

## The Long Haul: Exploring Limits

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### Week 2

Tara whimpered as she failed to cum for the fourth time that morning. Despite her desperation, she knew that her latest attempt had failed when the timer's evil beeping went off. The instant she recognized it, her hands locked up, dropping the vibrator she'd been using on herself. Even though she desperately wanted to pick it up and try again...she already knew it wouldn't do any good. The set of commands she was under wouldn't let her cum without meeting the conditions of Lana's game, no matter what she tried. That much, at least, her previous experiences made her sure of, even if her mind sighed away from the memory of how they'd tested that, not wanting to get aroused by the memory all over again. Fighting her frustration, she reached for the false relief of the butt plug next to the row of vibrators on the coffee table. Obediently to Lana's conditions for the game, she replaced it quickly, sighing with a mix of longing and relief as her arousal slowly eased back to a tolerable level under the commands tied to her ass being plugged.

Lana's latest stunt with the hypnosis visor was admittedly immensely hot. An entirely new type of teasing play! And, yet...at the same time it was *incredibly* frustrating. At least when Tara was stuck in her chastity belt, she *couldn't* play with herself effectively, helping to control her urge to do so. At least to a degree. But today's game was different. Nothing prevented Tara from *trying* to get off...save for the fact that she knew she *couldn't*. Or, more to the point, that she *could*...but only with *one* of the dozen vibrators that Lana had put out on the lounge table. Her best friend-cum-mistress had put Tara under *deep* early that morning and programmed her. And then proceeded to make her forget almost all the details. All Tara knew was the rules of the game.

On the table were a dozen vibrators. One, just one, of those vibrators was capable of making Tara cum. Tara could, once every hour for no more than fifteen minutes, choose one of the vibrators and make the attempt. If she failed, an unknown condition would be added to her day. So far, she'd found herself unable to wear clothing without it itching, becoming aroused every time she saw the color purple outside the safe areas, and unable to call Lana anything but Mistress. And she'd just made a fourth attempt, with a fourth failure, and had no idea what the new condition would be.

The only thing keeping Tara from going insane with frustrated arousal was the plug. The last piece of conditioning that Lana had left her the memory of was her Mistress's only mercy for the day. Using the plug would slowly and steadily bleed off her arousal, reducing it to a simmer that was just barely short of distracting. It didn't keep her from *getting* aroused again, like when she saw the color purple now. But it helped suppress the arousal faster than was natural, including the near-climax edge from a failed attempt at cumming.

Sighing. Tara shakily found her feet and moved off to attempt getting something done...half excited and half dreading discovering what fresh kink in her routine her latest failure had gained her.

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Lana's smirk was devilish as she watched her lover fail to cum again. For the sixth time now. That smirk probably would have clued Tara in that something was wrong...if Tara hadn't lost the ability to consciously register Lana watching her masturbate after the fourth such failure. Idly playing with herself as she watched poor Tara put her plug back in, Lana again had to resist the temptation of an evil cackle. Poor Tara thought that, each time she tried this little exercise, she might finally cum. But Lana hadn't promised the game wasn't rigged against her. What Tara thought were *random* selections on her part, were nothing of the sort.

One of the vibrators on the table *would* make Tara cum. But...Tara wouldn't select that vibrator for any reason until either it was the last option, or Lana used a trigger phrase. And, unless Lana told her, Tara would never have any idea that the game was rigged! It was one of her more brilliant ideas so far, she thought...and for more than one reason. After all, she wanted to see just *how far* she could push Tara, without accidentally pushing her *too* far and making the game not-fun any longer for her friend. She had a lot of things she wanted to try with the hypnosis device, including some for when they were off-ship at the next Waystation. And in order to do that safely, she needed to find out Tara's limits now, at least as much as possible.

Which, given the angry pout Tara was wearing as she stomped out of the room...those limits were probably approaching much more quickly than Lana had expected them to. Apparently, being forced to *self-edge* frayed Tara's tolerance faster than Lana edging her. With the chastity belt play, Lana had succeeded in edging Tara on and off for *days* in the past without it getting to her lover. Well, without her getting the point of genuine resent, anyway. But that clearly wasn't happening with her self-inflicted edging. It was a curious and interesting thing to know for future use. Another fun little quirk that she could use to play with Tara in future games. For now, however, she suspected it was best she make sure to use the trigger phrase before Tara made another attempt...and to make sure she was present to take proper advantage. After all, the toy in question had been chosen with mild malice. Really, if Tara's mind wasn't forcing her to ignore it, her lover would have likely guessed immediately which toy Lana had chosen...

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Tara's eyes narrowed as she glared at the toy. The one that she could *remember* seeing on the table earlier. But for some reason had kept ignoring. She sensed Lana's hand...or rather her lover's *commands*...in that. And, worse, now that she *could* see it, she didn't know where Lana was. Given that the toy was a vibration-enhanced double-dildo...that was a problem. She was worrying at her lower lip, waffling over what to do...when she suddenly felt Lana's naked breasts pressing into her back. Jumping slightly, she quickly realized what she was feeling and relaxed into Lana's touch as her lover's hands snaked around Tara's naked body and began fondling her tits.

"What's up, sweetie? Needs some help?"

Tara's response came out as a half whine, half accusation.

"Yes! You're *mean* mistress, making me unable to register the double toy!"

Lana chuckled into the back of Tara's neck, before kissing her way along her neckline and nibbling on her earlobe for a few moments. Tara's thoughts went fuzzy as that moment turned into a minutes, Lana's kisses and nibbles tracing slowly up to the modified tips of Tara's pointy ears. Those tips

were *sensitive* and Tara shuddered as her mistress swirled around it with her tongue, Lana's hands drafting downward to caress Tara's bare stomach as she did. After an unknown amount of time, Lana finally pulled back and whispered in her ear.

"Perhaps it *was* a little mean. But I *did* leave you a nice surprise, you know. And a loophole, too! Didn't you even realize that the rules I gave you only applied to *you*? You could have asked me to try every dildo in sequence until you came. No time limits...and I *didn't* make you not think about that. You did that entirely to yourself."

Given how fuzzy Tara's mind was, it took several long seconds for that to properly register. Then she groaned and slumped in Lana's arms, only realizing as she did so that they'd somehow ended up on the couch, the Tara between Lana's knees, her head resting on the blonde's incredibly comfy breasts. Despite the giggle that followed being at Tara's expense, it was still a lovely sound that made her lips quirk upward. It really *was* Tara's own fault for being too literal with the game. Twisting just a bit, so she could look up at Lana with pleading eyes, she bit her lip in just that special way she knew drove Lana to distraction and asked in a pleading tone...

"Will you help me cum, mistress? I'm soooo frustrated! And I know it will be better if you do it..."

Lana caved immediately, giggling again as her caressing hands drove farther southward.

"Oh, I think I can do that, dear...but I think a few of these toys feel left out. Maybe I'll give each one of them their fifteen minutes before using the *right* one...after my fingers get their own turn, of course!"

Tara gulped, even as Lana's fingers gently brushed her lower lips.

She...might have just bitten off more than she could chew. But she supposed it would be fun trying, even if she wasn't sure her sanity was going to make it out the other side intact...

## **Week 5**

A month and change later, Lana was trying not to grin like a loon as Tara brought them in to dock with a Waystation. Not all of the last four weeks had been filled with hypnosis tests. In fact, those had only gone on for a single week before they'd decided to randomize the hypnosis and usage of the chastity belts. And yes, they *had* decided to add both Tara being the sole belted individual *and* Lana joining her to the randomization. Though it was much more heavily weighted in favor of only Tara being so stuck. Thankfully for Lana's upcoming plans, it had also been hilariously easy for Lana to sneak in a hypnosis command to make Tara ignore a 'randomized' choice, if it didn't fit into Lana's plans.

She wasn't planning to do so very often, since the randomization really did make things more fun...but she'd cheated without a hint of remorse for this occasion. It was their first Waystation stop of the trip and Lana wanted to play with Tara's hypnotic commands in a slightly more public venue. A Waystation was the perfect place to do that, since they weren't all that heavily populated at the best of times...though this one *would* have at least a few ships in dock, as Station 1171 was smack on the junction between two major trade routes. That was, in fact, why they'd even come near it this early in a long-haul trip. They had to switch trade lanes here and, since that meant physically passing by the

Waystation, there was absolutely no reason not to stop for a day to top up on fuel and spares while stretching their legs.

All of which made this the *perfect* opportunity to experiment a little more with Tara. So Lana had cheated and made Tara forget the initial results of their most recent randomization, which would have landed her lover back in chastity again. Instead, she'd repeated the randomize function until it turned up Hypnosis...and then spent almost two days working on Tara's command set. She'd played a few teasing games since then with Tara too, of course. Indeed, her lover was more than a little desperate at the moment, since she hadn't been allowed to cum since they started this round. But the real meat of Lana's plans would only occur now that they had arrived at the Waystation...

She couldn't wait...

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Lana grinned at her lover. Instead of the usual spacer's shipsuit that Tara tended to wear whenever they docked at Waystations, her little hypno-slut was dressed in a crop top and short skirt. It wasn't anything *overly* scandalous. Easily something that Tara would wear planetside on any number of worlds. But it was out of character for her in space...and there was a bit more to it than first glance displayed. Or, rather, there should be a bit less.

"Tara, I know you know that Good Girls don't wear panties. Show your Mistress that you're a Good Girl."

There was zero hesitation as Tara flipped up her skirt, spreading her legs a little by instinct to show off her bare pussy. She held the skirt up for Lana to get a good look, seemingly believing the action was completely normal, making Lana's smile widen.

"Now then, Tara, since you don't have your usual gear on you, I have a special communications device just for you."

Lana held out a concave button vibe. A familiar one they'd used before. It was meant to rest over the clitoris, using a bit of pressure and a vacuum seal to hold itself in place. It also wasn't a vibrator in the traditional sense, as physical movement would have been too likely to dislodge it. Instead, it produced high-frequency sound waves potent enough to mimic vibration against Tara's clit.

"This communications device is both fun *and* functional. Won't you wear it for mistress?"

Tara's response was just *slightly* slower than before. Not enough to indicate she was fighting the command. But enough to let Lana know that her half-assed attempt at deception had barely worked. Even so, it *had* worked, and Tara nodded to her and took the button vibe, spreading her legs a bit more to put it in place.

"Of course, Mistress."

Once it was seated in position, the little bit of vacuum drawing a tiny gasp from Tara, Lana told her to straighten out her skirt and then linked arms with her lover. It was time to play!

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Lana was delighted to find the trade concourse had a modest amount of traffic. Larger Waystation's like this one did have permanent crew, but that crew would mostly go unseen during dead periods. Thankfully, her luck was holding so far and today wasn't such a period. There were a decent number of ships in dock, including a few passenger-carrying transports. There was even a single star-liner, which likely contributed at least half of the people she could see moving around. All of which meant that the Trade Concourse wasn't just open via automation, but actually staffed with live sentients running various food stalls and small shops. Those were, almost without exception, run by family of Waystation crew, and typically only opened when a certain level of traffic was expected.

It was perfect. Lightly populated enough that they were unlikely to draw a crowd so long as Lana didn't do anything *too* insane...but with plenty of targets for Lana's plans. Plans which hinged around her most recent hypnosis session with Tara...as well as that button vibe she'd gotten her lover to put in place before they left the ship. Verbal commands might rouse suspicions...and they didn't have the range that the vibe and its controller app did! Lana had already tested her idea once, on the way to the concourse, sending a series of pulses to the clitoral stimulator that signaled a specific order to Tara. To her delight, Tara hadn't even blinked as she unconsciously dropped the piece of flimsy she'd been holding, the one with their completely unnecessary physical list on it. In a smooth, logical action that had been hilariously easy to program...Tara bent over at the waist to retrieve the list. And, in the process, has flashed her pussy to the entire empty corridor as her tiny skirt rode up. Without the preprogrammed suggestion, Lana knew Tara would have realized the issue and crouched instead of bending...but with the suggestion in place, Tara simply wouldn't think about the consequences of following her order.

Not that she intended to let anyone see that particular view but herself. No, she had plenty of other fun orders programmed in. One of which she triggered as Tara walked towards a nearby stall to get both of them a late breakfast. Mid-stride, Tara's gait changed from brisk and businesslike to a seductive saunter...one that made the poor young man running the food stall gulp as he spotted her coming. With another entered command, Tara went into full-flirt mode. She batted her eyes, made sure to display her modest cleavage, and otherwise did everything she could to turn the boy's mind to mush. All while asking for tiny little bits of extra here or there, that she should have needed to pay for. Lana had to duck behind a fake potted plant at the sight of the eager teenager practically giving Tara the stall for free. Giggling uncontrollably both at his reaction and Tara's out-of-character, over-the-top antics, Lana shakily managed to access the stall's tip selection. Even as Tara made off with her booty of semi-scammed food, Lana wired a tip to the stall to cover the damage. She just wanted to have fun with Tara, not get the young lad chewed out later...

Over the next four hours, as they wandered through the trade concourse hitting their list and simply having a little fun, Lana played through almost all of the commands she'd been able to program Tara to respond to. Her lover made out with her in public, completely ignoring Lana obviously groping her where others could see. She deep throat an iced-treat, causing more than a few spontaneous erections and awkward walks. She'd even cheerfully ordered a slew of sex aids and a few new toys from a *very* flustered female clerk. All while being completely oblivious to how she was acting, how often Lana overtly groped her, or the two times she'd actively fingered Lana in public while being barely concealed by decorations.

Of course, a couple of her commands had backfired too. Her lover cheerfully told a stranger her favorite feature of Lana's...which had actually made Lana blush when it was unexpectedly her eyes. A command had been misinterpreted when Tara was distracted, leading her to openly groping Lana's chest...which had been so unexpected that Lana had moaned, before quickly pulling the confused Tara out of that particular shop. And, of course...Lana herself wasn't immune to all the teasing that had been going on! In fact, she was far less immune to it than Tara, since her lover was under hypnosis to ignore the extreme levels of arousal she was experiencing at the moment.

Still, there wasn't any part of it that hadn't been fun...and the best part was still to come. Tara *did* look a little confused why they'd checked into a per-hour hotel room instead of returning to the ship. But that confusion was about the change. Grinning, Lana turned to Tara and hummed. Best set the scene just a little bit, first.

"Tara, you know Good Girls don't wear clothes in hotel rooms."

Her lover gasped, blushing as she realized she was being *terribly* impolite by still being clothed, and rapidly began a strip tease. Lana blinked at that one...than laughed as she realized she'd actually forgotten that particular command had been left in place. It wasn't even from this hypnosis cycle! She'd just left the command in place as a long-term test, a simple order for Tara to always make stripping in Lana's presence a show. She'd even told Tara about it and her lover had laughed it off, not minding the command sticking around long-term.

Still, Tara wasn't exactly wearing much to begin with, so her lover was soon naked and grinning cheerfully at Lana. Which meant it was time for the other part of today's fun. Mischief dancing in her eyes, Lana gave the one extra verbal command she'd added to the usual set this morning...

"Tara. You acted like quite a slut today!"

Tara blinked...then her eyes slowly widened even as her cheeks rapidly flushed wine dark. All the memories of what she'd done today were returning to her, this time without the protective haze of the hypnosis. And yet, in time with the blush that was now racing down her chest, Tara's mind was also finally free to react to the arousal racing through her body. Every single command she'd acted on had increased Tara's arousal, as part of Lana's plan...and now poor Tara was stuck hovering between mortified and *insanely* aroused. Lana, grinning like a wolf, stepped forward and tweaked her lover's nipples, drawing a squeaking moan from the smaller woman.

"Really. You were *quite* lascivious! Why, I almost came when you unexpectedly grabbed my tits right there in the middle of a shop! Hmmm, such a pity you *can't* cum right now...or I'd expect that my returning the favor might do it for you!" Putting actions to her words, Lana let go of the smaller woman's nipples, instead kneading her breasts as she continued. "I wonder. As aroused as you are now...would you fuck the bellboy if this place had one? Ohhhh, or maybe that poor young woman you ordered the sex toys from!"

Tara's eyes were dilating even as she moaned helplessly at Lana's actions. Lana eyed her carefully. She might be pushing things just a bit too far...

"Tara. Good girls get to cum."

Lana barely caught her lover as she keened, dropping bonelessly as her entire body shuddered hard enough that one arm nearly clotheslined her Mistress. Lana gaped as Tara's eyes rolled into the back of her head. Then she gulped and quickly checked Tara's pulse...

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Whew. The poor thing had just passed out. Wait...fuck...that meant Lana was stuck horny and would have to wait for her to wake up. Well...she *had* made sure to bring some silk ties with her. So she could at least prepare Tara for when she woke up. Grinning, she picked up her thankfully light-weight lover and carried her to the love-hotel's bed...

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Tara pouted at her lover as the Waystation disappeared behind them. Lana sheepishly rubbed the back of her head.

"Oh, come on Tara. You know that we're unlikely to ever meet anyone from that Waystation again! Even the employees aren't likely to remember us!"

The pout intensified.

Lana shifted...then crumbled.

"Okay, fine! Maybe I should have cleared the idea with you first! And I should pay a penalty!"

Tara's pout turned into a grin of triumph, causing Lana to groan. She *knew* Tara had a point. But she also knew that her oldest friend had been playing that point up to get a concession out of her. Unfortunately, Lana was weak to Tara Pouts. Which was a name that absolutely deserved being capitalized. Her best-friend-cum-lover's elfin appearance amplified her pouts to the status of a legendary weapon. Possibly one of mass destruction if Tara ever got over her general introvertness and used it on a crowd. It was, thankfully, a power that Tara rarely used on her. If only to avoid the escalation of Lana turning her own super-secret puppy-dog eye techniques on her in turn. It was a peace treaty they'd come to long ago.

"Alright! I want a chance to hypnotize you, then! And I'll agree to keep it just to the ship, unlike you..."

Lana hesitated, then shrugged. She'd been a bit curious about it anyway, and trusted Tara just as much as the ravenette trusted her in turn.

"Fine. But only after the current round of fun is over. Agreed?"

Tara nodded firmly, sticking her hand out for a fist bump.

"Agreed."

Lana matched the fist bump...then grinned and snapped her fingers twice. Tara's eyes instantly glazed over in the signs of a light trance.

“Tara...drift deeper, let yourself fill with nothing but me. My words are your reality. You want to do as I say...”

Already planning on what sort of game she wanted to play with Tara this time, Lana let the words roll out in their hypnotic rhythm my rote, already knowing they would work. Hmmm....she needed to pay her lover back for that Tara Pout. So how about a game where she'd keep her on the edge for a few days...possibly even right up until the next time they were supposed to switch? Yes. Yes, that would be suitable. Even if it might set her up for revenge in turn when Tara hypnotized her. That, after all, was future Lana's problem, not hers...

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