

The Creep

Chapter Five

Many an aphorism regarding the best ways to handle the often delicate nature of intergender relations decorated the interiors of the myriad books lining the shelves of Martin's more than humble apartment. With his face buried deep between Naomi's legs, the sweat of her thighs smeared liberally across fresh-shaven cheeks, it was unfortunate that none of them had anything useful to say on his present predicament.

Not that he had it rough, or would even complain. (Who would he complain to, anyway?) For weeks now, he'd alternated evenings between his sexy new girlfriend, who occasionally humored (even if she didn't quite share) his hypno-fetish; and his hypnotic subject, and an even sexier woman who dropped by a few nights a week to watch porn and help him condition her to dress and feel slutty around him. If his academics were suffering because of it, then it was only a testament to how much of a waste of his time they were to begin with.

With Naomi it was still that early phase of the relationship where they exchanged best grooming and hygiene practices for loads and loads of sex. With Stacey it was three steps shy of his wildest fantasies realized.

"Oh my god, you should definitely hypnotize Stacey into letting you go down on her," she cooed as she descended from her orgasmic high. Martin collapsed beside her, working his jaw into functioning again, tongue stiff and limp at the same time.

There, in that suggestion, lay the root of the complaints he could not make. It was the third time she'd brought up Stacey since coming over. It was the second time she'd broached the subject of their work together. Expand the timeframe to the past week, and those numbers soared.

"I told you, we're not actually going to do anything. We're just working to get her ready to do something, with some other guy." He was very much not certain that any of her conditioning would help her avail herself to any man but Martin Manning, but Stacey hadn't explicitly asked him to, so until she said otherwise, this assumption was an easy one to make. Prepping herself to be some rich asswipe's trophy wife certainly made more sense than a spontaneous urge to become la Mesmer's fuck slave. Not that it made much.

At one time, his hypothesis was that he had simply hallucinated the whole thing, or even hypnotized himself into imagining it, but thankfully now he had Naomi as an eye-witness to convince himself he wasn't delusional.

"No I know, but I mean, you could make her want to. Oh shit, I wouldn't even be mad if you went down on her once. Not too mad anyway." Naomi giggled and prodded his ribs with an elbow.

“Well that makes one of you. Like I said,” many, many times, “she doesn’t even let me touch her. I don’t think that’s likely to change. Maybe we’ll shake hands, or go wild and share a brief hug, once we hit the end.” This was not strictly true. Their porn watching was usually on his laptop or her cell phone, if she found something she wanted to watch with him. It meant they sat on the couch, shoulder to shoulder, arm against arm until they got sweaty from contact, for an hour or so several nights a week. Last night, she’d actually leaned over and let her head rest against his for a while. She wasn’t thrilled about it, but she permitted it, which was laudable.

“Sure, with the little ice princess that’s all you get. Guess that’s what you need me for, right? Somebody’s gotta drain those balls after she gets them all filled up, huh?”

Martin rolled his eyes. “Yeah, the beautiful naked blonde in my bed with me has nothing to do with that. Thank goodness for Stacey or I’d probably forget I had a penis.”

His flattery was usually less sarcastic, though seldom less secondhand. It produced the desired effect. Naomi rolled on top of him, gave him a brief kiss, then slithered down between his legs. “Saving all this for little old me? Why thank you, master.” She winked, then sucked him down. It was the closest she’d come to hypno-play in a blowjob. Again, not that he was complaining.

But as she licked his cock like a kid with a Dilly bar, she paused to flip her hair out of her eyes and did it again.

“You better keep those eyes open, Marty. Don’t want you up there imagining there’s a certain somebody else down here.” She giggled, and went back to work. Marty, who had given up insisting on Martin from a girl with first-rate tits and a willingness to let him suck on them, laughed, too. At least he tried to approximate what a laugh sounded like.

Earlier in the year, Martin had become enmeshed in something truly bizarre. A woman too hot for him to ever have a conversation with walked into his dressing room and asked to be hypnotized into willingness to do the exact thing he would have wanted to hypnotize her to do. He knew the basic reasons now, or he thought he did, but there was still so much unsaid that it remained a part of his life with at least one foot in some parallel dimension of carnal rule. It was alluring, frustrating, terrifying, and maddening all at once. It was on his mind every hour of every day, a fixation he couldn’t comprehend.

So when Naomi made her sudden transition from exploitative work buddy to covetous lover, he had been primed to view it through the same lens. A puzzle, questions without answers and answers he couldn’t be sure he even wanted. Why the sudden shift? Was she part of whatever unfathomable karmic forces delivered Stacey to his doorstep? Was someone out there manipulating beautiful young women around Lakeview, and as a hypnotist he was drawn into the fringes? Was he somehow taking advantage of her, or she him? Or, in the simplest terms: Why?

Three weeks of dating had given him all those answers, though he still wasn't sure he wanted them.

Naomi was accustomed to her part-time employer la Mesmer lusting after her in vain. She was to any objective observational standard simply a bit too hot for the likes of him, and if that bit was a smaller gap than the chasm between him and Stacey, that postulate served as a foundation for their personal and professional relationships. Discovering that another woman, a better-looking woman, had usurped her role as his unattainable hypno-hottie had forced her to re-examine that foundation. So Naomi seized what it seemed to her the other woman pursued in order to bolster her greedy, fragile ego, bruised by Stacey's willingness to do more than Naomi ever had.

Jealousy. It really was that painfully simple. Young, single, horny, fresh off a shitty breakup, flexible in her standards, and not excited that a guy she'd long enjoyed a power play over suddenly seemed to have better prospects. Full stop.

It all would have been fine if Naomi could accept that she could wrap Martin around her finger with all of the ease that Stacey could. Yet she was consumed by her unspoken need to have it confirmed, again and again, that if the two women stood to either side, calling his name and beckoning him toward their pussies, he would run to Naomi.

He caught his eyes slipping shut, and snapped them open. That hadn't been an idle demand on her part. She nodded approvingly and went right back to her perfectly enjoyable (if entirely free-willed) blowjob.

Her fixation was agonizingly stupid. For one, of course he would go to Stacey. Who on earth wouldn't go to Stacey? And for two, so what? He didn't need her to assuage his fears that she'd choose Martin Manning over even a lesser Hemsworth. Martin didn't even think he was bad-looking; his lack of success with women was much more because he was a weirdo than an uggo. But he didn't need Naomi to confirm it for him every ten minutes! He didn't need to make her say that every good-looking guy in every movie they half-watched between makeouts was no match for the likes of him.

His heavy-lidded frustration was mistaken for proximity of orgasm, which spurred her to finish him off, which wound up accomplishing just that. Naomi pumped him with one hand and formed a seal with her lips, draining him dry and then gulping down his seed with theatrical volume.

"Mm. Bet you Wilde child never swallows, no matter how good you do her." She grinned. He grinned. She excused herself to the bathroom to tidy up (and, for all her braggadocio about swallowing, avail herself of the bottle of mouthwash she'd stocked his place with). Martin checked his phone; he'd seen it light up while Naomi had been deep-throating him.

Got a pretty good video for warm-up hour tomorrow. Little outside our norm. C'est cool?

He was asleep before Naomi made it back to bed.

I can't wait.

Stacey never mentioned Naomi. Maybe she didn't want to give him the satisfaction of displaying interest in his love life. Maybe she simply respected boundaries and left him his privacy. If he had to bet on it, his money would be on her simply not remembering Naomi existed. Each meeting, Martin hounded his girlfriend to clear out well before Stacey was expected, though more than once Naomi maneuvered around his objections and took the chance to greet Stacey in passing.

That night, Naomi had stopped in with dinner, insisting he try this Italian place she liked. (She had at least had the grace to be embarrassed to find out Fazoli's was a chain restaurant.) Then she took ten minutes after finishing the meal brushing and flossing; when the front door still hadn't opened, she claimed she really had to use the bathroom. Martin privately noted that he didn't hear a flush before she exited.

"Oh, hi there – Stacey, right?"

"Yep."

"Sorry, I was just on my way out. You look really nice, by the way." A colossal understatement. In her backless silk top and micro mini skirt, she looked positively edible.

"Oh, thanks." Stacey stood aside and let the girl leave. It was a dismissal, but there was nothing for it but to be dismissed.

The door shut. After a few seconds, Naomi's footsteps started away from the door. Or he thought they did. He wouldn't put it past her to be faking her retreat in order to eavesdrop, but there was no way to check for that without opening a whole can of worms.

He at least locked the door to fend off the worst possible eavesdrop. "So what's this new video, perv? Inquiring minds have been dying to know."

"Videos, plural, and they're pervier than usual." She flounced down beside him. He didn't need the reflection in the TV to look up her skirt. It was short enough that simply sitting down flashed a pair of electric blue panties. Martin had by then seen more of Stacey's panties than any other man had since her style of choice had been diapers, but the thrill never dulled. Not even a little.

Martin had opined that the porn portion of their time might be better allocated post-hypnosis as a diagnostic for whether his suggestions were taking root, but Stacey had overruled him. "*Going into it wet makes all the yadda yadda sink in deeper,*" she'd speculated. That had been all the data he'd needed.

It was a trio, preselected to occupy porn viewing time allotment. The first video wasn't hypnosis at all, but rather mind control, a distinction which counted a great deal to la Mesmer but not at all to the mesmerized. Some musclebound tattoo-coated fellow masquerading as an average office worker with the aid of a sleeveless button-up shirt pointed a ray guy from the Dollar Store at a busty blue-haired woman anyone could

have IDed as a porn star from a thousand paces. Suddenly her libido kicked into overdrive and she couldn't stop throwing herself at him.

It wasn't bad. Videos that focused on the whole "as you command master" vibe were functional for his masturbatory preferences, but that wasn't why Stacey was here. Whenever possible, he tried to stick to the sort where a man rewired a woman to reciprocate or tolerate his affections. The latter, free-use, was likewise not ideal, since he was out to make Stacey want to fuck him, not accept being fucked by him, but they agreed it was much more palatable than the sex-slavey types. Still, she'd chosen today's, so he wasn't about to exert effort to put her off her appetite.

Video two was back to hypnosis, incest sneaking in this time. A brother tricked his bratty sister into looking at some mesmerizing app on his phone, but at least an induction scene followed. Nothing special, but she pointed out that the brother bore some resemblance to him. Martin hoped she didn't expect them to bear too much resemblance once his pants came off, but with luck a converted lesbian would be lenient on issues of girth.

The final video featured mostly lesbian content, something he'd been avoiding so as not to reinforce the very mindset she sought to repress, but it was a man in a POV shot narrating an induction to two sorority girls. From there, the girls had sex with each other at his direction. Not exactly what he and Stacey were going for, but he caught her rubbing her palm against one protruding nipple for a bit too long to be satisfying an itch. Martin let the ff content slide.

Then it was onto the main attraction. More mantras. With her clothing situation progressing nicely, he'd start pushing boundaries on physical contact, though so far no break-throughs. To date they had progressed from *I don't care what my doctor does, you're not ever allowed to touch me* to *I guess a hug would be OK, if I initiate, but I don't think I will*. Baby steps. He kept coming at her from different angles, figuring that the more time she spent thinking about expanding her personal bubble, the better. Out of her trance, she maintained as ever that it was his problem to solve.

That mentality was one more piece of evidence in his case of Stacey As Delusion. Every progress they made, she celebrated with him. Still, outside of his hypnotic suggestions and the impact of the mantra-induced brainwashing, never did she offer further assistance. The woman even seemed to take some offense when he suggested it. Martin didn't mind her intransigence; to the contrary, he preferred it. She was a puzzle sitting on the table, waiting for him to solve all by himself. Still, it was another way in which her demand to make her want to fuck him, *with her resisting to the extent he was unable to prevent her from resisting*, aligned too closely with his fantasies to be real.

But Naomi was real. Very real. And she believed in Stacey. So.

In the meantime, Martin was allowed to look, and listen. If he never made it further, it still might be the best experience of his life.

“So she really doesn’t pay you?”

“No.”

“So then... why do you do it? Like, I get that she’s cute and all.” Naomi liked to call Stacey “cute” rather than “insanely hot” to buffer her insecurities. “But still, you’ve put in... how much time, would you say?”

“I don’t know. An hour or two a week for most of the past four or five months, plus some time planning on the side. More, if you count practicing on this smoking hot blonde I know.”

“Watch out for that type, Marty. They’re dangerous.” She beamed a smoking hot blonde smile. It was smoking hotter than she had a right to. “So yeah, that’s a ton of time. She owes you! You’re still working on finishing up your little, what do you call it...”

“Masters degree.”

She nipped him gently. “And don’t think I don’t know you’re only getting it because you’re hoping someone will call you master.” This was a joke she’d made more than once, though it was a joke his actual friends, acquainted at least passingly with his hypnosis act, had likewise made. “But you should be looking for an after-school job, right? Not doing charity for dizzy lezzies.”

“I’m pretty sure after-school jobs are what you get in high school. Maybe you’re thinking of a career...?”

Her nip was not gentle this time. He withdrew his finger with a hiss. “Don’t be a dick. I did go to college for a while, you know. I’m just trying to look out for you! Does she really think you’re such a simp that you’ll do it all for the favor of her company?”

“It’s not something I’d charge for. I just want to see if I can do it, you know? It’s fun. A personal challenge. I wouldn’t pay somebody if they went running with me and I was trying to beef up my cardio, you know?”

Naomi lay down with her head on his lap, looking up his nostrils. Not his best side. “You don’t even exercise. Wouldn’t kill you, you know. You sounded like you were suffocating down there the other night.” Not her best side either, he decided. “But I’m serious. She doesn’t do *anything* for you...?”

The tone in her voice was deliberate, so his response was directed at that. “I told you, we haven’t done anything. She stripped for me that one time, and that’s it. And she didn’t like it.”

“So you’ve never, like, messed with her while she’s under? Not even once?”

“Of course I haven’t! Did I ever try to mess with you when you were under?”

“I was never under.”

“Well I wouldn’t have.”

Naomi had made thousands (more than one thousand, anyway) off of his hypnosis acts, between her take of the meager revenue and her demands when he cajoled her into giving him more practice for Stacey. He hoped the balance of that

income was on the side of the former. It was impossible to explain to her that his hobby and Stacey's need, however unusual, were a symbiotic, as opposed to transactional, arrangement.

Naomi took control of his hand again, holding it in the valley her shirt made between her breasts. Without a bra on, and with boobs like hers, it was quite a valley. Those slopes squeezed down around his hand with muscles he didn't quite understand, something they must have taught in some special girls-only section of phys ed.

"Well maybe you should."

"And what am I supposed to do? Walk over and squeeze her tits? I think that might wake her up."

She only laughed. "You don't have to be that rough."

His free arm went in the air in exasperation. With the other unwilling to so much as budge from its nesting grounds, it wound up looking more spasm than anything. "Why are you pushing me to mess with another woman like that? Aren't you supposed to be jealous or something, babe?"

"I am jealous. Bitch steals my man for three nights a week, she oughta take a hit for it."

Martin shook his head. "Well you'll be devastated to know she still records the sessions."

"You really think anyone watches those?"

"What do you mean?"

Naomi laughed, again at him rather than near him, and kissed his clasped hand. "You are adorably naïve sometimes, beeb. Do you honestly think she would ever let anyone see that? You said she loses her shit any time you try to pry into her dating life or her family or her precious sorority bitches or whatever. And you think someone with those kinds of trust issues is gonna hand out video of her chanting 'I'ma be your Marty's little fuck buddy' to anybody?"

"Martin's." She had a point, though, and she didn't even know about the gun. "Still, she still has the videos herself. That's part of the point, so she can check it and keep me honest."

It went without saying that Martin had no idea how to achieve any such dishonest end, and that if he did, he would have been lying up a storm.

"But you said yourself it's been hours and hours every week, and most of what you do is chant the same old shit. You really think she's going to watch all that? Doesn't she have a life?"

And suddenly something clicked. "You know, when I started in changing up her dress code, she came to me weeks later demanding to know what I did. If she were watching – if anyone were watching – she wouldn't have come in with questions about what happened!"

Martin's cock surged to life with more vigor than he could possibly have wished for given the presence of his girlfriend's head in his lap. Still, this was huge. If she wasn't watching, then it meant... He barely knew what it meant. His thoughts raced to keep up with that sudden thrum of power he felt. Then he found it.

When Stacey was under, there were truly no eyes on him. She was entirely in his hands.

He was the invisible man.

Voyeurism had always occupied a space quite a ways down his list of kinks. Looking was fun, sure, and looking without the observed party knowing you were looking at them was the seed that germinated the internet. Still, this was Stacey Reeves. In his living room. Eyes closed. Helpless. Trusting. Obedient.

He didn't know what it meant. He didn't know if this realization would spell the doom of his hypnotic aspirations, or their realization. He only knew that he couldn't get Naomi's clothes off fast enough.

“Aaaand rest,” he finished.

A body at rest tends to stay at rest, unless acted upon by an external force. Stacey’s body had been at rest since well before the conclusion of his induction. Anymore she tended to flop down, close her eyes, and didn’t move until the session was over. Yet still, the difference between Stacey’s body reclining on his couch and Stacey’s body resting, because she’d been told to rest and she trusted the voice commanding her, was an external force like no other.

There she was.

Today’s ensemble was a glossy lavender dress, billowy in the skirt, hanging loosely from her neck with a tall oval showing off an impressive field of cleavage. Backless, as she seemed to prefer when going for sex appeal, though that counted little for Martin with her lying on her back. It looked like a bridesmaid’s dress for a bride who had some pretty hot bridesmaids she wanted to show off, which he said to her when she came in, and which she immediately confirmed. To his surprise, she even showed him a few pictures of the wedding in question, her thighs pressed tightly together as she thumbed through shots of her cousin’s big day with him. She did look pretty amazing. He wasn’t about to say it, but so did her little sister, wearing an identical dress beside her, and the bride herself, sporting what he was pretty sure even at a glance were fake tits bursting out of a somehow skimpy wedding gown.

“Were you checking out my cousin?” she’d asked darkly, phone suddenly snatched out of his eyeline.

“No!” True, technically. At least when she made the accusation, he’d been admiring the way her sister filled out her dress even better than Stacey. To be fair, this was the first time Stacey had shown him her phone for anything but to watch porn. He simply wasn’t used to having her show him pictures like normal people did. Plus, the pictures were all of her looking hot! No reasonable jury could find him at fault.

She eyed him hard, then gave a curt nod and subjected herself to Martin’s first porn video suggestion of the evening. Since she’d opened the floodgates and it seemed to triple the available hypno content, he treated her to another incest-flavored video, apologizing heartily that he’d had it picked out before she got prickly about her cousin. She didn’t look happy, but she let it pass.

The reacquisition of boyfriend status had reminded Martin of the scent of female arousal, and by the time the hypnosis section of their session commenced, she couldn’t hide it. The signs of his own excited state were concealed beneath his laptop, though the woman needn’t gather evidence to know it was there.

Now, there she was.

Some mantra chanting, as usual, to get her warmed up. Everything he’d studied insisted that whatever utility the reinforcing mantras did when conscious, the

foundation was laid in trance. Their power later on down the road came from taking some portion of her back to these moments of vulnerability.

“I’m not embarrassed to dress sexy. Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy. There’s nothing wrong with looking sexy whenever I want. Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will. With anyone else, it’s my choice.”

It was more concise than it had been, that jumbled mess about her justifying deviation from his orders. Plus, they’d found it made her more comfortable dressing appropriately in her day to day. If Stacey had been dressing up and posting to her instagram more lately, it was also springtime, and so was anybody else with a freckle to their tits. He had attempted to append an *obey* after the words *Martin Manning can tell me to dress sexy and I will*, but that had set off the fidget jitters hard enough to wake her up.

“When I look sexy, I want to be admired. It’s natural for Martin Manning to look at my body. It’s natural for Martin Manning to admire my body. I don’t take offense at Martin Manning admiring my body. Martin Manning can talk about what he thinks of my body and I won’t get upset.”

Next up had been moving from her looking sexy to her wanting to be appreciated by him for it. As evinced in the mantra itself, significantly less progress there than on the clothing front. It was a work in progress. Still, when he’d told her how nice her boobs looked in her dress this evening, she’d merely twisted her lips for a moment, nodded, and went back to watching the brother convince his entranced sister that anal sex would be a great idea.

Tonight, however, it was time to try something new. Something daring. She wanted to want to fuck him by graduation? Well the clock was running, and *fortis Fortuna adiuvat*.

With a hand he fought to prevent from trembling, he reached over to her camera, and pressed the pause button. In the history of bold adjustments of cinematic controls, this was his second most reckless to date. Third place went to the time he had been stuck in a hospital waiting room for over five hours, one TV screen displaying nonstop medical ads for seniors on a ten-minute loop, the other on the fritz. Martin, foolishly attending to what turned out to be a hairline ribcage fracture without having paused to gather earbuds, turned on Netflix at audible volumes in a public place. First place easily went to an incident when he was twelve during which he excused himself during a church service ostensibly to use the bathroom but in reality to browse porn in the deacon’s study off the narthex. He would have gotten away with it, too, if he’d known it was where the stewards came to tally the collection plates. Martin learned a powerful lesson in the limits of Christian charity that morning. The deacon had to settle for minor lessons in password protecting his PC and clearing his browser history.

Nothing changed on the screen, but to make sure, he waved his hand in front of the lens. Nothing displayed on screen. He was invisible, untraceable. Unless he fucked up. While Stacey could open her eyes and remain entranced if he told her to, they had for some time defaulted to closed, and seldom opened unless he really got her upset. That was something he had no intention of doing.

“It’s natural for Martin Manning to look at my body. It’s natural for Martin Manning to admire my body.”

He accepted her invitation.

Martin left her on repeat, burning her willingness to be ogled and objectified by him into her insufficiently defiant mind. Meanwhile, for the first time in many months of sessions, he came within ten feet of his subject during her trance.

So subtle a shift in perspective, now viewing her from above rather than the side. Nothing he hadn’t seen, not much to see at all really, but he couldn’t stop staring. The way her chest rose and fell, her breasts inflated and receded, meeting in a thin line and separating into two smooth slopes with each breath. He was in danger of being hypnotized himself.

He didn’t dare speak, of course. A few times she’d woken up quite suddenly, and he’d have no explanation for why he was looming over her, and if she noticed the recording had been paused, he’d be in some mighty hot water. He should back off, and get on with his plan.

But first he took his dick out.

God, it felt good. Objectively not quite as good as some of its recent outings, thanks to Naomi, but to be standing over this perfect creature, dick exposed to the open air, gently stroking...

Wait, stroking?

Huh. So he was.

No harm in that, he supposed. It wasn’t noisy, and she was still in a trance and chanting her – *his* – slutty little mantras contentedly. She was so fucking *hot*. Hot, and obedient. Pliant, even. And so hot. Those tits. Fuck. The dress hung off of them enticingly. It had looked tighter in the shots on her phone. To say nothing of...

Hmm.

Well, what could it hurt.

Martin knelt down and fished her phone out of her purse. He winced for a moment at the consideration of violating her privacy, but he promised himself he wouldn’t abuse it. He’d learned her password a long time ago thanks to close proximity and raw nosiness. It worked as well for his thumb as for hers. The wince became a sparkle of triumph at the thought of what he could do with this. But no. This was too important. He’d honor his unspoken promise – unspoken because it might wake her up

and she would literally and painfully murder him – and confined himself exclusively to those wedding pics she'd already shown him.

Scanning through the gallery to find them, he dutifully tried and failed to ignore scores of other pics. Nothing scandalous. Some food, a few of the lake at what looked to be a sorority picnic. Lots and lots of her and her friends. Sisters, he supposed. Was one of them her Sherri? There was a tasty little blonde with a stud in her nose that was in an awful lot of them, often with only the two of them, often in close physical contact with Stacey. Mismatched bikini tops casually brushing together at a tropical beach somewhere. Matching sweaters in what had to be DAT House. The two of them beaming cheek to cheek.

Not his business. Martin spurred his thumb onwards to the stuff he had promised himself to exclusively violate her privacy with.

“Dressing sexy feels good. I feel horny when I dress sexy.”

She was dressed sexy. She was horny. Martin had watched her thighs rub together half an hour earlier while the brainwashed sisters crawled around in maid uniforms scrubbing their stepdad's floors. That fresh memory rendered him powerless to avoid zooming in on a shot of Stacey and her sister (Kayla? Kira? Cara? something like that, he was pretty sure) bending over a flower girl, four tits swinging low in dresses wide open across the chest. One of Stacey and the bride back to back, butt to butt, hands raised in finger gun position for some reason. The next they were both blowing invisible smoke off of them, but if he zoomed in just right the fingers vanished and it was two hotties with puckered lips waiting for a cock to enter their faces from any side.

Martin aimed. Right between the eyes. He wasn't going to do it, obviously, so why not enjoy the moment.

A good many of the photos were nothing special. Sure, a few lookers – one of the other bridesmaids was pretty hot, too, and there was a good shot of her in profile planting a kiss on Stacey's cheek. Fuck, this girl was hot. Lying oblivious in front of him, chanting the lines he'd fed her, not even aware he could be coming on her face in minutes if he didn't pull back.

“Martin Manning can talk about what he thinks of my body and I won't get upset.”

“God, you have some perky fucking tits,” he grunted, closer and closer. Seconds now, maybe. Time to–

“I know,” she said. “Sherri and I wear the same cup size but hers sag more. She always jokes that she has boobs but I have titties.”

“Oh *SHIT*.”

Most little boys learn at a very young age that the aiming capabilities of the penis are limited, at best. Some internalize this lesson after trying to pee their initials in the snow; others from playing “swords” at the toilet with a brother or cousin; others more

gradually through the course of a lifetime of disbelieving scoldings from the women in their lives at the messes around the rim. That fact in mind, the extent to which Martin missed Stacey was actually fairly impressive. The initial burst narrowly avoided her face, thank god, landing where her freshly brushed hair draped across the sofa pillow. During the second, he was panicking, and mid-pivot splashed a broad dollop across the front of her dress. From there he simply seized the thing in his fist and did his manly best to dam the floodwaters. The room was silent, though he was deafened by the blood roaring in his ears.

“Uh, Stacey...?”

“Mm.”

Dear heavens, somehow she was still under. No doubt she didn't realize what had just happened, but that wasn't going to last long. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck!

“Uh, resume chanting. New mantras,” he ordered.

“Mm. I'm not embarrassed to dress sexy...” She resumed without missing a beat. The drowsiness in her voice kept him hard as a steel beam in spite of his rising terror.

First things first, he snatched a handful of tissue and cleaned off his hand, then tucked his stupid, thoughtless dick back into his pants. *Wouldn't Naomi be proud*, he thought glumly. Seeing that his patient wasn't stirring, not even fidgeting, he was emboldened to approach her once more.

This was a problem. While Martin had never made a formal study of his ejaculate, he doubted that it would be very long before it began to soak into the surfaces to which it clung. Already there was a dark spot on the front of her dress where it was seeping into the silk. Her hair mercifully had but a single thick splotch that he could see. Still, it wasn't two inches from her cheek, close enough that the fragrance of it would be noticeable to her awake. Even if he avoided skin, it would make for a lot of fiddling in her hair. There was no way he could get in there and dab it out without running a very high risk of her feeling it. The dress would dry, but perhaps not in time, and if she recognized a cum stain on it a month from now when she went to launder it...

In less than half of a second, his brain raced through a scenario in which he succeeded, his dreams came true. Stacey wanted to fuck him – and then they both did what they both wanted. It was perfect. She sucked him hard and leapt onto his cock like she'd been deprived of it her whole life and couldn't bear another second without it. The beginning of a lifetime of eternal bliss, fucking and fucking his hypno-slut. Until one day she discovered the stain, found he'd violated her trust, used her as a cum sponge while she was vulnerable, and everything unraveled. Gun in hand, she chased him as he screamed and wept and begged for his life, and then she shot him in the dick a thousand times until he died from having no dick while Naomi laughed and said it served them both right.

He shook himself out of it. That was no way to think during a crisis.

Martin needed to be able to touch her. And he needed to be able to touch her right that minute. He hoped that in this case necessity would be the mother of invention, and not the mother of a felony sexual assault conviction.

“Stacey?”

“Mm.”

“Are you horny right now?”

Fidget. Fidget. Not a subject she enjoyed discussing, especially not so bluntly.
“Yes.”

Still honest, at least. That was pretty strongly imprinted by now. “Do you like to be touched when you’re horny?”

Fidget. “Mm. Doesn’t everybody? Not by you, though.”

“By whom, then?”

Fidgetfidgetfidgetfidgetfidget eyes fluttering—

“Never mind!” he cried out. “It’s OK. You don’t have to answer. It’s OK. You’re safe. Relax. Nobody’s going to ask about that again.”

He took a few breaths, trying not to stare at that damning white gob in her black hair. After a minute, she was still again. Her toes were curling and uncurling against the armrest, but that might not have been anything. Or maybe it was her tell for when she was about to murder someone. No way of knowing. Onward.

“I won’t touch you without your permission. Say it.”

“Mm. You won’t touch me ‘thout permission.” Her hands rubbed at her stomach, usually a sign that she liked what she was hearing. Only while she did so, they drifted higher, stopping so close to the stain on her dress that at first he thought her palms must be resting on it. Not quite, though.

“Now, say someone – not me, someone you like – picked up an object and touched you with the object. You wouldn’t say they were touching you, would you?”

“Depends.”

“What does it depend on?”

“Object. Some yes, some no.”

In a trance and reflexively making categories without hesitation. As good a reminder as any not to underestimate the mind he was dealing with. “Elaborate, Stacey.”

“Like... gloves. Gloves would be touching. Balloon, not touching.” Balloon?
“Paper towel, touching. Stick, not touching.”

Martin supposed that was straightforward enough. Sounded like if the fingers could perceive her through the object, it was a touch. Which eliminated paper towels explicitly, as well as napkins, washcloths, old socks, and pretty much any simple means of cleaning he could think of. Fuck!

He looked around for alternatives, and when he saw nothing, sent his mind’s eye racing through the apartment for anything else. He could dump water on it, he

supposed, but what the fuck alibi he could have for that, he didn't know. Plus if it didn't work, he was worse off than before, caught in the act of concealing his crime. Putting a blanket over her? Seemed less likely to awaken her, but also unlikely to absorb much without being able to pat at it more directly. 3 out of 10.

He imagined his way through his closets, discarding item after item. Clothes hanger: no. Old posters from his college dorm room: no. Books: no. Defunct ipad: no. Didgeridoo: no. Quirky metal wall hanging that had torn two separate screws out of his drywall: no. Gripper from when he needed to be able to pick things up with a cracked rib: no.

Or wait. Wait.

"Do your mantras!" Martin barked over his shoulder as he sprinted down the hall, rummaging through the junk piled at the bottom of his real closet until he found it. It wasn't much, a cheap plastic thing that had been almost as frustrating to use as it had been to not use. Still, it was all he had. Stacey, languidly slurring the familiar words, had barely completed a single recitation by the time he was back. Glancing at the clock, he still had almost twenty minutes.

OK. Distance touching – not touching, as she'd stated. This had to work. Only once he stood over her, the notion of diving right in to sponging her off seemed ridiculous. She still hadn't said she'd allow anything of the sort.

"So Stacey," he interrupted firmly, "you're still–"

"Mm."

"Right. OK, so you're horny, right?"

Fidget. "Yeah. So sexy. Look so good in this dress. You couldn't stop ogling me." Her face darkened slightly. "Or Chelsea and Kira."

"That's right. You look incredibly sexy."

"Mm. We looked sexy."

"You, Stacey. You looked sexy. Say it again."

"I look so sexy."

"That's right. You're so horny right now."

"Mm. Horny." For once, no fidget. Maybe he hadn't been pushing at that hard enough.

"Now Stacey, I'm not going to touch you. But I want you to feel good, to be touched."

She shook her head. A rare protest, but a serious one. Emphatic. "I don't have to let you touch me. I don't have to let you let someone else touch me either."

Argh, why did she have to talk so fucking slow like this? Normally it was a major turn-on, but presently it was maddening. "No no no. No one's going to touch you. But if you're touched by a stick, that doesn't count as being touched by me, right?"

Fidget. "I guess not. Don't. Horny. Gonna feel bad."

All the while, Martin had been looking around the room for something suitable, and finally, in the midst of her profession of stick dread, he spotted it. On a shelf in the corner of the dining room sat a little white stuffed bear, wearing a sweater with the Lakeview logo on the front. His parents had bought it for him during a visit, under a misapprehension that he was burdened by any school spirit. After today, if this worked, Mr. and Mrs. Manning would be receiving a long overdue bit of gratitude.

The gripper tightened around the polar bear's midsection. Martin's fist clenched tight as he prayed the flimsy contraption would be sufficient. The thing was only a few feet long, so he had to kneel near the couch, lowering his voice and projecting into the floor to try to sound as far away as he could.

"In a moment, you should feel a nice, soft, touch." *Fidget*. "If you don't like it, all you have to do is say so and it will stop right away, OK?"

Fidget. "Mm. Don't... *touch me touch me.*"

"I won't. Trust me."

"Mm. Trust Martin Manning."

Here goes. A thin white crust had formed around the blob in Stacey's hair. With both hands, as gentle and steady as he could manage, Martin extended the gripped bear toward Stacey, and, with all possible delicateness... swiped her cheek with a paw. He braced himself for her to cry out, jump up, kick his balls up into his throat. Then discover the uninvited cum and rip them back down and clean out of his scrotum.

Stacey grinned a drunk, sleepy grin. "Mm. Nice. Soft."

"You like that?"

"Mm. You can keep going."

His sigh of relief nearly bowled him over backward. The paw made slow circles around her cheek, and Stacey nuzzled into it. The stuffed animal was admittedly quite soft, especially for some cheap trinket his folks probably picked up at the closest college-affiliated gift shop to his house when his father finally relented to the necessity of averting his wife's panic attack over the unforgivable breach of courtesy of visiting someone's home without a gift in hand. Martin worked the cheek a bit, then, as she continued welcoming it, moved slowly down to her neck. She leaned away from it in what initially seemed to be discomfort, only then it became clear it was to avail more of her skin to its touch.

On he went to her bare arm, goose bumps quickly forming; along her calves one by one; the tops of her feet. The fidgeting of her toes concerned him at first, but a quick verbal check-in confirmed she was very much enjoying it. The present crisis was very nearly forgotten as he lost himself in ever-so-softly teasing – nay, as her *Mm* became an *Mmm*, he upgraded it to *pleasuring* – Stacey Reeves. It was like some sort of voodoo ritual, except the practitioner was the embodied in the doll, and the girl experiencing the sensations was all too real.

It was time. Not five minutes before she would expect to wake up. Not sure what else to do, he moved the bear first to the spot on her dress. There may not wind up being much he could do about it, but hopefully Stacey's breasts would keep her from seeing it. She always wore that stripperish overcoat here; with luck, she wore it back into her room at home. In what to any sorority sister's eyes would be an obvious bridesmaid dress, there was a good shot she'd hide it to avoid awkward questions, and by then, hopefully it would be dry enough to be missed.

The bear's butt bounced around the upper portion of her tummy. Her hands lay at her sides now, fingertips softly teasing along her hips. It would be sexy as fuck if he had the time to admire it. For his part Martin focused on keeping clear of her breasts. One thing to tease skin she'd exposed, quite another to commence unsolicited booby honking. Finally

Fidget. He almost missed it, distracted by his task and with her hands not in their usual place.

Sponge.

Fidget.

Uh, oh. It wasn't stopping. What now?

Fidget.

Shit. *Sponge sponge.*

Fidget.

Spongespongesponge.

Fidget fidget.

"Stacey..."

"Mm."

Never before had Martin seen the pout of Stacey Reeves. Few had; Martin had seen her weapon of choice, and pouting was no part of it. The last young man to behold it at full force was Stacey's acquaintance and would-be boyfriend Ryan, a brother at Beta Theta Beta. Ryan misattributed the pout to her not having anyone to dance with at a frat party one night, and after a long night of over-aggressive consoling and unwelcome flirtation it culminated in a bored and bemused Stacey Reeves walking home with his paddle, a souvenir which meant less than nothing to her but was well-established as a sacred totem amongst his brethren.

(The record should further clarify that when Stacey learned he was to be paddled anew by his brothers as recompense for his slight, she returned it with haste. Let it also show that the pout was in actuality triggered by the bar running out of the punch she had been theretofore over-enjoying.)

White cum was drying in black hair, but the pout made a halo around her face that blinded him to anything else. "Do... do you want me to keep going?"

“Mmm, yes, please. Feels good.” No, not good. *Gooooood*. That was how she said it. Her breath was accelerated, choppy. “Don’t stop.”

“I, um...”

“Keep touching me. So good. Should have asked sooner.”

He was still dabbing. Her fidgeting hadn’t stopped. It was increasing, and her voice was getting steadier, too. She couldn’t wake up yet. There was more to do. But if he sat here titillating her, he couldn’t clean! The hottest catch 22 he had thus far seen. But what if...

“What if I used my hand in the same way...? Would that be OK?”

Fidgetfidget.

“Otherwise, I’ll stop now.”

The threat was pathetic. *Let me put my hands on you or I’ll take away this cummy baby bear toy*. Ludicrous. In no universe should it have worked.

And in this case, the expectation bore out in reality. “Fine. Stop.” There was that pout again, though.

Martin’s jaw dropped in consternation more than surprise. He’d been muddling like a pro up until that point. He couldn’t stop though. Especially not with *that* pout.

Trembling from anxiety, Martin crept closer until he was kneeling at her side. He extricated the bear from the gripper and held it in one hand, praying to it like it was his heathen god.

With the other, he grazed his fingertips along her arm.

“Mmmm.” Four this time. He heard four.

The fidgeting ceased in an instant, and that lazy smile returned. It broadened as the bear resumed tickling the side of her face. Its already dampened behind did its ursine best to scoop up the remaining cum. Her cheek caressed it affectionately as it shimmied back and forth through the dollop. When he lifted it to inspect progress, he saw there was nothing but a few flecks of white that could be dismissed as dandruff and a sheen far too subtle to notice unless one was looking for it.

Then his gaze zoomed out, and he saw she was kissing the bear’s paw.

Oh fuck.

Martin’s eyes closed, and on instinct, he switched hands.

Comparisons between Naomi and Stacey, while inevitable, were unfair. A thumb was firmly pressed on that scale. If Martin had been forced to choose between sliding his cock between the lips of the sexy, free-willed Naomi Kent, or taking part in the oh-so-compromised Stacey Reeves craning her neck to suck down more of his finger, bit by bit in baby gulps to maximize the friction, he would choose the latter eleven times out of ten. This would have been his polling response prior to this firsthand experience, and it remained as such afterwards.

The bear tumbled to the floor as, emboldened, the other hand moved from teasing her arm to gliding down the middle of that oval of skin that framed her cleavage in lavender silk. He was still working up the nerve to try breathing again when her hand pushed his inside the dress. If she were surprised to be grasping something warm and fleshy, it wasn't enough to awaken her. Her mouth opened to let out a moan of raw, animal arousal as his hand took hold of her bare breast. Her back arched, her thighs undulating together like they were boneless, like tentacles. He had never seen her this excited. Never seen *any* woman this excited.

And whatever they showed in porn, a woman this excited did not remain in a hypnotic trance for long.

If he had not gotten off mere minutes earlier, Martin never would have possessed the strength of will, but to pull back. She kept at it for a few moments, her fingers trying in vain to create the same delicious vibes as la Mesmer and his magic bear. The pout once again, and it nearly broke him. Surely he could squeeze her tits just a *little*, the poor thing...

Then he remembered the last time he'd ventured forth across a line, and stopped himself. Barely.

It was at their time limit, but he couldn't let this pass. Back at a safe distance in his chair, he addressed his subject. "Stacey?"

"Mm." The term *fidget* didn't cover what her body was doing. Writhing was more like it.

"You liked that, didn't you."

"Mmm."

"Say it."

"I liked that. So much."

"That's right. In fact, you loved it. Say it."

"Mm. Loved it."

"Say that you love being touched."

"I love being touched."

"Ask me to touch you again."

"Touch me again? Please?" No hesitation. No resistance.

"What if I told you that some of that touching was me?"

"I know. Felt good anyway. 'S weird, but... please?"

Fucking hell. "On a scale of one to ten, how horny are you right now?"

"Nine." A small fidget. "Eight since you made me answer a survey question. Still, wanna come so bad."

"If I invited you to come right now... would you?" His breath caught in his throat.

"No," she muttered. "Not until home."

Hmm. "With Sherri?"

“Huh? No. Sherri doesn’t make me come. Be nice, but no.”

Hmm. He still didn’t know what to make of Sherri. Bestie? Roomie? Crush? Ex? That was for later, though. Or never, if it was going to be a block for her. “By yourself?”

“Mm. Go home, get out of sexy dress – feel so horny when I dress sexy – and go to shower. For long time. Touch myself. Like usual.” He received an after-*fidget* for the lurid detail.

Like usual. God. Had she really been...? And did that really mean *he’d* been...?!

The next step was clear, and required no consideration. “From now on, no more coming. No masturbating, unless I say so.”

Fidgetfidgetfidget. “No. *Need* to. So horny...”

“Stacey, what do you do when I ask you to do something that isn’t forbidden?”

Fidget. Pout. “Seriously consider doing it, especially if it doesn’t cost me anything.”

“Does abstaining from masturbation cost you anything?”

“I guess not. But... so horny... Please, Martin?”

In that moment, he hoped that if he ever failed her that she would come after her with the gun and not that pout. “No. You’re being a good girl so far, Stacey. Doing what I tell you. That’s a good girl. If you keep doing what you’re told, I might touch you again. If you’re a good girl, maybe I’ll even let you come again.”

“But... please?”

“Do as I ask, Stacey.”

Pout. No fidget. “Mm. OK.”

The following evening, the floor of the apartment was discovered to be liberally smattered with wadded up tissues. So was the sofa, and, at the end of the hall, the bed and its attending carpet. The door was unlocked, and Naomi let herself in. Her nose wrinkled at the mess. Nobody seemed to have heard her buzz, nor her knocking, so it was unsurprising that her boyfriend was not there to greet her. Neither did he respond to her calling for him, nor did he react even when she entered the bathroom.

The air in there was thick, droplets gathering across the ceiling. A silhouette of a man's – her man's – backside was just visible through the fog bank. "Beeb?"

Martin started at the sudden proximity of another person, very nearly slipping and breaking his neck. He caught himself, just, but Naomi still rushed to help steady him. Only the apartment's central boiler kept hot water flowing to the nozzle. A cascade of mist splashed at her, driving her back a few steps.

"Sorry, babe. I, um... sorry." Martin's balance now reassured, his brain turned to other tasks, such as identifying the unexpected presence of another human in his bathroom while he was showering. "Wow. You look... wow. You look amazing."

The compliment landed, or at least, Naomi leaned into it. It helped that she agreed. True to her word, her exact wording in fact, she was thotted up to the nines. Stretchy black pants, a stretchy black top with plenty of skin showing left, right and center, something sparkly sprinkled across her impressive cleavage, two big bangly earrings hanging halfway to bare shoulders. Her lips were painted purple, nails and eyeliner tinted to match, lending her a touch of darkly exotic allure. It was a good look – as hot as he'd ever seen her.

"I sure must," she answered dryly, though not displeased. When the boy didn't seem to take her meaning, she nudged his swollen red member with a finger. It bounced and bobbed in front of him like it didn't mean to stop. "What did I interrupt, exactly? Pregaming without me?"

"Huh? Oh, that. I, um... yeah. Sorry babe, I didn't..." He was at a loss for words, but luckily, she seemed to find his embarrassment funny.

"Well we're already running late, beeb, so towel off, get dressed, and you can de-prune on the way." Except then, the befuddled look on his face betrayed the ignorance that his confusion had nearly papered over. "You didn't forget, did you?"

"Forget... Um..."

"The party. My friend's party. Jensi's party? Remember? We were going tonight? Together?" Her eagerness to show off her new boyfriend to the gang was being overstated by the gloom in her eyes. Martin was not her usual type, but the last iteration of her usual type had cheated on her with her best friend, and then again with her new best friend, and then stolen some of her jewelry when he moved out. One of the nice things about a guy like Martin was that, whatever his shortcomings, she didn't have to worry about getting her heart broken, and probably not about losing jewelry. He was a

little creepy in some ways, but she'd gotten used to it. Once in a while, every girl was due a novelty boyfriend.

"Oh. I mean, yeah, right, of course I remembered. I was just, um..."

"Jacking it in the shower first...?" She frowned. Scowled, nearly. "Martin, this was supposed to be our first time out as the two of us. I was already running super late, and you look like hell. Your eyes are almost as dark as mine."

"Yeah, I didn't really sleep much last night. Kinda feel... bleh. I canceled my classes."

Her eyes narrowed, flickered down to his still thoroughly turgid cock, and back. "Have you been to the university clinic?"

"Nah, it's just a bug." He forced a smile. "Must've picked it up from the Wilde child or something. Guess you were right, she really is bad news." He had never before used her flatteringly derogatory nickname for Stacey, but she appreciated the concession.

Naomi put the back of her hand to his soggy forehead. "You feel warm, but that could just be because you've been stewing in your shower since lunch." A well-timed droplet fell from the ceiling and splattered on her bare freckled shoulder. "Well shit. OK, so you want me to hang, feed you soupy soup?"

Martin smiled, he hoped feebly. "No, no - I'll be fine. Was only trying to take my mind off it when you... anyway, yeah. I'll be good. You should go have some fun."

"Oh, beeb. You poor thing. You sure?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'll be good. Next time, OK? Promise."

"OK then. I'd give you a kiss, but..."

Even Naomi wasn't sure whether she demurred because he was dripping wet, allegedly ill, or unflaggingly erect. Martin blew one to her in lieu. Naomi snatched it, slapped it on her crotch with a wink and a giggle, and left him to it.

As Martin probably went right back to what he had been doing. Looking hot as she did, she could hardly blame the guy. After pausing to shake her head at the inexplicable presence of a stuffed Lakeview polar bear resting on the bathroom counter, she excused herself. She was almost to the door when she heard a buzz.

To Naomi's credit, she almost hesitated.

The phone was locked with facial recognition. Typical college boy shit, and even she knew they hadn't been together long enough for her to start a fight over it. Plus, he had taken a shortcut and left it so he could still see what notifications were without unlocking the phone. Sloppy. Just annoyed enough not to resist (though it may be worth noting that in another life, in which she was not annoyed at all, she would still have proceeded in the same fashion and without remorse), she inspected the offending buzz.

As it so happened, the notification was an email, some spammy sounding ad for 10% off on Doordash. She'd not been hoping for anything damning, but it was still

disappointingly noncontroversial. However, beneath it was another as yet unread notification. A text from Stacey Reeves, a little over two hours ago. In notification mode, it didn't let her read the whole text, but it gave her a solid glimpse.

You srsly need to let me come. NOW. This is fucking craz...

That was it. But that was so much.

Her own phone rang an hour later. "Nay-nay! You coming, girl? I thought you were bringing that new guy around, Hypno-man? Where you guys at, bitch?"

"Sorry girl, but I'm not gonna be able to make it," Naomi answered. "I caught a bug."