

# The Creep

## Chapter Seven

*Tuesday evening*

“I can tolerate Martin Manning gently touching me. Gentle touches aren’t a violation if they’re done in private. I can still say no to anything in public, or anything on my privates. When I allow it, being touched by Martin Manning feels good.”

Stacey held out her hands. *Ta da!* they said. Then she settled back into his couch and waited for her accolades.

“No.”

She had the balls to look surprised. It was not the first occasion on which he wondered which of the two of them possessed the saggier pair. Martin consoled himself that at least his was the wrinklier, although he suspected that was not a thing. “What, no?”

“No. I mean... no. You had to know that wasn’t going to fly when you wrote it. Come on.”

“What’s wrong with it? Like you have some kind of monopoly on mantra crafting? It’s not that hard. And this one literally authorizes you to put your grubby paws on me, Mesmer. You should consider yourself goddamn lucky.”

“Say it again.”

He folded his arms as Stacey humored him, setting down his reaction more specifically as he listened to her new self-developed mantra a second time. “Yeah. You don’t hear that? ‘Tolerate.’ ‘Violation.’”

“I said *aren’t* a violation!”

“‘Still say no.’ ‘When I allow.’ That whole damn thing is taking us backwards! Are you freaking kidding me?”

Stacey crossed her legs irritably. She didn’t look as shocked as she had initially. Not at all, really. “So maybe that’s what you get for trying to get me to do your hypno-shit for you. Since when am I required to be your accomplice? Do I seriously have to keep reiterating to you what your basic freaking job is?”

He scowled. The deeper because she was right. She did not want to fuck him. That was very, very clear. She didn’t want to want to fuck him, even. It had taken a long time to wrap his brain around that, the mindset of someone who genuinely wants to be corrupted into self-destruction. Recent successes had gotten him lazy, and cocky.

Finally, after most of an academic year of incremental adjustments made more by coercing her into brainwashing herself, he’d been able to start making real post-hypnotic suggestions. It was his lifelong (or at least post-pubescent) dream. More

than, because he'd never dared to dream that it would happen with a woman as gorgeous as this one. Watching her twitch and fidget in a haze of pleasure after their sessions was... shit. It was almost hard to settle for his hot busty girlfriend next to the memory of that.

Apparently, though, a one-off was not necessarily the progress he might have wished for.

"Fine. You did your homework. I respect that."

"No you don't."

He ignored her as diplomatically as possible. "So why don't we get you back under, and I'll... work with what you've given me. OK?"

"Oh really? You mean I don't have to hypnotize myself? Generous of you. Dick." She rolled onto her back, eyes squeezed shut, looking as pissed as a person who was submitting to total relaxation could.

He put her under. Frosty as she was, it was no harder than usual. Frankly, he suspected he could skip half the induction, but it was working, and he wasn't about to fuck with what was working. It only took ten minutes or so. Tedious, the whole "you're getting sleeeeeeeepy" (without quite saying it that way), but for all he knew, boredom with repetition was part of what put her under.

He tweaked her new mantra. It didn't take much; the hypnosis made it much easier to push her that extra step. Once he'd nudged her into the necessary admissions and declarations, he set her to repeating it while he thought things over. That was the problem with waiting to see what she came up with; he had to react on the spot, rather than plan it out in advance. Time was getting awfully precious in this little experiment. Not three weeks to go before her deadline.

"I like Martin Manning touching me in private. His touch turns me on. He can touch me anywhere, but if it feels bad I can tell him to stop. I want to be his good girl so I can come. Being touched by him helps me come."

It was a lot better than her version. Good in general. Stacey Reeves, Waking Thinker was difficult to move. Her hypnotized self, however, was another story. When she was under, letting her subconscious take the reins, she was almost a different woman. Or rather, it gave a glimpse at just how much she was hiding. Awake, Stacey was arrogant (if deservedly), stand-offish (by years of habituation), and a plain lesbian (as a stern reminder that the world was unkind (except maybe to lesbians)). In her trance, Stacey was lascivious. Curious. Needy. Sexually charged. She accepted advances and made admissions that she otherwise would not have done under torture. For all her bluster about how it was entirely on him to drag her to the finish line, her subconscious was an eager accomplice. *Why* she wanted it so badly, he didn't know, but she did.

Even hypnotized, however, Martin wasn't about to cavalierly squeeze her boobs yet, but if he could get her to display them again – a decent bet – it opened the door for

him breaching that barrier. The pussy might take longer (ugh, that deadline), but once he was shoving fingers inside her, that had to be close to the real thing.

Or rather, having her want the real thing. Thank god for Naomi to scratch those itches Stacey never could. Never would, anyway.

So what now? The mantra was fine, but its predecessors had generally taken weeks or months before they bore fruit. He didn't have months any more. No, now was the time for her to say them, awake, and force her to acknowledge what she was saying. To use the sessions to rev her up, then take advantage of that heightened arousal and her impressive libido to demand more. Autohypnosis had brought her to where she was, but only a master of the craft could finish the job.

While she chanted, he got to work, fingers dancing teasingly across her ample amount of exposed skin. The shoulders made a good starting point, then the arms. He asked if she'd like it on her tummy, received an encouragingly vigorous nod and raised hem. Next the legs, calf up to thighs, up to where her dolphin shorts covered the holies. A few inches away from her crotch he saw a head shake and a sudden *fidget*; before she could utter a protest he retreated and didn't go closer.

Then she started rubbing herself over the shorts right where he'd been teasing at. Right in front of him. Stacey Reeves, edging herself in his fucking living room. Even with his pressing business, Martin had no choice but to revert to spectator mode as she pressed at her pleasure button through the layers of fabric. He ventured to interrupt her mantra. "Good girl."

After that, her mouth hung open during the pauses in her mantra. Her shirt was dragged up, her tits popped out. Not the first time he'd seen them, but the sight was nevertheless breath-taking.

In spite of its at times controversial role as a staple in women's attire, even the most ardent critics had little choice but to concede that the bra deserved extensive credit in its capacity to paper over flaws. Lopsided breast sizes, misshapen areola, overly swollen nipples, saggy tits – and its more insidious cousin, post-collegiate saggy tits – all of these and more were easily hidden from even the most misogynistic observers. A pair of supple, symmetrical, eagerly buoyant titties like those born by Stacey Reeves were considered by some in the industry to be an affront to bras everywhere.

With one of her hands between her legs (albeit over the shorts), and the other fondling her breasts, Martin saw his opportunity to reinforce some messaging. He returned his own playing to the tummy. Stacey wasn't ticklish, thankfully. He'd tried the same with Naomi over the weekend only to have her reflexively elbow him in his own stomach during a fit of defiant giggles. His patient subject, however, let slip a faint moan, probably from her own ministrations but he assigned himself the assist. He supplied her the lines. His words were like a cock in a porno, and she the porn star. She swallowed what he gave her, then spat it up to display her pride in her service.

“I want to be Martin Manning’s good girl so I can come. Being touched by him helps me come,” she murmured as he eased higher, little by little. Soon his fingers were comfortably and unobjectionably nestled in that crevice under her boobs. There was a thin sheen of sweat down there, but he wasn’t about to recoil from it. It was Stacey Reeves’ underboob sweat, after all. In at least three parallel universes, there were people bottling and selling the stuff as an aphrodisiac.

He left it at that, grazing at the underside of her tits, though only because that was as far as he’d gotten when their time ran out. His alarm buzzed, and for once, as an experiment, he skipped past the usual process of emerging from her trance and simply commanded her to awaken on the spot.

Stacey’s eyes snapped open. Her hand between her legs jerked back as if stung; the one on her tit followed with a bit less verve. She moved upright, glaring up at him. “What the fuck was that? Feels like you threw a bucket of cold water on me.”

“I didn’t. I just stopped you before you came your brains out on my couch.”

“Pff. I...” She didn’t have much of a rebuttal. Waking up with your boobs out and your pussy gushing made indignation hard to summon. “I definitely wasn’t that close. Must not’ve been a very ‘good girl.’”

“Your boobs are still out, by the way. And in case I haven’t said it enough, nice tits.”

She nodded, lowering her shirt. “I really ought to mind that, shouldn’t I?” But she shrugged. “So who’s picking the porn tonight?”

“I got a good one to warm up with. Lesbians – you’re welcome.”

“Not sure I need to be much warmer,” she muttered, scooting over to make space for him. The bucket of cold water evidently hadn’t cooled her much, Martin thought as he sent the link to his TV.

He reviewed the new mantra with her during the sex scenes. By then, she was sufficiently absorbed in watching the step-sisters sixty-nine that she hardly remarked on the changes. And when his hand settled on her knee, she put hers over it, slid it a ways up her thigh, and said not a word.

*Tuesday night*

“So how’d it go? Another exciting evening of watching the Wilde child play Elsa?”

“Uh... what?”

Naomi rolled her eyes, her usual defense when a joke hadn’t played out and she didn’t want to take ownership. “Elsa. *Frozen*. Ice queen.”

“Oh.” He laughed far too belatedly, but nonetheless the perfunctory amount for a boyfriend. “Yeah, she was her usual fun self. We worked on the new mantra. Not sure how well it’s working out, but we can be flexible if it starts unraveling.”

It was pure evasion. Now that he had officially lied to his girlfriend about his efforts to distort Stacey’s request, there was nothing to do but double down and keep on lying. No, he wasn’t setting out to turn Stacey into some mindless pleasure slave. Sure, he might be aiming for more than Stacey had signed on for, but blank-faced groveling at his feet wasn’t it. Besides, it was defensible. A certain amount of obedience and sluttiness was necessary to move her down the path.

Strange that he should feel guilt for misleading Naomi but not for trying to make Stacey beg him to get her off. He told himself that whatever happened with Stacey in the end, he’d make excuses and chalk it up to things not going according to his plan. Aw, shucks, no sex slave, babe, whatcha gonna do? Thank goodness Naomi had dropped out and hated dealing with campus traffic. Now that he and Stacey were going to be meeting on campus occasionally, anxiety plucked at his mind at nights, dreading the prospect of her discovering it. Finding out that her fantasy was not on the menu.

“Really? It seemed like it was working so well the other night. Had her eating out of the palm of your hand. Or like you were gonna have her eating out of the palm of your ass inside the week.”

“What is the palm of my ass?”

“I was being funny.” She poked his tummy a bit too hard. “But that’s too bad. I was having so much fun thinking about how fun it’ll be when the two of us get to play with you. For you.”

“Yeah? Anything I get to hear about?”

“Bring Wilde child to her knees, and you won’t need your ears, beeb.”

Or maybe he’d try to give her a taste of that fantasy. A small one. Maybe. That wasn’t why he was pushing obedience though. Really.

*Wednesday afternoon (technically)*

“You were supposed to be here at noon. It’s 12:06.” Stacey folded her arms irritably, hurriedly closing the chapel door behind her.

“I told you, I have a class that runs until 11:50, and I had some students keep me after to talk over some stuff. What, was I supposed to tell them, ‘sorry, can’t talk about the final project, gotta sneak into the chapel and hypnotize a girl into fucking me?’”

“Are you honestly asking me to weigh in on whether solid course evals or getting to fuck me should be a higher priority?”

Martin looked her over for a moment. In her brief, floral dress, tight across the bodice... “Yeah, fair. So, this is the spot, huh?”

“It is for today. One of our custodians was also assigned to the chapel renovation crew. I managed to convince him I’m deeply religious and going through some hard personal stuff, heart-broken not to have access to my favorite campus spot for quiet reflection. Leery old prick offered to let me borrow the key before I even asked.”

Martin gestured to the rather unambiguous “UNDER CONSTRUCTION” sign silhouetting a rectangle against the stained glass. “And you’re sure nobody’s coming in? Like, to work...?”

With the same wry flair, she gestured to their pristine surroundings. Martin had never been into the reclusive little building. Stacey hadn’t since her campus tour before she’d even enrolled. Not even five hundred square feet, the Lakeview Panspiritual Chapel was in a small grove a short ways away from some of the campus’s major academic buildings. The interior featured padded benches, kneeling pads for prayer, multicolored but pictureless stained glass windows, sockets (empty, presently) for burning candles. It should be ideal for their on-campus sessions. The place was quiet, peaceful, and private – if she was right.

“My guy said they finished renovations two weeks ago, but they’re not due until the end of the semester. Until then they’re making up delays so they max out their billable hours. My uncle works construction. Standard practice.”

“Fair enough. I guess if you’re comfortable with it, I’m comfortable. Oh and hey, can I see your panties?”

“What? No, you can’t–” She paused, took a slow breath. “I guess it doesn’t cost me anything.” Then her eyes widened in startlement and not a little anger. “God I hate it when those mantras squirm out when I don’t mean them to. Fine. Here.”

“Blue today. Nice. From behind?”

She shot him a look, but pivoted. “Happy?”

On a whim, emboldened by her compliance, he reached out and gave it a couple pats. “Very. You’ve got such a nice *whoomf!*”

As Stacey's elbow connected with his stomach, Martin doubled back until tripping over one of the kneeling pads and crashing into the wall, then down onto the worn stone floor. When he regained his capacity to breathe, he looked up at where she loomed over him. The panties still looked good from that angle. "Yeah, don't touch me like that."

Martin nodded. "Right. My bad. Gimme a hand?"

Stacey helped him to his feet, and like that, the prologue of their session was over. Stacey took a space lying down on one of the benches. It wasn't especially comfortable but she was slender, and fit her better than it would most people. There was no pretense at recording the session, he noted, saying nothing. Over the course of the induction, he gradually reassured himself that she had not fractured one of his ribs. Soon she was under, and it was time to work on progress. Mantras first, five repetitions each except for the newest, which got twenty.

Meanwhile, Martin occupied himself by doing what any man of influence does in a house of worship: he whipped his dick out and got to using it.

With her eyes closed and her brain on autopilot, the distinction between being rubbed with a finger and rubbed with a cock was impossible to discern. The athleticism needed to lower his waist to bench level and maneuver it with any penidexterity was trying indeed, but well worth it. By sense, it was no better than rubbing it on his forearm, but knowing that the skin in question was the thighs of Stacey Reeves? It was a good thing he'd taken time to jerk off before rushing over here. As if he'd ever waste time chit-chatting with students with *this* awaiting him.

Once he confirmed that she was horny – as if she wasn't always horny during their sessions any more – he helped her flip onto her front, tits down ass up, and lifted her skirt over her butt. It didn't take long before she permitted his fingers, teasing across those panties. Then he very carefully swung a leg over bitch and bench alike, straddling her, and put himself to softly humping the clearly defined crack of her ass.

Oblivious, she said nothing. Noticed nothing. She complied.

"Do you like being touched like this, Stacey?"

"Mm. Hot."

"You like it when I touch your ass. Say it."

*Fidget.* "I like it when you touch my ass."

"What if you found out that what I was touching you with wasn't my fingers? For instance," he went on quickly, seeing her *fidget*, "what if it was, say, a pencil?" He didn't like the comparison, but it was cylindrical and unobjectionable. It would do.

"Fine."

"What about a toe?"

*Fidget.* "Weird, but fine. I guess."

"Right. So it doesn't matter what I touch you with as long as it feels good."

“No.” She shook her head. Martin sighed. So much for quick and easy. “Not mouth.”

His head snapped back in surprise so suddenly that he knocked himself off-balance, stumbled backwards down the length of the bench until he landed on his butt. “Mouth? That’s the only exception?”

“Mm. Wet. Have to walk around... spitty.”

“Heh.” He shook his head and maneuvered back into place. A soft moan of satisfaction came when he resumed touching her. Her ass was sculpted, two pert cheeks that formed a perfect canyon. “You like what I’m doing right now. Say it.”

“I like what you’re doing right now.”

“Do you ever hope for me to touch you like this?”

*Fidget.* “Sometimes. But only if it’s while I’m under. Being touched by you helps me come.”

“Yeah, I noticed,” he grumbled. “You look forward to me touching your ass. Say it.”

“I look forward to you touching my ass.”

“With anything but my mouth. Say it, all together.”

“I look forward to you touching my ass with anything but your mouth.”

He gave her another twenty repetitions, making sure he didn’t let himself cross the edge. One panicked cum-cleanup was plenty. With that, he added it to the newest mantra. There was no certainty the vague phrasing would yield results, but it seemed unlikely to hurt.

His thighs burning from holding that squat, he finally had no choice but to give in. Dragging one of the kneelers so he could sit beside her and keep using his hands, at least, Martin finally got on with the most important – perhaps the *only* important – portion of today’s plan.

“Do you think I enjoy touching you?”

“Mm. Obviously.”

“Do you care if I enjoy it, Stacey? Does that matter to you?”

“Eh. Keeps you trying.”

“What if I stopped enjoying it? Do you worry I’d stop?”

Even in her trance, even with his hands groping her inner thighs, with the fragrance of her pussy filling the chapel, she managed to snicker. “You’d never stop.”

“You sound awfully sure,” he grumped.

“Hit you in the stomach. Still doing it.”

She had a point there. “Still, you like being touched, too, right?”

“Mmm. Yes. Right there. Higher. Please.”

Any higher and he’d be touching her pussy. Had there been recording equipment present, as well as a sufficiently accurate chronometer, the duration for which Martin



mindlessly succumbed to her request would have been timed at exactly 0.8119 seconds, rounded to the nearest ten thousandth, likely sufficient for our purposes here. That was how long it took for him to require that, like that, she'd handed him what he wanted.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, if I touched you between your legs?"

"Mmmm." The elusive four m's. Martin licked his lips. This girl was really tired of masturbating, seemed like. He could empathize.

"But I'm not, am I."

Her head shook. She frowned, frustrated and confused and a bit angry.

"If I liked it more, I'd probably do it, wouldn't I?"

"Dunno. Dunno why you're not already."

Seriously? "I'm telling you, it's because you haven't done enough to make me want to. You haven't made me like it enough."

"Mm." She squirmed on the bench, inching downward, trying to force him to do as she wanted. On the one hand, her sudden interest in having him touch her pussy felt like a huge leap forward. On the other, it had taken less than ten minutes from the first time he touched Naomi in any sort of sexual way to the time he'd had his dick inside her. A month of thrice weekly edging Stacey – plus what further she was putting herself through – was a rather grueling pace by comparison.

"Do you really want me to?"

"Mmm. Yes." *Fidget*. "Just to see."

"See what?"

"If it feels good. If it feels like I hope."

"If you made me like it more, I would probably touch you there. Say it."

"Mm. If I make you like it more, you'd touch my pussy."

Her edits were a decided improvement over the original. "How do you think you could make me like it more? Not just today, but in general."

Her response was so immediate that an objective observer might have assumed she was the one prompting this line of inquiry. "By letting you do it when I'm awake."

"That's right. So... would you?"

She snorted a lazy, hypnotized snort. "No. I don't have to let you touch me unless I want to."

His fingers sunk deep into the soft flesh of her bottom. The moan was a pale token of appreciation next to the way her hips arched back into the air, pressing herself against him. Jesus, the libido of this woman. "Are you seriously telling me you don't want me to?"

"Different awake," Stacey murmured into the bench. "Would remember it."

He grit his teeth. Insulting, but time to get back to work. He worked his thumbs, kneading her legs, her ass, right next to but never quite touching that dark blue spot

waving in the air. “OK. So, how else do you think you could make me enjoy it enough to touch your pussy?”

“Be your good girl. Hot. Obedient. Slutty. Always seems to work.”

“That’s right. But you’re obviously not doing enough, are you?”

At the merest graze of her slit, Stacey’s hips bucked hard. Was that a fidget? What would she even do if she woke up with her butt in the air mid-ass-massage? Probably finish the job on his ribs.

“No.”

“So the only thing to do is be a *gooder* girl. Right?”

“Mmm.”

“And if a good girl is hot, obedient, and slutty, then you’d need to be...?”

He gave her another quick touch, right near where he thought her clit was. Her moan made him hope the chapel was well sound-proofed. “Hotter. Sluttier. More obedient.”

“Can you think of anything you could do – right now – to make yourself hotter, sluttier, and more obedient?”

She frowned, even as her ass was practically twerking for him, it was twitching so hard. Then she arched her back, and pulled down her panties. It was right in his face. Stacey Reeves, balanced perfectly on the chapel bench, doggy style.

“Touch me,” she whispered. The damp blue fabric bunched around her knees, stretched between them in the air.

His fingers finally, slowly, migrated toward the center. He brushed up and down her glistening pink slit a few times, and then softly put a moist finger to the engorged little nubbin protruding at the front. The whole length of her was dripping wet. Her body was wracked with shudders of ecstasy.

“Good girl.”

“Mmmmm!”

“Say the new mantra. On repeat, until I tell you to stop.”

“I like Martin Manning touching me in private. His touch turns me on. He can touch me anywhere, but if it feels bad I can tell him to stop. I want to be Martin Manning’s good girl so I can come. Being touched by him helps me come. I look forward to you touching my ass with anything but your mouth.”

Martin worked her clit, careful not to let her enthusiasm force him to overexert. No penetration, not yet, but he’d been around the block enough to know you could get plenty of results in the suburbs. Every few repetitions he’d switch off, teasing the labia along with the toned ass cheeks framing it, to give her a rest.

Already, in minutes, the new line in the mantra had grown dated.

Naomi had given him copious experience in monitoring the approach of an orgasm. When she was playing slave girl, she liked to climax in unison – and la Mesmer

knew what his assistant looked like when she was faking, so those were legit. The ways, the places she tensed, the budding wetness in her pussy, the little tremor in her slackened jaw...

Martin wrapped his nonessential arm around her legs to make sure she didn't fall off the bench and commanded, "Stacey, wake up."

Her eyes fluttered open. With two more swirls of his thumb, he brought her to orgasm. Thank goodness for bracing her or she would undoubtedly have fallen. Her moment of bliss was not brief. When it subsided, he released her and took a few steps back, admiring the sight of her recovering.

"Wh-what the hell was that?" she asked groggily, taking her feet. With her panties around her knees she nearly stumbled, but caught herself with his assistance, then hiked them back into place.

"I wanted you to know what you were missing out on while you're under."

She'd accidentally tucked the back of her dress into her underwear, and squirmed to fix it. "You've been fingering me while I'm unconscious?!"

"No. What? No! You were in a trance, and when you're under, when you put some of your reservations aside and got in touch with your primal emotions. Stacey, you were practically" (*literally*, he amended internally) "begging me for that."

"No way. I would never..." She shook her head.

"There was such a disconnect between your conscious and subconscious, this was the only thing I could think to do to try to try to bring conscious you up to speed. How do you feel? Are you OK?"

"I... don't know. Like, I'm creeped out, but at the same time, that was... That was fricking something though. I'm still sort of wrapping my head around it, but... that was... good. I mean it *felt* good. I don't know."

"You're not embarrassed?"

"Why would I be? It's natural for Martin Manning to admire my body. I don't take offense at Martin Manning admiring my body." She made a face. "Dammit, there it is again!"

"Well think about it. You know how horny you've been, and that's been a tool that's doing wonders to build progress. But if your subconscious is getting you to agree to things you don't want to do, I'll... I don't know. Maybe there isn't another way, but better to fail than to—"

"I'll think about it. Your place tomorrow night?"

"Unless you need me sooner. Happy to provide some relief. You look pretty hot when you come, ya know."

"Yeah?" Stacey paused in the midst of fixing her hair, favoring him with a smug grin. "Yeah, I probably do."

*Friday evening (although technically Saturday early morning after a page or so)*

“Would Sir prefer a handjob, blowjob, or titjob? Or perhaps Sir would prefer my ass?”

“Isn’t a titjob, like, getting them done bigger? Babe, if those things get any bigger, you’re going to have to replace half your wardrobe.”

Traces of exasperation belied the superficiality of her servility. “I’ve heard it both ways. And no, neither you – Sir – nor Target pay me enough to have them done, even if I wanted to, which I don’t.”

In a way it was a shame. Naomi’s tits were like good Chinese food. Immensely satisfying, but in a way that only made you wish there was more of it. It was roleplay night, and her boobs looked amazing in her French maid uniform. She was technically playing the role of herself hypnotized into serving as his maid, which was a level of nuance he appreciated tremendously. The costume was cheap, the sort of thing you picked up two days before Halloween at Walmart for \$20, but she’d complemented the look with her own fishnet stockings (close enough) and had gone the extra mile on hair and makeup. She was a gift.

“I think I’d like to fuck you, Monique,” he asserted, getting back into his own character. Some “character,” a guy who wanted to hypnotize his girlfriend into being his slutty domestic servant. The role he was born to play. Naomi had picked it for him, though, so it seemed she was content to take on the lioness’s share of the theater.

“Oh oui, Sir.” (And what theater. Not even an attempt at an accent.) “Let me assume the position for you, yes?”

To his mild surprise, she led him down the hall to the kitchen. The dishes from dinner still sat in the sink; Naomi stopped the drain and started adding warm water and soap. (Unbeknownst to both, this was to be the beginning of Martin’s inexplicable arousal in the presence of the scent of Dawn dish soap.) Naomi arched her back, the skirt riding higher, offering a tantalizing glimpse of the frumpy black cotton underwear that had come with the rest of the costume. Sir was permitted to lower it himself. By the time the sink was filled, his fingers had her juiced up enough to slip on in right as her hands slipped into the sudsy water.

It was a long fuck, if not by intent so much as because she was shorter than him, and it was hard to thrust under the conditions. Worth it, though. Domestic servitude was not a core part of his hypno-fantasies however much they seemed to occur together in porn. As for Naomi, it was a solid boost to his morale when he found her moans weren’t merely theatrical; the girl spent the last half of the leisurely screw leaning over the counter with her tits soaking in the sink, washing nothing.

“That was so good, beeb,” she sighed, flopping down on top of him, costume deposited in the hamper to keep from getting the floor soggy. It was hard for Martin to breathe with her body on top of him, but the feeling of her breasts smushed against his chest made it well worth it.

“You were incredible, babe. Thank you. I’m the luckiest boyfriend in the world, I swear.” It was overstatement, but if one lumped in his luck at landing Stacey Reeves and her insane request, it may well be true.

“Ya like having a slutty French maid, huh? Pig.” She tapped his nose playfully.

“Target ever goes under, you’ve got one hell of a fallback plan. Just sayin’.”

Naomi rested her cheek on his shoulder, her breathing slow and warm on his skin. “You ever think about trying some cosplay stuff like that with Wilde child? She likes dressing slutty, right? I bet she could rock something like that, with some coaching.”

“She sure wouldn’t fill it out like you do.” Conversations about Stacey were always such a mine field. At least that was one land mine dodged.

“I’m serious! If we’re gonna make her act like our – your – submissive little slut, maybe we ought to have her get used to dressing the part.”

Martin had survived waking Stacey with his finger on her clit because she got a quick orgasm after days of delay. If she woke up and found herself dressed in anything even resembling that costume, she’d kick his balls right up into his throat. So he did what any sensible boyfriend would do, and mollified her with a bullshit commitment.

“Yeah, maybe I’ll try that out. She has the weekend off, but we’re meeting again Monday on campus and again that night.”

“Two in one day?”

“Yeah. She’s visiting home this weekend or we’d have done Saturday and Sunday too. Plus it’s the week before finals. We’re not even sure what we can do finals week, and then... deadline. I asked her if she wanted to move it back since it’s going so well, but she insisted.”

“Hmm. Well I’ll find a copy of the maid outfit for you this weekend. The party store by work had a bunch of them. There’s probably one that skinny bitch’s size, maybe in the children’s section.”

The slight seemed important to busty naked blonde in his bed, so he wisely let her have it, despite his very sincere doubts that Slutty Maid probably wasn’t a common costume moms bought for their kids. He was wrong, in fact; the costume sold for only \$3.09 less than the adult version, and was redubbed Sassy Maid, to reclaim girl power.

“Sounds hot, babe. I’ll see what we can get done. You never know where she’ll draw the line.” As for his own line, her suggestion was already well past it.

“You should Zoom me in – I wanna see how it goes.” She curled a thigh against his belly, clearing the way to get her hand around his cock. “Oh god, that’d be so hot, beeb. Watching my man do his thing.”

“Yeah, I don’t know...”

“Oh come on! You can mute me so she’d never know anyone was listening in even if I slipped up and laughed or something.”

“Still, I feel like an audience would make me, I dunno, anxious.”

She deduced his transparent lie, of course, as he knew she would as the words tumbled from his lips. The woman was his assistant in a public erotic hypnosis show, for fuck’s sake. It was a mark in her favor that she opted not to call him on it, and instead, straddled his waist and firmly forced his hands onto her breasts. “C’mon. A man who handles deez titties like you do can handle a little lookie loo, right?”

Flattery and deez titties were a much bigger land mine to dodge. After almost two years of being teased by the things, his cock was nowhere near done marveling at having them in his hands. In moments, his hardening shaft was rising up and slapping her in the butt. “Pleeeeeeease, beeb? For me?”

“I’d really rather not,” he should have said, but did not. He might have followed with “I’d feel bad betraying her trust” or “she has a right to privacy” and then also “I care about you, really I do, but this is something I need to handle on my own.”

Instead: “Yeah, I guess I don’t see why not. Just this once, though, OK?” Martin’s brow furrowed in surprise at his agreement, but there was no taking it back. Perhaps he should have let Naomi and deez titties take over Stacey’s hypnotism. They seemed to work much faster.

“You’re too good to me, beeb. I can’t wait to see her on her knees in front of you.” And then there were boobs in his mouth, and there was nothing more to say.

*Monday (just Monday)*

Bear With Us, Lakeview's prestigious acapella group, was performing on the footbridge over Swanson Creek, near the center of campus. Shows like this happened a few times a semester, and sporadically, when these troubadours would grace the sidewalks of Lakeview University with a free burst of melody sans instrument. If one had been recording that area of campus from a distance before and after their singing began, one would see the pace of traffic slowing, faces brightening. It was the last Monday of classes (if one didn't count finals as classes), and the unaccompanied singers were serenading their classmates into one last week. For seniors, their last. Some would remember this moment as a part of their Lakeview experience for the rest of their lives, a place of art, wonder, and harmony.

For both Martin and Stacey, it was kind of annoying. The creek ran right through the middle of campus, not fifty feet from their meeting place in the chapel, and the bridge only another hundred feet off. It made for hundreds of eyes fixated neither on cell phone nor sidewalk, and Stacey Reeves would divert gazes even if Bear With Us were performing in their underwear.

*Dipshit American Idol wannabes are blockading the chapel. Don't think we can sneak in. Got a fallback, or do we cancel and just do tonight?*

With less than two weeks to go, and some of those days assuredly lost to their academic necessities, giving up a session was not an option for him. *I'll meet you at DAT house.*

*What?*

*No way*

*I'm not having the whole house wonder what some creep is doing locked alone in the lounge with me*

Martin rolled his eyes. *It doesn't cost you anything, does it? omw*

He walked quickly. That incredible session last week was still on his mind, the one where he'd gotten to personally administer a mind-blowing dose of pleasure to Lakeview's hottest. (Give or take Imogen Correa or maaaybe Hannah Kane on days when he was feeling more partial to blondes; however, the powers that be had deposited neither of them in his undergrad classes, nor inspired them to seek out hypnotists for sexual perversion, so he gave the edge to Ms. Reeves.)

Their next session had commenced with a capital D Discussion of her feelings on what had transpired. It had weirded her out, for sure, but ultimately she decided she had essentially consented vis a vis her initial request in that hotel room all those months ago. "You're in my head, obviously," she'd admitted as if with a gun to her head, "now just don't go fucking with me for laughs. Do the job, but don't overdo the job. No more getting me off while I'm under, understand?"

Martin said he understood. He didn't, of course. How could he? How could anyone understand what was going around in the swiftly shifting slide puzzle that was Stacey Reeves' brain? Either way, going back to a less aggressive touch, edging her close and leaving her on the brink, letting her take point on pussy while taking charge so she never got that O, all seemed to make her more pliable than actually giving her what she wanted. It wasn't a setback, he told himself, just a sidestep.

Stacey reached the sorority house, situated in its prestigious position atop the hill on Greek Row, only a minute before him. The Greek letters Delta, Alpha and Theta were fixed to the side of the house facing the street. As he made his way up the sidewalk, she stalked toward him, glowering.

"What do you think you're doing? We're not even allowed to have men in our rooms, asshole! There's a couple common rooms for study sessions or group work – which would raise a million questions about why I'm locking myself in with some random grad student – but that's it. I don't know if you skipped the campus tour, but sorority houses are chicks only kind of places. I can't have you in here. We're not even friends!"

"We're hypno-friends, at least. Come on, I'm sure you wouldn't be the first girl to bend the rules, invite a fella upstairs."

"Well no, but there's a big difference between, I dunno, letting someone's boyfriend up to bring them flowers, and having some creep–"

"I would really like it if you stopped calling me that."

"–up to..." Her voice dropped to an angry hiss. "To hypnotize the vice president to be his fuck buddy!"

"Huh. You're vice president? How did I not know this?"

"Because we're not friends!" She planted her hands on her hips, glancing around at the handful of students in sight anxiously. "Now seriously, fuck off – *right now* – and we'll meet tonight. I can do an extra hour if you want. OK?"

"No. I want to see your room."

"And I told you, not happening."

Martin took a step forward – challengingly, she must have thought, from the way she looked braced for a swing – but instead of whatever she was expecting, he took her sides in his hands, at least a few of his fingers sliding past that line between waist and butt. He let his pinkies slide inside the waist of her shorts, her body pulled close against his. Stacey did not resist except in her eyes, which were outrage and bewilderment and panic all at once.

Perhaps his boldness was a reaction to his disappointment at having his plans cancelled by acapella. Perhaps it was some dormant grudge awakened by entering a place full of wealth and privilege. Perhaps he'd been told "no" so many times by Stacey over the past year that her recent forays into consent hardened his resolve not to



regress. Perhaps it was the proximity of that holiest of hotness holies, a sorority house – *DAT house!* – looming behind her.

~~Or perhaps~~ it was the memory of how fucking hot she looked with her bare ass in the air, her gushing pussy presented, her unabashed moans as he pressed her pleasure button until she bubbled over in orgasm.

“You have got to have the nicest ass on this entire campus, you know?” He spoke in the same volume, that of two people standing outdoors, social-distancing-distance apart. Too loud for their new proximity, yet it made sure the frat guy walking by and trying not to get caught staring overheard.

“Thanks,” she murmured, flushed.

He didn’t die. He’d grabbed Stacey’s butt – sort of – in full view of god and everyone, and he hadn’t died. With far more cool than he possessed, he rubbed the bare skin of her lower back like he had a perfect right to, softly and sexily, like he had that day to distract her from all his cum on her. Still no death, somehow.

“Like the straight girls somehow manage to affectionately say... you’ve got balls, Mesmer.”

“Not gonna lie, I was a little afraid you’d rip them off.”

“And I will if you don’t knock it off. Until we get upstairs.”

For all her protests, smuggling him inside proved easier than he’d expected. There was a rear entrance for package delivery and the access of the house’s custodian and cook. Stacey scouted ahead, waving Martin in while lunch was being set out in the dining room. There was a rear stairwell too narrow for two abreast (especially with the breasts *DAT* girls tended to sport by reputation (*HEYO*)) that he crept up behind her. Was it permissible to touch her ass, or should he just stare at it undulating in front of him and bide his time? After a moment’s pause at the third floor door, the same sort of heavy steel door and electronic lock featured on the second, she waved him in.

Martin didn’t know what to expect of the living quarters of a sorority – the pornos never bothered with anything but the bedrooms and the showers – but it was surprisingly sedate. A hallway ran down to a window at the far side of the house (facing away from the street, of course, considering who and what was concealed behind that window), and a series of doors lined either side every bit as close together as the dorms Martin had lived in as an undergrad. The walls were papered over in tans and browns with little red flowers. A broad staircase opened up at the other end of the hall, obviously the normal means of access.

Stacey rushed him into the first door on the right and shut it behind him like the secret police were on her heels, then locked it, too. She was even breathing hard. As she calmed her nerves over whatever taboo she was committing by having him here, he surveyed the place. It was weirdly familiar, as a number of her instagram photos had been taken herein. There was a single queen bed, the sight of which prompted his first

consideration that she might have a roommate to deal with even as it put that fear to rest. Her desk, stacked high with course materials, was situated adjacent to a closet that ran most of the width of the room save for a built-in bookshelf in the corner.

A corkboard hung over the desk featuring scores of photos. Stacey was in the majority of them, though not alone. There were several of family members: her broad-shouldered, menacing-looking-even-smiling-for-the-camera father, a mother who had clearly donated the bulk of Stacey's genes, and her sister Kira, the recipient of a similar quantity and quality. There were a few of scenery – a Grand Canyon shot, a city he didn't recognize. The rest were Stacey and her friends. It was easy to differentiate between photos featuring Stacey's childhood chums and freshmen friends versus her sorority sisters; average hotness took a massive uptick in the latter. Nobody would look at those choreographed, brilliantly smiling, gorgeous women and not recognize them for what they were.

"Nice place you have here, Stacey."

"Yeah. I know. It's DAT house. What did you expect? Now keep your voice down until I get some music going. I don't want anybody hearing a masal nale voice in... Shit. So much for that burn. Anyway, shh."

Once she had some musical white noise going on a set of bluetooth speakers – a Bear With Us album of all things – they at last got on with the day's business. There was nowhere for her to lay but her bed, and simply seeing her lying in it gave him a semi. Stacey issued a harsh admonition to stay out of her stuff while she was under, though she didn't have the presence of mind to set up her camera.

Like usual, he opened with reinforcing mantras. "Martin Manning makes me come so hard" had been an easy addition given her trance-induced honesty; "I like that Martin Manning enjoys my body" had taken some convincing. After a long weekend in which she claimed she'd recited it hundreds more times, it still sounded less convincing than the rest, even in a hypnotic monotone.

Meanwhile, Martin went through her stuff.

He started with the desk. Disappointing. Mind, he didn't expect to find a note in the first drawer with *WHY I WANT TO BE HYPNOTIZED INTO STRAIGHTNESS* written at the top or anything. Still, it was school supplies, her laptop (he wasn't *that* nosy), the camera equipment, a stack of old notebooks. The bottom drawer had a third-full bottle of tequila inside. A pair of what he thought were lipstick prints, both a little smudged, marked either side of the neck. "Wouldn't have figured you for a heavy drinker," he remarked, replacing it in the drawer.

Under the bed was clear; she ran a tight ship. He sneaked a few strokes on her inner thighs while he was snooping. Stacey's legs spread automatically atop her fluffy pink comforter. The semi became a fulli.

He heard voices in the hallway, but between Stacey chanting, the thickness of her door, and an acapella rendition of *Circle of Life* from *Lion King*, he couldn't make it out. He made a mental note to keep his voice down, though. In the meantime, he gave some more attention to the pictures.

Sherri was featured prominently, easily starring in two thirds of the collegiate era shots. Sherri and Stacey in matching sequined dresses outside the doors of the Lakeview Auditorium holding tickets he couldn't read. Sherri, Stacey et al. raising joined hands in triumph behind DAT house. Sherri holding Stacey in her arms in front of the campus fountain. A really hot one of Sherri, Stacey and what had to be another DAT girl lying in the sand taking a feature shot of their cleavage with a scant space permitted to include faces. The anonymous girl won by size, Sherry by enthusiasm of flaunting a more petite but still mouth-watering pair, and with Stacey's face hovering above hers, the easy award for overall hotness.

Best friends? Lovers? Were their sisterly bonds enough that Stacey had told her about her experiment? What would she make of it?

The buzzing of his phone took him away from his ruminations. Before he even looked, he knew who it was and what it would say.

*Well?????????*

Yep. Called it.

*Minor setback – just a little bit, babe,* he answered.

The words *I can't wait!* just appeared on the screen before he tucked it back in his pocket.

“I like Martin Manning touching me in private. His touch turns me on. He can touch me anywhere, but if it feels bad I can tell him to stop. I want to be Martin Manning's good girl so I can come.” Her dutiful chants earned her a smile on his way to his final bit of snooping. Best for last: the closet. It was expansive, wide enough that he and Stacey could lie down in it head to head and not have to bend their knees. The doors were so big they had to be split into segments and set on tracks to guide them around the edges of the interior. The modest-sized room seemed all the smaller for concealing it. It was filled to bursting.

The closet was neatly apportioned. Even a guy like Martin who had mostly lived out of his laundry basket (until he started dating Naomi) could see there was ample organization. There were no drawers, but some shelves along the left side held her socks and an obscene amount of underwear, some of which was even more obscene. Two racks of fall clothes. Two more for spring and summer, plus half of another split with sports bras and other workout attire. Another of outfits with the DAT logo on them – sweatshirts, t-shirts, the butt-adorned sweatpants any guy on campus would recognize, even two sets of bras and panties clipped to little hangers. D at left, T at right, the bases

of the A splitting either. Picturing it, he could imagine the lines of Stacey's separated cleavage taking care of the rest of that alpha.

The rest, even without seeing her in it, was all hotness. Over half the closet. Slinky dresses, tiny gym shorts, tight blouses, more halter tops than any five women needed. Rows of hangers clipped onto camisoles, garter belts, see-through underwear and underwear that didn't hide anything worth seeing. Stockings and leggings, mini skirts and micro mini skirts, tops without middles. A rack of shoes that were all heeled, seemingly sorted in order of how preposterously high the heels were. It was enough for her to go clubbing every night of every weekend for three months without having to do a bit of laundry.

Then there were the costumes.

Martin had seen Stacey dressed as a sexy kitten before on instagram. As a Playboy bunny, likewise. He'd beat off to that one (not by itself, admittedly, but along with a smattering of other campus hotties doing their Halloween duty) before he'd ever met Stacey. Those were both there. But now, there was an entire rack of that sort of slutwear.

Sexy devil. Sexy nun. Sexy cop. Sexy inmate. Sexy Dorothy. Sexy Witch. Sexy Cleopatra. Normal Catwoman. Sexy schoolgirl. Slutty schoolgirl. Skanky schoolgirl. Flat-out whorish schoolgirl.

And there, in the midst of it all, was the maid. The sexy, sexy maid.

"Stacey."

Her chant stopped mid-word. "Mm."

Easy questions first. "Do you like dressing sexy?"

"Mm. Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy."

Another. "Do you think costumes are sexy?"

Despite the closetful of evidence at his disposal, she shrugged. "Depends."

"On what?"

"Some costumes are *really* sexy. Others aren't. Dressed as Patrick from Spongebob one year in high school. Barely sexy at all. Only 'cause I'm hot."

He shook his head. "And so modest."

"Mm."

"Stacey, if I asked you to try on a sexy costume for me, without waking up from your trance, do you think you could?" He'd never really asked her to do more than shift around the couch – or those days in the chapel last week, the bench.

She responded more to the costume portion of the question than the potential for her to move about, but the omission instilled confidence. "Yes. Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will. When I look sexy, I want to be admired. I don't take offense at Martin Manning admiring my body."

"Do you mind changing in front of me?"

“No. I like that Martin Manning enjoys my body. Kinda.”

Kinda would do. “Good girl.”

“Mm.”

“Now I want you to stay in a trance, but open your eyes, all right?”

“Mm.” They fluttered open, but stared vacantly at the ceiling. Doll’s eyes, uncomprehending, looking but not seeing.

Martin held out the maid costume until it entered her field of vision. “Put this on for me, Stacey. I want to see you in it.”

“Mm.”

She rose slowly, but undressed quickly. Her pussy had been shaved since he’d seen it the day he made her come. No, when she bent over to peel off her socks, make that waxed. If it was for him, it was unnecessary, but sweet.

Then she got to work on her uniform. It was so much more... *maid* than Naomi’s, resting currently in his backpack by the bedroom door. It wasn’t even the classical look, quite. It began with a thin black choker, a sight which, on her naked body, he immediately decided would be the way she waited for her master to come home to her if Naomi ever got her way. The black top fit like a corset; he helped guide her dazed fingers to the clasps. It squeezed her boobs upward, and the outfit had nothing more to fit over it. He realized belatedly that what he’d thought was a bottom was only part of the top. It had no skirt, only a few inches of lacey frills that stood out mostly vertically from her body. The stockings, black and sheer and exactly mid-thigh high, clipped underneath. Only then did she bother with the black silk panties. Like the corset, they were kissed with just a hint of lace yet didn’t dare to obscure any of the flesh where it was sewn on at the edges. Finally, in place of the traditional hat was a white bow, gleaming against her jet black hair.

Suddenly she almost pushed him aside. Of course – the shoes. Stacey found the proper pair in no time (though he’d wager half a dozen of those pairs of black heels would do as well). The few steps she took in them were the sexiest steps he’d ever seen a woman take, the steps of a woman so concerned with her sex appeal that she didn’t care at all that she could hardly move aside from the omnipresent jiggles through her acres of bared skin.

“You’re... That’s... I’ve never...” Martin collected himself. It wasn’t easy. This was the real thing. Naomi indulged the fetish, but goddamn, Stacey personified it. She simply stared past him, eyes somewhere near the collection of photos above her desk. “You’re the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

A thin smile. “Mm.”

“Can I touch you?”

She sucked in a deep breath, tits straining at the confines of her uniform, bulging enticingly. “Mm. Yes. Please.” His hand, however, froze not an inch from her uncovered ass.

“If you’re a good girl for me, and do what I say, I’ll touch you.”

“Mm.”

He handed her the feather duster she’d left clipped to the uniform’s hanger. Her hand barely closed around it enough to keep it from falling to the floor. “Clean.”

“Mm.” No resistance. The girl simply liked to keep things clean.

She began with the clothes she’d just removed, bending at the waist to scoop them off the floor. As those black panties sunk into her crack, Martin rewarded her with a massage on both cheeks. “Mmm.” She took her time in that position, folding the clothes before at last standing to deposit them in the hamper.

The room was already tidy. It was the residence of a tidy person. It was in an old building full of young people crammed into rooms too small to hold many objects needing sorting. Nevertheless, his casual fondling seemed to be adequate motivation to find something to clean. The haphazard stacks of study materials on her desk were arranged into neat piles by course as Martin teased the invisible patch of skin beneath her dress that demarcated the gap between corset and panties. As she adjusted and bundled her charging cables and lamp cord on her nightstand, he stood behind her, the bulge of his jeans pressed against her underwear while he softly caressed the exposed portion of her breasts. When she decided to reorganize the articles on her socks and underwear shelves, he ventured right down the neckline, his hand practically crushed against her breasts in the tight confines of the slutty maid top. “Mmm,” she responded, and no more.

Somewhere in the midst of the dusting, his dick emerged. Stacey noted it with a wrinkled nose, As she brushed her feathered wand back and forth across the window sill, he slipped it between her legs. Martin’s achingly hard cock rose up to press insistently against the thin band of black silk covering her slit, the lace tickling at him reassuringly.

“Is this OK, Stacey?”

“Feels weird. Don’t like dicks.” She didn’t move, though, nor did she stop dusting.

He gave a few thrusts, rubbing his head against her. “You’ve never had one do this, though, have you.”

“No.”

“Close your eyes, Stacey.”

They closed. “Mm.”

“Forget what’s touching you. It could be fingers – a man’s, a woman’s – or even a toy. It doesn’t matter. Ignore what it *is*, and tell me how it *feels*.”

“Hard.” *Well, duh*, he thought at her. “Hard to forget.” *Oh*. “Pussy feels good, though. Wish it was...” She shook her head. “Martin Manning can never learn why I’m doing this.”

He froze. Those words – he recognized that cadence, that sound of bored repetition. A mantra, and definitely not from him! Had she been adding her own? What the hell else was on it? And why couldn’t he learn, goddamnit! And what did she wish it was?! What lucky mother fucker’s name ended that sentence? And why?!

More talking from the hallway snapped him out of it. Here he was in the forbidden section of the legendary DAT house, his cock thrust into the hot, humid, heavenly thigh gap of Stacey goddamn Reeves, costumed as a slutty domestic servant for his amusement, who was at that moment pondering if maybe dicks weren’t so bad after all. And he was pissed off about why? Fuck it.

“So you like this?” he asked, giving it a few more thrusts.

She let him work it for a couple minutes, long enough that he wondered if she’d heard him. Lord, let her not wake up and panic. Her scream could end with dire consequences. But finally, as her idle feather duster trembled in her grip, she answered, “Mmm. Sorta weird. But feels good.”

He kept going. He couldn’t have stopped if her sisters were kicking down the door to stop him. “Even though it’s a man’s cock making you feel it?”

“Mm. I guess.”

“Do you want me to keep going?”

“Mm. Good girl. Wanna come. Being touched by him helps me come. Martin Manning makes me come so hard.” She sighed rapturously, and a piece of his cock achieved a state of permanent erection.

“You’re all right with me touching you with my cock. Say it.”

“If it helps me come,” she countered.

“No. You’re either all right with it, or you’re not. You obviously like it. Now say it. You’re all right with me touching you with my cock.”

Her hand *fidged* so hard that she nearly dropped the feather duster, but say it she did. He ordered ten repetitions for good measure.

“You enjoy having me touching your pussy.”

“If it helps me come?” she tried again in a smaller voice.

“Of course it will. Don’t complicate things. Say it, Stacey.”

“I enjoy having you touch my pussy.”

Again, he had her repeat it until he thought she could remember it.

“How do you feel right now, Stacey?”

She turned, carefully, only from the waist up. Stacey’s eyes slid open, and she kissed him full on the lips, tongue following hungrily. “Can I come now? You can make me come with your cock, if you want.”

He beat her to the punch.

(Aside: This ejaculation marked the first occasion in which a man had jizzed in that room in over thirteen years, a true testament to the rigors of both DAT tradition and their state of security. That man, Albert Wilkins, was in no small part an inspiration for those rigors, and was shortly thereafter convicted of breaking and entering, indecent exposure and public masturbation. He is scheduled for parole later this year, a true testament to the traditions and security of Rockwood Minimum Security Prison.)

“Oh shit. I just... I just came on your panties.”

“Mm. Keep going. So close.”

“Oh shit... Stacey, take your panties off.”

“Mm? No. Can't. I will not have sex with Martin Manning, even if I want to.”

He started. Again. What the shit? Martin snarled as he stuffed his gear back into his pants. Another mantra, and again, not his! Where were they coming from? She couldn't have someone else doing it. Could she? No, she had to be seizing his idea and actioning it herself. As they neared their goal, he was finally beginning to see the lengths she'd gone to in order to keep him in check. But right now, he had semen soaking into the panties of a girl who was certainly not on birth control, so there were bigger problems. Gravity was with him now, but he'd seen her pushing her underwear into her slit masturbating before.

“I'm not going to have sex with you. But I need you to take them off.”

She pressed her ass against his jeans. “No. Can't. Please?”

He rolled his eyes. “Stacey, you want to be my good girl, don't you?”

“Mm.”

“And a good girl is...?”

“Hot. Obedient. Slutty.”

“That's right. You're not being very obedient, and you're not being very slutty right now.”

She nodded. “So hot...”

“No. I mean, yes, you're so hot I can't believe the smoke detector's not going off. But you're not being obedient, or slutty.”

She frowned. “Super slutty. Dressed like a maid.”

“Fine!” He winced, waiting to see if anybody responded to a man's raised voice. Thankfully, none did. “But you're not being very obedient, and that's the quality I really need right now. Take your panties off, Stacey. I won't touch your pussy with my dick, I promise. You trust me, right?”

“I trust Martin Manning.”

“Now take them off, Stacey. Be my good girl.”

With a final hesitant grimace, Stacey fished around under the brief frilly skirt and found the hem of her panties, then down they went. Her heels pressed together, but a



thigh gap like that didn't close business for Christmas Day or a category 5 hurricane.  
"There she is. Now hand them to me."

"Ew. Cummy."

"I'm aware." Unsure what else to do but certain he couldn't let Stacey find cum-spattered French maid panties in her laundry, he shoved them down the front of his pants. She was exactly right about them. He already couldn't wait to take a shower.

Fuck. Another jizz-sponsored crisis averted. And it was past time to avert another. Fishing it out of his backpack, Martin handed her the underwear that had come with Naomi's third-rate maid costume, stowed in his backpack for a day that had worked out very differently than he anticipated. The sorority's vice president donned these plain black cotton briefs with far less resistance than she'd removed the old. Still, a little resistance. That felt good. Juxtaposed against the solid black of her uniform, it was suddenly clear that Naomi's uniform was actually some kind of deep brown, a dark chocolate coloration that he'd not noticed on her. It tarnished the illusion somewhat, sadly.

"Now keep dusting the window sill. Good girl," he added when she resumed.

Meanwhile, he at last started the Zoom with Naomi. He muted her instantly, just in case, but she was using text like they agreed.

*what happened?????*

She squinted at her phone. *and where r u?????*

Martin texted back, just in case hypnotized Stacey could get curious if he talked to someone else. Standing, doing, she had to be more alert. *We had to reconvene at her sorority – bunch of plans went wrong. We don't have much time left, but U thought you might like a demonstration of what I managed. Ready?*

*\*I*

Her eyes popped excitedly. *wait ur IN her sorority right now?????*  
*omg!!!!!!!!!!*

Martin disregarded her extensive overpunctuation and trained his camera on Stacey. He took a moment to pan, showing her from front, back and sides, displaying his prize. "Can you hear me?"

"Mm."

*Yep!* replied Naomi, whose answer he'd really been seeking with the query.

"What are you wearing, Stacey?"

"A sexy maid uniform," came the flat reply.

"Why are you wearing it?"

"You told me to. Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will."

"That's right. And where did I find this outfit?"

"In my closet."

"And why was it there?"

“Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy.”

He looked to Naomi, who was clapping her hands and giggling hysterically, silently, and gave a self-important nod.

“Why are you cleaning, Stacey?”

“Because you told me to. I want to be your good girl.”

“And a good girl is...?”

“Hot. Obedient. Slutty.”

“I can see you’re hot, but... are you obedient?”

“Yes. Usually. Hard sometimes.”

“But getting better, right?”

“Mm. I guess so. Yes.”

“Show me. Bend over and grab your ankles, Stacey.”

The feather duster forgotten, she complied, nearly bonking her head on the windowsill on the way down. There it was, Stacey’s perfect ass stuffed into Naomi’s cheap panties. Her tits threatened to slip out of the corset and make a run at her chin, but for now it held.

“What do you want right now, Stacey?”

“Mmm. To come. Make me come.”

“Say please.”

“Please!” she said instantly. “Please, I was so close before. Please let me finish. Please.”

How horny had she been, for how long, to fold so easily? Unable to resist at least a minor indulgence, he gave it a few thorough squeezes. Stacey squirmed, trying to guide him closer to her pussy.

“Please. Please help me come.”

“Oh, I will,” he answered, more authority in his voice than usual. He had a girlfriend to impress, after all. “Eventually. But not today. Now change out of this outfit, hang it up where it was, and lie down on the bed.”

“But...” She sighed. “Good girl.” The new maid of DAT house stood upright and shuffled glumly in teensy, tottering steps toward her closet.

*She already had it set out! That’s how good things are working!* he half-lied. Not for the first time he wondered if they’d have to break up when Stacey didn’t ultimately become his sex slave.

*Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeb! thats SO fucking hot – ima wait for u at the door with my fucking mouth open!* She demonstrated, extending her tongue for a moment, laughing exultantly.

*I don’t know when I’ll be home. Getting in/out of here isn’t easy, might have to do our evening session here. Once it’s done though, I can’t wait to see you!* he replied. Ah, nothing said “I can’t wait” like “it’ll be six to eight hours, whenever I’m done here.”

*OK. Good luck, and make her beg some more! it's a good look on her \*kiss face\**

Martin smiled, blew a kiss back, and ended the call. For the next four and a half hours, Martin was the big spoon while he and Stacey lay together in her bed watching porn stars pretend to hypnotize one another and fuck like champions. She hardly said a word, and more than once he could feel her rocking softly like a proper little spoon. They had until dinner time, she told him, when she'd have another distraction to sneak him back out. For now, they split her ear buds and tried not to let her go over the edge.

"We're going to make it," he told her before beginning the day's second session.

Stacey smiled, a smile that didn't falter as her eyes slid closed and the induction began.

Elsewhere, Naomi was thrilled to see Stacey was breaking so thoroughly. If it was an act, it was still a hell of an act. While her boyfriend crept toward the precipice of fucking that black-haired cunt, she viewed and reviewed her screenshots from the Zoom call, pondering how best to use them.

Those had been *her* panties, Naomi was sure of it. They'd been bought on a budget, and they looked it. She knew that. That sneaky fucking sorostitute had needed a panty change for a reason, and she'd bet anything it had something to do with Martin's delay in calling her. She swiped to the next slide, an unmistakable shot of Stacey's face over Stacey's body, crammed into that hot little uniform. The bitch thought she could manipulate *her* man like that? Well, Naomi might have dropped out of college, but she could still teach that cunt a thing or two.