

**The Evening's Entertainment
Tiffany Hypnotized, Book 2**

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Sexual content statement

The book contains depictions of sexual situations and should not be viewed by anyone under the age of 18. All sexual participants in the book are aged eighteen or older.

[About the Author](#)

“And....Awake.”

Tiffany slowly opened her eyes, blinking, as if coming out of a dark cave into the light. Her pupils gradually adjusted to the light in the basement, hardly considered bright. She could feel the expectant hush in the room and she looked around.

Tiffany sat on a simple barstool brought down from the kitchen to the middle of the furnished basement of her friend Kelly's house. Her friends Rachel and Ginger both sat on a plush leather couch, looking almost like sisters. Both of her friends had blonde hair, and Rachel's natural locks cascaded down her back, as she customarily wore it. Ginger appeared to color her hair, with a touch of brown at the roots and the tips of her hair. Tonight Rachel and Ginger both wore jeans, though Rachel wore a spaghetti strap shirt showing a lot of cleavage; it was pretty obvious in the cool air conditioned room that Rachel wore no bra this evening. Ginger had on a conservative button down and stone-washed jeans she could have gotten at any popular store in a mall from the 1980s.

Must have gotten another hall-pass from the husband tonight, Tiffany thought. Ginger seemed to be getting 'girls night out' evenings more often lately.

Speaking of husbands, her husband Heath was absent. He'd gone out of town on a business trip and Tiffany'd be damned before she'd stay at home all weekend! She'd already had several nights alone with just Netflix to keep her company. Netflix and her memories of a silly night on stage at a comedy club the previous weekend and the mind blowing sex she had with her husband afterwards. They'd been promised risqué, and it'd been anything but. Until the ride home anyway.

She'd always been a little repressed. She'd been a cheerleader for eight years, counting high school and college. She worked extremely hard at keeping fit, even as she approached the big three-oh. But if college had taught her one thing, it was to keep your looks to yourself. Jealous women can be hell on a gal, and she'd rather just be friends with the guys than have to worry about every guy wanting to fuck her brains out.

As she'd gotten older, she may not have had the body that a muscle-bound male college cheer captain would want to throw in the air in a kick double full basket any longer, but she'd fleshed out in ways that a movie star would envy.

Who knows, maybe Jason the Cheer Captain would want to toss me around like that after all these years, Tiffany laughed to herself.

And, as she proved last week to her hubby, she could still get her ankles behind her ears! Seven years working at a prestigious high school as a history teacher and having to hide her curves from the eyes of post pubescent rich kids burst forth in a stunning display the previous weekend.

She'd gone on a liberating naked run through the exclusive gated community where she and Heath lived. She had *no* idea what had gotten into her - it must have been all those Long Island Teas - but she'd come home after the comedy club show with

Wally, left most of her clothes in the car and was chased around the backyard by all of her friends.

Omigod, that was so fucking fun, Tiffany smiled, and blushed, thinking about it. Dirk seemed to really enjoy spanking her naked ass, that's for sure. Heath had turned into something of a party pooper though, but then again, he'd also been the designated driver. Tiffany had made it up to him, though.

Yeah, I didn't exactly get any complaints! Tiffany thought. *Damn, I must have cum about ten times that night. And Heath? Who the hell was that? We hadn't had sex like that since.. since, ever! I felt like a slutty teenager.*

And for the next three days, they had been screwing like newlyweds who'd waited for marriage. And then Heath got another one of his 'mysterious' phone calls and like a flash, he was gone on one of his 'business trips'. Except that, before he left, he'd gotten very weird, cryptic. And downright possessive.

Don't leave the house he says. Since when does he get to tell me what to do? Who the hell does he think he is, anyway? She'd stewed around for two days, bored out of her mind. School was out for summer.

Then she'd gotten the call from Kelly. *Come over and see the video,* Kelly had said. Laughs would be had by all, she'd said, at least after a few drinks. Kelly had intimated about supposed hilarity from the previous weekend at the Comedy Club, written to some un-copyable disk or something, to 'protect the innocent.'

In any case, Tiffany jumped at the chance and to hell with Heath.

Kelly sat in a comfy leather recliner that matched the sofa Rachel and Ginger occupied, her legs curled up underneath her with a smug expression on her face. She wore a short red mini-skirt, and Tiffany could swear she could catch a glimpse of pink panties below that skirt. Tiffany's eyebrows rose in a bit of surprise.

Several others of Kelly's friends had come over – Jessica, a button-nosed, blond gal with short hair in a boyish cut. Her blue eyes were not remotely hidden by the librarian glasses, and her push-up bra did obscene things with her breasts behind the nearly see-thru, white rayon T-shirt. Her daisy-dukes were a nice touch and the whole ensemble gave her the look of a miniature Viking lass, since she barely cleared five feet, two. Her boyfriend in khakis and a blue polo who had been introduced as James, sat next to her. James seemed to have a hard time keeping his hands off of Jessica, roaming hands randomly on her hips, her arm, and the classic 'accidental' forearm brush across her boobs.

Tiffany could feel every eye in the room staring at her. She had no idea why. Jessica had a look somewhere between anger and lust and she couldn't seem to stop moving her hands around on her lap. Maybe she was swatting at her boyfriend.

For a second, Tiffany had a flash in her mind's eye of being naked in front of strangers and she looked down at herself, her hands darting to her skirt.

Yep, all there. Phew. Where did that image come from? Tiffany thought.

It took several moments for Tiffany to remember, but she'd bet Dirk a few minutes prior that he couldn't hypnotize her. Everyone had been drinking heavily for the past hour, and he'd looked incredulously at her, obviously wondering if she was serious. His looks had said, *you were there at the comedy club, right Tiffany?*

Tiffany remembered licking her lips. She'd clenched her hands open and closed a few times, just thinking about how she wanted to grab Dirk's ass and plant her lips on his. Yes, she was married, but she'd shared her fantasies with her husband and he had a tolerant attitude about the whole thing, unsurprising since he shared how much he quote "wanted to bang the hell out of Rachel". Besides, Tiffany was nearly drunk, and drinking always turned her into a 'horny little slut' according to her husband, Heath.

Maybe I should have asked to see that video, before I agreed to all this, Tiffany thought. *I seem to recall in my drunken haze they said that we'd all done a lot more than we thought we did that night.*

"Yeah, that's right. I bet you can't." Tiffany had said. The alcohol stiffened her spine, liquid courage, as they say, and she knew little harm would come to her in the comfort of her friend's carpeted basement. *What's the worst that can go wrong? I bark a few times and my hand floats up in the air?*

"And if I can?" Dirk had said with a devilish tone.

"Well, you'll be able to do what you want with me, right? Besides, everyone knows you can't be forced to do what you don't want to do while hypnotized." Tiffany spoke with a false confidence.

What if we did do more than we thought at the club? What if this hypnosis junk is real? And why does it excite me so damn much?

Tiffany continued, a bravado she almost felt, almost daring herself to continue. "That will be your reward for the bet. But if you can't...well, then you're going to be my personal slave for a day." She winked at him and added looking over at Kelly, "Think how fun that would be."

Kelly glared at Tiffany. *She certainly hadn't seen that one coming!* Tiffany thought.

"Wow girl, you make me want to lose the bet on purpose! However, I hate to lose..."

Tiffany's eyes widened in surprise at Dirk's response. *Right in front of Kelly, he's telling me this? He knows how jealous she gets. Oh this is rich...but I.. but..I..*

Dirk leaned over and whispered sweet nothings in her ear, as Tiffany's mind went slack.

2

“Tiffany, can you hear me?” Dirk was trying to imitate everything Wally, the hypnotist from the weekend before, had done. Apparently, Tiffany was highly susceptible to hypnosis, since she seemed to have gone under. Wally had explained that a subject had to be comfortable, they had to be intelligent, and they had to be aware enough of their own conscious in order to let go of it. But Dirk had to do something to make sure she was really hypnotized.

“Yes, I can hear you.” Tiffany sounded relaxed, syrupy, like someone who’d just woken up from a luxurious nap. And on Tiffany, the hint of a Southern drawl that seeped in sounded a bit like heaven.

“Good, good.” Dirk backed away from her, and looked her over. Tiffany had the perfect breasts Kelly could only dream about. 36D's if they were a speck. And he knew from the previous week that she had the cutest nipple piercings in them, giving her permanent nipple hard-ons. Her delightful blue-green eyes were closed, but a smile tugged on her lips. She wore a mini-skirt, obviously proud of her long, model-esque legs. She must have worn a push-up bra, though he couldn't really tell through her shirt. Her plunging neckline allowed Dirk every opportunity to enjoy the view.

“Now, I want you to open your eyes, but you'll remain hypnotized, do you understand me?”

“Sure, Dirk.” Again, the lazy drawl. She normally didn't sound particularly Southern, but she did right now. Perhaps it was another one of her walls being torn down, a little window into her true self. Tiffany's eyes opened up, and she stared into space.

“That's so freaky.” Rachel muttered behind him. He waved his hand to shush her, too worried that anything could break the magic happening in his basement.

He grabbed his glass of 7 and 7 and threw it back, downing the remainder in two quick gulps.

“Tiffany, I want you to tell us something about yourself that would shock everyone here.” He grinned to himself, as he turned around and looked at the others gathered in the basement. He knew she wanted him, and it would be perfect to hear it from her own delicious lips in front of everyone.

“Hmmm. Shocking?” Tiffany paused, her eyes closed, thinking. “Well, I want to get a tattoo on my ass. I was thinking maybe a shamrock. Heath wants me to get his initials.” She snorted and giggled at the same time.

Dirk opened his mouth to interject, but no sound came out. He could just see Ginger and Rachel beyond Tiffany, and both had mouths hanging in surprise. Before he could speak, Tiffany continued.

“I simply love to masturbate. I do it quite often, three or four times a week, unless I'm ‘getting some’ from Heath. I like a good spanking, though not TOO hard-”

Dirk shook his head, sputtering. “Wait, whoah.. wait!”

The torrent of sexual crazy that just dropped in the room surprised no one more than Dirk. He kept having these visions of a reserved, conservative history teacher in his head - the quiet friend from down the street who helped with babysitting and rarely drank enough to catch a buzz, much less lose control.

But now - now he was reminded that she was a former cheerleader - at a major university, no less - and the Tiffany he knew was juxtaposed over ...whoever it was he saw on the video from the previous week. He still had a hard time believing the barely thirty something in the English Tudor down the street and watched his five year old was the same cross of ‘girl-next-door and Playboy bunny’ in the video.

She's a god-damned sex fiend dying to get out of whatever repressed hell she's gotten in to. And Dirk was just the caped hero she needed to rescue her.

Kelly's gasp interrupted Dirk's train of thought, as he mentally backtracked to what Kelly was responding to. “She does, does she?” Kelly had a slight sneer in her voice.

Dirk could hear Kelly's tone and he just shook his head. There'd been many a time when Kelly had spanked him. And clawed him. And bit him. He wasn't complaining or anything, but he could only imagine what Kelly wanted to do to Tiffany. And she had full license now that she knew Tiffany liked to be spanked on occasion. Dirk still had a hard time believing that.

I bet her high school students would be jaggging off nightly if they knew their teacher liked to be spanked. Omigod. Dirk thought.

“Okay, okay. Wow.. that is surprising.” Dirk said. But he wanted to hasten to what really interested him, even if it did end up pissing off Kelly. “But do you have a secret crush on anyone here, that you can reveal now?” He sat back, crossed his arms, confident now he'd snared his prey. He had to hold himself back from doing what he *really* wanted to do - which was seeing if Tiffany would obey every dirty little command he could come up with.

“Mmmmm. I have a secret crush... on....” The pregnant pause in the room was enough to make Kelly grab her drink as well and down it. “Rachel.”

Dirk's eyes grew wide. “What? You have a crush on Rachel?” He could hardly keep from screeching in surprise, and disappointment. “But, she's a girl!” He had to hold himself back from saying that Rachel was practically in love with Tiffany's husband, Heath.

“Oh yes. That long blond hair, her hips. I've always wondered what her lips taste like.” Tiffany ran her tongue across her lips, envisioning what it would be like.

“But what about your husband?” The incredulity in Dirk's voice was obvious to all.

“Oh, we've talked about it, he'd either watch, or join in, depending on what Rachel would want.” Tiffany had missed his meaning completely.

“Oh, this is too much.” Dirk backed up nearly bumping into his wife, who was rising from the couch.

“Sit down, Dirk, let me take over from here.” Kelly said. In a slight daze himself, he fell back into the couch. He avoided thinking about the tone in Kelly's voice. As he sat down, taking Kelly's spot, he could see the blush on Rachel's face. He also couldn't miss the fact she licked her lips and couldn't stop staring at Tiffany. Obviously, a seed had been planted in the fertile mind of Rachel the now-not-quite-so-homophobic, Hello Kitty girl from the comedy club.

“Now, Tiffany. It's just you and me here, no one else around. Tell me your deep dark secrets.” The entire room could feel the Wicked Witch of the West aura descend over Kelly. “What is the most embarrassing thing that could happen to you?”

Tiffany furrowed her brow. “Well, I.. I.. “ She let her words trail off for a moment.

“Go on. What would it be?” Kelly prodded her. She circled around behind Tiffany, her hands tracing light lines across her shoulders and back, ending with tapping her fingertip on Tiffany's nose with a tap like you might do with a playful puppy.

“Well, I used to cheer in front of sixty-thousand people. I..I used to be so scared that my outfit would somehow fly off and everyone would see me naked.” Dirk could see the timid 19 year-old behind the look on Tiffany's face. She was so adorable!

Kelly must have heard something Dirk said without realizing it, because she turned to look at him, and all five feet something of her was quivering with anger. She hissed in his direction. “What the hell, Dirk?”

Dirk shrugged and shook his head, the picture of innocence. When Kelly's back was turned, Dirk looked at Rachel again. Her blue eyes, round like the moon, hadn't looked away from Tiffany's face. Ginger observed what was going on, sans any spoken words, between Rachel and Tiffany with a mixture of surprise and something else Dirk couldn't quite place.

Kelly grew impatient. “Come ON, Tiffany. What would *really* embarrass you? Tell us now!” The steel in her voice was unmistakable.

And then Tiffany's words came tumbling out. “Well, if I was totally at someone else's mercy... and, they made me do whatever they wanted sexually.” Tiffany paused, and continued in a whisper.

“And I couldn't refuse any request, whether I wanted to or not - I have to obey unconditionally...” Though she whispered the last few words, in the quiet of the shell-shocked basement, every person heard every syllable.

Tiffany started breathing slower, louder, her chest rising and falling and her mind's eye delivering to her a vision everyone else in the room wished they could see.

"Anything else?" Kelly whispered into Tiffany's ear from just behind her where she'd circled while Tiffany spoke.

"I don't know..." Tiffany paused a moment, staring at nothing, biting her lip and continuing to hold it between her teeth as if the pressure itself was symbolic of the pleasure she was receiving from some unseen master. In her hypnotic state, she was unaware of anyone else in the room.

She gulped, her eyes still seeing a vision of sexual tension that pressed every one of her buttons. Something exciting must have occupied Tiffany's mind because unconsciously, her right hand drifted up her thigh and her fingernails traced lines up her leg, sliding her mini-skirt up. Her forefinger and thumb toyed with the fluorescent green string on her hip that made up the side of her thong.

Tiffany's left hand wasn't to be outdone. With a mind of its own, her left hand slid under her shirt, pulled down her bra and started tweaking her nipple between her forefinger and thumb. No one in the room said a word, waiting to see where the moment would take them.

Kelly whispered into Tiffany's ear again. "You want this Tiffany, don't you? Don't you want to be completely under someone else's control?" Kelly became a succubus, a temptress and her whisper was enough to give Tiffany chills. Dirk was caught between wondering if his wife was putting the moves on Tiffany or wanting to take revenge on her. Or both.

Tiffany continued to tweak her nipple. Her tongue darted in and out of her mouth, brushing her lips, her teeth biting and grazing across her tongue as if kissing someone in her imagination.

Dirk tore his eyes away from staring at Tiffany's chest and lips for a moment to glance right at his wife. Kelly returned his look with a nasty twist of her mouth. She was not a happy camper.

Yep, definitely revenge. Dirk thought.

"You love being embarrassed, don't you, Tiffany? Remember what Wally said? You'll get soooo horny the more you get embarrassed, right?" Kelly coaxed the answer from Tiffany.

"Yes," Tiffany's voice took on a husky tone, and her Southern drawl became more pronounced.

"Yes, I do a whole lot." Tiffany continued. Almost like the hornier she got, the more control she lost, the more she fell into the role of subservient sex kitten; and the more her hidden Southern heritage came to the fore.

I wonder where she's from? And why does she try to hide her accent? It's as heart wrenching as an 80s rock ballad. Dirk thought. Jeezus. Makes me melt. Just listening to her is making my dick hard.

Still completely unaware she was surrounded by a room full of her friends and a few strangers, Tiffany adjusted herself on her stool, and slid the mini-skirt entirely out of the way so she could slide her hand down the front of her almost glow-in-the-dark green thong. She leaned her head back, her legs spreading, as she started to get so engrossed in her own vision, she was starting to completely lose control.

“Come on...” Kelly's voice was quiet now, seductive. “Tell us more. Tell us what really makes you embarrassed and hot.” Kelly took a chance, licking Tiffany's left ear where her lips brushed across the top of her ear as she spoke barely loud enough for anyone else to hear.

“I don't know.. maybe getting a pap smear done - and then I'm used as the example patient for a room full of hot, young trainee gynos!” Tiffany bit her lip again, teeth marks left behind. She winced as she pinched too hard for her sensitivity enhanced, pierced nipples.

“I mean, sitting there, spread eagled, with twenty guys all staring at me, and for some reason, they've tied my hands back as well, because I've been naughty...” She started to breathe in short gasps of air. Her hands left her pussy, the tips of her fingers glistening, and both hands start pulling themselves back and over her head, her hands clasped, and arms stretched taut. Her breasts pressed so close together, they touched her chin.

The several men in the room groaned in synchronicity, obviously wishing Tiffany had continued her unconscious masturbation and mutually enjoying the fun things Tiffany's breasts were doing at the moment. She'd worn a red rayon top with very short sleeves and a plunging neckline which also left her midriff bare and it had bunched up under her neck when she raised up her arms, immigrating her actions in gynecologist vision.

Ginger started to get up, apparently feeling she may make a better conductor of this Tiffany symphony than Kelly was, now that Tiffany had stopped masturbating only seconds earlier. Before she could move, Kelly whispered again to Tiffany.

“Wait, what else, Tiffany, what else?” She had a nervous intensity to her voice and Tiffany reacted again, like a puppet on a string.

“Well, it'd be embarrassing if I were at a mall and had to walk through it naked. All those people!” Tiffany's hands came down from over her head, both left and right creeping towards her pussy. The sweetness from Tiffany's pussy started to filter into the air, and the slightest sweat could be seen on her forehead.

“Oh, don't stop now, sweetie...” Kelly purred.

“Being in a large crowd on a windy day, and my dress gets whipped around and just flies straight up in the air.. and flies away! And I just stand there...trying to cover my

nakedness, in just my G-string and shoes. Turning around, and people are ogling me, pointing, whipping out cameras!”

Rachel and Ginger both giggled behind Kelly where they sat on the couch. Kelly turned to grin at them and Tiffany's fingers from both hands dove into her pussy again, and she even started squirming around on the chair trying to wriggle out of her thong.

“My goodness! You really get off on being in front of people! All those years as a cheerleader, I guess.” Kelly’s exclamation seemed to interrupt Tiffany’s trance enough to slow her handiwork.

Dirk seized the opening. He stepped in front of Kelly. “Tiffany, let's see if you're really hypnotized, okay?” As if anyone actually doubted it at this point. He shrugged. *I had to say something*, Dirk thought.

“Okay.” Tiffany said with her Southern drawl. Tiffany shook her head, her blond wavy hair shaking away from her. If anything, she seemed to wake up again, and the entire room seemed to wake up from a wet dream, right along with her.

“See that girl right there?” Dirk pointed out Kelly's friend Jessica, the short blond girl in the short shorts.

Tiffany opened her eyes widely, almost as if she were out of the trance completely. “Uh huh.”

“Good. Is she cute?” Dirk raised his eyebrows, having a very hard time keeping his hands off this sexually charged up woman who he knew wanted him. If only he could pull that fantasy out of her.

“Uh huh.” Tiffany sat up straight, fluffing her skirt out and pulling down her rayon shirt over her boobs and generally making herself presentable again. Dirk could hear James groaning, obviously wishing she'd kept her clothes off - or at least in complete disarray.

“Yes, I think so as well. Why don't you go over there and let her fondle your breasts.” Dirk wasn’t entirely sure she was going to go along with having a total stranger start -

“Okaaayyy....” And Tiffany stood up, almost drunkenly and stopped in front of Jessica, who had the most horrific look on her face. Tiffany pulled up her shirt, including her emerald colored bra underneath and her breasts fell out, bouncing happily. The recessed ceiling light made Tiffany’s nipple rings sparkle just six inches from Jessica’s cute, little ski-jump of a nose. Tiffany swayed her hips a few times, some inner voice telling her to tease Jessica just a bit causing her mini-skirt to swish back and forth exposing an extra few inches of thigh.

Damn, that girl can't help herself. Finest goddamed legs I've ever seen. Dirk thought.

“Why didn't you ask me if I WANTED to fondle her breasts, you idiot?” Jessica nearly screamed, though she maintained a stage whisper, apparently not wanting to break the trance of the hypnotized stripper wannabe. Her boyfriend apparently had forgotten Jessica entirely however, as he stared, enchanted by Tiffany's breasts.

Can't say that I blame him. She has the most amazing tits I've ever seen. Guess I need to add them to the list.

In spite of herself, Jessica slowly raised her hands to Tiffany's boobs and started to caress them, paying particular attention to the nipple rings. She unconsciously licked her lips back and forth, as if she could see the ring between her teeth and she was sucking on it and running her tongue along the smooth surface of the rings.

Dirk said, “Yes, just like that Jessica, focus on the rings...” Dirk's voice took on many of the qualities he'd learned from watching and listening closely to Wally. “Go on, follow the rings, very closely.” He glanced at James who, now that Jessica was distracted, returned his knowing look and nodded encouragement.

Let's see if I can get this to work, just like Wally said. Dirk thought.

Jessica's eyelids started to droop. By the mesmerizing power of Tiffany's nipple rings with a little help from a lot of alcohol and just like *that* Jessica had become as suggestible as Tiffany.

“Okay James, just like we planned.” Dirk gave him a knowing wink, and James started whispering in Jessica's ear. Jessica nodded sleepily when James asked her several questions.

Dirk left Jessica in James' care as he turned back to Tiffany. Had she been aware of her surroundings, he had moved close enough to be in what was considered her 'personal space.' Since she was not, he was merely close enough to completely piss off his wife.

3

“Okay Tiffany, fix your shirt. Let's try some post-hypnotic suggestions.” Dirk knew the change was lightning abrupt but was warming up to the concept of hypnosis. He could feel the bulge in his pants at controlling this sensual specimen. He wanted her to get used to obeying his commands.

As Tiffany fixed her rayon shirt again and sat back down on the stool, Dirk continued. “Now, Tiffany, after you wake up, anytime I say your name, you won't hear the command I give or your name when I say it, though you will obey them, do you understand?”

“Mmm hmmm.” She'd let her eyes shut after she sat down, her mini-skirt barely containing her modesty.

“Good. Now, you won't remember anything told to you or what you've done while hypnotized, but you will remember the suggestions, okay? I'm going to awake you at the count of three...”

Kelly jumped up. “Wait. Tiffany, when I say “Rope” you're going to feel ropes attached to your wrists and they're going to start pulling you up to the ceiling. You'll even be able to feel the rope on your wrists, and it will be tight, causing red marks. Understand?”

“Mmm hmmm.” Tiffany smiled again, without showing any teeth, like it was all just a wonderful dream.

Dirk looked at his wife in annoyance. He could see Ginger and Rachel whispering to themselves on the couch behind his wife. He turned back to Tiffany.

“3.....2... 1.And awake.”

The next thing Tiffany knew, she was blinking owl-like in the center of the room. She yawned. “So did it work?” Tiffany asked. It took her a moment to realize, but she had a weird mixed feeling of having slept for a day, but, she could also feel that she was *wet down there*.

How in the hell...? Tiffany thought to herself.

Several of the girls giggled at her. Tiffany scrunched her lips, peering around the room. Rachel had her hand over her mouth, trying to hide her smile. Kelly looked like a cat ready to pounce on her prey. Dirk's expression was distinctly smug. Yep, it must have worked. But that's ridiculous! Everyone knows hypnotism doesn't work.

“Tif-.” Dirk said.

Tiffany turned her head and saw Dirk's mouth move, but she couldn't hear the words. "What?" She cocked her head, trying to hear what he was saying, but it was as if no words escaped his lips. *I don't get it. Why can't I hear him? It's like he's starting to say my name and then...*

Suddenly, she cupped her hands under her breasts and walked in front of Rachel and leaned over. *What the hell am I doing?* She knew with the shirt she had on, there were inches of skin peeking out the top of her shirt.

"Umm. Tiffany, what are you doing?" Rachel said, smiling broadly. She raised her eyebrows in question. "Those are all very nice and all, but, why are you pushing them at me?" She flicked her eyes down at Tiffany's cleavage and then traced a red-nail-polished fingernail right through the middle of Tiffany's offered décolletage.

Tiffany felt a sexually charged shiver go up and down her spine, causing her to wiggle her ass in spite of herself.

"I.. I don't know. I..." She was at a loss for words. *What is possessing me to do this?*

"Get me a drink, will you?" Rachel said with a wink. "Run along now..."

Tiffany dropped her hands from her breasts, turned away from Rachel, and then lifted the back hem of her skirt up so that her ass was showing off her fluorescent green G-string. She heard someone say, "Omigod!" as she raced as fast as she could up the stairs.

When she reached the top, Tiffany heard one of the girls, probably Ginger say, "Did you see her ass jiggling? That was bananas! Rachel, did you *know* she had a thing for you?"

How in the hell do they know that? Tiffany thought. *I'm seriously going to have to re-asses my opinion about hypnosis. But god-damn, I'm starting to like it.*

She looked around the kitchen, finally finding a glass in the cupboard over the sink. She heard someone on the stairs, and turned as she opened the refrigerator. It was Dirk at the top of the stairs.

I promised myself I'd stay out of trouble. Just have a few drinks and.. oh fuckit. Heath's been a shit lately, and after some great sex, he disappears on me for almost a week?

She opened the refrigerator door, and saw the beer on the bottom shelf. She bent over to grab one. *Let's see how Dirk likes the shot of my ass! I just flashed my friends for no apparent reason; I may as well flash a boy that I like!* Tiffany giggled to herself. She felt like a teenybopper out on a Friday night, parents on vacation, high school kegger.

“Tif-” Dirk said. Tiffany cocked her head to the side, but couldn't hear another sound. She shrugged, and played it cool, and just a little hard to get. Tiffany could sense Dirk coming up behind her. *Oh my god, he's so hot.*

She felt an urge to lean backwards into him and lift the hem of her skirt, as if presenting her ass to Dirk, of all things while reaching for a beer. *But didn't I just flash him, I...*

As if on cue, she could feel his bulge fit nicely into the crack of her ass, as Dirk walked right up behind her. *Oh. OH, my.* Tiffany thought.

She started rubbing his cock through his pants with her ass, rotating to the left and right, up and down. Swirling her ass, she could feel his cock stiffen, like he was a nubile fourteen-year old.

“Oh, that's nice, Tiff. Very nice.” Tiffany could feel his hands on her hips, and he started pushing hard against her ass. She was enjoying it so much, she could hardly do more than moan in pleasure. Despite how much she enjoyed it, she was sure Kelly would burst a blood vessel if she caught them like this.

“But what about Kelly?” Tiffany said.

“Tif-” Dirk said again. Tiffany was really starting to wonder what that whole thing where he'd start to say something that started with a “Tif” sound and then...and then she'd have the weirdest ideas to do things she'd normally never do.

And, for whatever reason, Tiffany turned around, got down on her knees and started unzipping Dirk's fly. *I can't believe I'm doing this! And he doesn't seem to mind. Oh shit, what will Heath think? O god. But I can't help myself.* When she pulled out Dirk's penis, she couldn't believe how beautiful it looked. She just wanted to suck on it like she'd never sucked before.

She wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, and flicked her tongue around the crown. She started bobbing up and down, sucking and blowing on his dick.

“Oh yeah, baby. Yeah, that's perfect.” Dirk said. “I can never get Kelly to give me head, you really know what you're doing.” Dirk grabbed Tiffany by the back of her head and started pushing down, fucking her face. She took his cock deeper than she'd ever taken Heath's, somehow overcoming her gag reflex.

“Oh yeah. Ohmigod, you're the perfect little slut, aren't you. Humm for me, that's it.”

Tiffany felt the heat in her pussy build almost immediately. She started humming as directed, like a human-dick vibrator, sending vibrations up and down Dirk's manhood that was engulfed by her mouth. Her right hand cupped Dirk's balls, her long cherry-red painted fingernails scratching lightly in the area just behind his scrotum. Dirk's back arched involuntarily.

Before Tiffany could even get her left hand down into her panties again, Dirk came unexpectedly and Tiffany swallowed every drop. His cock was so far down her throat, she hardly tasted a thing. Dirk finally stopped bucking, nearly standing on his tiptoes in ecstasy. Tiffany looked up at him and she could see his leer at her seductive and submissive pose - on her knees, staring up him, his dick in her mouth. Finally, she slid her lips down his cock, removing it from her mouth and then licked her lips in appreciation. She gave the head several more licks in appreciation, like it was her favorite lollypop and she could feel Dirk begin to stiffen again almost immediately.

I just want to sit here and worship this cock in my hands, my mouth, my lips, my- Tiffany's thoughts were interrupted.

"Tif-". Dirk said.

Tiffany's eyebrows knit in confusion again, but then, in a moment, she knew just what to do. Tiffany zipped up Dirk's fly, after she tenderly put away his cock. Then she stood up, stepped back a few feet and pulled up her shirt, and bright green bra, up high enough to flash her tits.

Tiffany then struck a slutty pose, smiling sassily for the camera phone that appeared from nowhere in Dirk's hands. He took several pictures of her. She didn't know why she was enjoying this. She'd never do such a thing with anyone else before.

God I love being naked in front of people. Even if it embarrasses the hell out of me and makes me hornier than a high school teen.

As she moved her hips for another pose and the camera flash popped, she asked, "Okay, now why did I do that?" Tiffany asked Dirk. She was starting to get a sneaky suspicion that Dirk's hypnosis skills had indeed worked on her.

"Do what?" he asked. Innocence had seen no better a representative.

"As if you don't know. I just did these poses for you and... gave you head." Tiffany finished a bit sheepishly.

She hopped up on the kitchen counter, the drink for Rachel forgotten. She was attempting to appear casual despite knowing she was completely powerless in the hands of this guy who had been in her sexual fantasies for years.

"Would you like to see a magic trick?" Dirk asked.

"Sure. What is it?"

"I'll surprise you. Ready, here goes. Fuzzy Bunnies."

Tiffany blinked and Dirk held his hands behind his back. She seemed to be in a slightly different position.

"So, what was the trick?" She asked.

"This." And he pulled her sheer lacy bra from behind his back.

Tiffany's eyes bulged. "How in the-" She grabbed her breasts and realized that her push-up bra was indeed gone. "How did you?" She cocked her head to the side. "Is that a magic word, Fuzzy Bunnies?"

"Sort of. Would you like me to magic some more clothes off of you?"

Tiffany was starting to believe Dirk could actually do magic. "Well, I'd rather you magic them back on to me."

"Okay. Be careful what you wish for. Fuzzy Bunnies."

Tiffany blinked and Dirk stood there holding her shirt. She gasped as she looked down and realized she only wore the skimpy bra over her breasts.

"Fuzzy bunnies." Tiffany blinked again and Dirk stood in front of her with her G-string on his index fingers, spinning it around in circles. "Give me that!" Tiffany reached out and yanked the thing off his finger. "Okay, Okay, I believe you."

"One more. Fuzzy Bunnies." Tiffany looked down and she was completely naked, her clothes piled on the counter top next to her.

"What the hell?" Tiffany exclaimed. She threw her arms up to cover her nakedness, one over her chest and the other over her crotch.

Dirk snapped another picture. "Say cheese!"

"How are you doing this to me, Dirk? And could you please leave the room, I need to get my clothes on?"

"I can just magic them on. Fuzzy Bunnies."

Tiffany blinked again, and she was indeed, fully dressed.

"How are you doing this?" She asked again, relieved to be dressed again.

"You do remember being hypnotized, right?" Dirk said.

"Of course. But you couldn't possibly have given me that many commands in the few minutes I was hypnotized, could you? I mean, what was the command? Become a total slut?" Tiffany felt her cheeks getting red in embarrassment. "I think it's time for me to leave. What the hell is my husband going to think?"

Tiffany hopped off the counter and as soon as her feet hit the floor, she headed for the doorway.

"Tif-" she heard Dirk say again. Tiffany stopped. What would Heath think? He'd like the fact she showed off her body that she did those daily work-outs for. Miles on the treadmill were for the sole purpose of showing herself off naked. He'd like the fact that she gave head to someone - at least it wasn't a total stranger! *Huh? What kind of logic is that? I must be going insane.*

But Tiffany shrugged. She felt her legs and feet pulling her back down the stairs. *I guess a little more fun couldn't hurt.*

Dirk had grabbed Rachel's beer. By the time she was downstairs, she had a hard time remembering what it was she had done upstairs or why she'd gotten so upset.

4

“Hey, the life of the party's back!” Rachel said with obvious enthusiasm. She nudged Ginger who sat next to her and it looked like they had been talking quietly together. Rachel blushed slightly when Tiffany walked in the room. And even when talking to Ginger, her eyes never left Tiffany.

“She sure is. You're pretty wild tonight, huh, Tiff?” Ginger grinned.

“Well, yeah, I guess so. Don't suppose that hypnotism has anything to do with it, huh?” Tiffany shook her head, a little embarrassed, but taking it in stride. She stopped in front of Rachel, and then took the seat on the couch to Rachel's left, opposite of Ginger.

“You never got me that drink, wench!” Rachel poked Tiffany playfully.

“Oh shit, I totally forgot! Want me to go get you one? Oh hell, get it yourself! And get me one, I'm doing all the work around here!” Tiffany laughed and flashed her smile.

If I didn't know any better, the way Rachel's staring at me, I'd think she had the hots for me? But - that's impossible. She doesn't have a bisexual bone in her body. Tiffany thought.

“Rope.” Kelly said.

Tiffany's smile continued as she raised her hands over her head. She hardly realized she was doing it. “Well, go get me a drink!” She nodded her head towards the stairs, implying that Rachel should go, right now.

“Rope.” Kelly said again.

Tiffany's hands reached further into the air, arms stretched outright. She could feel her large breasts rise, and she looked down and could see she was exposing an obscene amount of cleavage. Again. Her face flushed crimson.

I love exposing myself. But it embarrasses the hell out of me. I guess it's my natural shyness...of a cheerleader? Huh? I am so fucking confused. And what is with my arms..?

“Oh, I get it, every time you say rope, my hands fly into the air.” She nodded sagely. “Okay, very funny. Now, how do I get them down.”

But Kelly was just getting started. She smiled like the Cheshire Cat. “Rope.”

Tiffany flew out of her seat on the couch, her arms stretched overhead. “Okay.. heh heh.” She laughed nervously. “Enough is enough. I get it, rope.. ha ha. Now, how does it stop?”

Kelly rose from her chair. She slowly walked across the room that was captivated by this display of manipulation and submission. “Oh, it stops when I want it to, my cute little thing.” Kelly pointed her index finger and dragged her red nail-polished fingernail

along Tiffany's breasts. Tiffany could feel the goose bumps rise on her flesh, from her back all the way down the back of her legs.

“Mmmm.” Kelly said. “Rope.”

Tiffany felt her wrists yanked up higher, and she stood on her tiptoes, her shoes falling off her feet. Her body was completely taut, the bottom of her shirt rose well over her stomach, showing the bottom of her bra. Her mini-skirt rose high enough, that Tiffany was sure the bottom of her ass was revealed. Rachel looked on like she was eyeing a male stripper she was about to tip.

“This is nice!” Kelly said. She walked around Tiffany, and behind her, with Tiffany twisted her head back and forth, trying to keep an eye on her stalker.

“Come on, Kelly, this has gone far enough. Let me down!” She tried to stamp her foot petulantly, but it only caused her to spin around slightly and make her breasts jiggle right in front of Kelly.

“Very nice! Well done, Tiffany.” Kelly smiled possessively, like her prized show-dog had just performed brilliantly.

Ginger finally broke the spell Kelly held them all under. “Okay, Kelly, let's let her down, huh?”

“Yes, listen to her!” Tiffany tried to keep the whine out of her voice, though she was having trouble. She felt Kelly's hands on her skirt, and then heard the zipper. Kelly set Tiffany to spinning then, as if she really were suspended by some rope instead of her own imagination stretching her body out, her red fingernails nearly scratching the ceiling of the basement. Tiffany twisted in the wind, back and forth, shimmying, trying to keep her skirt on, but her actions only succeeded in making it drop to the floor in a mortifying rush.

“Omigod! Kelly! Look at me! I'm -” Tiffany was interrupted by the room breaking out in giggles and catcalls. Jessica's boyfriend whistled.

“Yes, look at her! Damn, what an ass on her!” Jessica's boyfriend said. Tiffany had trained as a ballerina in grade school, and this position was worse than anything she'd ever imagined back then. She almost felt like a wind-up doll, stretched taut. She could only imagine what her ass looked like.

“It is nice, isn't it?” Dirk spoke from the easy chair. He got up and walked around her, stepping over Rachel's feet.

Tiffany kept twisting and turning, arms straight overhead, as if she were suspended on her tip-toes by unbreakable rope. She kept trying to avoid showing her ass to anyone. She could feel the sweat beginning to slide down her back and in between her cleavage.

“You said she was a cheerleader? Nice green thong, by the way.” Jessica said. Tiffany couldn't miss the sarcasm and she flushed in embarrassment.

Tiffany's thoughts raced as she spun around in the center of the room. All eyes glued to her stretched out body. *What did she have against cheerleaders? Besides, I studied history and library science. I'm a freaking history teacher. Why did I pick that thong out? What's wrong with boring white underwear again?*

"Please, someone? I.. god, this is awful. I thought you said this .. this hypnosis stuff would be fun?" Tiffany was mortified, but she'd be damned before she told anyone how wet she was. She was moist from being so exposed and having so many people finding her desirable.

Rachel stood up and came up next to Tiffany. "I think I've seen these in the store..." She tugged on the band of Tiffany's G-string. Tiffany tried to move out of the way, but couldn't avoid her hand. Rachel moved behind Tiffany and put her hands on her hips, leaning in behind her ear.

"Calm down, it's okay." She whispered. Tiffany could feel her breath on her ears and could feel the goose bumps rise on her skin: a sure sign that she was getting stimulated.

Keeping her hands on Tiffany, Rachel moved around in front of the stretched out girl. She leaned in closer to Tiffany, parting her lips as if to kiss her. Tiffany seemed mesmerized by her, staring at her lips, unconsciously licking her own. Tiffany bit her bottom lip as Rachel leaned closer and closer, and she finally closed her eyes, waiting expectantly for Rachel's kiss. She opened her mouth and leaned back, cocking her head to one side.

Tiffany held that pose for several seconds and then she felt the slightest brush of lips on her own. Before she could drive her tongue into Rachel's mouth, Rachel pulled back.

"I'm sorry, Tiffany, I can't." Rachel said. Tiffany felt a wave of desire flood through her and vanish in the blink of an eye. "You know I don't swing that way, Tiffany." Rachel continued, regret causing her voice to falter.

Rachel shook her head as she pulled away from Tiffany and escaped up the stairs to the kitchen. Tiffany couldn't believe her friend would tease her like that.

Ginger looked at the hurt expression on Tiffany's face and frowned, and then followed Rachel up the stairs. Kelly stepped in front of Tiffany again and ran a hand along her chin.

"So, do you like spankings, Tiffany? Have you been a baaaaad girl?" Kelly asked? Kelly cupped Tiffany's chin in her hands and scrunched Tiffany's cheeks. She puckered her own lips and blew her a mock kiss. Tiffany twisted her head, yanking her chin out of Kelly's hand.

"Oh, getting feisty! You never told me if you liked spankings!" Kelly grabbed Tiffany's face in her hands. Tiffany could feel a mixture of dominance and tenderness in her eyes and hands.

“I.. I..” Tiffany gulped. She did like spankings, but she wasn't about to tell Kelly that in front of these people. She crossed her leg over the other, unconsciously trying to put pressure on her pussy. Kelly looked down.

“What's this, you naughty girl!” One of Kelly's hands fell down to Tiffany's pussy and she slid her fingers inside Tiffany's panties. “You're as wet as a hot bath! I do believe you like spankings don't you?”

Tiffany swallowed again. “Tif-” Dirk said again. She looked in his direction, but he was moving his mouth again without speaking.

“Absolutely.” Tiffany said without hesitation. *What the... that was supposed to be absolutely not!*

“I meant to say, absolutely nuh.” She shook her head. The word wouldn't come out. “Nuh. Nuh. I absolutely love spankings.” Tiffany's eyes grew round, and if she could have clapped a hand to her mouth, she would have.

“I don't know why you keep mumbling, but I can certainly take care of your desire for spankings, my dear. While I'm rummaging around for something suitable, why don't you answer a few questions for me, hmm?”

Tiffany stood mute, still stunned that she'd admitted to wanting a spanking. Kelly bent over the back of the couch, flashing a glimpse of her pink thong and trophy winning ass to the room. She pulled out a small multi-stranded whip.

“I use this on Dirk on occasion. He seems to like it.” Dirk cleared his throat from across the room, and Kelly just smiled back sweetly.

“Now.” Kelly swatted the whip into her left hand and it made a snapping sound. “Would you like to screw my husband?”

Tiffany smiled. This one was easy. There was no way she would admit to wanting that. Not with Kelly standing in front of her with a riding crop. She shook her head no, and said, “Definitely.”

Again her eyes grew wide in shock at her traitorous tongue. *What in the living hell? Oh my fucking god. As jealous as she is, and with a whip in her hand, I am so fucked.* Tiffany actually felt a little bad about wanting to fuck her friend's husband so badly, but the heart goes where the heart wants. *Or, at least the pussy does.*

Kelly moved around behind her and drew her arm back. It came crashing down and Tiffany let out a squeal as the riding crop put a stripe on her ass she could see in the mirror across the room.

“I thought so. Want to give him head?” Kelly said.

This one was easy. Tiffany didn't really like giving head. “Nope.”

“Ahh, good.” Kelly rubbed Tiffany's ass where Tiffany knew red stripes already rose on her skin.

“If I bared my ass to you, would you want to kiss it?” Kelly asked quietly, seductively.

Girl sure does obsess about her ass. But it is nice. I'm not going to tell her that though. I do have some pride. “Yes.”

“Mmmm. I thought so. You ARE a good girl after all, I think. Would you mind if I *did* your husband?” Tiffany knew exactly what Kelly meant. Scary thing is, she and Heath had talked about this very thing, and if anything, they’d love a threesome with the short brunette with the J-Lo ass.

“I .. uh.. I .. “ Tiffany's mind started doing flips. This was all too much too fast. “No, I wouldn't.” *I just gave her permission to fuck my husband. Great.*

“What about me, Tiffany?” Jessica asked. She smirked at the girl who had been providing the evening's entertainment. *What did I ever do to her?* Tiffany thought.

“Definitely not!” Tiffany could feel her lip curl in contempt.

“But would he want to?” Jessica asked slyly. She must have meant Heath, who wasn't even in the same state.

There was no way she was going to answer that bitch. Finally, it dawned on her - she was being forced to answer the truth by some hypnotic command, but fortunately, they couldn't force her to speak. Tiffany shook her head no.

“Well... hmmph.” Jessica sat back on the couch and crossed her arms. *A spoiled brat, if ever I saw one*, Tiffany thought, twisting around several more times, a stretched out ballerina on a string. *It's a wonder her boyfriend puts up with her.*

Kelly, without warning, started landing stripe after stripe on Tiffany's ass.

“OW! Ow.. oh, it hurts.. please, spank me more. Please..OW, god, I love it. Please.” Tiffany realized she had best keep her mouth closed, because Kelly started raining the blows in faster and faster, encouraged by Tiffany's loudly moaned pleas for more. The last thing she wanted was to admit to liking this stuff, and here she was begging for more, because of their stupid hypnotic command. She twisted back and forth, arms beginning to feel weak from the strain. She tried to avoid the whip that rained fire on her ass.

Tiffany realized the only thing redder than her ass right now, had to be her face. She was letting a bunch of her friends and several strangers see exactly what kinds of sexual limits she'd be willing to go to. She was humiliated and her juices were starting to flow down her legs. She wanted it to stop. She'd never be able to face these people again.

She never wanted it to end.

“Damn, she's a slut.” Jessica muttered.

Ginger came down the stairs, hearing Jessica's comment. “I think that's enough Kelly.” Ginger said. Her quiet voice sounded ominous and serious.

Kelly stopped in mid-stroke, actually looking at Tiffany's ass. "Yes, I guess it is as red as a cherry." She put the handle of the riding crop inside the back of Tiffany's G-string and down the crack of her ass, giving her a tail.

"Is that really necessary?" Ginger said. Before anyone could respond, she pulled it out of Tiffany's G-string and tossed it on the couch, shaking her head at Kelly and Tiffany sighed in appreciation.

Dirk said, "Tiffany. Fuzzy Bunnies."

5

Tiffany's head went slack, and she closed her eyes.

“My god, that's amazing.” Jessica said. “Who does that fuzzy thing work for anyway?”

“Just me.” Dirk said. “Wally didn't trust Kelly with control of the poor girl.” He turned his head towards Tiffany. “Tiffany, you may lower your arms. How do you feel?”

“Mmmm....horny. My arms hurt.” In her hypnotic trance, Tiffany was all Southern Belle again, and completely unaware of her surroundings.

Ginger moved forward and started massaging Tiffany's arms, and Kelly got some lotion out for Tiffany's ass. Rachel came down the stairs and picked up Tiffany's mini-skirt.

“I guess I did get a little carried away.” Kelly had the decency to drop her eyes and at least appear to be bashful. “It's so seductive.. I mean, look at her! She's so...” Kelly's voice drifted off, as her eyes raked over Tiffany's body, taking in every visible inch.

“How in the hell does she have such huge boobs without an ounce of fat on her?” Kelly spoke so quietly, it was hard to tell if she'd even meant to speak out loud.

“Tiffany, would you want to have sex tonight? Do you want to be naked in front of these all these people?” Dirk asked, not too un-gently.

“I don't know. I'm not sure how Heath would feel.” Tiffany almost whispered, in near monotone. Her hands were down at her sides, and her skirt returned, as Rachel was just zipping up the zipper.

“Fair enough. We'll just make sure you don't remember everything.” Dirk said.

Rachel frowned at Dirk. “That's not exactly the right way to go about that, do you think? I mean, it's not like it isn't happening just because it's somehow magicked out of existence.”

Dirk ignored Rachel and turned towards Jessica's boyfriend. “Care to sample her, Jim?” Dirk asked, his eyes flicking from Jessica's boyfriend towards Tiffany's cleavage.

“Damn straight.” Jim said. “She's hot.” He started to rise off the couch, but he was held back by his petite blond girlfriend who had surprising arm strength. Dirk also didn't miss the fact that Ginger held Rachel back with an outstretched arm when she'd moved in Jim's direction with a snarl on her face.

“Like hell you are!” Jessica said. Her eyes flashed, and a touch of color spotted her cheeks. She had extremely fair skin, like a Nordic princess, in miniature.

“Then it's a good thing I already hypnotized you, huh, Jessica?” Dirk said. He grinned like he had “Sympathy for the Devil” playing in his head.

“Bullshit. You may be able to hoodwink some dumb bimbo, but I'm not going to fall for that crap.” Jessica crossed her arms and sat back in the couch. She even kicked her boyfriend in the leg for staring at Tiffany, who was finally fully dressed with the help of Rachel and Ginger.

Dirk nodded at Rachel who smiled in return and pulled a tiny, blue bathing suit - little more than a few triangles and a few strings - out of her purse.

Jessica knitted her brows, frowning, not understanding what was happening.

“T.H.O's, Jessica?” Dirk asked.

“Huh?”

“Tittie hard ons. You have them right now.”

Jessica looked down and her crossed arms had propped up her large breasts, and her nipples poked obviously through the knit of her spandex shirt. She frowned again, and raised her arms to cover the nipples again. She'd been doing that all night. “Yeah, so? It's cold in here.”

“No it isn't. It's quite warm, isn't it? Bathing suit weather, even.” Dirk had seemed to transform into a version of The Amazing Wally from an earlier evening in the recent past. His voice deepened and he expected his words to be obeyed.

Jessica's emotions raced across her face - from spoiled rich brat, to petulant girlfriend to sweaty stripper in the space of a few moments.

“Yes, dammit. Give me that bathing suit.” She jumped off the couch and crossed the room, her breasts bouncing as she darted forward with surprising speed, snatching the blue bathing suit with black lettering from Rachel's hands. Everyone in the room could see why she'd had her arms crossed all night - it was impossible to miss the large areolas of Jessica's breasts as they pushed against the white rayon in a most obscene fashion.

And right in front of Rachel, she whipped off her white rayon shirt, kicked off her shoes and dropped her shorts. She wore nothing else. She spent several moments trying to figure out the mostly strings bathing suit. She attempted to cover herself with her arms and turning her back away from the group.

“Wow, nice tattoo.” Dirk said. “You know, from this angle... by the way, nice ass too.”

“Shut up, ass.” Jessica said. Her voice dripped obvious frustration. Finally figuring out the strings, she strapped the top on. “Okay, ha, ha, big joke on the new girl. Obviously, there's some hyno-mumbo-jumbo crap going on.” Jessica said while tying the knot behind her neck which naturally did wonderful things while crushing her boobs together.

Jessica then bent over to put on the bottoms. "You know, when you bend over like that, I can see your crotch from the back." Ginger pointed out.

Jessica stood up quickly.

She put on the bottoms, without bending to step in to them. She had some difficulty getting them on. When she finally finished, she put her hands on her hips and, *knowing* she looked good, said "There, now I-"

But Dirk interrupted her. "Freeze." And she did.

"Dude!" James said. Jumping off the couch and making the few yards across the room look like one giant step. He was staring at the suit, circling around his girlfriend. The back of the bathing suit was hardly more than a thong - just enough to be legal, but far smaller than a Brazilian cut. On the tiny blue triangle settling into the crack of Jessica's ass James could see the word "freeze" in black lettering. He circled to the front, unable to keep his hands to himself, he touched the bathing suit, and delicately ran his fingertips down her back, across her half covered buttocks, and down the tops of her legs. James had the look of a football quarterback, and Rachel and Ginger hardly noticed Jessica for watching the lust in James' eyes for his girlfriend.

"This is wild dude, does she even see us?" James paused in his reverie looking at the evening's maestro, Dirk.

"Of course. But she can't move. Great, huh?" A boyish grin flashed across Dirk's face. He ran his hand through his black hair, and shook his head, hardly believing all this had worked out so well.

"Yeah! What's that say down there? Ahh.. damn, that's small print. This is the tiniest suit I've ever seen." James said. He crouched down in front Jessica and unconsciously licked his lips.

The top of the suit was barely anything at all. A string connected two tiny triangles that barely covered her nipples. Jessica was well tanned and the electric-blue contrasted with her skin. On the front of her bottoms, all two inches of it, the words, "Touch here" in black print told the story of how to unfreeze the girl. From the size of the bathing suit, it was apparent that Jessica shaved her pussy. She also wore a thong to the tanning bed.

James touched the bathing suit on the little dot below the words on the suit that marked where her clit hid. "What the hell did you do to me? What is with this bathing suit?" Jessica had slammed an arm across her chest as soon as she could move, and dropped her hand to pussy, and then to her ass, and back to her pussy, undecided on which one was more exposed.

"It seems you can be hypnotized. And you really like your new suit. So much so that when you do your daily tanning salon or pool visit, you're going to wear it. I'd advise sitting on your ass, since anyone can make you freeze."

“Omigod, that's so hot.” James muttered - his face was so close to Jessica’s crotch, she squirmed unconsciously from his breath blowing across the dampening spot in her bathing suit.

Jessica simply stared at Dirk. “You are fucking kidding me.” Deadpan.

“Nope. So when they read your suit out loud, you'll freeze. When they touch your crotch, you'll unfreeze.”

Jessica had stopped moving. And then started again, almost before it was noticed that she'd frozen. James had kept his finger on the tiny black dot on the front of the bathing suit that essentially became Jessica’s “on” button.

“Oops.” Dirk said. “I guess any variation of the word freeze works.” Jessica stopped moving again. “Oops, there I go again. May as well enjoy it.” As James pulled his hand away and Jessica remained frozen like a mannequin.

Dirk walked over to Jessica and pulled her arms away from her chest. He reached behind her and pulled the back of the bathing suit up her ass. “That's for being a bitch to our good friend Tiffany, even though she couldn't do anything about it.”

He glanced at Jessica's boyfriend, nodding towards Jessica. “Ya mind?”

“Not at all.” James said. He flashed his high school quarterback smile at his old friend. “Least I could do, considering how much fun we’re going to have with this!” He stood up to his full height again, towering at least several inches over everyone else in the basement.

Dirk reached out and grabbed both of Jessica's tits, cupping them, moving them up and down slightly, as if checking the weight of cantaloupes at a grocery store.

“Now Jessica, I'm going to keep holding your breasts. I'm going to un...immobilize you in a moment. If you don't want to be frozen again, you'd best not move until I tell you you can. And you're going to tell your boyfriend that want to work as our topless waitress tonight. And if he wants you to work longer, you will. That, and you'll obey everyone's commands. If you disagree, you're going to find that you want to spend the next week at your pool and see how that turns out, and we'll think of something else when that week's up, okay?”

Dirk reached down and rubbed Jessica's clit for about thirty seconds. After the first moment she became unfrozen, but she didn't move. She turned her head to her boyfriend, her mouth pursed, teeth gritting.

“I want... to work as a topless waitress tonight.” When Dirk removed his hand, she turned to the three un-hypnotized ladies in the room. “What does everyone want for drinks?” She clenched her jaw, obviously trying with all her being to control her temper.

“Oh no, honey, it's not here. You're wearing that outfit to a bar.” Dirk said.

All the color drained from Jessica's face. "But, but.. I thought..." She seemed to visibly deflate.

"Yes, you have a nice butt," Dirk said, grinning at his own pun. "And it's going to be shown off nicely, I might add. Have fun!" Dirk, in full condescension, patted her ass a few times. It was almost as if he was trying to drive her to anger.

Jessica had finally had enough. She whirled on her boyfriend and her breasts shook invitingly. "James, you sonofabitch. You've wanted me to make that 'easy' money for you at that bar for months, and this is how you go about it?"

"Freeze." James said. He shook his head, as if wondering how someone so supposedly intelligent could act so stupid.

"Just think of all the people who'll be saying that word, over and over again, while you wear that outfit. You may want to keep the backside of it in the crack of your ass like that, so you might be able to avoid at least some of the attention." He walked around her, as she stood in place, unable to move due to his use of her hypnotic command.

"Ironic, huh? How much you hate thongs, but you have to turn your suit into one, so you don't get molested?" He chuckled to himself, unaware of anyone around him. He pulled her hands up over her head, so she was stretched out like Tiffany had been. She stood on her tiptoes and her enormous breasts looked even larger on her 5'2" frame.

"Your tits never looked so good, hun." James said.

James was well over six feet tall and pulled her up off the ground, so she literally hung in the air, suspended from his hands. He pulled her high enough to where her mouth reached his, and he kissed her, despite her inability to respond. He nuzzled his nose around her neck and along her cheek line, obvious affection in every touch.

"Sometimes, I like you better when you just shut up." He smiled again, right in her face, and given her situation, it was impossible to tell exactly what Jessica thought of her current situation.

"Let's get going, Jess." James said, as he reached down with one hand to her clit, finger extended and touched the round black target over her it.

As soon as she was mobile, though a good foot and a half off of the ground, she let go of James with one hand and swung back to hit him. A look of pure outrage transformed Jessica's face. "You asshole, I'm gonna cut off your-"

"Freeze." James said calmly. "For a certified genius, you sure can be..." He let his words drift off, giving Jessica an 'I told you so' look. He set her down, though unsure of whether she could stand by herself without assistance, he kept a hand on her hip to steady her. He then put a hand on her taut stomach and another on her back and folded Jessica over so her knees nearly touched her forehead.

"Good thing your flexible dear." James said, then pulled her hands behind her to lay them flat on her ass, and picked her up, holding her bent over body out in front of

him, hardly exerting any effort in lifting her. Everyone got a clear shot of her ass, whether they wanted one or not, except for Tiffany, who was still in trance state.

“Welp, I'm off. See ya'll a bit later! Thanks Dirk - you rock.” James said as he started up the stairs, Jessica over his shoulder.

They could hear him telling her on the way of the door, “I told you I can do this to you, nearly any time. So, you're going to have to calm down...”

“Tell us how it works out!” Dirk called up the stairs. He glanced at Kelly. “You know, Jessica may want her clothes eventually...”

Kelly rolled her eyes, gathered in Jessica's things and raced out the door, not wanting to miss a second of Tiffany's trance.

“Now, what to do with Tiffany.” Dirk tapped his chin. He went upstairs, leaving Rachel and Ginger with Tiffany.

6

“What is up with Tiffany?” Ginger started the conversation.

“I dunno! I.. she..I - what do I do?” Rachel matched Ginger's quiet tone, though they'd never been particularly close before, Rachel's bewilderment about her feelings regarding Tiffany drew them together.

“Damn good question. And it looks like it's entirely up to you.” Ginger pulled Rachel over to the couch and they sat down together.

Rachel shook her head, her long blond hair shaking out behind her.

“I have no idea. And somewhere in there, she has feelings for you, too. And she likes spankings? Who'd a thought that? And she doesn't mind it if we fuck her husband?” Rachel's eyebrows knit together in a combination of held back surprise and confusion.

“I know.” Ginger looked at Rachel. She'd gotten that look in her eye like she wanted something. “You want to do him, don't you?”

“Who Heath? Well, shit yeah, don't you?” Rachel asked. It almost seemed to Ginger like she'd turned into a high-schooler talking about her first crush.

“I don't know. I'm pretty satisfied with my husband. I just come out here to get out of the house, and for some stupid reason, David trusts Heath and Tiffany not to get me in trouble.” Ginger giggled and put a hand over her mouth to quiet the sound.

“Oh. Well, we have Tiffany right there, totally in our power. What do you think we should do?” They dropped the voices to a barely audible whisper.

“I don't know. She's pretty kinky, but we could probably add to the effect, ya think?” Ginger said.

“Yeah! I mean, I am flattered that she wants to ‘fuck my brains out’ and all, but I am just not going there. Ya know?” Rachel said.

Ginger didn't believe a word of it and Rachel's attempt at humor rang hollow indeed. She'd waited a few minutes at the top of the stairs to allow Rachel to get a hold of herself earlier. Ginger had definitely seen a tissue in the conflicted gal's hands.

“Oh, I guess so.” Ginger had let words drawl slightly, thinking.

“What do you have in mind? What kind of kinky stuff?” Rachel unconsciously put a hand on Ginger's knee where it nearly touched her own as they sat on the couch.

“Do you like cats, Rachel?”

“Not really. Why?”

Ginger remembered how Rachel had been turned into a cat by Wally. Rachel had started to strip for Ginger and had rubbed herself against Ginger's leg. She remembered how soft and soothing it was, stroking Rachel's long blond hair, and how deliciously, sensually sweet her breasts had felt against her leg. Of course, Rachel didn't remember a thing about it. *Didn't like girls indeed!*

"Ginger? You okay? Why are you looking at me like that?" Rachel interrupted Ginger's thoughts.

"Oh, sorry. Was just remembering something. Okay, I have something."

Ginger stood up, pulling Rachel along with her and then hunched over to wear Tiffany was standing in the middle of the room, completely dazed. "Tiffany, can you hear me?"

"Mmmhmmm." Tiffany's eyes were closed, like she was half-asleep.

"Tiffany, have you *really* thought about making *sweet* love to Rachel or me?" Ginger winked at Rachel when she asked her, trying to lighten the mood or hide her embarrassment. Ginger wasn't sure which.

"Mmmhmmm." A sensual, lazy smile crossed Tiffany's lips and she bit her lower lip, probably imagining the fun they'd have together.

"Would you like a night being our little plaything? Do anything we say?" Ginger looked at Rachel and though Rachel apparently wasn't aware of it, her hands were wringing together in anticipation and her cheeks were flushed.

"Oh yes. Very much so!" Tiffany almost opened her eyes, excitement lighting up her face. Ginger couldn't resist. She nudged Rachel forward, sensing the moment was right. She whispered in Rachel's ear, every ounce of seduction, mixed with command that she could muster.

"Do it. Kiss her." Ginger all but willed Rachel's lips forward, and inch by inch Rachel's lips neared Tiffany.

Somehow, even with her eyes shut, Tiffany could sense Rachel's presence and she leaned in for the kiss. Rachel's hands slid around Tiffany's neck, underneath her wavy blonde hair and her fingernails started stroking the back of her neck.

Ginger backed away, giving Rachel the sense of privacy she needed. As Rachel's lips finally touched Tiffany's, Tiffany's hands took on a mind of their own. She slid her hands along Rachel's clothed backside, and then up under her shirt, and pulling her in so their breasts mashed together. Rachel shivered in excitement feeling Tiffany's delicate hands electrifying her skin and goose bumps rising on both women as they started to lose each other in touching, kissing, and feeling.

Both women had hands on each other in a blurry motion of touching. It was like neither could decide where to put hands, whether on the back of the neck or head to

force delicious lips together or Rachel's fingertips on Tiffany's face as if reaching for a long-lost lover. Yet, Tiffany's eyes remained closed, perhaps dreaming the entire thing.

Ginger heard something at the top of the stairs. "Oh shit, they're coming back!"

Rachel jerked backward, snakebit. "No!" Her cheeks blossomed in embarrassment; her lips were a smeared mess of Tiffany's red and her own pink lipstick with more of Tiffany's red lipstick all down her neck. Rachel glanced once up the stairs and then made a bee-line for the bathroom at the far end of the basement.

Ginger swore. She needed something to salvage the thing with Rachel. She wasn't even sure why she had taken such an interest in their lovemaking to begin with.

"Tiffany, you're not going to remember making out with Rachel. Okay?" Ginger glanced up the stairs, and she could hear Dirk and Kelly arguing over something quietly at the top of the stairs.

"Mmmhmmmm." Tiffany replied with a smile on her face. Ginger thought quickly. "Tiffany, when Rachel and I come by one night, you're going to drop into a trance as soon as I say the word 'Kitty Cat', okay, Tiff?" Ginger whispered, tapping her foot impatiently, and glancing repeatedly at the stairwell.

"Mmmhmmmm. Kitty Cat." Tiffany continued to smile, as if the sound of Ginger's voice was a salve on her brain.

"Tiffany, don't tell *anyone* about this, got it? This is *really* important!" Ginger moved quickly back over to the couch where Rachel had already sat down and they both made small talk.

"Mmmhmmmm, Mistress Ginger." Tiffany said - a shout across the room in Ginger's ears. Ginger felt her eyes go very round, but thankfully, Kelly and Dirk apparently hadn't heard anything.

Kelly and Dirk came back down the stairs. "Okay, I think we're pretty well finished for the entertainment, I think. It's getting pretty late." Dirk said as he looked at his Gucci.

Rachel and Ginger nodded their agreement. Both rose. "Well, I guess we'll take Tiffany home." Ginger said.

"Oh, she's right across the street. We'll take care of her." Kelly said. Dirk herded Ginger and Rachel up the stairs.

"But, she's still hypnotized, I mean.. " Rachel said, worry crossing her face. She'd done quick work of cleaning up her face, but there were still traces of red lipstick on her neck.

"She's fine, what don't you trust us?" Dirk asked. He grinned without malice.

“But, we never even saw the video.” Rachel asked plaintively, trying one last desperate attempt to stay with Tiffany - whether going into some protective mode or just not wanting the night to end, Ginger couldn't tell.

Dirk just tapped his watch again and shrugged. “Seriously, ladies. We've known Tiffany a long time. We'll get her tucked in, nice and tight.”

“Okay, well, make sure you do the whole 'wake up well rested' and all that stuff.” Ginger said. “She may as well get something fun out of tonight. I'm sure she's going to be so embarrassed she won't want to talk to us for a month.”

“We'll take care of her, don't you worry.” Kelly said, opening the door, foot tapping impatiently. Ginger kept telling herself that the smile on Kelly's face was the 'friendly goodbye' sort and not the type usually worn by James Bond Villains.

After Rachael and Ginger left, Kelly went downstairs while Dirk readied himself for bed.

“Now Tiffany, just before I wake you up and take you home, I have to talk to you about my need for a French speaking maid. There's this party coming up next week, you see....”

Finis



Please consider leaving me a review, as an indie author, they mean very, very much to me, and I'd dearly appreciate it!

About Megan



I've always liked being just a little naughty. Subversively stimulating people. Showing a little more leg than I was supposed to, showing a bit more cleavage than was exactly professional at work. And as you can see from my picture, I dearly love red lipstick.

I had a t-shirt in high school with the quote, "I can read your mind. And you should be ashamed of yourself!" What can I say, I've been "arousing" people's interest for longer than I can remember. Now I'm spinning tales and desperately trying to avoid a pun using "tail" – seriously I am! I'll be a good girl! I promise!

Who am I kidding, as if my readers want me to be a good girl!

I write erotica about control, the paranormal, fantasy, science fiction and, yes, even romance. Some of my stories are light and hopefully even funny, and some are dark; but all are very naughty. I want my stories to stay with you and I want you to remember them. I do hope you'll come back for more.

I also want to hear from you and by all means, send me your ideas on what would make a good story!

My email address is: **megancwyndham@gmail.com**

One Last Thing - (to borrow from Steve Jobs) - when you turn the page, Kindle will give you the opportunity to rate the book ...**I don't suppose you'd be so kind as to give the book a review or a rating**, would you?

Thanks ever so much, you are too kind, and I am in your debt - MMMWAAAA!

;))

Meg

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