**Scripting Tools**

by[DunsanysGhost](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1291791&page=submissions)©

"Look, I don't mean to be rude," the young teacher said, interrupting the janitor's awkward small-talk, "but these projects all need to be marked by tomorrow morning. I really need to concentrate, so if you're done in here...."  
  
"Sure, sure. I understand, miss. It's just that ... you look pretty stressed out. And I think sometimes, taking just a few minutes to stop and recharge can make a job that much quicker and easier. If you just took a moment to stretch your neck, maybe close your eyes...."  
  
She hadn't really noticed, but her neck was tense, and her eyes were stinging a little. And there was something odd about his voice, that she couldn't quite put her finger on. She listened more closely: "Just take three or four minutes off to relax. Take a deep breath. In ... and out ... in ... and out ... in ... and out. Feel all the tension just slipping away." His hands felt very good massaging her shoulders. "Forget about the projects, forget about the desk, the room. You are aware only of my voice. You are growing more and more relaxed. You don't need to worry about anything. Just obey my voice. Following my instructions will make you calm. Do you want to be calm?"  
  
"Yes," she said.  
  
"You will address me as 'Master.' Do you want to be calm and happy?"  
  
"Yes Master."  
  
"Very good. Open your eyes." The janitor was sitting on her desk in front of her, with his overalls undone to the crotch. He unzipped his fly and got out his love noodle. "My semen will make you calm and happy. Would you like to drink some?"  
  
"Yes Master," she breathed, staring at his manhood. "May I?"  
  
"You may."  
  
She parted her lips, and wet them with her tongue. She slowly, dreamily moved her head toward him. She took the head of his cock between her lips and flicked her tongue back and forth across it. It rapidly grew, and she sucked it into her warm mouth...."

Addie read incredulously. This was the seventh or eighth story like this she'd looked at. Who read this stuff? Who wrote it? If these perverts seriously thought hypnosis worked that way, why weren't they picking up babes in real life, instead of writing bad prose about it? Or if they didn't ... why bother with it as a plot device? You might as well just write a story about a bunch of sex robots going at it. Well, everyone's got their own interests, I guess, and this is probably fairly harmless. But ... "love noodle??"  
  
Like the suggestible teacher, Addie was working late. She usually did, really. If you asked her, she'd say that time just seemed to get away, and there was always so much for a system administrator to do. She could say that—her workmates wouldn't know any better—but to be honest, her job wasn't really that hard. With a bit of planning ahead and a systematic approach, she was able to keep things running perfectly smoothly, and under budget, at the small company she worked for.  
  
No, to be honest, she felt just as much at home here as in her apartment. She could go home at five, order dinner, maybe watch some TV or a movie, and end up dwelling on why she was alone; why, at 27, she'd never really even had a boyfriend. Or she could spend the evening here, where there were always systems to tinker with, scripts to write, new platforms to research (usually beyond anything the company actually needed).  
  
This evening, though, rather than doing any of those things, Addie found herself reading bad amateur erotic fiction. In theory, part of her job description was to keep an eye on staff internet usage. Normally she didn't like to pry, and certainly many staff accessed personal email, news websites and humour blogs quite frequently. She didn't want to be a hard-ass, and the office manager hadn't made an issue of it (Mr Dunsany wasn't interested in IT, and left her more or less autonomous), so she turned a blind eye. But she did have a script running each week to search through recent internet activity for anything inappropriate; the real concern was fraud, but while writing the script she had also added search terms for "offensive" matter. This morning the script had run and flagged some pages that Jack in Sales had viewed, and here she was, checking them out, to see how offensive they were, and whether the company ought to be concerned.  
  
Initially Addie had wondered whether she ought to report this to Mr Dunsany. But Jack was the company's top seller, and she was sure the boss wouldn't care. Mr Dunsany was no moral beacon himself, judging by own internet habits. So as long as Jack didn't waste too much time reading this stuff, or start spreading it round to the other staff, she probably didn't really need to do anything. It was funny, though, to think of him, sitting there in his office, reading these stories, maybe gently stroking an erection under his desk ... well, she had to admit, it was a little titillating. She felt like a voyeur, seeing right into Jack's fantasies, right into his mind.  
  
Not that Jack was at all her type. He was dumb as hell, for one thing. He had good looks, boundless confidence and a total lack of skills, talents or knowledge, a combination that would be disastrous in any other setting, but was irritatingly successful in sales.  
  
But when she got home that evening, she had a bath before bed, and soon found herself imagining Jack reading those stories, while her finger drew circles over her clitoris. She pictured him sitting in his office, reading online erotica while staff went about their business in the offices all around him. She wondered how often she had walked past his open door while he was reading about hypnotising women for sex, and whether he had looked up, surreptitiously stroking his cock through his trousers, as she walked past. Whether he had imagined hypnotising her. She thought of him fantasising about her appearing in his office, and about himself putting her into a trance, shutting the door, bending her over his desk, pulling up the skirt of her dress, pulling down her panties, and slowly pushing his swollen purple cock head between her lips and inching into her depths....  
  
She came suddenly, hugely, gaspingly, convulsively. In her involuntary thrashing, she lost her balance, went under the bath and came up a couple seconds later coughing and spluttering. This soon turned to laughter; she hadn't come that hard in a long time, and she would never have thought to fantasise about that dolt Jack.

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The next day at work Addie kept thinking about Jack and his reading habits. Because she was pretty good at her job, she didn't really have a lot to do, and so a few times she found herself checking to see whether Jack was using the internet. Of course, Jack was often on the phone (when not out visiting prospects), but at lunchtime she checked his browsing and saw that he had downloaded a long story (Hypnosis in the Spices and Condiments Aisle) just three minutes earlier. He must still be reading it!  
  
She felt a thrill, and imagined herself visiting him on some pretext. She wouldn't do it in real life; she wasn't very brave with that kind of thing. She wondered whether she could come up with a believable pretext, anyway. But then, she thought, what's "believable?" The guy's a moron; he'd believe anything! And how scary was this, anyway? It wasn't like asking a guy out; the whole thing was totally deniable. She would just pretend she knew nothing about the erotica, and go right in. Within a couple of minutes, she had come up with a pretext and dared herself to go through with it.  
  
She stepped into the server room and grabbed her little multifunction electrical tester and the stepladder, and traversed the corridor to his room. His door was closed, which was unusual; Jack always kept his door open when he was in there. Addie hesitated, but then a colleague came round the corner and she thought she'd look pretty peculiar just standing there with the ladder, so she opened the door and barged right in.  
  
He was wide-eyed and red-faced, and his right hand was under his desk, but she pretended not to notice anything. "Oh, hey Jack, I thought you were out," she said. "Ignore me. I've just got to test your cable. I'm getting some ... uh ... strange readings, and I might need to look at the ... couplings." As she said this, she set up the step ladder in the corner in front of his desk, where the data cables ran near the ceiling. She climbed the ladder and started brandishing the tester at the cables. She theatrically held the tester near various points on the cable and jotted down the numbers from the testing device, while wondering how far up the back of her skirt Jack could see.  
  
Jack was normally pretty quick with some inane wisecrack or other, but now he just gibbered, "Sure. Okay. No problem," and cleared his throat. After a minute or so Addie thought she heard a barely perceptible rhythmic susurration coming from under the desk. No way, she thought. Someone walked past in the corridor and the sound stopped; then ten seconds later it began again. Sure enough; he must be staring at her ass, rubbing his cock under his desk! She did her best to look totally absorbed in the numbers she was jotting down, and the sound got a little louder and faster. How could he think she wouldn't hear that? Did he even care? She leaned forward to reach further along Jack's cable, and felt the material of her skirt ride further up the back of her thighs. She was pretty sure Jack would be able to see a little corner of her panties. She held that pose for about ten seconds, taking a reading and jotting it down. She pretended not to notice the change in his breathing, and the salty smell that filled the office as she slowly climbed down the ladder. She folded the ladder, picked it up, stepped back into the corridor, and only then turned to face Jack. He was redder than ever, and looking somewhat dazed. "Thanks Jack. I guess your cable is working," Addie said with a friendly smile. "Would you like the door open, or closed?"

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The rest of Addie's day was an absolute write-off. Of course, if any crises had arisen, she could have dealt with them, but crises weren't very common the way she ran things. As it was, she just had a few medium-to-long-term projects on the go, and none of them could maintain her interest after what had happened at lunchtime. Nevertheless, out of habit, it was early evening by the time she started logging off and getting ready to head home. She looked up from organising her things and was surprised to see Jack in her doorway; normally by 6:45 she had the building to herself. "Oh, hi Jack! Still here, eh?" said Addie.  
  
"Yeah. I worked late today," Jack said. "I was just leaving, and wanted to see if anyone else was still here. If not I was going to turn off the lights." That was pretty hard to believe; Jack didn't seem the type to worry about the environment, or even the company's utility bill.  
  
"Oh, well I was just leaving too. We can walk out together," said Addie, yawning as she pulled her coat on.  
  
"Tired?" asked Jack.  
  
"Oh, I guess," said Addie. "I haven't really been sleeping that well." After a pause she said, "I suppose I'm a bit tense." She waited. "I guess I have a bit of trouble relaxing." She looked at Jack; still nothing. "Actually I've been wondering whether hypnotherapy might help." Finally! A flicker of cognition crossed Jack's face.  
  
"Oh, hypnotherapy, huh? I've been reading a little bit about that, as it happens. I thought it might come in handy, you know ... uh ... with prospects."  
  
"Prospects?" Addie asked, smiling. "You mean, you want to hypnotise them into buying our products? Is that even legal?"  
  
"Oh, well, I just thought, if I learned a little bit, I could just, maybe, use it a little, or something...."  
  
Jack was floundering, but Addie chose to pretend this idea wasn't crazy. "Well, with what you've learned so far, can you give me some sort of hypnotic suggestion to sleep better, or something? It might be good practice for you."  
  
"Oh, yeah, okay," said Jack. "We could try that right now. Have a seat and get comfortable."  
  
Addie looked at Jack and considered. There was absolutely no way this smarmy buffoon was going to be able to hypnotise her; there was no danger of that. But the idea that he wanted to was oddly exciting. This transparent, bumbling jerk fancied himself a smooth sexual predator, about to ensnare her in his trap, when really she was pulling all the strings. "Alright, sure. Why not?"  
  
She sat back in her chair, and kicked off her shoes out of habit. She leant back and looked at Jack.  
  
"Okay," said Jack, "start by closing your eyes. Imagine yourself sitting by a brook, in a forest, on a summer's day, miles from anywhere. You haven't got any responsibilities. You've been walking, you've come to this beautiful spot, and you've decided to lie down and have a siesta."  
  
Addie remembered this spiel from one of the stories Jack had downloaded. It was hard not to laugh.  
  
"You lie down on the soft grass. Birds are tweeting quietly in the canopy. You can feel all the muscles in your body start to relax. First your toes relax ... then your feet relax," Jack intoned. "Then your calves relax ... then your thighs relax ... then your ... um ... you know, your ... abdomen relaxes ...."  
  
This was a little relaxing, but mostly it was just amusing. Addie worked hard to keep a straight face and steady breathing as Jack talked her through relaxing all of the muscles he could think of. "Now your entire body is completely relaxed. You can feel yourself falling asleep. You are very, very relaxed, and fall into a deep sleep. You gradually fall into a deeper and deeper sleep. But you can still hear my voice. Can you still hear my voice, Addie?"  
  
"Yes." she replied.  
  
"And are you sleeping deeply?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Addie. This deep, relaxed sleep is very restful for you. This kind of sleep will do you a lot of good, and you will always wake up feeling very refreshed. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You will be able to reach this deep relaxed sleeping state every night, and whenever you want. You will remember how to reach this state, and be able to find it easily. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes," Addie dutifully intoned. A pause followed. Addie had expected this, of course; presumably Jack was now gathering his courage.  
  
"When you are in this state, you will focus on my voice, and must obey my instructions. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
A pause. "Addie, stand up." She stood. "Stand on one leg." She did, wobbling a little. "Make funny faces." She tried. Jack's imagination was limited; she was glad he didn't ask her for the administrator password or something like that.  
  
"Addie, set up the ladder in the middle of the room and climb up it." Oh, so he hadn't got a good enough look up her skirt at lunchtime? Addie did as bidden. She kept her eyes closed—Jack hadn't said to open them, and she felt it would be harder to pretend to be in a trance with them open—but she knew her workspace very well.  
  
Addie heard Jack sidle up behind her. His breathing sounded heavy. After a moment she felt his hands pulling up the back of her skirt. She considered stopping him—maybe pretending to gradually wake up—but she wanted to see where this would lead. And, hell, she was 27 years old. She deserved a little action from time to time. This was a little odd, granted—well, very odd—but she had to admit to herself, it was hot as hell.  
  
The thought of Jack, standing right behind her, captivated by her ass, was a new thrill. She felt his hand press against her thigh, and slowly move up to her right cheek. Sparks of pleasure leapt between his groping hand and her moistening vulva. Addie felt Jack's fingers loop through the waistband of her panties and start to pull downward. Her own breathing quickened, though she tried to keep it silent.  
  
"Lean forward, Addie," said Jack, unsteadily. With her panties around her mid-thighs, Addie leaned her torso across the platform at the top of the ladder, exposing herself completely to his exploring fingers. Jack slowly ran a finger between her cheeks. A tingling sensation shot right down to Addie's knees and up to her nipples as his finger reached her anus, slowly drew a circle around it, and continued downward.  
  
His finger then lightly traced over her lips. Goosebumps hared across her skin like gusts of wind over a grassy hillside. Jack's finger traced a zigzag path across her lips, edging downward with excruciating slowness, as he intoned, "When you are in this state, you will become very aroused, and feel a strong need to have sex with me." Addie started gasping and sighing with impunity, and moaned atavistically when Jack leaned in and gently kissed her on the clitoris. Was he surprised to find her so wet? Probably not, the smug bastard.  
  
"Addie, climb back down and sit in the chair," said Jack, pulling her panties back up. Weakly, she righted herself, climbed off the ladder and sat down, her eyes still closed. "Okay, now open your mouth." She knew what must be coming, but had never let a cock in her mouth before. She didn't want to hesitate, though, or he might figure out that she wasn't really hypnotised, which, at this point, would be very embarrassing for both of them. As soon as she parted her lips, she felt his hot, heavy hardness against her thick bottom lip. The tip of Jack's cock slid slowly across her tongue, filling her mouth with the taste of him while his smell grew sharp in her nostrils.  
  
"Addie, blow me," said Jack. That wasn't very specific, and at first, she just sucked, so to speak. Fortunately, Jack had some idea what he wanted: "Use long, slow strokes. Slowly pull your head right back."  
  
Addie retreated until her lips closed in a sloppy kiss, right at the tip of Jack's glans. Then she slowly advanced again, pushing her lips over him, until she had about half of his length. "Yeah ... that's it," he moaned. "Swirl your tongue around." Addie's tongue began to move over, under and around Jack's throbbing organ. "Tickle my balls with your fingernails," commanded Jack. Addie reached up blindly with both hands. She found his scrotum and lightly scratched it with her left hand. Her right hand formed a loop around the base of his penis and intuitively started a gentle massaging motion.  
  
"I am going to come in your mouth, Addie. You love the taste of my come. You will swallow it all eagerly. Drinking my come will make you feel ...." He broke off, and suddenly her throat was assaulted with several hot jets of sticky fluid. Addie swallowed repeatedly, with Jack's cock still occupying the front of her mouth, as he moaned and bucked. She tried not to think of Michel Faber's description of semen, "the snot of male desire," as the fluid negotiated her esophagus.  
  
"That was very good," panted Jack. He ad-libbed distractedly, as he dried his appendage with a handkerchief and put it away. "You did very well, Addie. You can feel a warm glow from my come in your belly, giving you ... um ... a strong sense of contentment and peace." Addie licked her lips. Jack went on, "From now on, whenever you hear me say the word 'Stockholm,' you will return to this state, and you will say, 'What are your instructions?' to assure me that you are hypnotised. Do you understand?"  
  
Addie said that she did.  
  
"I will now bring you back awake. You will remember none of what has happened, but you will feel refreshed and invigorated. When I reach the number one you will be fully awake." Jack counted backward from ten. At one, Addie started trying to act normal—as, for that matter, did Jack.  
  
"How do you feel?" he asked. Addie didn't know what to say or where to look. "I think you'll sleep better tonight," Jack blurted.  
  
"Well, I, uh ... thanks. I'll let you know how it goes," muttered Addie. "Goodness, is that the time? I'd better get going."

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Over the next couple of days at work, Addie was all nerves: looking up every time anyone passed her door to see if it was Jack, hoping it was, but at the same time dreading seeing him, and running imagined conversations through her head.  
  
She was keeping tabs on Jack remotely, via his internet usage, and was not surprised to see him returning to his favourite erotic fiction site. What was new, though, was that he created an account (he was now "TheJackal"), and then uploaded a story: Doing IT. It was, of course, a description of their recent encounter, from his perspective. It was written without any identifying details, although he did say in his preface that it was a true story. Addie tried to read it, but found it much too distracting for the workplace, and decided to read it later at home.  
  
That night in bed, Addie fired up her laptop and accessed Doing IT again. It was short, poorly written and mechanical, and it was only her connection to the story that gave it its erotic impact, but what an impact. Jack now believed she was under his spell. He believed he had violated her and circumvented her conscious discretion. He had used her like a sex slave, totally failing to grasp that it had been her idea in the first place! She read the story over and over again, while masturbating with the intensity of a teenager.  
  
Only an hour and five orgasms later did she notice the reader comments posted under the story. It already had eight comments! Wow; how many people were reading this? Most of the comments were up to anonymous's usual standard: "cool story bro", from Marauder, "very nice story, keep writing!" from Pink\_Ink69, "MAI DIK HAZ A HARD" from FapCat, that sort of thing. The most recent comment was quite interesting though. It was from a reader called TheRector: "I believe u when u say this really happened. Do u think u can put her under again? U should take requests!! My first request is, I want u 2 buttfuck her, and then come back and describe it all 2 us in gloryous detail."  
  
Yikes. Would he? If so, how much would it hurt? She was suddenly rather worried. She'd never put anything into her ass before (and certainly neither had anyone else). She fished around in her drawers for her rarely-used vibrator, dipped it into her still-soaked pussy to lubricate it, and then positioned it at her anus. She tried a few awkward positions, and eventually lay on her belly, reaching behind to manipulate the vibrator. It still felt dry, so she spat on it and tried again. It was painful when she tried to force it in. Patiently, though, and with more spit, she was able to inch the device slowly past her sphincter, and gradually relax. That was encouraging. Still, this wasn't quite "buttfucking" yet, and when she tried to push the vibrator in and out with any kind of rhythm, she involuntarily and painfully clenched down on it again.  
  
Instead she left the vibrator inserted about four inches up her ass and kept it still, while she reached under herself to stimulate her raw clitoris again. At first it was more uncomfortable than exciting, but then she thought of all the people out there in internet land, reading about her first encounter with Jack, waiting to read about another one. She wanted to let Jack screw her ass; he would come, then he would write it up and post it, then hundreds of other guys, all over the world, would read about it and jack off, thinking about screwing a hypnotised Addie. Really, she was turning them all on. She was like a sex goddess, responsible for all that desire and a bucket full of semen. She imagined that bucket full of hot, gooey semen jetting into her ass, in a raging torrent.  
  
When Addie started to come, some lustful instinct drove her left hand to plunge the vibrator recklessly in and out of her ass, while her right hand rubbed the bejeezus out of her clitoris. The orgasm went on and on, and when it finally ground to a halt, she hardly knew who she was. She just lay there, stunned. Her hand relaxed its grip on the vibrator, and her bowels pushed it out. Several minutes passed before she could get up to clean herself in the shower.  
  
Though it was late and she had exhausted herself, she tried to think things through. It seemed that she could enjoy anal sex, if it were taken slowly—in fact, that orgasm was quite definitely the hugest she'd ever had. But would Jack take it slowly?  
  
She went back to bed and reloaded the page. A quarter of an hour ago, Jack had replied to TheRector saying that he would sodomise her at the earliest opportunity, and report back! Addie quickly created an account under the name HypnoLord, and commented thus: "Be careful though. If you hurt her she might wake up. That happened to my friend and he did a few years in the big house. You need to take your time, start with a finger, use LOTS of lube, play with her clit, make sure she's relaxed. A hypnotised honey cumming hard while I shaft her rear end is my favourite thing, it just doesn't get any better." Carrot and stick.

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The next day, Addie went to work in her tight-fitting jeans. She told herself that, if this were going to happen, she'd rather it happen soon, while her courage lasted. Really, though, it was just that since last night, the idea of Jack buggering her was all she could think about. She was nervous, but hoped Jack would see her comment and act on it. She had a couple of opportunities to flaunt her ass to Jack during the day, including once when she'd been walking past his open door and stopped to talk to another coworker. She'd taken care to position herself with her back to Jack, and the coworker was not in line with Jack and the doorway, so Jack was pretty much guaranteed to be staring at her ass. She shifted her weight from hip to hip while she spoke, and could barely concentrate on her conversation.  
  
From about five, Jack wasn't working at all. Addie had developed quite a habit of watching his internet usage, and he was now simply reading stories, presumably waiting for everyone else to go home. By half past six, the last of the others had called it a day, and Jack appeared in her office door, saying, "Oh, hi Addie. Hey, I don't suppose you've ever been to Stockholm?"  
  
Addie took a deep breath, dropped her arms to her sides, adopted a blank expression, and asked, "What are your instructions?"  
  
"Take off your clothes," said Jack, closing the door.  
  
Addie pulled off her socks and dropped them next to her desk. Then she unbuttoned her top and pulled it off. Jack's gaze was locked on her lacey bra as she stood up. She turned away from him to unzip her jeans, and slowly pulled them down over her shapely rear, bending as she pushed them down over her legs. She stood to step out of them, turning back toward Jack. The material of her bra tickled her stiff nipples as she drew it off, and then they sprang free. Jack's face had turned red. Addie slipped out of her panties and stood, staring blankly into space.  
  
"Addie, stand over here and bend over your desk," Jack instructed. When she was in position, he added, "Good. Now reach down with your right hand and start rubbing your clit."  
  
Oh, thought Addie, so I'm going to need to do this myself? Fair enough, I guess ... I am supposed to be a sex slave. As long as he takes the penetration slowly, it should be okay.  
  
"As you masturbate, you will grow more aroused and more relaxed. You will grow very excited, and you will enjoy me watching you masturbate." As Jack spoke, Addie heard a lid snap open. The slimy squirt of lubricant felt ice-cold when it first fell on her anus, but soon warmed up as Jack spread it around. She felt his finger tracing circles around her hole, and then gradually starting to press inward. His finger traced a figure-8 over her ring, and pressed slightly harder and deeper on each pass. Very slowly her sphincter relaxed; very slowly he worked his finger inward. Addie's back arched as her body surrendered to the indecent new sensation.  
  
Addie dipped her fingers between her lips with a quiet moan, and returned to her clitoris. As she flicked, circled and squeezed it, she felt Jack starting to push another finger through her anus. Soon two fingers were slowly driving in and out of her, and again her muscles grew relaxed around them.  
  
Jack pulled out his fingers. Addie anticipated the assault with apprehension and arousal. She felt his penis hot and rock-hard against her anus. He pressed inward, and her sphincter squeezed shut involuntarily. He pulled back a little and drew his glans upward, through the lubricated groove between her cheeks, and then downward again to press against her tight hole. He repeated this motion a few times, and with each return to her anus, she was a little more relaxed, and he drove a little deeper, until finally her sphincter reopened to admit him. He gradually pressed inward. The now fervid motion of her hand on her clitoris spurred waves of pleasure, which leapt dizzyingly to her anus, and to every part of her body, and washed back to her centre, like echoes in a canyon.  
  
Jack put his hands on Addie's hips and began making slow, shallow thrusts. Each thrust inward was a new invasion; she was exposed, vulnerable, like a rabbit frozen in headlights. Each withdrawal consumed her with a helpless pleasure, like sinking into a warm bath after a day in the snow. Jack's thrusts gradually accelerated and deepened, and Addie scarcely noticed that she was now moving in time with them, arching her back and pushing against each violation. A bright, raw spark of pleasure kindled within her and grew to a flame. She marvelled that Jack was unwittingly following her exact instructions, playing out the short script she had written as HypnoLord. The flame rose to an incandescent blaze, and finally exploded. Addie rocked primally and lowed like an ox, as Jack's paced quickened. Her orgasm was relentless, unbearable, interminable. Finally Jack crashed against her buttocks, corkscrewed slightly clockwise, pulled her hips forcefully back against him, and shot jet after jet into her colon.  
  
Jack was still for a minute and then slowly pulled his softening organ from out of Addie, causing her to shudder. He produced some wet wipes and cleaned them both up, and he was surprisingly gentle and thorough with Addie. "That was very good. Now put your clothes back on."  
  
Addie tentatively reclaimed control of her muscles, and rose and dressed.  
  
"You will remember none of what just happened. You will remain hypnotised for five minutes, and then wake up. You will think you have been working all this time. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes," said Addie, and Jack slunk off.

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Unease ambushed Addie as she saw the expression on Jack's face. A moment ago, Mr Dunsany had phoned her and asked her to step into his office, but on arriving, she had seen that Jack was also there, not looking remotely at ease.  
  
"Hello Jack. What can I do for you, Mr Dunsany?" asked Addie brightly.  
  
"It seems a delicate situation has arisen. We're going to need you to do something," said Mr Dunsany.  
  
Do something, thought Addie? As if I normally just sit in my office playing minesweeper? She didn't like the sound of this; Mr Dunsany normally got right to the point. And why was Jack here? "Okay. Well, what's the situation? What do you need me to do?"  
  
"Perhaps it's best if Jack explains," smiled Mr Dunsany, turning to Jack.  
  
Jack looked nervously from Mr Dunsany to Addie, and cleared his throat. "We're going to need you to ... um ... go to Stockholm."  
  
What the fuck? Was Jack that fucking dumb as to tell the boss about it? Her face was burning. What the hell could she do now? She panicked, and all she could think of to say was, "What are your instructions?"  
  
"Well, well, Jack! I am impressed," said Mr Dunsany, staring lustily at Addie. "Can I give her a try? Assuming you don't mind, of course!"  
  
Jack swallowed and said, "Addie, you are now in a state of hypnosis. As long as you remain in this state, you must do whatever Mr Dunsany says. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes," conceded Addie.  
  
"Well thank you, Jack," said Mr Dunsany. "Lock my door on the way out, will you?"  
  
The next two hours were more humiliating than anything Addie had ever expected to endure. Mr Dunsany simply unzipped his fly, revealing a very large and very ugly phallus. Addie was required to kneel under his desk and fellate him, while he blithely went about his day, tapping away at his computer, making phone calls, and periodically farting abhorrently. Addie persevered unenthusiastically while on the phone he fought with his wife, talked dirty with some other woman and brownnosed to his overlords at head office. Between calls he hectored Addie to take him further into her mouth. Every now and then, without warning, he would thrust upward, making Addie gag while knocking the back of her head against the underside of his desk.  
  
She had never thought very highly of Mr Dunsany, but until today they had mostly operated in separate spheres. Now, a mighty hatred of this vile man took root in Addie's heart. She had to admit that she had put herself in a compromising position with Jack, but Jack she thought she could handle. True, she hadn't expected him to discuss their affair so freely. It was apparent that Jack was already regretting Mr Dunsany's having pried it out of him, but she would need to work on that, and make sure he was scared to mention it to anyone else.  
  
As for Mr Dunsany, though, this was absolutely intolerable. She dared not stop now—there was no predicting how he'd react if she came clean about the hypnosis—but she would most certainly get back at him somehow.  
  
After an eternity of slobbering fruitlessly at this horrid middle-aged pecker, Addie heard the robotic grunts and soulless rhythmic gasps of bad internet porn coming quietly from the computer, and Mr Dunsany leant back in his chair. It still wasn't quick, as her tormentor was aging and oversexed, but at long last he grasped her head, thrust his huge pork sword right to the back of her mouth, and choked her grievously with an acrid explosion of semen. You will pay for this, vowed Addie, swallowing the mucose mess and suffering through one last fetid fart.  
  
"Well you are quite the little fuck toy. Good for something after all, hmm?" Mr Dunsany chuckled and shook his head while zipping up his trousers. "I wouldn't mind another round, I think. Addie, this coming Saturday night, at six in the evening, you will return to this state of hypnosis, get in your car alone, and drive to my beachhouse." He made her memorise the address and directions. "You will arrive clean, fed, hypnotised and willing to do whatever I command."

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Certainly Addie considered standing him up. She had no desire to suffer Mr Dunsany's abuse again, and she feared that, in the privacy of a secluded beachhouse, he would degrade her even more thoroughly. Unfortunately, though, she could hardly avoid him indefinitely; he was her boss! And she had a plan. It was an extreme plan, and relied on an opportunity she couldn't be sure she'd have, but she could see no other way to put things right and get control of her life back. She took a deep breath as she pulled her car into the beachhouse driveway. She steeled herself, adopted a clichéd blank stare, and knocked.  
  
Mr Dunsany opened the door and told her to come in. Unceremoniously he ordered her to strip off. Then he led her into the kitchen, told her to get him a beer and cook him some dinner, and sat down to watch. He simply sat there and ogled her, as shameless as a schoolboy, while she sullenly prepared a meal for one from the well-stocked kitchen. Then he bade her sit by him and feed him with one hand while rubbing his cock with lotion with the other hand. This was exhausting, quite apart from the debasement of it, and she was almost relieved when he finally finished his meal and told her to lie on the bed.  
  
"Face down, slave," ordered Mr Dunsany, as Addie climbed onto the bed. Not expecting him to be gentle, and knowing his size, she dreaded his choice of orifice. Sure enough, when he had positioned his Shaikorthian frame above her, she felt him bearing down on her anus. She tried to relax her muscles, but reeled with pain as Mr Dunsany immediately crashed his lotioned organ straight into her.  
  
"You can keep up your pretense if you like, Addie," said Mr Dunsany as his mammoth organ cavalierly ravaged her bowels, "but I'm not as stupid as Jack. I never believed this hypnosis bullshit for a moment. I just manoeuvred you into a corner, that's all." Addie whimpered, but there was no point in arguing, nor in struggling; Mr Dunsany's great bulk had her entirely immobilised, and he would probably only relish the resistance. His strokes grew longer and more forceful; he drew his shaft out entirely until her ring puckered sorely over the tip, and then drove back into her, pushing his full length relentlessly into her guts. She knew he was screwing her slowly, not out of any concern for her abused flesh, but just to prolong his pleasure and her humiliation. The lotion soon dried out, and he simply thrust harder, sawing in and out, pulling painfully at her tender innards.  
  
"You think you're such a genius, with your fancy degrees and computer wizardry." Through the fog of pain, she thought she was starting to hear a slight slur in his words. As the onslaught continued, Mr Dunsany started to sweat profusely, and a small amount thankfully made its way into her rectum to ease the friction somewhat. "But now here you are with my big dick in your pretty little ass, and you can't do a fucking thing about it," he slurred. His strokes accelerated, and he pounded harder and deeper all the while, until with every crash of his pelvis against her rear, she literally saw stars. Finally he crescendoed with a stricken gasp. She felt him clutch at his heart behind her.  
  
"Except poison your dinner, you sick fuck," spat out Addie.  
  
"What?!? You little bitch!" Mr Dunsany wheezed, circling her neck with his hands as if to strangle her. Before he was able to hurt this new part of her anatomy, his strength rapidly ebbed, and then he subsided altogether, with a death rattle in her ear. As his body went limp, his bladder released, flooding her bowels with one final posthumous insult.  
  
The difficult struggle to extricate herself from underneath her dead boss was the most macabre of her life. Her bowels contained a mix of urine, semen, and probably feces and blood, which would surely have Forensics asking all the right questions if she spilt it here on the mattress. Reaching behind her, she pushed her hand in between their bodies, grasped the corpse's phallus and gently pulled in out of her backside. She squeezed her anus tightly over the glans as she pulled it out, somehow holding back the heaving tide despite intense churning pains and waves of nausea. Heroically she held it in while slithering out from underneath the carcass and waddling to the toilet, and her relief on reaching it was mighty.  
  
Addie put on the gloves she had brought and started cleaning up. First she showered and dressed. Then she washed all of the dishes very thoroughly, dried them and put them away, and also rubbed down the few surfaces she had been compelled to touch with her fingers. Next she washed and dressed Mr Dunsany's body. She found a wheeled office chair in the study, managed to roll the body onto it, and wheeled in out onto the balcony. She dumped the body onto the balcony floor and it flopped through the gap under the lower of the two railings, over the edge, and down into the pewter-coloured sea far below. Then she drove home and crawled into bed to rest her weary body.

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Mr Dunsany was unmissed until Monday morning, when Jack arrived at work and checked his email. There he found a suicide email from the deceased, which initiated the police investigation. In examining this message, the police also saw a couple of unremarkable administrative messages from Addie, seeming to place her at work at the time of the death. Of course, none of these emails were genuine; Addie had written a script to send the messages at prespecified times during the Saturday evening and then delete itself. A detailed enough forensic analysis would probably still implicate Addie, but she thought the police would have no reason to doubt the suicide, nor to suspect her. Her motive was guessable only to Jack, who could hardly go to the police with his story.  
  
Head office promoted Jack to Office Manager to fill the vacancy left by Mr Dunsany's demise. His trysts with Addie continued, but he was more careful than ever to treat her right, and to keep their secret. He always remembered a particular line in Mr Dunsany's email: "I thought I'd made a killing in the Stockholm deal, but in the end, the tables were turned."