

Lifestyle Takeover

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CHAPTER ONE

As she sat outside the CEO of Valeyard Solutions's office, Mel Adams checked the time on her phone once more and sighed. Supposedly, her host was running five minutes late - this, from a woman who had never been tardy for anything in her life. Making Mel wait was the most transparent power play in the book, and worst of all, it was proving entirely effective at pissing her off.

Really, the whole situation was setting her on edge. An unfamiliar office in an unfamiliar building, opulent yet spartan, and Mel was about to meet one of the most formidable rising stars of the hypnogarch world. A woman who, like Mel, hailed from a social and economic elite who used mind control to leverage and reinforce their power. Only, unlike Mel, this woman had notches on her belt and a fearsome reputation. They were meeting on her turf, too. In hostile territory. Mel was out of her depth.

Which was, of course, the point. This was a test. Mel's trial by fire, given to her by her parents. To become a fully-fledged hypnogarch, you had to be strong. If you weren't, your peers would eat your lunch and make you thank them for it while your brains drooled out of your ears.

"Ms. Adams?" said a secretary, approaching and offering a polite little bow. "Thank you for waiting. The CEO will see you now."

Mel rose from her seat and followed as the secretary led her into the office. She didn't bother to reply. There was no point, and, like all the others, she gave Mel the creeps. The entire floor was staffed with near-identical women, all of whom wore identical outfits: tiny pencil skirts and tight, white blouses, open to expose cleavage - and all of them had suitable bodies to make the clothes distracting. But more to the point, each one of them had a certain telltale, glazed look in their wide, guileless eyes.

All of the secretaries were completely hypnotized.

It was another typical flex from a powerful hypnogarch. But just like making Mel wait, it was unnerving.

"Melanie Adams," said the woman behind the CEO's desk, as they reached her. She smiled a thin smile. "My. I suppose I should be honored."

It was her. Vivienne Yvette Gilbert. Mel would have recognized her anywhere from all the magazine covers and fawning interviews. She looked just the way she always did in her photos: tall, professional, and classically beautiful, but modest, with her long, tailored suit only just tight enough to hint at the well-honed body underneath. Her auburn hair was tucked back in a neat, disciplined ponytail, and her eyes reflected a keen, vicious intelligence.

Vivienne Gilbert was a business savant, combining old money wisdom with new money ambition, and was, by all accounts, an extremely skilled hypnotist. Her company was taking the corporate world by storm, and the small army of brainwashed secretaries outside attested to her ability to get whatever she wanted from

people, by any means necessary.

This was Mel's test. This was the woman she had to destroy.

"Mel, please," she offered. "And really, I'm the one who's honored. Your time is valuable."

Vivienne nodded graciously, and indicated for Mel to take a seat opposite her. The secretary who had led Mel inside stood at attention to one side, against a nearby wall.

"So," Vivienne began. Her confidence was supreme. "To what do I owe this pleasure - a visit from the profligate faildaughter of two of high society's most prominent elite?"

Mel bristled a little, but didn't let it show in her face. "Curiosity, really. I thought that the two of us might want to get to know each other a little. After all, we're both from the same generation, right? Just like mine, your parents were--"

"Cut the crap," Vivienne interrupted with a slicing wave of her hand. She leaned forward. "My time is valuable - more valuable than yours, at any rate - so let's not waste it. Despite your wasted youth, I'm told that you've recently taken a position as executive vice president at one of the family businesses. And recently, shell companies attached to your family have been making aggressive offers to buy out my stake in Valeyard - offers I have declined."

Mel simply nodded. She wasn't surprised to learn that Vivienne had figured this much out. Anything less would have been a disappointment.

“You’re here,” Vivienne surmised, “because your mothers asked you to make in-person overtures. They want my Valeyard, and they’ve sent you to persuade me to sell.” She let out a brief, quiet laugh. “Amusing.”

Mel spread her arms. “You’re correct, of course,” she replied. “So far, you’ve rejected all offers. That’s your right. But everybody has their price, even if it’s not monetary. Assurances, perhaps. A position in one of our conglomerates? With Valeyard in the family, we could achieve new levels of market dominance and integration. You could be part of that. You could reap the rewards. Power, prestige - you name it.”

It wasn’t a bad offer - but just as Mel had expected, Vivienne rolled her eyes.

“Sophistry,” the CEO dismissed. “You and your parents simply want to take what’s rightfully mine. You want control - and you want it because you’re afraid. My Valeyard’s quarterly numbers put all of yours to shame. For now, I’m just a good story. A new, rising star. But in a few years, I’ll be knocking at your family’s doors. Challenging your mothers. I’ll be a competitor. A rival. A threat.”

Mel said nothing. She wasn’t wrong.

“Let me make this very clear.” Vivienne smiled a shark’s smile. “I am a threat. You and your mothers are right to be afraid. I’m not willing to be a partner or a pawn, or a... vice president.” She sneered the last two words. “I intend to come out on top. Understand?”

“With respect,” Mel replied, after a moment’s consideration. “Valeyard isn’t exactly rightfully yours, is it? You’ve already shown a willingness to jump ship, given the right opportunity. After all, you didn’t found this company. You simply acquired it. You took advantage of someone else’s capital and someone else’s ideas. Perhaps we aren’t so different.”

Vivienne simply laughed at the provocation. “You really are new to this world, aren’t you?” she mocked. “Yes, I acquired Valeyard. I took it from the original owner. Do you understand what that means? It’s mine. Not hers. Mine. She lacked the strength to hold on to what she’d built, and I had the strength to take it. That’s the very definition of rightful ownership.”

“I understand,” Mel retorted. “And you’ve guided the company all the way to the top of the stock market. Some would say you’ve already proven yourself.”

“Some would say?” Vivienne echoed derisively. “Ridiculous. You’ll have to do much better than that if you expect to convince me. Especially since I suspect that your mothers would prefer I end up much like the original founder.”

“And how’s that?” Mel asked.

Vivienne’s smile grew wider than ever, and she gestured off to one side. “Why don’t you see for yourself?”

Hairs stood at attention on the back of Mel’s neck as she realized Vivienne was indicating the brainwashed, identity-scrubbed secretary who’d led her into the office.

At first, it seemed absurd to believe that such a sharp, entrepreneurial mind could have been so completely blunted. But Mel knew all too well just how far someone could fall given the right kind of treatment, and besides, now that she was looking closely, there was a certain, unmistakably resemblance between the woman standing at attention before her and the woman she'd seen in old photographs when she'd been researching Valeyard's history.

How long must she have been a mind-controlled thrall by now? Years? It was terrible to imagine - but the worst part was that, even as they were talking about her, the woman's eyes registered absolutely nothing but blank, blissful, helpless compliance.

For the first time, Mel felt truly intimidated by the task her mothers had presented her with.

"By the time she signed over her company to me, she couldn't even remember what she was losing." Mel turned back to Vivienne and saw that she was turning over a pocket watch between her fingers. It was, by all accounts, her preferred instrument of control. "Still, I suppose she's happy enough - serving me. It's right where she belongs. Don't you think?"

Mel just sighed. "I don't think you intend to seriously entertain any offer I make you."

"At least you're smart enough to have figured that out," Vivienne remarked. She closed her pocket watch and slipped it back into her jacket pocket. "No, I don't. I just wanted to get your measure. And if you're the best your mothers can send, well... I'm not impressed."

“I see,” Mel said stiffly. She stood. “In that case, I won’t take up any more of your precious time.”

“Very gracious.” Vivienne replied contemptuously. She stood too, and indicated the door. “I’m sure you’re perfectly capable of showing yourself out.”

Mel turned, ready to leave. Vivienne didn’t seem to have figured out that Mel had been sent to brainwash her, not persuade her. That was, perhaps, a tiny advantage - but she couldn’t imagine how she might possibly leverage it. She’d seen no hint of any chink in Vivienne’s armor, and given that Mel’s skills as a hypnotist were still developing, she couldn’t see herself winning out in a fair fight. She needed an angle, but there was none.

What did that leave? How was she possibly supposed to win?

At that moment, as Mel was taking her first step towards the door, something happened that caught her attention: her and Vivienne’s phones both buzzed and lit up at exactly the same moment.

Vivienne’s phone buzzed all the time, of course. But for it to happen at precisely the same instant was a little weird. It was as if they had just received the exact same notification. Mel had to assume it was nothing more than a coincidence, but all the same, she found herself glancing at her phone to check.

It was a notification from her girlfriend Emma’s OnlyFans.

Mel didn’t really need to sign up for it - after all, Emma was not

only her girlfriend, she was brainwashed to adoringly follow every one of Mel's wishes. But Mel stayed signed up all the same, both to be supportive and because Emma regularly posted some very, very high-quality content. Despite all the brainpower she'd lost, she was quickly developing her talents as both a model and a photographer. The image set Emma had just posted was particularly alluring: she was dressed, as usual, in pink, skimpy exercise gear, and was in a series of unbelievable poses that perfectly showcased her sluttiness, her flexibility, and her curves all at once. Mel was lucky enough to be able to enjoy that body every night, but even so, it got her just a little hot and bothered.

Quickly, Mel slipped her phone away and chalked the simultaneous notifications up to coincidence. After all, there was no way that Vivienne Gilbert, of all people, was signed up to Emma's OnlyFans.

Or so she thought, until she looked over and saw Vivienne staring at her screen with a faint but distinct blush in her cheeks.

It still seemed impossible. But suddenly Mel found herself wondering.

"Vivienne?" Mel voiced cautiously. "Is something up?"

"Hm?" Abruptly, Vivienne realized that she was still in the presence of her guest. "No. No, of course not," she said, a touch too sharply. "But as you can see, I'm very, very busy. Please leave."

Her tone was off - and more to the point, Mel caught a glimpse of something damning as Vivienne slipped her phone into her

pocket.

The OnlyFans logo.

“Of course,” Mel said. “Goodbye.”

She left the Valeyard headquarters with a fresh spring in her step. It had come from the unlikeliest of places, and she still wasn’t sure of her next move, but suddenly Mel had something to work with.

She’d just found her angle.

* * *

“Hey, Emma? I’m back!”

As soon as Mel stepped into their penthouse apartment and called out to her girlfriend, Emma Park started bouncing toward her with the energy of a golden retriever.

“Babe!” she gushed, as she leapt into Mel’s arms. “Ohmigosh, you’re like, so early!”

Mel couldn’t help but chuckle. ‘Bouncing’ really was the most appropriate term. On top, Emma was wearing nothing but a pink sports bra that was specifically intended to look tight and press her cleavage together while doing absolutely nothing to keep her assets from jiggling up and down as she exercised vigorously for her audience.

Emma Park, exercise bimbo. It was her brand, and she worked it marvelously.

“I just couldn’t stay away,” Mel said brightly. “I love you, Em.”

Emma’s whole face lit up. “I love you too!” she exclaimed, delighted, and started giggling.

As it often did, even after six months, seeing Emma like that did hit Mel with a certain pang. After all, Mel had made her girlfriend this way. Unbeknownst to Emma, Mel had transformed her from a brave, smart muckraker to an airheaded, giggly bimbo. It had been done out of love, because it had seemed like the surest way to save Emma from herself, and from the clutches of the kind of mind controllers she was investigating - but still, it troubled Mel that she’d needed to take from Emma so much of the sharpness and activist passion that she’d always loved about it.

She’d tried to preserve, though, the kernel of all that. Emma’s passion; her energy and drive, her enthusiasm for her work, and her talent for connecting with an audience. It just so happened that, now, all of that was directed differently, at her OnlyFans career instead of investigative journalism. Emma was flourishing in her life: she was hot, successful, popular, healthier than ever - and most importantly of all, happy.

Mel had her pangs of guilt, but making sure the girl she loved was happy and safe was something she would never be sorry for.

“Actually,” Mel said, pushing down on her reflections. “I have an ulterior motive. I’m here because I need to talk to you. I was hoping

you could help me out with... with a work thing.”

“Oh, woah,” Emma giggled, dragging Mel over to their couch. “I dunno, I’m not good with all that, like, smart corporate stuff.”

“True,” Mel conceded. “But in this case... look, what if I wanted to track down someone on OnlyFans? Someone who I knew was one of your patrons on there?”

“Oh!” Emma seemed surprised at the question, but her eagerness shone through. “Well, um... do you know, like their username or anything?”

“I’m afraid not,” Mel replied. “I know who they are in real life, and I know - or, at least, I’m hoping - that they’re signed up to support you. I just need to try and dig into that a little more.”

“Hmm.” Emma stood up and started pacing circles around their apartment. It was a huge space - an open-plan penthouse that Mel had lived in alone for years. There had been plenty of room for Emma, and now part of it had been converted to serve as a dedicated exercise area and set. “I dunno... I mean, most people are pretty, like... what’s the word... anonymous?”

“Yeah.” Mel slumped. “Damn. I should have figured.”

“Sooo.” Emma leaned over and peered at Mel. “Who is it, anyway?”

“Vivienne Gilbert,” Mel said. “She’s a big-time CEO,” she added,

when Mel gave her a blank look. "It's for my folks. They want me to... well, to brainwash her somehow."

She hesitated to mention it to Emma at first. The old Emma wouldn't have approved. In truth, the old Mel might not have either. She'd always kept hypnogarch power games at arm's length, but masterminding Emma's transformation had given her a certain taste for it - a taste her mothers had been eager to help develop. Now, Mel was coming into her own as both a business leader and a mind controller. She was steadily becoming the kind of heir her mothers could be proud of.

But Vivienne Gilbert, it seemed, stood in her way.

"Hmm," Emma pondered for a long moment. "Well, um... if she's, like, super-rich, then maybe she'll be, like... one of the real big spenders?"

Mel's eyes went wide. Clearly, some of Emma's old journalistic instincts were still in there - and she'd never been more glad.

"Oh my god!" she cried. "Emma, you're a genius."

At that, her girlfriend just giggled.

"Can you show me a list?" Mel asked urgently. "Maybe something will jump out."

"Sure!"

Emma perched back down on the couch, brought up her OnlyFans on her phone, and, with Mel peering over her shoulder, navigated to a list of her supporters and sorted them by total financial contribution.

The top name immediately stood out. A ludicrously huge tipper - anonymous, but with the email address 'anon-of@valeyard.com'.

Gotcha. Mel could have danced a jig.

Instead, she reached over Emma's shoulder and took the phone from her girlfriend's hands. With manic energy, Mel navigated to what had to be Vivienne's profile and started looking over her activity history. Not only was she a big spender, she had also left long, enthusiastic comments on every single one of Emma's posts, including the one Emma had put up during their meeting.

'Emmal' it read, 'my goodness, you NEED to stop distracting me while I'm in meetings... I'm going crazy, this is your best set of pics yet! I know I always say that, but WOW. I'm SOOOO jealous of your mysterious mistress for getting to put her hands all over you all night long. What I wouldn't do to take her place... she must be quite the woman, I can see that she's left you with nothing to worry about except pumping reps, draining your brain, and showing yourself off. No worries, no cares, no stresses, just perfect, bimbo bliss. Honestly, I'm a little jealous... but mostly I'm so glad I get to be your no. 1 fan!'

Mel wasn't one to judge, but she couldn't help raising an eyebrow. She was having a hard time picturing the icy, vicious CEO she'd just met with saying something like that. The message was gushy, to say the least, but the detail about the meeting all but

confirmed Mel's suspicion about this being Vivienne. More importantly than anything - even her obsession with Emma - Mel detected something crucial in Vivienne's message. A kind of confused longing, as the CEO described Emma's 'bimbo bliss.' It was enough to make Mel wonder which of them, exactly, the woman was truly jealous of.

Maybe, just maybe, Vivienne Gilbert's armor wasn't so impenetrable after all.

And maybe Mel had the perfect weapon sitting right by her side, giggling happily.

"Hey, Emma," Mel said slowly, as a plan started to form in her head. "What do you say to making a special little thank you video for your number one fan?"

* * *

As soon as Vivienne Gilbert closed the door to her family's mansion behind her and felt herself safe from prying eyes, she let her shoulders slump and permitted herself to release a deep, weary sigh. It had been a long day - but then, weren't they all? - and by the time the last of Vivienne's engagements had concluded, the sun was long since set. Her staff had retired to their quarters for the night, leaving Vivienne alone to rest for the night.

For five hours - six, if she was really lucky - before she would have to wake up and do it all over again.

When Vivienne had first set her sights on the very pinnacle of social, economic, and mental dominance, she hadn't quite appreciated how bone-weary the struggle would leave her, day after day. There was no end to it: to the challengers, rivals, competitors and schemers, each one of whom needed to be managed, defeated or subverted as Vivienne climbed her way to the top.

It was a good thing, then, that being in her family's old home always reignited the flame of Vivienne's ambition. She remembered it as it had been in her youth: grand, yes, but dark, faded, outdated. Now, thanks to the fortune she had amassed, it had been reborn in splendor. Thanks to her tireless efforts, the name 'Vivienne Gilbert' echoed through the corridors of power.

Yes. For this, it was all worth it.

The corners of Vivienne's lips turned upward in a faint sneer as she remembered how, in their meeting earlier that day, Melanie Adams had tried to draw some kind of comparison between their upbringings. Ridiculous. What would she know? Melanie Adams was the daughter of two prominent, rich, successful hypnogarchs at the top of their game. She couldn't possibly fathom the kind of scorn that was piled on the daughter of a fading, old-money family being overtaken by a new generation of power-hungry leaders. She had been allowed to laze about for years and take an interest in business and hypnosis when it pleased her, while Vivienne had been orphaned as she'd left business school, and forced to fight alone in the hungry power games that dominated their society in order to secure her position and rebuild her family name.

Melanie Adams couldn't fathom that kind of drive. She was just

another trust fund brat, underestimating her.

But that was OK. It would just make it all the more satisfying when Vivienne ate her mothers' companies alive and made them beg to lick her shoes clean.

Vivienne smiled ruefully to herself as she let down her long, wavy, auburn hair. Spite was as good a motivator as any. Getting to crush irritating little bugs like Melanie Adams was one of the many pleasures of success. That was, admittedly, a few years away. With her at the helm, Valeyard had taken the corporate world by storm, and was well on its way to becoming a major player, but rapid expansion took time and careful management. For tonight, Vivienne would simply have to find some way to relax in the brief time she could afford before going to bed.

Right on time, her phone chirped with an incoming notification.

When she looked and saw that it was an OnlyFans post, Vivienne's stomach filled with a delicious, naughty sense of arousal and anticipation. Her OF subscriptions were her guilty pleasure - a secret one, of course. In her line of work, it could be dangerous to let one's pleasures and proclivities become widely known, which was why Vivienne was always very careful to use a dummy corporate email with no name attached. Valeyard had thousands of employees, and there was nothing to tie her account back to her.

Which meant that, when the mood took her, Vivienne was free to enjoy herself in peace.

Vivienne rushed upstairs to her bedroom, perched on the edge of

her huge bed, and opened up OnlyFans. Her wicked excitement doubled when she saw who the notification was from: Emma. Her very favorite. Two posts from her in one day was a rare treat.

The CEO's eyes widened when she realized that the notification wasn't a post at all. It was a private message.

'hiiii,' it read. 'hope you're doing just peachy! I know you're all anonymous and I like totally respect that! but I also rly rly wanted to do something extra special for my no 1 fan!! so here's a special private vid nobody else gets to see!!! hope you enjoy it!!! Emma xoxo'

For the first time in Vivienne Gilbert's life, she felt herself genuinely starstruck. Her heart was pounding, and a giddy, nervous smile came to her face. Her fingertips trembled as she tapped on the screen and downloaded the attached video.

More than once, she'd felt a little embarrassed by how much she'd willingly given to Emma's OnlyFans. But now, she was nothing but grateful.

Emma wasn't Vivienne's only OF sub, but she was by far her favorite. It was difficult to put her finger on why; to Vivienne, Emma was simply perfect. The perfect bimbo. Hot? Yes. Dumb? Yes. Blonde, pink, submissive? Extremely. But beyond that - and beyond any other brainwashed bimbo Vivienne had ever seen - there was something truly, remarkably carefree about Emma. When she giggled, or posed, or exercised for the camera, there was something magical about the way all the old, faded little worry lines in her face completely evaporated, leaving her the very image of mindless, brainwashed bliss.

Whoever her mistress was, they clearly took excellent care of her.

After discovering Emma's OnlyFans, Vivienne had often considered taking on a bimbo pet of her own. It wouldn't have been difficult - for a person of her resources and a hypnotist of her talents, there were any number of women who could easily be molded into her ideal bimbo plaything. It might even make a nice change from the identical, obedient secretaries that had become Vivienne's signature.

But somehow, she just couldn't bring herself to.

She lacked the time, Vivienne reasoned. Or, perhaps, she didn't want a distraction from her work. Perhaps she didn't want her fondness for bimbos to be so easily discovered by one of her many, many enemies. Those were all fine reasons - but they weren't the real reason. Deep down, Vivienne knew that the reason she loved Emma's content so much wasn't because she wanted to own a bimbo like her.

It was because she was ever so slightly envious of her.

Just thinking about it brought a faint blush to Vivienne's cheeks. It was embarrassing. Mortifying, even, for a woman like her. But in her heart of hearts, she couldn't deny that there was something appealing about the idea of sinking into that carefree bimbo mindset - of forgetting all the stresses and pressures that accompanied her career, and becoming so dumb and giggly that none of it seemed to matter.

Looking at Emma on OnlyFans made her feel that longing far more keenly, somehow.

It was, of course, a deeply inappropriate and shameful desire for a hypnagogarch to entertain. Vivienne had to excuse it to herself as nothing more than an aberration of her psyche; a byproduct of the immense stress she was under, day after day. It had no deeper meaning. It was a fantasy. Nothing more.

And crucially, nobody would ever know.

Safe and secure in that knowledge, Vivienne got comfy on her bed and hit 'play' on the video Emma had sent her.

It began with a familiar scene: the set Emma used to film almost all her videos. It was a space in some kind of large apartment, with the floor covered in exercise mats, set against a pink, decorated backdrop. In front of it, Emma stood, and her outfit immediately sent thrilling shivers racing down Vivienne's spine.

She was dressed up like a cheerleader. That was new.

Emma certainly had the body to pull off the tiny top and scandalous, pleated miniskirt. She was in incredible shape. Her body put Vivienne's to shame, and that was saying something. Vivienne flattered herself that she looked good. She'd been blessed by genetics, and she incorporated enough exercise into her routine to keep her waist trim and her butt bubbly and shapely. She made sure, of course, to dress with the kind of restraint and dignity that befitted her station, but she'd often found it useful to be able to distract the

eye of a prospective rival with a hint of her shapely legs or prodigious cleavage. All the better to lull them into a trance.

Emma, though? She was simply in a different league. All the time and effort she spent working on her body really showed.

One more thing to be envious of.

“Hiiii,” Emma squealed gleefully on the video, with a little bounce that was hot and adorable in equal measure. “Wow! I just, like, love getting to say hi to my number one fan! You’ve given me so much, I really just wanna give you a little gift in return. As, like, a thank-you!”

Vivienne found herself surprisingly flustered. She’d never dared hope for even this level of personal attention from her idol.

“You’ve been cheering me on soooo much, all this time,” Emma went on. “So I figured, maybe I should do a little cheering for you? That’s... um... it’s... irony? I think?”

She giggled. Vivienne did too.

“You must really super like me.” As she spoke Emma bent down and picked up a pair of pom-poms that had been resting at her feet, one in each hand - pink, of course. “I’m, like, totally flattered. Sorta makes me wonder... why? Like, how come you like me so much?”

Already, Vivienne was mesmerized. Emma just looked so good. She made a mental note to reply to the bimbo’s message and explain

every little thing she loved about her.

“I mean, obviously I’m, like, so pretty and hot.” Emma struck a little pose. Vivienne purred appreciatively. “But, maybe it’s something more than that?” She giggled. “I dunno. I guess I’m not smart enough to figure out stuff like that.”

Her mindless, carefree laugh washed over Vivienne like a warm, calming ocean tide. Yes, this was the perfect way to relax after a long day.

“Anyway!” Emma made a little show of bending this way and that, stretching and warming in. In the process, her pleated skirt rode up over her ass and hips, giving Vivienne quite the eye-candy to enjoy. “Here I go!”

Vivienne was holding her phone closer and closer to her face. She didn’t want to miss a thing. Already, her body was buzzing with pleasant arousal. Seeing Emma giggle and trip up on her words and bounce around always did it for her, and the CEO was becoming more and more aware of the pent-up need that had been building inside her all day. Her hand started to stray down, toward the hem of her pants.

Abruptly, music started to play. Not a soundtrack, added in post. This was playing out loud on Emma’s set - a bright, upbeat pop track that immediately had Vivienne tapping her fingers along with the rhythm. And then, Emma started to cheer.

“One! Two! One! Two!” Emma sang, each one of her words punctuated by motion: a sway of her hips, a motion of her pom-

poms, all perfectly in time with the music. “Emma’s the only one for you!”

Vivienne giggled. It was a perfectly cute, silly little chant for a bimbo like Emma. And, she supposed, it wasn’t far wrong.

“One! Two! One! Two! Emma’s the only one for you!” Emma repeated, still dancing. As she bounced up and down, the way her big, bimbo tits bounced beneath her hopelessly inadequate top was mouth-watering. “One! Two! One! Two! Emma’s the only one for you!”

She kept chanting it, over and over, each word inflected with pure, giddy eagerness. Vivienne was utterly captivated. It was so enchanting to think that this video was just for her. For no one else. As she watched, Emma’s ditzy chant quickly started to worm its way into the CEO’s head. Something about it was infectious. It occupied her attention so completely, she failed to notice the deep, echoey, binaural tones that were slowly creeping into the music.

“One! Two! One! Two! Emma’s the only one for you!” Emma paused briefly to catch her breath. Her cheeks were flushed and her forehead was shining with sweat, and she was all the more attractive for it. “Hey, why don’t you, like, chant along with me?”

Vivienne rolled her eyes. She couldn’t imagine herself doing something like that. But all the same, the suggestion made her slip her hand down into her panties. She was already turned on.

“Oh, wait! That would be silly.” Emma giggled. “It would have to be, like...” She started bouncing to the music again. “One, two, three!

One, two, three! Emma's the only one for me!"

Vivienne shivered rapturously as she drew a finger across her sensitive lips, and grinned wider than ever. Emma's new chant, with its energetic triple beat, was quickly proving to be even more of an earworm.

"C'mon!" Emma urged, after a little more cheering. "Give it a try? For your fav little bimbo?"

She made the cutest, poutiest face Vivienne had ever seen, and even the hard-hearted CEO couldn't bring herself to refuse. In truth, she was already half-murmuring along to the silly little rhyme.

"One, two, three," Vivienne said out loud, keeping time with Emma as the bimbo started chanting again in the video. "One, two, three. Emma's the only one for me."

She let out a bashful little laugh. There was nobody around to hear, but all the same, the cheer made her feel self-conscious. It wasn't all bad, though. When was the last time Vivienne had been able to do something so frivolous?

"Yay!" Emma cried. Vivienne had to remind herself it was just a recording. Clearly, Emma had anticipated her participation. "See? Isn't this fun?"

As Emma kept cheering - and Vivienne along with her - the CEO was forced to admit that it was. There was something disarmingly simple and joyful about the chant. Already, Vivienne could feel weight being lifted from her shoulders. When she focused

her mind on the words, the rhythm, the rhyme, it made it all the easier to forget about the stresses of her daily life.

“One, two, three. One, two, three. Emma’s the only one for me.”

Vivienne kept going, and her mood kept brightening. Each word of the little cheer bounced into the next, carried by the tempo of the music, and any brief pause that might have led to stray thoughts was instead occupied with staring at Emma’s gorgeously toned body as the bimbo jumped and pranced for Vivienne’s entertainment.

Vivienne felt something wet on her chin, and realized she was actually drooling over her. That should have been embarrassing, but somehow she was beyond that, struck with a giddy, infectious enthusiasm that left her uninhibited and euphoric about everything.

“One, two, three. One, two, three. Emma’s the only one for me!”

Her chanting steadily picked up in volume and enthusiasm. Vivienne was slipping further and further into the right mood for it. More and more, she felt oddly like she was really there with Emma, dancing with her, imitating her. Maybe it was just how close she was holding her phone to her face. She felt like Emma’s bimbo-themed home gym was all around her. Her vision was starting to blur from how focused she was - or was it something on the video, instead? Some kind of compression artifacting that manifested as sweeping, spiraling patterns, prickling in and out of existence around the edges of the frame?

Vivienne wasn’t sure, but she couldn’t bring herself to look away and check. She didn’t want to miss a single moment of Emma’s

video.

“One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me!”

She was so relaxed. Perfectly relaxed. It was blissful. And as Vivienne’s muscles gradually let go of all the tension she’d been carrying around, waves of pleasure and arousal started to course through her body. Between her legs, her pussy, dripping on the bedsheets beneath, demanded more and more attention. Vivienne started moving her fingers faster and faster - stroking her cunt in time with the music, in fact.

It felt incredible. This was exactly the relaxation she had been craving. The pleasure was washing away all her stress. Vivienne longed to sink deeper into it, to luxuriate in it - safe in the knowledge that she was anonymous to Emma. Her fingertips dipped inside her cunt, and her chants turned into moans.

“One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me!”

“You know,” Emma said, dropping her chant. Vivienne kept it going. “Cheering like this makes me feel so, like, happy, y’know?”

Vivienne nodded as if Emma could see her. She was so lost to pleasure, she failed to realize the absurdity of that.

“Just... kinda bubbly and silly and fun!” Emma struck an adorable pose. “Like... I don’t even need to worry about thinking for myself!”

The pose flipped up Emma’s skirt, and Vivienne gasped

pleasurably as she saw that Emma was naked beneath the skirt, and dripping down her sculpted thighs.

“It’s just perfect!” Emma exclaimed, giggly. “Totally perfect for a bimbo like me, anyway. Not having to think feels, like, sooooo good.”

Vivienne just nodded again. That sounded just right to her. Still, she was moaning the dumb cheer Emma had given her.

“One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me!”

“It’s so much better this way.” Emma’s hand drifted down, stroking over her midriff, reaching for herself in unmistakable arousal. “No silly worries... no silly cares... I’m wayyy too dumb for that now.”

Once more, Vivienne nodded eagerly and moaned her new mantra. It sounded so good. So blissful. Vivienne could only fantasize about what it might be like to live in such a permanent state of dumb, horny euphoria.

“All I have to do,” Emma half-moaned, half-giggled, “is look hot, and listen to the music, and shake my pretty little ass for my owner!”

It all sounded so right. More and more, as she succumbed to a pleasure-drunk trance, Vivienne felt as though she could hear other things, too. Other lyrics, buried in the music, barely audible, but layered, so that they flowed into her brain without resistance. That should have been a red flag, but her defenses were down. With each beat, Vivienne’s fingers pumped in and out of her needy cunt,

driving more and more of her rational thoughts out of her head.

“One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me!”

Vivienne’s voice was filled with more joy and enthusiasm than ever, but she was losing the rhythm as heaving moans robbed her of her breath. Her pleasure was cresting, driven by the merciless pumping of her fingers. When the orgasm hit her, Vivienne screamed and thrashed, but even then she didn’t stop cheering. She couldn’t. The music drove her onward, as did her endless craving for the empty, bimbo bliss Emma’s words suggested. She just kept muttering, over and over, in a ceaseless, mindless drone.

“One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me! One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me! One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me!”

She didn’t stop, not even after her orgasm faded. Vivienne even kept touching herself, keeping her pleasure at a roiling boil, driving herself onwards towards the next peak. The music demanded it, and so did Vivienne’s own, insatiable arousal. Nothing had ever felt as good as this. So, she just kept chanting, and touching herself, and working herself even deeper into an eager, compliant trance.

“OK!” Emma announced on the video abruptly, in her giggly, bimbo drawl. “I think that’s enough fanservice from me. But... if you’re really my number one fan, you wanna know what I’d really like you to do?”

Vivienne was just barely conscious enough to nod.

“I want you,” Emma giggled, “to go back to the start of this video, and, like, watch it all over again from the start! M’kay?”

There was no question of doing otherwise. Though her hand was trembling with aftershocks of pleasure, Vivienne managed to use her thumb to scroll all the way back to the start on her phone. At once, it began to play again.

“Hiiii,” the recorded Emma said. “Wow! I just, like, love getting to say hi to my number one fan!”

For hours, until exhausted sleep finally claimed her, Vivienne watched the video over and over again, looping it each time as Emma instructed. Each time, she kept chanting and kept touching herself, conditioning herself to accept all the pleasure Emma’s message offered, bringing herself to orgasm after orgasm, and etching all the subliminal, hypnotic suggestions buried within the video into her brain.

CHAPTER TWO

Why was she here?

Vivienne Gilbert kept turning that question over in her head as the elevator slowly carried her up toward Melanie Adams's penthouse. There was nothing particularly strange about the sequence of events that had brought her here. Early that morning, one of her mindless personal assistants had put a call from Mel Adams through. Mel had invited Vivienne to her apartment to continue their talks. Vivienne had accepted - and now, here she was.

But... why?

Why had Vivienne accepted the invitation? Why had she even taken the call? There was nothing for them to talk about. Vivienne had already given that irritating nepo baby her final answer: there was no way in hell she was going to let her mothers acquire Vivienne's company. So why had she come here?

There were lots of possible reasons, of course. Foremost amongst them was idle curiosity. Maybe Vivienne simply wanted to see more of Mel and the way she lived. Or perhaps she suspected Mel had an improved proposal for her. Possibly, it was a ploy. There were all kinds of ways in which dragging out negotiations could serve her interests.

And yet, deep down, Vivienne knew none of those things had motivated her decision. On the phone, Mel had been insistent - and Vivienne had ended up saying 'yes'. It was as simple as that. For most people, that might have been completely innocuous. But Vivienne feared it was something as dangerous as it was humiliating: a moment of weak will.

Vivienne Gilbert did not - could not - suffer moments of weak will.

And that prompted another fear: the fear that she had been compromised. Conceivably, Melanie Adams could have found some way to bring Vivienne under her psychological influence. Efforts like that were practically routine between hypnogarchs. Vivienne herself had dealt with more than one rival using mind control. Like all rising hypnogarchs, she had defenses - but all defenses had their potential weak points. So what if...

Vivienne shook her head to snap herself out of it. No. It was impossible. Vivienne was made of steel, and Mel was nothing more than an over-sheltered whelp. There was absolutely no way Melanie Adams had gotten into her head.

Ultimately, Vivienne decided that there had to be a far more benign explanation: she'd accepted the call and the invitation because she was in a good mood. And she was in a good mood because of Emma's personalized video.

Ever since last night, when she'd received a private, cheerleader-themed thank-you video from her absolute favorite OnlyFans star, Vivienne had been on cloud nine. She couldn't have asked for a

greater gift, or a better way to relax. After listening to that video, the rest of the evening had passed by in a pleasant, stress-free haze. All Vivienne remembered was that she'd spent most of it working out some pent-up physical need.

Not the most dignified way for a high-powered CEO to spend her time, perhaps. But a very, very welcome way.

In fact, Vivienne had done the same thing that very morning, before dragging herself out to Mel's building. It was a rare indulgence, but one she just hadn't been able to resist. She didn't regret it either, even if it had left her just a touch disheveled and more than a touch late. Watching Emma's video again had put her in a delightfully pleasant, upbeat, relaxed - and slightly horny - mood.

One of these days, she was determined to focus hard enough to pay attention to Emma's words all the way through.

But there would be time for that later. For now, Vivienne just needed to get her head off her pillow so she could make the most of this little meeting.

By hypnotizing Melanie Adams.

Whatever the reason she'd agreed to come here, Vivienne had made up her mind not to leave empty-handed. She touched her hand to the outside of her suit's jacket pocket, and felt the familiar outline of her pocket watch within. It seemed only fair. If Melanie Adams wanted to play power games, she was going to find out just how much it was possible to lose. Vivienne doubted the trust fund

brat had any real defenses, and having their daughter under her sway would make taking on her mothers that much easier.

She'd hardly be Vivienne's first conquest. She relished opportunities to get her hands dirty. This one was going to be easy.

Her confusion and doubt set aside, a thin smile came to Vivienne's face as the elevator arrived at the top floor. She stepped out of it and presented herself at the door to Mel's penthouse suite. Immediately, it opened, and once Vivienne saw who was there to greet her, her smile dissolved into an expression of open-mouthed shock.

It was Emma.

The Emma. Emma, the OnlyFans model Vivienne adored. Emma, the woman she'd spent all night and all morning frantically getting herself off to. Emma, the glorious bimbo she'd only ever expected to see through a screen, on a website - only now she was here, in the flesh, flashing Vivienne a brilliant, winning, ditzzy smile.

"Hi!" Emma said, voice irrepressibly bright and bouncy. "You're... um... Mel's guest, right?"

Vivienne nodded dumbly.

"Well, what are you just standing there for, silly?" Emma giggled after a moment. "Hurry up and, like, come in!"

Without speaking another word, Vivienne nodded and followed Emma inside. The whole time, her mind was racing. Half of it was

frenzied speculation. Why was Emma here? What was the nature of her association with Melanie Adams? Had she brought her here for Vivienne? How did they know about her fascination with Emma? What should she do? Should she say something? Ask?

The other half was equally frenzied fangirling.

It's Emma. It's actually Emma. The Emma. My Emma. Oh god. She's right there. She'd said 'hi' to Vivienne. Vivienne could reach out and touch her if she wanted to. Would she sign something for her? Oh god. She's so hot. She's even hotter in person. Oh god. Oh god.

She really was even hotter in person. Looking at her on a screen, in a highly polished piece of video content, it was easy to gloss over Emma's sheer physical perfection. Her clear skin, her sleek, blonde hair, her perfect, hourglass figure, and the hints of toned muscle underneath - all of it was truly unbelievable. Vivienne found it hard not to be dazzled by Emma's raw beauty and sex appeal. Her outfit - a simple sundress, albeit one that was cut low and very, very short - was far less salacious than the kind of slutty workout clothes Vivienne usually saw her in, but that didn't make Emma any less stunning. If anything, it enhanced her allure - plus, there was something utterly precious about getting to see her like this: casual, domestic, offhanded.

Just like the video, it was something none of Emma's other fans would ever get to see.

Vivienne was suddenly, overwhelmingly grateful for Mel's invitation.

“Vivienne!” Melanie Adams rose to her feet as Emma led Vivienne into the living area of the apartment. “Thank you so much for coming.”

“Of course,” Vivienne replied, because she didn’t know what else to say.

As she watched, Emma rushed to Mel’s side and stretched up to kiss her cheek, a big, dumb grin on her face. Envy hit Vivienne like a wave - and she wasn’t even sure who she was jealous of.

An instant later, her corporate instincts kicked in. She couldn’t let it show. Her envy, her desire - any of it. Not even the fact that she knew who Emma was.

“Thank you for inviting me,” Vivienne added, before nodding toward the bimbo. “And... who’s this?”

Silently, she prayed her voice didn’t sound as robotic out loud as it did in her head.

“Oh, this?” Mel’s grin was wide and proud as she slipped her arm around Emma’s waist. “This is my lover - and my pet. Emma.”

Emma let out a sickeningly sweet giggle and pressed herself to Mel’s side. Their body language, the looks on their faces - it was obvious they were in love. And from Emma’s videos, Vivienne knew there was only one person Emma felt this way about.

Which meant Melanie Adams, her corporate enemy, was

Emma's mysterious mistress.

For a moment, Vivienne was speechless. Her instincts screamed at her that something was wrong, but she suppressed them. Her security and anonymity were perfect. There was no way that anybody could know, least of all Mel. There was no reason for anyone to even suspect. This was all just one big coincidence.

But, god, what a coincidence.

"Pleased to meet you," Vivienne said stiffly.

"You too!" Emma sang out, and her voice was so bright and carefree, Vivienne couldn't help but freeze in her tracks as words from the video came back to her.

One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma's the only one for me!

Vivienne blinked. She needed to focus.

"Why don't you have a seat?" Mel suggested.

She gestured to one of their couches, clustered around a coffee table. Vivienne obligingly sat herself down at one; Mel sat at the next couch over, and Emma immediately went to perch beside her owner.

"So," Vivienne said deliberately. "What did you wish to speak with me about?"

Mel held up a hand. "First things first: refreshments. It's the least

I can do, after dragging you over here. Would you like something?"

Vivienne shook her head. "No, that's--"

"Hey, doll," Mel interrupted, turning to Emma. "Bring us out some glasses and a pitcher of water."

"OK!"

Emma sprung to her feet once more, and headed towards the kitchen. Normally, Vivienne would have bristled at having her objection brushed aside so casually, but the simple sight of Emma walking away from her silenced any complaint she might have raised.

Her ass. It took the words right out of her.

In just a few moments, Emma returned, with glasses and a pitcher set on a tray. She smiled at Vivienne as she set it down on the coffee table before handing out the glasses and pouring each of them a glass of water.

Vivienne's mouth went dry as Emma bent at the waist in front of her to pour her drink. She could see down Emma's dress. All the way down. And the bimbo wasn't wearing a bra. It was all Vivienne could do to keep her eyes from bulging. Emma's plump, round tits bounced and jiggled with her every slightest motion, and beneath those, Vivienne could even make out the outlines of Emma's toned abs. The camera truly didn't do her body justice.

"Vivienne?" Mel prompted. "You were saying?"

Vivienne blinked. She scolded herself for getting distracted. "I was just..." She frowned. "No, you were telling me why you invited me here."

"Oh, that's right," Mel just kept smiling. "Well, it's simple. Like I told you yesterday, I think we really do have a lot in common. I was hoping I might persuade you to see it that way too, if we spent a little time together."

"Please." Vivienne snorted derisively. "You just want to persuade me to sell out to your mothers."

"I won't insult you by denying an ulterior motive," Mel replied. "But I can't force the legendary Vivienne Gilbert to do something she doesn't want to do. You have nothing to lose - and everything to gain, if you come to see how mutually beneficial some of our proposals can be."

"Not likely." Vivienne pursed her lips. This was a waste of time, and she had plenty on her table. Under normal circumstances, she might have simply stood up and left. But...

Once again, Vivienne found herself glancing at Emma.

"But," she said slowly, "perhaps you're right. It's not often I get to enjoy a casual drink with another woman of our station."

"Right!" Mel beamed at her. "It should be fun."

Vivienne nodded as she sipped at her water. Her inner fangirl

couldn't help but want to spend more time in Emma's presence. And beyond that, she was desperate to know how an inexperienced mind-controller like Mel came to own such a wonderfully trained and presented bimbo.

"Well," Vivienne said, for want of something to say, "if you have proposals, I may as well look at them. I assume you've improved your offer?"

"Of course," Mel told her. "Anything less would be churlish. Emma, the papers on my desk."

"Sure thing!" Emma announced, as she bounced to her feet. She soon returned with a stack of papers, but before she could present them to Vivienne, they slipped out of her grasp and ended up scattered across the ground.

"Emma!" Mel scolded, although none too harshly.

"Oopsie!" Emma squealed bashfully. "Sorry! I'm, like, sooo clumsy sometimes."

Vivienne felt her cheeks starting to glow pink. She couldn't help it. Emma was just so cute.

"Pick those up," Mel ordered. "Quickly."

"Yes, Mel!" Emma chirruped.

She fell down onto her hands and knees, and started scrambling

to gather up all the sheets of paper she'd dropped. This time, Emma was largely facing away from Vivienne, but that didn't make the spectacle any less mouth-watering. As the bimbo bent over, the hem of her sundress rode up over her hips, exposing her ass. Vivienne utterly failed to avert her eyes as it swayed from side to side every time Emma moved.

Somehow, Emma managed to make even picking up papers look both sexy and joyful.

Maybe it was the damp spot of wetness staining her panties.

"Here!" Emma announced after a moment, looking up. "I think I got them all."

"Oh, babe." Mel laughed indulgently. "Put them in the right order too."

"Right!" Emma giggled again. "Good idea!"

Emma set the papers down on the floor and started sorting them, peering at each of the page numbers in turn. The sorting, though, wasn't what had Vivienne spellbound.

It was the way that the damp spot on her panties grew when Mel told Emma what to do.

Vivienne shivered. That kind of pleasure-obedience conditioning was routine. Vivienne herself had done that to dozens of women. But here? Now? It was mesmerizing.

She needed to pull herself together, but instead, she was thinking about last night's video again. How wet had Emma been under that cheerleader outfit while she'd been chanting?

"Here!" Emma said as she rose to her feet and handed Vivienne the papers. Vivienne took a drink of her water to cover her embarrassment.

"Thank you," she replied, and made a show of looking at the proposals in her hand. In that moment, she couldn't imagine anything less able to hold her attention than a bunch of numbers and figures.

"So?" Mel asked, after a moment. "What do you think?"

"I..." Vivienne tried to make herself focus. It didn't work. All she could think about was Emma. "Well, I'll have to get my analysts to run some of these numbers for themselves."

"Of course." Mel nodded gracefully. "There's no rush. And honestly, where are my manners? Forcing all this business on you right away. I'm sure we can find something more interesting to occupy us."

Vivienne nodded agreeably. She made to sip at her water again - only to realize her glass was already empty. Mel noticed right away.

"Emma, please give our guest a refill."

"Sure!"

“No, that’s really not- oh!”

Instinctively, Vivienne went to wave Emma off, but Emma had already sprung into motion. In the brief mismatch of intentions, Emma’s hand slipped, and she ended up spilling water from the pitcher all over herself.

“Emma!” Mel sounded mortified, although she was still smiling. “You’re so clumsy today.”

“Oh my gosh!” Emma gasped. “I’m, like, so so sorry! Did I get any on you?”

“That’s alright,” Vivienne said faintly. Having her favorite model apologize to her was such a strange experience. “I don’t think you-“

She paused as she looked down and noticed two things. Firstly, a small stain on one of her pant legs. And secondly, the way Emma’s soaked dress was turning translucent.

It made for quite the sight.

“Here.” Emma was already surging forward, a cloth in her hand. “Let me clean you up.”

Before Vivienne could stop her, Emma was on her knees in front of her, lightly patting at her clothing. Vivienne felt faint. It was practically a dream come true. She couldn’t believe that Emma, of all people, was fussing over her like this.

“There!” Emma giggled after a moment. “All good.” She looked up. “Did I, like, splash you somewhere else?”

I don't think so, Vivienne was about to say. But the fawning, adoring look in Emma's big, gorgeous vacant eyes stole her breath away. She desperately needed to compose herself. And as soon as possible, she needed to watch that video again so she could work out some of this frustration.

One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma's the only one for me!

“Amazing, isn't she?” Mel asked. A strange grin was on her face.

“W-what?” Vivienne started, embarrassed.

“Emma.” Mel nodded to her bimbo as Emma rose and went to sit back down beside her. “You seem quite taken with her.”

“I...” Vivienne's mind raced as she searched for something she could say. “She's... a fine specimen,” she grasped, after a moment. “Your handiwork?”

“I had a little help, at first,” Mel admitted. “But I like to think I've been taking good care of her ever since.”

“Certainly,” Vivienne found herself saying. She couldn't bring herself to utter a word against Emma's condition - and besides, there were a thousand questions she wished she could ask.

“I'm surprised, I admit,” Mel commented. “I noticed your tastes

seemed to skew a little more, well, secretarial.”

“It’s true,” Vivienne acknowledged, “but that doesn’t mean I can’t appreciate other angles.”

“I’m glad I don’t have to convince you,” Mel said wryly, before looking at Emma with an expression of great fondness. “I think bimbos like Emma are just wonderful.”

“That’s your specialty?” Vivienne asked. She was hanging on Mel’s every word. She needed to know how Mel had made Emma so perfect.

“Yes, I think so,” Mel mused. “I just can’t help it. It’s how happy they are. Know what I mean?”

Vivienne nodded. She’d never cared much about the happiness of her brainwashed peons, but there was something undeniably charismatic about Emma’s irrepressibly upbeat demeanor.

“I think of it like a gift,” Mel went on. “A blessing, really. I love that, with Emma, I could take away everything that was troubling her. Every worry. Every care. Every source of stress or doubt. And in their place? Nothing but simple joy - and one simple purpose: us.”

Emma was just sitting there next to her, smiling and humming, as if the conversation was going straight over her head. Vivienne was captivated.

“Sometimes I wonder about how it must feel,” Mel said. “Don’t

you?"

"No," Vivienne lied. "Of course not."

Yes. The question had started occurring to her ever since she'd discovered Emma. That morning, it had been on her mind constantly. The mindset of a giggly bimbo like Emma was completely antithetical to Vivienne. The curiosity was only natural.

At least, that was what she told herself.

"I imagine it must be wonderful," Mel said thoughtfully. "I mean, just look how happy she is."

Vivienne frowned. "It's undignified. Humiliating."

"Not to her," Mel countered. "Things like dignity never even cross her mind. She's just happy. Aren't you, Emma?"

For the first time, Emma tuned into their words. "Yes, Mel!" she replied brightly.

"That's part of it," Mel continued. "Being able to cast aside preconceived values like those. Wouldn't that be a thrill? Wouldn't that be liberating, even?"

"I hardly think..." Vivienne hesitated. She found herself thinking about Emma, on the video, jumping and cheering. Hadn't she seemed so free?

Hadn't Vivienne felt free, cheering along with her?

"I'm sure it feels amazing," Mel decided. "Nothing to worry about. No stress. No responsibility. Isn't that all the more appealing, to women like us? Hypnogarchs, I mean. We have so much weight on our shoulders. We need to be on guard all the time. It's so exhausting, isn't it?"

Vivienne really did feel exhausted. She hadn't had as much sleep as usual. When she spoke, she had to fight to suppress a yawn. "It's part of the game, Mel. If you don't like it, all you have to do is give up playing."

"That's not what I mean." Mel just smiled disarmingly at her. "Come on. You can tell me. There's no one here to listen - well, except Emma, and she's not telling. It gets to you too, doesn't it? It must. Beneath the whole 'woman of steel' public image, you're just as human as the rest of us."

"Of course," Vivienne had to concede.

She glanced at Emma. The bimbo was just staring at her, eyes wide and eager and guileless. It was like she wanted to hear Vivienne's answers.

"Then even you can see the appeal." Mel's voice was surprisingly nice to listen to; Vivienne hadn't noticed that at first. "You're a rising star, Vivienne. Even you must have moments when you wonder if you're good enough."

"I..." Vivienne wasn't sure how to answer that.

“I know I do,” Mel offered. “My mothers have these sky-high expectations of me. It’s crazy. There’s so much to think about and manage. So, sometimes, when I’m watching Emma, and she’s working out, or stretching, or posing for the camera, I can’t help but be a little jealous.”

Vivienne found herself nodding.

“Yesterday, she was recording some video - for her OnlyFans, I guess,” Mel mentioned offhandedly. “And she was chanting something so silly! What was it... ‘One! Two! One! Two! Emma’s the only one for you!’ Something like that, anyway.”

Vivienne shivered involuntarily. Her cheeks started to turn pink.

“It’s kind of embarrassing,” Mel laughed. “But just imagine being able to say something like that to all those people, without a single reservation or inhibition. Without being smart enough to worry. When I think about it like that, it makes me wonder if Emma’s the real winner in our dynamic. You know?”

Once more, Vivienne nodded.

“One! Two! One! Two!” Mel chanted half-heartedly, a bemused look on her face. She rolled her eyes indulgently at Emma, before suddenly turning to Vivienne. “Hey, why don’t you try it?”

Vivienne almost choked. She shook her head. “What? No.”

“Come on,” Mel needed. “I already embarrassed myself with it! It’s more fun than you think. Right, Emma?”

“Totally!” Emma agreed at once. “You gotta give it a try!”

“Well...” Vivienne found herself hopelessly weak to Emma’s pleading. And besides, the cheer was already on the tip of her tongue, begging to be spoken. She already knew how good they could feel. What was the harm in it? “Fine.” She allowed herself a thin smile. “But just once.”

“Yay!” Emma cheered. Vivienne’s smile widened. Emma’s enthusiasm was infectious. As she and Mel watched, Vivienne sat up and cleared her throat:

“One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me!”

She froze. It wasn’t just the words - although the fact that the other chant had slipped out certainly was mortifying. It was also the sheer, unmistakably excitement that filled her voice as she chanted. She hadn’t sounded like a powerful CEO begrudgingly indulging an acquaintance. She’d sounded like she was having the time of her life.

She’d sounded like Emma.

As Vivienne blushed, both Emma and Mel simply clapped and cheered. That didn’t help with the embarrassment, even if the bright smile on Emma’s face did fill Vivienne with a warm glow.

“Emma’s the only one for me,” Mel quoted, grinning. “That’s

good. That's really good."

"I didn't mean..."

Vivienne paused. Her denials just made her sound weak. Saving face in front of Melanie Adams didn't matter. What mattered was getting a grip on herself. Vivienne still couldn't afford to be so scatterbrained in front of a rival hypnograph, even a mere wannabe like Mel. It was Emma's video. It had to be. She'd been listening to it far too much, without enough sleep. It had left her exhausted and distracted. Even now, she could hear the words echoing over and over in her head.

One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma's the only one for me!

It was ridiculous. Vivienne needed to focus. She needed to assert herself properly. And she knew the perfect way.

Vivienne slipped a hand into her pocket and wrapped her fingertips around her watch.

"You know, Mel," Vivienne began, pushing Emma's silly cheer to the back of her mind. "You really do seem enthusiastic about all this."

"Do I?" A playful look appeared on Mel's face.

"Oh, yes. Certainly. Your passion is obvious." Vivienne was relieved at how easy it was for her to find her flow. She hadn't lost her touch. "But there's more than just admiration, isn't there?"

“Is there?” Mel cocked her head.

“Yes,” Vivienne told her. “You sound like you want to be a bimbo, Mel.”

“Want to be a bimbo?” Mel echoed. “Why would anybody want that?”

Vivienne smiled to herself. Mel had taken the hook.

“Isn’t that what you’ve just been telling me?” Vivienne carefully modulated her voice to form a subtle but irresistible rhythm as she spoke. “For the blissful, dumb, mindless relief of it. To be free of all your worries and cares.”

“Free of it all.” Mel nodded agreeably. “Free of stress. Free of inhibition.”

“Right,” Vivienne nodded. She was surprised Mel wasn’t putting up a little more resistance. She really was naive. “If you were a bimbo, you could just... you could... um...”

Vivienne frowned. The words just wouldn’t come to her. That was unusual. For a hypnotist of Vivienne’s stature, weaving an induction out of their conversation should have been child’s play. Instead, Vivienne’s head just wouldn’t clear. No matter how hard she tried to think, she found herself distracted by the insistent, rhythmic chant burnt into her brain.

One, two, three! One, two, three!

“If you were a bimbo,” Mel supplied, after a moment, “you could just worry about looking hot and shaking your pretty little ass for your owner.”

“Right.” Vivienne blushed slightly, both from the images of Emma filling her head and from the embarrassment of needing help from her prey. “No more expectations. No more pressure. Just looking hot. Just exercise, and makeup, and pretty clothes...”

She trailed off briefly. Vivienne was suddenly dazzled by how right Mel had been earlier. In a sense, being a bimbo truly was something to envy. How long since she’d had time to devote a day to worrying about makeup and pretty clothes? Her assistants took care of most of that for her, so she had more time for meetings, and press briefings, and answering emails...

For things that just left her even more exhausted.

“Wouldn’t that be nice?” Vivienne pressed on, through the fog of her own confusion. “To just sink into that blank, blissful, bimbo headspace. To embrace being dumb for a change.”

“Being dumb?” Mel echoed again. There was a strange, keen look in her eyes; Vivienne wondered if she was already going under. “What’s so good about that?”

Vivienne seized upon the opportunity to explain. “It’s simple,” she said slowly. “When you’re dumb - when you can’t think - it only takes one little thing to take up all of your attention. No distractions.

No bothersome thoughts. No stresses or worries. Just... um..."

It happened again. Vivienne fell silent as her attention wavered. Once more, Emma's face and the blissfully dumb way she'd danced and cheered on the video were all she could think about. When she tried to form words, that ridiculous chant threatened to slip out of her mouth again.

"Just a blissful, blank, empty, bimbo mind," Mel supplied. Her voice was so very soft.

"That's right." Vivienne seized her suggestion gratefully. "Just a blissful, blank, empty, bimbo mind."

"You only need to think about what feels good," Mel added.

"Only need to think about what feels good," Vivienne told her.

She frowned. This didn't feel quite right. It was so frustrating to feel so fuzzy and distracted at such a key moment. But there was nothing to do but press on.

"Here," Vivienne said. To her own ears, her voice sounded slower. That was strange. "Let me show you."

Fortunately, long practice proved sufficient to overcome her fatigue as, in a single, slick motion, she whipped her pocket watch out of her pocket and set it into motion in the air between them. Vivienne was pleased to see Mel's eyes immediately fixed on the swinging object.

“There,” Vivienne instructed. “Look at the watch, Mel. Let it hold your attention. Let it drive all those other thoughts away. Focus on the watch.”

Mel simply nodded. “Focus on the watch,” she echoed.

If Vivienne hadn’t been completely focused on swinging the pocket watch, she might have rolled her eyes. It was astounding how defenseless this girl was. She would never be a hypnogarch. Better she be taken into Vivienne’s care.

“Focus,” Vivienne repeated. “Focus on the... on the...”

Her words died away. She was finding it difficult to keep the pocket watch swinging as she usually did. It was robbing Vivienne’s concentration; between that and Emma’s cheer, she could barely think.

“Focus,” Mel reminded her.

Vivienne nodded. “Focus,” she said slowly. “Focus your eyes on the watch. Let it drive all other thoughts out of your head, so you can focus on your mind on just one thing: you want to be a bimbo.”

“You want to be a bimbo,” Mel repeated.

“That’s right.” Vivienne allowed herself a small smile. It sounded completely backward when Mel said it like that, but a foolish mistake from a hypnotic subject was of no consequence. “You want

to be a bimbo.”

She risked a glance at Emma. Emma was still perched next to Mel, seemingly lost in her own happy little world and entirely oblivious to what was happening to her owner. Yet again, Vivienne was struck by how wonderfully carefree she seemed. Vivienne herself felt as though she'd briefly touched upon that headspace while watching Emma's video. What would it be like to exist like that permanently?

“You want to be a bimbo,” Vivienne insisted, turning her attention back to Mel. “You will be a bimbo.”

“You will be a bimbo,” Mel echoed back to her.

Vivienne frowned. Mel's rote repetition was really starting to bother her, but she couldn't seem to pinpoint why. Her head was getting foggier than ever. She was struggling even to string her sentences together. But she had to keep going. Vivienne's style, as a hypnotist, was blunt and firm. She loved to impress her will upon her subjects. In a battle of wills, she never lost.

All she had to do was keep believing that.

“Imagine it for me,” Vivienne told Mel. “Imagine your thoughts becoming slower and slower. Simpler and simpler. Imagine how hard it would be to concentrate on anything difficult. Imagine...” Her brow furrowed. “Imagine...”

Glancing at Emma had been such a distraction. Suddenly she was having a hard time focusing on Mel. Emma's presence was such

a distraction. She was so perfect. So hot.

“Imagine how good the smallest little things would make you feel,” Mel suggested. “The color pink. Your own body. The beat of some fun music. Imagine how joyful those would be, if you didn’t need to think all the time.”

“Yes,” Vivienne agreed. She let out a plaintive little sigh. “Imagine... imagine that.”

“Imagine all those pressures and expectations, slipping off of your mind,” Mel went on. “Imagine how free you’d feel. Too dumb to worry. Too dumb to care. Too happy to let anything trouble you.”

Vivienne’s brow twitched again. Something was wrong, but she wasn’t sure what. Just keeping her pocket watch swinging was now taking all of her concentration. She couldn’t see the watch’s face, but her gaze was fixed upon its back, on the way the reflection of the lights above glinted and shifted on its metal surface as it swung.

“Yeah...” she found herself saying. Suddenly, everything was warm and heavy. Her voice. Her eyelids. Everything.

“Good,” Mel murmured. “Don’t worry. Just keep focusing on the watch. Keep it swinging. Nice and slow. Nice and even. Letting it take up all of your thoughts.”

“Yeah. Yes. Right. Focus... on the watch.”

That sounded right to Vivienne. Focus on the watch. That was all

she needed from Mel. It was nice to think that focusing on her watch was all Vivienne needed to do.

“You... want to be a bimbo,” Vivienne said, after a long moment. She thought that was important.

“You want to be a bimbo.” Out of the corner of her eye, Vivienne could see Mel smiling as she spoke. “That’s right. I know it must be so hard. So exhausting. Being in the lead all the time. Being responsible for so many people. Needing to watch your back every moment of the day. Maybe that’s why you want to be a bimbo. Maybe, deep down, you just want to set it all aside.”

Vivienne twitched abruptly. Mel’s words felt like they were going right through her, setting off a sudden wave of alarm and nausea.

“I...” she bleated. “I... no... that’s...”

Part of her was crying out for the relief Mel promised. But another part of her was screaming that she’d never let it go. Her position as CEO - stresses, worries, responsibilities and all - was her pride. They were part of her, and so was her ambition. For Vivienne, giving any of it up would have been like severing a limb. It was unthinkable.

No matter how good it would feel.

“Calm down,” Mel soothed. “Breathe. Nice and deep. Focus on the watch.”

“No,” Vivienne replied, a little stronger. This wasn’t right. None of it. She needed to find her rhythm again. She needed to hypnotize Mel. Not this, whatever this was. She started blinking, trying to peel her eyes away from her own pocket watch.

“Focus on the watch,” Mel repeated, urgently this time. For the first time during their meeting, she sounded genuinely unsure of herself. That uncertain tone in her voice energized Vivienne. “I need you to... damn it... Emma, could you?”

She gestured, and Emma immediately rose to her feet. Vivienne gasped when the gorgeous bimbo stepped over toward her and sat down beside her on the couch, so close she was practically draped across Vivienne’s lap. She stopped struggling. The simple fact of Emma’s presence, of Emma’s touch, was dazzling.

Emma was so hot. So amazing. So perfect. Seeing her on OnlyFans was nothing compared to this.

“Tell her, Emma,” Mel urged. “Tell her how good it feels.”

“Sure!” Emma let out a light giggle and turned to Vivienne. “Um, well, she’s totally right! Being a bimbo feels fantastic.”

Vivienne whimpered. Her willpower was fading. Somehow, when it was coming from Emma, she just couldn’t fight it. Emma was all of her longing, condensed and made manifest. She was irresistible.

One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma’s the only one for me!

“I, like, don’t really remember too much about how I used to be,” Emma whispered into Vivienne’s ear. “I mean, most times, it feels like I’ve been Mel’s bimbo since, like, forever! But, um, sometimes? I get these, like, bad dreams, about being all boring and stressed out and stuff.”

Vivienne was hanging on her every word. How could she not? Emma was her idol.

“And... wow,” Emma sighed. “In those dreams, I’m always sooo miserable. And when I wake up, I really, like, don’t miss it. Y’know?”

Shivers raced through Vivienne. She’d never really bothered to consider who Emma might have been before her bimbofication. The prospect that she’d been someone much like Vivienne, at least in temperament, was instantly intoxicating.

“It’s sooo much better this way,” Emma drawled. Her lips were so close to Vivienne now, practically kissing her ears as she poured in her words. “Trust me! You trust me, right, Vivienne?”

Vivienne couldn’t help nodding eagerly. Emma, the bimbo superstar, had said her name. She’d actually said her name. Vivienne’s stomach filled with butterflies.

“Yay!” Emma exclaimed. “So just listen to her, m’kay? Mel is sooo smart. So much smarter than us, anyway.”

Than us. A whimper escaped Vivienne’s lips. She couldn’t tell if it was a protest or a girlish squeal.

“You love doing whatever I tell you to,” Mel broke in. She sounded calm again. In control. “Don’t you, Emma?”

“Of course!” Emma replied instantly, eagerly. “Obeying Mel feels sooo good. So much better than, like, having to think for myself. That gets soooo hard. So much better than having to worry about what all those other people think.”

“All you have to think about is me,” Mel said firmly.

“All I have to think about is her,” Emma repeated. She sounded as intoxicated as Vivienne felt. “Looking hot for her. Shaking my pretty ass for her.” She giggled. “Doesn’t that sound nice?”

“Yeah...” Vivienne breathed.

She couldn’t help it. Deep down, she longed for what Emma had. For that simple, dim-witted, obedient, joyful bliss. And now, as her head spun with fog, another element was being added to the mix: Mel. When Emma explained it like that, Vivienne just couldn’t keep it separate.

Being simple and dim-witted, for Mel. Being obedient to Mel. Being joyful and blissful, because of Mel.

“Let’s face it, Vivienne,” Mel told her. “You’re just not good enough.”

Vivienne tensed again. That was the one thing she never wanted to hear.

“But that’s OK,” Mel assured her at once. “Even if you’re not good enough to be a hypnogarch or a CEO, you’re good enough for me. Good enough to be a bimbo.”

“I wasn’t good enough,” Emma whispered to Vivienne. Vivienne was instantly spellbound; how could she sound so happy about that? “I had to try sooo hard, all the time. Until Mel set me free.”

“Don’t you want to be free, Vivienne?” Mel asked.

“Don’t you want to be free like me?” Emma added.

Vivienne paused for a moment. Then, she sagged. She slumped back onto the couch, and the arm holding the pocket watch threatened to drop.

“Yeah...” she sighed dreamily.

She’d never imagined defeat could feel like such a relief.

“Good,” Mel praised. “Then I think this should actually belong to me, shouldn’t it?”

Mel reached forward and plucked Vivienne’s precious pocket watch out of her unresisting fingers. She kept it swinging just as Vivienne had, following the same rhythm, but it was now perfectly clear to both of them who was really in control.

“Are you ready to go all the way down for me, Vivienne?” Mel

asked her.

Vivienne knew what that meant, and shivered from hot licks of humiliation - but only briefly. She was done fighting. She wanted to be like Emma. She was accepting that - at least subconsciously. She nodded.

“Then you already know what to do,” Mel told her. “Three... two... one... zero.”

As she counted down, Vivienne felt her thoughts fade. When Mel said ‘zero’, Vivienne went completely limp. Her eyelids fluttered for the briefest of moments before they fell closed. She fell back, letting the soft, comfortable couch catch her. She surrendered, and let a blissful, empty peace settle across her mind.

For the very first time, Vivienne Gilbert was truly and completely hypnotized.

Only after several long seconds could Mel bring herself to let out the breath she had been holding. She’d done it. She’d actually done it. She’d ensnared Vivienne. It was more than she’d dared to hope for - but once the tension passed and it became clear she had won, Mel found herself laughing helplessly.

“Did we do it?” Emma asked breathlessly.

“Yes,” Mel replied jubilantly. “Yes! Oh my god. Yes, we actually did.”

Emma smiled, then pouted at her. "And... did I do good?"

"You sure did, my love." Mel bit her lip, and beckoned Emma back to her side. "Come here."

Emma giggled and practically threw herself at her owner, leaving Vivienne slumped and entranced alone on her couch. "So, like, what now?" she asked.

"Well, I don't want to get ahead of myself," Mel replied thoughtfully. "I'm not sure how much of this she'll remember, or how much of it will take. It takes more than one little trance to break a woman like her - but I think she's ready to take the first few steps into her new lifestyle. At least, once I figure out what those should be."

"Wow." As she sat across her lap, Emma looked up at her owner with awestruck eyes.

"Yeah." Mel giggled. "But before that, I think you deserve a little reward."

"I do?" Instantly, Emma's eyes were shining. "Yay!"

Mel put her hand on Emma's hip and squeezed playfully, provoking an eager squeal.

"Absolutely. You did amazing - plus, seeing my perfect little bimbo help bring down Vivienne Gilbert was incredibly hot."

They kissed - a long, drawn-out, passionate kiss that immediately threatened to turn into something more. After enjoying the make-out for a few moments, Mel used her grip on Emma's hip to spin her girlfriend around beneath her, straddling her in the process. Emma submitted to her without hesitation, of course. Mel used her free hand to pin Emma's wrists to the couch above her head, and let out a throaty, lustful purr as she brought her lips to Emma's neck.

Hypnotizing Vivienne had seriously gotten Mel in the mood.

But before the two of them crossed the threshold into uncontrollable passion, Emma threw a glance across the room at where Vivienne was still sitting, limp and senseless. Mel paused, curious.

"Hey," Emma said slowly, breathlessly. "I think I, like, have an idea for what her first step should be."

Mel drew back briefly, keen to indulge her beloved bimbo. "Oh yeah?"

"Her clothes are, like, sooo boring," Emma complained. "How about you take her out shopping and give her a makeover?"

CHAPTER THREE

At first, Vivienne was entirely quiet and calm. She couldn't remember the last time she'd felt so utterly at peace with herself. Normally, her entire life felt like a battle. There were endless pressures, buzzing around her like flies. Not now. She was perfectly still. Perfectly relaxed. Vivienne was conscious of nothing but a gentle, rhythmic purr she could feel throughout her entire body. It seemed to be coming from beneath her.

Then came a noise so loud, urgent, and uncomfortably familiar, it pierced through her calm and dragged Vivienne unwillingly back to awareness.

It took her a long moment to remember that the sound was her phone ringing.

The ringing ceased, but it was too late. Vivienne blearily opened her eyes and, after the blurry haze resolved into a set of distinct images, realized she was sitting in the back of a limo. Somehow, at first, it didn't occur to Vivienne to question that. It simply seemed right.

"Oh look! She's, like, waking up."

"So she is. Welcome back, sleepyhead."

Vivienne looked up and saw Melanie Adams sitting opposite her. She blinked. She looked to one side and saw Emma sitting next to her, in all her pink, bimbo glory. She blinked again, then blushed.

Emma. It was really her. It hadn't all been a dream.

Vivienne's embarrassingly eager adoration for the bimbo hadn't been diminished by their meeting. If anything, she was more starstruck than ever. The CEO sat up straight and tried to hide her blush by rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"I apologize," she said blearily, hoping to recapture a little dignity. "I must have... well, I suppose I've been putting in some long hours lately."

"I understand," Mel replied, offering a sympathetic smile.

Vivienne nodded gratefully, then looked out of the window. She frowned as the realities of the situation began to set in.

"Where are we going?" she asked. She had no memory of getting in a car or agreeing to anything.

"We're going shopping!" Emma squealed gleefully. "We're gonna get you, like, a whole bunch of new outfits."

"That's right," Mel added, a strange look in her eyes. "You remember, don't you?"

Suddenly, she did. As Mel spoke, the memory was lifted out of

the heavy fog that seemed to surround Vivienne's mind. Remembering that, though, only prompted more questions.

"Right," she agreed slowly. "But... why?"

Mel's smile was beginning to look faintly condescending. "We were talking about how stressed and overworked you are. About how you need to make some changes and learn to relax. And since we're friends, we decided I'd help you out by taking you shopping. Remember?"

Vivienne nodded. It was all coming back to her now, and it was just as Mel said. "Right," she repeated, rubbing her head. "Goodness. I really must be tired."

"Don't worry," Mel told her. "We can fix that."

As they spoke, another memory was coming back to Vivienne. This one, unprompted, was far less concrete. It was a mere impression, accompanied by a faint, inexplicable sense of loss. Guided by it, Vivienne found herself reaching up toward the pocket in which she normally wore her pocket watch.

It was gone.

"Looking for this?" Mel asked.

Vivienne looked up and, to her shock, saw that Mel was holding her most prized possession, the very symbol of her prowess as a mind controller, dangling between her fingers.

Vivienne frowned deeply. Mel having it seemed right, somehow, but she couldn't remember why. That troubled her.

"Why do you have that?" she asked warily. Perhaps something was afoot. Some kind of plot to entrap her and weaken her mind.

"Don't you remember?" Mel replied. "Whoever's holding this is in charge. That's how it works, isn't it? And since I'm the one who's taking you out shopping, I'm in charge. That means I hold the pocket watch. Isn't that right?"

"Oh." Vivienne steadily relaxed. "Right."

It was all coming back to her now.

"I can't believe I forgot my own rules like that," she apologized again. "I just can't seem to get my head off my pillow today."

Mel threw a grin at Emma. Her pet bimbo was giggling helplessly. Vivienne couldn't imagine at what.

"That's perfectly OK," Mel assured her. "Just as long as you're clear on how this all works." She gestured to the pocket watch again.

"Of course," Vivienne promised. "You've got the watch. You're in charge."

Before Vivienne could figure out why that was bothering her so much, her phone started ringing again. Reflexively, Vivienne

slipped the phone out of her pocket and made to answer it.

“Stop,” Mel instructed sharply.

Vivienne froze. She flashed Mel a dissatisfied look.

“Don’t answer it,” Mel told her. “You’re not doing any work today. This shopping trip is all about relaxing and having fun with a makeover. No business.”

Vivienne couldn’t help but feel uneasy with that. Her phone was still ringing. She looked down at the caller ID. It was work, of course. Her CFO was calling.

“It could be important,” she protested.

“They can manage without you for one day,” Mel retorted. “But you? You desperately need to blow off some steam, Vivienne. Don’t answer.”

For a long moment, Vivienne languished in indecision. It was true that, probably, her people could cope. Vivienne couldn’t imagine that anything disastrous was happening. But equally, as CEO, her sign-off was needed on all kinds of decisions, and her leadership style ensured that none of her underlings would be willing to move forward on anything without her. By not taking this phone call, Vivienne was likely causing her company a serious headache. It was in opposition to her entire long-held personal and professional ethos.

But Mel had the pocket watch. She was in charge. That was the rule.

“Fine,” Vivienne acceded. She declined the call.

Listening to Mel felt strange. It didn’t sit quite right with Vivienne. After all, Mel was her rival. Vivienne despised what she represented. She was still determined to hypnotize Mel and break her to her will - eventually. But for now, Vivienne had to follow the rules. As scrambled as her memory was, she could at least remember that much.

But it was more than just that. Vivienne was surprised to find that she was taking a strange comfort in following Mel’s orders. It was a novel experience, she supposed. A welcome break from having to decide everything for herself. She glanced across at Emma, giggling happily again. Was this how she felt all the time? Every day? Vivienne wasn’t sure what to make of the fact that she felt much, much more envy than she did contempt.

Maybe her plans could afford to take a back seat. Maybe letting Mel take the lead for just one day wasn’t so bad.

“Wow!” Emma exclaimed at Mel through her giggles. “Oh my god, that thing, like, totally worked, huh?”

Mel couldn’t suppress a grin of her own as she looked back at her girlfriend. “It really did.”

“What did?” Vivienne asked irritably. Mel was in charge, yes, but that didn’t mean Vivienne liked being talked around.

“Nothing,” Mel swiftly assured her. She glanced at the cell phone Vivienne was still holding. “Actually, Vivienne, you should turn that off before it rings again.”

Vivienne pulled a face. The thought of being out of touch filled her with anxiety. She’d already missed half a dozen calls. There was something exciting about it too, though. Like she was a child again, skipping class.

Not that how she felt really mattered. Not while Mel had the pocket watch.

“Very well,” she agreed. Vivienne switched her phone off and tucked it back in her pocket.

“Good.” Mel’s grin widened. “Look, we’re here.”

Right on cue, the limo pulled over to park. Looking out the window, Vivienne could see that they had driven to the city’s high-end shopping district. The kind of place only elite hypnogarchs and their most favored servants could afford to shop. Vivienne had been there once or twice, although mostly she relied on her brainwashed assistants to do her shopping for her. She simply didn’t have the time.

As they stepped out of the car, Mel checked her own phone before turning to Emma and Vivienne. “I hate to bring down the mood, but it looks like I actually have a couple of calls I need to take,” she said. “My mothers. Work stuff. Emma, why don’t you take Vivienne around?”

“Oh-em-gee!” Emma squealed, while Vivienne blinked in surprise. “Really? I can pick out her stuff?”

“Of course,” Mel replied indulgently. “It’ll be a nice treat - for both of you. Besides, I’m sure Vivienne is just dying for the two of you to get a little one-on-one time.”

Vivienne’s heart skipped a beat. The way Mel said that was alarming. It was almost as if she knew. But no. No, that was impossible.

“Well, yes, I’m sure it’ll be lovely to... to get to know one another,” Vivienne replied lamely, fighting to keep her face neutral. Emma giggled some more.

“Yeah!” the bimbo exclaimed. Without warning, she locked arms with Vivienne. “We’ll be, like, besties in no time.”

Vivienne could have fainted from sheer, starstruck joy.

“Oh, before you get going,” Mel added, “Emma, you’d better take this.”

A distinct shiver raced down Vivienne’s spine as she watched Mel hand Vivienne’s pocket watch over to Emma.

Emma was in charge now.

Vivienne could certainly think of worse things than that. It was

like a fantasy come to life.

“Come on!” Emma cried out, already tugging at Vivienne’s arm. “Let’s get going! We’ve got soooo much shopping to do.”

It was like being caught in a whirlwind. Pocket watch and rules notwithstanding, Vivienne was powerless to keep herself from being unceremoniously dragged around the shopping district. Emma’s giddy, gleeful, irrepressible energy was impossible to resist. Vivienne found herself breathing hard as Emma pulled her at a jog from one store to the next, from aisle to aisle, gushing over different items of clothing. Suddenly, she had a new thing to envy Emma for: her fitness. Thanks to all that exercise, Emma seemed to have endless breath to spare for gushing over different clothes and how they might look on Vivienne. It was all Vivienne could do to nod agreeably and try to keep her head from spinning.

But there was one thing she couldn’t help noticing: all the clothes Emma insisted on looking at and buying were pink.

“I... I’m just not sure this is really my color,” Vivienne offered diplomatically, as Emma held something up against her body for inspection. She truly hated disagreeing with her idol, but she felt she had to say something.

“Yes, it is!” Emma replied, somewhat indignantly, and with such force Vivienne couldn’t bring herself to argue back. “Pink is the best. It’s everyone’s color. Duh.”

With the matter settled, Emma marched Vivienne over to the cashier to pay for a set of new sports bras and a couple of pairs of

leggings - all bright pink. All the clothes they bought - lingerie, workout clothes, a few casual outfits - were so garish and so revealing that Vivienne could never have seen herself wearing them. But she quickly found she didn't regret any of the purchases. Quite the opposite. Emma's joy for all things pink was proving truly infectious. The more they shopped, the more Vivienne could sense her own feelings softening.

She couldn't help it. Emma loved pink, and Vivienne wanted to be like Emma.

It was impossible not to. She had everything Vivienne didn't. She was joyful, carefree, and completely unselfconscious in her happiness. More and more, Vivienne found herself dwelling on the strange envy and longing she felt toward the bimbo. Maybe Emma and Mel were right. Maybe a makeover was exactly what she needed. A few lifestyle changes to bring everything into balance.

All so she could keep pursuing her corporate ambitions, of course. Eventually.

Besides those deeper ruminations, there was, of course, a much simpler form of pleasure to be taken in their little shopping expedition: Vivienne was Emma's biggest fan, and she was having her favorite bimbo porn star of all time pick out clothes for her.

It was a dream come true.

Slowly but surely, Vivienne started leaning into it. She joined her voice to Emma's as they squealed over cute outfits. She started suggesting things for herself - always pink, of course. It was fun.

More fun than she'd expected. And Emma seemed so pleased with her whenever she did. Soon enough, the two of them were like peas in a pod, giggling over cute clothes and the flashy new outfits they were putting together. Vivienne was having the time of her life - even if Emma did keep pushing at her boundaries of modesty a little.

"Are... you sure?" Vivienne asked gingerly, indicating a pink pencil skirt Emma had picked out that was far, far too short to be deserving of the name. "There's got to be a longer one around here somewhere."

She knew Emma was keen for her to have it, and so she half-expected the bimbo to reach for the pocket watch and assert her authority. Instead, Emma simply leaned in close and fixed her with the most devastating puppy-eyes stare Vivienne had ever seen.

"Aw, c'mon!" Emma pleaded. "Don't you, like, think it'll look good?"

"I..." Already, Vivienne could feel herself melting.

"It's just soooo perfect." Emma's eyes were practically glistening. "Please?"

"F-fine," Vivienne found herself saying. She was helpless to resist Emma.

"Yay!" Emma brightened at once, before marching off towards the cashier.

It always played out that way, no matter how risqué the item. Lacy thongs, slutty bras, ridiculous heels - in the end, Vivienne fell prey to them all. It was a strange feeling. Usually, Vivienne always got her way. She was a CEO. A leader. A hypnogarch. Someone who'd clawed her way up from ignominy. She wasn't used to being such a pushover. Yielding to Emma's will just felt so easy. So natural. Whenever she tried to muster an objection to the kinds of clothes the bimbo was picking out, her head turned foggy and hazy, and the right words simply wouldn't come. Simultaneously, the temptation to giggle and smile and just say 'yes' grew and grew.

Now and then, as they shopped, Vivienne wondered if she should be worried about the fact that she felt so hazy, or that she was proving to be so weak-willed. But each time she decided - no. It was just a harmless shopping trip. Nothing more.

Besides, Emma had Vivienne's pocket watch, and that meant she was in charge - and that was Vivienne's own rule! How could anything be amiss?

Eventually, after what seemed like hours, once Vivienne's arms were aching from the now-huge shopping bags she was carrying around, Emma led her to the changing room of a particularly up-market boutique. It was the kind of place where the changing room really was a room of its own, with luxurious couches and soft, flattering lighting, and where the staff would bring glasses of champagne on request.

"Finally," Vivienne sighed, slumping onto one of the couches. "I could use a moment to catch my breath."

“Nope!” Emma admonished, still a wellspring of excitement. “No time! Cause it’s time to, like, try on some of these adorable outfits.”

Vivienne groaned, but good-naturedly. Emma truly was irresistible. Vivienne hauled herself back to her feet and, as Emma indicated, stepped up to the mirror.

“Oh, yeah,” Emma giggled. “This is gonna be soooo much better.”

A shiver of anticipation raced down Vivienne’s spine, and the CEO giggled nervously.

“Right!” Emma exclaimed, before scrunching up her face like she was struggling to concentrate. “How was I supposed to do it... um... Vivienne, you should just, like, stand there and let me undress you, m’kay?”

“Oh!” Vivienne blushed a little. “Um. OK.”

“And... let’s see...” Emma had the distinct look of an actress who’d forgotten her lines. It was kind of endearing. “While I’m doing that, I want you to, like, look straight ahead at the mirror. And just, like... look at yourself. Got it?”

“Sure.” Just as Emma instructed, Vivienne turned to face the mirror and looked at her own reflection.

At once, Vivienne was struck by just how radical a departure from her typical wardrobe her new clothes were going to be. The clothes

she was currently wearing were, like all her clothes, dark, formal, and classy. That morning, Vivienne had dressed herself in one of her normal work outfits: an expensive, finely-tailored, black suit jacket with matching pants, a white shirt beneath, some stylish but sensible flats, and a few pieces of designer jewelry to accentuate the look.

She looked good. Very good, in fact. Vivienne looked fashionable, wealthy, intelligent and powerful. All-in-all, it suited her perfectly - and yet, Vivienne couldn't help but be struck by how plain and joyless her fashion now seemed compared to what Emma wore each and every day.

"So, like," Emma began. She spoke with the air of someone who was about to launch into something they'd rehearsed. "Isn't it funny how some people say that the stuff we wear is, like, part of our... um... our identities?"

Vivienne laughed a little at the way Emma was struggling. "I suppose so," she agreed. "I've heard people say that, yes."

"Yeah!" Emma said excitedly. "I mean, Mel always says stuff like that. But I dunno. To me, it just sounds, like, silly. What does it even mean? It's like... like what clothes you put on makes you who you are, or something?"

Vivienne let out another laugh. She felt lucky just to be here, with her star, Emma, listening to her speak like this. Being able to bathe in her presence was just as wonderful as she could have hoped.

"How does that even work?" Emma pouted. "I mean, c'mon! Like,

what, you just put some different clothes on, and suddenly you're a whole new girl? That's so silly!"

Her voice was especially delightful. Vivienne felt like she could listen to it forever - that lilting bimbo voice, rising at the end of every sentence, free of even the slightest hint of stress or shame. For a long time now, listening to Emma on her videos or audio recordings had been a source of comfort for Vivienne. In person, it was even more relaxing.

"But... I guess maybe I do kinda get it," Emma reconsidered, tilting her head. "I mean, look at me! I'm a total girly ditz, and all I wear is stuff that's pink and pretty! So that makes sense, kinda. And you? You're like this... this serious, smart, big-time business lady! So you wear suits and stuff. It all matches." She giggled. "Isn't it funny when you see it like that?"

Vivienne giggled along with her. It just felt natural. She was in such a good mood. Being with Emma, like this, made her feel so light and fluffy. It helped, strangely, to know that Emma was holding her pocket watch. Emma was in charge. For some reason, that made Vivienne feel very safe.

"Still." Emma's brow furrowed slightly. "It's weird to think about how, like, if that's how it works, then when you take off your clothes, it's like... it's like... it's like you're taking off who you are. You know?"

"I'm... not sure... that's how it works," Vivienne replied bemusedly, and was surprised at how distant and absent her own voice sounded. It was as if, just by listening to Emma, she'd drifted off into a kind of waking sleep.

“I guess maybe not,” Emma conceded brightly. “But! You never know. Maybe it’s just, like, something for you to think about, while you’re getting changed.”

As she spoke, Emma gave a cutesy little flourish that, it just so happened, placed Vivienne’s pocket watch in the palm of her hand. Vivienne could only watch in the mirror as the bimbo fastened the watch to a gold chain necklace she plucked from her purse, and then clasped it around her neck like an amulet. With Emma wearing the symbol of authority, her words seemed to stroke Vivienne’s very soul.

“Let’s get started,” Emma announced. “Remember: just, like, stand there, and watch.”

Vivienne nodded numbly. She stood on the spot and watched herself in the mirror. Emma’s reflection was behind hers, and her eyes were drawn to the pocket watch around her neck. Its rhythmic ticking was endlessly seductive.

“First, I’ll take this off,” Emma said, reaching for the front of Vivienne’s suit jacket. She unbuttoned the front, then took hold of the collar and started to peel it away from the CEO’s shoulders. “You know, a jacket like this really sym... um... symbolizes you, right? It’s what people in, like, your position wear. Businesswomen. Leaders. Serious people. People in charge.”

Vivienne nodded again as Emma’s words worked their way through her mind. There was an undeniable, powerful truth to it. Whenever Vivienne dressed herself in the morning, putting on her

suit always felt like putting on her outer layer of armor. With it, she was ready to face the world.

“But now,” Emma added, as she pulled Vivienne’s arms out of the sleeves and let the jacket fall to the ground, “it’s off!” She giggled. “No more serious business lady.”

A dizzying sense of loss took hold of Vivienne’s gut. Once, she’d been on a private jet that had run into some turbulence, and the plane had dropped a thousand feet in just seconds. It was just like that. For a brief moment, she stirred.

Then, the pocket watch caught her eye again. She noticed how, reflected in the mirror, the numerals around the face were backward. It was all the more captivating for it. Trying to read the watch was like trying to unravel a little puzzle. Somehow, it reminded her:

Emma had the watch. Emma was in charge.

No more serious business lady.

Then, just as suddenly as it had appeared, the sense of loss was gone, and Vivienne felt nothing but an incredible, blissful lightness.

But Emma was only just getting started. “Now, your pants,” she said, already unfastening them. “I think these are like... um... I don’t remember what Mel said, actually.” She giggled. “But it makes me think about that expression. Y’know? Wearing the pants? Like, being in charge.” Another giggle. “Well, um, now you’re not!”

Like she was sleepwalking, Vivienne stepped out of her pants. Once more, she felt it: the loss, then the lightness. It was quicker this time. Easier.

Maybe it was something to do with the way she'd been following Emma's lead all day. Vivienne was completely and totally swept up in her rhythm. If either of them was wearing the pants in the relationship, it wasn't Vivienne. And somehow, that felt natural. It was like Vivienne didn't need to be in charge anymore.

It was such a relief.

"Next," Emma cooed, "your shirt." She reached around Vivienne and started to unbutton it. "It's so... so nice. Nice and professional. Nice and modest. I guess you can, like, show a little cleavage, if you want. But besides that, you look really, um, what was the word? Dignified. Yeah. Dignified."

Once more, Vivienne nodded. She was so relaxed. Listening to Emma was so easy.

"Let's take that off too." Emma giggled quietly. "Shall we?"

She slipped the shirt off of Vivienne's body and let it fall softly to the ground.

Vivienne shivered briefly as she felt the cool air on her bare skin. She looked at herself in the mirror, losing herself to her own image. She was wearing little more than her underwear now. She was so exposed. So vulnerable. That thought brought with it a little spike of adrenaline. A certain unfamiliar thrill.

And yet, it wasn't bad. It wasn't unwelcome. Far from it. She sensed that here, with Emma, she didn't need to guard herself. Didn't need to project an image. She could simply be.

Vivienne felt free.

"How about your shoes?" Emma suggested next, bending at the waist. "Let me take care of those for you."

In the mirror, Vivienne saw the bimbo lifting her feet and slipping her soles out of her shoes.

"Flats, huh?" Emma giggled. "I mean, they're nice! Stylish. Sensible, huh? Just like you. That's what I always think when I see a girl wearing flats. That she's so, like, serious." Another giggle. "Makes me wonder what she's like when the flats come off, and she puts on something a little flashier instead."

As she finished removing Vivienne's shoes, Vivienne found herself giggling absently too. Every time Emma took something off, she felt lighter, and that lightness was only growing, filling her, leaving her euphoric.

She was starting to understand how Emma could be so happy and giggly all the time. In a way, it was only natural.

"Oh! And let's take care of that jewelry too," Emma exclaimed, standing up. She reached for Vivienne's pearl earrings, and then her necklace - silver, worked into a fine pattern. "Oo, fancy! Your accessories are all so, like, dignified. So proud. It's seriously

impressive! But, I dunno, I always get tired of being proud like that.” She giggled. “It’s way more fun to just be like me, y’know?”

Vivienne found herself giggling and nodding in vacant agreement.

Being proud was so tiring. But she didn’t need to be proud. Not right now. Not with Emma. She was private, comfortable, safe. When she looked in the mirror, she didn’t see someone proud or dignified or serious. She simply saw herself, free of expectations.

“Last thing!” Emma announced. “We got you some, like, new lingerie. So let me just take the rest of this off.”

She started unhooking Vivienne’s bra, then, after slipping it off her shoulders, turned her attention to the CEO’s underwear. Vivienne had been wearing a matching set, neither flashy nor frumpy, simply classy and comfortable.

“See, this is what, like, really gets me about all that stuff we were talking about a moment ago,” Emma mused out loud. “If your clothes are your, um, identity, or whatever, then what even happens when you take everything off?” Emma giggled. “You’d be like, nothing. Right? Like a - what do you call it? - a total blank slate!” She seemed pleased with herself for remembering the phrase. “Like there wouldn’t even be a single thought going on in your head.”

Her words sank deep into Vivienne’s mind and echoed within. When, with Emma guiding her, Vivienne stepped out of her underwear, she was left completely naked. Lightness washed through her, and with it a kind of stillness. She was staring at the

mirror, and her reflection seemed to echo nothing more than her own blank, tranquil state of mind. She felt nothing. She thought of nothing.

There wasn't a single thought going on in her head.

"I think I did it! Yay!" Emma cheered quietly, after inspecting Vivienne for a moment. "OK! Now comes the really fun part." A huge grin came to her face. "I get to dress you up again!"

She started reaching for Vivienne's shopping bags, rummaging around for particular items. Vivienne remained perfectly still, watching impassively in the mirror. She was a blank slate. There was nothing for her to do but watch.

"Let's see... Mel had something just adorable in mind..." Emma muttered to herself. "Here it is!" She plucked out a lingerie set and rushed back over to Vivienne, an eager glint in her eye. "Oh my gosh, I can't wait!"

In a flurry of activity, she dressed Vivienne up in the lingerie. Vivienne was nothing more than a passive mannequin, assisting with the process only as Emma guided her. But she was still obediently watching her own reflection, and the sight of herself wearing those new garments immediately left a deep impression on Vivienne's hypnotized mind.

They were like nothing she'd ever worn before. The bra was perfectly fitted but tight, clearly designed to push up on her breasts and give her a deep, plunging, visible cleavage. It was unmistakably both slutty and frivolous; pink, and embroidered in lace with little

flowers and flowing patterns. Even worse was the thong. A matching pink, it was wickedly thin and hid almost nothing, and was clearly shaped to accentuate the lines and curves of the wearer's hips and ass.

Once, underwear like that would have offended Vivienne's pride - but now, her pride was gone. Her mind was primed to accept what Emma gave her, and feel good about it. When she looked in the mirror, she saw a woman who was hot, slutty and shameless.

And she liked it.

"It's perfect," Emma purred, admiring her handiwork. "OK. This next!"

The next item was a white blouse. At first glance, it was innocuous, albeit far, far more frilly than anything Vivienne might have usually worn. But once Emma slipped Vivienne's arms into its sleeves and started to button it up, her design became clear. The blouse was absurdly, obscenely tight. It clung to Vivienne's figure and, moreover, it was so small around her chest, it couldn't be buttoned up to cover her cleavage, or even to hide the lacy hem of the push-up bra beneath.

Only one word came to Vivienne's entranced mind as she took in the look: pornographic.

And that was her, now. Pornographic. A dumb, gleeful, sultry smile came to Vivienne's face. She looked good. She looked hot. What else was there to say? Clearly, she was meant to be looked at. Stared at. She was meant to enjoy her body, and let other people

enjoy it. It was so simple.

“And... here.” Emma was already putting on the next item of clothing. “Careful,” she giggled. “It might be a little tight.”

It was a pencil skirt - ostensibly. In truth, the garment was so outrageously short, it barely deserved the name. The tiny tube of fabric clung tight to Vivienne’s hips as Emma pulled it up, and once it was in place, it covered almost nothing. Vivienne immediately knew that, with every single step she took, it would threaten to ride up and expose the equally slutty thong she was wearing.

And the skirt was, of course, bright pink.

A transcendent fondness for the color was quickly searing itself into Vivienne’s identity. That was what she saw when she looked in the changing room mirror: a girl who loved pink. The color made her feel bright. Bubbly. Giggly. Girly. Euphoric. It was just so right for her. It brought her such happiness. In that way, she was just like Emma.

Black? Gray? No way! Those were boring.

Beyond that, something else about Vivienne was now taking shape. She was an office girl - or at least, a kind of porno parody of one. That was what the blouse and pencil skirt suggested. It made her look like a stereotype of a slutty secretary. That was her role, she could only assume, or something similar. She wasn’t serious. She wasn’t professional. Yes, technically she was a CEO, but that no longer seemed like such a suitable role for a girl like her. Perhaps, instead, she could just be a pleasing little boardroom mascot.

Vivienne giggled at the notion. It felt good. It felt freeing. Nothing to worry about but looking hot. A girl like the one Vivienne saw in the mirror had no cares or stresses besides that.

The next item Emma presented Vivienne with only cemented her new identity. It was a pair of ridiculous, bubblegum pink, stiletto heels, the kind you could barely walk in, polished to an eye-catching sheen. There was no way a serious, proud, stern CEO would wear heels like these. No, Vivienne thought, as Emma helped her into them, one by one. That wasn't her. Not anymore.

"C'mon!" Emma urged. "Try 'em out!"

Naturally, Vivienne obliged, strutting back and forth in front of the mirror a few times. At first, she almost fell over with every step, but eventually she started to get the hang of it. As she walked, she couldn't help but notice how, just to keep her balance, she needed to place her feet in a line and swing her hips back and forth. It was like she was begging people to stare at her ass.

Vivienne's dumb grin widened. The sheer, shameless, slutty frivolity of that was a delight. It was so refreshing.

"You look totally hot!" Emma squealed. "I can't wait for the final touch. Here it is!"

To Vivienne's slight surprise, Emma produced a pair of large glasses with pink rims and pressed them to Vivienne's face.

Vivienne's first instinct was to express that she didn't need

glasses. Then, she realized that they were fake. Clear lenses. Just a fashion accessory. And once she looked in the mirror, it all became clear. The glasses fit with the rest of her outfit perfectly. It was just what she needed.

Because, paradoxically, the glasses made her look very, very, very dumb.

Vivienne giggled. Maybe she was. Being dumb didn't sound so bad. After all, Emma was dumb, and she seemed all the happier for it.

Yes, Vivienne decided. She felt like being dumb. The hypnotized CEO decided to let go of all the big, complicated thoughts that were threatening to intrude on her newfound bliss. She didn't want to think about those things. Being dumb like Emma seemed like much more fun.

She giggled again. She was dumb, and she loved it.

Looking at her, Emma sighed fondly. "You're just perfect," she cooed. The two of them giggled together. "OK! We totally need to go and show Mel your new look. Come on, Vivienne."

Vivienne was ready to follow her but, after just a couple of steps, Emma stopped abruptly and turned back to the other bimbo.

"You know," Emma said slowly. "That really doesn't suit you anymore, huh? You don't look like much of a Vivienne."

Vivienne had to agree. Emma was in charge and, besides, Vivienne was now too dumb to think for herself. "I guess not!" she tittered.

"In that case," Emma decided. "From now on, let's just, like, call you Vivi!"

* * *

Hours later, Vivi finally arrived back at her family mansion. She'd spent a little more time out with Mel and Emma, but eventually, Mel had been pulled away by her corporate duties, and Vivi had similarly felt forced to head home so that she could get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow, she'd need to work twice as hard to catch up on all the work she'd missed out on during their little impromptu shopping trip.

As she thought about that, Vivi's carefree giggles died away and the euphoric grin she'd been wearing for hours fell from her face.

Now, more than ever, work sounded completely, infinitely exhausting. All of that stuff was just so boring. So joyless. It didn't suit her. Not anymore. Did Vivi really have to go back to that life? More than ever, it was so desperately tempting to just let it all go. To dress the way she wanted, pink and slutty. To behave the way she wanted, dumb and silly and giggly. Maybe, if she just let go, she could be like that every day.

Just like Emma.

She couldn't just walk away, of course. She had far too much responsibility weighing on her shoulders. Something would have to be done about Valeyard Solutions, her company. Suddenly, Vivi's mind went to Mel and her mothers, and their interest. Perhaps she could just sell to them and wash her hands of it all.

Perhaps she could be free.

For the briefest of instants, her mind was made up. But then, as she stepped across the threshold to the house she'd grown up in, Vivi's mood turned. In those familiar surroundings, once faded, now reborn in grandeur, it all came flooding back. Her motivation. The reasons she had to fight so hard, day after day. It was all for this. To make good on her family name. To prove herself. To prove she could stand on top.

Vivi rubbed at her face. How could she ever have forgotten?

And why had she wasted a day hanging around with that whelp Melanie Adams? Mel wasn't her friend. She was her enemy. Her rival - not that she deserved the title. Vivi had let hours go to waste shopping when she could have been advancing her plans to see Melanie Adams subjugated and hypnotized.

Hypnotized...

Then, at last, the penny dropped. Cheeks burning red, Vivi - no, not Vivi, Vivienne! - tore at her ridiculous clothes, trying to rid herself of the shame. She couldn't believe it. She, Vivienne Gilbert, had been hypnotized - and they'd used her own pocket watch to control her, making her act like a dim-witted bimbo for their

amusement.

They'd made her act like Emma. That, most of all, was what stained her cheeks with a churning mess of emotions.

Vivienne would never live it down. Being hypnotized like that was unthinkable for someone in her position. If anyone found out that it had happened - or, god forbid, about her weaknesses - Vivienne would be ruined. She was living out her greatest nightmare. And somehow, the very worst part was how genuinely good it had all felt. Try as she might, Vivienne couldn't seem to banish that memory from her mind.

Instead, she settled for drowning it in fury as she vowed her revenge.

Melanie Adams would pay.

CHAPTER FOUR

Vivienne Gilbert had to fight with her entire being to keep a neutral expression as she waited in the conference room of her corporate HQ for her guests to arrive. Part of her—most of her—was so furious, it was all but impossible to keep her face darkening into a look of thunderous anger. All night, she'd been stewing in the kind of rage only shame could conjure up. Keeping a lid on it was a struggle, but it wouldn't do to let her emotions show. For a woman of Vivienne's station, there was no telling who might be watching.

Another part of her, though, the part Vivienne was straining most of all to keep suppressed, urged a broad, bright, dumb grin to dawn across her face. That part of Vivienne was sneaky. It ambushed her whenever she was distracted. Whenever she let her mind wander. Whenever a stray thought crossed her mind: a memory, a feeling, a mantra.

A name. That ridiculous name.

Vivienne was constantly trying to keep herself centered and calm, to rein in her anger, to take deep, measured breaths—but whenever she did, it was right there; that sticky, pink headspace, threatening to claim her once again. Vivienne felt like she was walking on a tightrope, and it was so damn hard to keep her balance.

Especially given what she was wearing.

So far, the best method Vivienne had found to keep herself under control was to focus on her imminent revenge. She'd spent a long, frenzied night making plans and dreaming up sordid, vengeful fantasies. That mindset had a matching facial expression too: a malicious, sadistic, superior smirk. While it wouldn't do to tip off her intended victims, Vivienne didn't mind letting that one show through from time to time.

It was the right look for a hypnogarch—and that was exactly what Vivienne was. A mind controller. A leader. A dominant. She wouldn't forget it. And nor would anybody else.

"Ms. Gilbert," one of her many brainwashed subordinates called out, opening the door a crack and sticking her head through. "Your guests have arrived. They're on their way up."

"Thank you." Vivienne knew that her minions, at least, wouldn't judge her for the way she looked. They weren't capable of it. "Send them right in."

"Yes, Ms. Gilbert."

The door closed. Vivienne took a moment to arrange her face one last time, into a vacant, dull, entirely nonthreatening smile. She did her best not to think about how easy it was.

Then, no more than a minute later, the door to the conference room opened again. Melanie Adams stepped through.

Vivienne shivered at the sight of her pocket watch, worn around

Mel's neck like a pendant.

That aside, Vivienne was pleased to see that Mel seemed completely at ease and unguarded. If anything, she looked a touch smug. Already confident in her victory. That was part of Vivienne's plan. She'd had her people invite Mel to the headquarters of Valeyard Solutions, her company, under the pretext of 'talking business'. Probably, Mel assumed that Vivienne was going to cave and accept her parents' offer, just like Mel had primed her to.

Everything was proceeding just as she'd planned.

"Hi, Vivi," Mel greeted her, grinning. "You look great."

Vivienne had to really try not to visibly shiver with treasonous pleasure at the name and the compliment.

The ridiculous outfit Vivienne was wearing was all part of her plan, of course. That was the reason she'd gotten dressed up in the pink, slutty, faux-business outfit Emma had bought for her the day before. The only reason. If she was wearing her normal clothes, Vivienne had reasoned, it might tip off Mel right away. It was just what she had to do.

But that didn't make it any easier to deal with how it made her feel.

Vivienne pushed down on the feeling. This was her moment of triumph. Soon, all that would be behind her.

“Hello, Mel,” she said smoothly, once the door closed and locked behind the other woman. The look of surprise on Mel’s face as she registered the focused, alert tone of Vivienne’s voice was a delicious reward. “I’m flattered you think so. But soon enough, I think you’ll find that you’ll be the one to... to...”

Vivienne’s words faded away as Emma, Mel’s pet bimbo girlfriend, stepped out from behind her owner.

A little whine slipped out from Vivienne’s throat. It was completely unfair how good Emma looked.

She looked like she had come straight from working out. The sway of her hips was what had Vivienne’s attention; Emma was wearing a pair of tiny yoga shorts—pink, naturally—stretched taut around her perfectly sculpted thighs. The way they looked on her made Vivienne throb with yearning. After a long—too long—moment, she made herself raise her eyes. Seeing that, on top, Emma was wearing nothing more than a sports bra stunned her all over again.

The irrepressible, giggling grin on her face and cute pink sweatband across her forehead completed the look. It was one Vivienne had seen over and over again on Emma’s OnlyFans. Night after night, time after time, touching herself to the gorgeous bimbo. Even now, Vivienne was struck by how utterly, blissfully happy she seemed.

“Well, where did I go wrong?” Mel asked smoothly. Vivienne cursed herself for giving her rival a chance to regain her balance. “I thought I had you.”

“Almost,” Vivienne snarled. Now the object of her ire was right in front of her, she could barely constrain her fury. “But you’re too much of an amateur. You shouldn’t have let me go home, Melanie. Never let a wild animal out of the trap.”

Mel simply nodded. “I guess I’ll have to remember that.”

“Oh, don’t trouble yourself!” Vivienne scoffed. “Soon, I’ll make sure you don’t remember anything at all. Not even your own name. You thought you were going to make me dumb, Mel? I promise you, you don’t even know the meaning of the word. Not yet.”

She’d hoped Mel would look scared. Instead, she simply seemed disappointed. Perhaps that was why her own boasting felt oddly hollow to Vivienne.

Emma, meanwhile, was completely unperturbed. She barely seemed to be paying attention. She was standing at Mel’s side and, as Vivienne watched, she began stretching out a little; first her arms, then her shoulders, then her back. There was something almost cat-like about her. She was completely at ease. Vivienne couldn’t help but marvel at it. She’d never been that relaxed anywhere, not even in the safety of her own home.

Except for yesterday, of course.

“So,” Mel ventured. “What happens now?”

Vivienne’s cheeks burned as she realized that, once again, she’d allowed herself to succumb to distraction.

“Now,” she said, rallying, “it’s very simple. I’m going to hypnotize you.”

Infuriatingly, Mel just smiled. “Didn’t you already try that?”

Vivienne’s hands balled into fists. Her knuckles turned white.

“That...” she spat. “That was... I was not at my best. This time, it will be different.”

“You’re at your best?” Mel shot back. “I see. Is that why you’re wearing... that?”

Vivienne had been prepared for a jab about her clothing. Being prepared didn’t help. It was all she could do to keep herself from squeezing her thighs together. Why did the embarrassment have to sing so sweetly in her ears?

“I... did what I had to do,” Vivienne said, making her voice carefully even. “Couldn’t have anyone tipping you off early.”

One thing Vivienne hadn’t been at all prepared for was the chill that raced down her spine when Mel looked her in the eyes and told her: “Bullshit.”

The CEO blinked dumbly for a moment. “Excuse me?”

“I don’t think that’s why you wore that outfit.” Mel tilted her head, studying Vivienne. “I don’t think that’s the reason at all.”

Vivienne couldn't hold her gaze. She looked away. "I... that isn't..."

"Tell me."

"I... you gave me this compulsion," Vivienne attempted, seized with an irresistible urge to justify herself to Mel. "It was too distracting. I had to give in. Just for a moment. Just tactically, until I--"

"Bullshit," Mel repeated. "Tell me."

"I am!" Vivienne felt herself quake with Mel's command. Since when did this trust fund brat hold so much power over her?

"Come on," Mel needed. "Out with it, Vivi."

Another shiver. "D-don't call me that."

"Then I suppose I'll say it." Mel was as calm as ever, and Vivienne couldn't seem to find the strength to interrupt her. "You put that outfit on because you wanted to. Didn't you? Because you like those clothes. Because they make you feel good."

The hot breath of pleasure that washed over Vivienne was like nothing she'd ever felt before. "N-n-nooo," she replied, but it came out more like a moan than a denial.

"Oh yes," Mel told her. "You look great, by the way. Really cute."

Vivienne was ready to bite back, but she paused when she registered the complete lack of condescension in Mel's voice. Her rival was being completely sincere.

She looked cute?

That comment had Vivienne blushing deeper than ever before.

"You know," Mel added softly. "You don't have to do this."

Vivienne glanced up at her sharply. "What?"

"Hypnotize me, I mean," Mel said. "You really don't. It's up to you."

Vivienne tried to laugh. It wasn't convincing. "Why wouldn't I want to hypnotize you?"

Mel shrugged mysteriously. "Maybe you've had enough of fighting. Enough of struggling. Maybe you just want to relax and feel good, for a change."

Goosebumps. All over Vivienne's body. "That's..."

"Wasn't it nice?" Mel pressed. "Being Vivi, yesterday?"

Vivienne's breath caught in her throat. That was one question she tried her hardest not to ask herself.

Because the answer was all too obvious. Yes. It had felt good. It had felt amazing.

“Yeah,” Vivienne whispered. The confession was a thrill.

“I see. Good!” Mel said brightly. She reached up to her neck and unclasped Vivienne’s pocket watch. “Well, if you do still want to hypnotize me, I suppose you’ll need this.”

She held it out, offering it back to its rightful owner. Vivienne just stared at it, dumbstruck. She should have been trying to figure out if the gesture was some kind of psychological trick. Instead, all she could think about was how heavy the pocket watch looked.

“Go on,” Mel urged.

Gingerly, Vivienne took it from her. It no longer felt right in her hand.

“Go ahead,” Mel said easily. “Take your best shot. Hypnotize me—if you can.”

“If... I can?” Vivienne’s voice had lost all of its cool, arrogant edge.

Hypnotize Mel? She wasn’t sure she could remember how to begin.

She was struggling to face up to how quickly she’d lost control of herself. Control of the conversation. She’d walked in here with a

plan, Vivienne tried to remind herself. All she needed to do was remember it. Everything had seemed so clear. Her anger. Her purpose. What had happened to all that?

Vivienne already knew the answer. It was her. Emma.

Emma hadn't spoken, but she was standing right there and Vivienne couldn't keep herself from glancing at her. She was so hot. So happy. So dumb. So perfect. She radiated a kind of serene bimbo self-assurance that was all but magnetic. It was impossible not to wonder what was going on in her head, even though Vivienne already knew the answer: nothing.

She'd always wondered about that nothingness. How did it feel? What was it like to live that way? Now she knew, and she couldn't forget. It was so tempting, it was right there, still lurking at the back of my mind, inviting her back into its blissful arms.

One, two, three! One, two, three! Emma's the only one for me!

"You failed to hypnotize me before, Vivi," Mel was saying. Not pointedly. Just stating an unavoidable fact. "Just like you failed to get a grip on your obsession with Emma. You still can't stop looking at her. Just like you failed to resist dressing up this way this morning. You tried, didn't you? But you just couldn't help yourself."

Without realizing what she was giving away, Vivienne nodded.

"Face it," Mel insisted. That earlier moment of softness made her criticism hit all the harder. "You're losing control."

That sent a shiver through Vivienne. Mel was right, she knew. She was losing control. Losing the one thing she had always prized. She couldn't tell if the thought horrified her or excited her more. She had to try and win it back.

Didn't she?

"But I can tell you what nobody else will," Mel continued. "That it's OK. It's OK to lose control, Vivienne. It's OK that you're not good enough. It's OK that you can't win."

"I..." Vivienne couldn't put a name to the way hearing that made her feel.

"It's OK that you're not good enough," Mel repeated. Her voice was so soft. It was so easy to listen to her. "There can be other things for you, Vivi. Things that feel even better than winning. I'd love to show them to you."

Once more, Vivienne couldn't resist glancing at Emma.

She wanted to say 'yes' to Mel. She really did. There was no longer any point in denying the obvious. Vivienne wanted it. But still, for as much fun as it had been, she couldn't quite bring herself to give in to her desires. Her pride, battered and bruised though it was, was still there, holding her back.

Her family name. Her long-held ambition. It was all she'd ever had. Vivienne couldn't let it slip through her fingers just for the sake of something as vapid and silly as wanting to be like her favorite bimbo porn star.

Could she?

“I...” Vivienne made herself lift the pocket watch. Maybe once she began the induction, she’d find her rhythm again. She had to hope so. “That’s... not true. I’m going to beat you, Mel. And your parents. And I’ll climb all the way to the top, and... and...”

She trailed off. What was all this for, again?

And to her surprise, the person who spoke up next wasn’t Mel. It was Emma.

“Uh...” Emma ventured, her bimbo grin a little more nervous than usual as she looked at Vivienne. “Does this mean, like... we can’t go on any more shopping trips?”

That, more than anything else, left Vivienne feeling truly lost.

Mel was swift to seize on the open vulnerability she saw on Vivienne’s face. “That’s right, Emma,” Mel said. “That’s what Vivi wants. No more shopping trips. No more dress-up. No more Vivi.”

“Aww,” Emma pouted. “But it was so much fun!”

Vivienne whined.

“It was,” Mel agreed. “But you heard her! It’s over. No more hanging out, no more giggling, no more pink.” Sensing that the CEO had reached the threshold of her failing well, Mel looked

straight at her. Daring her to agree. “Isn’t that right, Vivienne?”

No more pink...

Vivienne thought about the life she was proposing to go back to. Endless meetings. Endless reports. Endless watching her back. Always fixated on the next goal, on the next fiscal quarter, on the next rival to be subdued. The constant exhaustion that came from working fourteen-hour days every day and every week. If she took down Mel, even her one pleasure—looking at Emma’s OnlyFans and fantasizing—would be ruined.

No. She couldn’t do it again. Not for one more day. It was more than she could face.

“P-please...” Vivienne said quietly.

“What’s that, Vivi?” Mel prompted, smirking. The shiver that raced down Vivienne’s spine in that moment was better than anything she’d ever felt.

“Please.” Vivienne glanced at Emma. Her voice cracked. “Make me... like her.”

She closed her eyes, braced for crowing and mockery. Instead, all Mel said was: “Of course.”

Vivienne let out a shuddery breath. This was it. She’d given up. She’d been broken.

She didn't regret it.

"But," Mel added after a moment. "If you're surrendering to me, it has to be willing. Right now, you're the one with the power." She gestured to the pocket watch Vivienne was holding. "You want to be brainwashed? Show me."

Vivienne all but moaned as she realized what Mel was proposing. She was embarrassed, but not ashamed. Now that she'd taken the plunge, she could embrace submission with all her heart.

"Yes, Mel," she said demurely, and dangled the pocket watch in front of her own face.

No motion was more familiar to Vivienne Gilbert than swinging a pocket watch. She had done it countless times, always bringing some chosen victim under her power. But she had never done it quite like this, with the watch's face facing toward her, allowing her eyes to rest on the tip of the second hand as it ticked mechanically around the clock. Even so, it felt perfectly natural. Vivienne was able to relax and let her muscle memory do the work for her so that her mind could give all of itself into the object that started to swing steadily back and forth in front of her face.

Hypnosis. Self-hypnosis. What was the difference? Vivienne had hypnotized so many people. What was one more?

Vivienne took a long, deep breath and let herself focus, and unfocus. Let everything but the pocket watch fade into a pleasant, indistinct blur.

As she did, she couldn't but imagine all the things she might say to a prospective subject in her position. She might suggest that they could already feel themselves being tugged under by trance's irresistible pull in all kinds of small ways. And Vivienne could—it was right there, after all, the part of her that made it seem like it would be so easy to just give up and be Vivi. She might hint that their thoughts were turning slow, sluggish—and hers were. It was such a relief, to not need to think. To not be able to. To just be dumb. She might tell them that following motion with your eyes was as natural as instincts got, and impossible to fight. And that was certainly true for Vivienne.

She couldn't fight. She didn't want to fight.

Thank goodness.

Vivienne quickly found that her own expertise in hypnosis became her undoing. Even if she'd wanted to struggle against it, she couldn't help but find the way her own mind succumbed to the process irresistibly fascinating. She was so perfectly aware of how, exactly, it worked; of the way the second hand's ticking served as just the right kind of distraction to keep her conscious thoughts preoccupied while her subconscious mind settled into a relaxed stupor, open and vulnerable. She could feel it through her entire body, in the way her heart beat and the way her muscles let go of their tension. Vivienne recognized it for what it was.

Submission.

It was so good. It was so hot.

Within just a couple of minutes, Vivienne was left at the cusp. Her eyelids drooped, held open only by her need to keep staring at the pocket watch. Her mind had become so weak and so slow, she couldn't form a single clear thought. She was ready to let someone else take control. Ready to let another voice fill her head and tell her what to think. What to be.

And Mel was right there.

"Good girl, Vivi," Mel said, perhaps sensing Vivienne's need for a guiding hand. The CEO shivered at the name. "Just keep looking. Keep swinging. Keep breathing. That's all you have to do."

Her careful emphasis filled Vivienne with warmth. It was *all* she had to do. Look. Swing. Breathe. No more. No longer.

"Even you can manage that, can't you?" Mel teased. "You might not be able to beat me. You might not be able to control yourself. But even you can stare at a silly little pocket watch."

Her teasing should have raised Vivienne's choler. Instead, it was a comfort. Mel was right. She wasn't good enough to be a CEO. Not good enough to be Vivienne Gilbert. She couldn't make it in that life.

She was only good enough to be Vivi.

"It feels good," Mel continued, voice dripping with affirming condescension. "Doesn't it? Getting dumb for the watch. Getting dumb for me."

Vivi nodded.

“So dumb,” Mel soothed. “You don’t need to think about anything. Don’t need to remember anything. Isn’t that right?”

Vivi nodded again. A wide, dull smile was coming to her slack face.

“Soon,” Mel promised, “you’ll be just like Emma.”

Just like Emma. Vivi sighed happily at the mere thought.

“You already look like her, after all,” Mel laughed. “Pretty in pink. Cute. Adorable, really. You two are like peas in a pod.”

Vivi shivered.

“I bet you can giggle just like her,” Mel encouraged. “Can’t you? Try it for me.”

Obediently, Vivi giggled.

“Good girl.” She giggled again at the praise. “Doesn’t it feel good? Giggling like that.”

It did. It really did.

“You’re not a serious person anymore,” Mel told her. “Not scary. Not powerful. Not smart. Nobody is going to take you seriously anymore. You’re just a silly, giggly bimbo.”

Another giggle. Vivi had never felt so relaxed. The things Mel promised were exactly what her fantasies were made of.

“That’s right,” Mel pressed. “It comes naturally to you, doesn’t it? The more you giggle, the dumber you get. The dumber you get, the more you giggle.”

That was an easy little mantra for Vivi to keep in her head. It was so simple and so stereotypical that, at once, it held the bimbo completely within its power.

She giggled, and felt herself grow even more relaxed and air-headed. It was perfect.

“That’s right,” Mel laughed. “Just like that. Very good. Try again.”

Vivi giggled—and then moaned, as she felt her long-prized sharpness and intelligence slip even further out of her grasp.

She wondered what her employees and rivals might think of her if they saw her like this. Giggling, plainly entranced, and dressed in slutty, glorious, ridiculous pink.

Mel was right. Nobody was going to take her seriously anymore. Fuck, it was such a relief. Such a turn-on.

She giggled again. She got dumber again. She loved it.

“Excellent,” Mel praised. “I think you’re almost ready, Vivi. But

before you get too dumb, there's just one more thing I need you to do for me."

When Mel reached out and plucked the pocket watch from Vivi's fingers for the very last time, the hypnotized woman blinked in surprise and confusion. She looked blearily to her new mistress for answers.

"I had the papers drawn up last night," Mel said to her. "Emma?"

Emma reached into her bag and pulled out a slim, plastic envelope. She handed it over to Mel, who pulled out the sheets of paper within. She set them down on the conference room table, along with a pen.

"Here."

Vivi glanced at the papers. She could barely make her eyes focus, and she certainly couldn't make sense of some of the longer words, but enough of it jumped out to her for her to get the gist of it.

This was a contract. A very simple one, in fact. It was for her to turn over her ownership of Valeyard Solutions to Melanie Adams and her family's holding corporation.

Slowly, Vivi picked up the pen. Dimly, she was aware of what signing the contract would mean. Her life's work, gone in a moment. The source of all her wealth and prestige, thrown away. For any would-be hypnogarch, it was the ultimate, irretrievable defeat.

For a brief moment, the sheer enormity of that seemed to exert a tidal pull on Vivi, threatening to drag her kicking and screaming back to wakefulness. Was this really what she wanted?

Then the moment passed, and she giggled.

What was Vivi going to do with a whole company, anyway? She was just a ditzy little bimbo.

“Yes, Mel” she said blankly, shivering as she gave in to her ultimate fantasy. She picked up the pen and, guided only by muscle memory, signed the name ‘Vivienne Yvette Gilbert’ on the dotted line.

All gone. And with it, all that remained of Vivi’s old identity.

“Good girl,” Mel told her, although it was clear the other woman could barely contain her celebratory laughter. “Very, very good. I’m proud of you.”

Vivi giggled happily. Mel was proud of her! That was all that mattered—and that was so blissfully simple.

“Time to take you down the rest of the way,” Mel said. “Don’t worry. I promise, you won’t remember a thing.”

She reached out and touched the tip of her finger to Vivi’s forehead. As if by magic, Vivi’s mind became still. Then Mel stroked her hand down Vivi’s face in a hypnotic gesture that, somehow, pulled Vivi’s eyes shut.

“Go to sleep, Vivi.”

* * *

A little less than two weeks later, Mel found herself sitting in that same conference room, wearing the kind of neat, tight-fitting, eye-wateringly expensive suit she'd spent most of her life resisting being put in. But for some occasions, it was a necessity; as the new president of Valeyard Solutions, she'd been taking a conference call with some of the company's investors and partners in order to reassure them about its new leadership.

Apparently, she'd acquitted herself well. Although Mel was sure it had helped that her mothers, two of the city's most powerful hypnogarchs, were now among those investors and partners.

Now, after terminating the call, Mel was taking the time to sign off on a few things that one of Valeyard's many identical, brainwashed secretaries had brought for her approval. The hypnotized women staffing the executive floors were certainly efficient, albeit, Mel thought, a little dreary. She was considering a change in official color scheme.

“I think that's all of it,” Mel announced, as she put her signature on the last form. “Thank you.”

“Yes, Ms. Adams,” the secretary said, more than a little robotically. She picked up the slab of paperwork.

Then, Mel twitched abruptly.

“Ms. Adams?” the secretary asked, her face blank. “Are you alright?”

“Yes,” Mel said quickly, a slight blush filling her cheeks. “Completely. You can, um, go now.”

“Yes, Ms. Adams,” the secretary said, nodding her head. Obediently, she turned and started walking away—just quickly enough that she didn’t see Mel twitch again.

After what felt like an eternity, the secretary stepped out of the conference room and let the heavy door fall closed behind her. At once, Mel let out a huge, panted, pleasure-filled breath that made her whole body heave.

“G-god,” she moaned, looking down under the conference table. “I didn’t think you’d make it that hard to keep quiet!”

After much giggling, out from under the table crawled Emma and Vivi.

“Sorry!” Emma tittered. Her face was dripping with pussy. “It turns out Vivi is just, like, a super quick learner when it comes to eating you out!”

“Um,” Vivi giggled, blushing from the praise. Her face was dripping too. “I dunno about being, um, a quick learner, or whatever. I’m just a dummy!”

“No, no,” Mel told her. “I think Emma’s right. You really hit the, ah, spot, just now.”

Emma and Vivi turned to each other and embraced, giggling and blushing as hopelessly as schoolgirls.

To look at her now, almost nobody would have recognized Vivi, corporate bimbo, as Vivienne Gilbert. The makeover Mel and Emma had given her was total. To see that the girlish, giggling figure kneeling before Mel was once the woman who had once made headlines as a corporate conqueror, you would have to look past her bleached blonde hair, her frivolous, absent-minded demeanor, and the layers and layers of heavy makeup that gave her sweeping eyeliner, glittery cheeks, and pink, thick, pouty lips.

And, of course, there was her outfit. Mel had enjoyed Vivi dressing like a secretary so much, she had decided to make that the cornerstone of her newest bimbo’s new aesthetic. In fact, Vivi was now dressed in almost exactly the same uniform as her former employees—with just a few small but all-important changes. It was all pink, naturally, and the blouse was cut lower, and the skirt, much, much higher. All the better to show off Vivi’s body, which—thanks to Emma’s workouts—had never looked better.

Plenty of bright pink exercise gear had also made it into Vivi’s new wardrobe. It was only fitting, for Emma’s new OnlyFans co-star.

Mel smiled as she thought about some of the collab videos the two of them had made. Yes, this life suited Vivi much, much better than corporate leadership ever had.

“Come on, girls,” Mel chided, voice sultry. She spread her legs. “I said you were doing a good job. I didn’t say the job was finished.”

“Yes, Mel!” chorused her bimbos, and dove back to their knees.

Greedy for pleasure, Mel moaned as she felt their tongues against her sex as the two of them pressed themselves between her thighs, jockeying for position.

She couldn’t help it. They were so damn hot, and they’d been getting her worked up all through that meeting.

That was most of Vivi’s new job. She appeared with Emma on OnlyFans sometimes, but most of her days were spent at the office with Mel, serving as her personal assistant—at least, of a kind. She no longer had much capacity for organization, but she was terrific for morale. Quite the little boardroom cheerleader. Vivi had taken to her new role like a duck to water, without the slightest hint of reservation or regret.

It helped, of course, that she no longer remembered anything of who she’d used to be. Mel had made sure of that. Vivi was much, much happier without all of that baggage.

“Oh yeah,” Mel purred, as Vivi buried her tongue deep inside her cunt. “Right there.”

She wasn’t sure if it was Vivi being a quick learner or Emma being a good teacher, but either way, her new pet was quickly learning all the best ways to satisfy Mel. Now, as she lapped eagerly

at her owner, Vivi kept glancing up, eyes fogged over with lust and gratification, so she could check on Mel's responses.

"Good job!" Emma giggled, pulling back from a moment. "But don't forget about..."

Mel's moans turned throaty, desperate, as Emma surged forward and planted her lips on her clit, sucking and teasing eagerly.

"F-fuck!" Mel squealed, writhing as she stained the leather of her expensive, executive chair with her wetness.

"Wow," Vivi giggled. "You're, like, so smart, Emma."

All three of them giggled as one.

Then, Emma joined her fellow bimbo, and suddenly Mel had both of them fighting to make her feel good, licking at her clit, clinging to her thighs, breathing and lapping against her sensitive skin. After hours of being forced to stifle her moans and her pleasure, it was more than she could take.

"Fuck!" she moaned again. "Oh my god, yes! Just like that, good girls. That's perfect! I'm-"

"And now," Emma giggled, pulling back on Vivi's shoulder, "just like... stop for a moment."

Emma couldn't keep a lid on her whine of disappointment as both of them drew back.

“Hey!” she protested. “What are you doing?”

“See,” Emma stage-whispered to Vivi, while they both giggled. “She’s mad at me... but she’s totally gonna cum her brains out if you tease her like that a few times.”

“I told you to finish the job!” Mel complained, a big smile on her face. “That means you’re meant to get me off right away, babe.”

“Sorry, Mel!” Emma sang, before putting the prettiest, most perfect pout Mel had ever seen on her face. “I guess I was just, like, a little too dumb to know that.”

For a moment, Mel was stunned by her cheek. Then she rolled her eyes and started laughing.

“Oh my god,” she howled. “You know I’m going to have to punish you for teaching Vivi your bad habits, right?”

Emma just batted her eyelashes. “I sure hope so, mistress.”

Her lusty, submissive tone immediately lit a fire within Mel. “You,” she said, beckoning Emma up toward her. “Come here. And you?” She glanced down at Vivi. “Get back to work.”

Before Vivi could reply, Mel wrapped a hand in her hair and forced the bimbo secretary back into her cunt.

She moaned again when, immediately, obediently, Vivi pushed

her tongue back into Mel's cunt, working her back toward orgasm just as Emma had taught her. Emma, meanwhile, rose unsteadily to her feet before Mel grabbed her waist and pulled her against her. The bimbo slumped across Mel's lap, and her owner pulled her in for a deep, passionate kiss.

"You know," Mel panted, after they broke off. "I still owe you a proper thanks."

"A proper, um, thanks?" Emma echoed, confused. "For what?"

"For her." Mel indicated down at Vivi. When Emma still looked confused, she went on: "I couldn't have done it without you, babe. Seriously. I may be a hypnotist, but you? You lured her in. You helped me figure out the perfect way to get into her head. You made that video. You tempted her. You made her want it. It's all thanks to you."

"Awww!" Emma melted against her lover, turning a brighter shade of pink than ever. "Mel, that's, um, wow! I, like, don't even know what to say."

"I love that you're too dumb not to set me up like that." Mel winked, although the playful gesture was somewhat spoiled by the way she kept panting and rolling her hips as Vivi ate her out. "Cause, actually, I was hoping you'd say..."

Mel slipped a hand into her pocket and pulled out a small case. She opened it, to reveal an engagement ring.

Emma's squeal of delight drowned out even the obscene sounds

coming from between Mel's legs.

"Now that we have another bimbo in our life, I want to make it clear just how important you are to me," Mel explained, staring lovingly at her girlfriend. "Plus, I've actually been thinking a lot about her. About how unhappy Vivienne was. I... may be going down the same road in life, but I don't want to end up in the same place. I think having you by my side is going to make sure that doesn't happen. You make me happy, darling."

Emma was all but tearing up as she stared at the ring. She kept giggling, then sniffing, then clasping her hands over her face.

"So..." Mel prompted eventually, once she couldn't bear the tension.

"Yes! Obviously!" Emma erupted, throwing her arms around Mel. "I love you!"

"I love you too."

Emma pulled back, and the two of them kissed once more.

"You know," Mel said roguishly after they broke off, as she slipped the ring onto Emma's finger, "it might be a lot of work, but there are a few perks to being the boss of this whole place."

"Oh yeah?"

"For example." As she spoke, Mel slid her hand down Emma's

body, resting it briefly on her waist. Her hips. Her ass. “If I want to take the rest of the day off, nobody can stop me.”

“You’re so smart, Mel,” Emma giggled. “And you, like, owe me that punishment!”

“Right,” Mel laughed—then moaned, as Vivi attacked her clit again. “B-but you better be careful, babe. Soon enough, Vivi here will be giving you a run for your money.”

The bimbo between her legs giggled proudly, the sound muffled by Mel’s body.

“Nuh-uh!” Emma retorted huffily and slid her way out of Mel’s lap. She elbowed Vivi out of the way, and pressed her face against her new fiancée’s cunt, eager to prove her prowess.

It was just as Mel had intended. As the two perfectly sculpted bimbos started competing for her favor, fiercely but amicably, all she needed to do was sit back in her comfortable executive chair, relax, and enjoy the waves of pleasure that carried her to orgasm.

Maybe becoming a hypnogarch wasn’t such a bad idea after all.

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