

## The Long Haul: The Power of Suggestion

Novus Peregrine

It was almost a week after they left the *Osilu* system, yearly refit for the *Wayward Broker* complete, that Lana really had the time to plan her next move for Tara. By mutual consent, they'd suspended their playtime almost completely for that week. Refits, after all, meant upgrades. And upgrades meant lots of new details to make sure they were on top of. Neither of them were stupid enough to ignore a thorough reading of any new procedures, or to put off making sure they understood any changes to the software packages that ran everything about the *Broker*. For that first week, almost all of their time was absorbed in simulations and testing for the new upgrades as a result, with only a few bits of amorous play when they slept in the same bed, Lana's usually, at night.

As a simple, practical matter, they'd also taken the very last day of their 'vacation' to arrange a new short-haul cargo going out of the *Osilu* system, and they used the week of time between *Osilu* and one of its resource systems, to fully shakedown the *Broker*. With that now completed and their new systems mastered, however, they'd proceeded to take a new long-haul gig that would run almost three months for a one-way trip...and Tara had gone back into her chastity belt for a randomized time without complaint. Lana had been pleased to get a somewhat longer duration out of the randomizer, it giving her a solid eight days to plan how to match the wonderful time Tara had given her with the Pony Race. For the most part, she'd settled for just a bit of light teasing since the game renewed, while she focused on her plan.

Specifically, on learning a new skill.

Lana had wracked her brain during what downtime she'd had that first week, even doing so far as to skim the galaxy net archives for interesting ideas. It had been stumbling upon an old story she'd bookmarked during her 'private time' as a teenager that had finally provided the fuel for a new idea...and she'd picked up the tools she'd need on their brief stop to load their latest cargo. Now, she was deep into studying the material she'd acquired, becoming increasingly fascinated as she read more. Assuming this worked, which she was pretty sure it would...this could be *very* fun.

With an eager grin, Lana got back to studying her source material. *The Power of Suggestion: A Sexual Guide to Hypnosis...*

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Tara blinked at her best friend, trying to process the suggestion Lana had just made. It wasn't like her lover had used a lot of big words or anything. It was just that the idea was so out of left field that Tara was struggling to process how she felt about it. She tilted her head and held up a finger, knowing that Lana would understand that she'd startled Tara and that a minute to think was needed.

Hypnosis.

It...actually wasn't that far of a reach, the longer Tara thought about it. They'd been playing dom and sub games since that birthday stop on the waystation. And this wasn't the olden days where a lot of people didn't think it worked. Hell, the Advertising Act of 2277 had been created in response to commercial use of hypnotic practices in VR and holo advertising nearly crashing the economy of a dozen star systems. Everyone *knew* it worked to a certain extent...just as everyone knew there were limits to

what it could do. While long-term hypnosis could fuck with someone over time or multiple sessions, in the short term it could only really get you to do things that you were okay with doing. And some people were just flat out near-totally immune to the effect, regardless, which is actually the only things that had prevented the crash from being total, back in 2276.

So, Lana could probably do it, particularly with the help of the visor she'd apparently picked up. Which meant that the real questions were if Tara trusted her and if Tara found the idea interesting. The answer to the first was an immediate and firm 'yes.' Tara had trusted Lana more than anyone else alive even *before* they'd started their games. And the fact that Lana had unconsciously continued to look out for and value Tara every bit as much as she'd valued having her own fun while they played had only reinforced that existing trust. She trusted Lana completely. So...what sort of things...

Tara slowly turned red as more and more ideas of what Lana might do with hypnotic control of her filled her head. Quickly shaking herself, she looked over to see Lana now grinning. Flushing again, Tara gave the answer she was certain Lana already suspected was coming.

"Um...okay. We'll need to set some ground rules for shipboard safety, just like we did with the other play. But if we can work those out...I'm okay with giving it a shot."

Lana, of course, immediately brought out a tablet with a list on it.

"Of course! Using our previous rules, I made a new set I think are pretty comprehensive! But let's look over them together, just in case you spot something I didn't!"

Shaking her head, not really surprised that Lana had come prepared, Tara grabbed the tablet and started reading...

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"Drift even deeper now, let go of any thoughts as the light slowly fades. Everything is falling away, piece by piece. There is no light. All sound but my voice is slowly dimming. You're at peace, calm. Dream deeply, let the world fade away..."

Lana softly repeated the phrases she'd learned worked best on Tara, even as she combed one hand soothingly through her lover's short hair, Tara's head lying in her lap. She knew, as she spoke, that the tiny visor over Tara's eyes was helping things along, starting with soothing patterns and then dampening the light slowly as Lana spoke. It was their fourth session...and the first with Tara not in her chastity belt. They'd discovered during the previous sessions that high arousal made it hard for Lana to put her lover into very deep of a trance. As a result, so far they'd only achieved some very simple party-trick level of commands due to how shallow Tara's trances had remained.

Last night, however, had been the start of the most recent 'break' from the belt. And Lana had made sure to completely satisfy her lover...then started on a new trance session shortly after Tara had awoken this morning. The difference had been *stark*. Tara had gone under almost instantly and Lana had had very little trouble progressively deepening the trance. Even so, she'd taken it slowly, spending the better part of two hours working Tara ever deeper. Now, she was fairly confident Tara was finally ready for some *fun* commands. Keeping her voice in the same soothing tone and rhythm, Lana began implanting a series of suggestions, mentally crossing her fingers in hope that they would take...

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It had been several hours since their session, and Lana was positively gleeful at the results so far. Tara had gotten up after being slowly lifted from her trance...and gone about her day without a stitch of clothing on, seeming to think nothing of it. Even the complication of slipping into and out of a simple shipsuit every time Tara visited the cockpit for her navigation checks hadn't seemed to phase her lover in the slightest, seeming to treat it as utterly normal. And now, after hours of impatient waiting where she had to force herself to focus on her own tasks, Lana was ready to put a few more of the suggestions she'd made to the test.

"Hey, Tara. Come over here, let's watch something together! I picked up a few new movies and shows at the last stop."

Tara cocked her head to the side, then nodded.

"Sure. Why don't you pick this time? I'll finish cleaning up dinner."

Lana grinned, making sure to brush over Tara's naked rear as she passed the shorter girl on her way out of the kitchen. Tara shuddered at the touch...but didn't otherwise react. Either she was the galaxy's best actress...or the commands Lana had imprinted on her this morning were still working and Tara's conscious mind was completely ignoring certain things. Like her nudity and Lana's frequent casual caresses and gropes.

Quickly activating the entertainment center, Lana hummed as she cycled through the new options, finally settling on a fantasy flick which reviews had said was good...but a bit heavy handed with the sexual tension. Mostly naked elf chicks falling for hot humans? What wasn't to love. Particularly when it apparently actually had a decent plot, too. And, even better to Lana's mind, it had a runtime of just under two hours. Plenty of time to play with Tara if the commands had stuck properly.

A couple of minutes later, Tara had finished in the kitchen and Lana had pulled out the extension on the couch that turned it into a sort of oversized lounger. It was *perfect* for cuddling up for movies, something the two of them had done even before becoming lovers. A peaceful remnant of their childhood together that had only gotten better now that it often turned to more-than-cuddling. Tara ungracefully plopped down on the couch, before shuffling over to cuddle into Lana's side. Lana couldn't help but grin at her lover's continuing obliviousness to her nudity. Of course, if the commands had worked right, that wasn't the *only* thing that Tara's conscious mind was unaware of...though the same didn't hold true for her *body*. Hopefully, at least.

Casually reaching around Tara with one arm, letting the ravenette cuddle even deeper into her side, Lana did a quick test. Instead of the short touches she'd been giving Tara all day...this time Lana curved her hand up under Tara's arm and softly cupped one of her lover's naked breasts. She held her breath as she began to gently grope and knead that breast...only for Tara to not react at all. Well...not to *consciously* react. The nipple under her palm was certainly hardening quite nicely. Grinning hugely, Lana started the movie...

The movie really was good. Good enough to *almost* distract Lana from her plans. But every bit of sexual tension on screen refocused Lana on the woman in her arms quite handily...and Lana slowly ramped up her efforts on Tara's body. She spent time on each of Tara's breasts, slowly drawing moans

from a seemingly-unaware Tara. Then, shifting to have her lover between her legs, she kept up the attention on Tara's breasts with one hand while letting the other caress and tease it's way lower. She spent nearly fifteen minutes just on Tara's inner thighs...and as the first sex scene of the movie played out an hour in, she'd moved in on Tara's pussy. Already dripping wet, Tara had whimpered unconsciously as an incredibly light caress worked its way along her lower lips.

Growing rapidly in confidence that the command really *was* going to hold up, Lana had lost track of the movie plot completely as she slowly upped the pressure. By the time the climactic battle scene of the movie was playing out, Lana was pumping to fingers steadily in and out of Tara's body, her lover's pussy twitching around them and her occasional commentary on the movie turning utterly incoherent. Lana had no idea what was going on with the movie, a huge grin plastered on her face as her entire attention focused on teasing Tara. Normally, by now, Tara would have long since been *begging* for release. Yet, not only had she not cum...her lover hadn't even acknowledged what was happening to her!

The music coming from the entertainment center leveled out and Lana finally glanced up, noting that the credits were playing. Tara turned to her, incoherently babbling something. Possibly a question about the movie...but Lana couldn't tell, her lover's body twitching, panting and moaning under her efforts, disrupting any attempt at coherence. Grinning, she leaned in and whispered in Tara's ear.

"Tara, what are you wearing?"

There was a long moment of pause...and then Tara gasped as everything hit her conscious mind at once. Her body arched into Lana's hand, desperate for release as the pleasure she'd been feeling all along overwhelmed her awareness. She tried to speak, eyes huge and adorably confused...but she was too far good already to string words together. Lana hummed, then took pity on Tara before she could panic.

"Good girls get to cum."

Tara *howled* and thrashed as her body, *long* past the point of no return, was released from the command not to cum without Lana's permission. Of course...she was pretty far gone...and that command only allowed Tara to cum *once*. Lana waited a half dozen more thrusts of her fingers...then...

"Good girls get to cum."

There was no noise this time as Tara's eyes bulged and her body arched, her breath already gone even as her body thrashed and writhed through a second climax. Unwilling to risk pushing her too far, Lana let her hands be pushed away from anything sensitive, instead just cradling Tara in a gentle hug as the gasping woman came down from her pair of intense, back-to-back releases.

For almost ten minutes, Tara just lay there in a daze. Finally, she came back to herself just a bit, stirring as Lana brought a glass of vitamin water to her lover's lips. Tara sipped gratefully, shaky hands slowly coming up to take control of the cup. Lana kept one hand lightly on it, even as Tara guided it, until Tara's breath had fully evened out and her hands were less shaky. Finally, when the glass was almost empty, Tara pushed it out of the way and licked her lips.

"W-what happened?"

Lana grinned, putting the glass back on a side table and returning her hands to Tara's body. This time, though, she focused on Tara's muscles, giving her a pseudo-massage as she answered.

"I managed to get you under *really* deep this morning, and took the chance to set a bunch of commands, then make you forget about them. Speaking of which...Monkey See Monkey Do."

Lana kept her eyes on Tara's face, watching as her eyes crossed, her previous confusion slowly shifting to a mix of mortification and arousal, suddenly able to remember the complete list of commands Lana had added. There was some risk that the knowledge would cause the commands to lose potency...but she figured honesty was the best policy right now. Which also meant...

"I recorded the session, in case you want to make sure I didn't add anything else. And I assume you found the safeword?"

Tara's blush receded as she focused a bit, then shrugged.

"Thanks for including that. But I trust you not to have added anything else without talking to me about limits beforehand. That was part of the deal, right?"

Lana nodded, happy that Tara trusted her to stick to their deal. She had no desire at all to violate it, but the fact Tara didn't feel the need to double check filled her with a warm happiness that couldn't be denied. Of course...that didn't mean she was done with Tara tonight. Lana hadn't gotten off yet herself, after all. It was time to see if some of the other commands she'd put in place were still working, despite Tara's memories being restored to her...

"Tara, are you Horny for Mistress?"

Tara gasped, her body twitching at new arousal flooded her system. Her face was an amusing mix of excitement and disbelief as the command caused her body to flood with hormones.

"My, my. That seems to have worked. And remember, Good Girls don't cum without permission. So I guess you'll have to do something to earn it..."

Lana giggled as her lover frantically scrambled out of her arms and between her legs. Maybe she'd made the arousal command too strong? Hmmm...nah. It was more fun this way! Before Tara could really get started, Lana pushed her back a bit and scooted to the edge of the lounge/couch. Tara got the idea, moving to the floor for a better angle and reaching for Lana's legs. Deciding to test out some more general commands, Lana spoke quickly.

"Tara, Good Girls should keep their hands behind their backs."

Lana shrugged as she spotted a moment of hesitation in Tara before the command took. She wasn't quite sure if her lover was simply humoring her on that one. But that was okay. So far, Tara had only been through a single deep trance session. It would have been almost too good to be true if *every* command had fully taken. One way or another, Lana wanted to get off, so she spread her legs willingly for Tara to crawl between them. She moaned as Tara zeroed in on her clit immediately...then frowned and gave another command.

"Tara, Good Girls take their time."

That one...definitely didn't stick, from Tara's expression. But her lover complied with the 'suggestion' anyway. They were definitely going to need more sessions. But for now, the fact that Tara was obeying her would be enough. Though...

"Tara, are you Horny for Mistress?"

Tara gasped and her back arched, her mouth leaving Lana's pussy completely as the ravenette whimpered. Lana grinned. So, at least some of the specific trigger *phrases* were still working, even if general commands weren't. She grabbed her lover's short hair and pulled her roughly back between her legs, muffling a stuttering plea from Tara before it could gain coherence. Still...Lana wasn't unmerciful. She waited until Tara had managed to get her tongue working again, then waiting a few more seconds...

"Cum for Mistress."

Tara shuddered through another massive climax, her attention wavering for a moment. Lana reached forward and gently-but-firmly tugged on Tara's ear tips, knowing how sensitive the pointed bits were. The action focused her lover again and she began to unsteadily work on Lana's pussy. Content and knowing anything more right now would probably make Tara pass out, Lana let her work, moving her hands up to her own rock-hard nipples and rolling them between her fingers.

Of course, she was only granting her lover a *reprieve*. As soon as Lana caught up, she had a few more of those specific command phrases to test...

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The next day, Lana had a choice to make. Technically, if they wanted to continue their previous pattern of games, she should have put Tara back into her chastity belt the evening previous. As Tara had been thoroughly incapacitated by the time Lana was done ordering her around, she'd put that off until the morning. Now, as Tara scooted around making both of them breakfast in nothing but an apron, Lana was actively toying with what she wanted to do. On the one hand, she thoroughly enjoyed their play with the chastity belt and its various accessories. On the other hand, the hypnosis they were experimenting with was both new, and offered some...alternatives. Ones that could be interesting. Thanking Tara with a smile as her lover sat her breakfast in front of her, Lana ate and considered. Finally, as breakfast was winding down, she made a decision.

"Tara, I should be putting your belt back on you. But I think I want to try something a little different this week. If it works out, I think it could be fun to add it to our randomizer as another option, to help keep things from getting stale. Interested?"

Tara perked up, quickly chewing the last bite of her own breakfast before answering.

"I'd wondered about that. The belt should have gone on last night, right? What were you thinking of doing differently?"

Lana nodded confirmation at the timing question, then tapped her fingers on the table, working out how to explain her other thoughts. Lots of wild plans were forced down into a single timeline, a place to start. Nodding a second time, she explained.

"Well, the hypnosis worked really well yesterday. Some of the commands which I wasn't sure would even work, like you being unable to cum without permission and instant arousal on command,

actually *did* work. Since the chastity belt is really about you, or in rarer cases me or both of us, giving up control of your pleasure and orgasm...why not try enforcing the same thing with hypnosis?"

Lana leaned back, letting the basic idea settle in for Tara, even as she rapidly considered the exact details. When she saw Tara looking thoughtfully interested, rather than dismissive, she decided to continue.

"I'll put you under again this morning. Add some new commands and reinforced others so they stick around longer. Things like no cumming without permission should be easy. But I've got a few other ideas, too. Things that could make for fun little surprises. What do you think?"

Tara's head cocked to one side and she bit her lip, then she nodded.

"It's worth trying? Without the belt, I don't know if it will feel the same? The metal of the belt gives things a sort of...*visceral* reality. Every time I'm reminded of its presence is its own little thrill, kind of? Like you said, though, this could totally be something different to add to the randomizer if it *does* work." Grinning suddenly, Tara added. "And who knows? Maybe next time we bet on something we can see if you can be hypnotized like I can?"

Lana laughed at the sparkle of mischief in Tara's eyes, even as she *did* mark that thought down as an interesting idea.

"Alright then. Let's start another session!"

After quickly cleaning up from breakfast...they headed to the bedroom to do just that.

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"Drift deeper, let yourself fill with nothing but me. My words are your reality. You want to do as I say."

Lana was surprised how easily Tara had fallen under, diving deep into a trance in a fraction of the time it had taken just a day before. Not that she was going to complain about that. If it took hours each time, this wouldn't be practical. Still, she was a little suspicious. Shifting to commands, she tested the trance.

"Good Girls Obey, Tara. Rub your pussy."

Her naked lover moved with an oddly precise, almost ethereal grace. Her right hand traveled smoothly up her leg from where it had been resting by her leg and began massaging her sex. Lana watched, looking for any sign that Tara was faking or that the trance was breaking as her body became rapidly aroused...but there was no evidence of either.

"Stop."

The response was instant. Lana hummed and reached down to pinch a nipple, knowing that Tara would react to the unexpected action if she wasn't fully under. To her delight, there was no reaction beyond a slight moan. Grinning, she set about setting her commands in Tara's unconscious mind. She quickly reinforced the previous commands, especially the safe word trigger. Then she moved onto the new series of orders triggers and orders she'd thought up.

“Good Girls Obey, Tara. Since you’re a Good Girl, you will not pleasure yourself without permission. In fact, since you’re *such* a Good Girl, you won’t even touch your breasts or pussy without permission, unless it’s to get clean. Even when you *desperately* desire too, you *will not*.”

It was a more complex command than anything she’d tired up to this point. Knowing that, Lana spent several minutes repeating it in different ways, getting Tara to mumble them back, then reinforcing the trance and doing it all over again. The ability for the hypnosis to mimic a chastity belt relied on this command, so Lana possessed herself of all the patience she could, trying to give it as good a chance of settling in correctly as she could.

Once she was as sure as possible that the command had taken...she grinned in excitement and set about her putting in some *other* commands that she intended to have fun with for the next week...

<<The End...for now!>>