

Mental Block

© Copyright 2009 by Wiseguy

Alice sat in the waiting area, alone except for the blond receptionist who'd taken her information and credit card payment. Every once in a while they'd make eye contact, the receptionist would give Alice a practiced reassuring smile, and Alice would go back to staring at the walls.

On those walls were impressive-looking framed certificates from several hypnotherapy associations, all proclaiming their endorsement of Jason Wilhelm as a qualified practitioner of the hypnotic arts. The three-ring binder on the coffee table held newspaper clippings of stories about Wilhelm volunteering his services to collegiate athletes, local radio personalities, and the like and a series of laudatory letters from past clients praising Wilhelm for helping them with everything from sports performance to stage fright to fear of flying. That at least was reassuring.

The door behind the receptionist opened and the man himself appeared. "Alice?"

She looked right into his eyes and for half a heartbeat thought she was about to fall into a trance right there in the waiting room. They seemed like kind eyes, though, so the prospect was not as frightening as it could have been.

"Would you like to come inside now?"

Alice felt her face turning bright red – there she was sitting there like an idiot while he waited for her to get up! "I'm sorry – yes, please!"

The inner office was done in soft, calming colors. Sky blue walls and subtle blinds gave the first impression of almost being outdoors on a sunny day. A mural on the wall of blooming trees continued onto the ceiling, with overhanging branches and a few wispy white clouds overhead. There was one place to sit, a white leather lounge chair with head and foot rests built in. Alice sat in it and felt herself sinking back as if into a big, leather beach chair.

"You can kick your shoes off if you like," Jason Wilhelm suggested. "Most people find that they can relax even more easily and completely when they do."

"I'm fine," Alice replied.

"As you wish. You can change your mind at any time, of course. That is why you've come here, after all, is it not?"

"Huh?"

He smiled a little sheepishly. "To change your mind. I understand that you've been having trouble with creativity."

"Oh! Yes, that's right." She barely noticed the shoes slipping off her feet and onto the floor. "I guess you could say my muse is on an extended leave of absence just when I need her the most."

"Would you elaborate on that, please?"

"I'm a writer." Her face flushed with guilt again, as it always seemed to when she said those words. "I started out writing online, posting to free sites and a couple of small scale pay sites. But I want to go full time, write for a living. I entered a contest even, and won a professional edit from a publisher in the genre. That went so well that the publisher invited me to submit something new. This is a golden opportunity to start a real writing career, and suddenly ... well ..."

He finished for her. "Writer's block?"

"Exactly. I bring up a blank document, or open something I'd already been working on, and I just stare at the screen. It's as if a vital piece of my mind just packed up and moved out when I wasn't looking."

"For what it's worth," the hypnotist said, "I'm sure it hasn't actually left. What we'll need to do, though, is figure out what caused it to go into hiding and how to coax it back out. What kind of writing do you do?"

Alice froze. "Ummm ... does that really matter?"

"Of course it does. I've worked with several successful writers, Alice, and I can assure you that being a writer is more than just something you do; it's something you are. If the writing won't flow it's because something is interfering, and that interference is going to be specific to the topic at hand. So tell me, what do you write about?"

She gulped and looked down at the hands in her lap. "Erotica. I write mind control erotica."

Wilhelm's face remained smooth and professional. "Okay. And how is your sex life?"

For a second Alice appeared about to jump out of the chair. "I'd really rather not talk about that."

"Horror writers famously trade on their nightmares," he told her. "Biographers develop an ability to take on, in many ways, the persona of the person they write about. Romantic and erotic writing come from the writer's heart and libido. I can't make you discuss your sex life with me, Alice, but eventually you'll realize how important it is because there's no question that the cause of your block is related to that in some way. But while you consider that we can talk about your work habits. All successful writers develop a ritual of some sort, a series of actions that prepares the mind to focus on creating. Tell me yours."

Alice's conscience jabbed at her for being uncooperative. *You're paying for this*, she reminded herself. *Don't you want it to work?* Still, she gladly took the temporary out. "I usually write in the mornings. It's quietest then, and my mind seems more open to imagination. Well, it used to anyway. I'll have a bubble bath, and while I'm in the tub I close my eyes and let my arms and legs float and try to imagine the characters I want to write about. I do that until I ..." *masturbate to orgasm*, she thought silently. "... have a strong sense of where the story is going. Then I go to my writing room and --"

"Don't you dress first?"

She stopped short again. "Umm ... I usually just throw on my bathrobe. Anyway, I go to my writing room and write about what I was just imagining."

"Expand on that, please. What do you write on? How do you sit? Do you do anything else while you're writing?"

"I have a day bed in there and a laptop," she explained. "I sit up in the bed, with one of those wedge-shaped pillows people use for reading, and I type on the laptop in my lap." *Or sometimes between my knees while I'm jilling off to my own fantasies.*

"That sounds like a very safe, comfortable environment for your kind of writing. Now, since you've started having this block, how is that routine different?"

Alice frowned. "I sit in the bath and try to open my mind, but nothing comes. I keep trying until my skin starts to prune and then move to the writing room, where I stare at the screen until I get frustrated and start surfing websites or hanging out on a writer's forum. I hate that I'm doing that instead of writing, but I also hate that I can't seem to find anything to write about anymore."

Wilhelm made notes while she talked. When Alice fell silent, he finished a few more lines and then nodded. "Well, Alice, the good news is that I can definitely help you find the creative drive that you've temporarily misplaced. Through hypnosis we can discover the cause of the block and remove it so that your ideas flow again."

She relaxed a little more in the chair. "I'm so glad, Dr. Wilhelm."

"I'm not a doctor," he corrected. "Just a highly trained hypnotist. Please call me Jason."

"I'm sorry, Jason. But the way you said that makes me think there's bad news."

"Of a sort. The bad news is that hypnosis is not a magic bullet. In order for this to help, you have to be willing to trust me and to work with me. If you make up your mind right now, Alice, to give me your complete cooperation, nothing can stop you from rediscovering that creative part of your mind. Will you commit to doing exactly as I say, Alice?"

What are you waiting for? the voice in her head demanded. *Do you want to be a full-time writer or not?* "Yes," she said to herself and to Wilhelm. "Yes, I will."

"Outstanding." Something in his eyes seemed just a tiny bit too pleased, but it passed quickly. He pressed a switch on his desk and Alice's chair began to slowly tilt back. When the movement stopped she found herself looking straight up and wishing she'd worn pants instead of a skirt. Soothing, new-agey music began playing from a pair of tiny speakers on either side of the headrest and Alice noticed that embedded in the sky mural on the ceiling was a subtle pattern of dots that seemed to move slowly as she watched. "That's right," she heard him say, though it sounded as if he was standing behind her rather than sitting at the desk. "Just relax, Alice, and allow your mind to find its own pattern in the sky above. The more you relax your body, the more you relax your mind, and the more you can allow your thoughts to drift ... to float ... to rise into the sky, mingling with the clouds and the breeze and the barely-visible dots that swirl around you now ... good ..."

Alice felt her eyes grow heavy and tired, and before long it was simply impossible to keep them open. Wilhelm's voice seemed to envelop her mind and take it far away. "Trust and let go," she heard him say often, and soon her own inner voice was saying it as well. *Trust and let go...*

Wilhelm watched Alice drop into trance and allowed a predatory grin to steal over his face. He stood up, still holding the cordless microphone that let his voice surround her through the tiny speakers in the chair's headrest, and approached Alice. She was fetching, he decided. Not his usual type, but

definitely tasty. *And a natural, too*, he noted as he lifted her arm and found it delightfully heavy and limp. Yes, he was going to enjoy this client.

"Now, Alice," he continued, "while your conscious mind floats and drifts in the clouds, completely unaware of what we say or do, I'd like to talk to your subconscious about the things we need to discuss to help you with your writing. Let's start with your sexual fantasies..."

Alice drove home on auto pilot, her mind in a light fog. She dropped her keys into her purse and noticed the little white card with her follow-up appointment date and time. *Why did I do that?* she wondered. *I don't even know if this worked. Although I suppose if it hadn't I'd remember something.*

She cast her mind back to the experience in the chair. She remembered the slow movement of the chair. The music, so random and yet with just a slightest hint of a pattern underneath. It was strangely relaxing. And his voice seeming to come from one direction then another – sometimes behind her, sometimes beside, sometimes inside her own head. And then waking up, sort of, to discover that 45 minutes had passed. What had he said to her? It could have been anything. *Anything...*

As she headed for the bathroom she felt an unmistakable slickness between her legs. *Next time*, she promised herself, *wear pants. And a panty liner.*

Alice woke the next morning to find the blankets clenched between her legs and her nightgown sticky and wet where it pressed into her. She tossed it into the hamper and started the tub filling for her bath.

Soon she lay in the water, luxuriating in the soft scent of the bubble bath and the warmth of the water on her skin, and tried to recall her dreams of the night. *They must have been good*, she mused, *to have me humping the blankets in my sleep.* Her eyes closed and her mind began to wander.

There was a voice, she remembered. A man's voice with a strangely compelling tone. A voice that filled her mind and chased out every other thought but the desire to hear and obey. *Obey...* She remembered feeling helpless, passive, and horny. Yes, so horny. Hands wandering over her body – were they hers? -- stroking, caressing, arousing. Hands on her legs, her thighs, her breasts, her slit. Revealing herself, stroking herself, getting so hot, so wet.

The orgasm surprised her when it hit. She grabbed the rails on either side of the tub and rode it, letting it take her closer to the voice, closer to the edge. And when it ended she let herself flop back into the water and relax, waiting for the endorphin rush to subside.

That was when she felt it, that tingling in the back of her mind. She needed to write.

She toweled off and threw on her soft terry bathrobe, not even bothering to tie it in her haste to get to the writing room. The laptop was already on, ready as always in case of sudden inspiration. She opened a new document and began typing immediately.

Alice lay helpless as soft, delicate hands unbuttoned her dress and spread it open. They were her own hands but they obeyed his commands, not hers.

"That's right," the voice said, and Alice felt a silly little rush of happiness at having pleased this man, even though she had no idea who he

really was. "It feels so good to obey, does it not?"

"Yes, Master."

"Now show me how you pleasure yourself."

Her hands and fingers moved of their own accord, one pushing the bra out of the way while the other moved further down. Her legs opened, letting her skirt ride up even higher and giving him a clear view as she pushed the center panel of her panties aside and began to rub on her favorite spot. In no time at all her fingers were slick enough to slide deliciously all over, teasing her and bringing moans of desire, of need. She imagined him watching her, getting so hard that soon he would push her hand aside and mount her himself.

One hand left the keyboard and began caressing her breast through the robe. The soft fabric felt like a lover's arms enveloping her. Alice became acutely aware of every single place where the robe touched her skin, as if she were being stroked in every one of those places at once. Her other hand came free and mashed the robe against her body, luxuriating in the feel of the cloth as it slid over her breasts, her arms, her legs, her bottom. A fold ran across the inside of her thigh and the pleasure jolt sent Alice's hand there to keep it going, stroking her own thigh higher and higher, inching closer to her hot, wet center. She pressed it against her slit and stroked up and down as her other hand kneaded her breast through the robe and she could almost hear herself, as if from far away, speaking a mantra. "I am yours," she moaned. "Yours to command and yours to use however you desire." Each time she said it a jolt of pleasure ran through her from groin to breasts and up. "I will obey," she promised, feeling another strong surge of arousal. "I will obey ... I will obey ..."

She felt it starting and willed herself to relax for the orgasm as it swept through her. Her mind filled with the pleasure of obedience, the joy of serving, and the warm and heady reward of Master's favor.

When the orgasm subsided, though, she sat bolt upright and glared at her reflection in the laptop screen. *Master's what? What the hell are you thinking?*

I don't know, she answered herself. *But it makes a damned hot scene.*

She straightened up and resumed typing at an impressive rate.

Alice arrived at Jason Wilhelm's office for her follow-up appointment nearly half an hour early. She spent that time looking through the binder of letters again, mentally beginning to compose her own contribution. When the inner office door opened she jumped up without waiting for her name. Wilhelm's smile sent a flash of heat across her face.

She sat down in the white reclining chair and felt her skirt hike up from the angle. Mentally chiding herself for forgetting to wear slacks, she crossed her legs and let her head fall back against the headrest.

"You seem more relaxed this week," he observed. "How's the writing?"

"Much better! The day after I was in here last week I had a flash of inspiration. It was just a scene at first, but I've been able to build a story around it."

"That's great. Tell me about it."

“What?”

“Your inspiration,” he said. “I want you to tell me about it. The more I know about the results of our first session the more effective I can be for you going forward.”

“I don't usually talk about unfinished work,” she replied, “but I suppose it won't hurt. It's a sort of erotic mystery. It's about a woman – an independent, strong, self-driven woman – who finds herself somehow compelled into sexual submission to a strange man.”

“The mystery being who the man is?”

“And how he controls her,” she confirmed. “Alice has no idea and is missing some vital memories at first.”

Wilhelm gave her a surprised look. “You named the main character Alice?”

She blushed a little. “I did. That's a first for me, but it felt right.”

“I'm intrigued. Would you like to give me some more details about the story now, or would you rather go into hypnosis first?”

Alice blushed more and felt a touch of moisture already forming between her legs as she answered. “Hypnosis is good.”

“As you wish.” The chair began to tilt back, lifting her legs and lowering her head. “Uncross your legs please. It's better for your circulation.”

She uncrossed her legs and watched the hypnotist for any sign that he was looking up her skirt, but he seemed focused on his notes and his microphone. Still, she had to admit to herself that the idea of him quietly peeking while she lay entranced was not entirely without appeal. *Of course he'd never do that*, she realized. *Unprofessional*.

The music started and Alice felt herself quickly falling into a dreamy state. “I'm going to take you a lot deeper this time,” his voice said, echoing strangely all around her. “Most people find this very pleasurable. It's perfectly normal to enjoy deep hypnosis, Alice, and to allow your body to react in whatever way it naturally chooses.”

Something about the way he said *pleasurable* went straight to Alice's clit. *Oh, crap ... forgot the panty liner too*. That was her last conscious thought for a while.

The light stung Alice's eyes a little when they next opened to the sensation of the chair pivoting back to the upright position. Wilhelm was standing over her with a glass of water in hand. “You sound as though you could use this,” he said.

“Oh, yes, thank you.” There was a sticky, gooey feeling in the back of her throat but the water quickly washed that away. A happy, pleasant buzz remained, though, and Alice wallowed in that as she thanked Wilhelm and made a follow-up appointment for the next week.

“You're doing extremely well, Alice,” he told her as she left. “I'm very proud of you.”

Alice practically floated home. Her panties were soaked but it was hard to mind too much. She hadn't felt this good since that night she'd tried ecstasy with that cute guy and screwed him into a stupor.

Got a nice story out of that, too, she recalled.

The next morning found Alice sitting naked at her laptop feverishly typing out the scene she'd played out in her dream.

"Strip for me," the voice said. "Both of you."

Alice felt powerless in the presence of her Master. Her body moved of its own volition to obey, peeling off her clothing piece by piece. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the pretty blonde doing the same thing and wondered whether that blank, helpless stare on the blonde's face mirrored her own.

"Very good," came the man's smooth, powerful tone. "Now Alice, let me introduce you to Rebecca. Rebecca, please show Alice how you initiate my new possessions."

Alice stood stock still as Rebecca approached and knelt before her. Then, as she felt the blonde's hands on her breasts, Alice dared to object. "I can't," she squeaked. "I don't ... I mean, I'm not --"

"Silence," said Master. "Whatever you may or may not have been before, you are now Mine. You will submit to Rebecca's attentions, and you will return the favor when I bid you to."

Alice felt paralyzed, unable to resist as Rebecca bore her down onto the carpeted floor and began sucking her nipples. Alice became aroused despite herself, and her nipples tightened quickly to reveal that to everyone. All she could do was moan quietly as Rebecca kissed her way down Alice's belly toward her already wet slit.

The urge to put something, anything into her dripping wet self was nearly overwhelming but Alice knew that if she stopped to masturbate she'd lose the scene. So she pushed on, detailing the initiation of her fictional counterpart into bisexuality at the hands – or rather the tongue – of Rebecca and then recounting Alice's mortified obedience when ordered to reciprocate.

Rebecca lay gasping and panting on the floor, her legs wobbly and her juices all over Alice's face. Alice wanted to cry inside at the horror and shame of being forced to go down on a woman. It was one thing to feel a desire and act on it, of course, but to be compelled for someone else's amusement?

But then Master said "Good girl, Alice," and the shame was washed away by a flood of pride that surprised her. Master was pleased, and in His presence that was everything.

"Thank you, Master." The words came out before any thought could form, and somewhere inside her a piece of Alice tried to shudder.

Master opened his legs and pointed to the space between them. "Crawl to me now and worship my cock."

Her body complied even as her dwindling sense of self rebelled. It was

useless to resist, though; her hand was already pulling down on his zipper.

Alice's hands trembled as she pressed the hot key to save. Fingers were not going to do it this time; she bounced off the daybed and tore back to the bedroom, conscious of how wet she was already. She grabbed her Magic Wand and then, after a moment's consideration, the G spot accessory to go with it. Twenty minutes and several long orgasms later, she thumbed the Off switch and collapsed into an exhausted sleep with the toy still inserted.

Jason Wilhelm's receptionist greeted Alice with her usual polite smile. Alice picked up a magazine and sat down to wait for her appointment.

Her eye kept straying to the receptionist, though. In her mind Alice imagined her naked, advancing with a blank stare, dropping to her knees ... Their eyes met and Alice blushed – could she tell what Alice was thinking? She prayed not and shifted her gaze away to anything at all. It fell on the little brass nameplate on the edge of the desk: REBECCA ANDERSEN.

Alice laughed at herself. *So I borrowed her name as well as her face, it seems. I hope she doesn't mind.*

"Alice?"

At the sound of Wilhelm's voice she snapped into action. "Yes, M-- I mean, I'm ready."

"So," he asked as she settled herself into the lounge chair and adjusted her skirt, "how's the writing going?"

"Beautifully! I had another ... inspiration last week after I left here, and I've been writing like a fiend ever since."

"That's good. Tell me about it."

"Still working on the same mystery. It's fleshed out to novel length now, though. I have my -- the fictional Alice, I mean -- gradually losing more and more control, doing things she's never done before or even thought of, at the behest of this mysterious Master."

"Sounds interesting. What kind of things has she done?"

A tinge of embarrassment worked its way up her face. "Sexual things, of course." His look compelled her to elaborate. "She's made to strip herself, to let a woman do things to her, to service the man with her mouth, that sort of thing."

"I see. And have you had any thoughts as to how the man is making her do these things?"

Alice took a deep breath. "Oh, a few. I keep coming back to the same one, though. I know this is horribly cliché and not realistic at all, but I was thinking maybe she's been ... well, hypnotized."

Wilhelm seemed to give the matter some thought. "It's been done before," he allowed, "but I suppose that's not necessarily a bad thing. Readers are certainly conditioned to think of hypnosis as a method of mind control."

"They are. I mean, of course I realize it could never really happen..."

"Are you sure?"

Something in his face stopped her short. "I think so. I mean, you told me in our first session that you couldn't make me do anything I don't really want to."

"That I did. Which would mean that in order for hypnosis to be the explanation, Alice, you would have to have wanted, on some level, for something like that to happen. Or at least not objected to it."

"The fictional me," she corrected quickly. *Too quickly?*

"Perhaps we should try an experiment," he suggested. "See how far a hypnotist can really go in taking advantage of someone."

Alice shuddered. *But why*, she asked herself, *because I'm afraid he'll do it to me – or because I hope he will?*

While she thought about it, Wilhelm pressed the intercom button on his desk phone. "Rebecca, would you come in for a few minutes please?"

The door opened and the receptionist entered. At his bidding she closed the door behind her and stood in the middle of the room.

"Alice would like you to strip out of your clothing and masturbate to orgasm while we watch, Rebecca." He said it as matter-of-factly as if he were asking her to fetch coffee.

Rebecca's face turned a bright angry red. "If this is some kind of joke, Jason, I really don't appreciate it."

"So you're not willing to do that?"

"Absolutely not."

"Not even a little, deep down?"

"No, not even a little, deep down," she replied, looking impatient.

Wilhelm turned to Alice. "See, Alice? She has no desire at all to do what we asked. However ..." He turned back to the receptionist. "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair."

In a flash Rebecca's face turned blank and glassy-eyed. "I must obey Jason."

Alice felt a surge of heat between her legs. *That look*, she realized. *It's just how I imagined.*

"Rebecca, I want you to strip naked and masturbate to orgasm while we watch."

"As you wish, Jason."

Alice watched in fascination as Rebecca removed her clothing and began to finger herself while staring blankly ahead. Her left hand played with her nipples while the right probed her own center, getting it moist and ready for finger penetration. Her breathing grew labored and increasingly gaspy as she drew closer to the point of climax. After a few minutes her body trembled and her eyes rolled

back as the orgasm shook her. She slowed, then stopped, and then let her hands fall to her sides.

"Very good," Wilhelm said. "You will now dress and return to your desk. When you sit down at your desk you emerge from trance feeling perfectly normal and remembering only that I had you come inside and answer a few harmless questions."

"Thank you, Jason."

Urgent questions ran through Alice's mind while Rebecca dressed. *How did he do that? Why did he do that? Can he do it to me? Has he already?* As the door closed behind the blonde, however, Alice found herself simply staring open-mouthed at the hypnotist, who sat calmly at his desk as though nothing unusual had happened.

"So," he finally asked. "What do you think, Alice?"

"I think I should be going."

"Going?" His grin was almost feral now. "Nonsense. You need another encounter scene for your book, don't you? Something to show Alice's total surrender to the mysterious hypnotic master, now that you know it's plausible? What will you do if you walk away from your new muse?"

"I'll think of something," she said, struggling out of the chair.

"I already have," Wilhelm assured her. "And I think you're going to enjoy it as much as I will. Rumpelstiltskin is my name."

Alice was halfway to the door when her body stopped moving. She willed herself to keep going but instead her body turned, approached the desk, and stood still. *What the hell is going on? And why does this feel so familiar?*

"That's more like it. Now, prepare yourself for my pleasure, Alice."

The feeling of déjà vu intensified as Alice slowly stripped off her clothing, tossed it aside, and then knelt at Wilhelm's feet.

"That's right," he said. "I help take care of your needs, and in return you help take care of mine. Right now, Alice, you will suck my cock. You will do your absolute best to give me a full, firm erection as quickly as you can and keep going until I tell you to stop."

Alice's mind flashed back to her fantasy as she unzipped Wilhelm's pants, released his cock, and took it into her mouth. Her tongue encircled the head in a way that was at once familiar and new. *Jesus, I even know how he likes it!* she realized. *How many times have I done this?*

Wilhelm stroked her hair and moaned as she sucked him with abandon, feeling his cock stiffen in her mouth. "What to do next?" he mused aloud. "I could bend you over the desk and just take you. I could have you keep up until I'm ready to come and then do it all over your face. That could be interesting – how would you like to walk through the mall with my come in your hair?"

I'd never! Alice swore to herself. But given her current position, it seemed unwise to test that assertion.

"Stop sucking now, Alice, and put this on me." A foil packet appeared in his hand and Alice took it from him. She rolled the condom over his hard member and dropped the packet in the trash. "Good.

Now, bend over the desk.”

Alice stood, turned, and draped herself over his desk with her bottom sticking up for his use. She felt his hands probe her, finding plenty of moisture already (to her mental chagrin) and smearing it around. Then there was a hard thrust as he shoved himself inside her. She felt her body respond with a shiver, betraying her with its desire for him.

“That’s right,” he said, talking in rhythm to his thrusts. “Such a good girl you are. So obedient in nature. So delightfully malleable in mind. And so very willing to act on desires you never knew you had before I suggested them to you.” He stroked his hard cock in and out, enjoying the hot and slick welcome her body gave him, until he felt near ready and then withdrew suddenly. From a desk drawer he produced a bottle of water-based lube and squeezed a generous amount onto the condom. “And now, Alice, for your ultimate test of obedience. You will enjoy what I’m about to do to you so much that you orgasm as soon as I do.”

His hands spread her cheeks apart and pushed down to improve the angle. Alice shrieked inwardly as she realized what was about to happen. Sure enough, his lubed cock pushed its way into her anus, a little at a time, and she felt herself straining to accept him. *I am not doing this*, she repeated to herself, but there was no denying that her body was indeed not only doing it but getting intensely aroused by it. Her slit dripped with juices and her nipples sang at the pressure of the desktop against them.

“That’s my girl,” he muttered between groans of pleasure. “Love this ... need this ... just from me ... more ... and more aroused ... hot ... wet ... ready to come with me ... NOW!”

She felt his cock push as his body clenched and fired, and her own body responded with a hot burst of its own. Her clit tingled and her legs grew wobbly as she lay pinned under him, feeling him pump his seed into the condom up her ass.

Finally he withdrew, panting and a little unsteady on his feet but still very much in command of her body. “Clean yourself up, and my desk, and wait for my return.” He handed her a disposable towel and helped himself to the wash room adjoining his inner office. When he returned Alice had wiped up the excess lube and put the desktop items back in order and was kneeling next to the desk wondering how the hell she was going to get out of this.

“We don’t have much time left,” he told her after a look at his watch. “Alice, I want you to get dressed now and sit down in the white chair. As soon as you are comfortably seated in the chair you come out of hypnosis feeling wonderfully relaxed and happy. As usual, your conscious mind completely forgets everything that happened during this session but your subconscious not only remembers everything but uses it to fuel your fantasies and your writing. I am your muse now; you need me to inspire you and you delight in pleasing me above all other things. You will make an appointment for next week on your way out.”

No way will I forget all this, she swore. *No fucking way. I’m going to report you to every one of those professional associations and see that they string you up by the balls! I’ll make sure you spend the next 20 years taking it up the ass from every other animal in the State Penn! I ... I ...*

“Yes, Master,” Alice heard herself saying. “I will obey.”