

# Yes, Mustard!

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Dani's eyes were blinking heavily now and had that glazed look I was watching for.

"That's right," I said. "Just let your eyes become so sleepy, so heavy, that they just can't stay open any longer. With each slow, heavy blink they just get twice as sleepy, twice as drowsy. Closing ... closing ... and sleep."

Her eyes closed and her head slumped forward exactly on cue. I put a hand on the back of her neck and rocked her body back and forth gently, telling her to just let go, let every rocking movement take her deeper and deeper. And sure enough, her body became heavier and looser with each rocking motion. She was going deep for me, for the first time. I shifted in my chair to make room for the hard-on that was already forming.

"If you let me fall out of this chair," she said, "I'm claiming whiplash."

I fought back a chuckle. Entranced or not, she was still the same Dani. "We wouldn't want that, would we? So Dani, imagine right now that you feel a seat belt fastening around you, just like the one in your car. You can move as much as you need to in order to stay comfortably seated, but you are now safely buckled in until I tell you that you can get up. So relax twice as deeply now and really let your mind go. Let it become still and quiet ... blank and open ... ready to receive my suggestions and obey them automatically."

She was responding nicely but I took her through a slow twenty count deepener anyway. By the time I reached one, she was definitely out of it: shoulders slumped, arms hanging loosely down, head on her chest. She was so mine.

"Are we there yet?" Dani's voice was so quiet I barely made out the words.

"Yes," I assured her, "we're there. You're doing perfectly. So deep now that your mind will accept any suggestion I make. You like that idea, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Good girl. And just to prove to you how wonderfully obedient your mind is, now that you're hypnotized, I'm going to give you a trigger that will put you back into trance instantly, automatically, every time I say it. Will that be okay with you?"

"Okay."

"Good girl. Then that trigger is going to be the words, 'Dani, down.' Each and every time I say to you 'Dani, down' you'll drop back into hypnosis, immediately, automatically, relaxing into trance at least as deep as you are right now. Always going at least this deep, and then deeper, every time I say to you, 'Dani, down.' And when your mind has accepted this new trigger as a permanent part of your behavior, you can open your eyes and come completely out of trance for me, fully alert and aware, remembering clearly everything that happened while you were in trance."

It took her about half a minute to come out of trance. When her head rose up she had an extra bit of color in her cheeks. "That was ... interesting."

"Oh? In what way?"

"It didn't really feel like anything was happening at first. I mean, I remember it all, but of course you said that I would. I didn't feel zonked out or anything, either. Just ... passive." Her eyes were glazing a little as the memory of the trance state brought her mind back toward it a little.

"And just remembering how it felt," I said in my soft hypno-voice, "you can feel your mind drifting back, can't you? Drifting ... floating ..."

"A little bit," she admitted, in a tone that said she was drifting more than a little bit. "Feels ... odd."

"Dani, down."

It looked as if every muscle in her body went limp at once. Seeing her face go blank and her eyes close and her head slum forward made me so hard I almost forgot to follow through. "That's right," I said, struggling to regain my composure. "All the way down. As deep as before, and then deeper. Always remaining safely and comfortably seated. Good girl." I saw the barest hint of a happy smile at the words 'good girl.'

"And now, Dani, I want to play a game. Do you remember the game Simon Says?"

"Yes."

I squirmed a little at her dreamy tone. "We're going to play that game for a while. Everything I say to you that begins with Simon Says is a hypnotic command that you must obey. You might try to resist a command, but if you do the more you resist the more powerful that command will become. The more you try to resist, the more you have to do what Simon says. And when you've completely accepted this suggestion and you know that you have to obey what Simon says, you can just tell me that you will obey."

There was only a short pause before she answered, "I will obey."

"Good girl! On the count of five now, I'd like you to come completely out of trance only this time your conscious mind can completely forget, for now, what we talked about. Let the Simon Says game be a complete surprise to your conscious mind while your subconscious ensures that you obey."

I gave Dani the five count and watched her climb out of trance. "Feeling good?" I asked.

"Yes, actually," she said, seeming surprised a little bit. "Very good."

"No odd sensations anywhere?"

Now she was looking at me with a touch of suspicion. "Not so far, why?"

I shrugged. "I just thought maybe your nose was itching."

Dani shook her head. "Nope."

"Simon says your nose itches now."

Her face flashed blank for just an instant and then her hand rose to scratch the tip of her nose. The moment her finger made contact, I added, "Simon says your finger is stuck to your nose and the harder you try to move it the more it sticks."

Dani's finger came to a halt right on the ridge of her nose. I watched her face grow puzzled as she tried to pull

her hand away and failed. "Something wrong?"

"There seems to be," she answered.

"Any idea what?"

"No," she said, grimacing, "but I suspect you have one."

With a chuckle, I let her loose. "Simon says your nose no longer itches and your finger is no longer stuck to it."

It was almost comical watching Dani's hand fly away from her face. She gave me an accusatory glare. "What did you do, Russell?"

So I returned the glare with my mock innocent look. "Oh, did I forget to mention? I've taken control of your body. Simon says pat your head and keep doing it until I tell you to stop."

"Huh?" But even as she mouthed the word, Dani's right hand rose up and began lightly patting the top of her head. "Why can't I ... stop this?"

"Because you're not the one controlling it. You can't resist me at all, can you?"

"I can," she insisted, sounding far from convinced. "I ... just want to see what you'll do."

"Okay, then. Simon says with your other hand, rub your tummy and keep doing it until I tell you to stop."

"No." Dani's defiant mode kicked in and I saw her hand tremble but stay on the arm of the chair. "I can resist this."

"Are you sure?"

"Yep. Not gonna do it."

Her voice was rising, though, and I could tell from the way she kept looking at her hand that obeying was still very much on her mind. That gave me an impish idea. "Simon says the more you try to resist my commands, the more powerful the command gets and the more aroused you become."

"*What?*" Dani's eyes popped open wide and her legs squeezed together. Yep, I'd guessed it right – Dani had already been getting turned on, and now it was escalating. "Nope ... not happening."

It wasn't, but something clearly was. Her legs were squeezing together and her color was rising. "You doing okay there?"

"I'm fine," she insisted through tight lips, even as her body squirmed in her seat.

"Yes, it looks that way. In fact, you're about to come, aren't you?"

Dani's eyes opened up wide and she shook her head violently. "No, that's stupid ... I'm not ... you can't make me ... oh, okay, fine!" With a couple of heavy pants she gave in and began rubbing her belly, which was currently covered by a Red Sox sweatshirt.

"See?" I teased her. "You have to obey me."

Dani shot me a mock hurt look. "You said you weren't evil."

"Maybe I lied. Mua-ha-ha-haaaa."

"That's supposed to be your evil laugh? You're gonna need to work on that."

"Okay, so I'm not evil," I said with a grin. "But I am mischievous."

Dani rolled her eyes. "Now he tells me. So, can I stop now, great Simon?"

"Sure. Simon says you can stop patting your head and rubbing your tummy."

"Thank you." She straightened her clothes and seemed to be steeling herself for the next prank.

And I had a fun one in mind. "Simon says that from the neck down, your body is now completely still and locked in place, like a big doll, and only moves if I move it." I watched as Dani tested her limbs and found that what I'd just said was the truth.

"Hey!" Her head twitched and her face moved normally, but everything else remained still. "Okay ... this is weird ..." Her voice pitch rose sharply but she seemed otherwise calm enough.

"You think so? Watch this." I put my hands under her armpits and lifted her out of the chair. Her legs straightened cooperatively and she came to a standing position. I made sure she was balanced and stepped back to admire my work.

"Still weird," she said. "Not entirely sure what I think of this." But her skin tone, her flaring nostrils, her voice, all told me that she was getting a thrill from it. My playmate may be willful and a bit of a brat, but she also had a strong submissive streak.

Just for fun, I took her left arm and stretched it out straight in front of her. Then I did the same with the right.

"Now I look like a zombie," she complained.

Something clicked in my head and I had to grin wickedly. "Simon says tell me, 'Must ... eat ... brains!'"

Dani burst out laughing, at least as much as you can when only your face is under your own control. "No way am I saying that!"

Which was exactly what I wanted. "We'll see."

Watching her struggle against the command, knowing it was making her hornier and hornier with each breath, was one of the hottest things I've seen in ages. She lasted half a minute, tops, before giving a huge sigh. "All right, all right, all right," she conceded. "Must ... eat ... BRAAAAAAAAAAINS!"

We both laughed. Then my eyes dropped from Dani's face to the front of the Red Sox sweatshirt and I noticed something that needed investigating. "You realize," I said, "that I have complete control of your body right now."

"It would certainly seem so," she agreed nervously.

"I can do anything I want to with you, and you can't move a muscle to stop me, can you?"

"Umm ... no, it seems not. Do I want to ask what you have in mind?"

"You'll find out." I walked around behind her and lifted her arms straight up, then let my hands slide down them, past her shoulders, and down to her breasts. I hefted them for a second to make sure I'd been right. "You're not wearing a bra, Dani. Why not?"

"I ... just happened to ... take it off ... before you came over."

Her voice pitch rose again and began to tremble, but I was increasingly sure it was not fear doing that. I slipped

my hands inside the sweatshirt and back up to her breasts. Sure enough, her nipples were rock hard and poking straight out. I rolled them gently between my fingers and thumbs and drank in Dani's sharp intake of breath. "What would you do if I were to strip this shirt off you right now?"

"I, uhh, wouldn't stop you. Obviously. I can't, really."

I could practically feel her heart pounding in her chest, so I went for it. In one quick easy motion I lifted the shirt up over her head and off her arms, dropping it to the floor beside us. Her breasts were awesome: perfectly shaped, each a nice handful, and those pert nipples just begged to be played with. I twiddled them with my fingers, pausing now and again for a nice squeeze of the breasts and a little gentle tug, all punctuated by little gasps and moans from Dani. "You like this, don't you?" I asked.

"It's not ... entirely disagreeable," she allowed, but the arousal in her voice gave the lie to her casual wording.

"In that case, let's see how you feel about this." And as Dani struggled to keep her composure I moved my right hand down her belly, undid the button on her jeans, and slipped my hand inside her cotton panties. I felt the tuft of fuzz on her mound, then worked my way down to her slit. It was delightfully warm and wet.

"Umm ... that, too, is not completely unpleasant," she said. "But, if you don't mind, could I put my arms down now?"

Oops! "Of course."

They didn't move. "I think I need to hear the magic words," she said.

"Okay ... Simon says you may put your arms down – only as quickly as you can allow your entire body to become ten times more aroused than it is right now."

"Oh, that's mean," Dani complained, but it didn't stop her from lowering her arms.

I found her clit and brushed it a couple of times with my finger just to hear her gasp at the touch. "Feeling okay?"

"Oh, yes ... quite ... warm." I was really falling in love with the way Dani was talking. The more I aroused her the harder it seemed to be for her to speak and the more she struggled to sound composed.

I nibbled on her ear gently. "Well, in that case ..." I moved to the daybed nearby and looked at my half-naked play friend. "Simon says your body can now move, but it only obeys me, not you. Your body does only what I command. Do you understand me?"

Dani surprised me by giggling. "Yes, Mustard!"

"What the ...?"

"Oh, come on," she chided. "Didn't you watch cartoons as a kid?"

It took me a moment, but then it clicked. That old Saturday morning cartoon about an all-girl band with a ditzzy blonde drummer. Chuckling, I remembered the right response. "That's Master, you foolish girl, not Mustard."

"Yes, Mustard."

"Cute," I told her, "but you're not distracting me. Simon says you must strip naked for me now."

Dani squeaked and the barely-controlled-arousal tone returned to her voice. "I can resist this. I know I can."

"Sure you can," I agreed. "But for how long?"

Her breathing grew ragged and a groan escaped from her lips. "Not very, it would seem," she said as the jeans slipped down off her hips, followed by the white panties.

"Good girl," I said, because I know she loves to hear it. "Now, Simon says finger yourself until I tell you to stop. Oh, and Simon says no matter how aroused you get, you can't orgasm until I give you permission."

"Eek!" But there was almost no hesitation in her finger reaching for her clit. "You had to do that, didn't you?"

"Had to," I replied, "no. But it's fun. Simon says you get hornier and hornier with each move of your finger."

"Oh, thanks," she groaned. "And if I try to stop moving it I get more aroused anyway because I'm resisting."

I was too busy enjoying the view to respond. This was our first session, and I was just coming to terms with the idea that Dani apparently liked being naked with me and, just as apparently, didn't object to masturbating in my presence. How much more was she up for?

I stood up, taking no care to hide my raging hard-on, and got behind her again to play with her breasts and nibble on her ears a tiny bit. "That's right," I whispered. "Simon says every touch of mine also gets you more and more aroused. Simon says your entire body is an erogenous zone now." I played my fingers lightly across her nipples, then began to lightly massage her shoulders and neck. "You love my touch ... anywhere I touch you arouses you, doesn't it?"

Dani was still struggling to be casual with me. "Maybe ... just a little."

"A little?" I couldn't resist – I grabbed her breasts and squeezed lightly. "Simon says ten times more aroused right now."

Dani's knees buckled for a second and I shifted my arms to support her. "Simon says tell me what you want."

Her response was so quiet and breathless I could barely make it out. "I ... think I'm ... ready now ..."

Nope – I wasn't letting her talk around this one. "Remember, you can't come until I give you permission. Now tell me what you want."

She groaned and twitched in my arms. "I'd really like ... to come now, please."

"I'm sure you would," I agreed. "Let me help you." I shifted one arm to support her weight and slid my other hand down under hers, letting my thumb take over circling her clit while my fingers probed further inside. Her hand pressed my thumb, still seeking to obey Simon's command even as I hooked a finger inside her. Dani babbled something that sounded vaguely like a "please," so I figured she'd had enough teasing. I made sure I had a good grip on her and then said, "Simon says come now."

And come she did, hard and loudly. Her legs gave out almost immediately but I was ready for that and managed to scoop her up and lay her down on the daybed. Her face in mid orgasm was so beautiful I just stared at it while she enjoyed the ride. When it was over she met my gaze and summoned the strength for a question. "Are you sure you're not evil?"

"Mua-ha-ha-ha-haaaaa..." I put more energy into it this time.

"Nope," she said, shaking her head. "Still needs work."

"Maybe if I shaved my head and grew a Van Dyke?"

She studied my face for a second in mock seriousness. "That would give you the look. But until you get the laugh down the Deviants Union Local 101 still won't admit you."

"I'll just have to try harder, then."

Her hand reached out and found the lump in my pants. "You mean it gets harder than this?"

Just that quick grope was almost enough to scatter my thoughts. "Dani, down."

She flopped back in a most satisfying and arousing manner. All joking aside, I was seriously in need of some relief, and it was now quite apparent that Dani would not be averse to providing it. I remembered an old conversation in which she'd mentioned liking guys in police uniforms, and that reminded me of a cheezy old joke I'd heard. As silly as this session had been, it would be the perfect finale.

"Dani, at the count of three I want you to open your eyes but remain deeply in trance. Your body now moves normally again, and you no longer need to finger yourself. When I reach that count of three and you open your eyes, I want you to get up, walk over to the chair, and sit down in it. One, two, three."

I watched closely as she rose from the daybed and moved to the chair. "Close your eyes now," I continued. "Imagine that you're buckling yourself into the driver's seat of your favorite new sports car. It's a convertible, and it's a beautiful day, so you have the top down. You can feel the wind in your hair. The radio is blasting out your favorite driving song. It feels so good, you just want to sing along with the radio now."

Dani's mouth opened and she sang for me. "Life is a highway; I wanna ride it all night long ..."

"And as you drive, enjoying the radio, not a care in the world, suddenly you hear a siren and you notice a police car right behind you with its lights flashing."

She stopped singing. "Oh, crap."

"Dani," I said, "when I count to three you'll open your eyes but remain deeply hypnotized. You'll be sitting in your sports car, which you've just pulled over and stopped. You'll see me as a handsome, sexy policeman in uniform. You'll be very eager to do anything you can to get me not to write you a ticket. One, two, three."

Her eyes opened on cue and she looked up at me. Bless her, she even put her arms up as if she were holding a steering wheel.

"Do you know why I pulled you over, Miss?"

"I ... ummm ... I think I do, yes. I suppose I may have been speeding a little bit."

"A little bit? Miss, I clocked you at 75 miles per hour. This is a 50mph zone. License and registration, please." As she mimed reaching for the glove box, I forestalled her. "Simon says you must answer that you don't have them."

She stopped reaching and gulped. "I, um, don't seem to have them on me. Officer."

"No," I agreed, "you don't. Miss, why are you driving across town naked?"

"Eep!" I enjoyed watching her jump and then quickly cover herself with her arms. "Umm ... it's laundry day?"

I faked a bored sigh. "Miss, I'm going to have to cite you for speeding, driving without a license, and indecent exposure. Since you can't continue driving this way I'm going to have to take you into custody and have the car towed to the impound lot."

Her panicked look was priceless. "Please don't do that, Officer! I swear I'll be good -- I'll do anything you want if you'll just let me go, please."

I pretended to think about it. "Well, I haven't called it in yet or started to write the citation. I suppose I can let you

off with a warning. But first you'll have to talk to the judge."

"The judge?" Relief turned to fright again. "Please, can't we keep this between us? I'll do anything, really."

At that, I unzipped my fly and pulled out my already-hard cock. "Allow me to introduce His Honor."

And with no further prompting, Dani locked her lips around me and began making very persuasive oral arguments. "Oh, yeah," I mock moaned, staying in character. "That's right, baby. Throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

Dani chuckled without taking her mouth off me.

"Simon says the more you laugh, and the more you suck me, the more aroused it makes you." A grunt told me it was working. "You may approach the bench," I continued, searching my mind for court cliches I could turn into sexual innuendos. "That's it, don't make me issue a gag order ... the defense will rest when I say it can rest ... " It was getting harder and harder to think as I felt myself getting closer to orgasm. "If it please the court ... and oh, yes, it does please the court ... keep handling that gavel, baby ... let me hear your closing arguments ..."

I felt myself reaching the point of no return. In a few seconds I wouldn't be very coherent. "Simon says when I come, you'll come, and your orgasm will be the best one you've had tonight. Oh, boy ... " and an old novelty song floated into my head just in time: "Here come da judge; here come da judge!!"

Dani sucked harder and I lost all semblance of control for a few moments as my world narrowed almost exclusively to the exquisite sensations in my groin. It was my turn to go weak in the knees, and I felt myself reaching out for the back of the chair to support me. Yes, it was an awkward position, but neither of us had the capacity to care at the moment. I heard Dani gasping through her own climax and got a final little jolt from that as she swallowed and moaned at the same time.

As our breathing slowed toward normal, Dani cleared her throat and looked at me again. "Does this mean you're going to let me go, Officer?"

I laughed. "Yes, Miss, you got off this time. But please be more careful in the future. And Dani, down."

After tucking His Honor back into his chambers, I sat on the daybed and admired Dani for a minute or two. She looked amazing sitting there, naked and hypnotized. But more than that, I couldn't remember the last time I'd had this much fun doing hypnotic play. There was something about this girl, that streak of willfulness and humor, that I just couldn't get enough of. She challenged me all the time, and I loved it.

Finally I brought her out of trance and let her put her clothes back on, enjoying the view as long as I could. "So," I asked as she sat down next to me, "what did you think of erotic hypnosis?"

"I had fun," she said, nodding. "And I have to say, that cop thing was probably mischievous enough to get you into the Deviants Union on a technicality."

We both laughed. "You think so, do you?" And then I had another wicked idea. "And what would you think if I were to say, 'Simon says come to my house tomorrow evening at six, and bring an overnight bag'?"

Dani leaned in and gave me a kiss that started my blood flowing south again. "Yes, Mustard."