**Mind Games - Celia**

Little Joe

I searched and searched and couldn’t find them. Where on earth had they gone? I thought back over the events of the day. It had been a funny day altogether.

I had worked in that office for a couple of weeks, sent there by the agency. It was a good job – well paid, interesting work, nice staff, great boss, but, well, it had been a funny day.

I liked my boss there. He was always full of good suggestions and always extremely complimentary about my efficiency and my work. I remember the second day I was there he called me into his office and said that I could have a real future with them if wanted to join them permanently. He made some good suggestions as well. About the way I dress for example. I’ve always dressed very smartly but conservatively. He explained to me that that was great for older women, but young girls like me need to make use of their, shall we say, talents. With some men I might have taken that the wrong way, but I could see when he said it that it made sense.

“Wear your skirts a bit shorter,” he said smiling, “that always makes an impression. It shows confidence. You are very bright and very capable, and you’re confident. You just need to show it, and wearing a short skirt is the best way. In fact the shorter the skirt, the more confident the girl seems. It’s just a matter of psychology really”

I knew at once he was right. I went out shopping that night and tried some shorter skirts on. I tried a really short one on. I looked great – really confident. I mean I’ve got a great figure and great legs. Short skirts really suited me. I tried them on, shorter and shorter and felt better and better. The one I settled for was superb. It made me look really, really confident. It just covered my panties nicely and left the rest of my long legs to be admired. Of course I wore it to work the next day. The boss was really pleased and I felt great.

I think that was why I got the special job today. It was just after lunch. He called me into his office and said they were going to have to run a fire drill that afternoon and he needed somebody really reliable for fire marshal. Of course he thought of me. It was a really complex job, he said, and I was so capable – the only one who could really cope with it. I was flattered – I didn’t realise then just how complicated it was going to be.

“Right,” I said, “give me the instructions and I’ll write them down.”

“That’s just the thing,” he said, “You can’t write them down. Written instructions are useless in this type of emergency. Nobody can ever find them. You absolutely must memorise them. They’re complicated, but I know you can do it.

“Okay,” I said, that seemed reasonable and I set my mind to concentrate. I had to memorise it all as he went along. It does my head in to try and remember it but I’ll try and write it down.

“Now then Celia,” he said, “When the alarm goes: Firstly get the employee list - you need to check all the names on the list, ensure everybody vacates the office and check off all employees except junior secretaries and agency staff; then go back into the office and check the computers in turn, then switch off the main computer server, the printer server and computers bronze, white and blue leaving the others on; and then start to check that the desks have been cleared, check that all confidential documents are cleared from the desks labelled a, d and e leave the others and...”

My head was swimming by this time trying to keep all these things in my brain at the same time, “Whoa on a bit,” I said, but by the time he started again I hardly knew if I was coming or going...”

He went over it again. Slowly and carefully so that I could memorise it.

“Then check the fire proof filing cabinets, that they are closed and locked, but only numbers 1, 3 and 7; leave those get the phone numbers for emergency call out; come to my office and await your orders. From that point you will then be under my control and will need to carry out my orders to the letter. When you have carried out your orders you go back phone round the emergency numbers; return to the filing cabinets and lock fireproof cabinets 2, 4 and 6; you then clear confidential documents from desks b, c and f; go to computers gold, silver and red and switch them off; then go back out and check off agency staff and junior secretaries. Have you got all that.”

I was making a monumental effort to remember it all and my head was totally swimming. I concentrated and concentrated and concentrated until it got it all in. I would make a success of it. I would follow the instructions to the letter.

When the alarm went off I went straight to it, got the people out, started the check list, broke off to switch off the correct computers, trying to remember which desks to clear. My head was getting more and more confused; I remember just about getting the emergency phone numbers and in a total whirl going into the boss’s office. There mustn’t have been any important orders because the next thing I remember is getting the phone calls made, then clearing the remainder of the desks, and as I ticked each job off my head got clearer and clearer until finally the last staff were ticked off and they were allowed back in. I’d done it. I was shattered but it had all gone smoothly.

“Well done Celia,” said the boss, “I knew I could rely on you. Get away home now. You need the rest.”

He was right there. I ran my hand through my hair. It was positively wet. God –

I must have been perspiring a lot.

I staggered back to the tube sat down on one of the bench seats, put my head back and.... It was then that the funny thing happened. I was startled by a strange giggling. I opened my eyes and found that two schoolboys opposite were trying to suppress a laugh while taking a picture right up my skirt. I realised with horror that my legs had opened wide while I had slept. No a good idea with such a short skirt. I snapped my legs together and as I did so I felt a strange sensation. A draught of air blowing up my girly parts, almost as if I had no panties on. I felt surreptitiously through my skirt. Oh my God. I did have no panties on. Where on earth were my panties? I can’t have forgotten to put them on could I? My mind was in such a whirl after the events of the day that I couldn’t remember. Whatever – I would have to keep my legs further together. The giggling schoolboys got off and than God nobody sat down opposite me. I felt sleep coming over me again.

“Miss! Miss!” I opened my eyes. My legs were wide open again and the man opposite was trying discreetly to warn me. He must have had some view. I snapped my legs together again and turned bright red. I decided it would be best to stand, but somehow I just couldn’t seem to raise the energy and five minutes later I was asleep again. Four times I woke to find my legs wide apart with people staring up my skirt. What on earth was happening? I ran off the train crimson with shame and ran home.

Where on earth where my panties? I hadn’t left them at home. I searched and searched and couldn’t find them. How could I have lost them at work? But then it had been a funny kind of a day.

-0-

When you read the books of course they say you can’t put people in a trance without them knowing it and you can’t make them do things they don’t want to. Which is of course only partially true. If you have the right manner, the right air of authority, the right subject and use the appropriate technique then you can get them to do most things. Not anything perhaps, but most things.

Take the case of Celia for example, the rather tarty leggy blonde that the agency sent to be my PA. I thought she looked a good subject from the moment I first saw her. Just something about the tarty way she was always trying to please and something about the way her mind worked. If you’ve got the gift, like I have, you can tell.

So I tried a little test to see how suggestible she was. I called her into my office, flattered her a little, told her how good she was then spun her some yarn about wearing short skirts making her look more confident. I even said the shorter the skirt the more confident she would look. With a lot of girls that would have got me a slapped face, but with Celia I knew instinctively it wasn’t a risk, I just needed to put her to the test. And of course I was right, the next day she caused a sensation in the office by coming in the shortest micro-mini you’ve ever seen. She was ever so pleased with it even though it made her look even more like the little tart she was.

That convinced me. I would try out a new plan. You see one way of getting control of someone’s mind is to get it into a state of heightened confusion and then plant a secret hypnotic suggestion. Amongst all the other conflicting data the brain is trying to cope with the suggestion becomes firmly implanted. It is very effective.

The best way of doing this is by giving complex nested instructions and convincing the subject they absolutely must remember and comply with them all. This means that you give half an instruction, break off in the middle of it, give half another, break off in the middle of that, give half of another and break off in the middle, give half of another and break off in the middle of that. By this time they have half of four or five complex instructions to try and remember and the brain just can’t cope with it. A good suggestible subject like Celia would be in a highly receptive state for a hypnotic suggestion which is then made in a way that it is at the same time both very powerful while sounding very innocuous. You then unravel the instructions one by one in the reverse order which brings the subject back to the ground as it were with the powerful hypnotic suggestion totally buried.

Then comes the best bit. When they try to carry out the instructions the brain goes back through the same process at each stage until the hypnotic suggestion is activated.

This is what I did with Celia. I made her fire marshal emphasizing the vital importance of remembering and carrying out the instructions exactly as given. The poor girl was totally bewildered by the fifth one. I don’t even think she even noticed the powerful suggestion at that point that she would put herself totally under my command. Then when I unravelled the instructions it was sunk deep into her brain.

At four I pressed the button for the fire drill. I didn’t have to go and see what was happening. I could sit back and wait for the inevitable. I didn’t have to wait long. A dazed looking Celia came into the office and stood there looking blankly and muttering ‘Instructions’.

Of course I had to test how deeply the suggestion had worked and to reinforce it. I put on my best authoritative voice.

“You’ve put yourself under my command haven’t you Celia.”

You have to use their name all the time. The use of the name is part of the control process.

“Yes.”

“And you’ll follow my instructions to the letter, won’t you Celia?”

“Yes”

“You want to sit down don’t you Celia,” she sat down, “You want to stand up don’t you Celia,” she stood up and as she obeyed each command her brain registered that this was the correct response and deepened the control.

“You are tired, aren’t you Celia,” I said, you must never ask a question without providing the subject with the correct answer.

“Yes,” she replied mechanically.

“You are hot aren’t you Celia?”

“Yes.”

“You want a nice cold shower don’t you Celia,” I bet you thought I was going to order her to take off her clothes in my office! That wouldn’t work. The inhibitions against it are too strong. It wouldn’t be a reasonable thing to do. But taking a cold shower when you’re hot. Well that is reasonable.

“Oh yes,” the little tart was even grateful for the suggestion.

“Well I’ve a wet room right off my office here, you want to use that don’t you, Celia?” (What! You mean you don’t have a wet room off your office. You’re really behind the times.)

I opened the door for her to see, “You would like to use that wouldn’t you Celia?”

“Oh yes please. Where do I get undressed?”

“Oh don’t mind me Celia. You want to take your clothes off here don’t you?”

That’s the way you do it. You will have noticed that you never give somebody a direct order. That doesn’t work. You tell them that they want to do something, because when you are in control and you tell somebody they want to do something then they really want to do it, and they will do it.

She kicked off her shoes, unbuttoned her blouse, slipped it off and pulled down her tarty little skirt. She even smiled at me as she did so. She stood there in her bra and knickers. And very nice bra and knickers they were too – white lacy cotton, very pretty.

“Can I take off my bra and panties here too?”

“Oh I think you want to do that, Celia. Be my guest.”

She carefully unhooked the bra and shuffled it off. As I expected she had the most perfect tits. Average size, perfectly formed, soft pink nipples with large pale areolas. Very nice.

Then her panties came down, all the way to the floor and she stepped out of them. She stood there the perfect little naked tart ready to do my bidding. Perfect round bottom, shaved clean and pink round the front. What could be nicer? And of course the rest of the staff stuck outside unable to come in until Celia announced the emergency would be over. Which wouldn’t be for a while yet. It really was the most perfect plan.

“Come on Celia you want to get into the shower.”

“Oh yes I do. Are you going to watch?”

“Well you want me to don’t you Celia?”

“I do? Yes of course I do!”

She was quite funny in the shower because I only let her use cold water and it was particularly freezing cold. Well I wanted her nipples to stand out. You can’t blame me for that, but it made her jump about a lot, and drop the soap and bend over - which was particularly gratifying.

“You play with yourself when you’re in the shower, don’t you Celia?” well everybody does don’t they.

“How did you know that?”

“Oh I know everything Celia. You want to play with yourself now don’t you Celia?”

“Yes I do,” you think I’m mean don’t you, but I deserved a little bonus for all my efforts. For being so clever. And a very nice bonus it was! And the little tart must have had plenty practice because she played with herself very expertly and very successfully. But all good things must come to an end.

“You want to dry yourself off now and get dressed, Celia.”

She rubbed herself down, towelled her wet hair and looked round for her clothes.

“Where are my panties?”

“Oh, you don’t want to wear panties, do you Celia? You don’t want to wear panties with that sort of skirt.”

“No, of course I don’t,”

She finished dressing.

“Right Celia, your special orders are over now, you can get back to the emergency numbers. And when you’ve finished you’ll feel really tired. You’ll find it difficult to keep awake on the train. You’ll want to sit down. You’ll keep wanting to sleep and letting your legs fall apart, won’t you Celia?”

“Yes, yes I will.”

You’ll think implanting that suggestion for a girl in a very short skirt and no panties was a bit mean, but I thought it would be really funny if the little tart found she had no panties on before she got back home, and it was bound to make somebody’s day wasn’t it.

“Go on then Celia. The emergency numbers”

She looked at me blankly for a second, shook her head a bit, then, “The emergency numbers, oh yes, of course,” and she left to unravel the instructions. There was no need for all that ‘and when you wake you will remember nothing’ nonsense. She’d been in a trance like state, of course she wouldn’t remember it other than as a strange distant dream she once had. As she completed the instructions, then she would return to normality and once the final one was completed she’d remember nothing of what had happened in the office.

I sat back in my office. It had all been most satisfactory. The suggestion was deeply implanted now. All I had to do was go over the instructions with her and she’d be back in the trance. I rang the agency and told them how satisfactory she had been and arranged for her to stay on for another three months. There were plenty of new things to try out.

-0-

I stopped suddenly. Why was I looking for panties? I didn’t want to wear panties to work. The whole point of a little short skirt is that you don’t wear panties under it! I was sure the boss would have plenty of assignments for me that didn’t involve panties.