

The Hypnotist's Pets

Heidi Van Cleef Fruden was the absolute embodiment of ruthless corporate power—a woman who had built her empire not just with razor-sharp intelligence, but with a cruelty that bordered on sadism. At thirty-eight, she was a breathtaking platinum blonde, her straight, silky hair falling like a cascade of white gold down to the middle of her back, always pulled into a severe, impeccable bun during working hours to project unassailable authority. Her impressive height of 5'10" made her towering in any boardroom, and her body was sculpted by endless hours in a private gym—high, firm breasts with discreet, expensive implants that defied gravity, a dramatically nipped waist that curved like an hourglass, hips that swayed with natural authority with every confident step, and long, toned legs that seemed endless when crossed beneath the mahogany desk of her executive suite. Her piercing ice-blue eyes, cold as the steel of a blade, could freeze an entire soul with a single glance, capable of dismantling a senior executive in seconds. Her full, crimson lips, always painted with long-wear matte lipstick, curved into cruel smiles that revealed perfect, laser-whitened teeth. Heidi dressed like a conquering queen: bespoke Italian tailors, Louboutin heels that echoed like hammer blows of judgment through the corridors of Van C. Fruden, and minimalist diamond jewelry that cost more than the annual salary of her average employees.

Van C. Fruden was a multinational giant in technology and finance, specializing in data-analysis software that quietly controlled global markets. Heidi ruled it with an absolute iron fist, publicly humiliating employees in meetings where she exposed them as examples of incompetence, firing people on petty whims ranging from a typo in a report to a glance she interpreted as disrespect. “Crawl, you pathetic worms!” she would snarl frequently, her deep, commanding voice echoing through the glass-walled rooms, a cruel smile on her lips that made her subordinates break into cold sweats. She treated them like mangy dogs—forcing unpaid overtime, slashing bonuses for “lack of loyalty,” and fostering a toxic environment where fear was the only currency. No one dared challenge her; those who tried ended up not just unemployed, but with reputations systematically destroyed by rumors she herself planted in influential circles.

But behind that iron facade, stress was devouring her like a voracious parasite: sleepless nights pacing her luxurious penthouse atop a New York skyscraper, walking back and forth in silk nightgowns, yearning for sleep that never came;

anxiety gnawing at her insides like corrosive acid, manifesting in throbbing headaches and a subtle tremor in her hands that she hid with masterful composure. Heidi had tried everything: prescription drugs from private doctors, yoga sessions with imported Indian gurus, even exclusive spa trips in the Maldives. Nothing worked. That was when her vice-president, Adelaide Moreau—a shrewd 35-year-old brunette with brown eyes sharp as razor blades and subtle curves that concealed a vengeful, calculating mind—suggested a hypnotherapist. Adelaide was Heidi's opposite in appearance: dark, wavy hair framing an elegant oval face, olive skin inherited from French ancestors, a slender yet feminine body with medium breasts and rounded hips that she accentuated with tight, professional dresses. She had risen in the company through feigned loyalty, enduring Heidi's daily humiliations, but deep down she nursed a burning hatred, plotting her revenge for years.

"Natasha is a miracle, Heidi. She's helped so many executives like you relax like never before. Trust me, it's worth it," Adelaide said during a private meeting, her tone falsely concerned as she handed over the hypnotherapist's business card. Exhausted and desperate, Heidi accepted the suggestion without question, booking an appointment for the next day. Little did she know that Adelaide had already paved the way for her downfall.

Adelaide, however, was plotting in the shadows with surgical precision. Days earlier, she had slipped into Natasha's office after hours, arriving in an armored car to avoid prying eyes. Natasha was a breathtakingly curvy redhead, 32 years old and at the absolute peak of her natural seduction. Her fiery red hair cascaded like liquid flame over pale, silky shoulders, reaching the middle of her back in thick waves that she left loose to visually hypnotize her clients. Her body was living sin incarnate: heavy, voluptuous 42D breasts that stretched any fabric with a generosity that left men and women breathless, a tiny waist dramatically contrasting with wide, fertile hips that swayed like an erotic pendulum when she walked, long, shapely legs ending in delicate feet always perched on red heels that matched her aura of dominance. Her emerald-green eyes were hypnotic by nature, capable of holding a gaze for minutes, and her full, rosy lips promised forbidden pleasures, often curved into a malicious smile that revealed perfect white teeth. Natasha dressed to seduce: tight scarlet dresses that hugged every curve, plunging necklines exposing the creamy, freckled skin of her breasts, and a perfume of musk and roses that saturated the air around her.

Professional ethics? Natasha laughed at the word as if it were an outdated joke. She had built her career not just with genuine hypnosis skills—learned in advanced courses across Europe and honed over years of practice—but with unscrupulous manipulation that included post-hypnotic suggestions for wealthy clients, extracting favors, money, or secrets. For an astronomical sum—a seven-figure check that Adelaide signed with a sadistic smile and wired via banking app to an offshore account—Natasha accepted the job without hesitation. They met in the dimly lit office, Natasha reclining in a red velvet armchair, legs crossed to display soft, pale thighs. “What a treat to break a bitch like her,” Natasha murmured, tracing her own breasts with long, sharp crimson nails, feeling her nipples harden beneath the thin fabric. “Tell me everything about Heidi. I want every weakness, every repressed desire. I’m going to turn her into a naked pet, drooling with lust and absolute obedience.”

Adelaide, sitting opposite, eyes gleaming with years of pent-up revenge, poured out her grievances: the public humiliations where Heidi called her “incompetent” in front of shareholders, promotions denied out of jealousy, sleepless nights fixing reports Heidi deliberately sabotaged. “Make her suffer, Natasha. Break her completely. I paid for her to sign everything: transfer of the presidency to me, donation of all her assets to charity—house, cars, stocks, even the clothes in her closet. Then turn her into my personal little pet, naked and obedient in my mansion.” Natasha nodded, licking her lips with erotic anticipation. “Consider it done. I love these games. I’ll implant suggestions so deep she’ll cum just thinking about obeying you.” They laughed together, sealing the pact with a toast of expensive champagne while Natasha already pictured the scene: Heidi, once a queen, crawling naked at her new owner’s feet.

On the fateful day, Heidi arrived at the office punctually at 6 p.m., after an exhausting day at the company where she had fired two managers for “lack of vision.” She drove her gleaming black Porsche to the discreet address in an upscale Manhattan neighborhood, parking with military precision. Dressed in a tight black taylor that hugged her athletic curves like a second skin, a white silk blouse beneath accentuating her firm breasts, high heels echoing like whip cracks on the marble lobby floor, and glittering jewelry—a diamond necklace and dangling earrings—shining in the soft evening light. Her perfume was expensive and dominant, with citrus and woody notes that mirrored her personality. She entered the office skeptical but desperate, ignoring the slight tremor in her hands.

The space was a meticulously designed den of seduction: dim, warm LED lighting creating soft shadows that danced on calm gray walls; a wide, sticky leather couch big enough for two to lie down, with plush pillows that invited surrender; jasmine-musk incense burning in a silver diffuser, invading the senses with a thick, erotic aroma that made the air feel heavier, more intimate; low ambient music—flutes and harps pulsing like a slow heartbeat. In the center, a glass table with the crystal pendant ready, and behind it, Natasha.

Natasha greeted her with a predatory smile, rising slowly to display her voluptuous body. Her red dress clung like a second skin, plunging neckline exposing creamy breasts that rose and fell with calculated breath, hem riding up slightly to reveal pale, inviting thighs. “Good evening, Ms. Fruden. Come in, please. Adelaide told me everything about you—so powerful, so... intense.” Natasha extended her hand, and at the touch, Heidi felt an unexpected electric shock, Natasha’s skin hot and soft as sun-warmed velvet, sending a subtle shiver up her arm. They sat on the couch, Heidi crossing her legs elegantly, Natasha close enough for their perfumes to mingle.

They spoke superficially about Heidi’s stress—the sleepless nights, constant pressure, racing thoughts that kept her awake until dawn. Heidi spoke firmly, but Natasha noticed the cracks: the slight tremor in her voice, eyes blinking more than usual, hands clutching her Chanel bag like an anchor. Natasha was already weaving her web, emerald eyes locking onto ice-blue ones with magnetic intensity, voice low and velvety like a forbidden whisper in a dark bedroom. “Relax, Heidi. Leave the world outside. It’s just us now. Look at this.” She slowly lifted the crystal pendant, swinging it in a rhythmic motion, light refracting into hypnotic patterns that danced in Heidi’s blue eyes like shooting stars.

“Feel the weight melting from your shoulders... breathe in deep... breathe out... each breath taking you deeper, heavier... eyelids so heavy... watch the crystal spin, spin... every swing pulling you into a warm, safe place where only my voice matters. Let go, Heidi. Let control slip away... you want this, don’t you? To be free, to be guided... deeper now, ten times deeper with every word... feel the warmth rising up your legs, relaxing thighs, hips... up your belly, your breasts... neck... mind empty, open only to me.”

Heidi blinked slowly, resisting at first—eyes flickering once, twice, trying to focus elsewhere—but the rhythmic swing, combined with Natasha’s voice echoing softly and persistently in the silent room, began to erode her will. The air felt heavier,

saturated with Natasha's perfume—vanilla mixed with something primal—that made Heidi's pulse quicken subtly. "Keep watching, Heidi. Every blink takes you deeper. Feel your toes relaxing first... warmth spreading like a slow wave up your calves, knees, thighs... loosening every muscle, making them soft, heavy, impossible to move. Now your arms... feel them sinking into the couch, melting. Your chest rising and falling slowly, each breath deeper, slower... inhaling relaxation, exhaling tension. Do you feel it, Heidi? The outside world fading, distant noises silencing, only my voice now, echoing in your mind like an intimate whisper."

Natasha leaned slightly forward, her breasts brushing the air between them, and reached out to lightly touch Heidi's knee—an almost accidental touch that sent an electric current up the blonde's leg, muscles contracting involuntarily before relaxing even further. "Good girl... feel the trance wrapping around you like warm arms hugging you, cradling you. Every word I speak is pleasure, Heidi. Pleasure growing between your legs... wet, hot, pulsing with every heartbeat. You're safe, but aroused... deeper, double the relaxation, double the desire. Imagine yourself naked, vulnerable, exposed to me... it excites you, doesn't it? Yes, it does. Let go. Feel your mind opening like a flower, petals unfurling to absorb my suggestions. I'll count from ten to one, and with each number you sink ten times deeper. Ten... completely relaxing. Nine... eyelids so heavy, eyes fixed on the crystal. Eight... body limp, mind empty. Seven... pleasure growing, heat spreading. Six... letting control slip away. Five... halfway there, so deep now. Four... desire pulsing hard. Three... almost there, so relaxed. Two... pleasure intense, obedience natural. One... completely hypnotized, your mind mine to shape."

Heidi moaned softly for the first time, an involuntary sound escaping her parted lips, her body now completely still on the couch except for deep, rhythmic breathing. Her once-sharp, controlling eyes were glazed, pupils dilated, reflecting only the crystal's glow and Natasha's dominant figure. The room seemed to pulse with erotic energy—the incense stronger, the leather couch sticking to Heidi's skin through her thin clothes, and Natasha, smiling triumphantly, continued: "Now test it, Heidi. Try to lift your right arm... but it's so heavy, pinned to the couch, isn't it? Yes, see how you obey my voice. You love this—the pleasure of surrender. Every command I give sends waves of ecstasy through your body, making you wetter, craving more submission."

In minutes, Heidi was in a profound trance, body limp on the couch, eyes glassy, lips parted in silent moans. Natasha leaned in, her perfume mixing with the incense, breasts lightly brushing Heidi's arm. "Perfect... now, let's get to work." But before the documents, Natasha decided to deepen the transformation, making her not just obedient but erotically enslaved to her suggestions.

Seeing Heidi completely submerged in trance—heavy body, slow deep breathing, lips parted releasing hot little sighs—Natasha leaned even closer. Her perfume enveloped Heidi like dense fog, and the redhead began implanting the transformation suggestions slowly, sensually, irreversibly, each phrase a husky whisper almost inside the blonde's ear.

"Listen carefully, Heidi... as you sink deeper and deeper, feel a delicious wave of heat climbing your spine, as if invisible hands were caressing every vertebra one by one... that heat spreading into your breasts, making your nipples so hard, so sensitive that even the air feels like tongues licking you... feel it now... yes, exactly like that. Every breath you take makes that heat slide down, down, down... until it pools right here, between your thighs... a delicious, wet throbbing that grows with every word I say."

Natasha slowly licked her own lips, watching Heidi's chest rise and fall faster, nipples visibly hardening beneath the blouse.

"Now I'm going to transform you, Heidi... and every change will be pleasure so intense you'll never want to go back. First, you feel your old arrogant personality melting... like hot wax dripping over your tits, your belly, your thighs... everything that was 'Heidi the cruel boss' dissolving, leaving only an obedient, naked, constantly aroused little pet. When I say the word 'pet,' your whole body will tremble with lust, your nipples will throb, your pussy will clench, and you'll want to drop to all fours instantly... feel it happening now... feel the urge to crawl, to expose yourself, to be used... good..."

Heidi let out a long, low moan, thighs parting slightly without realizing, a flush rising up her neck.

"You feel your throat opening to bark... try it now... a soft little bark, almost a moan... there... perfect. Feel how barking makes you wet, aroused, like a tongue slowly licking your clit every time you bark. Bark again, Heidi, and feel the pleasure double."

Heidi gave a soft, needy bark, and her body trembled, hips rolling involuntarily as if seeking friction.

Natasha slid a finger down Heidi's neck to her cleavage, lightly brushing exposed skin, feeling the heat radiating from the blonde.

"From now on, whenever I touch your skin, you'll feel a thousand tongues licking you at once... every touch a direct shock of pleasure to your clit, making you moan and soak yourself... feel it now..." Natasha's finger moved just one centimeter lower, and Heidi arched her back, letting out a muffled moan, hips grinding against the couch, a wet spot beginning to form in her panties beneath the skirt.

"You don't need clothes anymore, Heidi. Clothes are for people with power, for queens. Pets stay naked all the time... naked, exposed, dripping, ready to be admired, touched, used like toys. The mere thought of being naked will give you constant pleasure—like invisible fingers massaging your breasts, circling your clit, slowly penetrating you... you want that, don't you? Whisper 'yes, Natasha' softly, and feel your first orgasm building."

From Heidi's hypnotized mouth came a husky, trembling whisper: "...yes... Natasha..."

A shudder ran through Heidi's body, her lower lips pulsing, a small orgasm making her gasp.

"Good little pet. From now on, every time you hear the words 'good pet,' your entire body will convulse in a violent, delicious orgasm—you'll cum hard, unable to stop, drooling with pleasure, legs shaking, pussy gushing like a fountain... and you'll thank the person by licking their hand like a grateful pet. Let's test... good pet."

Heidi's body spasmed instantly: back arched like a bow, thighs flung wide, a guttural moan escaping as she came right there on the couch, untouched beyond the suggestions. Her breasts heaved rapidly, nipples rigid against the fabric, and a glistening thread of wetness ran down her inner thigh, staining the leather. Natasha smiled, extending her hand for Heidi to lick, and the blonde obeyed instinctively, hot tongue tracing the redhead's fingers with hypnotic devotion.

"Perfect, my pet. Now, about Adelaide... you belong to her completely now. When she tugs your leash, you'll feel pleasure so intense you'll nearly faint—like a

powerful vibrator inside you pulsing with every pull. When she orders you to lick, your tongue will become a thousand times more sensitive... every lick will feel like someone voraciously sucking your clit, making you moan and cum slowly. When she says 'lie down and spread your legs,' you'll expose yourself like a bitch in heat, and just obeying will send waves of orgasm rolling through your body—breasts tingling, pussy clenching empty, aching to be filled.”

Natasha caressed Heidi's face with the back of her hand, sliding down to gently squeeze one breast through the blouse, feeling the nipple harden even more under her fingers, drawing another moan from the blonde.

“Every night when Adelaide says 'bedtime, pet,' you'll crawl to your little bed on the floor on all fours, ass high showing everything, and fall asleep dreaming of hands, tongues, cocks, and commands... always wet, always ready, always happy to have been broken into the naughtiest pet. During the day in her mansion, you'll crave humiliation: being displayed naked to guests, licking the floor, used as human furniture... every act of submission will give you indescribable pleasure, like multiple orgasms rolling one after another.”

Heidi, still in total trance, let out another long moan, eyes rolling back slightly from pure pleasure, body sweaty and trembling.

“One final suggestion—the deepest of all: you will never again want to be Heidi Fruden. The idea of wearing clothes again will cause nausea, as if fabric were poison on your skin; the idea of giving orders will cause panic, as if power were a prison; the idea of owning anything will leave you empty. But the thought of staying naked, on all fours, serving Adelaide as the sluttiest, most obedient, wettest pet in the world... will make you cum just thinking about it—clit throbbing, breasts heavy with desire, pussy dripping. Feel this etched deep in your mind, tattooed on your soul... eternal, delicious, inescapable. Every morning when you wake, this suggestion will reinforce itself, growing stronger, more pleasurable.”

Natasha snapped her fingers once, sealing everything with a final command: “Done. The transformation is complete. Now awaken just enough to obey, but remain in deep trance.”

Heidi blinked slowly, eyes still glassy but now shining with erotic submission. Natasha smiled and moved on to the documents: stacks of pre-prepared papers—transfer of presidency to Adelaide, total resignation, donation of every asset to

charities hand-picked by Adelaide (ones Heidi hated, like animal shelters, for added irony). The Hamptons mansion, the Paris apartment, luxury cars, multimillion-dollar bank accounts, company shares, even her entire designer wardrobe—everything donated or transferred.

“Take the pen, Heidi. Sign here. This frees you, makes you happier than ever. You want to get rid of everything... be naked, owning nothing but a collar, only obedience and pleasure. Sign, and feel the orgasm building inside you with every stroke—growing, pulsing, exploding.”

Hypnotized, Heidi obeyed, hand trembling with subconscious excitement, ink flowing as Natasha whispered: “Good pet... every signature is a step toward total pleasure, feel your pussy clench with every letter, nipples throbbing.” Heidi moaned softly with each page, body writhing slightly, small orgasms washing over her. The documents were scanned and securely emailed to Adelaide, Natasha confirming instant receipt with a text: “Package delivered. Enjoy.”

Natasha turned to the physical climax of the transformation. Her emerald eyes gleamed with sadistic lust, body heated from the thrill of domination. “Now, Heidi, take off your clothes. Pets don’t wear clothes. They crawl naked, exposed, constantly dripping with desire. Start with the tailor... unbutton slowly, feel the fabric sliding off your hot skin, every button sending a wave of pleasure to your clit.”

In trance, Heidi brought trembling hands to her blouse buttons, undoing them one by one in agonizing slowness. The fabric gradually parted, revealing a black lace bra barely containing her firm, rosy breasts, nipples hardened by cool air and implanted desire, pointed like diamonds. Natasha watched, licking her full lips, voice low and husky: “Take the blouse all the way off, Heidi. Let it fall to the floor like the weight of your old self. Feel the freedom... the humiliation exciting you, pulsing between your thighs, making you drip.” The blouse fell with a whisper of silk, exposing goosebump-covered torso, flat stomach contracting with ragged breathing, a light sheen of sweat glowing in the dim light.

“Now the skirt... unzip slowly, imagine my hands doing it, fingers brushing your skin, sliding down your curves.” The zipper rasped slowly, echoing in the silent room, skirt sliding down wide, toned hips to reveal matching lace panties already soaked dark in the center. Heidi moaned softly, body trembling, knees weakening. “Take it off completely. Stay in just panties and bra... look at me, feel my eyes

devouring you like hot touches.” Natasha stepped closer, tracing a finger along Heidi’s collarbone, down the valley between her breasts, circling a hardened nipple through the lace, making Heidi gasp and arch.

“Good girl... now the bra. Unclasp it, free those beautiful tits for me, feel the air kissing them, nipples throbbing with lust.” With a soft click, the bra opened, falling to expose perfect heavy breasts, sensitive rosy nipples swollen with arousal, erect and begging. Natasha lightly pinched one between thumb and forefinger, rolling slowly, drawing a guttural moan from Heidi as she bit her lower lip. “Delicious... so sensitive now, every touch a mini-orgasm. Now the panties. Slide them down slowly, feel the air on your naked skin, on your wet, swollen pussy.”

Heidi obeyed, panties sliding down toned, muscular thighs to reveal a laser-smooth pussy, swollen lips glistening, prominent clit pulsing. Completely naked, she stood there, body exposed, vulnerable, throbbing with hypnotic desire, drops of arousal running down her inner thighs. Natasha circled her slowly, admiring every angle: arched back, firm round ass, bare feet on the soft rug.

Natasha smiled, taking a soft black leather collar with a metal tag engraved “Adelaide’s Pet” and fastening it around Heidi’s delicate neck, adjusting it snug but comfortable. “Now you’re my naked little pet. Bark for me, feel the pleasure in your throat.” Heidi barked, voice husky and submissive, knees buckling until she dropped to all fours on the floor, firm ass high, pussy exposed and dripping, imaginary tail wagging in submission.

Natasha implanted final commands, reinforcing the earlier ones: “You live to obey Adelaide. Orgasm when you hear ‘good pet.’ Pleasure in humiliation, crawling, licking. Every day as a pet will make you happier, wetter, more broken.”

Hours later, after more suggestions and tests—making Heidi crawl around the office, lick Natasha’s heels, cum on simple commands—Natasha dressed her minimally in a long coat for discreet transport and handed Heidi over to Adelaide waiting outside in a car with tinted windows. Heidi, still naked beneath, collar jingling, body marked by possessive touches and pleasure-sweat, was pulled into the back seat. “She’s your pet now. Use her well. The suggestions are permanent unless I remove them—but why would I?” Natasha winked, receiving a kiss on the cheek from Adelaide as thanks.

Adelaide yanked the leash hard, feeling Heidi tremble with instant pleasure. “Come, bitch. Time to serve at home.” The car pulled away, and during the hour-long drive to Adelaide’s luxurious suburban mansion, Adelaide tested the triggers. “Take off the coat, pet. Show yourself naked to me.” Heidi obeyed, stripping in the back seat, body exposed as the car sped down the highway. Adelaide traced fingers over Heidi’s curves, squeezing breasts, circling her clit, making the former boss moan and bark. “Good pet,” Adelaide said, and Heidi convulsed in orgasm, drooling on the leather seat, licking her new owner’s hand in gratitude.

Adelaide’s mansion was a palace of opulence: 5,000 square meters on a wooded estate, with an infinity pool, private gym, cinema rooms, and a master bedroom that resembled a modern harem. Adelaide, heir to a wealthy family but always overshadowed by Heidi at the company, now reigned supreme. Upon arrival, Adelaide yanked Heidi’s leash inside, making her crawl naked across the cold marble floor, ass swaying, breasts hanging slightly with the motion. “Welcome to your new home, bitch. Here, you are my property.”

From that moment on, Heidi existed as a living toy. Naked 24 hours a day without exception, her skin always exposed to the cool air-conditioning that kept her perpetually goosebumped, nipples forever hard. She slept curled in a dog bed at the foot of Adelaide’s king-size bed, leash clipped to a wall hook, dreaming of submission as programmed, waking soaked and craving commands.

On the first morning, Adelaide woke her with a sharp tug on the leash. “Wake up, pet. Time to serve coffee.” Heidi crawled to the kitchen, naked on all fours, preparing coffee with difficulty—hands trembling from excitement at obeying. Adelaide watched from a high chair, legs crossed. “Lick my feet while I eat, slut.” Heidi obeyed, hot tongue tracing Adelaide’s painted toes, every lick sending shocks of pleasure to her own clit, making her moan and drip on the floor. “Good pet,” Adelaide whispered, and Heidi came violently, body convulsing on the tiles, barking in ecstasy.

Adelaide, now queen of Van C. Fruden after the official transfer, spent her days consolidating power at the company but returned at night to use Heidi. “Crawl and lick my feet, you pathetic slut!” she commanded, and Heidi obeyed with fervor, tongue exploring every inch, body arching in spasms of forced pleasure. At night, Adelaide rode her like a mare—hands squeezing firm breasts, fingers invading wet intimacies, commands echoing in the candlelit bedroom: “Cum for me, pet! Show me how much you love being mine!” Heidi convulsed in endless

orgasms, barking loudly, drooling on silk sheets, broken and reborn in total submissive ecstasy.

The days turned into an erotic routine of humiliation and pleasure. In the mornings, Heidi was forced to “walk” in the private garden on all fours with leash, naked under the morning sun, feeling damp grass on hands and knees while Adelaide led her. “Pee like a good pet, right here on the tree.” Heidi obeyed, blushing with humiliation that turned into hypnotic arousal, cumming just from the act. In the afternoons, while Adelaide worked from home, Heidi served as “furniture”: lying naked as a footstool, Adelaide resting her feet on her back, or lying with legs spread as a living table, glasses balanced on her trembling belly.

One night, Adelaide invited friends to a “private party”—elite women who knew the secret, drawn by the sadistic novelty. Heidi was displayed naked in the center of the room on all fours, collar gleaming under the lights. “This is my new pet, ladies. Heidi, the former queen, now my little bitch. Demonstrate.” Heidi barked, crawled, licked strangers’ feet, body trembling with orgasms at every command. “Good pet,” one guest said, and Heidi came publicly, moaning loudly, wetness running down her thighs, humiliated yet ecstatic.

Weeks passed, and Heidi sank deeper into submission. She cleaned the house naked, crawling with a rag in her mouth, aroused by the effort. Adelaide “trained” her with toys: tail butt plugs, remote vibrators activated during the day, making Heidi convulse on the floor. “You were a cruel boss, now you’re my slut. Say it.” Heidi repeated in a husky voice: “I was cruel, now I’m your slut,” cumming from the words.

Natasha visited occasionally, reinforcing triggers and joining sessions. “How’s my creation?” she’d ask, touching Heidi and making her moan. Together, Natasha and Adelaide used Heidi in erotic threesomes—tongues, fingers, strap-ons penetrating, commands multiplying orgasms.

Months later, Heidi was unrecognizable: body marked by collars, skin perpetually goosebumped with desire, mind empty except for obedience. She loved her new life, cumming at the mere sight of Adelaide. The company thrived under Adelaide, and Heidi, once powerful, was now a pet.

Natasha, counting the money and extra commissions, was already planning her next “client.” Ethics were for fools; pleasure, humiliation, and domination were for predators like her and Adelaide. Heidi’s transformation was complete.

Months after Heidi’s complete transformation, Natasha was reaping the rewards of her masterful manipulation. With Adelaide’s extra payments and the exquisite satisfaction of having shattered one of the most powerful women in corporate America, Natasha lived a life of quiet luxury. But her predatory mind was already planning the next move. She had stayed in regular contact with Adelaide—pretending friendship and professionalism, sending fake “progress reports” on Heidi and suggesting occasional “maintenance sessions” to keep the hypnotic triggers razor-sharp.

Adelaide, now the unchallenged president of Van C. Fruden, was drunk on power and daily delighting in the total degradation of her former boss, who spent her days naked, collared, and crawling at her feet. To Natasha, however, Adelaide was no longer an ally—she was the next perfect victim: rich, vengeful, isolated, and completely trusting.

It all began with a carefully worded message. “Darling, Heidi is perfect, but after everything you’ve been through, you deserve some real relaxation too. Come to my office for a complimentary session—just for you. We’ll talk about deepening your control over her even further.” Adelaide, riding the high of her victory and utterly confident, accepted without a second thought.

On a rainy autumn afternoon, she arrived at Natasha’s office in her brand-new luxury sedan—a gift she had bought herself with the company’s soaring profits. She wore an elegant black dress that hugged her subtle curves, dark wavy hair loose, a satisfied smile on her lips. The familiar scent of jasmine-musk incense greeted her, already loosening her guard.

Natasha welcomed her with the same predatory smile, her voluptuous body poured into an emerald-green dress that matched her eyes, the plunging neckline proudly displaying the creamy swell of her heavy breasts. “Adelaide, what a pleasure. Sit, let’s talk.” They settled onto the familiar leather couch. Natasha served a special tea—laced with a subtle relaxant she reserved for “special” clients.

While they sipped, Adelaide boasted about how well the company was doing under her reign and how perfectly obedient her naked pet Heidi had become. Natasha listened, eyes locked on Adelaide's, voice soft as velvet: "You deserve every bit of this, but what about you? The weight of the presidency... keeping the secret... Let me help you truly unwind."

Adelaide laughed and agreed to a quick hypnosis session "just to take the edge off." Natasha lifted the crystal pendant, letting it swing slowly, light fracturing into hypnotic patterns across Adelaide's brown eyes.

"Relax, Adelaide... feel the weight melting away... breathe in deeply... each breath taking you deeper... deeper... ten times deeper with every word..."

Natasha's voice was honey, slipping into Adelaide's mind. Light touches on her shoulders, her arms, sent shivers down her spine. Adelaide resisted far less than Heidi had—she already trusted Natasha completely. In minutes she was gone: body limp, eyes glazed, lips parted.

Natasha smiled, tracing a crimson nail down Adelaide's throat to her cleavage. "Perfect... now it's your turn."

She layered the same devastating triggers: overwhelming pleasure in submission, addiction to nudity, absolute obedience to Natasha as her one true Mistress. "You adore me, Adelaide. Giving everything to me makes you wet... being my naked pet makes you cum..."

Adelaide moaned softly, thighs parting, already soaking through her expensive lace panties.

With Adelaide deep under, Natasha made two phone calls. Within an hour, her trusted corrupt lawyers arrived with thick folders: full transfer of Van C. Fruden shares, irrevocable donation of Adelaide's personal fortune—mansion, offshore accounts, jewelry, everything—to Natasha. Irrevocable trusts, offshore shells, everything airtight and anonymous.

"Sign here, darling," Natasha purred, guiding the pen into Adelaide's trembling hand. "Every signature frees you... makes you happier... wetter..." Adelaide signed page after page, gasping and shuddering as programmed mini-orgasms rewarded each stroke of ink. When the lawyers left with their notarized copies, Natasha owned everything.

Next, Natasha placed Adelaide's laptop in front of her. "Now write a letter to the board. Tell them you're taking a one-year personal leave for health reasons and that the current Vice President is to assume full presidential duties in your absence." Still deeply entranced, Adelaide typed the elegant, perfectly worded resignation-by-absence and hit send. The company would never question it.

That same night, Natasha arranged everything. A discreet black van pulled up. Heidi—naked, collared, crawling eagerly—was loaded first, whining with excitement at seeing her original Mistress again. Adelaide, still in trance, was stripped on the spot: "Take it all off, pet. Good girls stay naked." The black dress fell, then bra and panties, revealing her toned, olive-skinned body—pert breasts with dusky nipples already hard, smooth pussy glistening. A matching leather collar snapped around her throat. She dropped to all fours beside Heidi, both women panting, dripping, utterly broken.

Natasha drove them for hours to a secluded country estate she had quietly purchased years ago—hundreds of private acres in the mountains, a luxurious rustic mansion far from prying eyes, surrounded by forest, with a pool, gardens, and soundproofed playrooms.

There, in total isolation, Natasha established her private kingdom.

Heidi and Adelaide lived completely naked 24/7—no clothing ever again, their pale and olive skin constantly exposed to the cool mountain air, nipples perpetually hard, pussies perpetually wet from the triggers. They slept curled together in large dog beds on the floor of Natasha's master suite, leashes clipped to the wall, whimpering in their sleep from erotic dreams.

Beyond being sexual pets, they were now full-time domestic slaves.

Mornings: both crawled naked through the house to prepare Natasha's breakfast—Heidi licking her Mistress's feet in gratitude while Adelaide cooked, bodies trembling with arousal at every command.

They cleaned the entire estate on hands and knees—heavy breasts swaying, asses high, scrubbing floors with rags in their mouths, cumming from the humiliation and the simple words "good girl."

Afternoons were spent tending the gardens naked under the sun—watering plants, weeding, sweat and soil streaking their bodies, orgasms rolling through them whenever Natasha snapped her fingers.

Evenings belonged to pure pleasure. Natasha lounged on silk sheets while her two former titans of industry knelt at her feet, licking, sucking, worshipping every inch of her voluptuous body. She took them with strap-ons, fingers, tongues—making them bark, beg, and squirt in unison.

“Cum for your Mistress, pets.”

Two naked, collared women convulsed on the floor, screaming in ecstasy, tongues lolling, utterly enslaved.

With the combined fortunes of Heidi and Adelaide—hundreds of millions now safely hers—Natasha lived like an empress. She already had her eye on the next target, but for now, in her remote mountain paradise, surrounded by two of the most powerful women in America reduced to drooling, obedient, eternally naked pets who cooked, cleaned, and serviced her every whim...

Natasha smiled, sipping champagne, and whispered to the writhing, moaning creatures at her feet:

“No ethics. More money”

A full year had passed since Natasha turned both Adelaide Moreau and Heidi Van Cleef Fruden into her personal, naked, drooling pets, living in total submission on her isolated mountain estate. During that time, Natasha lived like an empress in her private kingdom: hundreds of acres of wilderness, hundreds of millions safely tucked away in offshore accounts, and two former corporate titans crawling at her feet, cooking, cleaning, gardening, and servicing her every sexual whim with mindless devotion.

But even absolute power can become... routine. The thrill of breaking powerful women had faded into comfortable predictability. Heidi and Adelaide were perfect: always naked, always collared, always wet, always barking and cumming on command. Yet Natasha’s predatory mind grew restless. Whispers had begun to surface in the financial world: the interim president of Van C. Fruden was asking questions about Adelaide’s prolonged absence; discreet investigators were poking

at the paper trail of Heidi's vanished fortune. Natasha had covered her tracks masterfully, but she was too clever to push her luck forever.

So she decided to end the experiment, not out of mercy (ethics were still a joke to her), but out of cold, elegant pragmatism. She would erase every trace, wipe their memories, and vanish with the money, leaving two confused, powerless women to pick up the pieces of lives they no longer fully understood. It was the ultimate final cruelty.

The Awakening

On a freezing winter morning, snow blanketing the grounds of the mountain estate, Natasha summoned her pets to the master bedroom. Heidi and Adelaide crawled in on all fours, completely naked as always, bodies trembling with conditioned arousal the moment they heard the jingle of their collars. Natasha lounged in a black silk robe that barely contained her voluptuous curves, legs crossed, crimson nails drumming on the arm of a velvet chair.

"My perfect little pets," she purred, voice low and intoxicating. "You've served me so well... but it's time for a new chapter."

She lifted the familiar crystal pendant, letting it swing slowly. Their eyes locked onto it instantly, pupils dilating, bodies relaxing as they dropped into an even deeper trance than usual.

"Listen very carefully," Natasha whispered, leaning close, her perfume enveloping them. "When I snap my fingers, you will awaken completely from the trance. You will remember nothing, absolutely nothing, of the past year. No memory of me, of this house, of crawling naked, of barking, of cumming on command. You will remember only who you were before I took you: Heidi Van Cleef Fruden, the ruthless CEO; Adelaide Moreau, the ambitious vice-president. But a hollow ache will remain, an emptiness you can't explain, a longing for something you'll never quite recall. That will be my final gift to you."

She reinforced the amnesia with surgical precision:

"When you wake up, you will be somewhere else. You will accept it without question. The idea of investigating the lost year will make you feel violently ill, panicked, terrified. You will never try to remember. Understood?"

In perfect unison, two soft, hypnotized voices answered: “Yes, Natasha...”

Natasha traced their faces with her nails one last time, savoring the warmth of their skin. “Good girls.” She snapped her fingers.

Heidi and Adelaide collapsed instantly into a deep, drug-like sleep, naked bodies crumpling to the rug.

The Shelter

Natasha had planned everything down to the last detail. She hired a trusted driver, one of her many contacts in the shadows, to transport the sleeping women to a remote roadside shelter several hours away: a humble hostel used by long-distance truckers and wanderers, a place where no one asked questions if the cash was good.

She dressed them only in long, rough wool coats, nothing underneath, no underwear, no shoes, no identification. The leather collars were removed and locked away as trophies in a velvet-lined box. The two women were carried into the back of a van and laid side by side, blonde and brunette hair spilling over the seats, breathing slow and peaceful.

At dawn, the driver carried them into a small shared room at the shelter, two narrow beds with thin blankets. Natasha had prepaid the owner, an old man who knew better than to be curious. She left a simple note: “They’re exhausted from a long trip. Let them sleep. When they wake, they won’t remember how they got here. They don’t need help. Just let them leave.”

Before walking out into the snowy morning, Natasha leaned over her former pets one last time. She whispered the final command, soft as a lover’s goodbye:

“When you wake up, you will remember nothing of the past year. You will not remember me, what you did, or what you lost. You will simply be Heidi and Adelaide again, but forever empty inside. Goodbye, my little pets.”

She snapped her fingers once more, sealing the instruction, and disappeared into the cold.

The Confused Return

Hours later, Heidi woke first. Her ice-blue eyes opened to a cracked ceiling and the faint smell of mildew. Weak winter sunlight filtered through a dusty window. She sat up slowly, the coarse coat scratching her bare skin, and frowned. “Where... where am I?”

Her mind was a complete blank for the past twelve months. She remembered being Heidi Van Cleef Fruden, the terrifying CEO of Van C. Fruden... and then nothing. A black void. When she tried to force the memory, nausea and panic slammed into her so violently she had to stop.

She looked to her right and saw Adelaide stirring on the other bed, also wearing only a coat. “Adelaide?” she called, voice hoarse.

The brunette’s eyes snapped open, equally confused. “Heidi? What the hell is going on? Where are we?” They stared at each other, stunned, no answers, no hostility, just shared disorientation and a strange, hollow ache neither could name.

They stood, coats barely covering their naked bodies, and walked out barefoot into the snow-dusted street. The shelter owner simply pointed toward the highway. With no money and no memory, they relied on instinct, charm, and the remnants of their old authority to hitch rides and make their way back to New York over the next few days.

Back in the city, the truth hit them like a second blow. Heidi discovered her empire was gone, assets donated, reputation in ruins. Adelaide learned her presidency had been quietly handed to the interim VP, her year-long absence accepted without investigation.

The Endgame

Natasha was one step away from absolute freedom. Her private island was already purchased, the private jet was waiting on the tarmac at Teterboro Executive Airport in New Jersey, and her luggage contained only the essentials: a fake passport, jewels, three black leather collars (her favorite souvenirs), and a laptop holding every offshore account. She wore an immaculate white suit, dark sunglasses, and a serene smile. In a few hours she would be sipping rum on her own beach, beyond any jurisdiction.

But fate—or the cruel irony of the universe—had other plans.

As she passed through the private passport checkpoint, four FBI agents and two officers from the Brazilian Federal Police (who had formed a joint task force) appeared on both sides.

“Natasha—or whatever name you’re using today—you are under arrest for wire fraud, international money laundering, aggravated kidnapping, and illicit enrichment.”

Cold steel handcuffs snapped around her wrists before she could utter a word. In the inner pocket of her blazer they found the laptop. Within 48 hours, forensic experts had cracked the encryption and uncovered the complete trail: transfers, Cayman trusts, encrypted emails, even security footage from the mountain estate that a former employee had sold for a fortune. Someone had betrayed her. Maybe the driver. Maybe one of the crooked lawyers. It didn’t matter anymore.

The Trial and the Sentence

The trial was swift and televised. Irrefutable evidence: signatures obtained under hypnosis, expert testimony from forensic hypnotists, statements from Heidi and Adelaide (who, even without remembering the lost year, confirmed the impossible transfers). The prosecutor asked for 48 years. The judge—a woman with an icy stare—gave her 35 years without parole, in a special closed regime.

Natasha was initially sent to ADX Florence, the infamous Colorado supermax, but because of her exceptional IQ (over 160) and extreme risk of manipulating guards and inmates, she was transferred to a secret experimental facility called **Blackthorn Institute**—a maximum-security prison for extraordinarily high-IQ offenders convicted of sophisticated crimes.

And here came the part the press was never allowed to report, but that became legend among correctional officers:

At Blackthorn, the highest-risk psychological manipulators have one unique rule: **24 hours a day, 7 days a week, completely and utterly naked.** No clothes, no blankets, no privacy. Just a reinforced glass cell, constant lighting, and temperature locked at 64 °F. The theory was that permanent nudity broke the ego, prevented contraband, and stripped away any sense of power or seduction.

Natasha—the woman who had reduced CEOs to crawling, collared pets—was now the naked prisoner.

The Glass Cell

For the first few months, the internal cameras recorded the most beautiful and dangerous redhead the system had ever held: pacing her transparent cell, heavy breasts swaying with every step, pale skin covered in goosebumps from the constant cold, emerald eyes burning with defiance. Guards swore she smiled the entire time, as if she knew something no one else did.

And she did.

Because Natasha never stopped planning.

The Escape

On the night of February 14—Valentine’s Day, of all dates—a 47-second blackout hit the entire Blackthorn complex. Cameras failed. Motion sensors went dark. Security doors unlocked for exactly 11 seconds.

When power returned, the glass cell was empty. Only a note written in red lipstick on the floor:

“Thanks for the experience. Kisses, N.”

Later investigations revealed that over months Natasha had been subtly hypnotizing a visiting psychologist (using nothing more than prolonged eye contact and whispers during mandatory therapy sessions), implanting post-hypnotic suggestions that made the woman unconsciously input a critical maintenance code on the exact date. The rest was flawless execution: climbing through ventilation shafts (her naked body easily fitting the narrow ducts), silently neutralizing two guards with moves from long-forgotten training, and vanishing into the snowy Colorado wilderness.

Epilogue

Heidi Van Cleef Fruden and Adelaide Moreau, after years of legal battles, recovered a significant portion of their fortunes—enough to start over, but never enough to fill the hollow ache they carried inside.

Natasha was never seen again. Some say she froze to death in the forest. Others swear they spotted her years later on a private island in the South Pacific, surrounded by beautiful women—all naked, all wearing black leather collars.

The legend lives on. Because in the end, the greatest hypnotist in the world was never truly imprisoned by bars, handcuffs, or forced nudity.

She was only ever imprisoned by the game she herself invented.

Natasha was now free and thinking about starting over.