would do, and mollified her with a bullshit commitment.

“Yeah, maybe I’ll try that out. She has the weekend off, but we’re meeting again Monday on campus and again that night.”

“Two in one day?”

“Yeah. She’s visiting home this weekend or we’d have done Saturday and Sunday too. Plus it’s the week before finals. We’re not even sure what we can do finals week, and then... deadline. I asked her if she wanted to move it back since it’s going so well, but she insisted.”

“Hmm. Well I’ll find a copy of the maid outfit for you this weekend. The party store by work had a bunch of them. There’s probably one that skinny bitch’s size, maybe in the children’s section.”

The slight seemed important to busty naked blonde in his bed, so he wisely let her have it, despite his very sincere doubts that Slutty Maid probably wasn’t a common costume moms bought for their kids. He was wrong, in fact; the costume sold for only \$3.09 less than the adult version, and was redubbed Sassy Maid, to reclaim girl power.

“Sounds hot, babe. I’ll see what we can get done. You never know where she’ll draw the line.” As for his own line, her suggestion was already well past it.

“You should Zoom me in – I wanna see how it goes.” She curled a thigh against his belly, clearing the way to get her hand around his cock. “Oh god, that’d be so hot, beeb. Watching my man do his thing.”

“Yeah, I don’t know...”

“Oh come on! You can mute me so she’d never know anyone was listening in even if I slipped up and laughed or something.”

“Still, I feel like an audience would make me, I dunno, anxious.”

She deduced his transparent lie, of course, as he knew she would as the words tumbled from his lips. The woman was his assistant in a public erotic hypnosis show, for fuck’s sake. It was a mark in her favor that she opted not to call him on it, and instead, straddled his waist and firmly forced his hands onto her breasts. “C’mon. A man who handles deez titties like you do can handle a little lookie loo, right?”

Flattery and deez titties were a much bigger land mine to dodge. After almost two years of being teased by the things, his cock was nowhere near done marveling at having them in his hands. In moments, his hardening shaft was rising up and slapping her in the butt. “Pleeeeeease, beeb? For me?”

“I’d really rather not,” he should have said, but did not. He might have followed with “I’d feel bad betraying her trust” or “she has a right to privacy” and then also “I care about you, really I do, but this is something I need to handle on my own.”

Instead: “Yeah, I guess I don’t see why not. Just this once, though, OK?” Martin’s brow furrowed in surprise at his agreement, but there was no taking it back. Perhaps he should have let Naomi and deez titties take over Stacey’s hypnotism. They seemed to work much faster.

“You’re too good to me, beeb. I can’t wait to see her on her knees in front of you.” And then there were boobs in his mouth, and there was nothing more to say.

Monday (just Monday)

Bear With Us, Lakeview's prestigious acapella group, was performing on the footbridge over Swanson Creek, near the center of campus. Shows like this happened a few times a semester, and sporadically, when these troubadours would grace the sidewalks of Lakeview University with a free burst of melody sans instrument. If one had been recording that area of campus from a distance before and after their singing began, one would see the pace of traffic slowing, faces brightening. It was the last Monday of classes (if one didn't count finals as classes), and the unaccompanied singers were serenading their classmates into one last week. For seniors, their last. Some would remember this moment as a part of their Lakeview experience for the rest of their lives, a place of art, wonder, and harmony.

For both Martin and Stacey, it was kind of annoying. The creek ran right through the middle of campus, not fifty feet from their meeting place in the chapel, and the bridge only another hundred feet off. It made for hundreds of eyes fixated neither on cell phone nor sidewalk, and Stacey Reeves would divert gazes even if Bear With Us were performing in their underwear.

Dipshit American Idol wannabes are blockading the chapel. Don't think we can sneak in. Got a fallback, or do we cancel and just do tonight?

With less than two weeks to go, and some of those days assuredly lost to their academic necessities, giving up a session was not an option for him. *I'll meet you at DAT house.*

What?

No way

I'm not having the whole house wonder what some creep is doing locked alone in the lounge with me

Martin rolled his eyes. *It doesn't cost you anything, does it? omw*

He walked quickly. That incredible session last week was still on his mind, the one where he'd gotten to personally administer a mind-blowing dose of pleasure to Lakeview's hottest. (Give or take Imogen Correa or maaaybe Hannah Kane on days when he was feeling more partial to blondes; however, the powers that be had deposited neither of them in his undergrad classes, nor inspired them to seek out hypnotists for sexual perversion, so he gave the edge to Ms. Reeves.)

Their next session had commenced with a capital D Discussion of her feelings on what had transpired. It had weirded her out, for sure, but ultimately she decided she had essentially consented vis a vis her initial request in that hotel room all those months ago. "You're in my head, obviously," she'd admitted as if with a gun to her head, "now just don't go fucking with me for laughs. Do the job, but don't overdo the job. No more getting me off while I'm under, understand?"

Martin said he understood. He didn't, of course. How could he? How could anyone understand what was going around in the swiftly shifting slide puzzle that was Stacey Reeves' brain? Either way, going back to a less aggressive touch, edging her close and leaving her on the brink, letting her take point on pussy while taking charge so she never got that O, all seemed to make her more pliable than actually giving her what she wanted. It wasn't a setback, he told himself, just a sidestep.

Stacey reached the sorority house, situated in its prestigious position atop the hill on Greek Row, only a minute before him. The Greek letters Delta, Alpha and Theta were fixed to the side of the house facing the street. As he made his way up the sidewalk, she stalked toward him, glowering.

"What do you think you're doing? We're not even allowed to have men in our rooms, asshole! There's a couple common rooms for study sessions or group work – which would raise a million questions about why I'm locking myself in with some random grad student – but that's it. I don't know if you skipped the campus tour, but sorority houses are chicks only kind of places. I can't have you in here. We're not even friends!"

"We're hypno-friends, at least. Come on, I'm sure you wouldn't be the first girl to bend the rules, invite a fella upstairs."

"Well no, but there's a big difference between, I dunno, letting someone's boyfriend up to bring them flowers, and having some creep–"

"I would really like it if you stopped calling me that."

"–up to..." Her voice dropped to an angry hiss. "To hypnotize the vice president to be his fuck buddy!"

"Huh. You're vice president? How did I not know this?"

"Because we're not friends!" She planted her hands on her hips, glancing around at the handful of students in sight anxiously. "Now seriously, fuck off – *right now* – and we'll meet tonight. I can do an extra hour if you want. OK?"

"No. I want to see your room."

"And I told you, not happening."

Martin took a step forward – challengingly, she must have thought, from the way she looked braced for a swing – but instead of whatever she was expecting, he took her sides in his hands, at least a few of his fingers sliding past that line between waist and butt. He let his pinkies slide inside the waist of her shorts, her body pulled close against his. Stacey did not resist except in her eyes, which were outrage and bewilderment and panic all at once.

Perhaps his boldness was a reaction to his disappointment at having his plans cancelled by acapella. Perhaps it was some dormant grudge awakened by entering a place full of wealth and privilege. Perhaps he'd been told "no" so many times by Stacey over the past year that her recent forays into consent hardened his resolve not to

regress. Perhaps it was the proximity of that holiest of hotness holies, a sorority house – *DAT house!* – looming behind her.

~~Or perhaps~~ it was the memory of how fucking hot she looked with her bare ass in the air, her gushing pussy presented, her unabashed moans as he pressed her pleasure button until she bubbled over in orgasm.

“You have got to have the nicest ass on this entire campus, you know?” He spoke in the same volume, that of two people standing outdoors, social-distancing-distance apart. Too loud for their new proximity, yet it made sure the frat guy walking by and trying not to get caught staring overheard.

“Thanks,” she murmured, flushed.

He didn’t die. He’d grabbed Stacey’s butt – sort of – in full view of god and everyone, and he hadn’t died. With far more cool than he possessed, he rubbed the bare skin of her lower back like he had a perfect right to, softly and sexily, like he had that day to distract her from all his cum on her. Still no death, somehow.

“Like the straight girls somehow manage to affectionately say... you’ve got balls, Mesmer.”

“Not gonna lie, I was a little afraid you’d rip them off.”

“And I will if you don’t knock it off. Until we get upstairs.”

For all her protests, smuggling him inside proved easier than he’d expected. There was a rear entrance for package delivery and the access of the house’s custodian and cook. Stacey scouted ahead, waving Martin in while lunch was being set out in the dining room. There was a rear stairwell too narrow for two abreast (especially with the breasts *DAT* girls tended to sport by reputation (*HEYO*)) that he crept up behind her. Was it permissible to touch her ass, or should he just stare at it undulating in front of him and bide his time? After a moment’s pause at the third floor door, the same sort of heavy steel door and electronic lock featured on the second, she waved him in.

Martin didn’t know what to expect of the living quarters of a sorority – the pornos never bothered with anything but the bedrooms and the showers – but it was surprisingly sedate. A hallway ran down to a window at the far side of the house (facing away from the street, of course, considering who and what was concealed behind that window), and a series of doors lined either side every bit as close together as the dorms Martin had lived in as an undergrad. The walls were papered over in tans and browns with little red flowers. A broad staircase opened up at the other end of the hall, obviously the normal means of access.

Stacey rushed him into the first door on the right and shut it behind him like the secret police were on her heels, then locked it, too. She was even breathing hard. As she calmed her nerves over whatever taboo she was committing by having him here, he surveyed the place. It was weirdly familiar, as a number of her instagram photos had been taken herein. There was a single queen bed, the sight of which prompted his first

consideration that she might have a roommate to deal with even as it put that fear to rest. Her desk, stacked high with course materials, was situated adjacent to a closet that ran most of the width of the room save for a built-in bookshelf in the corner.

A corkboard hung over the desk featuring scores of photos. Stacey was in the majority of them, though not alone. There were several of family members: her broad-shouldered, menacing-looking-even-smiling-for-the-camera father, a mother who had clearly donated the bulk of Stacey's genes, and her sister Kira, the recipient of a similar quantity and quality. There were a few of scenery – a Grand Canyon shot, a city he didn't recognize. The rest were Stacey and her friends. It was easy to differentiate between photos featuring Stacey's childhood chums and freshmen friends versus her sorority sisters; average hotness took a massive uptick in the latter. Nobody would look at those choreographed, brilliantly smiling, gorgeous women and not recognize them for what they were.

"Nice place you have here, Stacey."

"Yeah. I know. It's DAT house. What did you expect? Now keep your voice down until I get some music going. I don't want anybody hearing a masal nale voice in... Shit. So much for that burn. Anyway, shh."

Once she had some musical white noise going on a set of bluetooth speakers – a Bear With Us album of all things – they at last got on with the day's business. There was nowhere for her to lay but her bed, and simply seeing her lying in it gave him a semi. Stacey issued a harsh admonition to stay out of her stuff while she was under, though she didn't have the presence of mind to set up her camera.

Like usual, he opened with reinforcing mantras. "Martin Manning makes me come so hard" had been an easy addition given her trance-induced honesty; "I like that Martin Manning enjoys my body" had taken some convincing. After a long weekend in which she claimed she'd recited it hundreds more times, it still sounded less convincing than the rest, even in a hypnotic monotone.

Meanwhile, Martin went through her stuff.

He started with the desk. Disappointing. Mind, he didn't expect to find a note in the first drawer with *WHY I WANT TO BE HYPNOTIZED INTO STRAIGHTNESS* written at the top or anything. Still, it was school supplies, her laptop (he wasn't *that* nosy), the camera equipment, a stack of old notebooks. The bottom drawer had a third-full bottle of tequila inside. A pair of what he thought were lipstick prints, both a little smudged, marked either side of the neck. "Wouldn't have figured you for a heavy drinker," he remarked, replacing it in the drawer.

Under the bed was clear; she ran a tight ship. He sneaked a few strokes on her inner thighs while he was snooping. Stacey's legs spread automatically atop her fluffy pink comforter. The semi became a fulli.

He heard voices in the hallway, but between Stacey chanting, the thickness of her door, and an acapella rendition of *Circle of Life* from *Lion King*, he couldn't make it out. He made a mental note to keep his voice down, though. In the meantime, he gave some more attention to the pictures.

Sherri was featured prominently, easily starring in two thirds of the collegiate era shots. Sherri and Stacey in matching sequined dresses outside the doors of the Lakeview Auditorium holding tickets he couldn't read. Sherri, Stacey et al. raising joined hands in triumph behind DAT house. Sherri holding Stacey in her arms in front of the campus fountain. A really hot one of Sherri, Stacey and what had to be another DAT girl lying in the sand taking a feature shot of their cleavage with a scant space permitted to include faces. The anonymous girl won by size, Sherry by enthusiasm of flaunting a more petite but still mouth-watering pair, and with Stacey's face hovering above hers, the easy award for overall hotness.

Best friends? Lovers? Were their sisterly bonds enough that Stacey had told her about her experiment? What would she make of it?

The buzzing of his phone took him away from his ruminations. Before he even looked, he knew who it was and what it would say.

Well?????????

Yep. Called it.

Minor setback – just a little bit, babe, he answered.

The words *I can't wait!* just appeared on the screen before he tucked it back in his pocket.

"I like Martin Manning touching me in private. His touch turns me on. He can touch me anywhere, but if it feels bad I can tell him to stop. I want to be Martin Manning's good girl so I can come." Her dutiful chants earned her a smile on his way to his final bit of snooping. Best for last: the closet. It was expansive, wide enough that he and Stacey could lie down in it head to head and not have to bend their knees. The doors were so big they had to be split into segments and set on tracks to guide them around the edges of the interior. The modest-sized room seemed all the smaller for concealing it. It was filled to bursting.

The closet was neatly apportioned. Even a guy like Martin who had mostly lived out of his laundry basket (until he started dating Naomi) could see there was ample organization. There were no drawers, but some shelves along the left side held her socks and an obscene amount of underwear, some of which was even more obscene. Two racks of fall clothes. Two more for spring and summer, plus half of another split with sports bras and other workout attire. Another of outfits with the DAT logo on them – sweatshirts, t-shirts, the butt-adorned sweatpants any guy on campus would recognize, even two sets of bras and panties clipped to little hangers. D at left, T at right, the bases

of the A splitting either. Picturing it, he could imagine the lines of Stacey's separated cleavage taking care of the rest of that alpha.

The rest, even without seeing her in it, was all hotness. Over half the closet. Slinky dresses, tiny gym shorts, tight blouses, more halter tops than any five women needed. Rows of hangers clipped onto camisoles, garter belts, see-through underwear and underwear that didn't hide anything worth seeing. Stockings and leggings, mini skirts and micro mini skirts, tops without middles. A rack of shoes that were all heeled, seemingly sorted in order of how preposterously high the heels were. It was enough for her to go clubbing every night of every weekend for three months without having to do a bit of laundry.

Then there were the costumes.

Martin had seen Stacey dressed as a sexy kitten before on instagram. As a Playboy bunny, likewise. He'd beat off to that one (not by itself, admittedly, but along with a smattering of other campus hotties doing their Halloweenly duty) before he'd ever met Stacey. Those were both there. But now, there was an entire rack of that sort of slutwear.

Sexy devil. Sexy nun. Sexy cop. Sexy inmate. Sexy Dorothy. Sexy Witch. Sexy Cleopatra. Normal Catwoman. Sexy schoolgirl. Slutty schoolgirl. Skanky schoolgirl. Flat-out whorish schoolgirl.

And there, in the midst of it all, was the maid. The sexy, sexy maid.

"Stacey."

Her chant stopped mid-word. "Mm."

Easy questions first. "Do you like dressing sexy?"

"Mm. Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy."

Another. "Do you think costumes are sexy?"

Despite the closetful of evidence at his disposal, she shrugged. "Depends."

"On what?"

"Some costumes are *really* sexy. Others aren't. Dressed as Patrick from Spongebob one year in high school. Barely sexy at all. Only 'cause I'm hot."

He shook his head. "And so modest."

"Mm."

"Stacey, if I asked you to try on a sexy costume for me, without waking up from your trance, do you think you could?" He'd never really asked her to do more than shift around the couch – or those days in the chapel last week, the bench.

She responded more to the costume portion of the question than the potential for her to move about, but the omission instilled confidence. "Yes. Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will. When I look sexy, I want to be admired. I don't take offense at Martin Manning admiring my body."

"Do you mind changing in front of me?"

“No. I like that Martin Manning enjoys my body. Kinda.”

Kinda would do. “Good girl.”

“Mm.”

“Now I want you to stay in a trance, but open your eyes, all right?”

“Mm.” They fluttered open, but stared vacantly at the ceiling. Doll’s eyes, uncomprehending, looking but not seeing.

Martin held out the maid costume until it entered her field of vision. “Put this on for me, Stacey. I want to see you in it.”

“Mm.”

She rose slowly, but undressed quickly. Her pussy had been shaved since he’d seen it the day he made her come. No, when she bent over to peel off her socks, make that waxed. If it was for him, it was unnecessary, but sweet.

Then she got to work on her uniform. It was so much more... *maidly* than Naomi’s, resting currently in his backpack by the bedroom door. It wasn’t even the classical look, quite. It began with a thin black choker, a sight which, on her naked body, he immediately decided would be the way she waited for her master to come home to her if Naomi ever got her way. The black top fit like a corset; he helped guide her dazed fingers to the clasps. It squeezed her boobs upward, and the outfit had nothing more to fit over it. He realized belatedly that what he’d thought was a bottom was only part of the top. It had no skirt, only a few inches of lacey frills that stood out mostly vertically from her body. The stockings, black and sheer and exactly mid-thigh high, clipped underneath. Only then did she bother with the black silk panties. Like the corset, they were kissed with just a hint of lace yet didn’t dare to obscure any of the flesh where it was sewn on at the edges. Finally, in place of the traditional hat was a white bow, gleaming against her jet black hair.

Suddenly she almost pushed him aside. Of course – the shoes. Stacey found the proper pair in no time (though he’d wager half a dozen of those pairs of black heels would do as well). The few steps she took in them were the sexiest steps he’d ever seen a woman take, the steps of a woman so concerned with her sex appeal that she didn’t care at all that she could hardly move aside from the omnipresent jiggles through her acres of bared skin.

“You’re... That’s... I’ve never...” Martin collected himself. It wasn’t easy. This was the real thing. Naomi indulged the fetish, but goddamn, Stacey personified it. She simply stared past him, eyes somewhere near the collection of photos above her desk. “You’re the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

A thin smile. “Mm.”

“Can I touch you?”

She sucked in a deep breath, tits straining at the confines of her uniform, bulging enticingly. “Mm. Yes. Please.” His hand, however, froze not an inch from her uncovered ass.

“If you’re a good girl for me, and do what I say, I’ll touch you.”

“Mm.”

He handed her the feather duster she’d left clipped to the uniform’s hanger. Her hand barely closed around it enough to keep it from falling to the floor. “Clean.”

“Mm.” No resistance. The girl simply liked to keep things clean.

She began with the clothes she’d just removed, bending at the waist to scoop them off the floor. As those black panties sunk into her crack, Martin rewarded her with a massage on both cheeks. “Mmm.” She took her time in that position, folding the clothes before at last standing to deposit them in the hamper.

The room was already tidy. It was the residence of a tidy person. It was in an old building full of young people crammed into rooms too small to hold many objects needing sorting. Nevertheless, his casual fondling seemed to be adequate motivation to find something to clean. The haphazard stacks of study materials on her desk were arranged into neat piles by course as Martin teased the invisible patch of skin beneath her dress that demarcated the gap between corset and panties. As she adjusted and bundled her charging cables and lamp cord on her nightstand, he stood behind her, the bulge of his jeans pressed against her underwear while he softly caressed the exposed portion of her breasts. When she decided to reorganize the articles on her socks and underwear shelves, he ventured right down the neckline, his hand practically crushed against her breasts in the tight confines of the slutty maid top. “Mmm,” she responded, and no more.

Somewhere in the midst of the dusting, his dick emerged. Stacey noted it with a wrinkled nose, As she brushed her feathered wand back and forth across the window sill, he slipped it between her legs. Martin’s achingly hard cock rose up to press insistently against the thin band of black silk covering her slit, the lace tickling at him reassuringly.

“Is this OK, Stacey?”

“Feels weird. Don’t like dicks.” She didn’t move, though, nor did she stop dusting.

He gave a few thrusts, rubbing his head against her. “You’ve never had one do this, though, have you.”

“No.”

“Close your eyes, Stacey.”

They closed. “Mm.”

“Forget what’s touching you. It could be fingers – a man’s, a woman’s – or even a toy. It doesn’t matter. Ignore what it *is*, and tell me how it *feels*.”

“Hard.” *Well, duh*, he thought at her. “Hard to forget.” *Oh*. “Pussy feels good, though. Wish it was...” She shook her head. “Martin Manning can never learn why I’m doing this.”

He froze. Those words – he recognized that cadence, that sound of bored repetition. A mantra, and definitely not from him! Had she been adding her own? What the hell else was on it? And why couldn’t he learn, goddamnit! And what did she wish it was?! What lucky mother fucker’s name ended that sentence? And why?!

More talking from the hallway snapped him out of it. Here he was in the forbidden section of the legendary DAT house, his cock thrust into the hot, humid, heavenly thigh gap of Stacey goddamn Reeves, costumed as a slutty domestic servant for his amusement, who was at that moment pondering if maybe dicks weren’t so bad after all. And he was pissed off about why? Fuck it.

“So you like this?” he asked, giving it a few more thrusts.

She let him work it for a couple minutes, long enough that he wondered if she’d heard him. Lord, let her not wake up and panic. Her scream could end with dire consequences. But finally, as her idle feather duster trembled in her grip, she answered, “Mmm. Sorta weird. But feels good.”

He kept going. He couldn’t have stopped if her sisters were kicking down the door to stop him. “Even though it’s a man’s cock making you feel it?”

“Mm. I guess.”

“Do you want me to keep going?”

“Mm. Good girl. Wanna come. Being touched by him helps me come. Martin Manning makes me come so hard.” She sighed rapturously, and a piece of his cock achieved a state of permanent erection.

“You’re all right with me touching you with my cock. Say it.”

“If it helps me come,” she countered.

“No. You’re either all right with it, or you’re not. You obviously like it. Now say it. You’re all right with me touching you with my cock.”

Her hand *fidged* so hard that she nearly dropped the feather duster, but say it she did. He ordered ten repetitions for good measure.

“You enjoy having me touching your pussy.”

“If it helps me come?” she tried again in a smaller voice.

“Of course it will. Don’t complicate things. Say it, Stacey.”

“I enjoy having you touch my pussy.”

Again, he had her repeat it until he thought she could remember it.

“How do you feel right now, Stacey?”

She turned, carefully, only from the waist up. Stacey’s eyes slid open, and she kissed him full on the lips, tongue following hungrily. “Can I come now? You can make me come with your cock, if you want.”

He beat her to the punch.

(Aside: This ejaculation marked the first occasion in which a man had jizzed in that room in over thirteen years, a true testament to the rigors of both DAT tradition and their state of security. That man, Albert Wilkins, was in no small part an inspiration for those rigors, and was shortly thereafter convicted of breaking and entering, indecent exposure and public masturbation. He is scheduled for parole later this year, a true testament to the traditions and security of Rockwood Minimum Security Prison.)

“Oh shit. I just... I just came on your panties.”

“Mm. Keep going. So close.”

“Oh shit... Stacey, take your panties off.”

“Mm? No. Can't. I will not have sex with Martin Manning, even if I want to.”

He started. Again. What the shit? Martin snarled as he stuffed his gear back into his pants. Another mantra, and again, not his! Where were they coming from? She couldn't have someone else doing it. Could she? No, she had to be seizing his idea and actioning it herself. As they neared their goal, he was finally beginning to see the lengths she'd gone to in order to keep him in check. But right now, he had semen soaking into the panties of a girl who was certainly not on birth control, so there were bigger problems. Gravity was with him now, but he'd seen her pushing her underwear into her slit masturbating before.

“I'm not going to have sex with you. But I need you to take them off.”

She pressed her ass against his jeans. “No. Can't. Please?”

He rolled his eyes. “Stacey, you want to be my good girl, don't you?”

“Mm.”

“And a good girl is...?”

“Hot. Obedient. Slutty.”

“That's right. You're not being very obedient, and you're not being very slutty right now.”

She nodded. “So hot...”

“No. I mean, yes, you're so hot I can't believe the smoke detector's not going off. But you're not being obedient, or slutty.”

She frowned. “Super slutty. Dressed like a maid.”

“Fine!” He winced, waiting to see if anybody responded to a man's raised voice. Thankfully, none did. “But you're not being very obedient, and that's the quality I really need right now. Take your panties off, Stacey. I won't touch your pussy with my dick, I promise. You trust me, right?”

“I trust Martin Manning.”

“Now take them off, Stacey. Be my good girl.”

With a final hesitant grimace, Stacey fished around under the brief frilly skirt and found the hem of her panties, then down they went. Her heels pressed together, but a

thigh gap like that didn't close business for Christmas Day or a category 5 hurricane.
"There she is. Now hand them to me."

"Ew. Cummy."

"I'm aware." Unsure what else to do but certain he couldn't let Stacey find cum-spattered French maid panties in her laundry, he shoved them down the front of his pants. She was exactly right about them. He already couldn't wait to take a shower.

Fuck. Another jizz-sponsored crisis averted. And it was past time to avert another. Fishing it out of his backpack, Martin handed her the underwear that had come with Naomi's third-rate maid costume, stowed in his backpack for a day that had worked out very differently than he anticipated. The sorority's vice president donned these plain black cotton briefs with far less resistance than she'd removed the old. Still, a little resistance. That felt good. Juxtaposed against the solid black of her uniform, it was suddenly clear that Naomi's uniform was actually some kind of deep brown, a dark chocolate coloration that he'd not noticed on her. It tarnished the illusion somewhat, sadly.

"Now keep dusting the window sill. Good girl," he added when she resumed.

Meanwhile, he at last started the Zoom with Naomi. He muted her instantly, just in case, but she was using text like they agreed.

what happened?????

She squinted at her phone. *and where r u?????*

Martin texted back, just in case hypnotized Stacey could get curious if he talked to someone else. Standing, doing, she had to be more alert. *We had to reconvene at her sorority – bunch of plans went wrong. We don't have much time left, but U thought you might like a demonstration of what I managed. Ready?*

**I*

Her eyes popped excitedly. *wait ur IN her sorority right now?????*
omg!!!!!!!!!!

Martin disregarded her extensive overpunctuation and trained his camera on Stacey. He took a moment to pan, showing her from front, back and sides, displaying his prize. "Can you hear me?"

"Mm."

Yep! replied Naomi, whose answer he'd really been seeking with the query.

"What are you wearing, Stacey?"

"A sexy maid uniform," came the flat reply.

"Why are you wearing it?"

"You told me to. Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will."

"That's right. And where did I find this outfit?"

"In my closet."

"And why was it there?"

“Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy.”

He looked to Naomi, who was clapping her hands and giggling hysterically, silently, and gave a self-important nod.

“Why are you cleaning, Stacey?”

“Because you told me to. I want to be your good girl.”

“And a good girl is...?”

“Hot. Obedient. Slutty.”

“I can see you’re hot, but... are you obedient?”

“Yes. Usually. Hard sometimes.”

“But getting better, right?”

“Mm. I guess so. Yes.”

“Show me. Bend over and grab your ankles, Stacey.”

The feather duster forgotten, she complied, nearly bonking her head on the windowsill on the way down. There it was, Stacey’s perfect ass stuffed into Naomi’s cheap panties. Her tits threatened to slip out of the corset and make a run at her chin, but for now it held.

“What do you want right now, Stacey?”

“Mmm. To come. Make me come.”

“Say please.”

“Please!” she said instantly. “Please, I was so close before. Please let me finish. Please.”

How horny had she been, for how long, to fold so easily? Unable to resist at least a minor indulgence, he gave it a few thorough squeezes. Stacey squirmed, trying to guide him closer to her pussy.

“Please. Please help me come.”

“Oh, I will,” he answered, more authority in his voice than usual. He had a girlfriend to impress, after all. “Eventually. But not today. Now change out of this outfit, hang it up where it was, and lie down on the bed.”

“But...” She sighed. “Good girl.” The new maid of DAT house stood upright and shuffled glumly in teensy, tottering steps toward her closet.

She already had it set out! That’s how good things are working! he half-lied. Not for the first time he wondered if they’d have to break up when Stacey didn’t ultimately become his sex slave.

Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeb! thats SO fucking hot – ima wait for u at the door with my fucking mouth open! She demonstrated, extending her tongue for a moment, laughing exultantly.

I don’t know when I’ll be home. Getting in/out of here isn’t easy, might have to do our evening session here. Once it’s done though, I can’t wait to see you! he replied. Ah, nothing said “I can’t wait” like “it’ll be six to eight hours, whenever I’m done here.”

*OK. Good luck, and make her beg some more! it's a good look on her *kiss face**

Martin smiled, blew a kiss back, and ended the call. For the next four and a half hours, Martin was the big spoon while he and Stacey lay together in her bed watching porn stars pretend to hypnotize one another and fuck like champions. She hardly said a word, and more than once he could feel her rocking softly like a proper little spoon.

They had until dinner time, she told him, when she'd have another distraction to sneak him back out. For now, they split her ear buds and tried not to let her go over the edge.

"We're going to make it," he told her before beginning the day's second session.

Stacey smiled, a smile that didn't falter as her eyes slid closed and the induction began.

Elsewhere, Naomi was thrilled to see Stacey was breaking so thoroughly. If it was an act, it was still a hell of an act. While her boyfriend crept toward the precipice of fucking that black-haired cunt, she viewed and reviewed her screenshots from the Zoom call, pondering how best to use them.

Those had been *her* panties, Naomi was sure of it. They'd been bought on a budget, and they looked it. She knew that. That sneaky fucking sorostitute had needed a panty change for a reason, and she'd bet anything it had something to do with Martin's delay in calling her. She swiped to the next slide, an unmistakable shot of Stacey's face over Stacey's body, crammed into that hot little uniform. The bitch thought she could manipulate *her* man like that? Well, Naomi might have dropped out of college, but she could still teach that cunt a thing or two.

Chapter Eight

“I am Martin Manning’s good girl.”

A strong beginning. If there were no more to it, and their experiment went not one iota further, he would call it a rousing success simply to hear her say those words. They weren’t mere words, after all, because

“A good girl is hot, slutty, and obedient.”

These words had been rattling around her subconscious for more than a month now. What would that be like, to have ideas antithetical to one’s conscious thoughts imposed on oneself in that way? Martin tried to imagine it. What if suddenly his favorite color became... orange, or something? What would it feel like betraying a decade and a half of enthusiastic (if often non-practicing) heterosexuality? To crave pickles? The hotness, at least, was surely no stranger to her mindset. Slutty, perhaps not, though now that the floodgates of her libido had opened, he was still trying to accept that Stacey Reeves seemed to carry around more lust in her loins than he had as a fifteen-year-old. Obedient? That would be a hard sell, except

“I like masturbating in front of Martin Manning. I like when Martin Manning touches me while I masturbate. In private he can touch me anywhere. I like cuddling with Martin Manning. Being naked with Martin Manning is exciting. Martin Manning can touch my breasts. Martin Manning can touch my ass. Martin Manning can touch my pussy.”

It had only been back around mid-terms when he’d been shocked to see her come to his apartment in a bikini. Tonight, prompted by a simple text request, she’d arrived in the sequined thong he’d spotted in her closet Monday and four pieces of electrical tape slapped in two X’s over her nipples. Then he’d idly asked if her nipples were hard beneath them and she’d peeled them off. They were. Then he’d sucked on them until they were fit to chisel marble. Adhesive residue or no, slurping on those tits was divine, a marvelous side effect of

“I enjoy kissing Martin Manning. Martin Manning can put his mouth on me. Martin Manning can lick me. Being licked helps me come.”

She was the one who’d first kissed him, in fact, but like so much of it, once she’d done it a first time, there was little stopping her. She’d only once kissed him out of trance. They’d been watching porn after a recent session, her seated on his lap with one hand resting on her thigh and the other rubbing her ass, teasing down the crack, around the back door, creeping towards her slit. As the step-daughter eagerly jacked her step-dad off onto her extended tongue, she hit her limit and sucked on his tongue the whole time she rode out the aftershocks. She liked to kiss while she came, she said, something he had tested further in their only subsequent session since. Their sessions

now consisted almost entirely of him sneaking in hypnotic conditioning while the two of them pleased her. Her, and

“It’s OK for Martin Manning to be naked around me. I like it when Martin Manning’s cock is hard around me because it means he’s enjoying it. It’s important to me that Martin Manning enjoys our time together. It’s OK if Martin Manning masturbates in front of me. It’s only fair. I can accept his cock touching me.”

That term, “accept,” had been the most contentious portion of the session by far. With only days to get her to want it inside her, there could be no settling for “endure,” or “tolerate,” or “abstain from throwing up” (as she was more willing to permit). The closer she came to that next orgasm she was forever chasing, however, the more she chose to accept it. Of course, there was still quite a leap between a bit of dry humping and actual sex. Which was why

“I will use my dildo whenever I get horny. A dildo is shaped like a cock. Something shaped like a cock feels good inside me.”

A trip to the Lover’s Lane store near campus with Naomi had resulted in that find. Her idea, actually, as she grilled him about how he thought he’d get a lesbian cunt acclimated to man-cock. (Her words.) The saleswoman had recommended it as a “starter toy,” a modest royal blue number, smooth plastic down to the base, where the batteries and vibration toggle were housed. His girlfriend gave his cock a thorough caress and assured him she was way beyond starters. He’d hemmed and hawed and insisted that he never expected to get anywhere near the point of using it, but the prospect of simply shoving it down the Wilde child’s throat while she resisted him was fine with his girlfriend, too. Even in a trance, Stacey hadn’t been willing to let him use it on her, but once she conceded that it cost her nothing, compromised by using it on herself.

There was no mess, nothing to suggest a ruptured virginal hymen. This didn’t really mean anything – she might have used one before, or had a girlfriend break her in with fingers or a strapon, or any number of common and mundane reasons that were less sexy to imagine. It was one more empty clue that did nothing to fill in the mystery of this woman. It was a hell of a show, though. Stacey took to her new toy like a newborn tortoise to the sea.

(Editor’s note: Apologies are likely due for the use of a nontraditional simile. Whereas “like a duck to water” is the more commonly accepted expression, the deployment of an animal with a corkscrew-shaped penis as a term of reference for a dildo might have been triggering for some readers. Or if not, likely after the provision of this more explicit rationale and any mental images it might induce. Go back to those baby tortoises. There, that’s better, isn’t it?)

Only after he permitted Stacey to climax, squeaking out a muted cry of bliss as she came all over the chapel bench, did he solicit the admissions necessary for the

mantra. In a trance, Stacey was less concerned with the phallic shape of her source of pleasure and more with the pleasure itself. It may or may not wind up being enough to get her craving his shaft in time, but Naomi's suggestion had been solid. Impish tendency to meddle aside, it really was a marvel how supportive she was about this whole thing.

Time was a factor. Finally, they'd had a talk about the deadline. Saturday, the day after finals. For once, she'd even been willing to indulge questions about her mad scheme, sort of. Looking at him like he was an idiot, she explained that she was headed home for the summer once the semester was over. Stacey had been given to understand, and he confirmed, that three months without reinforcement would piss away most or all of their progress, and she didn't have any desire to make being hypnotized into fucking him a two-year part-time job. Simple as that. So he had only this final, closing window in order to

"I will repeat these words whenever I am awake, alone, and not studying. I will not get bored of repeating these words. I am Martin Manning's good girl."

“Wait, Saturday? Like, a week from yesterday Saturday?”

“Ayep. There’s even going to be another one seven days after that, I read.”

Naomi dipped a finger into her beer and flicked the clinging liquid at his face.

“Don’t be a dick. But seriously, that’s it? That seems so soon! And she waited until the week before to tell you?”

The couple sitting at the next table over was in the bathroom, so he took the liberty of swiping their napkins and wiped off the splash. “I always knew it was end of the semester. I didn’t know if that meant the close of dead week or the end of her last final or what, but I told you it was gonna be around now. Now we just have a hard date is all.”

“She’s jerking you around again, babe! I thought she was supposed to be at your beck and call by now?”

(*Editor’s note:* Naomi actually stated her belief that Stacey by then ought to be at Martin’s *beckon call*. This mistake is both commonplace and understandable, coupling fetchingly with her mental image of her boyfriend crooking a finger and having the dark-haired vixen crawl to him. Nevertheless, her mistake has been rectified in the translation to preserve the character’s dignity.)

“Yeah, me too. I don’t know what to tell you, babe. I think we just stumbled across a couple kinks, the cosplay thing and all. We’re coming down to the wire, and I really don’t see it happening.”

“But on the Zoom in her room...!”

Martin grimaced. To her, it seemed as if he were grimacing with regret at an impending failure. In reality, it was at the heaps of poorly crafted lies he had fed his girlfriend. If she knew a tenth of what he and Stacey had been doing in their recent sessions, that waitress would be mopping up what was left of him. As far as she knew, Stacey let him do his induction, chanted, and dressed up hot for him. Her suggestion of the maid outfit was to her understanding the raciest thing which had thus far transpired between them. She was quite proud of it, actually.

During their rare morning session earlier in the day, he’d personally removed every stitch of Stacey’s clothing, put her under, and fingered her to orgasm while he jerked off beside her. (It had taken some coordination.)

All he wanted was to stall her for another six days. Then Stacey would be gone, the experiment would be over, and this weird wrinkle in their relationship would smooth itself out. “I know. I haven’t been able to make that happen again since. I... You know, I didn’t want to say anything because I know you have your hopes really high about this...”

Naomi slurped a beer foam mustache off her upper lip, frowning. Too much time around Stacey sometimes made him forget how adorable she could be. “What?”

“Between you and me, I’m starting to wonder if I ever really hypnotized her at all.”

“What? What do you mean?”

“Like, what if she was faking this whole time?”

The Sunday before finals, they practically had the bar to themselves. There was only one waitress working, an incongruously chipper woman around her age who bounced between the handful of occupied tables chatting with egregious friendliness. Naomi made hard eye contact as she approached; the woman stopped in her tracks and made for a different group.

“Faking? You think she would *fake* spending hours and hours and hours *pretending* to be hypnotized...?”

“You did.”

“But I told you I was. That was the deal. You *paid* me. Why would she? For what, a practical joke?”

“I don’t think I was ever on her radar for something like that. But who knows? Maybe she saw us doing a show somewhere once and thought it’d be funny to do a little bullying. Or heck, you never know if I flunked one of her sorority sisters and it’s... I dunno. That’s far-fetched. Or maybe it started with something like that, to lull me into thinking I was doing it so she could embarrass me somehow, but she changed it up?”

“No way, beeb. That’d be the most elaborate prank in history. And what’s the punchline? She shows up at your pad next Sunday and goes, ‘baha, jokes on you, I was only pretending to beg you to get me off, chump!’”

A fair point. “Yeah, that’s a fair point. Maybe it’s an exhibitionism thing, like she gets to dress up and act slutty but pass it off as a hypnotic suggestion. A girl like her, popular, well-off, connected... it’s probably hard for her to let that part of her get any stage time. And maybe that’s what was with all the security! The cameras, the gun—”

She sprayed beer across the table. “Gun?! What gun?!”

He waved it off, wiped it off. “Long time ago. Yeah, that makes sense! So she could let her freak flag fly, but have me too scared to take advantage. Then I built up trust, she let her guard down, and we got that whole wild French maid show!”

Naomi shook her head disbelievingly – but at Stacey, not Martin. “I cannot believe that bitch! We can’t let her get away with this. Wasting your time, screwing around with you like that – and flirting that hard with another woman’s boyfriend?! She has to go *down*!”

He shook his head. Too far. Why couldn’t she just not be interested in this? All that time as his assistant she’d shown not the least bit of interest in hypnotism, and now it was all she could talk about. “Let’s not jump to conclusions. We don’t *know* she’s faking. Let’s give it the week, see what comes of it, and then we’ll have all summer to decide if or how to pay her back, yeah?”

She scowled. Impatience was one of her vices. Before they were dating, she'd arrived late to a show one time, explaining afterwards that she'd been pulled over by some jerk cop because she didn't slow down for a blinking red. Good old-fashioned busty blonde hotness had gotten her out of a ticket, but she'd still been indignant even after he explained that blinking red meant stop.

"Yeah, maybe. But you better keep trying, yeah? I'd rather see her on her knees sucking your dick than on her back after I punch her stupid hot face in."

He smiled. "Same, babe. And not just 'cause of the obvious reason."

She rolled her eyes and finger-splashed him again, and asked about if he felt ready for his exams. There, he didn't need to lie.

One more week, he thought.

One more week, she thought.

“That thing pokes my ass any harder and it’s going to start stabbing through your boxers. He’s trying to make wanting to fuck you into the actual thing, the little cheater.” Stacey laughed and squirmed so his erection was poking into her leg, not her pussy.

He turned down the volume on his tablet so they could talk over the porn star on the screen repeating the off-screen voice’s brainwashing that she was a mindless cum slut. “Can’t blame him for trying, hot piece of ass like that falling onto his lap.”

“Uh, I can blame him, and I do. No sex. You know the rule.”

Rule, singular, where once had been an array of them, both spoken and unspoken. No ogling; no coming within arm’s reach while she’s under; no recording her; no disrespectful comments; no telling her what to wear or what not to wear; no touching; no making out with her while she was naked on his lap as they watched hypno-porn when she ought to be home studying for her C322 exam the next day, her last one for the year.

There was one rule now: no fucking. The one thing he hadn’t yet been able to make her want.

“Yikes, your stubble really feels shitty on my tits. You gotta shave that shit if you wanna suck on them,” she griped in response to the indicated stimulus.

Two rules. No fucking, and he gotta shave that shit if he wanna suck on her tits.

That was about the way of it. Stacey was a pragmatic woman, he’d finally accepted. She didn’t waste time pretending she didn’t enjoy things she obviously enjoyed. Her conscious mind didn’t relish them the way her subconscious did, but that was to be expected. Pretty much everybody had stuff they would get off to if their subconscious were at the helm. The difference between pretty much everybody and Stacey Reeves, however, was that she didn’t ignore her subconscious once it surfaced.

There was no sulking over her transformation. She was a flesh and blood woman with a sex drive that suggested she might be the love child of Blanche Devereaux and Leisure Suit Larry. There was no point to pretending she didn’t want a guy to suck on her tits when he’d just seen her pant and moan and clutch his face to them while she played with herself. Plus the honesty he’d hammered into her brain with those early mantras probably helped force her to own it, a happy coincidence of his original intent.

The woman on the screen seemed well and truly convinced that she was a weak, easy, obedient sex slave and she loved to suck her master’s cock, and so the sex scene began. It was one of the rifts in their porn preferences; the induction and setup were his bread and butter, but Stacey simply liked to watch people fuck. She preferred the lesbian videos, and they accounted for a good three quarters of her own selections, but she didn’t let a triviality like a nine-inch dick in a porn star’s vagina put her off her appetite.

Martin gently scooted her off her lap and asked her to lie down. “Aw man, we can’t even finish first?”

“No we can finish. Just lie down, OK?”

Stacey complied. She was his good girl, after all. “I told you, it’s weird when you stand over me and watch me masturbate. If you wanna see me play, at least sit down or something. It’s like the mansplaining equivalent of voyeurism.”

Martin acquiesced, kneeling down beside her. She tried to hold the tablet where he could see it, but he shook his head. “I got the best porn I could want right here, babe.”

The two each frowned at his slip in concert. “Please don’t call me babe. Gross.” *Best porn* was apparently fine, but terms of endearment? Bah. For Martin’s part, he felt guiltier over that word than anything else they were doing. Their whole relationship was about sex. Affection wasn’t any part of it.

He mumbled an apology and started playing with her inner thighs. She always liked that. If Naomi knew about how much better Stacey had conditioned him to be at foreplay, she’d be writing the woman a thank you card. Stacey’s free hand migrated down between her legs, where he was treated to the increasingly familiar sight of her spread out on his sofa playing with herself as casually as if she were alone in her own home.

He gave her a few minutes, long enough that she was taking her usual clit break and slipping a couple fingers in, and took hold of her hand.

“What are you doing?” she said, half-sitting up suddenly.

At a pressure from his grip, her hand resumed slipping in and out of herself. *Shlick, shlick, shlick*. “Nothing you weren’t doing already.”

Her nose wrinkled, but when he did no more than guide her own masturbation, she let it slide. The tablet speaker sounded a gasp for air, and the breathy words of the actress, “I am a weak, easy, obedient sex slave, and I love to suck my master’s cock.” Gurgly noises resumed, and Stacey relaxed.

As the on-screen blowjob dragged on, eventually Martin pulled her middle finger to her palm, and replaced it with his index finger. Their digits thrust in and out of her hot wet sex in unison. By the time the actress had moved on from blowjobs to the main course – “I am a walking cum receptacle, and I love it when my master comes in my cunt” – he’d taken over entirely. She put her slimy hand to pawing at her breasts as he penetrated her.

Then he got out the vibrator.

He wasn’t subtle about it or anything. It had been stored under the couch until this moment to conceal it from Naomi. After their first stop early last week, he’d made a return trip to the dildo emporium, this time selecting one according to thorough market research and lengthy biometric analysis. She laughed delightedly when the tip of the buzzing black phallus made gentle contact with her clit.

“You’re going to spoil me, Mesmer. My–” She caught herself short of the word, but the tone told him where that had been headed. *Just say “my girlfriend” already!*

Say Sherri's fucking name, he thought. "Do I get to keep this one, too? I'm gonna get a reputation."

"As my good girl?"

The delight in her voice died and became a breathy whimper of lust. If what she'd told him was true, and he believed her, she'd been saying her newest mantra as a study break, a half hour for every hour studying, plus an hour when she first woke up and another before she came over for the night's session. He'd done the math on her way to his house that evening. That meant she'd said those words to herself easily two hundred times that day, probably more – and it had been her busiest day of finals week. This final mantra had been added to over the past few days, but he had no doubt the foundational portions of it had been repeated literally thousands of times by then.

The speed with which his mind raced through calculations would have made Martin's stats professor proud.

(Original mantra – additions) * (Saturday + Sunday as almost uninterrupted study) – (time spent on their sessions) x (the preposterous amount of repetitions he had demanded of her) = (holy shit, that has to be over 1000.0 utterances of "I am Martin Manning's good girl")

He slid the vibrator inside her. Her legs spread even wider, which he took as an invite. There she was, wet and glistening and all too willing. He leaned down and extended his tongue. "That stubble... seriously..."

She made it no further. As his tongue made contact with Stacey's clit, grievances faded out of her along with any thought of impropriety or resistance. He'd tasted it before – had been commanded to taste it before – but this was the first time conscious. She'd said the words so many times now: *Martin Manning can lick me. Being licked helps me come*. Her pussy had been ready for the possibility. Craved it. He decided immediately that conscious cunt tasted even better than the subconscious. The subconscious had been delectable.

He offered his free hand toward her mouth as he felt her first orgasm approach, and she sucked his fingers, still slick with her juices, into her mouth hungrily, licking them clean as the pleasure rippled through her naked body.

The buzzing ebbing and flowing from her pussy came to a sudden halt. "Oh frick, did the battery die? I have the other one in my purse, if you–"

"It's fine. That was me."

"Yeah?" She was more interested in her nerve endings than his reasons, but it *had* felt better vibrating and the woman wanted at least some explanation. She didn't receive it. He simply licked, and pumped, and she soon forgot there had ever been anything else, slender hips writhing in time with his play.

Then he stopped licking.

“Wore out your tongue, huh?” she asked, grinning at him over the peaks of her tits. “I get that sometimes. Maybe one of these years I’ll hypnotize you to be a lesbian and we can get your tongue trained up to snuff.”

“I could keep going.” As carefully as he could, he crawled down the length of the sofa. When he was at the limit of where he could continue to comfortably operate the dildo, he resumed doing so, bending down to suck on her nipples one by one.

“Mmmm, might not take a whole year with you,” she half-moaned, half-whispered.

His kisses glided up her body, not quite letting her suck his tongue into her mouth (remembering how she liked to be kissed while she came, and vice versa). He proceeded until his lips met an ear. Her earlobes had always been sensitive. When Martin had learned how sensitive, he wished he’d found out sooner. Their video was long over, the tablet discarded and wedged between her hip and the couch cushions, gradually sinking in.

(*Editor’s note:* It was during this portion of the evening that her tablet acquired the slew of viruses that ultimately required its replacement, her sweaty hip fooling the touch interface into believing that she was interested in hooking up with hot horny milfs in her area. In point of fact, she was not interested in hooking up with hot horny milfs in that or any area. At that moment, she was very much content to be hooking up with the man sucking her ear, massaging her breast, and toying her toward the brink of yet another delicious orgasm.)

Her body began to tremble. Her skin flushed. Her jaw opened wider, breath sucked in harder. It was coming.

Right into her ear, the hypnotist whispered, “This new dildo is special, Stacey. My good, good girl. Do you want to know why?” When she didn’t answer, he stopped working it. Stacey Reeves was a woman whose body was well-trained to halt on the precipice of release; if he kept going, she would come.

“Wh-why?” she panted.

“It’s the same size and shape as my cock. The same length, same girth, everything.”

“Oh *god*...”

He resumed, and her body picked up only seconds behind where it had left off. “So what you’re feeling right now? It’s exactly what you’d be feeling if you decided to have sex with me. If you like this, if you come from this, that’s your body telling you it wants to fuck me. Do you understand, Stacey?”

“You... you’re such a fucking... fucker... fuck...” Her head lolled listlessly, but he brought her ear back to him and held it in place.

“I’ve sucked your tits. I’ve licked your ass. I’ve tweaked your nipples and French kissed you and touched every inch of your skin and I’ve eaten out your pussy. I’ve gotten you off almost every way there is.”

“One more... don’t stop...”

“And now, I’m making you come by fucking you with a cock that is in every way like my cock. And you love it like you loved all those other times. And there’s no hypnosis to hide behind any more. There’s just me. My cock. My pussy.” He gave it a little twist. “And my good girl.”

“SONOFABITCH!” she shrieked as her orgasm overwhelmed her. It only sounded somewhat angry. Objectively, Martin could see it was not the hardest she’d ever come. That would have been a nice touch, but second orgasms were hardly ever as potent as the first, and it may well be that Stacey simply got off better from other activities. Nevertheless, it was far from the weakest he’d seen, and that fact included that her conscious orgasms seldom rivaled her tranced ones.

Stacey pulled his mouth to hers as he kept working his doppelcock, fingers seizing his hair almost painfully and preventing him from getting away. Stacey kissed him until he wondered how she could even breathe, but then he remembered noses, and that he had one, and then they could keep kissing as long as they wanted.

Some minutes later, the two of them sat on either end of the sofa from one another. Stacey was still naked, knees curled up to her chest still coated in a sheen of sweat, though Martin still wore his boxers over an erection he wasn’t sure would ever go away. Naomi was out with friends that night, giving him the evening to do some last-minute TA stuff and prep for his own exams. He might have to stop over at her place and surprise her. A hard-on like this couldn’t be tamed by mere masturbation.

“You really planned that out, huh. The whole sleeper dildo waiting under the couch for the right moment and everything. How did you even know I’d let you use it?”

Martin scoffed. “For one, you’ve got to be the horniest person I’ve ever met in my life. And for two, I guess I didn’t know. But if you wouldn’t, then that probably would have been the answer to your experiment.”

“Well it was good. Smart. You know, your girlfriend might be one of the lucky ones, Mesmer. You might not be the hottest dude on the block, but you’ve got a fucking tongue on you.”

“Thanks...?” He didn’t ask whether she meant his rhetorical skills as a hypnotist or the way his tongue licked her bean.

“Pff. Greets me at the door telling me my titties look fuckable – I don’t say boo. But remind him he’s not... shit, who do straight girls like? Who’s that guy from *Cobra Kai*? The blonde guy’s kid?”

“I know who you mean.”

“Yeah, him. Anyway, you’re not him, and it’s fine. You just made a DAT girl come like a cannonball and you want to get pouty? Get outta here with that weak sauce.”

He chuckled. “I guess I did, huh.”

“C’mon, you still look sad. You did good tonight. I’m... I still need to think about what this means for the experiment, but you did better than anybody could. You should feel proud.”

“No, I do. I mean I am. Really. I’m good.”

She twisted her head, leaning in with concern. “Talk at me, Mesmer. Is this because you cheated on your girlfriend? Naomi, right?”

“I didn’t cheat on her,” he declared adamantly. Just because he’d lied to her about having another woman over, one his girlfriend was incredibly jealous of, and then watched porn with her and fingered her and ate her out and made her come on a dildo proportioned to his cock while he whispered all sexy-like in her ear... it wasn’t *technically* cheating.

“OK, then what?”

“No, it’s just... that was really, *really* hot back there. I know you know you’re hot, but I don’t know if you appreciate the effect a scene like that can have on a guy.”

“Aw, aren’t you a sweet—” Her banal deflection stopped as she caught his meaning. “Oh right...! You didn’t... yeah. You didn’t. Oh.”

“Hey, for what it’s worth, you almost got me there without even touching it.”

“It can do that? God, how do you live with those fricking things.” Her lips pursed. “You know, if you wanna... you know, whip it out, take care of business... It’s only fair. I can, you know, let you look, if it helps.”

“Yeah, because staring at someone while you beat off isn’t creepy or anything.”

“When did that ever stop you? What – I’m kidding, sheesh. Go on, I’ll do something cute. Strike a pose or something. C’mon, you want frontsies or backsies?”

“It’s OK, Stacey. It’s enough to know you’d let me if I wanted to. Remember yesterday?”

Yesterday, they had watched porn side by side and played with themselves. Nothing touched but their legs from the knee down, but still, neither had found the other’s presence the least bit disruptive to their pursuits.

“Oh yeah, right.”

“So... yeah. I’ll take care of it after you head out.”

“Oh. Sure.” Her frown deepened as the awkwardness intensified. “You know, I could...” She made a frightfully vigorous jacking off motion. “If you want. Not like you haven’t done as much for me.”

“It’s not transactional, Stacey. I wasn’t collecting favors or anything. Really. I’ll be fine.”

She whined. “I feel like it’s my fault.”

“Of course it’s your fault. Are you kidding me? Look how insanely hot you are. That said, guys who guilt girls into doing sexual favors for them because of bullshit like blue balls can suck a dick.”

“You’re not guiltin’ me – or I mean, I feel guilty, but only because you were so good to me and now you’re... you know, high and dry.”

“If you wanna get it wet, you’re welcome to.” It didn’t feel good, the effort involved to make certain the comment came across as jest, but he made it nonetheless.

For once, she was fidgeting while fully in control of herself. “I... I mean, shit, I guess I could... you know. Suck it. Or whatever.”

Martin arched a brow across the couch. “You don’t mean that.”

“No, I... Look, whatever. Girls give blowjobs sometimes. If I’m gonna think about being selectively hetero, maybe that’s what I need is to take the whole ride.”

“You... you probably shouldn’t...”

Stacey slid down off the couch and walked over to him on her knees. He could only watch and arch his hips as she gingerly took hold of his boxers and lowered them to his ankles. Martin’s cock emerged, an angry tower of red masculinity. Stacey stared at it contemplatively. He could see her weighing the decision, grappling with her desires and her conscience and her future, all in one bite-sized morsel.

(Editor’s note: Again, apologies.)

At last, resolve was mustered. Eyes on her prize, Stacey’s tongue slipped forth, mouth opened wide as she leaned forward to engulf him. He could already imagine how her tongue would feel once she closed the distance. Six inches. Four. So pink. Two. One. Glistening. Half.

Teeth gritted, Martin stopped her. A gentle pressure on her forehead that triggered a look of commingled aggravation, offense, and relief. Her tongue snaked forward to close the distance, but he sat up and held her at literal arm’s length.

“What? What’s your problem?” she snapped. She batted his hand away and made a less delicate lunge, but this time he stopped her with a hand cupped over his shaft.

“I appreciate the gesture. I just... this isn’t what we worked towards. You came to me to make me make you want to fuck me. Believe me, amazing as the thought is, I’m not going to piss away whatever shot we have at making it by yoloing into some last minute exposure therapy.”

Her eyes narrowed with every word he sputtered. Head shaking, she replied with open incredulity. “You’re really not going to let me – *me* – suck your cock, because you’re worried it might stop me from wanting to, but not actually, fuck you.”

He sighed. “You’re right, I changed my mind.” His hips slid back towards her face, and she fell back squealing with alarm and laughter. He teased her with some mild advances but let her fend him off.

“You are something else, Mesmer,” she said once she was again dressed – in the next-to-nothing he’d let her wear that night – and seated.

“I’m something, all right. But hey, we’re near our time, and you have that final, so... priorities, right?”

She glanced at the time glowing on his microwave. “Yeah, priorities. My sister said this exam is brutal.”

“What? How would Kira...”

“Don’t talk about my fucking sister!” she snapped with more intensity than Martin could imagine ever summoning in defense of a sibling, particularly an absent one, particularly in response to no threat at all. “Sorry. My sorority sister, jackass. Sorry. I didn’t mean to snap.”

“No, it’s all right. Family. My bad – hasn’t come up in a while.”

She let out a slow breath. “It’s OK. Really. It’s just a sensitive subject.” She forced a thin smile. “She’d probably like you, actually. I mean, if you weren’t the exact age distance to a high school senior to officially be a creepy old man.”

“Fair. Though... why would she like me then, exactly...?” He asked delicately, and was relieved when his probing didn’t trigger a relapse.

“No, she’s... She’s got this hypnotherapist she sees. Hates it. Absolutely fucking hates it. But Dr. Rivers got Mom to quit smoking and drop like thirty pounds, so she makes her go.”

The vacation photo on that corkboard in Stacey’s bedroom depicting her mother and both daughters smiling on some boat somewhere had stuck in his mind. (Catching a snippet of *Stacey’s Mom* during a commercial a few days after had cemented it.) She was a mighty fine looking woman, filled out her swimsuit nearly as well as her daughters. Dr. Rivers did good work, it seemed.

“So she hates creepy old guys, hates hypnotists... you’re right, we’d be besties.” His curiosity was burning him alive over what sent his sister into hypnotherapy, but he wasn’t stupid enough to ask a question that could be that personal on a subject about which Stacey was that touchy.

“Just... whatever. It doesn’t matter.”

“OK, sure.” When the far-off look in her eyes didn’t fade after a moment, he went on. “I know there are areas I’m not allowed to ask questions about, and if this is one of them tell me to shut up, but... did you ever go into hypnotherapy? Before me, I mean. If you can call this that.”

After a long moment, her eyes darted back up to his. (How could it be that a naked Stacey Reeves was casually sitting on his living room floor, perfectly content to let him leer, and he was watching for her eyes?) “Me? Nah. Never really needed it, and my dad probably wouldn’t have let me anyway. I’m a daddy’s girl, and Kira’s my mom’s. I think he always... maybe not consciously, but deep down... worried Dr. Rivers was doing

something weird. Which for the record I totally think he's wrong – Mom is way too normal to be the recipient of this kind of brainwashing. But he's a simple guy. Hypnosis may as well be sorcery to my dad. Hell, you've been doing it to me for most of the school year and I still barely understand it."

"It's more art than science, oftentimes."

"Sure. Probably more so for the 'make me wanna fuck you' patients than the 'I have panic attacks when I have to go to social events' types."

Since she volunteered, he carefully asked, "Did it help? Dr. Rivers, I mean. We'll find out about your issues tomorrow, I guess."

"Eh, I think so. Kira doesn't like to talk about it, and we're not super close any more anyways. We still talk sometimes, but she's... I dunno. It's different."

"Oh. That, uh, sucks."

"Yeah. We used to be tight. But... eh, whatever." There was that look in her eyes again. "Anyway, yeah. My mom and my sister doing it is what made me think of giving it a try, so whether you loved this past year or you hated it, that's where credit's due."

"I'll get my thank you card slash death threats ready."

She smiled. "Anyway, I should shut up before I say too much."

"Right. You're my patient, not my friend. You don't pay me to listen to your life story."

"That's right, creeper." Her hands pushed off her knees, and she took to her feet. "I'll be in touch before I head home for the summer. You at least deserve to know whether... yeah. When I know."

"Yeah."

"Probably Saturday – if you're free? I'm going to lunch with my girlfriend's parents when they come to pick her up, and then leaving sometime after that, but I'll talk to you before I go."

"Sherri?"

She nodded, glancing at him like he was stupid for having to ask. "Yeah, her parents are that kind of douchey rich liberal who fly a rainbow flag in front of their suburban estate but clutch their pearls when it's their own daughter. Maybe I shouldn't hate. They're still trying to be OK with the lesbian thing, and I'm still trying to be OK with the being someone's girlfriend thing. We all got our issues."

As someone trying to be someone's boyfriend, Martin empathized. "Commitment isn't always easy."

Stacey quickly dressed, then let him walk her to the door with a hand on her ass. They moved to exchange a wet open-mouth kiss in unison. "Good luck on that exam."

She patted his aching bulge. "Yeah. You get that girlfriend over here and put her straight mouth to work on that before you pass out from blood deprivation."

"Will do."

(*Editor's note:* He did not.)

Chapter Nine

The halls of the Lakeview University chapter of Delta Alpha Theta were quieter that Saturday evening. Senior dedications and wills had happened a week before, and closing ceremonies the previous night. A handful of girls were cleared to remain for summer school, though their rooms were clustered on the floor below. The officers had dispensation to come and go at their leisure, though only the vice president had exercised that freedom.

The door to the vice presidential suite was closed and locked like every other room on the floor. Two suitcases sat on the bed, both full to the brim with clothes and personal effects, though they'd scarcely put a dent in the closet's contents. Books and notebooks, pens and pencils, odds and ends sat tucked neatly in drawers, under the bed, in the vacant spaces of the broad closet. The corkboard was a field of rectangles from where photos had blocked the sun since the new vice president took residence there last winter and filled it with pictures of her family, friends, sisters and lover. With one exception (a shot of the room's occupant and her former bunkmate silhouetted together against the Beta Theta Beta fall bonfire, their first "date" date), the pictures sat in an envelope in the desk drawer.

It was a tidy room, per its occupant's preferences. The room was poised to await her return in the fall. Everything was in its place.

Almost everything.

Every surface in the room lay bare, with but three exceptions. A lamp sat on the nightstand with a stained glass lampshade affecting the sky of *Starry Night*. Even that had been lifted so the dust beneath its legs could be wiped away. A matchbook sat on a shelf high above the desk, contraband even for house officers (though less so than the handgun recently moved into her suitcase). The matches had been concealed there three occupants back and were never discovered by her successors. And on the desk sat a bottle of tequila. Two bright pink spots graced the neck of the bottle on opposite sides. One was in the clear shape of a lip print; seeing that would prompt most observers to recognize the other as the same, only smudged horizontally to where it met the other. Its label, peeling slightly, read *Vagabundo de Medianoche* and was framed in decals of phases of the moon. It was not a fresh bottle, two thirds of its original contents long since drained, but the cap was on, and would remain so.

The bottle had its own story to tell. The occupant of the room, DAT house's vice president, already knew that story, though. Knew it so well she was almost tired of replaying it in her mind. Yet try as she might, she couldn't pry her eyes away.

It was a day earlier, the afternoon of the final days of finals week, finally. The sorority imposed twenty-four hour quiet hours the entire week of finals to promote studying, and only in the past hour had people finally begun to play music, socialize in the halls, and restore DAT life to DAT house. Stacey had no part in it; she already had enough noise inside her head that the ruckus outside was too much. Only then, there was a knock.

“Enter,” she said after a moment.

Bryleigh timidly leane around the door, only enough so her face could be seen. “Boss? There’s some girl downstairs, says she needs to talk to you about something.”

Stacey Reeves halted her packing to face the sister in the doorway of her bedroom. “About what?” As always, she’d made sure the right side of the closet was closed before granting permission to enter. Everyone, even Sherri, knew to knock before entering the VP suite. She remembered the words she’d used upon announcing it after some idiot pledge got herself drummed right out for being too friendly. *If your head’s on fire and the only extinguisher is in my room, then and only then do you have my permission – to knock* insistently. *But still knock.*

“I asked, but she wouldn’t say. Has kind of a creepy vibe if you ask me, all glary. Happy to show her the garden if you want.” Bryleigh’s impish grin was at her final chance to employ a choice bit of DAT jargon for the academic year. The origin was from before the girl’s time, the year Stacey had pledged. Some freshman reject who couldn’t take no for an answer had at last been invited to wait out back in the garden to have her “rebuttal” addressed; there, the remote activated sprinklers had been set on her. It was quite the slight in the digital age, all the classic thrill of bullying someone without looking at them while still imposing immediate physical consequences as in days of yore. It would have made DAT legacies proud.

“She have a name?”

“Naomi, she said. Kinda short, blonde, dressed on the dollar menu?” Bryleigh wrinkled her nose. Stacey tried to ignore the disdain. The Reeves weren’t a poor family by any means, but she knew most of her sisters came from a lot more money than she had. Still, she knew as well as they did that she smoked all but maybe one or two from her pledge class on curb appeal, and likewise on her academics. Bryleigh, on the other hand, was a portrait of wealth without even having to paint below the neck. Nose job, too perfect teeth, cold fusion hair extensions – and, Stacey noted pridefully, the reflection of a mediocre boob job in her oily fucking cheeks. Even so, the cost of it all wasn’t a jot on the donations her alumni parents were donating.

Still, Stacey thought, they could have sprung for some decent toner and moisturizer for their kid. She tried not to hate, but Bryleigh had taken Stacey’s old spot with Sherri when she’d been bumped up into the VP suite. It had been a whole big fight, Sherri wanting her to stay, Stacey not ready to out them to the whole house, and now it

was Bryleigh who got to sleep four feet above her every night. It wasn't the girl's fault, but Stacey hated her a little anyway.

So, Martin's girlfriend was here? What the hell could she want? Surely he hadn't been stupid enough to tell her what they'd actually been doing. The woman had to know something – or else be the biggest idiot to ever idiot their way out of Lakeview. Maybe Martin had an amazing alibi for why he needed his apartment to himself for a couple hours several nights a week, but it would be a rare woman who'd swallow that load.

(Not that Stacey knew anything about swallowing loads.)

(The sonofabitch had really turned her down? It was still hard to puzzle out.)

As for Naomi, while neither she nor her boyfriend would ever get the satisfaction of knowing, Stacey had looked into her. Tricky without a last name to get her started, but there were only so many Naomi's in the area. It was all right there on her social media. Interests: food, music, travel, movies. Former major: undeclared. Employers included Target, Sandy's Tanning Salon, and that pizzeria they'd closed Stacey's freshman year because some disgruntled employee had been shitting in the oven and the place could never recover from the revelation, a rare scoop by the student press at the Lakeview Storyteller. (Stacey presumed the unnamed employee was not Naomi.) Her hometown was even smaller than Stacey's, some rural nowhere that the girl had been lucky to escape even if it was just to work at a bigger Target than back home.

The research had all been to her satisfaction. Nothing the least bit threatening to her plans. Frankly, the woman had been an asset. Martin having something cute to bust his nut on kept him from growing emotionally attached to Stacey herself. They could charge one another up in their respective ways, and discharge (so to speak) on their respective girlfriends. It was an ideal arrangement. Why hadn't she arranged it herself?

But now she was here in Stacey's home, "all glary," the day before her big day with Martin. If it was that. Ugh, this was all so confusing. "Tell her I'll be down in a bit. Offer her something to drink, be DAT hostess."

"You got it, boss." Bryleigh made sure the door shut tight behind her.

It was twenty minutes before Stacey headed downstairs. Most of that time had been hair and makeup – nothing elaborate, but making sure hairs were in place, flaws concealed flawlessly. Overdoing it would have ruined the effect; Naomi would deduce in a hot second that Stacey had been upstairs hurriedly assembling her best look as an intimidation play, and there was nothing intimidating about a try-hard. No, Stacey would present her normal, gorgeous self, and let the sight of effortless perfection do the work for her.

Naomi was still in the lobby, not the lounge that Bryleigh had assuredly offered her. No drink, either. No one was watching her, though women were usually trusted on their own recognizance downstairs. DAT sisterhood might be exclusive, but it was less exclusive where their own sex was concerned. She was on her phone, browsing her insta

or something judging by the way her thumb was lazily scrolling, and looked bored. The moment she heard Stacey's heels on the oak stairs, though, that glare returned.

"Naomi, hi," she said, trying to act as though this were some strange but intriguing surprise. "Oh, I love your earrings."

A smile cracked the girl's façade for a mere fraction of a second, but it did crack. A compliment from a beautiful woman landed as well on a woman as a man. Disarming. "We need to talk," she said imperiously.

Stacey made her wait until she hit the bottom of the stairs. No sense starting this where anybody eavesdropping on the popular veep might overhear any of it. The walls had ears in a sorority house. "Sure. Why don't you follow me, and we'll talk somewhere private. All right?"

"Lead the way." Naomi gestured.

Once upon a time, the room off the basement meeting hall had been where DAT women had conducted their most secret activities. Financial planning and action for the house, of course; pledge selection and rankings, as well as officer inductions later in the year; rituals, such as last month's trial of loyalty to determine whether DAT house blessed Aurora's desire to accept her boyfriend's proposal; brutal, at times humiliating, hazing rites that had probably attracted a ghost or two to the quiet chamber. Most recently, it had been converted to a hydroponic garden so that Amelia could keep the sisters supplied with weed – something she'd proven quite bad at, actually. DAT house had needed to bring in a pest control team to solve the problem, which had cost them an arm and a leg for the team to do it in the middle of the night on a Wednesday so nobody else on Greek row saw them come and go. Now it was a big empty room with dim lighting and a long table, but most importantly, no reason for anyone to come in or even come by.

"Am I supposed to be scared or something, you bringing me into this creepy room?"

Stacey actually hadn't intended that, but it probably wasn't a bad thing. "No, I just wanted someplace private. So you'd feel more comfortable speaking freely."

"So you wouldn't have your little girlfriends overhearing, more like," Naomi countered. An accurate counter, annoyingly enough. "'Cause I bet they'd, like, totally for sure be supes excited to find out what you're hiding under that trenchcoat when you skulk out of here at night."

Stacey ignored the cliché sorority girl imitation. She'd heard more cutting from people who didn't even hate her. "I don't know what you want to talk about, so I'm not sure whether that's even necessary. Why don't you start with what it is you're doing in my house?"

“You know damn well what I’m doing here.” Two hands planted themselves on admittedly sumptuous hips. The girl was at least a little bit hotter than Stacey cared to admit. Certainly more than she would ever acknowledge. “You and Martin.”

“What about me and Martin?”

“Don’t play innocent. I know exactly what you two are up to.”

“Oh?” Stacey’s face was a case study in gaslighting.

“Yeah, ‘oh.’ Your fucked up little experiment? Hypnotizing you into being straight? Or bi, or whatever. ‘Wanting to fuck him,’ he said. But yeah. He told me. ‘Oh.’”

“And?” Stacey gestured for her to get on with it, as if none of that were out of the ordinary. Growing up, she remembered watching *The 300* with her dad, one of his favorite movies. *Give them nothing, take from them everything* had become one of her life mottos. It lay buried right down there with all of the girl’s boyfriend’s kinky little mantras.

“And? And, now that he’s done what you asked, I know you’ve been using him as your personal practice dummy. Don’t even try to deny it, bitch.”

“OK. So?”

Obviously the girl hadn’t counted on Stacey caring so little about her little tantrum. It took her a moment to find words. “So, he’s my fucking boyfriend, you slut! I don’t know how you lezzies do it. Maybe you swap back and forth or something. I don’t. You crossed a big, dark, scary fucking line when you touched my man, and now, you got me to deal with.”

Right, that was why she hadn’t pushed him to get a girlfriend. She knew there’d been a reason.

Stacey answered, bored. “So you want to fight me or something, is that it? Pull my hair out, spit in my face, that kinda thing? Because I’ll tell you, he’s not worth it to me. If he was going to tell you anything,” something Stacey’s expression clearly conveyed that none of her business would ever be Naomi’s, “he ought to have included that he had until today to get the job done. So he and I are done. He’s all yours.”

This was a lie. An enormous lie. Still, it might stall her, give Stacey the summer to break them up and clear the needed space. Unfortunately, her lie missed Naomi’s real objective. “Fight you? Why, so you can scream and have your ‘sisters’ run down here gang up on me? I’m not stupid, you know.”

“Then what do you want?”

“How about an apology, for starters?”

That one caught her by surprise, and she couldn’t hold in her laugh. “Apologize? To you? Might I refer you to the legal precedent of *Finders v. Keepers*, in which the Supreme Court roundly ruled that I got there first.”

Naomi gathered herself up, stepped up so close that Stacey thought she might get her hair pulled after all. “Girls like you... you don’t even know. You never think about

regular people. You're so up your own ass, you know? Just because you're rich, and hot, and clever, and everybody kisses your ass all the time, you don't even think about what it feels like to be other people."

Stacey twisted her head, including just enough of a lean forward so that the girl wouldn't miss that Stacey was literally looking down on her. "So tell me then, how it feels to be... other people."

The girl's head shook slowly. "Have you ever had a guy – girl, whatever – cheat on you?"

"No."

"Always the cheater, never the cheatee, yeah? Well it fucking sucks, OK? You have no idea what it feels like knowing that whenever I'm with him, he could be thinking of you. When his eyes close, wondering if he's imagining that's *your* mouth on him. When he rushes me at the door, not knowing if it's because he's hot for me or because you warmed him up."

"Sounds dreadful."

Stacey's disregard intensified the girl's tightly leashed rage. "Before you came along, that guy fucking *worshipped* me! Do you know the lengths he went to, trying to get me to be in his creepy little act? To stay in it? To let him practice his stuff on me? I've had roommates who paid a lower share of my rent!"

"Wow. You sound like the best girlfriend money can buy."

Stacey actually heard a knuckle cracking as it balled into a fist and wondered if she were pushing too hard. Would anybody actually hear her scream down here? Probably not. "Yeah, ha ha, right? One of us nobodies got her heart broken by her creep boss. Must be real funny to a bitch like you."

Despair, self-pity. Good. Those weren't dangerous. If she reported to Martin's tomorrow covered in fresh bruises and scratches, it would not play well. If she wanted to play. Did she? This was all so insane!

Meanwhile Stacey examined the nails on her left hand, all disinterest. "You know, the first time I ever talked to him was right after one of your shows. Did he tell you that? At that comedy club by the courthouse. I saw a flier in the student center, wanted to see if la Mesmer was the kind of resource I needed. You two were good together. I really believed you were just another audience volunteer at first. Thought la Mesmer had gotten real lucky to have some stacked blonde in the crowd, one brave enough to raise her hand. Had me fooled. But it didn't take the whole induction to see you're a fake."

"Bullshit. People swallow that shit whole."

"See, that's your real problem, Naomi. You can't see through your own lies. If you even know you're lying to yourself. Me? I know exactly who I am, what I've done, what I'm after. But you, you come in here talking shit, calling me a bitch, trying to make me

feel sorry for you? But you never actually let him in your head. You know what I think? Tell me how well I'm reading between the lines."

"I don't care what—"

"I think you knew exactly what he and I were doing before you ever started fucking him. Martin told me he was practicing for me, and I can only assume that meant on you. Is that right? Are you my practice dummy's practice dummy? Is that where all that rent money was coming from, bilking your 'one true love' to help him get good enough to be what I needed?"

Naomi's jaw was snapped shut, trembling, as Stacey pressed her attack. "You think you know about girls like me? Well let me tell you what I know about girls like you. Girls like you see a guy like Martin with a woman like me, and they just can't handle it. Like a dog, you told yourself 'well she wouldn't be eating it if it didn't taste good' so you dug right in, didn't care if it was edible, didn't care that my drool was all over it. You scarfed down my leftovers *because* they were my leftovers. So you can come in here, accusing me of cheating and asking me to feel bad for you, but you know what? You only snatched him up because you wanted people to think you were me."

Stacey bent down until their foreheads touched. Naomi flinched, but the sorority girl took a firm hold and kept her there. Her voice was practically a whisper. "I didn't have to twist his arm to hypnotize me. He was happy to. He was still happy to after you started going out. Do you know why? Because I actually wanted him to be him. I let Martin la Mesmer Manning work his magic on me in a way you never did, never could. No matter how much you charged for it. Was I supposed to give up what he and I both wanted because some nobody decided to throw herself in our way? Hell no.

"So yeah, I cheated. Hell, Nay-nay, I didn't just cheat on your man – ohoho, and I bet he hasn't even told you some of the wild shit he and I've done. Some of it right upstairs! I haven't even changed the sheets yet. But yeah, I cheated on my own girlfriend, too. I've lied to her, hurt her, all so I could get my own selfish fucking rocks off. And I'm gonna do worse before it's over.

"You call Martin creepy? You don't even know what kinda creep you're talking to. So if you thought you could come into DAT house and throw yourself a pity party with me in attendance..." She flashed a patently sorority girl smile and matched it in a chipper tone. "Mm, I'm sorry, but that's not very cash money of you. Mokay?"

Stacey released her, but slowly, and took a step back. The woman was floored, eyes popping out of her head. "Now. Is there anything else you wanted to talk about?"

She folded her arms across her chest, flashing the smuggest, most condescending look she knew how. Even Bryleigh would have been proud. Check and mate. If this were a story, that would be the exact moment for a scene transition. Done. Over. Next thing.

"Well since you asked... there was one other little thing."

"And what's that." A weary sigh followed.

Naomi withdrew her cell phone from her pocket, thumbed it on. With rapidly waning patience, Stacey watched her tap buttons, swipe, but finally, she held up the phone where it could be seen. On the screen was a picture of Stacey in her French maid outfit. She looked to be dusting the window sill with the uniform's feather duster, of all things, ass presented to the camera. After giving her a moment to process, and wondering just when and how the little cunt got her hands on such a thing – though there could only be one answer – she swiped again, and again, through a series of photos that all amounted to about the same thing.

“Pretty hot, huh? Who knew you got off on that stuff, right? But you should hear the video – it's even better. ‘Oh Martin baby, pwetty pwease let me come, oh, gawd...!’” Naomi put a hand to her forehead, feigning a swoon. “Freak.”

“Did he give you those, or were you snooping on his phone and stole them?”

The girl's eyes glittered in the dimly lit room, but it was the glitter of a girl who'd been given an idea, not one who'd already had one. “Wouldn't you love to know.”

“Are there more?”

“Of course there's more!”

“So show me. What else you got?”

“Look, I don't have all day to–”

But like at that hypnosis show, Stacey had already seen through her. “I don't think you do. I think that little selection is all you have. But sure, I'll bite. So you have compromising pictures of me. Now what?”

“Now you start showing me a little fucking respect, bitch. I bet pics like this would fetch a high price. Lotta guys around here who'd love to see Little Miss Thang strutting around in her slutty outfit. Outfits, I mean.”

“I'm genuinely curious how you foresee that business enterprise going. You going door to door, or putting an ad on Craigslist for slutty Stacey pics, so I can just have you arrested for it?”

Naomi sneered. “Who says I have to sell them? I could just print off a thousand copies and throw them out the window of my car during freshman move-in week with your name, address and phone number on them. And while you're fending off a thousand horny geeks breathing into their phones at you, we'll see how your ‘sisters’ like the fallout from *that*.”

“OK, or...?”

“Or what?”

Stacey rolled her eyes. “If you were going to do that, you would do it and not sit there with your thumb up your butt talking about doing it. So what's the alternative? If you're going to blackmail me, you have to name the terms so I can decide if I want to go along with it.”

“Well for one, stay the fuck away from Martin.”

“Which I already told you I’d do. Is that it?”

“And... I want... ten thousand dollars!”

The number had been made up on the fly, it was clear. How had the girl imagined this confrontation going? Clearly she’d thought she’d be in the driver’s seat, and now that she’d been knocked off her game plan she was winging it, and terribly. It would be laughable if it wasn’t so offensive. “No.”

“No? You don’t think I’ll release them? And, and not just these. All of them!”

“No, I believe you, but I don’t have that kind of money. And frankly, if I did, I still wouldn’t.”

“Yeah? What about when your girlfriend finds out?”

“When my girlfriend finds out I look hot in a slutty costume? Believe me, she knows.”

“When she finds out you were dressing up like this for someone else! For a man! When she finds out you’ve spent this whole year trying to hypno yourself straight!”

“She’ll be hurt, I suppose. But you know, I’m pretty good at make-up sex. I think she’d take me back. And if she doesn’t, hey, I guess I could always just replace her with your boyfriend if I want, huh.”

“Look at you. You put up a brave front, but I think you’re scared shitless I’ll do it.” Naomi transparently thought no such thing. She wished for it, but Stacey had given her no grounds to expect that she would be intimidated.

She threw her hands up. “You know what? Release them. I’ll tell people the costume was for a Halloween party. If you really have a video, then I guess I’ll have to say I brought somebody back to my room and the fucker violated my privacy by recording me putting on a show. Jennifer Lawrence and ScarJo survived their leaks, and they had their tits out – and still star in movies that little kids watch. I’ll have a shitty week, and then life will go on.”

Stacey held her breath, waiting for the girl to reveal any of a thousand other images that would be impossible to explain away, or unfathomably more humiliating. What would she do if it turned out Martin had been sneaking pics of her this whole time? Security had been paramount early on, but once he’d finally gotten her in a real trance, the tape provided a recording to put herself under without his help. It was dizzily meta, recording him hypnotizing her so she could hypnotize herself and play a recording of her own self-authored mantras. Smart, though. It had made sure a few hard barriers were established, lines she wouldn’t cross no matter how craftily he delved inside her head. A damn good thing she had, too, or she probably would’ve fucked him already.

(Or would she? What *did* she want?!)

Since then, though, she’d let her security slide. When was the last time she’d even bothered to set the camera up? Months, probably. Months of the most damning

imaginable blackmail footage, if he'd had a mind to take it. God, she prayed it was a one-time thing.

"Fuck you!" the girl shrieked. She violently shoved Stacey aside, but that was all. Then she was gone.

That was it, then. Prayer answered. *Yes, sayeth the Lord.*

Stacey took a few breaths, trying to fight down a fit of triumphant giggles, but finally shrugged and let them out. She'd trampled that stupid little twat. Finally, she composed herself and exited the secret room.

Where Sherri stood with a wounded expression that needed no words to explain.

The following afternoon, the door to Martin Manning's apartment swung soundlessly open. He ought to have been anticipating it – Stacey had said she was on her way – but he'd lost the time again.

"Heya, Mesmer. I—" She froze. "What's wrong? You look like dog shit. That then got eaten by the same dog and shit out again."

"Thanks. You look like trash, too." He rolled his eyes at his own pronouncement. "God damnit, no, you look insanely hot as always. Fuck, but you're unfair."

"Oh, you say the sweetest things." She eased herself down onto the couch, leaving a respectable space between them. Not the least of which was because she probably worried the wads of tissues littering the living room floor were from his nose rather than his eyes. "So what's up?"

"I'm fine. It's fine. Look, you didn't come over here to listen to me—"

"Freaking tell me or I'll go get my gun out of the car and torture it out of you." She did smile, though, softly.

"That's a really fucked up thing to say, you know."

"Kneecaps, Martin. Think of your precious kneecaps."

After a sulky pause, he let out a breath. May as well. "Naomi and I broke up."

It was a little surprising, how unsurprised she was. "Yeah, that makes sense. Last night, I assume?" He nodded glumly. "Was it something to do with us?"

"No, we just couldn't reconcile her love of country music with my preference for vintage death metal. Of course it was us! What else would it be?" He'd snapped, and moderated his tone hastily. "Sorry. It's not your fault. I'm just... blergh. I was up all night feeling sorry for myself and now I'm just... Anyway, yeah. There's how my weekend's going. How about you? But you really wanna fuck me now that I'm a drunk, sobbing loser, huh?"

"You're drunk?"

He pointed to a bottle of kahlua on the end table. "Help yourself. Still some left."

"I'm good, thanks."

"Oh right, you had your, whaddayacallit. Lunch. Stacey's parents warm up to you any?"

"Stacey's parents love me, thanks. *Sherri's* parents, on the other hand... I don't think they have a very strong opinion of me."

His neck bent so he could see her. "Oh no! Didn't go well?"

"We didn't go."

"Huh? Why not?"

Stacey's hands fidgeted in her lap. "We had a fight last night. So I can only assume she and her folks went without me."

Martin fought to sit himself back up. “Oh man, it’s making the freaking rounds. Do you wanna talk about it? What’d you fight about? You guys seemed so close. Fuckable titties like yours, I can’t imagine she could stay mad long.”

It earned him an eyeroll. Someday he’d get tired of the freedom to address her like that, but it hadn’t happened yet. “Believe it or not, we don’t titty-fuck as often as you think. Besides, you’ve never even met her. ‘You guyth theem clothe.’ You ass. And we weren’t ‘close.’ I spent the whole first half of the year having a perfectly enjoyable live-in fuck buddy, but no, she had to go and get attached. It was either let her play wifey or lose her, so I caved. In hindsight, I wish I hadn’t.”

“Whoa. So then what happened? She get tired of being strung along, or...?” Immediately hooked by this tantalizing soap opera teaser, he leaned in until a thought occurred to him. “Oh crap, this isn’t about us and our thing, is it?”

“You know, I wasn’t going to say anything, but since we’re sharing, as it so happens it was your girlfriend. Your ex-girlfriend, I should say. She stopped by DAT house yesterday afternoon to confront me.”

“Oh shit! Oh my god, I’m so sorry! It’s... Oh shit, it’s all my fault. It’s all my fault! See, we were hanging out yesterday morning. Ya know, in bed, if you catch my meaning.”

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t hear you over how fuckable my titties are.” She punched his arm. It wasn’t entirely playful. “You were fucking. Got it. Go on.”

“Yeah. And anyway she... well, this is weird to talk about, but... she’s had this weird thing since like forever where she, ah, sorta wanted to... um...”

“Martin, I swear to god, use your big boy words or I really will deck you.”

“She wanted us to have a threesome,” he blurted, holding up defensive hands. “You and me and her. She sorta thought, once we were done with the experiment, we might... yeah. And since you said once, when you were tranced, you had one planned, and—”

“I said *what*?!”

“You said you had a threesome planned! This was forever ago, last year – I’ve barely thought about it since then,” he lied. “But since we were, you know, trying to make you wanna... you know, I guess I indulged her little fantasy about how things might turn out.” There was a dangerous gleam in her eyes, so he rushed on, hoping to dispel whatever he’d said wrong. “But I’d been lying to her about how things were going because I knew she’d freak out, and she was trying to push me into getting you to do things that you didn’t want, and... well, believe me when I say Naomi had some pretty particular ideas about your role in the threesome...”

“She did, did she?”

He nodded. “Kind of a dom-sub thing. Her dom, I mean. I think she was sort of jealous of you, and wanted to take you down a peg or something. Anyway, I’d been

acting like I was going along with what she wanted because it was easier than telling her what we were actually doing, but finally yesterday she was going down on me and it caught up to me and all at once I got to feeling bad for all the bullshit, so I told her the truth. Kind of.”

“Kind of. What’s kind of?”

“Pretty much I made sure she understood she shouldn’t expect to see you kneeling before her mistress.” He grimaced. “And she got mad and wanted to know why I’d been lying to her, and then all sorts of stuff came out.”

“Like?”

“Not the nitty gritty, but that things had gone well – or I thought they had, I’m sure you’ll tell me – and... Oh, you’ll love this. She and I got to rehash the same argument you and I had about conversion therapy, and you’ll be glad to know she’s solidly on your side and thinks I’m a hypocritical prick. Then I called her a manipulative asshole. Almost used the b-word, but smooth save, right? My mom would be proud.”

Martin snatched the bottle from the end table and took a long, brooding drink. “Well it sounds like it pissed her off enough to have her storm out my way and try to start a fight. Which I managed to prevent, except somebody tipped off Sherri that some pissed off chick was there for me, so she snuck down after us to make sure I didn’t get jumped or something. So in the process of telling off Naomi, Sherri basically heard everything, or enough of it, and when I wouldn’t fill in the blanks she basically went nuclear.”

“Oh god. Oh my god, that sucks. Is nuclear common for her, or...?”

“Sherri’s the kind of girl who apologizes when she’s interrupted. You could knock her over with a feather.”

“Oh man.”

“Speaking of, one of the little gems Naomi ambushed me with was a bunch of pictures of me in a French maid uniform. You wouldn’t know anything about that, would you?”

“That little...!” He paled. “Fucking hell. That’s on me. She was getting suspicious, and pushy, and... Shit. I let her Zoom me during one of our sessions. Just once. I only did it because she was driving me crazy with all these questions and suggestions and insinuations – but I never thought she’d take souvenirs!”

“Only once. You’re sure?”

He nodded seriously. “She eavesdropped on part of another session a while before that, but I had an eye on her. That’s it. Geez, I can hardly believe she would do something like that, though. So what happened with the pictures?”

“She seemed awfully stoked to show me the ones she had and totally unwilling to show she had even one other, so I kinda guessed that was it. They’re bad, but they’re PG-13. Skanky, but you should see some of the pics from the CEO’s and Secretary Hoes

party last year. And girls posted those on purpose. I don't think she'll actually do it. It'd be bad for me, but that kind of crazy leaves a stink that she doesn't want on her. Wouldn't surprise me if she jumped some dude she works with or something and fucked it out of her system already."

"Hey now. I'm right here." Still, this was no time to be defending her. "I can't believe she did that. Maybe I can get her to delete them? Or it's probably better I don't say anything until she calms down. I'm so sorry."

"It's OK. Hopefully I can keep Sherri's mouth shut, too. I'm not sure she even caught, much less understood, enough to know the half of it. Just enough to know I lied to her and cheated on her." She gritted her teeth. "Thanks to that little blonde toad."

"Damn. I can't believe..."

"Martin. Dear. Start believing. Naomi sucks. She always sucked, and right now she's just sucking a little louder than usual."

He squirmed into the recesses of the couch with a pout. "Hey, too soon."

"No. Pull that bandaid off and let me pour some antiseptic on it. Naomi used you. She got so used to using you that when she thought *I* was using you, she didn't get jealous because I'm prettier than her. Although actually that too – plus 'richer' she said? Blech, whatever. But yeah, Naomi was jealous because she thought I was getting more out of you. She got your money, a few stray hard ons to inflate that classic big-boobed blonde ego they all seem to have. So she threw herself at you to try to one-up me. That's all it ever was."

His shoulders slumped down, his ass shrunk deeper into the corner. "You don't know her."

"I don't need to. For the past two and a half years I've lived in a building full of the cattiest, pettiest, most insecure hot girls on the planet. True story: I was almost booted from my pledge class because one of the senior sisters' boyfriends asked her what my *name* was after he saw me at a party. I know vindictive women. They're not mysterious. She's just another self-seeking bitch trying to get what she wants out of you because, guess what, that's all that any of them are. Naomi's not special."

Martin squirmed even more squirmily, a fresh round of tears finally battering down the floodgates and starting another ugly cry. Finally she relented her tirade, seeing it had not had the desired, comforting effect, and offered him the box of tissues and a soft hand on the shoulder. "Hey, I'm sorry. We're both stressed. I shouldn't have... yeah. I'm sorry about your break-up. Forget I said anything, OK? I'm too bitter to be trusted around people going through heartache."

Little by little, he allowed her to comfort him back to functionality. Kindness only exacerbated the crying, until finally, his eye sockets seemed to run out all at once. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I'm letting you try to console me when I'm the one who got her riled up and caused your fight. I should be apologizing to you. Are you OK?"

She shrugged. “Eh.”

“Is the fight, like, a breakup fight? Or will you get back together?”

“Oh we’re broken up. I’ll call her later and let her know. No sense acting like we’re going to patch it up while we’re both away for the summer. Besides, I think I’d rather be single for a while myself. But it’s OK. It sucks, but it’s OK.”

He nodded.

She nodded.

It was a strange moment, that silence. It marked the end of the venting/consoling/apologizing portion of their evening, and the readiness for the transition to something else. Only they couldn’t simply dive right into that. That verdict had been awaited too long to blurt it out at the end of such a dark and weighty exchange. The only problem was, Stacey and he were not friends. They didn’t have shared pastimes. The only thing they had in common was the experiment – but again, not yet. Not then. And so...

“Wanna watch porn?”

“God yes.”

They took turns selecting titles. It was agreed that Stacey would go first considering it was his girlfriend who'd Godzillaed both of their lives. She told him he was being melodramatic, but she didn't yet know he'd put off starting his doctoral work to stay here with the woman. Now he had no job, no girlfriend, and no local friends. The closest thing he had was this weird sorority girl who'd grown to enjoy some of the same categories of pornography. For now, she clicked on *Mind-fucked stepdaughter takes care of the whole family* and sent the video to the TV.

Martin washed the appetizer down with *Cheerleader brat learns to love her tutor!!* Stacey undid her fly and stuck to the theme with *Three cheerleaders One coach*. Martin ditched his pants, then instructed her to follow suit while he threw her a bone with *Jennica finds a New Mistress*. By the time *My sister drives me CRAZY but I get payback* finished, her underwear was off, and they were taking turns edging her pussy. At last he remembered she was still wearing a shirt – and a bra, that had been a while – and the two stripped naked as the charmingly predictable opening of *My Daddy My Master* played. Stacey sat sideways on his lap, one tit in his mouth, his hand playing with her thighs as she made a study on how many times she could come in one video. (Only two, but Martin helpfully replayed from the scene where Daddy came home and fucked his stepdaughter on the kitchen table while the girl did her homework to land Stacey a quick third.)

Martin, meanwhile, scored zero, attempted zero. A little light touching mostly to marvel at how insanely hard he was, but no more than. In the back of his mind, he couldn't stop wondering if he ought to be saving his energy.

"Isn't your family expecting you tonight?" he asked as she debated between *Time stop suggestions* and *Asian girl hypnotized and made to strip on public bus*.

"I'll get home when I get home." Suddenly, the porn was forgotten. Stacey stood up. "C'mon."

Still rather drunk, Martin accepted her help getting to his feet. Her hand didn't release his as she walked him down the hall. To his bedroom.

"Lie down."

He complied as Stacey switched on the lamp, still covered with the red scarf Naomi had draped there for mood lighting. It mostly put him in a mood for fire evacuation drills, but it had seemed to create a little sexy ambiance for her so he permitted it and simply didn't turn the light on when she wasn't around. With Stacey's perfect naked body glowing red as sin itself, his cock stood aloft, pulsing with his quickened heartbeat.

The sorority girl, every line of her sexual perfection, crawled into bed from the foot, making no bones about her destination, nothing coy whatsoever. Her procession came to a stop only when her hips were over his waist, her mouth inches from his. "I want to kiss you."

He pulled her lips to his, as soft and wet and warm and eager as he remembered. Had it only been days? She proved her sincerity, soon succumbing to an out and out makeout session, lying atop him and letting his hands roam while keeping his mouth occupied. Still, her own hands were solely support, only occasionally caressing his cheeks or brushing his shoulder as they kissed. His cock remained sandwiched between their bodies, neglected.

“Sit on my face,” he managed finally when she let him breathe a moment.

Stacey’s crimson face grinned. “Don’t worry about me.”

“No, I want to. Seriously? Having that body, that ass, your goddamn perfect pussy on my face? You have no idea.”

“Yeah?”

He nodded. “Climb aboard. I even shaved earlier, just for you.”

“I noticed that.” His chin received an appreciative stroke. “Almost girl smooth.”

“That was the idea.”

“All right. I’ve never actually done this before, so do I... which way do I face?”

“Headboard, I think? Yeah, that way my nose won’t get...”

“Good call. All right, Mesmer, let’s try one of those famous mustache rides I’ve heard the straight girls rave about so much,” she giggled playfully.

One hemisphere of Stacey Reeves’ tight, perfectly toned ass gripped in each hand, Martin Manning got to work. To think, once eating pussy had only been something he did as to entice or reciprocate a blowjob, or to try to ingratiate himself if the pairing was lopsided. (Which until Stacey and Naomi, it never had been. At least not the sort of imbalance he’d wanted.) Stacey’s pretty pink peach was sublime. There were a few minor adjustments as they hit their stride.

Then, it was pure rodeo. The tension building in the thighs wrapped around his face was a constant stream of feedback, yet unnecessary with the way she was gripping the headboard and grunting with effort to keep herself upright as her core routinely threatened to fail her. Thank goodness Naomi hadn’t had a sex drive like this or losing her would have been ten times as bad as it already was. It was alarming the first time Stacey came, her weight suddenly bearing down hard on his face, smothering him in gushing, juicy sorority pussy, but it let his tongue slide even deeper inside her, tongue-fucking the girl with a vengeance.

Then without warning, she was gone. His eyes, suddenly exposed to the bizarre red light, were useless, but even as they adjusted his cock told him exactly where she’d gone. Namely, right on top of it.

“Oh my fucking god, I can’t believe how bad I want to fuck you right now,” she growled. Her statement sounded almost grudging, yet nevertheless no less eager than she’d been for his kiss – a yearning that had culminated with her cum all over his mouth. Stacey wriggled her hips to sandwich the length of him between her labia. If she

moved one inch forward, his cock would drive itself inside her without either of them having to touch the thing.

“I wouldn’t say no,” he said quietly when she didn’t.

Stacey fluffed her hair, teasing long fingers through her mane. Each black strand stood out individually like a tendril of flame. Complemented by the body beneath it, it was the hottest thing he’d ever seen. “I know.” And if she were replying to his thoughts rather than his words, it wouldn’t have surprised him in that moment.

She watched him, a pleased little smile on her face, but held absolutely still. It felt divine nevertheless. At last, he managed to think beyond the precipice of bliss on which she had him teetering.

Hang on. She’d said... what had she said? She *had* said it, right?

“So... we did it?”

Stacey laughed at his belated realization. “*You* did it, Martin.”

“Holy... I did it! Oh my fucking god, I did it! I did it! Stacey Reeves wants to fuck me! I fucking did it! I’m the fucking man!” He let out a whoop of exhilaration that finally earned him a stomped reprimand from the upstairs neighbor.

She nodded, gifting him a little wiggle of her hips. “You did it. You took a woman who wouldn’t have fucked you with a gun to her head, and now she’s sitting on your cock, wishing you were inside her. Trembling with anticipation of how good it’s going to feel if you penetrate her.”

In spite of her words, he was remembering others, from way back when they first met. She’d repeated it more recently in one of those weird mini-mantras he hadn’t put there, an oath that she would never, ever fuck him. Only want to, and only if he made her. “So, wow. Yeah. Great. This is a hell of a consolation prize, I have to say. Really awesome. I still have no idea what you got out of it, but—”

Stacey’s fingernails sunk into his chest commandingly. “Do you think you could do it again?”

Martin blinked. “Uh... what? Make you want to fuck me again? Or, like, actually fuck me...? You’re actually not fucking me right now; it has to go, like inside.”

“Not that, jackass. I mean, could you do it all, the whole process, again. With someone else?”

His jaw fell in slow motion. “That’s... is that why...”

“Just answer. Could you.”

That had been a recurring fantasy of his, mostly pre-Naomi when he’d had fewer outlets for his sexual frustration. Another hot girl begging him to hypnotize her into his bed. Fantasizing wasn’t the same as contemplating. After a brief consideration, Martin tossed out a guess. “In theory... maybe? I mean, it only worked on you because you wanted it to work.”

But Stacey shook her head. “I never helped you. Remember? Yes, I seduced you into continuing when you tried to chicken out, but that wasn’t to help *me*, that was to keep you motivated.”

It wasn’t easy thinking clearly with her pussy rippling around his shaft. “OK, yeah. So if we somehow found another lesbian who for some reason actually wanted to be turned very selectively bi...?”

“Forget the gay conversion crap. Just, if you could get someone to come to you for regular sessions, do you think you could do it again? Make her fuck someone she never, ever would?”

“Is this about Sherri? I don’t think you need to go to those lengths to make up with—”

“Forget Sherri. Just answer the—”

“Yes,” he interrupted right back. “If we could actually find somebody like that, I could do it.”

A smile that somehow chilled him even in the warm light, under her warm pussy, bloomed between her cheeks. “Good. Then let me make you an offer.”

He licked his lips. “I’m listening.” Was he? The blood was roaring so loudly in his ears it was like he was floating in the eye of a tornado.

“When I come back in the fall, I’m going to bring you a new girl. She’ll expect to be coming to you for hypnotherapy, to get help with some problems. Let me worry about what. But you’re not going to solve them for her. You’re going to—”

“Kira,” he breathed. Stacey’s eyes focused hard upon his, but she denied nothing. Which said everything. “Jesus Christ, Stacey, why?”

She went on with the sales pitch, unperturbed. “You’re going to hypnotize her, and while she’s under, you’re going to make her want to fuck me, the same way you made me want to fuck you. You’ll have the school year, like with me – although feel free to finish faster. Don’t rush it, though. The end result is more important to me than shaving off a week here, a month there.”

“Stacey—”

“In exchange, if you agree, you’ll get to fuck me. Twice.” A sudden, excruciatingly sweet twitch of her hips underscored the timing of the first leg of her proposal. “Once tonight. Which, god, I hope you let me. And again when you’ve finished her like you finished me.”

“I... I don’t...”

“The second time, you get to fuck both of us. Together.”

His eyes bulged, remembering those photos of the younger Reeves sister. Every inch the hottie her older sister was, a slight genetic twist on the classic with just a dash of exciting new original code thrown in to keep it spicy. He’d kept himself from looking too hard. Seventeen was seventeen, and even he had his limits of how much of a creep

he would let himself become. Unlike the woman humping slowly against his cock with her slimy wet cunt. Still, when Kira came to Lakeview in the fall, as was evidently happening, she wasn't going to be seventeen any more. She would still be Stacey's sister, though.

"I... don't know what to say."

"Say yes." Stacey raised her hips, guiding his cock to her entrance like she'd seen in porn a thousand times at his side. "And say thank you."

"But... it's your *sister*." He frowned, trying not to feel her hand sliding up and down his shaft. "Is... is she adopted or anything, or...?"

One side of her lips turned up into a smile. "That's important to you, is it? Sure, then. Let's say she is."

"But you could have so many other women without even needing some dude to break their minds for you. It's a college town, for fuck's sake! Find some hot drunk freshman and give her a story to impress her woke-ass kids with someday!"

"I don't want other women. I want Kira." She lowered herself just enough to let him feel her wetness. God. Naomi had never been that wet, no matter how much foreplay. It trickled down the length of his shaft as if to provide a sample of things to come. "And I want you. You just have to say yes."

"This doesn't feel right." He looked around like there might be a referee waiting in the wings to bail him out. Surely someone would step in and declare that this was too much, not allowed. A ten yard penalty for unsisterly conduct. No one did, though.

"It's going to feel so right in a minute." She smiled, but then the smile was washed away in a tide of raw arousal.

"H-how do you know if I agree, that I won't change your mind? Err, my mind?"

Stacey's tongue darted out, licked her lips. "You like changing my mind, don't you? Maybe we'll still have some sessions next year, you and me, and we can see what else you can make me want. If you can pry yourself away from Kira. You saw how hot she is. I know you did. And she's so much more trusting than me. Already straight, too, so by the time you have her ready for me, she'll be positively begging for a piece of you. I'll have to fight her for time on your cock. The two of us, riding you and riding you and riding you and mmmm gawd fucking riding you, until we can't suck you back to hardness any more."

"I... but..."

She went right on. "God, I've been thinking about this for days, ever since you gave me that you-shaped dildo. Do you know how many times I've ridden that thing the past couple days? So freaking many, Martin. But not enough. You've made me want the real thing. God, I want to fuck you so fucking bad I can hardly stop myself. I stick it in me, and I fuck myself with your cock, and I say the words you taught me..."

Her body trembled, a little spasm that vibrated all the way down into her nethers and through them into his aching dick. "I am Martin Manning's good girl. A good girl is hot, slutty, and obedient. He can touch me anywhere. Being naked with Martin Manning is exciting. Martin Manning can touch my breasts. Martin Manning can touch my ass. Martin Manning can touch my... oh god... my pussy..."

"Oh fuck, you can't..."

But she could, and she did. "Martin Manning can put his mouth on me." Stacey leaned down and kissed him, rose up with her back arched to let him take a suck on her nipple before she was poised once more with her pussy on the cusp of engulfing him. "I like it when Martin Manning's cock is hard around me because it means he's enjoying it. It's important to me that Martin Manning enjoys our time together."

Suddenly she plunged downward, and her body convulsed like it had been struck by lightning. Then she was back up, the whole thing so fast he might have thought it a hallucination if not for the juices now coating his shaft. "I will use my dildo whenever I get horny. A dildo is shaped like a cock. Something shaped like a cock feels good inside me."

Her eyes slid open like there were anchors attached, only the anchors were his words, his time and expertise with his craft. They bore into him. Through him. "I will never get tired of repeating these words. I am Martin Manning's good girl."

His mouth hung slack.

"Please," she whispered. "Please let me. I've never needed a cock before tonight, and if you don't say yes, I'll never want one again. Please."

He was in. Halfway, maybe, but every *please* drove him a little deeper as she rocked her hips like a cowgirl. Holy fuck was she tight.

"Just say yes. Please, Martin. Please let me fuck you. Please. I want you so bad... You're the only man who can give me what I want most."

Martin placed his hands on her hips and firmly, decisively eased her down his shaft like a flag lowering in surrender. Her eyes squeezed shut and then flew open as she hit bottom, a spasmodic little breath wracking her young body. She reeled, almost losing her balance, but he held her firm. "I knew I'd found the right man the moment I laid eyes on you, Mesmer."

Even so, although he was inside her, she didn't move a muscle. Lesbian or no, he knew she knew how to move. They'd just watched professionals at work for the past three hours, and others for months and months before. If she was half the study at sex that she was a manipulation, she should knock this out of the park. But there was no game, no park, until she got what she wanted. The other thing she wanted. The one this had all really been about.

"Bring her to me," he said at last. "I'll do it."