

Final Exam

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Tracy kept looking at the slip of paper, the final assignment from her Advanced Hypnotic Writing class:

This exam has only one requirement: write a paper that influences the reader to give you the best possible grade for this class. Demonstrate creativity as well as mastery of the concepts.

It couldn't really be this easy, could it? No, Tracy smelled a rat. Surely Professor Hartman wouldn't subject himself to twenty attempts at manipulating his mind, even knowing what they were and what their goal was. The whole purpose of the class, after all, was to teach people to bend minds through writing.

Then she grinned. No, of course he wouldn't put his own mind at risk. He'd do what every college professor with tenure does: leave the grunt work to his aide. And that gave Tracy her big idea.

"Creativity," Tracy wrote, "is vital to all forms of persuasion. Professor Hartman himself promotes creativity through his use of metaphor in his lectures and in his writings, which helps to explain why his class attendance attendance rate, like his salary, is the highest in the University.

"Professor Hartman might well liken crafting a persuasive essay to spinning a clear, sparkling, crystal top. It's easy to imagine that top, rotating smoothly on its point as its facets catch the light and throw it back in every direction. How much prettier would it be, even, if one were to shine a light into it, producing an inner glow that shifts and jitters as the top slows and wobbles a bit? And so the writer must invoke the reader's imagination, so that as you read these words you also think about that top and imagine it glowing, sparkling, and gradually slowing, weakening, wobbling. And the vividness of that image might even cause the reader's mind to slow, to wander, as the top slows and wobbles, and that is perfectly okay because the mind is made to wander – it's in each person's nature to allow the mind to drift even as the eyes continue to read, to absorb the thoughts and ideas from the text directly into the mind, unfiltered, so easily and naturally.

Tracy felt her grin widen as she continued writing, embedding more and more suggestions designed to relax and disarm the reader's mind. In her own mind she imagined Scott, that cute grad student who seemed to be Hartman's favorite flunky, reading her worlds and becoming glassy-eyed and still. *He will be mine*, she promised herself.

"And even as you continue to relax your mind, to absorb and retain all of the thoughts and ideas I'm sharing with you now, you may not even consciously realize how the more you relax your mind the more easily you can understand and accept the nature of persuasion and the ability of mere written words to program the reader's thoughts and behaviors.

“Truly persuasive writing such as this taps into the strongest drives inherent in all readers, as noted by Hogan in *The Art of Persuasion*. There is the drive for survival, for food and shelter, for security, and the reader can easily associate the fulfillment of these drives with taking the actions suggested in this text, but of course the strongest, the most easily invoked and the most powerfully persuasive of the basic drives is the sex drive.

“Even now, you can perhaps imagine a time when you were extremely satisfied sexually; when you felt secure and virile and desired, fulfilled completely. And as you recall that feeling now, allowing it to grow and intensify, you may wonder exactly how or when you can have that feeling again. And you may even imagine taking proactive steps to make that happen ...”

Tracy wrote and edited and polished her piece until nearly 4am. Her pussy ached from the desire it induced in her just reading it; it had to work. But just to be sure, she opened her email client.

Roger,

I need a second opinion on this and you're the best writer I know. Would you give this a quick read-through? I'm not worried about details yet; just give me your gut reaction to the piece as a whole.

I owe you one!

-T

She'd fibbed a bit: Roger wasn't really that great a writer. But he was one of those guys who was always willing to help, and he didn't have a girlfriend to object if the test worked. Close enough.

Tracy flopped onto the bed and slept.

A few hours later, Roger White read Tracy's email and sighed. He had his own last-minute work to do without also being Tracy's proofreader; this was his morning to spend studying. Still, he figured a couple of minutes wouldn't put him too far off schedule.

He began reading, but his heart wasn't in it. All this oblique persuasion stuff was hard to get a grip on and before long his mind was wandering all over the place, like a top winding down. Down ... down ...

Tracy woke to a loud knocking. “Trace? Wake up, Trace!”

It took a moment for the cobwebs to clear. Recognizing the voice helped. “Just a minute, Roger. I'm not decent.”

She grabbed an oversize V-neck shirt from the bottom drawer and pulled it on, making sure the hem came down far enough to cover the essentials, and opened the door. “Hi, Rog. C'mon in.”

He's here, she told herself, *and he looks a little fidgety. So far, so good.* She waved him toward the study chair and climbed back onto the bed, deliberately moving slowly enough for him to get an eyeful of her legs and backside before settling into a cross-legged position.

Roger's eyes took in every crease and fold in the white shirt and delivered the message to his brain that Tracy was naked underneath it. Was it his imagination, or had he caught a micro-glimpse of

pussy before she had a chance to smooth out the shirt to cover herself? No matter; in his mind he was picturing her naked, legs open as they were now but with his face buried between them. *Weird*, a little piece of his mind thought, *since I don't really like her that much*. Still the image persisted.

"You want me?"

"Yeah," he answered automatically. Then he realized what he'd just said and how it sounded. "I mean, to see you. About your paper."

Tracy glanced at her alarm clock and saw it was only a little after 8am. "You read it already?"

"Uh huh. A quick read, like you asked. Actually, I might have read it more than once. It was a little hard to follow in places."

"A little hard, eh? Did it get harder as you read?"

Something got hard, all right, he thought, and felt the stirrings again as he noticed her leaning forward, which improved the already hot view of her cleavage. "Hard in parts, easier in others." He had to work not to stare.

She slid forward and let her legs unfold so that her feet touched the floor. The shirt rode up underneath her, of course, and Roger found himself imagining her bare ass and getting hard again in spite of himself. Then Tracy leaned forward and put a hand on his knee. "Was there a part that affected you more than the rest, that made you want to take action?"

The blood was rapidly abandoning his brain, but Roger forced himself to focus. "There was a place near the end where you talked about assertiveness," he said. "Knowing what you want and daring to take it."

"Oh, yes." Her voice became almost a purr. "It feels so good to be powerful, to take control, doesn't it? Seeing what you want, Roger, knowing it's right there, exposed, available, and wanting so much. And then letting your mind relax, and give your body permission to feel good, to take what you want. You know how much you want it right now, Roger, don't you? How long will it be before you act on your desire? Will you do it now, or will you let the desire keep building inside you until it overcomes every last bit of hesitation? How much do you want it?"

Roger's cock throbbed and his mouth went dry. He lurched out of the chair toward Tracy, grabbed her face in his hands, and kissed her hard on the lips. His tongue pushed into her mouth and found hers and he knew that his desire would be satisfied. Barely aware of his own actions he yanked the shirt up and over her head and pushed Tracy down onto the bed. He held her down and kissed his way down her body from the neck to the crotch, pausing only briefly to suck on each nipple.

In moments Roger was where he'd imagined himself just a few minutes before, with his face planted firmly between Tracy's legs licking her with enthusiasm. He felt his way around, vaguely in his mind trying to identify the different parts, and slowly worked out which ones would make Tracy squeal and squeeze her legs around him when he licked them just so. His tongue found the button and Tracy came hard, groaning and clamping his head between her thighs. He held his spot and kept working it until her legs went floppy and loose.

While Tracy lay panting Roger drank in the sight of her naked body. *I should fuck her now*, he thought, but for some reason the idea of putting his cock inside her didn't seem anywhere near as compelling as the urge to go down on her had been. In fact, the longer he looked at her the more remembered that he wasn't really into her and the more awkward he felt about what he'd just done.

Finally Tracy recovered enough to look up at him and sigh happily. "You do know a thing or two about taking what you want," she said, sitting up slowly. "Why don't you let me take care of you now?"

Her hands moved forward toward his zipper but Roger retreated. "That's okay, thanks," he stammered. "I, uh, really need to get to the library. I'm supposed to be meeting Wendy Cho there at 8:45."

She glanced at the clock. "You're already late, then. So I guess I owe you two."

"Yeah, okay," he fumbled. "Glad I could help. Ummm ... later, Trace."

She let him get to the door and pulled the sheet over just enough to cover herself. "Oh, Roger?"

"What?"

"Before you meet up with Wendy, you might want to wash your face."

He touched his chin and felt the residue of her juices. "Oh ... yeah. Thanks."

She waited until the door closed before laughing to herself. Oh, yes, this was going to be good.

Changing the test paper she'd sent Roger to reflect her ultimate goal was easy. Attaching it to an innocent cover email, addressed to Hartman but copied to Scott per usual practice, was also easy.

It was the waiting that drove Tracy up the wall.

She'd submitted a full day ahead of deadline in hopes of landing on top of the pile. Still, she waited four agonizing days for the call she'd been hoping for.

Pausing only long enough for a quick gleeful squeal, she flipped open her phone. "This is Tracy."

"Hi, Tracy," came the voice on the other end. "This is Scott, Professor Hartman's TA. I've been reading your final exam paper, and ... well, I have some feedback for you. Can you meet with me?"

"You want me right now?" she asked, grinning.

His voice was hesitant. "If that's okay. I ... umm ... think it would be best while it's fresh in my mind. Do you know where Mesirow Hall is?"

"Mesirow ... isn't that one of the older dorms?"

"That's right. Behind the Sciences building. My roommate's away, so it's easier to focus here. Is that okay?"

"Give me twenty minutes?"

The relief in his voice was so cute. "Yes, of course. Great. I'll, uh, see you then. Room A10."

Mesirow Hall was, as Tracy suspected, one of the older dorm buildings. It had a stately look to it, with

ivy growing up the brick sides and black ironwork around the stairs and front door. A10 turned out to be in a far corner of the ground floor. Tracy noted the cinder block interior walls and approved. Yes, she thought, *it would be nice and quiet here*. Which was fine for her purposes.

She knocked on the door and it opened almost immediately. "Hi," Scott said, unconsciously running a hand over his unruly hair. "Please, come in."

The room was bigger than hers, she noted. The furniture was older, too, but in good shape. And most importantly, the bed looked solid. "You want me?"

Just like Roger, Scott fell into the trap. "Yeah. I mean, to talk to you. About your paper." He stopped and made a visible effort to compose himself. "Please, make yourself comfortable."

Tracy sat down on his bed and allowed her right hand to come to rest in a way that invited him to join her. Sure enough, he moved quickly from the wooden chair he'd been heading for to sit at her side. *Like taking candy from a baby*, she thought, and for just a moment allowed herself to imagine what it would feel like when he went down on her. She turned her body toward his, letting a hand come to rest on his thigh. "What do you think?"

Scott went into a mental vapor-lock that showed in his face. Tracy smiled and added, "About my paper. You want to give me feedback, you said?"

He cleared his head. "Oh, right. I'm sorry. A little scatterbrained today. You know how it is sometimes, when your mind just starts to wander off on its own. Sometimes you just find yourself getting distant and dreamy. You can remember a time when you felt that, can't you?"

"Oh, yes," she agreed, feeling a touch of that dreamy feeling herself. "It can be a pleasure to let go to that sometimes, can't it? So tempting and so easy."

"But not very productive," he pointed out. "So please do excuse me. I'll do my best to stay focused because I know how easy it is, when someone just starts droning on, to sort of tune out and let your thoughts take their own path. And sometimes it's a very pleasurable path, that you can let your mind take, even as you do your best to look as though you're consciously listening to me and agreeing with what I say."

Tracy nodded quietly, waiting for the chance to make her move.

"I love your imagery in this piece," he continued. "That description of the crystal top, spinning and reflecting the light, capturing the mind as it slows and wanders, winds down ... that's a powerful bit of writing, Tracy, and you must be very pleased that it's so wonderfully effective. It feels good to imagine the reader, Tracy, imagining that top and feeling that open, compliant state quietly creeping over the mind. You can do that, of course, I know you can, and that's perfectly okay."

Tracy smiled again, watching Scott's eyes as he described her imaginary top. She could see them growing fuzzy and soft so she focused on his voice, listening to the signs of his increasing arousal and desire. Her pussy quivered lightly in anticipation and she allowed herself to idly stroke his thigh.

"... and I know that Professor Hartman will be impressed with the creative way that you invoke the sex drive," Scott was saying. "We both know that deep down, Tracy, everyone craves sex. Every woman wants to have her pussy filled with a hot, hard cock, thrusting into her, hard, deep, fast. You know how good that feels, don't you, Tracy? Having a cock inside you, riding it, enveloping it, feeling it grinding and thrusting and stroking you from the inside? How hot and wet does it make you to think about that right now, to think about riding a cock, pinning a man down and taking him inside you until

you feel him come?"

Tracy's mind went straight to her groin, recalling the exquisite pleasure of being filled with a stiff, thick, skillful cock. A cock like ... *Scott's. Yeah, Scott's. But wait a minute, that's not what I --*

Scott saw the disorientation and pressed his advantage. "Some women can find that just thinking it, Tracy, just imagining what it would feel like to be riding a hard cock can make you want it, don't you agree? When do you suppose that urge first took hold, that quiet desire and arousal that made you want to seduce me? How many nights did you lay in your bed, touching yourself, maybe stroking your breasts the way you are now, imagining what it will feel like when you ride my cock? Did you fantasize about persuading me to go down on you, making you come and come and come, and then sliding my cock inside you and fucking your brains out? How hot does that make you right now, Tracy? How wet is your pussy right now?"

Tracy squirmed. *Damned wet*, she answered. *Aw, fuck, I can't concentrate!* Her mind filled with images of herself seizing what she wanted, reaching out and taking it. And what she wanted was right there, just a foot away at most.

Scott was still talking but Tracy had heard enough. She bowled him over onto his back and yanked at the closure on his jeans. He lifted his hips and helped her slide them down along with his boxers, and Tracy moaned in anticipation as she saw that he was already mostly erect. She bent down and took him into her mouth, sucking steadily as she worked his hard cock in and out of her mouth, deeper and longer, getting him so nice and hard, so ready.

Her pussy begged her to hurry up, so she reached down with one hand to undo her own jeans and reached inside to frig herself. She was already soaking wet, and that was good because Scott's cock felt completely ready.

She stood up long enough to shove her jeans and panties down to her ankles and then pounced on Scott before he could begin to sit up. His mouth opened and she clamped a hand over it. "Enough talk," she told him as she rose up into position. "I'm taking what I want *now!*"

Scott felt her envelope his cock and groaned at the pleasure of it. His hips moved with hers, finding a rhythm and then increasing the tempo. "That's it," Tracy said. "Just let your body take over, doing what it knows it craves." His eyes focused beyond her on something on the ceiling, so she stripped off her shirt and then her bra for good measure. "If you want to stare at something," she told him, "stare at me. See how horny you made me and know that you're going to get the fucking of your life right now."

Their eyes met and locked together. Scott reached up with his hands and squeezed her breasts and she knew she had him at last. Tracy rode him harder, faster, deeper, until his eyes rolled back and she felt the hot gush of his seed inside her. "That's it! Yes! Yes!"

She felt him slow and twisted his nipple. Scott yelped and looked at her again. "You're not done yet," she said. "Not by a longshot. I'm gonna ride you until you beg me to stop. I'll keep you hard for an hour if I have to and there's nothing you can do to stop it." She reached back with a hand and found his balls, then stroked her finger along the sensitive area just beyond. Scott groaned and his cock, which had started to soften, swelled back to full attention. "That's it, Scott. Your body wants me and your mind wants me. Your only hope is to make me come so hard that I forget what I'm here for."

He renewed his thrusts, this time putting a little side swivel into his hips to change the sensation. Tracy's eyes widened and then closed and her head rolled back. Her words slurred into unintelligible, almost animal sounds and for a few moments Scott was in complete control.

Then his body betrayed him. His cock tingled and his balls filled and that sensation of pressure, building pressure that had to be released, took over again. He groaned and sped up, and Tracy felt the change. She bore down on him with her pelvic muscles, making every thrust a sweet agony. "You want to come," she said. "You need to come. But first you have to please me, Scott. Please me and come for me NOW!"

He grabbed for her nipples and tweaked them hard. Tracy shrieked, threw her head back, and couldn't hold back any longer. Her body clenched and her chest heaved and her gasping cries tested the cinder blocks. Scott watched her in the throes and let go, letting his body come again and straining to hold her in position until the end.

Tracy flopped on top of Scott, both of them panting and sweating and too exhausted to speak. After several long minutes her mind cleared and she realized she was naked, sweating, and had just willingly fucked a teacher's aide. She quickly slid off the still-blissed Scott and slapped him across the face.

"Hey!" he complained. "What was that for?"

"You duped me! You used embedded suggestions to get me all hot and horny and then made me jump your fucking bones, you creep!"

His eyebrows rose halfway up his forehead. "So? Isn't that more or less what your paper was supposed to do to me?"

"No, of course not! I was just going to make you ... want me ... " She realized how feeble it sounded but just didn't have anything better. "So you'd give me an A after you went down on me."

"So *I'm* a creep?"

Tracy heaved a heavy sigh. "Okay, so you're not the only creep in the room. How did you turn that around on me, anyway?"

His answer came with a chuckle. "How do you think I met Hartman? By taking his class, of course! And I got an A on the final, thank you very much."

Well, duh! Tracy chided herself. She flopped back onto the bed and took his hand. "And what grade will you give me?"

His eyes met hers and there was a tiny glint in them. "You did make a compelling case."

They spent the rest of the afternoon in intense negotiations.

-wg
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