

CW: mind control, hypnosis, questionable consent, unrealistic hypnosis

Avarice

TEASER

by Danni Iridescent

1010 words

I asked the question that was eating away at me now. 'Opal... do you want to have your orgasms beholden to Phillip's will?'

She paused, then nodded. 'Yes.'

'...Why, Opal?'

'Because... I want to serve him.'

'Serve him?'

She shook her head. 'I love him,' she said, more to herself than anyone else.

'Okay,' I said. I looked at her - my beautiful friend, who I'd known for *so long*, and who I did, indeed owe one to, looked so sad. She'd admitted she wasn't attracted to her fiance, that he didn't satisfy her, and yet she was still wanting to do this.

'Opal,' I said. Her eyebrow twitched. I sighed, and knew what I was going to have to do. 'Tell me what your sex is like with Phillip.'

'Amazing,' she sighed. 'I don't understand it... he's not very funny, or attractive... but when he *fucks* me, I always orgasm. He knows what to do.'

'Like what?' I asked, looking for details.

'He ties me up,' she said simply. 'To the bed, or the floor, or the ceiling... his flat has all this rigging for it. He ties me up, and makes me cum and cum and *cum*.'

I tried to ignore my hardening cock, and realised that I had crossed a line here, professionally. Hell, even personally. Opal was a good friend, but I didn't need to hear about her BDSM exploits.

'He controls you?' I asked.

'In a good way,' she answered. 'He treats me so well most of the time, but... stressful job, I need to just let *go* sometimes. He helps me let go, and release... everything.'

I rubbed my eyes, and knew that after this next question, I was going to have to ask her to forget. 'Opal... Opal, are you aroused right now?'

She nodded.

'Why is that?'

'Because... I'm thinking about sex. About orgasming.'

I'd gotten her where I wanted her, and I was intending to stop here. To press pause, and allow her to come back tomorrow before I started to set up any *instructions*. They would need heavy reinforcement, however, and I figured that there was no harm in starting early; she seemed highly susceptible, too, which made me doubt it would snap her out, or disturb her.

'Opal, I want you to answer me honestly. If I ask you to do something for me, even if you can't remember it, will you do it?'

She paused, then nodded. 'Yes.'

'Do you trust me, Opal?'

'I do, Darren...'

'Good girl,' I said. When she bit her lip, I damned myself a little - knowing that she liked being called *good girl* was a carry-over from our half-baked relationship in university. 'The next

time you are close to orgasm, and you know you're about to cum, I want you to do something for me, okay?'

She nodded.

'I want you to wait until he gives you permission. If you are not told you can orgasm, you will not be able to orgasm. You won't remember this conversation, but you'll have an urge to ask his permission. Do you understand?'

She nodded.

'Tell me what I've asked, Opal.'

'You've asked me not to have an orgasm until I'm given permission.'

I smirked. 'Good girl.'

'Hahh,' she moaned, just a little. She was in a sexual haze right now, which wasn't an area I was too familiar with as a hypnotherapist - though, I knew people *did* enjoy sexual hypnosis as a kink. What she wanted of me was closer to subconscious reprogramming. It was difficult, and I'd never attempted anything of this scale before, but from the results I was seeing already... I knew it could be done.

What else could be done?

'Opal, when you wake up, you're not going to remember any of the things we spoke about in this session, are you?'

'No,' she said quietly.

'Tell me in a full sentence.'

'I won't remember any of this session.'

'Good girl. You're going to wake up when I've counted down to one, okay? Five - feel the sofa beneath you. Four - hear the sounds of the ambient music and smell the soft fragrance in the room. Three - remember your name, my name, and the name of your fiancé. Two - you're almost there, just breathe slowly and wake up, and, *One*.'

Her eyes opened, and she sat up.

'Wow,' she said, blinking like she'd just woken up from a nap. 'I don't... how did it go?'

'You feel okay?' I asked.

Opal nodded. 'Yeah. Little woozy.'

'That's natural, it'll pass.'

'Okay, good.' She stood, and looked at the clock on the wall by my desk. 'Holy shit - that hour went fast!'

'Always does. I'll see you tomorrow?'

She nodded. 'Yeah. And... thank you again, Daz. I know this must be uncomfortable for you. I don't mean to pull up any bad memories.'

I threw up my hands. 'All water under the bridge - it was a long time ago. And, like you said, *I owe you*, not the other way.'

She gave a small smile, and approached for a quick, friendly hug.

I wondered, briefly, if she could feel my hard-on through my jeans. As she left, I scribbled two words down on my notepad which had stayed unusually blank during the session. *Highly Susceptible.*

After she was gone, I stayed for another half-hour, just thinking about old times, before making my way home in the sunset din of the South of England during Spring. I parked in the car park across the road of my building, and cleared my head with the brisk air across the road before I got home.

No girlfriend awaited me. Not since I'd broken someone's heart and pushed them away. I had a cat - Kerry - and some fridge-cooled lasagna from the night before to heat up, and all the time in the world to research.

I put my lasagna in the cheap microwave, went to the laptop that was waiting for me on the counter, and opened it to the page I'd left it on last night.

Hypnosis BDSM.

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