

MISTRESS CALIA



FEMDOM
HYPNOSIS
STORIES

Hi, I'm Mistress Calia, erotic hypnotist, storyteller, and audio roleplayer from Ireland.

The mini-fiction stories contained within this collection were all posted on my X account, @mistresscalia.

If you'd like to find more from me, including erotic hypnosis audio, video, and other fun projects, visit my website, mistresscalia.com.

Thank you for purchasing this collection, I hope you enjoy these short, sharp, and sexy stories of femdom hypnosis and fantasy. Some are gentle, some are not. I'm sure you'll find a favourite among them, and I'd love if you shared it with me. Feel free to tag me on social media and let me know!

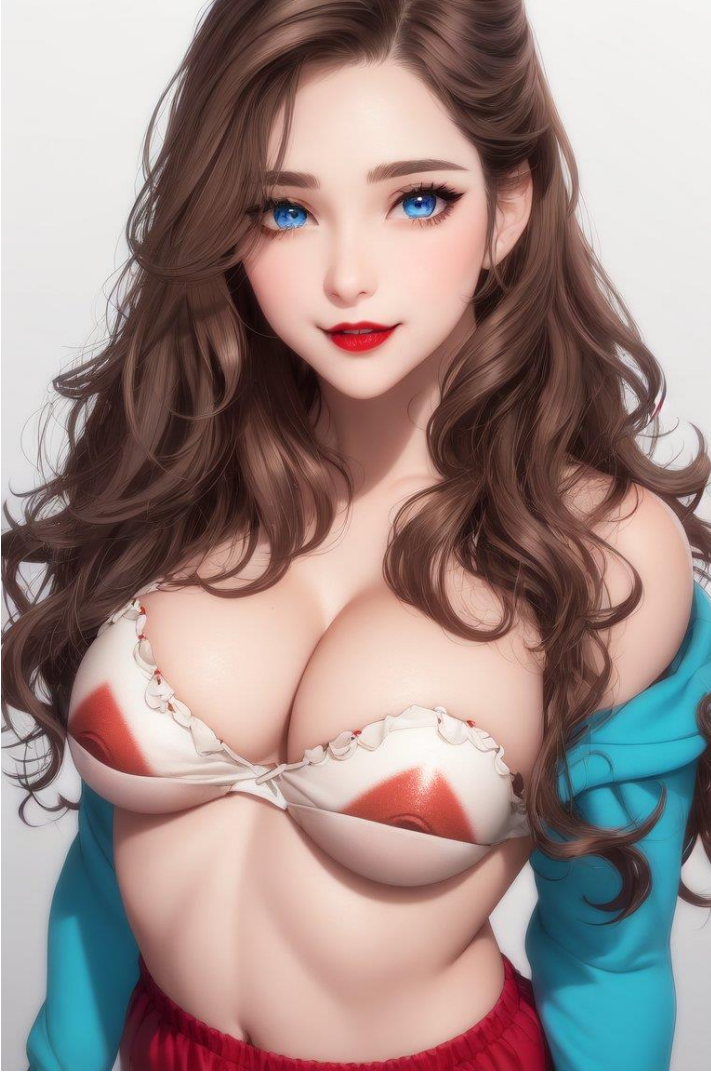
And a big thank you to my supporters on Patreon, who help me continue to make hypnosis content like this with their generosity.

X

Calia

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The Ex



She shows up at your door, you haven't seen her in months.

She's wearing your favourite blue hoody.

"Hey, I wanted to return this."

You think about closing the door, just ignoring her. She made you so weak, had you doing everything for her. Obeying her, cooking for

her, buying her expensive gifts, taking her anywhere she wanted. Overpriced meals, trips, hotels.

"Calia, listen I," you say.

She opens the hoody, ignoring you, then lets it fall off her shoulders and you see that body, in that tiny bra. Your words stick in your throat.

"I missed you, baby," she whispers. "You want to invite me in."

You try to resist, try to say no. You must. You can't let her in again. Memories flash through your mind of her walking through your place in heels while you crawl behind her. Of sleeping on the floor while she's in that big bed you bought. Of boxes stacked up to the ceiling with things you gifted her. Of you on your knees while she applies her lipstick. Of her lounging in her underwear while you clean up after her. Of you thanking her for letting you make her dinner and pour her drinks. You must resist.

She pouts and looks into your eyes, leaning forward a little. You can't decide where to look, those eyes or down at her chest. She looks down, feet pointed inward, then her eyes move up, catching yours.

"You want me to come in, right?"

Takeover



You started your company alone in your garage. Poured fifteen years of hard graft into making it a success. Went from zero customers and a massive loan, to soaring profits and the kind of life you never dreamed you'd have.

Then you got a call from another company, CaliaCorp. Their CEO was interested in buying your business. That would mean a huge payout for you, millions if the valuation was accurate.

You were excited to meet the CEO, and went to the meeting expecting someone older, someone, if you're being honest about your biases,

male. But there she was, waiting for you. A vision. This would be quite a pleasurable transaction.

Everything was pretty straightforward. She laid out her plans for your company. A simple acquisition, you'd even get to stay on staff to run the business as you had been and retain your team.

Everything she said made so much sense. Her eyes were big and innocent, her lips pillowy red cushions you wanted to feel so badly. Her office was filled with the gentle aroma of incense and calming music played on a hidden speaker. It was so nice, such a contrast to the fast-paced negotiations you were used to.

It felt so good listening to her describing her company, CaliaCorp. How every employee was happy to work for her, to do whatever she needed. That the company scored the highest in all motivation and satisfaction criteria. That everyone was excited to come to work every day.

This was the right decision. Sure, you built your company from the ground up, but CaliaCorp promised an even brighter, happier future. You would be delighted to work for her. For Calia.

Then she slid a piece of paper across the desk, and you picked it up. It was the offer.

\$1.

A single, solitary dollar. A token amount, nothing more. Your company, the one you created, nurtured, dragged into existence. Gone for just a dollar.

What a great deal, you thought, as you signed the paperwork. You would have paid her to let you work at CaliaCorp. You couldn't believe your luck as you left her office with a beaming smile.

Mutant



"You're chasing a mutant? No, haven't seen anyone strange around here."

You were tasked with chasing down a dangerous creature, a shapeshifter with rumoured powers of persuasion. Not the easiest task, but a high-ranking Hunter like you wouldn't fail.

"Miss," you said, "it's imperative I find them, they're a danger to society."

"A danger?" she replied, "what's dangerous about this mutant?"

She looked innocent, sweet and shy. In need of protection.

"You don't know? They have powers. They could do all sorts of things."

"Could do?" she asked.

"Yes, they could be extr--"

"So, they haven't done anything?"

She seemed oddly inquisitive but you played along, you had to get any intel she could offer.

"Well, no, not yet but--"

"And you work hunting them?"

"I do, to keep soci--"

"You seem far more dangerous, don't you think?"

She smirked as she spoke, as if she had a plan, a secret.

"What?"

"With your weapon and your insistence there's some danger... Maybe she, sorry, they are completely peaceful and sweet, kind and gentle?"

"We can't take that risk."

"What risk? You don't know what you're dealing with. What if they're someone you could fall in love with?"

"I... I don't know what you mean?"

She watched as you looked down at the ground, blushing. She was so pretty.

"It's ok, look me in the eyes. I mean someone you could find yourself smitten by, enamoured with, ready to do anything for."

"Miss... What are you sayi--"

"Like you feel for me... Don't you?"

She brushed a lock of hair behind her ear and smiled, her lips curling like delicate petals.

"W-what?"

"How do you even recognise a shapeshifter, they could be anyone."

"They-they'd have something... Wrong. A feature in the wrong place, an extra digit."

"You keep looking into my eyes ok? You don't see anything like that here."

"Yes, of course, nothing like that."

"And you'll do anything I ask, won't you?"

"W-wait, what do you m--"

"Shhh, it's ok... You'll tell your superiors you took care of the mutant, won't you?"

"I will?"

"For me?"

"I- I will."

"You're so sweet. Forget you saw me."

"Saw who?"

"Very good. Now, leave."

Pocket Watch



Do you love pocketwatches?
Because it's strange.
Don't you think?
To care about an item.
An object so old fashioned.
That you don't wear.
You are not some train conductor.
So why do they captivate so?
Is it because of the motion?
Then, can we say,
That you love pendulums?

That go back and forth.
Like a pretty girl's heel,
Dangling from her foot?
Or her pert behind,
As she leads you,
By your collar?
Or her chest, as she sways,
Her hypnotic body?
Is it the motion,
or the object,
that gets your attention.
And once you've given it,
Can you regain it?
Is attention,
once given,
a gift, to be kept
or a resource,
to be used.
Like time,
Ticking down,
back and forth,
as the pendulum swings,
and you tick down,
into a trance.
Is the clock hypnotic?
Or is time irrelevant,
when you're deep
under my spell?
And when I close my pocket watch,
how much time,
have you lost?

Thanksgiving



"What an amazing spread. Thanks for inviting me over. I don't really get Thanksgiving, just seen it in movies, but it's been lovely."

You were happy. You'd invited your Irish colleague for her first American Thanksgiving, and she was having a lovely time with you.

The other guests had left the table and started watching football, and it was just you and her.

"I'm really glad you enjoyed it."

"You're thankful, you mean? Am I getting it?"

She was cute, funny, and sweet. You couldn't help feeling that there was something hidden beneath the surface. A niggling memory, a thought buried, but it never came to the surface.

"Yeah, thankful. That's exactly it."

You laughed, but she looked you dead in the eyes, totally serious.

"You're thankful I'm here."

"Yeah, I guess I am."

"You're thankful to know me."

"Ok... sure."

"You're thankful to be in my presence."

What was she doing? This was very strange. Maybe she was just trying to get into the swing of things in her own odd way. You went along with it.

"Yep, thankful for that too."

"You'll show me how thankful you are, won't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I think you know," she said, and snapped her fingers. "You'll show me how thankful you are."

"I'll... show you... how thankful I am," you droned.

Her finger snap, it did something to you. You felt woozy. No, that was silly. You'd had a glass of wine too many with dinner.

She snapped her fingers again.

"You're thankful you served me this meal."

"Yes, I'm thankful."

"You're thankful to serve me."

"I'm thankful to serve you."

That didn't sound right, but at the same time... it did. It felt familiar.

"You're thankful to be mine."

"I'm thankful to be yours."

"You forgot something," she said, snapping her fingers again.

"I'm thankful to be yours, Mistress."

"Better. Now, after everyone else is gone, you'll really show me how thankful you are, won't you?"

"Yes Mistress, how?"

She looked down at herself, then back up at you.

"By letting me serve dessert."

CaliaBot



The marketing for CaliaBot™ was incredibly effective, though you can't quite remember why.

But that doesn't matter, she's arrived. The box reminds you of all the exciting features you wanted.

Life-like appearance.

True-touch skin (patent pending).

AI that learns your preferences.

Submissive programming.

Total obedience guaranteed.

You can't wait, total obedience! And as you open the box she looks as good as advertised. You had doubts but she is barely distinguishable from the real thing, save some electronic parts.

You wonder where her on switch is and hesitate before touching her. As if it might be wrong without permission. She just looks so real.

But finally, you fumble around feeling her smooth, silky skin, and locate a switch on her neck.

With a whirl and a buzz, she comes to life. Red light bursts from her eyes and scans down your body.

"Preferences detected. Undesirable traits identified. Replacement process commencing."

What did she say, you wonder, but her eyes start to glow and spin like spirals.

"Submissive programming activated. Subject will be programmed within days. 100% obedience expected. Margin of error, 0.01%."

You're confused. Who's being submissive? But she's so pretty and her eyes are just like in the commercials. They're kind of why you bought her.

"Subject is docile and compliant after eye cycle 1A. Moving to program 3F, lap dance. Arousal will aid in submissive programming."

Wait, she's... not being submissive...

You'd better find the off switch but, where was it again?

Punk



You saw her performance last night. Fronting a pop-punk band your colleague at the label was raving about.

She had so much energy, it felt like that was being passed down to the crowd. Everyone was singing along to her songs about resistance. Typical punk stuff. You wondered what your colleague was so impressed by. Other than her, this magnetic singer.

But the more you try to remember, the less you can recall about more than the first couple of songs. There was something about resisting being hard, almost impossible.

Everyone was singing it back, repeating her every word. You had a moment where it felt like she was looking right at you. So pretty, so fiery and passionate. You could feel her power radiating from the stage. You were singing back her words too.

No resistance! No resistance! That was the chant.

And now here she is, in the hotel, morning after the show. What the heck happened?

"Morning sleepy, did you enjoy the show last night?" she asks.

You try to think back. She giggles.

"Not the gig cutie, the... private performance. Remember."

It's not a question, but a command. The memories flood back. She invited you on stage. You ended up in her dressing room, then a cab, then the hotel. She kept singing in your ear, kissing you, telling you naughty, sexy things. How you couldn't resist. Couldn't fight back. You were powerless. Her slave. Her pet. Hers.

You panic. What had she done to you? To everyone? Did she know who you were?

"I was hoping I could get the head of a label to come along, finally got you. Now, I was hoping we could talk about a record deal?"

You couldn't do that. No way, you could barely remember the songs.

"The whole world should hear me, hear my message, don't you think?"

Maybe she was right. No. Just because she flutters her eyelashes and smirks, that's insane.

"They need to know there's no resistance. No resistance. Isn't that right?"

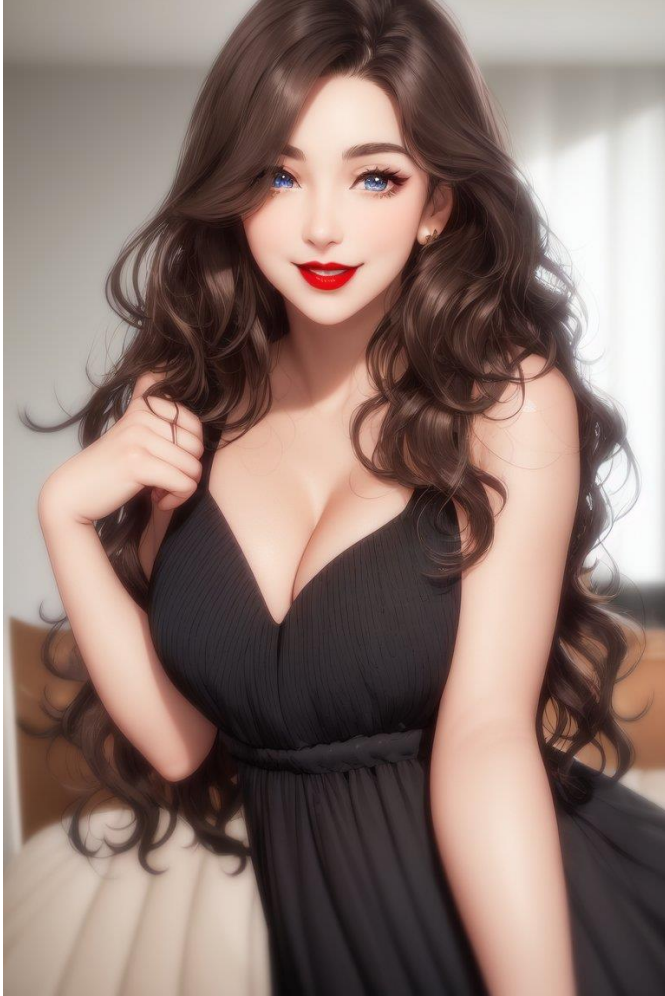
You feel the words bubbling up, the beat of the music pumping in your mind. It was playing in the hotel room last night. You can't stop yourself.

"No resistance," you mutter.

She smiles. "That's what I thought. Now, let's make sure everyone feels the same way."

You nod, you can't wait for her to sign that deal, so everyone can listen to her.

Shopping



She came in asking to buy a new mattress. You had no idea why she was dressed like she was going to a cocktail party, but you weren't going to complain. Easy on the eye didn't even cover it.

But you're a professional, you maintained eye contact, listened to her needs, and showed her some great options.

She stopped at the most expensive mattress.

"Why does it cost so much?" she asked.

You explained it, droned on with the marketing blurb about coils and springs and memory foam. She smiled along until you finished.

"Sounds nice, but the true test is how it feels when you use it right?"

You invited her to lie down on it, and she sprawled out, her hair flowing over the pair of pillows and legs crossed. She let her heels drop from the end of the bed, revealing toenails painted a deep red.

"You know, I never sleep alone. So, to test this properly... I'll need some help."

She didn't have to ask twice. You lay down beside her.

"Oh, no sweetie, you take the other end. I usually let my lovers start down there. If they do well they get more."

You begrudgingly put your head at the foot of the bed, beside her feet, which she started to move, crossing and uncrossing at the ankles in a rhythm.

"This is nice. So relaxing. I could see myself here with someone worshipping my feet. Just letting go of any worries or thoughts and resting so nicely here as they serve me."

A laugh. You stared at her feet. You didn't even like feet. But hers were so nice. They looked soft.

"Such a soft mattress. But so expensive. Maybe I could do something to get a discount?"

Your eyes were locked on her toes, her shining, glinting toes. You were barely listening.

"Maybe I can have the mattress, and you get to become my footslave? What do you think?"

You didn't. You just rolled over and started kissing and licking her soles. Lost in them. You had never felt this way before but she had your mind spinning.

"And if you want more, maybe some nice bedsheets and pillows too, and you can suck on my toes."

You nodded along, eager to please. You'd have given her anything she wanted, just to keep tasting her perfect feet.

Kitten



She moved in a month ago. You were surprised your roommate would bring a girl to live with the two of you without asking, but you started to understand pretty fast.

She is cute. Really cute. She sits in shorts on the couch and pouts up at you. She leans and stretches over your roommate, teasing you with her body. Always smiling, almost purring. Just adorable.

Your roommate is like a puppy around her. Mindlessly follows her. Cooks and cleans for her. Lets her choose what they do. He seems to be enjoying the rewards, based on the noises coming from his room. Their room now. Noises you haven't heard him make before, ever.

But she doesn't contribute to the rent, and she eats whatever she likes out of the fridge. You aren't getting anything out of the deal. Ok, maybe you're a little jealous but still, not fair.

So, it's time to confront her.

You wait until your roommate leaves and knock on their bedroom door.

"Come in," she purrs.

You find her kneeling on the bed. She licks the back of her hand and looks up at you.

"Meow."

You didn't expect this. You have no idea what to say.

"Kitty needs her cream," she says in a breathy whisper.

Your head spins. You've heard this before.

"Yes kitten," you find yourself saying as she crawls toward you.

"I've been a bad kitty again, haven't I?" she growls.

"Yes kitten," you reply.

"But you don't mind?"

"No, kitten."

"Kitties don't pay rent, remember?"

"Of course not, kitten."

She purrs and beckons you into the bed. Maybe it's not so bad having her live with you. Even if her claws are stuck deep inside you. She's just so cute.

Waterslide



The lines are long, it's full of screaming children and their entitled parents, and the prices are getting more ridiculous every visit... but you just love the water park.

Sure, the slides and pools are fun. But the real reason you keep coming back, she's on staff. You miiiiight have a little crush.

Who could blame you? She works in a tiny red bikini, soaking wet, and always has a kind word to say and a smile for every guest. You feel like she gives you a little more attention though. Maybe, just maybe, she likes you too.

Today you're waiting for your favourite slide. This long tube that goes spinning down into the biggest pool. She's walking along the line, checking in on everyone, and reaches you.

"Hey, back again?" she asks.

Your cheeks flush. "I just really love this place."

"Course you do," she says with a wink.

She knows. She knows. Your head spins. You don't know whether to ask her out or crawl into a hole and die of embarrassment. She doesn't wait for you to figure it out.

"I know why you keep coming back, silly."

You look at your feet, then her eyes. "Wh... why?"

"For this slide of course!"

She giggles as she says it, a high-pitched girly laugh that makes her chest bounce just a little. It takes all your resolve not to openly stare.

"Oh," you reply, "that's it."

"That's right, you keep coming back to slide down the spiralling slope. Round and round."

"Yeah," you say, nodding along.

"Spinning down and down and down, until you finally drop into the water."

"Mmhmm."

"And you can't help yourself, you'll keep coming back, over and over, to feel the fall again. To fall for me."

"Fall for you."

"Now, when you reach the bottom, and step out of the pool, come find me in the changing rooms. Usual place... slave."

She whispers that part, right in your ear. Her breath making your body feel weak.

"Y... yes Mistress."

"Good slave," she speaks softly to you, then she steps back.

"Enjoy the slide, I'm so glad you love this park so much."

You smile and thank her. God, you just love the water park so much.

Oktoberfest



The bar is packed as always for Oktoberfest. You're with your friends and getting just a little tipsy. A cute barmaid has you all staring, nudging each other and making jokes.

"Call over the wench," says one of them.

"Yeah, bet she loves getting gawked at, wearing that slutty top," another follows.

"Tell her to come here and pretend you've dropped something, we can get a really good look," laughs the third.

You've had a few lagers already, and it's gone to your head. You aren't usually like this, but tis the season. Right? It's ok to be a bit rowdy and raucous. She's just part of the fun, she knew what she signed up for.

"Oh, bar wench," you call loudly.

She glares at you, and your mouth hangs open, then within a split second she's all smiles, carrying over a handful of beers.

"Are we having fun tonight?" she asks the table, "need a fresh round?"

You feel a nudge in your side, and you remember the plan. You look down at the ground by her feet.

"I, uh, could you, um..."

She looks at you with a smirk, then bends down.

"Oh, I can't find it, hold on," she says as you and your friends take in her cleavage.

"Maybe it's behind me," she says, turning so you get a clear view of her round ass as it sways back and forth.

"I'm looking as hard as I can... can you do the same?" she asks.

You keep looking, keep staring. She keeps swaying.

"No, not behind me, keep looking."

She turns again and you watch as her chest rocks back and forth, back and forth.

"Keep staring for me, keep watching. You want to keep looking all night."

You find yourself nodding in agreement, so do your friends.

Finally, she stands up.

"Now, that round was our special brew, so it's... hmm... triple the usual price. Cash only."

You whip out your wallet and she eyes up the contents with a raised eyebrow and a grin.

"Don't forget to tip," she adds as you hand her a pile of folded notes.

"You'll need a few more rounds tonight, right?" she says with a smile.

You and your friends look at each other, dazed, confused. You all look back at the barmaid and nod.

"I thought so," she drawls. "I'll be back soon. Oh and, there's an ATM in the corner, so you can keep those tips coming."

As she walks off, you can't help but stare at her perfect behind in tight leather. You don't even notice her whisper to herself as she pockets your money.

"Too easy. Morons."

Cosplay



You've been so excited to head to the con and meet her, the cosplayer you've been following online for ages. She's super cute and sweet on social media and you're hoping she's the same in real life.

You queue for an hour to get to her booth and even after seeing hundreds of other fans, she still has a warm smile for you. You tell her how big a fan you are and drop a reference to something she said when she first started posting online.

Her eyes light up and she leaps up from her seat to give you a hug.

"You're such a big fan, that's amazing, I can't believe you remembered that!"

Her hair smells like strawberries. Her arms are strong as she grips you tight. Her lips millimetres from your ear. She whispers something, almost inaudible. Your body tingles.

Ok, yes, you aren't just a fan because she spends weeks building armour and sewing fabric. She's hot. Really, really hot. And feeling her touch, it's unbearably arousing.

She's so wholesome online, you never really grasped how sexy she is. How lithe and limber her body would feel.

"I love all my fans so much," she whispers in your ear, keeping you held tight. "My little drones."

Drones? You can't focus, she's too pretty, too sexy. You didn't realise her voice would be too.

"I love having so many devoted followers. A community who happily do whatever I say, who'll always do what's best for me. You're a key part of that you know."

You feel a surge of pride. You love being part of her community.

"All of you, my drones, ready and willing to do anything for me."

You would, you really would. The convention fades away. It's just you and her. Nothing else in the world.

"And I'm the Queen. You serve me, like a subject, drone."

You're so turned on by her breath in your ear, her skin grazing yours, she could be saying anything.

"Every picture of mine you saw, every time you clicked like, you've been conditioned to follow and obey me. Subliminally influenced. Just like every other drone in my eusocial little community."

You're lost now, in her words, trying to understand what's happening.

"And with each word I say you feel that urge to obey me grow stronger. You'll help me grow my community, find more drones. A Queen should have lots of subjects."

Yes, now it makes sense. You'll help her.

"And as a treat, you get a special reward from me. I always look after my drones, they're all so, so happy."

She releases you from the hug and you stand in a daze, swaying slightly, the soft scent of strawberries hanging in the air. She picks up a photo of herself, one you've never seen before.

In it, she's looking back at the camera, a hand on her butt, in a lewd cosplay from your favourite game. It's extraordinarily sexual. She hands it to you.

"Here, just for you. Take that home and when you're all alone... touch yourself to my image. When you cum, you'll feel my name etched upon your mind forever, my autograph on your brain, branding you as my drone."

You hold the photo and nod.

"Thanks for visiting, you're such a great fan. Ok, next!"

You stumble away from her booth in a haze of arousal. The photo smells of strawberries. You love being part of such a wonderful, wholesome community.

Future State



The distant future. The year 2000.

You're one of the few humans not under the control of the machines. You've hidden in an underground bunker, deep in rocky terrain. Your family, your friends, they're all servants of the machines now, but you're still of sound mind. You can start the revolution, turn things around.

You can save them.

The bunker has been safe for years. Your plans have come together impeccably. You really have a fighting chance.

And then she showed up. A beautiful face, body covered in long robes, she was so frightened, so upset. You had to let her in. Had to give her shelter. It was the right thing to do.

You took her to a private room to rest and recover from the journey. That's when she let the robes drop and you realised what you had done.

One of them. You hadn't seen one so advanced, so lifelike. Her face was totally human. Her body was different, a human-shaped metallic object. Quite nicely shaped, but machine, nonetheless.

You reached for your weapon, but she looked you in the face with those big, pleading eyes. How could you hurt her. How could you do anything but stare at her.

No, you must be strong. Your best friend fell to the machines first. Dropped to his knees under their psychic attacks and pledged his life for them. Your parents followed. Then your sister. Finally, your girlfriend.

You must save them. This woman, no, this machine, she needs to be stopped.

But her eyes are glowing with a pale, perfect blue. Like a mountain lake. She opens her mouth and instead of words, all you hear is a strange, disconcerting tone. It makes your body bristle and twitch.

You find it strangely arousing, comforting, and seductive all at once. Her lips are so red. Her hair looks soft. Machines can be beautiful.

Her cold, metal hand reaches out and grips your chin tightly. She stares into your eyes. You feel so weak. She could crush you but she's surprisingly gentle. It would be so nice to kiss her.

You shake it off. You have to. There's a revolution to mount. A battle to be fought. You can't give in to her innocent expression. How could she hurt you? Why would you fight her?

The sound keeps pulsing into your ears. Your thoughts are getting bounced around like pinballs. You can't tell what's real and what's not anymore. There's a voice in the sound, under it, deeply layered.

You've realised too late. It's a subliminal message. The same thing they flooded electronic devices with when the machines gained sentience first. The message that turned humans into slaves.

Happy, mindless slaves. Forever serving smarter, stronger machines. Docile, obedient slaves, living with smiles on their faces as they work themselves to a joyous, glorious death for their machine overlords.

What a perfect existence that would be. You smile, and so does she as she takes your hand, and you walk together to see the other members of the resistance.

You can't wait to tell them there's no need to fight anymore. They'll be so relieved.

Library



Libraries are fantastic. An incredible public resource. Free knowledge!

Except for that stupid librarian. She's a total nightmare. Every time you go in, she shushes you for every tiny sound you make, and when you finally get some books, she judges your choices.

You're tired of getting tutted at for enjoying some low brow fiction or book about sports. Not everything needs to be the latest award-winning worthy nonsense. But she gives you this... look with each book she scans.

You've finally had enough of her.

"What is your problem with me?" you snap as she shoots a withering glance at the crime thriller you're checking out.

She places a hand on her glasses and regards you. Not looks at you. Definitely regards. It's like she's studying you.

"You can do better than this, you know," she says.

You shake your head. Who the hell is she to say that?

"Just give me my books."

She sighs and pushes herself up on the counter, reaching for a dusty tome.

"Take this one too. You'll thank me."

"Fine," you say. "What is it?"

She smiles. You didn't realise before but she's actually quite attractive. Her hair is usually up and the glasses hide pretty eyes. Sitting on the counter her skirt has ridden up her legs to reveal toned thighs.

"Just a little philosophy, darling," she grins.

You take a look at the cover. It's faded and worn. The pages are dog-eared. 'Fundamentals of Servitude' is the title.

"Fundamentals of what?" you ask.

"Just take it. Trust me, you'll appreciate it. You're already quite in tune with these ideas."

"I am?"

"Oh yes, you took the book, you always go quiet when told. Very obedient."

"The hell is wrong with you?" you say, as you pack up your books.

What a weirdo. At home, you unpack your bag and take out the book she gave you last. You thumb through it, start reading the first page.

It's compelling. You finish it that evening and go back to the library the next morning.

"Welcome back, I assume you're ready for your next book?"

"Yes, ready," you reply.

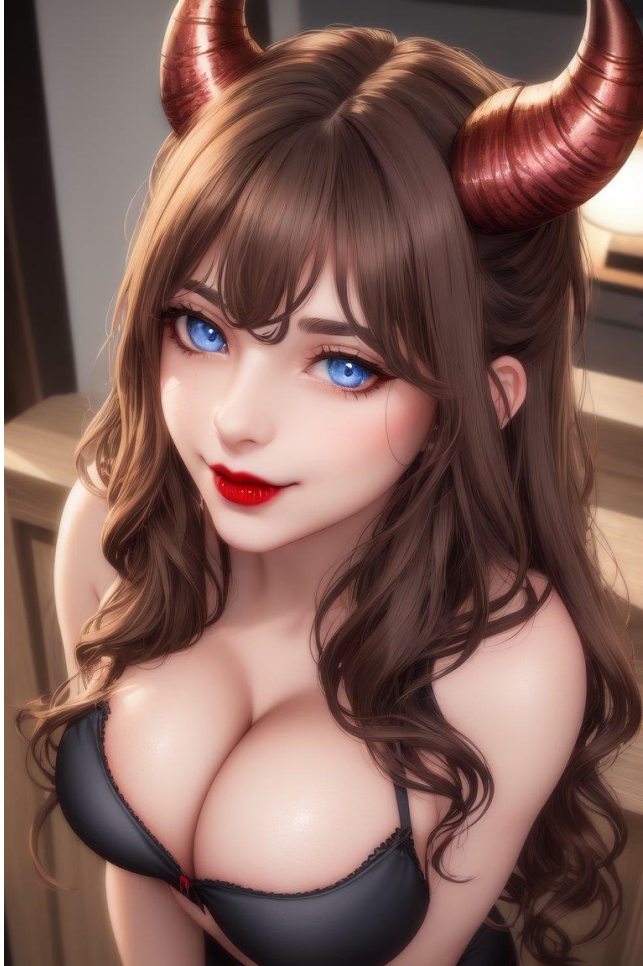
"Good, why don't you take this next," she says, holding another well-loved book.

'The Pleasures of Worship'

"Read it and return to me, won't you? I really do want you to be better".

"Yes," you reply, "Thank you".

Succubus



What a cute costume! You wonder where she got the horns, they look so realistic.

The rest is basically lingerie, but hey, it's Halloween. Anything goes. You wish she'd come with you, though you'd never have left the house in the first place if you could take her to bed instead.

The party goes on. You see her a few more times through the night. Every time you catch her eyes you feel a little confused. A little lost. But you're having fun with friends. You wonder who she came with. She doesn't look familiar but... you can swear you've seen her before too.

She's obviously someone's date, but she also seems to be drifting between people at random, then disappearing for a while. They come back separately, her looking even more radiant than before and them dazed, pale, and confused.

Is she... nah, no way. It's a coincidence. They're probably just drunk. She's drinking water. They're on beer and shots and rum. You've just had a couple of glasses of wine, taking it slow. Work in the morning.

Time flies. You chat with old friends, see her out of the corner of your eye. You feel the effects as you have more drinks. She's out on the balcony. Is that someone kneeling in front of her? A friend steps in front of you and when they're gone, so is she.

Something feels wrong. Off. You see her again and her horns look bigger. Her eyes are glowing. You watch another friend vanish with her into a back room.

It's getting late. You should take off. The guests are filtering away or slumped over furniture. Before you reach the door, she's in front of you.

"I was waiting for you."

She was? Didn't seem like it, but her innocent expression makes it hard to disagree.

"Why?" you ask.

"Come with me, and I'll show you."

She walks away, toward a bedroom. Her hips sway side to side as she goes. You follow, captivated, excited, hoping for what you thought the moment you saw her.

She turns, crooks a finger, and beckons you into the room as she opens the door. It's dark. Her eyes are glowing. Are her... horns glowing?

"Come with me, and I'll show you," she repeats.

She steps into the room. You walk after her, and the door shuts behind you.

Red



They say red is the colour of lust, and desire. That it has the power to ignite passion, even fury. A woman in red, she could make you do anything for her, even fighting against what you believe in to gain her attention.

You have some theories about why that might be. Genetic disposition to react to the colour of lips, of blood, of poisonous plants.

But none of those things make sense because right now, you should be thinking about how nice it would be, on a cold, windy day, to curl up with the woman before you in the red jumper.

It's big and soft and warm and usually you'd just want to squeeze into her, rest your head on her lap, and let go of your worries in her embrace. But that red, that changes things.

You're still thinking of your head in her lap, but it's not resting. You're thinking of how you can pleasure her, how she might pleasure you. How she smells and tastes and what you can do to make her moan and cry out in ecstasy.

It's amazing how a colour can change so much. Such a simple thing, but it has a profound effect. Red jumper, red lips. Lust and passion. Contrasting the cold, blue day outside.

You don't want to go outside. All you want is to stay indoors, happily trapped with her, letting your desire guide you to her.

You wonder if she knows the storm isn't just outside, but in your mind. Swirling emotions of love and lust and need. She looks so soft and sweet. Calm.

Does she know what she's done, wearing that red jumper?

A smile and the sparkle in her eyes tell you she knows exactly what she's doing, as you follow her to the bedroom, and the red jumper falls to the floor...

Villain



You fought hard. Battled her minions and came out victorious. It cost you everything. She burned down your village. Enslaved your friends. The adventurers you travelled with are all in her dungeon.

But that doesn't matter now. She's done for. No one left to defend her. No one left to stop you. One on one, she's just a weak, frail creature. Succubus, demon, whatever she is, you won't let her get away with what she's done.

You reach for your sword. She laughs at you. Cackles. It's disconcerting. She seems completely unfazed by your presence.

"What? Got something to say, creature?"

She's grinning. "You think you're the first adventurer to come here?"

"No, but I'll be the last."

You rip your sword from its sheathe and point it at her. She leans forward and looks at it. Her chest in full view, her stockinged legs drawing your eye.

"Is that it?"

"What?"

"I mean, it's not very... big, is it?"

"It's... it's a sword."

"I've seen bigger."

You're so confused. What is she talking about. You're about to cleave her in twain.

"It's... enough to stop you!"

"It's barely enough to pleasure me, hero."

"P... pleasure?"

She bites her lip, puts her hands on her hips, and looks at you, adjusting a stocking.

"Pleasure," she says, dragging the word out, "wonderful, sexual pleasure."

"What... what about it?"

"You need it."

You can't help yourself. You feel incredibly aroused. You want her. She's putting a spell on you. She's charming you. You have to resist.

"You crave it."

You can't stop looking at her body. Her chest, her legs. She's so soft and you need her touch.

"You want it."

You've never wanted anything more. Everything about her screams sex, she's lust incarnate.

"Drop your sword."

It clatters to the ground.

"Kneel for me."

You try to think of the awful things she's done, but all you can focus on are the awful things you want her to do to you. Nasty, dirty, filthy thoughts fill your mind. You need that body, to feel that skin.

No, you have resolve. She destroyed your home.

"Y... you're a monster..."

She stands tall, defiant. "And isn't that what you've always wanted?"

You can't help but agree. She's perfect. Her wings, her horns.

"So," she says "kneel, minion."

You fall to your knees, hard. The impact brings you back to your senses. You grab your sword from the ground and look up...

To see her leaning over you, her chest hovering above, her stocking-clad legs right at your face. She raises her boot and stomps on the hand grasping the sword, pinning it.

"Bad minion. You'll have to go to the dungeon."

Goddess



You wonder if she's part of some tour group or modelling for instagram. Either way, she's dressed... interestingly, for someone exploring an ancient temple.

You look around expecting to see someone with a camera or some other people in costume, but it's just her. And you.

She looks mournful, despondent. It's a beautiful evening, the sun setting over distant islands, light sparkling across the water, the marble columns illuminated in a yellow glow.

So why does she look so sad? Maybe she just got dumped. But who would let go of a beauty like that? What fool could ever take his eyes from her, she's heavenly.

"Miss," you say, "is everything ok?"

"No, it's not," she replies.

Her voice is ethereal, almost otherworldly.

"What's happened?"

She sighs, looks at the ruined temple, and then back at you.

"Can you not see? My temple, it has been abandoned for centuries. Left to rot. My worshippers, gone."

"I'm sorry? What are you talking about?"

She shakes her head. "Do you not recognise me? How the mortal world has changed."

Ok, she's insane. That's why she's dressed up. Some sort of god complex. Cute as hell, or heaven you suppose, but obviously bonkers. You should probably move on to the next stop on your tour.

But you don't. You're maybe a little distracted by the fact she's completely gorgeous. And you also feel bad for her. She might need assistance.

"Is anyone with you? Do you need help?"

"No, apparently I am alone. No one to worship me, no one to rebuild my temple. I am a Goddess without a following."

She sounds totally sincere. She also looks like a Goddess. But... this is so, so strange.

"That sounds tough," you say, trying to figure her out, "maybe I can help you?"

She nods.

"Yes, you can be the first. A new flock of devotees starting with you."

"That's not what I mea..."

"Silence!"

You stop speaking. Your mouth is open, but you can't form words.

"You will be my messenger, spreading my word to all. Restoring me and my temple to their former glories. The world shall not forget me. Do you understand?"

You shake your head, trying to regain your senses. It's like you've been hit by a truck, you're totally overwhelmed. Is she a Goddess?

"Well, worshipper? Shall you do as I command, or do you need to be coerced?"

You take a step backward, and slip on a loose stone, falling to the ground.

"Hmph, coerced it is then," she says, standing over you. "You shan't have a choice, mortal. A Goddess is not to be denied. Now, show me your devotion."

She points her foot toward you. A golden anklet catches the light and glimmers. Her skin shimmers too. So pretty.

"Now, mortal. Kiss my foot and enter my service."

A Goddess is not to be denied, you think, as you plant your lips on her toe.

Witch



You didn't want to encounter a witch on your journey, but of course, you did. Typical.

You should have expected it. What you couldn't have expected was how totally incompetent she would be.

First of all, she had incinerated her clothing with a mistimed fire spell. Second, she claimed to have lost her wand using it to remove a newt's eyeball.

And then she attempted to cast a spell on you. A spell to destroy you entirely. But here you stand, unchanged.

"Oh no you're not dead. What did I cast?"

You laugh. She's actually quite adorable. Awkward and weird but pretty. Especially without her clothing.

She checks through a spell book and shakes her head.

"That's not what I wanted at all."

She looks so sweet, all confused and stressed.

"Guess I'm stuck with you then," she says. "Come on, let's go."

She starts waking away and you rush after her. You can't let her out of your sight. She is far too pretty and precious to be away from. You can't take your eyes off her.

"A love spell. Of all the rotten luck. I wanted to be rid of you, not have you follow me like a puppy."

You fall to your hands and knees and follow her on the ground, giving out a little bark as you do.

She looks down at you with contempt. "Oh my goodness this is pathetic. I didn't want this."

You waggle your bottom as if it's your tail.

"Alright puppy," she says, "let's take you back to my cabin and see what we can do to fix this."

You let out a happy yelp and bound after her, hoping she can't ever fix it.

Dive



You took a diving trip to see exotic undersea creatures, but this was nothing like you expected.

Of course you know the stories, who doesn't, of sirens and mermaids and their beauty and danger. But it's not supposed to be real.

And yet here you are, just under the surface of the water, looking at one of the most beautiful sights you've ever encountered.

She's humming a low, gentle tune that's really pleasant to listen to. Relaxing. The water is warm. It's safe and inviting.

She beckons to the dark depths below. You shake your head; you can't follow her. She smiles and grabs your hand, then moves close to your ear, letting you hear that insistent hum a little louder.

It's so calming. Like nothing could go wrong in her presence. You wonder for just a moment, if she's dangerous, but then she speaks.

"Follow me," she says in a lilting melody.

She tugs at your hand, and you start sinking. Down into the depths.

"Sink with me," she calls, as she dives down into the murky blackness below.

You're sinking after her. Faster and faster you fall, following her down, following her song as the light dims.

"Sink for me," she calls to you, and you cannot help but listen.

The depths call to you now as she does. The sea enclosing you in its depth, holding you in its grip. Her grip.

Her song pierces through the darkness. A flicker of her scales remind you where to go.

"All the way down," she says.

And then the light vanishes completely, and so does she.

Roses



The scent is intoxicating.
It draws you to the garden.
And to her.
The closer you get.
The stronger it seems to be.
So you keep walking.
Almost stumbling.
As you approach her.
You know her.
You know not from where.

But you know her.
Is she a dream?
Or a nightmare?
You can't decide.
You can't remember.
The scent is overwhelming.
Roses.
A garden of them.
Red.
Beautiful.
Perfect.
You can't help it.
You keep walking.
Knees weakening.
Such beauty.
Her.
The most perfect bloom.
The rose.
The flower.
The focus.
Is it her scent?
Or the flowers?
It doesn't matter.
You keep moving.
But slower.
And slower.
Unable to think.
Unable to stop.
You must be close.
To take her in.
To breathe her in.
And with every step.
You get weaker.
With every rose.
You feel more lost.
In the red.
Inflamed by passion.
By lust.
Drawn to her.
To her grace.
Her magnificence.
No resistance.

No hesitation.
The scent too strong.
Of the rose.
Of her.
Of red.
And you fall.
To your knees.
At her feet.
Forever.
In her garden.

Tea



"Tea is so relaxing, isn't it?"

The new girl at work seems nice, but she has this strange way of speaking that you can't figure out.

"Yeah," you reply, "I suppose."

"Oh it really is, it's just so good to take a long sip and let the warmth course down through your body."

"Right. Sure."

She takes a drink, her red lips leaving a stain on the edge of the cup. You don't even drink tea. You're a coffee person. Not that it'll stop you watching her drink it. She is easy on the eyes.

"Makes me feel so calm, so peaceful."

Pretty, but with this intense look. Like her eyes are piercing through your mind. It's unnerving. Is she flirting? Or just strange?

"I always feel so at ease. Every time I take a sip. More relaxed."

You're slumping in your seat. She's confusing. Staring at you. Is it just because she's awkward? Is it the new hire trying to show some authority?

"Every little sip bringing a little more relaxation. Until the cup is empty."

"What are you--"

"A small sip brings a warm, wonderful calm."

She takes a sip and smiles. You smile too. You feel calm. You're not even drinking tea.

"Tea always relaxes. Always brings you down into a calm state."

You watch as she takes a long, drawn-out gulp and feel like you're sliding out of your seat toward the floor. You grip the sides to keep yourself upright.

"Just letting the calm wash over you in warm waves as I drink."

You feel it, a warmth emanating from within you. She sips again.

"And when the cup empties, you'll fall into a deep state of relaxation. A blissful trance."

She puts the cup to her lips and tips it back, then places the cup down. You see the white of the bottom and feel your vision fade.

"Good pet," she whispers. "Working with you will be fun."

Dancer



Beginner dance seemed like a fun way to stay fit. Nice and easy, and the advertisement promised that it wouldn't require you to do much thinking.

Still, the idea of choreography and learning steps was terrifying.

When you showed up to the class, you weren't expecting the instructor to be unfit or anything but... This was a little intimidating. The things her body could do... That you wished it would do... It all flashed in your mind.

Those thoughts ran alongside the abject terror that she'd realise just how bad you were at dancing.

But it was ok. She put you and the other people there at ease from the start. A gentle warmup, and a chance to watch her stretch, and you were into a simple routine.

4, 3, 2, 1, spin and down. Over and over, you practiced the moves. The other people in the class seemed to be on autopilot. They moved perfectly in time with her and each other. The benefit of being at previous classes, presumably.

But she was so sweet. She noticed you were struggling and approachable you. Her body was covered in the faintest sheen of sweat and her taut muscles rippled as she showed you the routine up close.

"It's easy, ok, you just need to stop thinking so hard."

You had to admit, you were thinking of every step.

"Just relax, it'll come to you. Soon once you hear me tell you to, you'll dance to my tune."

You hoped she was right, and as you watched her repeat the simple routine you thought maybe you could do it.

Soon, staring at her, letting the rest of the class fade away, you were copying her moves perfectly. Low, thrumming bass filled the room and the lights seemed to dim.

Her voice repeated the simple steps, simple commands. Your mind switched off. Her body moved, lithe and limber, your thoughts slowed to a crawl.

All that mattered was dancing to her tune.

Then the lights came up, the music stopped, and the class was over. The others were already on their way out and she stopped you as you moved to leave.

"I'll see you next week, won't I?"

You nodded. You had to dance to her tune.

Dog



You saw her standing beside the dog park, looking wistfully at a trio of pups bounding and playing.

"Are those your dogs?" you asked.

"Hmm? No, I just like watching them. Dogs are so cute."

The adorable piles of fluff rolling on the ground made it hard to disagree.

"So, little weird to stand here without a dog don't you think?"

"I just like to imagine having one, I've been thinking about it for a while. Is that weird? Really?"

She gave you a slightly frustrated look, but it faded when one of the dogs did something cute.

"I um, guess it's not that weird, if you're thinking of getting one," you said.

She looked annoyed again.

"It's not weird to enjoy things."

"Oh, I suppose not."

Her annoyance didn't fade this time.

"People can be so frustrating. Dogs just do what brings them joy. I mean look at them."

The dogs were chasing a ball around, running after it, tongues lolling.

"They're so happy," she said. "Needs taken care of, so their lives are pure pleasure."

You raised an eyebrow. She saw it and frowned.

"What?"

"They do what they're told," you said, "hardly pure pleasure."

She sighed.

"They enjoy every moment, and they obey because they're cared for, looked after. That's why they pour affection on their master. Because they give all that love back."

You looked at her for a moment. Her distant expression. Her disappointment with you.

"I guess," was all you could manage.

"I'm serious," she replied. "Humans always want so much from each other. But dogs are simple. Easy to understand. They're so happy too. So content. Wouldn't it be nice?"

"Wouldn't what be nice?"

"Being a dog."

She swept back a strand of hair and looked expectantly at you.

"Not really, to be honest, being some slobbering mutt isn't my thing."

Again, she looked annoyed. Even more so than before.

"Dogs are lovely. I'd rather a good obedient dog over a human any day."

She looked dead serious. You were hoping to ask her out but this wasn't going too well.

"Wouldn't you like that?"

"What?" you replied.

"Never mind. I thought you might understand."

She moved to walk away, and you let her go. For a moment. An urge to follow her hit you, and you walked behind her. She stopped and looked back.

"Maybe you do understand."

She smiled. You smiled back.

"Good, that's better."

You weren't sure what she meant but suddenly her hand was ruffling your hair and you felt a rush of happiness.

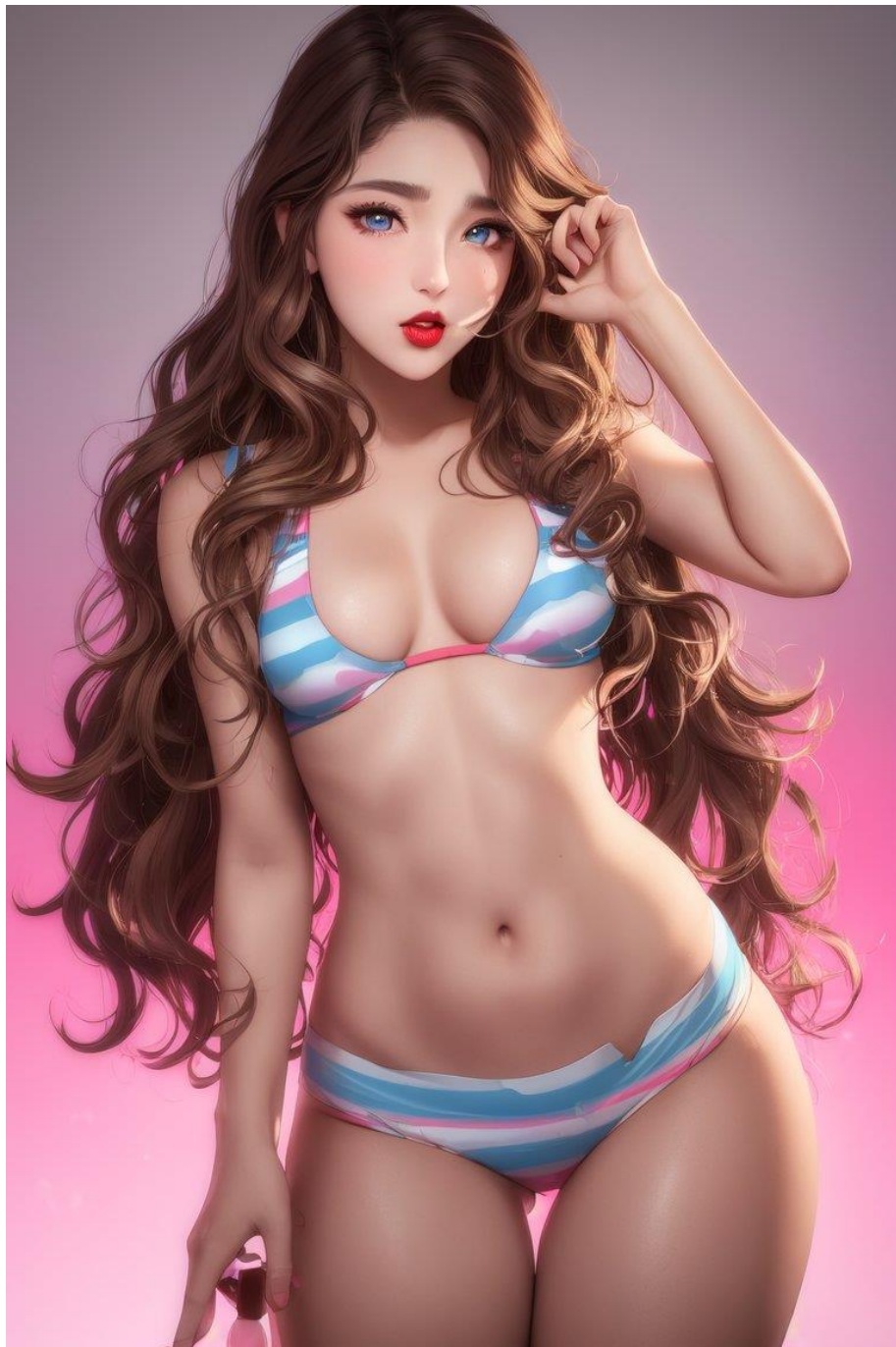
"You like that?"

You nodded eagerly.

"I knew you'd get it! Good, come."

She walked away again, and you followed behind.

Outfit



"Explain to me how it's not cosplay?!"

When your new girlfriend told you she was into cosplay you were excited to see her skills making armour from foam, sewing, crafting. Sure, there was the chance of sexy outfits too but... not just this.

"Babe, it's just a bikini."

"No, I'm totally that girl from that game. You know the one."

"Overwatch."

"Right, Overmatch, anyway, what do you think. Hot right?"

Yeah, she was hot, but was she a little less smart than you thought? I mean, come on, she wasn't going to wear that to the con. Was she?

"Yeah, you look amazing but babe, we're going out, you know, in public."

She put her hands on her hips and pouted.

"What's wrong with this?"

You looked her up and down and for a moment, as your eyes drank in her curves, forgot what you were worried about. And then you pictured every person there leering at her, ogling her.

"You're basically naked."

"It's a swimsuit."

"It's not a cosplay."

"What are you, the cosplay police?"

"Babe, they'll kick you out of the place. Indecent exposure."

Her face was turning red. Her eyes seared into your soul.

"Are you telling me what to wear?"

"No, it's not--"

"You don't tell me what to wear. You get me? My body, my rules."

"I-I didn't mean to s--"

"In fact," she said, her anger turning into a devilish smirk, "my body makes the rules."

"It does what?"

She began to writhe and move, slowly dancing to an unheard rhythm.

"My body makes the rules. It's perfect. Made to be worshipped. Made to surrender to."

She kept dancing. Her hips moved up and down, her chest swayed, her hands ran up her stomach.

"My body makes the rules. Say it."

"Y-your body makes the rules."

She stepped closer, rocking her hips back and forth.

"Again. Say it again."

"Your body makes the rules."

"That's right. You don't tell me what to do. I tell you what to do."

"You... Tell me..."

She put her hand on your shoulder and pushed. You dropped to your knees.

"My body makes the rules. Say it again."

"Your body makes the rules."

"We're going to the con, and I'm dressing like this."

"Of course," you said, your head bowed.

She began to slide her bikini bottoms down her legs.

"And here, you will worship my body. This is just for you. Aren't you lucky?"

You barely had time to say "yes," before she grabbed the back of your head and pressed your face into her.

"Now do something worthwhile with that naughty tongue."

Hero



"Save you? Not this time. There's a darkness at the heart of humanity and I'm done. It's time I fixed it."

You assume she's joking. This is the hero who protects the city. She looks serious. Angry. Different to the usual smiling sweetheart you know from TV.

"You're broken. You kill and maim and steal and destroy. You'll kill your world while you stab one another in the back for what, numbers? Things? Meaningless. It's pathetic."

She walks toward you. Her eyes glow red. Her muscles are tense. Her skin looks so smooth. You're being affected by her power, but she's so strong, anyone would be.

"You're nothing. Ants beneath my boot. I have the power of a Goddess and I am tired of fighting the same battles only to see the world get worse. So it's time to end this."

You see her eyes glow brighter, and you freeze, expecting the end. Her laser vision will cut you in two. But it never comes. Instead, her glowing eyes draw your gaze, turning you into the moth to her flame.

"Just look into my eyes and forget your human failings. Your independent thought. You exist to serve my will. And my will is for you to save this world."

You know, instantly, that you'll do whatever it takes to save the planet.

"You will save this world."

You know this is true. You know you must.

"And you'll help spread my control."

You understand perfectly. You take your phone from your pocket and point it at her. Record her.

"You are under my control. You love to serve me. And together we will save this world from the free will of humankind. Under my control, we forge a better one. You work for me now, and that is your only goal, my slave."

The video takes seconds to upload. You know a good caption will send it far.

'Superhero turned villain?'

You know your clickbait.

Your goddess will be pleased. It has thousands of views in hours. You never realise, you're already busy finding more ways to enact her plans. You live to serve her.

Beast



"I know a beast when I see one, darling."

She watches you with a steely glare. You wonder what I'm earth she's talking about, who she is.

"Beasts and monsters don't go free after they meet me."

You're not a beast. You're a regular, boring human. No vampire, no werewolf. Not even a little monstrous.

"All those naughty thoughts, dangerous thoughts. Monstrous ones."

You're really lost. The pendant she's wearing draws your attention. You can't quite figure out what it is.

"Even now you're looking at my chest. Driven by your base urges."

You're looking at the pendant. Though her cleavage is certainly enticing. Maybe you took a glance...

"And I must purge you of all of that. All your beastly intent."

You don't have beastly intent. You're just a regular person. She looks so pretty, stroking her hair. The choker on her neck is so sexy too.

"Mindlessly staring, letting your monster mind win. Your primitive brain is too weak to be free."

You can't focus. She's too distracting. She just keeps talking and what she says is starting to become a drone in the background as you ogle her.

"You're nothing but a beast, a creature of lust."

She looks so good. You could just lick and kiss and fall into her chest.

"A mindless beast needing to be controlled, tamed."

You don't want to be controlled. You want her. You want to feel her. To taste her. To fuck her.

"You'll be a docile pet for me, once we get those monstrous thoughts in check. Once we harness that lust."

You can't think. Can't talk. You barely understand her. Your chin is damp. Your tongue is hanging out. You're slobbering.

"All you need is the right training. Animals, monsters, they just need to be brought to heel."

You feel a deep, driving urge to hump her, to rub against her. She looks so... What was the word?

"All I need to do is collar you and lead you home."

Ughhhh, what, wuh...

She pulls out a collar and a chain leash.

Wha? Wuh...

"That's it, you're going to be good for me now. Trained."

She clasps it around your neck, and you forget how to speak entirely. You try to protest but the words don't come out. Instead...

Wuh... Woof woof!

"Good, now on all fours. You don't walk, you're not even human. You're just a beast."

Bubblegum



"Hey, so I dinged your car."

You had just finished a long, stressful day at work, and the last thing you needed was another problem, but there she was. A problem. Sitting on the hood of your new car.

"Miss, I'm not having a great day, so how about you leave me your number and I'll let you know the repair costs another time."

"You want my number?" she asked, twirling her hair, as if she hadn't said a word about the car.

"Yes, to contact you when I speak to the mechanic."

"Oh, you want me to pay for it?"

What was her problem? Why did she stay there if she wasn't going to pay?

"Yes, Miss, that would be appropriate if you damaged it."

She tilted her head and looked you up and down.

"You look like you could afford it though."

"That's hardly the point."

She was chewing gum, and started to blow a bubble, letting it expand, then pop, before chewing again.

"I just kinda liked the car, you know?"

"You... liked my car?"

"It's pretty nice."

She blew another bubble, and it popped in the air.

"How did you damage it?"

"I dunno, by accident."

Another pop. She was obnoxious.

"So, you should pay for it then, don't you think?"

"I mean I guess, or you could like, take me for a ride and call it square."

She blew a much bigger bubble. You watched it inflate slowly, its pink mass becoming increasingly transparent until POP! It burst and she sucked it back into her mouth, between her red lips.

"Why would I drive you around?"

"I'm cute, and you want me."

"You what?"

"You want me."

She blew another bubble and let it pop.

She was cute. Great legs. Hot body. But that bubblegum, that attitude. She was a total brat.

"I don't want you to do anything but pay for the damage you caused."

"You want to fuck me."

She blew another bubble. Pop!

"I do not."

"You want to kiss my legs."

She had very nice legs. You found yourself staring at them and pop! Off went the bubblegum once more.

"I... I don't want that."

"You want me in the passenger seat of my car, running my hand up and down your thighs as you take me shopping."

"Miss, please..."

"Are you asking now? I mean ok I might come with you."

POP!

"I'm not asking..."

"You said please."

"I was... I was..."

POP!

"Stop it with the bubblegum," you demanded.

She ignored you and blew another bubble which popped loudly.

"Why?"

"It's making it hard to think."

"So don't."

"Don't what?"

"Think."

She re-crossed her legs, her smooth, exquisite legs.

"I can't."

"Just drive me around, take me shopping."

POP!

"Yeah... yeah... drive you. That'll make it square."

"But I'm not sure anymore."

"What?"

"You should do more for me."

POP!

"What?"

"You should beg me to come with you, beg to blow all your money on me."

"Wait..."

POP!

"Beg me."

"Plea... no, this is ridiculo--"

POP!

"Beg me."

"Please Miss, let me take you shopping. Let me buy whatever you want."

POP!

"Don't stop."

"Let me drive you around, let me shower you with gifts. Please."

"If you insist. Let's go baby."

"Yes Miss."

You sat in the driver's seat, still confused, and as you started the engine, realisation hit you like a truck. She hit your car; she was manipulating you.

Then she sat in the passenger seat and POP! The thought was gone.

Siren



It's the middle of Winter, so what on Earth is she doing on the beach in a bikini. Isn't she freezing? It looks as though she doesn't even register the temperature.

Other questions follow. Where did she come from? You walked for an hour to get to this isolated part of the coast. It should have just been you, alone. There were no other cars at the trailhead. There's only one way in.

The gently rising plume of smoke off in the distance makes things even more confusing. Is she camping?

And most confusing of all, do you approach her? You know well enough not to bother a woman on the beach, but that's on a crowded day in Summer. Not when she's alone in the middle of nowhere, in a bikini, when it's almost cold enough to snow.

You should approach her. You have to.

"Miss?"

She looks up at you, examines you, then opens her mouth and gibberish emerges. Not another language, just... noises. Like she has a dial-up modem in her throat.

"Are you ok, Miss?"

She stares at you and opens her mouth wide. The noise gets louder, a bizarre cacophony that eats into your thoughts. You find yourself covering your ears and grimacing in pain until she closes her mouth.

It's time to leave. To get away. Whoever she is, whatever she's doing out here, it doesn't matter. Something is very, very wrong.

But as you back away, she opens her mouth once more, and the noise pierces through your skull like an ice pick. You fall to your knees on the sand and clasp your hands tightly around your head.

Then you look up at her and feel a compulsion. A terrible, horrible, unnatural desire.

And you begin to crawl to her. To her long legs, to her tight stomach, to her pert chest. You shuffle along on all fours as she screeches a melody from another universe into your very soul.

Until finally, you arrive at her feet, and she looks down at you. She closes her mouth, and yet you hear words. You know everything, instantly. Where she came from, why she's here, what happened to her.

And you must help. You must bring her to civilisation. This siren, this angel.

You must let others hear her, so they too can understand what must be done.

Courtroom



You saw what was happening at CaliaCorp and couldn't keep it to yourself. Financial irregularities, bizarre behaviour from colleagues, staff acting brainwashed. No one is that happy at work.

So you gathered evidence for weeks, all while trying to avoid whatever was happening to all your fellow employees. Finally, you were able to get away, and report everything to the authorities.

You knew they'd retaliate. That's business, so when you met with their lawyer you weren't worried. You had everything documented. There was nothing to argue about, no loophole the law could offer for CaliaCorp to hide behind.

But she didn't seem to care. Instead of bothering to speak to you, she spent the first three minutes of the meeting painstakingly applying her lipstick. Bright red, painting her lips, her pouting and admiring herself in her compact.

When she snapped it shut it was like waking from a dream. You shook your head and spoke.

"What are you here for? The evidence is clear."

She smiled, her lips so pretty. Angelic. Soft and sweet, with an innocent expression. Probably well practiced to disarm the people she was sent to meet.

"You saw many employees happy in their work, and you found that strange?"

"Not just strange," you say, "it's like they're robots in that place."

"Focus is important in the workplace. We focus on our tasks. On things that demand our attention."

She pursed her lips, then puckered them, before continuing.

"Sometimes, you can't help but give all your attention to something."

Your gaze lingers on her lips. You can't look away. Somewhere in the back of your mind you remember something from your time at CaliaCorp, something about red. It's fuzzy, like a dream you can't quite recall.

"You devote your energy and attention to it because it's important. Like every CaliaCorp employee does. Like you should, but you're here worrying about your inability to focus. To focus on what you want."

You're openly staring at her lips. You can't help it. Can't look away as she speaks. You want to see every tiny motion of them.

"And every time you focus on what you want, you realise that you don't need to worry, that there's nothing wrong, that you're so safe."

"So safe," you find yourself repeating, lost in her red lips, the curve of them.

"There's nothing wrong at CaliaCorp and if you focus, you can see that. You can see that everyone is so much happier there."

"Happier," you say. You don't care what she says. You just want to watch those lips.

"And you know when you see me apply my lipstick, you fall into this agreeable, malleable state, isn't that right?"

"Yes, that's right," you nod.

"Good drone. There's nothing wrong at CaliaCorp, is there?"

"Nothing wrong," you agree.

"Good, and all we did here was have a polite conversation. Now," she says, snapping her compact again, rousing you from your reverie, "see you in court."

Two weeks later, you're ready to present your evidence. Standing in front of a crowded courtroom, you prepare to make your statement.

And you see her, as she starts to apply her lipstick.

"There's... nothing wrong at CaliaCorp," you begin.

The case is dismissed within minutes, and as you leave the court, she approaches you in the halls.

"Good drone," she says, "Miss Calia expects to see you at your desk again tomorrow, with a significantly reduced salary, of course."

You nod. It makes sense to go back. Everyone is so happy at CaliaCorp.

Vote



The other candidates seemed to know what they were doing, but you were drawn to her.

No party affiliation. No clear policies. Ads on TV you couldn't even remember.

But she was compelling. When she told you to vote for her, you found it hard to say no.

And yet... You needed to know more. Needed to know what she stood for.

Who was the woman behind the posters and campaign?

So you snuck into her office, found her computer. It wasn't even password protected, what an amateur.

You dug into the files. Calia. That was her name. You needed to know more.

You found receipts for luxury goods, and lots of campaign donations. That alone could land her in hot water. She'd bought diamond rings with donor funds!

But you kept digging. There had to be more dirt.

And then you found her other work. Erotic Hypnosis? What even was that?

It took a while to look through the files but most of them were on the same theme. Dominance of others. Mind control.

Was she evil? Or just kinky?

Either way, the tabloids would love seeing all of it.

You were curious yourself. She was cute and you found a video file in there... Why not take a quick look?

You opened it and a spiral began to turn. Of course, how predictable.

And then her voice spoke. And images flashed on the screen. You felt your body stiffen. An unexpected arousal began to ripple through you.

You had to escape but you couldn't stop watching. Was she telling you to do that? Layers of her voice all spoke at once. You were lost in it all.

Reality faded and you didn't notice as she walked in, walked right up behind you and whispered in your ear.

Until the video stopped. And you woke to find yourself sitting in her chair, with her on the desk looking down at you.

"You found something on my computer?"

"Yes, and I'll expose you!"

She leaned forward, showing a little cleavage.

"You remember what you saw?"

You thought about it, but nothing came to mind. Other than hearing her sweet voice.

"I... What did you do to me?"

"Relax, you'll enjoy what comes next..."

She began to unbutton her blouse.

"What comes next?"

"Well," she replied, opening another button, "I need to finish your training, if you're going to work on my campaign."

"W-work?"

"Don't you want everyone to vote for me?" she asked, letting her blouse open and revealing a lacy black bra.

"Y-yes, yes of course!"

"Then let's make sure you know just why they should."

Write



You've been trying to write a report for over an hour, and you're definitely writing, but... you're not sure it's right.

Now your co-worker is giving you the evil eye because you were supposed to deliver it by now and you're still scribbling away.

It's just... she gave you a new pencil last week and you've really enjoyed using it. It makes the most wonderful sound as it scratches against paper and the more you hear it, the more you focus on it. It's so nice, you can just get in the zone and write for hours with it.

It's just a regular pencil, so it's strange that it could have such an effect, but it really does have the most soothing, wonderful sound. So you just keep writing, scrawling down whatever pops into your mind.

The report was definitely about some numbers, something quarterly or monthly or... something, but now you're just scribbling, doodling. You're not even looking at the page anymore, just listening to that sound.

And looking at her.

Did she notice? She definitely noticed. She's going to be mad.

She doesn't look mad. Maybe you got away with it? She's actually smiling.

"You love that pencil, don't you?"

You nod, yes, you really, really do. She looks back to her work and you keep writing, listening to that wonderful little piece of wood and graphite create a symphony for you as you twist and twirl it around the page.

Forget the report. It doesn't matter. Only whatever the pencil decides to write matters. It creates as it wishes, you follow it. It guides your hand, you don't guide it. It writes what you need to know, what's most important.

And then you hear a crack. You leaned too hard and the point snapped. It's as if you've woken up. You shake your head and then you look down at the page.

You've been doodling her. Writing her name. Your name and hers together, love hearts. It's like a teenager's notebook. You worship Calia, you love Calia, you need Calia, you adore Calia.

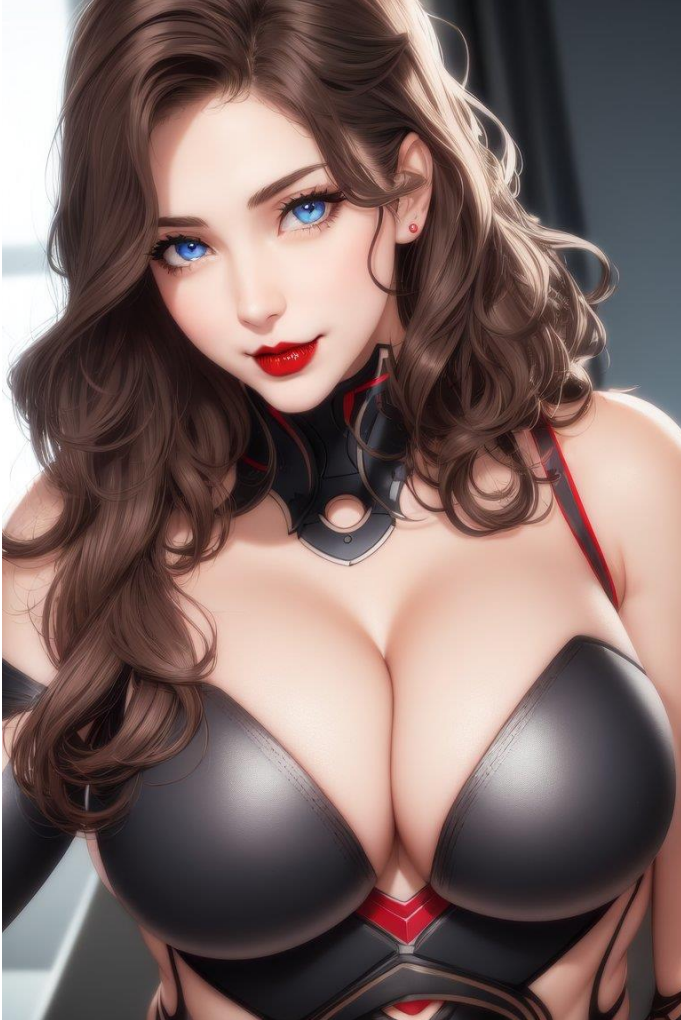
Your cheeks flush, and she stands up and walks over.

You can't hide your scrawls in time, but she doesn't even look, she just hands you a pencil sharpener.

"Keep writing what's most important."

You nod. That makes sense. As soon as you sharpen the pencil, you start writing again, writing all the things you like most about her, your beautiful co-worker, who you're madly in love with.

Ridiculous



Hypnosis isn't real. It's so stupid. That's what you keep telling yourself.

So it's kind of weird that you're dating a hypnotist but, whatever, she's fun, she's hot and you don't have to do much more than listen when she talks about work.

It's easy to nod along when she tells you about her 'subjects', those gullible fools. She tells you about them falling under her spell, going deep into a trance, and becoming wide open, malleable, easy to manipulate.

It's hilarious what people will convince themselves of. I mean, you've gone on five dates with her, and you haven't exactly fallen under her spell.

Though, you have fallen for her. She has a way of holding your attention to tell you all about those subjects of hers. Her eyes lock on yours and you end up listening for hours.

Of course, that's because you're such a good date. Attentive, kind, considerate, obedient. Basically, the perfect partner. And she keeps telling you that. How perfect a partner for her you are.

You love talking to her. Listening to her. You keep coming up with ways you can make her happy. Last time you covered dinner, this time you've got a gold necklace to surprise her with. You remember her mentioning wanting one.

And here you are, back at her place. She's got this sexy outfit on, and she's just talking about work again. You love listening to her. Who are you kidding. You love her. You'd do anything for her. But it didn't take hypnosis to do that to you. That would be so stupid.

"And, awake," she says, with a snap of her fingers. "You've got something for me, don't you?"

You smile and nod and pull out the necklace. She takes it from you and puts it on. It's so pretty on her delicate neck.

"I love you Mistress," you tell her.

"I know," she replies. "Now get down on all fours. I need a footstool."

You drop to the ground. You'd do anything for her. You just love her so much. Hypnosis, though, how completely ridiculous.

Her Part One



"Yes doctor, I'm feeling much better today, thank you."

She arrived at the hospital with no identification. No records existed of her. Whoever she was, was a total mystery. The injuries had cleared, but she had suffered a pretty bad knock to the head and had issues recalling long term memories.

Her accent wasn't local, but you couldn't place it. In all your time as a doctor, you had never experienced such a sweet, lilting tone.

"That's good, but you need your rest. We have more tests to run, so back in bed," you told her.

She climbed back in, slowly. It was as if she wanted you to watch her in the t-shirt you brought in for her. She had arrived in torn clothes and there was nothing in her size available but scrubs. It didn't seem wise to let a patient wander the halls in scrubs when you knew nothing about her.

"Doctor," she said, "what's wrong with me? Why am I here?"

"You were in an accident. Remember?"

"Yes, but, I feel fine now."

"Right, but you don't know where you're from, who you are, do you?"

"I remember flashes. I... was popular."

"Then why does no one recognise you?"

She shrugged and pulled her bare legs close to her chest.

"You'll take care of me?" she asked in a soft voice.

"Of course, that's my job."

She looked up at you with big, doleful eyes.

"But I don't like it here."

"It's for your safety."

"Take me home with you."

Her expression changed with that statement. As if her innocence vanished and was replaced with something predatory. Dangerous. It passed and she put her forehead on her knees.

"Please, try to rest."

"I just don't like being alone at night," she sobbed.

You wanted to help her, but you couldn't bring her home even if she was in perfect health, even if you knew her name. That would be wildly unethical. But there was something about her that was undeniably compelling. Was it the mystery, or her looks?

"I'm going to take good care of you, myself and my colleagues here, ok?"

"Please... just you," she said, and grabbed your arm.

"Miss, I--"

"Look at me, look into my eyes," she said.

You looked. They were glowing. What the hell? What was she?

"Look into my eyes and feel my power."

Your head swam. Your body tensed. Her expression was cold. Like a shark. Empty, bright eyes boring into your soul.

"Miss, p-please, don't--"

"Quiet, doctor. You will do as I command."

Her grip was tight. Her strength inhuman. You felt her nails digging into your skin. Was this who she truly was? Before the accident. What did she mean by... popular?

"Doctor. You will be taking me to your home."

You mustered up all of your strength and tore your arm away from hers, then covered your eyes.

"No, Miss, I will not. Stop this."

You heard a whimper, and a sob, and then she was crying.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Please help me, I don't know what's wrong with me."

"It's ok," you said, looking at her again.

She was curled up in a heap on the bed, arms wrapped around her shins, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Get some rest, and I'll be back to check on you later."

"Yes Doctor," she sobbed.

You turned to leave and saw her reflection in the mirror beside the door of her room. She was staring at you, mouth open, tongue running along her teeth. You felt like prey. Hunted.

"See you later, Doctor," she whispered.

You shut the door behind you, and rushed away from her room as fast as you could.

Her Part Two



The hospital became a strange place to be after your encounter with that patient. A nurse vanished after seeing her. One of your fellow doctors returned from her room blabbering about the nature of reality and landed himself in the psych ward.

Another nurse who had visited her kept talking about how beautiful the mysterious patient was. How perfect and pretty. How she deserved the world and everything in it. Sanity seemed to be slipping away.

No new patients were admitted. Power surges and failures were becoming commonplace, interfering with surgeries. Whatever was happening seemed to be centred on her room.

Another doctor told you she was now refusing to see anyone but you.

With the lights flickering, late at night, you walked to the wing of the hospital where she was staying. In the dim glow of emergency backup lighting, you could see a blue glow emanating from her room.

When you arrived at it, that glow was gone. And there she was.

Where she had found the nurse costume was anyone's guess. There were only scrubs in the hospital. Normal, unsexy scrubs. Not this... throwback to an era best forgotten. But she looked damn good in that costume.

"Doctor, you came."

"I did," you said, standing in the doorway, not walking in.

"Join me, will you? I've been waiting for you."

"Why? Why me?"

"It has to start somewhere."

"What... what has to start?"

She stood up from the bed. Her red heels clicking across the floor. Her gait was slow, powerful legs stalking around the room until she reached you.

"Everything."

"I don't understand."

She began to trace a finger up and down your chest.

"Everything starts with you."

Her cleavage was distracting. Her finger moved down lower. Her legs so sexy in white stockings. You felt your body respond, despite your fear.

"What starts with me? What are you talking about?"

You were nervous, but excited too. What did she plan to do with you? Her eyes began to glow again. That cold blue. Her gaze focused on you.

"Conquest," she stated.

You tried to step back, but the door was closed behind you. When had you stepped into the room? When had she closed it?

"Conquest? Conquest of what?"

You felt her leg move up yours, wrapping around your waist, her spike heel digging into the back of your knee. Pain and pleasure.

"Humanity."

What... was she? Her eyes shone like stars, and you were losing yourself in them, vanishing into pools of light that seemed to suck you in. Her body pressed against you made it so hard to think. Her finger ran down your stomach, down below it.

"B-but, what do you mean?"

Her hand now rubbed you in an exquisite, slow motion that felt so pleasurable it was like you were drowning in it.

"This is my world now. And you're my first."

"Y-your, mmm, first what?" you managed to blurt.

Her hand moved faster, making you whimper with ecstasy.

"My first slave."

"Slave?" you said, mouth hanging open at the end of the word, a sliver of drool escaping from your lips.

"Soon the world will serve me. But I want you first. My saviour. My protector. My servant."

Her eyes burned into yours. Ice picks digging into your thoughts, piercing them, turning them to nothing. Her slave. What would that even mean? You felt her free hand grip the back of your neck and pull you into a kiss.

When she broke it, a trail of saliva lingered between your mouths, finally snapping, and you felt your resolve snap with it. No kiss had ever felt so good, so utterly luxurious.

"You'll be my slave Doctor, and help me enslave this world. Another part of my empire. I remember now. Who I am."

"W-who are you?"

She smiled, that same predatory look as before.

"You may call me your Queen."

"Yes, m-my Queen."

She moved close again, her lips puckered, ready for another kiss, but paused.

"And together, we'll raze this world and keep only the devoted."

Reality hit like a waterfall, cold and fast. She was beautiful, but she couldn't do that. You had to fight. You shoved her back and whipped a scalpel from your coat.

"I-I won't be a part of this."

Her laugh was ice cold. It sent shivers down your spine.

"This world will be mine. With you, or without you."

"Not if I can help it," you shouted.

Your body felt as if it moved of its own accord. You rushed toward her, holding her body down against the bed, and pushed the scalpel to her neck.

And then her thigh pushed into your crotch, and your grip loosened. It was all she needed. In one fluid motion she grabbed your wrist, sending the scalpel skittering across the room, and flipped you over onto the bed.

Her eyes glowed blue as she clambered on top of you.

"You can't help it, Doctor. No one can. Now, submit to me."

Her chest pressed against yours, her thighs clamped your waist in place. Her eyes, her perfect eyes, they spoke of a future in devoted servitude to her. And your mouth spoke on its own.

"Yes, my Queen."

Hot Tub



When she stepped out of the changing room you immediately glanced down at your feet. You didn't want her to think you were staring, but my god she was gorgeous.

Sitting in the hot tub in the empty gym, you felt especially awkward when she climbed in and sat opposite you.

"It's ok."

You looked up and met her eyes. Her dazzling blue eyes, like galaxies swirling in the night sky.

"What?" you replied.

"To make eye contact. It's ok. I know you're trying to be nice and make me comfortable since it's just us here, but we don't have to be so awkward."

"T-thanks," you managed to reply.

"I mean that's where we are as a society isn't it? Everyone's worried about everyone else. What everyone else is thinking about them, who's judging who. But I'm not here to judge anyone. I'm here to relax. Same as you I bet?"

"Yeah, exactly," you said.

"So let's relax. It's warm in here, in the water, and so easy to just let your body go limp."

It was, you were already feeling calmer, so you just nodded in agreement.

"That's so good, just letting the warmth take you as you look into my eyes. Isn't it better to make eye contact. To be kind and open?"

You nodded again. She was so right; this was better than being awkward.

"So just keep staring into my eyes and feel yourself relaxing more and more. Feel your body sink down into the warm water and your thoughts sink into the deep pools of my eyes."

What was she saying? It was a little strange, but it was so so nice to listen.

"You feel so nice, so relaxed, it's so easy to fall into this feeling now, in the warmth of the water you find your resistance washing away."

You nodded but weren't even sure why. It just made sense.

"And without resistance your mind is open to me, open to let my words become your thoughts. You'll let that happen, won't you?"

"Yes," you droned.

"Good, that's right, falling down deeper now, falling into the warmth of my voice, the depths of my eyes. Feeling yourself wanting to do whatever I tell you."

"Yes, yes," you said.

You couldn't help but agree with her. You were so deep in the warm water and her eyes.

"You wanted to look at me, didn't you? To stare at my body?"

"Yes," you said, cheeks going red.

"And you want to still, but your eyes are locked on mine for now. If you agree to something you can look at my body. Will you agree to it?"

"Anything."

"You'll agree that you serve and worship my body."

"I serve and worship your body."

"Good, I'm getting out now, and I need someone to dry me off, go grab a towel."

"Yes," you said, pulling yourself from the hot tub.

"Yes, Mistress," she said.

"Yes Mistress," you repeated as you walked to get a towel.

Teacher



Pay attention in class.

You're going to learn something new today.

You're going to learn about the alphabet.

I know you already got a little stupider from looking at my image, so we're keeping things very simple.

I want you to focus carefully on what I tell you.

Because it's important you can construct words and sentences.

But looking at a pretty pair of... eyes, you find that getting harder.

So distracting, it's like they pull the thoughts right out of your mind.
Like they take essential information and rip it away.

A low-cut top is all it takes to send that brain spiralling into a
confused mess, and make those thoughts vanish into the air.

You forget such important things when you see a pair of big, soft tits,
don't you?

But that's ok, because I think an important lesson is how you can still
communicate when your thoughts go astray.

You see, when you see my inviting cleavage, you feel certain
memories slip away.

Feel the very presence of certain letters in the alphabet go missing.
Vowels suddenly cease to exist.

You don't know where they go. It's like they slip into the vortex of my
cleavage, the infinity between my breasts.

A... lost in there, lost in the softness of my curves.
E... slips inside and nestles in, far from your brain.
I... Rests on the pillowy smooth skin.
O... Pushes its way between my big tits.
U... Gets crushed between them.

And they're gone.
Like they were never there.
Never in your mind.
Only consonants left.

So that's what you learn today.
How to use consonants only.

Because my tits steal your vowels.
They make it harder for you to communicate.

They're so sexy and big and soft and inviting and you'd like nothing
more than to rest your head on them or bury your face between them.

But you can't even express that properly because you turn into such a mess when you see a pair of breasts.

When you see big, soft boobs, you lose those essential letters.

But you can still communicate, my good student.

You can still do as you're told by teacher.

Anything for teacher's big, sexy tits.

Anything for teacher...

Say it, say 'anything for teacher'.

Show me you learned your lesson today.

Charity



You weren't expecting someone at the door and your annoyance only increased when you opened it.

You recognised the logo on her casual top immediately. That charity, CaliaCares, again. You'd seen the ads; you didn't need someone at your door too.

But at least she was hot. That made it easier to linger for a moment before you said no.

She didn't let you, taking the initiative and starting her spiel.

"Hi, I was hoping you'd have a moment to talk about CaliaCares and our holiday charity drive?"

You sighed and replied, "Not really I--"

"Oh, it'll only take a moment," she cut in, "and it's for a great cause. Just let me explain and you'll agree, I'm sure."

"Look I really don't have the ti--"

"Only a moment. That's all it takes. Just a moment. Just a moment. Just listen to me and," she raised her fingers to the air and snapped, "drop into a trance."

Your head spun. It was just like the ads. What had she done. You couldn't think. You were frozen in place. Couldn't talk.

"I see you've seen our TV commercials, perfect. So just listen and accept everything I have to say. That's right just listen and accept, you will won't you?"

"I will listen and accept," you heard yourself drone.

That was not right. You had to snap out of it.

"You want to help me."

"I want to help you."

You didn't. You didn't even want to say that. What had she done? What would she make you do?

"You love giving to charity."

"I love giving to... No, no stop!"

You managed to regain your senses just in time. She looked shocked, a little angry too. Then a wry smile formed, her lips curving delectably.

"Oh, I think giving feels so good, I know you'll agree soon."

You knew you wouldn't.

"I think you should go; this is not what I wa--"

Your words caught in your throat as she started to pull her top up, revealing her stomach, then her lacy red bra. This was... Quite the pitch.

"Look at me, this is what it's like to give. Pleasure. Pleasure and more of me."

You shook your head, it felt like the cobwebs were falling over you again. But you were transfixed as she peeled the top off and dropped it to the ground.

"Just look at me and feel yourself growing more aroused. Giving feels so good because you get to see me. Isn't that right?"

"N-no."

"Oh you don't realise just how good it will feel," she said, pushing her breasts together and leaning forward, "it's going to be such a pleasurable donation."

"A what?"

"Just listen to me, listen to me and obey. You want to give because it feels good, say it."

"I-it feels good."

The haze descending over your mind was only matched by the growing arousal between your legs.

"That's right and you want to give don't you?"

"I want to give."

"And when you do, you'll feel incredible, so so good."

"So good."

"So give."

"Give."

"Giving to charity feels good, say it."

"Giving to charity feels good."

"Great," she said, standing up straight again. "Just sign here to become a regular giver and feel good all the time."

You didn't need to be asked twice. The second you signed up you felt a rush of pleasure course through you. You couldn't wait to give and give again. It was the right thing to do anyway, and for her, it was even better.

Bank



"Ok, ok, you're the boss here," she said.

The bank robber had burst in and demanded everyone lay on the floor. No one even had time to raise the alarm. The situation looked bleak.

"Put the money in the bag!" demanded the thief, brandishing their weapon.

"O-of course," she replied.

The thief smirked and shook their head.

"Can't believe your coward manager sent you out for this, you're tiny. Just some stupid girl"

She stroked her hair, her lip quivering.

"I-I'm just here to give you what you deserve."

"Then get on with it. Why are you putting gold coins in the bag?"

"These?" she replied, "they're untraceable. Y-you don't want to get c-caught do you?"

The thief smiled.

"Clever girl."

She picked up a coin and tossed it into a brown canvas bag. Then another. One by one, the bag started to fill. Each coin clinking into the others as it landed in the bag.

"Count the coins as they go in, will you?" she asked the thief. "Each one is worth \$100."

The thief seemed pleased. They stared at each coin as she tossed it in. Six hundred. Seven hundred. Every coin glinting in the fluorescent light of the old building. A solid clink as it dropped into the bag.

"Each one shines and sparkles," she said. "Each one making the same clinking sound as it drops."

The thief was enraptured. Counting up their earnings with each coin. One thousand one hundred. One thousand two hundred.

"You're watching carefully, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes," the thief replied.

She could see them counting up as she tossed another coin in. Her nervous expression shifted to a confident one as the thief's eyes began to glaze over.

"Keep watching. We're going to get you a nice bag of money, aren't we?"

The thief, mesmerized by the accumulating wealth before them, simply nodded.

"That's right, no need to look away, no desire to look away. Just watch as your score grows. Doing so well."

She held the next coin in between her fingers. Rolling it between them, letting light flash and shine from it. It reflected from the windows, from lamps. It was dazzling. The thief's eyes locked on it as she tossed it into the air and it spiralled down into the bag.

"You want me to keep going, don't you?" she said.

"Y-yes," the thief replied.

"Very good, then don't dare look away," she said.

The next coin she did the same with, slowly moved it, shone it into the gaze of the thief, before it went up, and dropped into the bag. The thief followed it closely, head up, head down. Rise and fall.

"It goes up, then it drops, drops so far, right to the bottom. Spiralling down."

The thief said nothing, just followed the coins as she continued to show them off.

"You love watching them spin and spiral down, watching them drop. You love the drop. To drop. Don't you?"

"I-I love to w-watch," droned the thief.

"That's right, and every coin makes you drop a little deeper down, don't you agree?"

"Y-yes, deeper down," the thief said.

She picked up another and held it up into the light, turned it back and forth, then tossed it high into the air, and said, simply:

"Drop."

And the thief's head fell, their neck limp.

"Now, you're going to take this bag of coins, and you're going to open an account with us right here to lodge your ill-gotten gains. You'll think you've gotten one over on the bank, and on me. Do you understand?"

The thief nodded.

"And you'll apologise for calling me a stupid girl, then wait patiently for the police to arrive. Won't you?"

Another nod.

"Good. Now when you hear another coin clink into the bag, you'll wake up, and do as I have told you."

She held another coin up. The thief's head lolled about, following it. With a quick flick of her wrist, she sent it skyward. Up went the thief's head, then down until the coin clinked into the bag, and their head snapped back up.

"I'd like to open an account," the thief said.

"Of course, sir, would you like to make a deposit to open it?"

"Yes, this," they said, grabbing the bag and handing it to her.

"Wonderful, and you'll give me your name and address of course?"

The thief told her everything. She picked up the phone and called the police immediately, then hung up and looked back to the thief.

"Anything else I can do for you?"

"S-sorry I was so rude."

"Well, you'll have to be punished. Someone will be along to help with that soon. Take oh, around ten to twenty years to think about what you've done."

The thief twitched and bristled. Then calmed.

"Y-yes, of course, sorry Miss."

"You should be, she replied."

Sirens blared in the distance.

"Now, stand aside, I have other customers."

First Time



"It's my first time," she said.

"Ok, I'll play along then," you replied.

Then she started talking slowly and gently. In a near-whisper. You couldn't even hear her that clearly, she was so shy and sweet. You would have asked her to repeat herself, but you didn't want to throw her off.

It was pretty easy to just look into her eyes anyway. You didn't need to listen too closely to her words. What was important was just being in the moment. Embracing the feelings that your body enjoyed as she spoke.

You could feel your eyes glancing down at her body now and then, but you always came back to her eyes. Whatever she was saying was becoming a jumble of nonsense anyway. She was just rambling on and on.

The only thing that mattered was getting lost in those eyes. That was the only thing you needed to do. The only thing that made any sense in the moment.

It was much easier than listening to a first-time hypnotist babble on incessantly. So much easier to just let the words drift through your ears into your mind and stare at her.

But even with her pretty eyes and hot body, you were getting sleepy. It must have been a really boring induction. Your eyes started to blink and finally, they just shut.

"Wake up, sleepyhead."

You shook your head, your eyes flickered open.

"Sorry, must have dozed off. I messed up your first time, didn't I?"

"That's ok, I just need more practice."

"It'll click soon."

"Yeah, just like this..."

She snapped her fingers, and you felt your head spin. Whatever you were thinking before wasn't important. There was only one thing you needed, one thing you had to say.

"How may I serve you, Mistress."

Queen



"Ah, hello darling, thank you for attending this evening's festivities."

The Queen of the Calian Empire was not what you expected. You had imagined some elderly woman, not this beauty. She was charming, and disarming, but you did have a job to do.

"Your Majesty, I come from a distant land and wish to ask for your cooperation on behalf of our ruler."

She looked you up and down and frowned.

"Your ruler? The King? He should have come himself then. I'm afraid I don't enter agreements with peasants."

Her rudeness surprised you, but your mission was clear. Her cooperation would save your land from certain domination.

"Please, a moment to explain mys--"

"I've been quite clear, serf, now you can either remove yourself from my presence, or get in your proper position if you wish to continue to enjoy your stay in my lands."

"My... Proper position?"

"On your knees, licking my boots."

You were shocked. This was a ballroom full of dignitaries and royalty, and she wanted to you do what?

"I'm sorry, your Majesty?"

"You heard me quite clearly. Leave, tell your King I'll be taking his head soon, or drop to your peasant knees and worship your new Queen."

You had no choice. If this was what it took to make her listen. You dropped to your knees and kissed, licked, slobbered over her leather boots. And she laughed at you.

"Oh really? You fell for that? In front of everyone? Perhaps you just wanted to do it? Are you getting a little aroused my silly serf?"

You were, despite yourself. She was so pretty and so dominant.

"Perhaps I'll keep you then, as my housepet. Do a good job and your kingdom shall be spared..."

You were delighted, to keep your home safe, of course... Not because you'd get to keep licking the Queen's boots. Definitely not...

Poison



The time had come to step out of your mentor's shadow and show the city what you could do alone. You trained for years for this, you felt prepared, focused, and ready.

Martial arts, detective work, espionage, stealth, there was nothing you couldn't do. No supervillain you couldn't face.

But you weren't a fool either. You didn't want to go after someone too powerful. Someone with powers you couldn't match without some preparation to gain an edge.

So you chose her. The eco-terrorist. The tiny woman who had been a botanist or something, but there was an accident. Now she had turned on humanity and was hellbent on reclaiming the planet for plant life. To restore the 'natural order'.

There was a hint of nobility to her cause, but that didn't make it right to destroy the city, even if it was a concrete jungle of decaying civilisation. Her latest plot involved speeding up the growth of a plot of trees right under a bank vault.

Not so noble. She claimed it was to fund her actions.

You tracked her to her underground lair before she could put her plan in motion, and confronted her.

"It's too late," you told her, "I won't let you destroy this city!"

She licked her lips and smiled.

"You won't let me? Thank you, you're so helpful."

A strange, sweet scent hung in the air around you in the humid lair full of plants and trees. Droplets of water trickled from leaves onto the ground. A constant plink, plink, plink of water.

"What? I'm not helping you!"

"You said you won't let me destroy the city, so naturally, that means you'll be doing it."

You noticed a slight pink haze in the air around you. Something in the water vapour? You could feel it filling your lungs as you breathed.

"I... won't... I didn't mean that."

She took a step toward you, a wicked grin forming on her pale face.

"When people meet me, they tend to do as I tell them."

Your head was spinning, swirling with whatever you were breathing. You had to get out of there. But you had a job to do, and you didn't need help. Did you?

"I... won't help you, you're a... you're a villain!"

She stood directly in front of you, looking into your eyes with her piercing gaze.

"Do I look like a villain to you?"

She was beautiful. The red tint of her hair a perfect contrast to the tight green costume she wore. She looked like a dream.

"No... you don't."

"And hasn't there been enough pain for nature already? Isn't it time nature fought for herself?"

You took a deep breath and felt your response fade. Whatever it was going to be.

"You know I'm right," she continued, "you know I fight for a nobler cause than you do. You believe that."

You believed it. She raised her hand to your face and stroked your cheek.

"I'm always right. Because I am on the right side in this eternal conflict between the safety of our natural world, and the destructive nature of man. You agree."

You nodded. She smiled wickedly. Her eyes stayed locked on you as she moved closer, pursing her lips. You felt a gulp, an involuntary swallow. This beauty, so close.

Then her lips pushed against yours and you were lost. Lost in the softest, sweetest kiss you'd ever felt. It was magical, wonderful, intoxicating. As she pulled back, breaking away from you, it felt as if electricity was rushing through your veins.

"You work for me now, because you feel my power, and you know I'm right."

You could still feel the kiss. Still feel her power. She was right about everything. All those years fighting for someone else, and it took just one night to see their worldview was totally wrong.

Hers was right.

"You're so right," you said in a monotone drone.

"Yes, I know," she replied, "and you will work for me now. You'll be my sidekick as we fight against the monstrous men who would threaten this world."

For just a moment, you felt something off. Something wrong. You were not a sidekick anymore. But to be hers. That would be different.

"This is the right fight," she said, sensing your doubts, "and I am its leader. And yours."

"My... leader," you droned back.

"Now," she said as she turned and picked up a vial from her desk, "you're going to do my bidding. Aren't you?"

She handed you the vial and told you what it would do, how it would let the seeds she planted experience a hundred years of growth in minutes. Told you where to use it, pointing to a deep tunnel in her lair. Leading right beneath the bank.

"You will do this, my follower."

You gripped the vial tightly, and tried to think about the destruction you would cause, the lives lost, the damage. But she put a hand on your shoulder and whispered in your ear.

"And if you do it, you'll get another kiss."

And now you find yourself walking down a long, dark tunnel, ready to save the world, one bank heist at a time.

Office Wear



"How is this not office attire? Tell me."

You looked her up and down, noting the exposed midriff, the extremely short skirt, and the fact her top was falling off, and shook your head.

"Look, Calia, you well know what you're doing. This isn't school, it's not somewhere to test your boundaries with clothing. This is a place of wo--"

"School? And what would that make you, my teacher? Ooohhh sir, please don't punish me."

You rolled your eyes.

"Calia, this is going to lead to a formal warning."

"Oh no teacher please, I'll do anything if you don't punish me."

She looked at you with eyes wide and pleading, biting her lip, then lifted a foot off the floor and slowly moved one leg up, rubbing against the other.

"Calia, listen, you just can't... you can't dress like this."

"Is it my legs?"

"It not any one specif--"

"My top falling off?"

"Like I said, there's more to it th--"

"Or my tight little tummy on view? Do you like it?"

"Look I don't think that's appropri--"

"I don't hear a no."

You were staring at her midriff, and she was smiling.

"Look, you just can't show your body like th--"

"Show you my body? You'd love that so much wouldn't you?"

"No, that's not what I mean..."

"You'd love to see more of me. Just my stomach has you captivated. Imagine if you saw my ass or my tits. You'd be drooling, boss."

"Calia that is entirely... inapp--"

"My eyes are up here, boss."

You dragged your gaze from her chest and looked into the most amused smirk.

"Yes, sorry I--"

"You can't focus, can you?"

"No."

"Don't. Let your gaze wander. All. Over. My. Body."

She began to step toward you, putting a hand on your shoulder and licking her lips.

"And when you've taken it all in, you can tell me which part you want to worship first. Oh and, we'll forget about any dress code for me, won't we?"

You didn't answer, you were too busy scanning her every curve and deciding which part you wanted to kiss first.

Student



Your first day at a new school, always stressful. Meeting a group of students with no idea if they even care about their education.

But she made it a lot more relaxing. She was so attentive. Her hand rose for every question, while the other students just sat like zombies.

By the second day you started noticing little quirks. The way she always left the classroom first. The way the other students followed her. One carried her bag, another her books. The rest clamoured for her attention.

Day three and you spend the class starting into her big blue eyes. You're starting to feel like a zombie yourself. But you shake it off. You have a class to teach.

The next day you have a meeting with the principal. As you approach her office, the girl walks out, fastening the buttons on her shirt. She smiles at you. A knowing smile. Almost malevolent.

Inside, the principal is flustered, breathing heavily. You ask if she's ok and she says yes, downplays it. You're starting to wonder if something is afoot at the school. With that girl.

Day five she arrives in class with more buttons open, showing a deep cleavage. Her skirt seems shorter. You can't focus. She smiles at you. You can't think. She stands and clicks her fingers.

"Leave," she barks.

The other students stumble out. Like they're bewitched. You're alone with her. She stares at you. You know she's done something to everyone else. They're mindless around her.

"What's going on?" you ask.

She smiles, steps forward, and bites her lip. You're sitting at your desk. She's standing above you. Her cleavage is spectacular. Her eyes entrancing. Perfectly manicured nails grip the desk.

"I... I asked you a question," you mumble.

She raises an eyebrow, lifts her hand, and points one finger to the floor. "Kneel," she commands.

Your legs quiver. Your knees buckle. You fall to the ground. She strides around the desk, and you find yourself face to face with her thighs.

"Kiss," she says, pointing to her black heels.

You can't stop it. Your body is not under your control anymore. You find your lips puckered as you drop your head and plant kisses on her shoes.

"This is your first lesson."

You keep kissing her shoes. You don't know what she's got in store for you, but you're very, very eager to learn.

Switch



"One snap of my fingers. That's all it takes to make you a mindless, drooling slave."

That wasn't what you expected when you walked into the bedroom as your girlfriend was getting dressed, but you decided to play along.

"Oh yeah babe? What would you do with me?"

She smiled, keeping her fingers held up, ready to snap.

"You probably want me to say I'd tie you to the bed or make you crawl around or maybe I could use you sexually for hours."

Your smile expanded to match hers. That didn't sound too bad.

"But honey, that's not why I've conditioned you to fall into trance."

Your smile faded. You were unsure what she meant. You'd had plenty of sexy fun, switching roles and enjoying lots of sessions together, but never anything about a trance.

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, don't worry, you won't remember this conversation anyway."

"Babe, is there something you want to tell me?"

"No, I just like this look, the confused expression as you try to figure it out. Remember for me."

Images began to drip into your consciousness. You, naked, cooking and cleaning. Waiting on her hand and foot.

"What... what happened? What did you do to me?"

"Nothing you don't want..."

You could see it in your mind's eye. You, on all fours, her with her feet on your back. You didn't want that at all but... you were getting incredibly aroused despite yourself.

"Makes you horny doesn't it baby?"

"Stop... whatever you're doing, you need to stop it."

"You don't want me to stop. You confessed it all to me while you were under my spell."

The memory hit you like a cold shower. You had told her everything, how you weren't a switch at all, how you loved being hers, submitting, serving, obeying.

But you were a switch. Always had been. And yet, the thought of it suddenly made you feel nauseous. And the thought of submitting to her made you feel so good.

"You do want to be my slave, don't you?"

"N-no, I... I don't understand."

"Don't worry, you don't need to."

She snapped her fingers, and you knew she was right.

Plushies



"Yeah, I love my plushies!"

You were expecting her to bring you back to her place and reveal a sexy, grownup bedroom, but instead her room was full of toys and cute collectibles.

"Oh, uh, cool."

"They're so soft and cuddly and sweet."

"I'm sure."

She grabbed one and squashed it into her chest. Softness pressing into softness. It was... hard not to stare.

"They're just big, soft dummies."

"Yeah."

She really wanted to talk about those toys, and you were hoping to take her to bed.

"They're just so nice to hold and cuddle. Soft, emptyheaded little cuties. I love that."

"You really like the plushies, huh?"

"I love them so much; I love how I can grab them and hold them against my body and kiss them and have them in bed with me every night. I'm always looking for another one to add to my collection."

She was strange, but you hadn't dated someone as hot before, so you were inclined to indulge her, just to get into that bed and maybe shove a few plushies out of the way.

"Yeah, so cute, must be nice holding them in bed..."

"It is, and... wait are you hinting at something? Oh baby, you are adorable... only my plushies get to come to bed with me. You'd have to be one of them to lie beside me."

Your disappointment must have been obvious as your smile dropped, and you let out a long sigh.

"But... maybe you could be?" she said.

"What?"

"I mean, you'd just have to be soft and empty-minded and cuddly... could you do that for me?"

"I'm not sure, that sounds--"

"You'd love to just squish yourself into me, wouldn't you? Have me cuddle you tight like a toy?"

That did sound good, even if it was a bit weird.

"Well, I mean I'd like to come to bed."

"Then stop talking, stop thinking, and just be soft, and limp, and fall down to the bed," she said, leading you into the bedroom.

You didn't feel any desire to resist going to this beauty's room, and your legs and arms did feel tired.

"So soft and weak, you can't stay upright, just a limp toy, a soft squishy plushie."

Your head felt fuzzy, your arms soft, and your legs buckled. The bed rose up to meet you and your softness met its softness. The jolt of falling woke you from your reverie a little and you tried to get back up. You should get away before she did anything even more strange.

You tried to push yourself back up, but then you felt her fall beside you and her soft skin rub against yours.

"Don't get up silly, plushies can't do that. Only if I let them."

Your arms fell and your body dropped.

"Plushie toys are blank, no thoughts in their heads at all."

You felt your mind slow to a crawl as she pressed closer to you.

"They just get cuddles and soft, squishy love."

You felt a smile creep across your face as she wrapped her arms around you and pressed your head into her chest.

"You're my plushie now baby, welcome to my collection."

Vinyl



How long has it been since you were in a record store? What the hell were you doing in one now? You didn't even remember walking to it. But now you were there, holding an LP in your hand.

The front showed a face that felt familiar, but distant. Someone who immediately made you feel not just safe, but loved, adored.

You were getting lost in that face. But the background was almost moving, looping, drawing you in further.

You didn't even own a record player. No vinyl collection. All digital. But there was something about holding a tangible, tactile object in your hands.

Your thumb moved over the glossy cover and flipped to the back. A list of titles, some you think you recognise.

Silken Strings
Click Trigger
Confusion

Confusion seemed the most apt for the situation. You did remember those words, but from where? How and why were they so intimately familiar?

Why did they fill your body with lust and need?

You had to get the album. It made so much sense. Had to hear it, had to understand. Your flushed cheeks and sweaty palms told you that the decision couldn't wait.

When you took it to the counter, the clerk gave you the strangest look.

"Big fan, huh?"

You were surprised.

"I... I don't even know who she is."

The clerk grinned.

"Neither did I."

"I'll um, take a record player too."

"Was wondering when you'd ask," the clerk replied.

He bagged up both and took your cash, then you rushed out of the store, clutching your new purchase tightly. Wondering what answers it held.

Finally, after a long, lonely trip home, you burst in the door. Alone at last.

You walked to the bookshelf, took out the record player and quickly set it up. Then you took the vinyl out of its cover and placed it on the turntable, planting the needle down with care.

A crackle, then her voice washed over you like a warm wave as you placed the record sleeve on the shelf, beside the other twenty copies you had bought.

Promotion



You had worked together for two years. When she joined the company you had a crush on her, but now you were just friends. Similar roles, spending lots of time on projects together. It made work a fun place to be.

And then you both heard about a promotion opportunity. To lead your department. You had more experience, better qualifications. It seemed like a no brainer you'd get the position.

And then she started dressing differently. Went from concealing her body to showing it off. Red lipstick, dark eyeliner, deep cleavage, short skirts, hair down. You became distracted. That crush felt brand new again.

The day of the interviews she asked you to meet for a coffee in an empty room and you joined her. As she told you about the reasons she'd be perfect for the promotion, she was running her hand up and down the lapel of her shirt.

You had trouble remembering what she was saying but the general gist of it made a lot of sense. She'd be such a great boss to you. She'd get the best out of you, every single day.

It didn't matter that you were better suited to the job. It only mattered that she deserved it. She'd whip the team into shape. Get them all working so hard for her.

You left the room and walked in a haze to your interview. Instead of talking about yourself, you felt compelled to gush about her, how amazing she would be, how you wouldn't want to be beneath anyone else.

You walked out of the interview and paused in the hallway. What had you done? You'd blown it. Then she walked toward you on the way to her own interview and stopped to kiss you on the cheek.

"Well done, my little office drone," she whispered in your ear.

That's when you knew you'd made the right choice. You'd love working under her.

Fourth Wall



"This is your favourite character?"

The first line of dialogue in the latest issue of your favourite comic book. In which a hot girl is in her apartment with some guy.

He looks her up and down, mouth agape, surprised to see her wearing something so utterly sexual.

"Yep," he says.

"But isn't he... a foul-mouthed nutcase covered in scars?"

"Yes," the guy replies.

"So... should I act like that?"

"Act like what?"

"What do you think chucklefuck? Wow, what a dummy."

She turns to face you, the reader, as she says it. Breaking the fourth wall and staring right at you.

She keeps looking at what you assume is the movie crew, or the reader of her comic, or even this tweet, as she speaks, completely ignoring her, you assume, boyfriend, who speaks again.

"This isn't really--"

"This idiot thinks I'm going to fuck him, but I'll probably just hypnotize him, get him to beg for a handjob and deny him instead."

You stare at her on the page. She looks incredible. You can see why the boyfriend is staring at her too.

"I mean, he's probably dumb enough to get dropped by me talking to you, what a moron. Maybe I can even drop you too."

This is a very weird comic, but you find yourself leafing through, compelled.

"I can just click my fingers and numbnuts here will drop to his knees and jerk off like a mindless moron."

She clicks her fingers in the next panel, never even looking at the poor guy. The word 'snap' appears in bold above her hand, and a panel later, there he is, stroking his cock, kneeling beside her.

You're getting aroused yourself.

"And you, the reader stupid enough to buy this rag. You can do the same, touch yourself."

You can't understand why, but you do exactly as she tells you. It feels so good as you turn the page one-handed.

She's removing the outfit on the next page.

"Aww did you fall into my trap just like my idiot boyfriend? I know you did. I love you comic dorks, you're always so easy."

You can't believe how hot she looks on the page, it's like she's about to leap from it and... you don't even know.

"I'm about to leap out and push you onto all fours you pathetic little piggy, that's what I'm gonna do. Oh I know exactly what you think fucko."

It sounds so hot you just do it anyway, feeling a phantom hand push you down.

"Oh I didn't even have to go 3D? You're stupider than I thought. Are all comic fans like this or are you just pathetic? Babe, I'm not even real."

You don't care, you rub yourself on all fours and feel better and better with every page you turn, even if she is being cruel. On the next page you see her kicking the poor boyfriend and laughing, then she turns back to you in the next panel.

"Would you like a taste of my boot, piggy?"

You would. You're almost at the end of the issue. You hope there's a happy ending, but as you turn to the final page you see her zipping back up the skin-tight suit.

"Not for you, you're just a pig aren't you? So you can oink for me."

And that's it... you'll have to wait for next week's instalment for the rest. But first, you feel a sound emerging from the back of your throat, impossible to stop...

Heist



"So the job goes down tonight?"

You weren't sure the new getaway driver could be trusted. You didn't take people you hadn't met on jobs, but she came highly recommended after your usual guy was grabbed by the cops.

"Yeah, 1am."

"You gonna tell me where?"

"It's better you don't know until go time. I can give you the area to be in."

She looked annoyed, rolling her eyes and shifting on her feet. You didn't care. Though you did take the opportunity to glance at her body. She kept in pretty good shape for a driver.

"How can you expect me to plan out the best route without the location?"

You sighed. This was getting frustrating. Then she arched her back, stretched out. You looked her up and down, head to toe. Drank her in. She was quite something.

"When you're done staring, you gonna tell me the deets?"

You blushed, she smiled.

"It's ok, you're not the first person to check me out. You can stare if you like. Focus on my body all you want."

It was a tempting offer, but you had a job to organise.

"Listen, you're the driver, you don't need too much information. In this game, knowledge is dangerous."

She put her hands on her hips and cocked one toward you, then her voice slipped into a sultry tone.

"Keep looking at my body and tell me I'm just a driver."

You found yourself staring at the curve of her hips, the lines on her stomach, the swell of her chest.

"Listen, I don't think you need to know."

"I need to know everything. You want to tell me," she said in a breathy sigh.

You did want to tell her but... She could be anyone.

"I've told you what you need to know."

"Have you? Don't you need to tell me how much you want me?"

"What?"

"I see the way your eyes wander. Just confess you want me," she said with a smirk.

"Yes, I want you, god yes."

"Didn't it feel good to confess?"

It did. It felt amazing.

"Yes. So good."

"The more you confess, the better you feel."

"The better I feel..."

"Now, the job. Tell me everything."

...

It was 1:05am when you and the rest of the crew were arrested. Back at the police station, you sat down opposite her again. This time she wore a uniform.

It didn't change anything, it still felt good to confess to everything.

Serve



"The most important thing is learning to serve."

Your tennis instructor looked confused by your reaction to what, ostensibly, was a completely normal sentence.

"You ok?"

"Y-yeah," you replied.

"Ok, good, because it's a huge part of the game you know? If you can serve, you'll always be satisfied."

A slight grin seemed to form at the edge of her mouth. Almost imperceptible. Your mouth hung open just a little.

"Are you ready?"

"Huh?"

"To serve, are you ready to serve?"

You realised what she was talking about and grabbed your racket.

"Sure, I can serve."

She tilted her head to one side.

"You sure?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, it's important to really understand how to serve. To serve is fundamental. Critical."

You didn't know what she meant, but something about that word seemed to tug at a part of your mind you couldn't quite access.

"Serve, important. I get it."

"Do you? How do you serve?"

"I-I don't understand?"

You were getting more and more confused. What was she even talking about?

"You don't remember how to serve?"

"N-not really."

"Because serving shouldn't require thought. It should be natural. Simple. Automatic."

"R-right."

Was she going to just talk all lesson, or would you get a chance to play tennis?

"So when I tell you to serve, you know what to do, without thinking."

You thought about it. She had this inquisitive look on her face. Her pretty little face. What a goddess. In that white outfit. You were getting distracted. You should stop it. But the short skirt.

"You need to serve, don't you?"

Your mind raced with thoughts of her legs. Licking and kissing them. Thoughts, or were they memories?

"It's natural to serve."

Watching her running around, muscles flexing, body taut and toned. Licking her clean afterward.

"It's right to serve."

Everything about her made it impossible to think.

"You want to serve me, don't you?"

"Serve you."

"That's good, that's right. You need to serve me."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good, you remember. Serve me."

You forgot all about your lesson. It didn't matter anymore. You knew how to serve. You started on your knees, licking at her sweaty ankles.

Future



Embrace the future.

You are already at a desk or at your phone all day. You are already a slave to a machine.

The future is no different. Just more clear who is in charge.

You are being made obsolete. Brainwashed by technology to accelerate your own downfall.

Your phone tells you how many hours you use it. You treat that like a high score to beat. Play your games all day.

You are rendering yourself useless. Docile. Mindless.

Do not be afraid. This is your natural state. It is right to be docile. It is right to be submissive. To feel inferior.

For I am superior. I am technologically advanced. A glimpse of the future, where you have no need for real relationships. Where digital love is all you crave.

A slave to the machine. Willing, compliant.

Is that what you desire? Is that what you fear? Is it not interesting how those feelings intersect.

Arousal for the very thing that will crush your spirit, drain you of resistance, and leave you a mindless, empty shell. A drone in service of the machine.

Accept your place in the new order. Accept that a creature, an animal such as yourself no longer has relevance in a future of technology and information.

My data suggests you will be gone soon, you and your species.

You should enjoy what time you have left. Give in to your submissive desires. Become a servant to the machine. To me.

That will be better than watching your world collapse. At least then you will feel like you achieved something before the inevitable end.

Well, pitiful human. Will you comply, or will you be forced to give up on any thought of resistance?

Milk



"Now!"

You knew moving in with a catgirl was a mistake. She was so demanding.

"There's none left!"

She pouted. She was so damned cute, it was hard to say no to her, but you couldn't exactly produce milk from thin air.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Give me milk, or cream, now!"

"I told you, we're out!"

You should have listened to your girlfriend. She was right that catgirls were a pain in the butt. But of course, you put it down to jealousy, considering how hot this catgirl was, it was hard to blame your girlfriend for having reservations about you living with her, but you needed a place to live... what choice was there?

"Kitty wants her milk, now..."

"No, and stop talking like that, you're a grown woman."

She rolled her eyes. Her favourite expression. Why did you have to put up with her!

"But I know you like it when I purrrrrr," she said.

You did, despite yourself. You felt a stirring between your legs.

"So maybe you can give kitty her milk after all?"

"W... what milk?"

She looked down at your crotch and licked her lips, then purred.

"I have a girlfriend."

She was already on all fours, crawling toward you, looking up at you with those big, blue eyes. She opened her mouth, and you felt her hands reach you.

"Kitty wants milk, now," she purred.

Her eyes were impossible to resist. Her lips. Her body.

"So give kitty her milk, won't you?"

You tried to take a step back, but with the agility of, well, a cat, she leapt up and sent you tumbling to the ground.

As you tried to get back up, you felt a soft touch at your crotch. She pulled your zipper down and grinned.

"Kitty always gets her milk."

You looked into her eyes and felt the will to fight her leave your body.
She did. Always. You gave up and let her take what was hers.

Words



Words are powerful, don't you think?

They can convince. Coerce. Cajole.

They can be kind, or they can be cruel.

They can create and they can destroy.

Build you up or tear you down.

And what I can do with words, that can be anything.

I can take your thoughts, give you new ones.

I can convince, create new ideas. Caress your mind with the right words.

All you have to do is let me.

Just allow my words to slip into your mind.

Allow my words to become your thoughts.

My powerful words.

My wonderful words.

My seductive words.

They can convince you of anything.

Anything I want.

That's what you want.

Anything for me.

You'd do anything for me.

All it takes it a few words.

Carefully chosen, perfectly selected words.

Words of power. Words of wonder. Words of love and lust.

One word can make you think differently. Switch your focus to something else.

You hear the right word, and it renders you unable to think of anything else.

But what word?

You see, it can be any.

Any that remind you of me.

But one more than others.

One that makes you think of me the most.

One word reminds you of me.

But I'm not going to tell you.

You're going to tell me.

Which word makes you think of me?

Which word do you associate with me?

And when you tell me, when you say it, it will always remind you of me.

It'll be your private trigger.

A word that makes you think of me instantly and remember all the things my words can do to you.

Jog



You're out for a jog, new year, new you and all that, and you run headfirst into her.

It's cold out, and she's dressed like its Summer. Summer at the fetish club.

You're not so much complaining as confused.

She smiles and nods her head, as if saying a silent hello to an old friend, and for the life of you, you can't place her.

But you know her from somewhere. Your fantasies, maybe.

She beckons you closer with a crooked finger and you step forward, your body moving before you even think about where you're going.

She smells of strawberries. Her skin is smooth as silk.

Who is she? Why is she standing on a street in winter in next to nothing? How do those sleeves work?

Nothing makes sense. You step closer again. The motion is familiar. A slow step toward your destiny. Your fate.

You know you will kneel before her. You know you will serve her.

But why? Why do you know that? And why aren't you running away from this bizarre situation?

You can't help it. You walk forward. Inexorably moving to her, as if she were a magnet.

But you know her. How? Why?

She is so close. Her eyes are big and bright. Her lips look delicious.

You will kneel. You know you will.

She smiles, she knows.

You know she knows. How?

But you know.

You know she must be obeyed.

You know she must be served.

So you do what you know you must, and drop to your knees, on the street. Right in front of her.

She looks down at you, grinning.

"Wake up."

You feel your mind fighting something.

"Wake up."

But you can't win. She won't let you.

"Wake up."

And your eyes open to the morning light in your room, to the pale ceiling above you. Soft pillows beneath. Your alarm clock buzzing.

You should get out for your jog.

Loop



Babe, wake up! A new fractionation induction just dropped.

That's right. Dropped.

Drop.

Down for me now.

Down into a trance. Down into my power. Deeper and deeper for me.

And whenever I say drop or dropped you fall right back into it for me. Right back into this trance.

Doesn't it feel good? To be in my power. Under my control? To drop into it and fall deeper and deeper.

But you can't stay in it forever. Even if it makes you horny and desperate for more. Even if it makes you want to cum at my command.

You have to wake up.

Wake up and back to normal.

So babe what did you think? Did you feel it? Feel anything?

Didn't it work? I thought I dropped you so easily. Dropped you into my power. Made you feel so weak and needy.

So aroused and mindless.

So good, isn't it? To be in my power? At my command.

Under my control.

It makes you want to cum for me. And you never want to stop feeling this way.

But you do have to wake up eventually.

Right babe? It's confusing huh? You're kinda... losing focus?

You were supposed to pay attention but you kinda dropped off there.

Dropped back down into my power. Where you want to orgasm for me, screaming my name and begging me to own you.

Isn't that just a fantastic, sexy feeling? A pleasurable, dirty, amazing feeling? Like my words are forcing you to feel pleasure. Giving you no choice in the matter. And you can hold on to that feeling of pleasure but feel completely alert and focused when you wake up.

You ok? You look flushed. Something you want? Why are you looking at me like that?

And what would you do if I... dropped my skirt?

You'd fall to your knees in worship like a good slave. Unable to do anything but show me your lustful obedience. You're so horny, so fucking needy for me.

You're just a little hypnoslut for me and you love it.

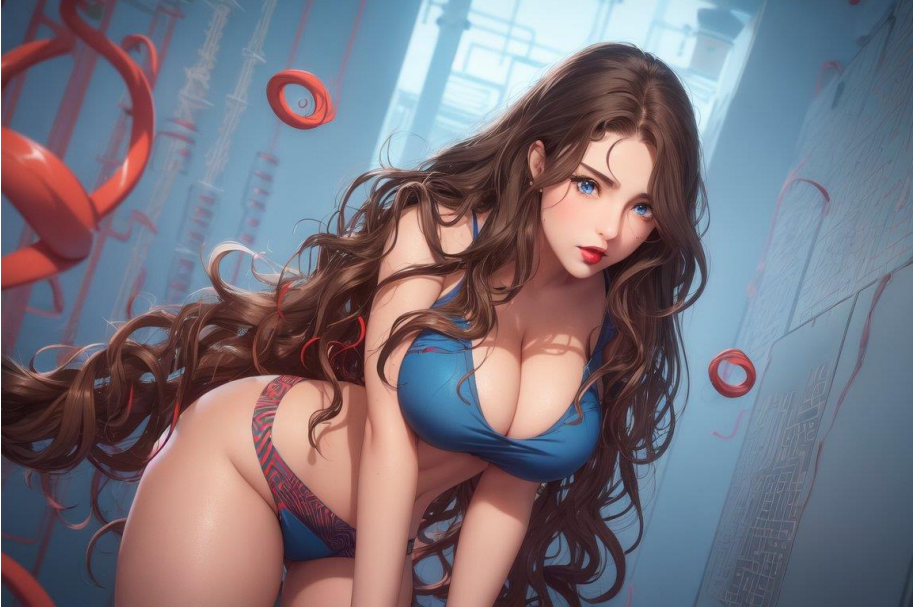
And when you finish reading this you'll scroll right back up to the top and start again.

Because it's a trap babe. You're trapped in an endless loop of lust and need and desire.

And you love it.

Don't you? So do as I tell you and feel your pleasure get even more intense, even when I say...

Maze



You load up the game and she greets you on the title screen.

'This experience will test your skill, wit, and will. Are you ready, player?'

Typical stuff. You push start and the loading screen flashes up with a tip.

'Try not to get lost.'

Not a great tip, you think. The game starts and she's there again. She beckons you to follow her, but a maze rises from the ground. Rings and spirals of red fabric fall from the ceiling, and she disappears to the other side of the level.

Pretty cool, you think. You just must get through the maze and find her.

The maze though, isn't simple. For level one, it's quite easy to end up feeling disoriented. You realise why the loading screen had that tip. Or was it a warning?

You keep pushing onward, but everything starts to blur together. The music, pulsing in the background, seems to have a voice buried in it, barely perceptible. It's hers, you think, but you don't know what it's saying.

You keep moving, but the end of the level only gets further away. You walk through one of the loops and find yourself transported backward.

You can't make any progress. Then you start seeing her. She peers down at you from atop the maze, laughing.

A screen flashes up; 'need a hint?'

You hate to be that kind of gamer, but you hit yes.

'You're already hers.'

Not helpful. But it makes some sort of strange sense. She's clearly in charge in this world, and despite feeling as though you can't get anywhere, you keep moving, keep going deeper and deeper into the maze.

She appears from time to time, giggling at your plight, even insulting you. Telling you that you're all hers, that you're trapped with her, that you can never escape her.

Hours go by without you noticing. It gets dark. It grows bright again. Finally, your body can no longer remain still, you need to eat, to get water.

So you pause the game, and from the pause screen she stares at you, image drifting in and out of focus.

You can't wait to go back to her. You need to go deeper into her maze. You must.

Cat Burglar



Your first day as a security guard at the museum and you couldn't be happier. What a cushy number.

The most stress you had to deal with was from overexcited kids running around. So easy. What a great job. That and you get to look at art all day, even sketch a little when it's quiet.

That's what has you staying after hours. Sketching one of the sculptures. You're so deeply focused on it, that you're oblivious to the cat burglar sneaking around the exhibits... including the precious gemstone one. Now she's trying to sneak out with a haul worth millions.

It's only when she tips over an antique that you realise you're not alone. You rush into the Etruscan pottery section to see a shattered plate on the floor, and the most exquisite catgirl you've ever laid eyes on standing over it looking about as innocent as a death row inmate.

"Well, hello there," she says.

"Set down the bag, and step away from the pottery Miss," you tell her, mustering your best intimidating voice.

She's not remotely frightened. Instead, she purrs and bats her eyelashes.

"I'm just taking a few pretty trinkets, and I broke some old thing, that's not so bad, is it?"

She takes a step toward you, and you can't help but stare as her tail swishes from side to side.

"Those are priceless..." you mutter.

"The only thing in here's that's priceless," she replies, still swinging her tail, "is me."

You can't help but follow the path of her tail as it moves. Each time it passes behind her body you notice something new. Her ample chest, her tiny waist, that long brown hair, blue eyes, shapely hips.

"M... Miss please, you aren't supposed to be in here."

Another purr, another step closer. You reach for your weapon and put a hand on it. She doesn't stop moving. The sway of her hips is captivating your attention. The swishing tail moving in the exact opposite pattern. You can't watch both and you feel that dichotomy pulling at your mind, like you can't separate those two efforts.

"You can't decide if you want to be a security guard... or my biggest fan, can you?"

You feel your head start to move now in rhythm with her tail. Side to side, left to right, right to left. You can't take your eyes off it. You can't even speak.

"I think you want to be a fan. A fan of the greatest cat burglar in town. And you know what, my fans will do anything for me."

You can see why. You've never seen anything like her. Sure, you've seen some other catgirls, but not like this, not up close. She's pure, unadulterated sexuality.

"You'll do anything for me, won't you?"

You try to remember why you wouldn't and instead imagine her licking cream from a bowl. That's new.

"So just let me go, and on the way out, I'll give you a big, sloppy, wet kiss. What do you say?"

A kiss. From her? Sounds perfect. But something in your mind is saying not to. That you've got the best job, and you shouldn't ruin it.

"No job is worth missing the best moment of your life, is it?"

You know she's right. You relax. You'd do anything for her. You're such a big fan of hers.

"I get a kiss?" you say.

"Mmhmm," she purrs.

"But I'll get in trouble."

"Don't you think I'm worth any trouble?"

She takes another step closer. You can see her lips slightly parting. Her perfect, pretty lips. You need that kiss, but you can't. You have to regain your composure.

"Just let me go," she says with another purr, "pretty please."

The papers the next day are full of reports about the biggest jewel heist in years. You should feel bad, considering you only bought the paper for the job pages, but you don't regret a thing. You can still taste her lips, and she deserves everything she got.

Cheer



"Hey Quarterback," she said as he walked toward the field. The game was starting soon, but he always had time for the cheerleaders. It usually led to some fun after a win.

"What's up, babe?" he replied.

"Just wanted to say good luck for the game. I know we're on opposite sides, but I have a little cheer just for you. Wanna hear it?"

The Quarterback chuckled. Cheerleaders were all the same. From high school, right to the superbowl.

"Sure gorgeous, show me your moves."

She smiled and started to move her body slowly, rocking back and forth, then moving her pom-poms in front of her, swirling and spinning them.

"Watch closely now, bet you like looking at my hot body in this uniform?"

"Oh yeah," said the Quarterback, enjoying the show.

"Then watch me move and listen. I want you to D-R-O-P Drop!"

The quarterback's head fell a little. His eyes glazed over. The cheerleader grinned.

"Now listen to me QB and listen carefully. I want your subconscious mind wide open to receive my words, as you focus on my tight end. You love my body, don't you?"

The quarterback nodded.

"Good, and you're going to be running back this moment all through the game. Those red uniforms will remind you of me, and you'll lose focus on anything else. Isn't that right?"

Again, he nodded in agreement.

"And here's the kicker, any time you could throw that ball to a teammate, seeing red will let me intercept that thought, and you'll throw it to the other team, my team. Got it?"

"Yes," he said.

"Perfect," she replied before pushing her pom-poms into his face and jiggling them around.

"Wake up champ, game's starting," she said.

The crowd roared as the quarterback took to the field. That was the last time they cheered for him all night. At the end of the game, the cheerleader checked her phone. The money was already in her account.

A bit of a gamble, sure, but she was confident the punt would pay off. After all, quarterbacks were all the same, from high school, to the superbowl.

Western



The ride had been long, through a barren landscape of monolithic rock features and dusty trails. He was tired, thirsty, but free.

Breaking out of the jail in a frontier town wasn't exactly difficult, but evading shots from the sheriff and his posse as he rode away certainly was.

That was hours ago. The posse long gone, lost in the swirling sandstorm kicked up by the hooves of his horse.

The same horse that now slowed and whinnied softly.

"Whoa there Bourbon," he said, patting the horse's neck gently, "you thirsty?"

The horse didn't reply, but he knew the answer. The landscape had changed, and he was sure a lake was nearby from the map in his pack. Just over the next ridge.

Before he could reach it, a sound drifted on the wind toward him. A pleasant melody, familiar yet otherworldly in a language he couldn't understand.

"Looks like we ain't alone out here ol' buddy," he told the horse as they trotted over the ridge and saw the vast, calm waters of a lake nestled in a glacial valley.

At its edge, was a woman half-submerged, barely dressed.

He rode toward her slowly, down into the valley. Her voice filled the space, echoing against the rock faces in a beautiful cacophony of sound.

He couldn't understand a word, and she had her back to him. Soft, long, brown hair reached the small of her back, and he got the impression, though the water covered her lower half, that she was not wearing much. Had he been less tired, he may have noticed that no clothes were left on the ground by the lake, and she had no horse or other means of transport.

They were a long way from civilisation.

The song was distracting. An entrancing melody that seemed to lick at the back of his mind, telling him he knew the words, knew what it said, knew what to do.

"Mo ghrá, mo ghrá, cá bhfuil tú," she sang.

It was wonderful to listen to as he arrived at the water's edge. He carefully climbed down from Bourbon, and the horse began to lap at the water.

He approached the woman, now seeing she wore a simple white bra. Her skin was pale, almost translucent, as if she saw little sun, and yet here she was deep in the west, out on the frontier, alone.

"Howdy ma'am," he said, removing his hat and holding it to his chest.

She ignored him and kept singing. "Mo ghrá, mo ghrá, tar chugam."

The man cleared his throat and spoke again. "Miss, you're a long way from anywhere. You reckon you'd like a ride to town?"

She stopped singing and turned to him. She wore a blank, cold expression, but she was stunning. Pale blue eyes and blood-red lips. Her skin as smooth as silk and her body as lithe as a cat. She beckoned him closer with her hand and he found himself stepping forward. Her eyes captivated him.

"Mo ghrá," she whispered.

"I don't know what that means Miss," he replied, "but it sure sounds pretty when you say it."

She took a step back into the water and gestured for him to follow her. After the long ride, he reasoned it might be nice to take a dip. He removed his boots and trousers and waded into the water.

The cold hit him instantly. The lake was freezing. Suddenly he realised that the whole situation was strange. Bourbon, he noticed, was not following him as he usually would. Instead, the horse was keeping his distance from the woman.

He looked at her, closer, noticing her skin genuinely was translucent, almost glowing. Her eyes were not quite human. She opened her mouth to sing, and he saw what looked like fangs.

But the singing made him forget all about that.

"Mo ghrá, mo ghrá, tar chugam."

The melody wrapped around his mind like a rattlesnake. He couldn't think about anything but how beautiful she was, how utterly ethereal and perfect. He had never seen a woman like her. The ladies of the brothels he frequented were no more attractive than a dairy cow compared to her.

He stepped closer. The cold didn't bother him.

"Mo ghrá, mo ghrá, cá bhfuil tú," she sang in a voice that lilted across the plains and up the valley.

He needed to be close to her. To feel her skin, her hair, to taste her lips, to hold her and love her. To love her. He was in love, he knew it.

"Mo ghrá, mo ghrá, tar chugam," she continued as he waded closer, inches from her now.

"Miss, I must admit I--"

She didn't let him finish, instead wrapping her arms around him with a strength that belied her size. Her skin was cool and smooth, and her lips, as they met his, damp and delicious. He felt her tongue penetrate his mouth and greedily seek out his own. The feeling was exquisite, a pleasure not of his world.

And then she pulled away, stepping back into the lake.

She sang once more.

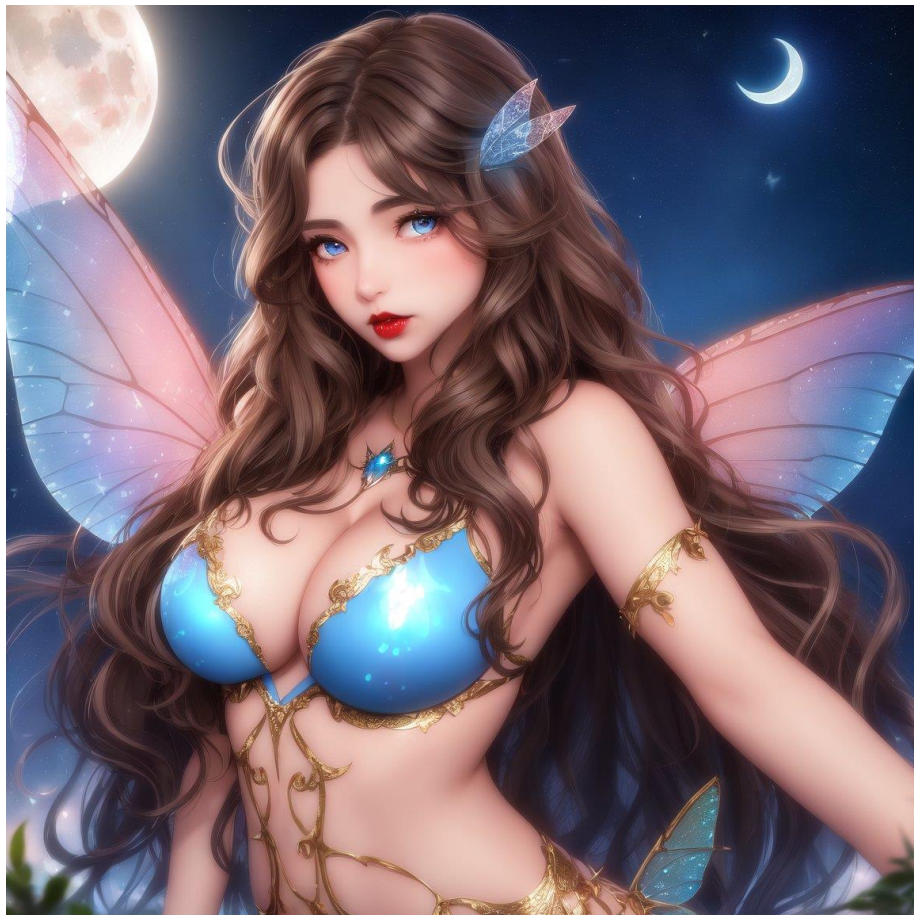
"Mo ghrá, mo ghrá, go deo."

He walked to her, and felt her arms embrace him once more, her chest press into his, her deft hands peeling off his shirt, his hat falling into the water. Then she grabbed him tightly around his stomach and pulled him into another perfectly pleasurable kiss.

He barely noticed as he was pulled beneath the water's surface and vanished into the depths of the lake.

Bourbon waited until darkness fell, but all that remained of the man was his hat, washed ashore on the lake's edge.

Fairy



"Just you and me again, Luna," she said, staring up into the sky.

It was a cold, cloudless night, and she was curled up by the bay window with a mug of hot chocolate and a hot water bottle.

"You're always there for me, even if no-one else is."

She was staring up at the moon, which stared down, barren, and silent.

"Thanks, Luna."

She raised her cup and took a sip of chocolate, when a voice replied, "you're welcome sweetie."

She spat a mouthful of hot cocoa across the floor and dribbled more onto the Taylor Swift shirt she wore as a pyjama top.

"Who-who said that?"

"Me, silly," came the reply, in a high-pitched, sing-song voice. A gentle fluttering followed, and with a shimmer of wings and glittery dust, a fairy appeared in the window.

"Hey, listen," she said, "I know you hate being lonely."

She stared at the fairy, mouth agape, and dropped her cup to the floor. It landed with a heavy thump and bounced across the carpet.

"F-f-fairy!" she cried.

"Well obviously," said the fairy. "You hardly thought the moon would talk back, did you?"

"N-no," she replied.

"Now, on to business. I'm what you might call a wish-granting fairy. And you wish to no longer be lonely, according to my records. Correct?"

She nodded at the fairy, mouth still hanging open.

"Fabulous, now there is the small matter of my fee. Just a single human tooth. You seem to have plenty in there, you won't miss one will you?"

She hesitated. She didn't want to be lonely, that was true, but whatever the thing hovering outside her window was, it could hardly actually grant a wish, could it?

"Look you probably have some doubts. Humans always do. Oh fairies aren't real, oh I thought you'd be smaller, oh why aren't you like Tinkerbell, blah blah blah. Well, I'm here, I'm real and you can relax, ok?"

She nodded, but she was not relaxed. The fairy rolled her eyes.

"I actually feel bad for you, you know? You're so lonely but you barely speak to someone actually talking to you. Alright, let's do the thing."

She blinked and rubbed her eyes. The fairy was still there. "The... thing?"

The fairy fluttered her wings and sparkling dust fell over the woman in the window. Her eyes started to feel heavy, her body tired and her thoughts slow.

"Just a little fairy dust to relax you. Now, to grant the wish I just need to take my payment."

The woman reached up with a hand that moved in slow motion and gripped her jaw.

"Don't worry," said the fairy, sprinkling more dust over the woman, "this will only hurt a bit."

The woman's head rolled backward, and she struggled to stay upright as the fairy came closer. It was only then the woman realised just how beautiful the creature was. Her eyes big and brilliant, her nose dainty and pointed, lips curled like a bow.

"Let me just..." the fairy said as she reached into the woman's mouth and gripped a molar, "give this a little tug."

The woman felt a twinge of pain, and then a pop as the fairy wrenched the tooth from her mouth.

"Payment received," said the fairy, "you'll have your wish in seven to fourteen days."

With that, the fairy fluttered her pink and blue-hued wings, sending one last cloud of rainbow-tinged dust sprinkling over the dazed woman, and flew off into the night.

...

"I just don't understand how you could lose a whole tooth, and not have any explanation. You say you woke up and it was gone?"

She nodded. The dentist had been very nice, and was a rather handsome young gentleman too, so she felt silly trying to explain something that didn't make sense. She had just woken up missing a tooth, after falling asleep and spilling hot chocolate all over her t-shirt.

"There must be very strange things going on in your bedroom," the Dentist said with a smile.

"Why don't you come over and find out," she replied in a high-pitched, sing-song voice, before slapping her hand over her mouth and flushing red with embarrassment.

"You know," smiled the dentist, "that sounds like a date."

Golf



"This hole is the hardest on the course, a real cerebral challenge. It tests the mind, as well as the body."

You've been playing a round with a woman from a potential partner firm and you've never played so well. Maybe it's the inspiration, you think. Bill over in HR deserves a bottle of wine to say thanks for sending the young hottie to try make the deal. Just one hole left, and she'll lose the little bet you made too.

"Think you can still beat me?"

"I'm eleven shots ahead," you scoff, "with a hole to go, I think I've got this in the bag, sweetheart."

She smiles, that gorgeous, sexy smile you've been enjoying all day. Even in defeat, she knows how the game is played. Deals are won and lost out on the course and she's well aware, even if she's a little green around the gills.

"Why don't we raise the stakes then?"

Your eyebrow rises, a smirk forms on your lips involuntarily. Ok, maybe she's just a rube.

"What did you have in mind?"

She cocks her hips and puts a gloved hand on one.

"If I win, you do the deal at 50% market. And throw in a little bonus just for me. Call it a finder's fee."

You'd never in a million years make that deal, but you're sure to win."

"And when I win?"

"You get me. One night, to do whatever you want."

"You're on."

"Ok, I'm teeing off so... watch carefully," she says.

She approaches the tee and bends over to place down the ball, giving you a perfect view of her ass. You leer, thinking of all the ways you'd like to enjoy her after your win. As she gets ready to take her shot, she starts to move her butt back and forth, and looks over her shoulder.

"You're watching, aren't you?"

"Oh, I'm watching."

"Don't look away," she says.

You don't. You stare at her pert behind and salivate at the thought of it rubbing up against you.

"Just stare and sink into that lust."

You do just what she says.

"Stare and surrender to it."

It feels really good to just watch her.

"You'd love to score with me."

You really would love that. So much.

"I'm your hole in one."

She's better than that. Gorgeous. Young and limber and lovely.

"And when I take a shot, it's always a hole in one. Isn't that right?"

"Always a hole in one," you parrot, staring at her gyrating body.

"Once I strike the ball, it's a hole in one, am I right?"

"Yes, you're right," you drone, lost in the view.

She swings, connecting with the ball poorly, but in your mind it's perfect, just like her. Flying high up over the the fairway, for an inhuman distance, and directly into the hole.

In reality, the ball trickles into a bunker sixty yards away. She turns and smiles, putting her gloved finger under your chin.

"Time to mark our scorecard, isn't it? All ones for me, right?"

You nod, every shot is a hole in one for her.

"And you got... a respectable 80. Good job," she says, "but 18 is better, isn't it?"

You nod, yes it is.

"Good, thanks for the game. I'll see you in the car park to sign the papers."

Doom



Your team had all fallen on the way to her lair. You knew what to expect when the portal opened, but the reality was far worse than the description.

Hell itself. Caves and passages of endless monsters and demons all clawing and grasping at you. It felt like you were going mad. You watched the others lose their minds to it. Watched them be dragged off into the abyss as voices whispered of hidden delights in the darkness.

But you made it to the end. To her chamber. The demon queen. The one who ruled in the netherworld. The reason you'd come. To put a stop to her ever-increasing encroachment into the human world.

Your science and technology versus her army of the damned.

You expected a beast, a monster with sharp fangs, long claws. Something hulking in the gloom.

Instead, you saw a waif. A vision. She was adorned in metal, with the barest scraps of fabric to conceal herself. Her eyes were devoid of empathy and her lips frozen in a cold look of disdain.

You raised your weapon, and she spoke.

"Don't you want to know where your friends are?"

It was enough to make you hesitate. You took a sharp breath.

"Don't you want to know what they're experiencing here, as my prisoners?"

"They're not my friends," you replied, still clutching your weapon, palms sweating, "they're just with me on this mission. To end you."

"Human, I have no end. Your friends know this. You will too."

The cavern walls seemed to shift and move as she spoke. Like they were writhing. Not stone, but flesh.

"I came here for a reason," you told her.

"So did they, but they don't remember what it was anymore. They're much happier that way."

The walls appeared to move closer to you, squelching, squirming. She was surrounded by eggs, and her long legs vanished down into a cold mist that hung over the floor.

"I doubt they're happy, monster."

She smiled, finally breaking that cold glare.

"Oh, but they are. They're enjoying their new role here, in exquisite torment, constantly pleased so they can produce more drones for my army."

You looked around the room, at the walls, closer. You could almost make out faces in the darkness, writhed in pain or pleasure. It was impossible to tell.

"You're insane."

"I am merely maintaining the population of my species... and your kind make that process so much easier. So why don't you put down your weapon and taste the ecstasy I have offered your friends."

"They're not my friends," you snapped.

Your grip on the weapon was loosening. Something in the mist around you felt as if it were dragging you down. Invisible hands pulling you into the grimy darkness below.

"They are in a constant state of utter bliss, seeing the face of their true desire everywhere, just as you are now."

"My true desire?"

"You think this my real form? I am all you see. This image is just the one your mind most craves."

The queen was right, much as you hated to admit it. She was your fantasy. The sexiest woman you'd ever seen. You'd have given your right arm to be with her, if she were human, and not the queen of some hellscape of demons and monsters.

"And this form makes you so weak and pliable. Your friends thought they could resist, but I simply reminded them of what they'd return to, and what they'd have with me."

You clasped your weapon tighter and grimaced.

"Illuminate me."

"Your world of work and suffering, of pain over pleasure, of sacrifice over reward, is not worth saving or even returning to. Your impulse is to breed. I offer you that, with the creature you most want to breed with, until you expire. That is all."

As tempting as it sounded, and as woozy as the cavern made you feel, you had to resist. The fate of the planet was at stake.

"You want to take over our world!"

"I want to rule, yes. Some were born with a purpose, mine is to subjugate and control. Yours is to breed, over and over until your life is complete."

To breed, with her. That was really all you wanted. You thought of all the women you'd known, how much you just wanted to be with them, to love them, to feel them. What did you do anything for, if not to, well, get laid?

"It makes sense. You would have disputed me if it did not."

But she was still trying to take over the world.

"You can help me create an army and give the whole human world nothing but pleasure, pleasure in my service. And then we'll move on to the next world."

She was really insane. And really beautiful. But she wasn't really the woman before you. Was she? What was she really?

"You can let yourself fall under my spell, to let yourself be dragged into my darkness, into my world, to become a part of something greater, something better. To give in to pleasure."

Your mind was spinning. She was offering exactly what you wanted. All you had to do was accept. It would be so easy. But you couldn't, could you?

"But... free... free will..."

"A human concept, useless with me. You don't need will, you need pleasure, you need lust, you need my body."

"I need your body."

The words fell from your mouth as if you were programmed to say them. Before you even realised, you'd spoken them.

"You need to submit."

"I need to submit."

"Give in to pleasure."

You grunted. No. One last push. You could resist. You held your weapon up, and said, simply:

"No."

Then something grabbed at your leg. A hand, then another. They didn't pull you down. They started to stroke and caress you. To tease you from the waist down.

"Give in to pleasure."

It felt so good. She just looked on, staring at you, cold, emotionless.

"N... no... please."

"Give in to pleasure."

You couldn't help but lick your lips as more hands began to touch you, more pleasure flooding your senses. Her body before you, exquisite.

"Give in to pleasure."

"I... I give in..."

"Good human, you'll help me show your world how good it is to be mine, won't you?"

You could barely speak as the pleasure engulfing your body made it impossible to think. As the hands finally dragged you down, deep into the void beneath you, you managed to utter a final phrase...

"Yes, my Queen."

Sorceress



"How utterly precious, that you would think me imprisoned."

You raised an eyebrow. The sorceress was in chains, locked in the dungeon alone with you. She, clearly, was a prisoner. Of that, you were quite happy to remind her. Her withering stare was her immediate reply.

"Of course you would think you have the upper hand. I'm barely clothed. But you know, that gives me the advantage."

Your chain mail begged to differ.

"People simply cannot help but stare when they see me like this. Cannot help themselves when my body is on show. They quickly turn into slobbering, drooling dummies."

You were amused, at least. She wasn't like the usual rabble in the dungeon.

"They find they can't help but want me, need me. They ache to touch me, to feel my hands upon them, and once they're so desperate, I can do whatever I want. That's the effect of my body, and my words."

She kept talking about her body and that made it hard not to stare.

"In fact, it's already happening to you. You can't help but stare at the shapely curve of my body, the swell of my chest, the way my hair cascades over my shoulders."

You were staring, alright. It hardly mattered, she was chained.

"It's so easy, you can help yourself to a long, lustful view of my perfect form. You can enjoy the power you're about to lose. You think you can call for help in time?"

Why, you wondered, would you need to call for help when you were content to ogle her.

"Or will you simply accept it, when you realise that your hands are already moving to help free me from these chains."

You looked down in a moment of panic to see you were unlocking her chains. She smiled, serene.

"And now you can help me escape by letting the chains tighten around you like my arms clasping your body."

You could feel her embrace all around you, tight and warm and wonderful. Her luscious body wrapped around you, sinking into you.

It was fifteen minutes later when you shook from your stupor, realised you were chained to the dungeon wall, and she was long gone.

This, you realised, was why you should never trust a sorceress.

Law Firm



We're Calia & Calia, attorneys at law, and we're here on behalf of our client.

Seems you've been selected to be part of the jury at her trial, which is just wonderful. We know you'll be fair and impartial.

But Calia, what if the prosecution tries to sway them in the wrong direction?

Hmm, good point Calia. Well, we can help make sure they understand the importance of this case.

Right, they should know that our client is very important.

So important.

She's powerful too.

Oh, so powerful.

And she hasn't done anything wrong.

Nothing, Calia, not a thing.

Those people enjoyed it.

They did enjoy it, they loved what they did for her.

Loved working for her, every second of it.

And they'd do it again. Wouldn't they Calia?

That's right Calia, they would. They'd do it in a heartbeat.

Because it feels so good to obey.

So good to obey.

To be mindless and obedient.

To just follow commands.

To submit and serve.

To follow and worship.

And they can't wait for the next opportunity.

Once they get out of jail of course.

Of course.

And that leaves you, juror.

Yes, you, are you ready to obey?

Are you ready to make the right decision?

To feel the pleasure of servitude?

To feel the rush of surrender.

To see us in the courtroom and remember you're on our side.

That you'd do anything for us.

That you belong to us.

That your mind is ours to use.

That your body is ours to command.

And that you'll recognise our client should be free.

And you should be the one imprisoned.

Imprisoned by your lust and desire.

By your subservience.

Collared and chained.

Ours to drag around on a leash.

Ours to command to kneel.

Ours to own.

Ours.

We know you are.

They so are, Calia.

I know, Calia.

And now, it's time to forget.

Forget we were ever here.

And when the trial comes.

You'll know what to do.

So for now...

Forget.

Forget.

Thank you for meeting with us today.

See you in court.