

The Creep

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 follow 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.