

Living with Lillian Chapter One

By Kallie

Avery shifted and fidgeted impatiently in the passenger seat of her mom's car, staring bored out the window at the mind-numbing suburban scenery as it rolled by. Not for the first time, she turned to her mom and sighed.

"Remind me, why do I have to go and live with one of your work friends to go to college?"

Avery's mom sighed too, and launched into her well-rehearsed answer: "Because she lives five minutes away from campus, because it will cost a hundred times less than living in a dorm, and because I'll feel better knowing you're in Lillian's safe hands rather than some bored RA's."

Avery groaned, but didn't argue. It was far too late for that. They were already on their way to Lillian's house, the car laden with all of Avery's clothes and other possessions. Avery just didn't want to miss one last chance to complain about her mom's overly-protective, overly-controlling outlook. To her, living in a dorm was an essential part of the college experience, and she was going to miss out on it in her freshman year.

"Come on, it won't be so bad!" her mom added, flashing a smile. "Lillian's house is even closer to school than most of the dorms. It's gonna be great for that early morning practice you'll have with the soccer team."

"I suppose," Avery admitted.

In all honesty, she was starting to agree. Her mom had been telling her about Lillian, and it was clear she wasn't just some boring, suburban housewife. She was single, a lesbian - just like Avery - and a hypnotist - just like Avery's mom. The idea of spending her first year of college living with a cool, middle-aged lesbian sounded kind of fun. At the very least, Avery had decided she was going to try and be optimistic about it.

"Ah, here we are!" Avery's mom announced, as they pulled over to park at the side of the road.

Lillian's house looked much the same as any of the surrounding suburban residences: plain and unassuming. It seemed spacious, though, especially for just two people, and the high hedges running along both sides guaranteed privacy. Avery figured that was probably important, for a hypnotist - not that she really knew much of what a hypnotist did. Her mom had always been oddly reluctant to discuss the fine details of her line of work.

"Hey there! Welcome!" came a woman's voice, as the front door opened. Avery looked out the window and watched intently as her new host stepped through, and was instantly dumbstruck.

Lillian was a bombshell. She looked like a pin-up model from another time, elegant, confident and graceful - and incredibly curvy. It was all Avery could do not to stare. She'd never understood before why people had such a thing for older women, but now, she was already starting to. Lillian had a perfect hourglass

figure and an arched, sharp face with finely-sculpted cheekbones, framed by radiant curves of platinum blonde hair. Her body was to die for. Her pinched waist only made her wide, child-bearing hips look all the wider. Her breasts came close to rivaling Avery's, and that alone was a rare occurrence. All in all, Avery was lost for words. Her mom should have told her sooner she was going to be staying with such a beauty.

"It's nice to meet you, Avery," Lillian said to her, offering a friendly wave as Avery stepped out of the car. Avery mentally willed herself to not blush. "Now, why don't we get all your things unloaded? I've got your room all ready for you."

That night, Avery slumped back in her chair in Lillian's dining room, happy and content with a full meal of home-cooked food in her belly. Moving had been hard work, and she was grateful for the nourishment. Lillian was a good cook, clearly, and a good person to talk with. Avery's mom had left a couple of hours ago, and since then, the two of them had been getting to know each other. Avery had found Lillian fun and easy to talk to, with none of the stuffiness she'd been anxious about. She seemed less like a parent or supervisor, and more like an older friend. Avery was relieved to be having such a good time.

She was still finding it difficult not to stare, though. In close quarters, Lillian's radiance shone even brighter. Her body was just as impressive as it had seemed at a distance, but now they were up close and personal, Avery also found herself dazzled by the witty, flirtatious glint in Lillian's eyes and the knowing, suggestive smile that came easily to her full, sultry lips. The older woman's makeup was impeccable too, with dark eyeliner that made her pretty eyes seem even bigger, and dark, crimson lipstick that only enhanced her classic beauty. As she looked at her new host, the word 'MILF' flitted through Avery's head, making her blush momentarily before she forced it aside. It wasn't the first time that had happened.

In comparison, Avery felt a little plain. Lillian had to be in her mid thirties, whilst she was only nineteen. She knew she still had a young, fresh-faced look to her, with wide, round, rosy cheeks under her cheekbones, along with an eager, easy smile and large eyes that shone with innocence rather than experience. Her skin was very clear, but she wasn't wearing any makeup, and though she liked her chin-length, straight blonde hair she was under no illusions about the fact she put far less effort into it than Lillian did. She was much shorter, too; Avery had never managed to cross the threshold of 5', no matter how hard she tried. She had to be content with 4'11". As a result, Lillian towered over her, something that threatened to fluster her whenever they were standing next to each other. At least her hips matched Lillian's.

And then there was her chest.

It was, by far, Avery's most prominent asset. Her DD-cups turned heads wherever she went, and Lillian's house was no exception. She'd caught her host looking down at them, raising an impressed eyebrow. Avery was embarrassed to be so top-heavy. For one thing, it made it a little difficult to enjoy some of her athletic pursuits. But, she figured, it was definitely better than having nothing to stare at there at all. Sometimes, when women like Lillian stared, she had little daydreams about what they might want to do with her chest. Thanks to that, Avery couldn't bring herself to wish she was smaller.

"So, Avery," Lillian said, taking a sip of wine. "How do you like your room?"

"It's great, thank you!" Avery replied earnestly. "It's so big."

She'd had a little wine too; not as much as Lillian, but enough to leave her tipsy.

"Good." Lillian smiled. "I'm glad it's to your tastes. Don't worry, I'll be sure to give you plenty of privacy. I know you don't want an old woman like me intruding on your business."

"You're not old!" Avery blurted out quickly. "But, um, thanks. I appreciate that. I'll be sure to give you privacy too. I don't want to intrude on your, um, hypnosis, or whatever."

At that, Lillian laughed. "Well, thank you. Discretion is important, in my line of work. But I'm sure you know all about that from your mom."

"Actually, not really," Avery admitted. "She doesn't really talk to me about that kind of stuff."

"No?" That seemed to pique Lillian's interest. "What did she tell you she does?"

"Hypnosis." Avery shrugged. "I know she has, like, clients sometimes? So I guess maybe she's some kind of therapist. I never really thought about it, I suppose."

"I see." All of a sudden, Lillian was looking at Avery very intently. "So... Avery, has she ever hypnotized you?"

"Mhm." Avery nodded. Caught up in conversation, she wasn't really paying attention to what she was revealing. "A couple of times, yeah. I don't really remember though. She practically just had to snap her fingers and I was asleep. Total amnesia. She said I was really, really susceptible, whatever that means. She seemed kinda concerned about it, actually. I'm not sure why." She sniffed. "But, like I said, she never wanted to talk about her work with me. So I guess I just don't get it."

"I see." Lillian nodded sympathetically. "I'm sure she had her reasons. But you're an adult now, Avery. And since you're going to be living with me from now on, I don't want to feel like I'm keeping some kind of big secret from you. If you have any questions about hypnosis, I would be more than happy to answer them."

The eager anticipation in her grin was lost on Avery.

"Sure." Avery felt a little flattered. She was glad Lillian was treating her like an adult. With her curiosity piqued, there was plenty she wanted to ask. "Well, um, is it just like in the movies? Metronomes, pocket watches, that kind of stuff?"

Lillian let out a loud, rich laugh. "Well, it can be, I suppose," she answered, once her laughter subsided. "Some people adore the classics, after all. But it certainly doesn't have to be like that. You'd be surprised. If you play your cards right, you can hypnotize someone with just about anything."

At that, Avery couldn't help but raise her eyebrow skeptically. "Seriously? Anything?"

Lillian's smile grew wider, as if that was exactly what she'd wanted Avery to say. She took another sip of her wine. "Yes. Anything."

"That's a little difficult to believe," Avery murmured. She didn't want to be rude, but she was too tipsy to hide what she really thought.

“Don’t believe it?” Lillian licked her lips. “Why don’t you let me prove it?”

A pause hung in the air. There was a strange intensity to Lillian’s words, and something about them made Avery hold back for a moment - before she dismissed her own instincts, and started giggling.

“Yeah, sure,” she laughed. “Sounds like fun. Hypnotize me with... I don’t know. Anything. Something dumb.”

She expected Lillian to laugh with her, but she didn’t. Instead, the older woman cocked her head, thinking for a moment - before looking down at Avery’s chest.

“Avery,” she began, her voice suddenly soft and calming. “What size is your chest, exactly?”

Avery felt a sudden heat fill her face, and she glanced aside. Though she knew it was obvious to anyone who looked at her, she was embarrassed to admit just how absurdly busty she was.

“I-I wear an EE-cup,” she admitted reluctantly. Avery figured there was no sense in not answering. Lillian was sure to see one of her bras, sooner or later. And besides, she was a little flattered and flustered by the beautiful woman’s attention.

Lillian’s eyes widened. “My goodness,” she exclaimed, with a little, teasing smirk. “That’s quite a size. Especially for a girl your age.”

“Yeah...” Avery reached up to rub at the back of her neck. “It gets a little difficult, sometimes.”

“Oh, I’m sure,” Lillian agreed sympathetically. “I mean, I’m not quite that big, and even I have trouble sometimes. Back pain, you know?”

As she spoke, she arched her back, pushing her chest forwards. Avery couldn’t help but stare, her mouth turning dry and her thoughts growing lascivious.

“They must get so very heavy,” Lillian continued, slipping effortlessly back into the soothing, gentle, slightly theatrical tone she had used before. Her words pulled Avery along like a current, though with Avery so preoccupied staring at the older woman’s breasts, she barely took proper notice of them. “Your poor thing. Such a huge weight on your chest, all the time, pulling you down. I’m sure it must get tiring, sometimes.”

“Yeah...” Avery exhaled long and slow. Lillian was right. Her breasts got so heavy. When she started thinking about it, they felt like lead weights on her chest. So tiring.

“It must be so hard to deal with that.” Lillian’s voice was ethereal, taking on a sing-song quality. Avery felt as though she could listen to her for hours, no matter what she was saying. “I’m sure there might be times when you just have to sit, or lie down, and let yourself rest. Just rest. Just switch off, and let yourself recover from carrying that weight around all the time.”

“I... I guess.” Avery’s brow wrinkled as she thought. She considered herself a pretty lively person, but as Lillian spoke, her mind went to moments like the half-time breaks at her soccer matches, when her body felt dull and heavy and tired. Sometimes, it was all she could do to stay standing up. As she realized Lillian was right, she relaxed. “Yeah.”

"Maybe now is one of those times," Lillian suggested. "You've been lifting and carrying all day - not just the weights on your chest, but all of your clothes and belongings too. I'm sure that would tire anyone out. Are you feeling sleepy, Avery?"

"Yes." That was an easy question. It was late, and as Lillian described, Avery was feeling worn out by the day's exertions.

"You poor thing," Lillian said again. "So sleepy. So weary. But, it's OK. Right now can be one of those times, if you need. You can just sit, and relax. I'll take care of everything. You can close your eyes, if you'd like. Whatever's easiest. I'll take care of everything."

"Mm," Avery murmured. Something about that felt strange.

"It's OK," Lillian repeated. "Remember, you live here now. This is your home. Nice and safe at home. Nice and safe to relax."

"Oh." Lillian was right, Avery realized. This was here home now. Where could you relax, if not at home? "Yeah. Safe. Home."

"That's right, good!" Lillian's approval felt like a nice, warm balm. "So, why don't you shut your eyes, Avery? Perhaps it could help you shed some of that weight. It's so easy to let go when you shut your eyes, isn't it?"

Avery shut her eyes. One moment of clear thought would have been enough for her to see how strange it was that she'd suddenly become so very tired. But she was long past clear thought. Her mind was like an open book, eagerly receiving Lillian's words into its pages.

"Good," Lillian repeated, bringing an idle smile to Avery's face. "Now. With your eyes closed, I'm sure you can focus even better, can't you? Focus on that weight on your chest. Your breasts. There's nothing to distract you now. They seem so heavy, and maybe as you think about that, you can feel all your focus being drawn into them. Perhaps it's like all you can think about is that sense of heaviness sweeping over you."

"Yeah..." Avery replied absently, twitching a little. She couldn't tell where this was going. Wasn't this supposed to be about shedding that weight? But all the same, Lillian's words were undeniably true, and Avery found herself swept along with them.

"So heavy," Lillian murmured to her soothingly. "And maybe now, since you're so very tired, you can feel that weight spreading, settling over your whole body. You know the feeling I'm talking about, don't you? When it's like someone's put a heavy blanket over you, so thick and dense you can barely move."

Avery suddenly lacked the strength to respond. The feeling Lillian's words wove together was so vivid. It really was just like someone was putting a blanket over her body. She could feel it settling over her, leaden and thick.

"Blankets are so warm, too, aren't they?" Lillian continued idly, as if she was merely engaged in meandering conversation. "Especially nice, heavy ones like those. They weigh you down, but they leave you feeling so warm and comfortable and safe. Don't you think it's so easy to settle into them, and let yourself relax? Especially after a busy day like today. It must be so nice, to relax like that under a blanket."

"M-mn," Avery murmured blearily. She was so warm. It was just as Lillian said. A nice, pleasant, soporific heat. Her body felt at once so warm and so heavy, like she was simply melting away.

"So you see, don't you?" There was a satisfied smile in Lillian's voice, along with a clear eagerness. "Your breasts are just like a big, warm, heavy blanket, aren't they? They keep you hot. They weigh you down. They make you weak, just like this."

"W-weak?" Avery asked drowsily. The current of Lillian's voice had swept her out into a dark, deep ocean. Compared to it, she felt weak and small. It was an unfamiliar feeling.

"Weak," Lillian repeated emphatically. "I'm sure sometimes, it's almost overwhelming. They're always there, after all. Always weighing on you. Always threatening to drag you deeper, deeper, deeper."

Avery stirred just a little; one last struggle against the tides. She was sinking. She could feel it. There was such a potent rhythm to Lillian's words. It was irresistible.

"Your breasts make you weak," Lillian concluded. She said it like it was something sacred. A prayer, to be intoned.

"My... my b-breasts..." Avery began to repeat, helplessly. She didn't want to, but the words slipped past her lips.

"Your breasts make you weak," Lillian said again. At a time when Avery felt so confused, those words, so full of certainty, felt somehow like a lifeline.

"My breasts make me weak," Avery echoed obediently. The words felt strange in her mouth, but undeniably true. Her breasts made her weak. She felt weak. She was weak. Her breasts had made her that way. It was easy to admit to it, with Lillian guiding her so helpfully.

"Your breasts make you weak."

"My breasts make me weak." Avery felt a little more certain of it.

"Your tits make you weak." Avery could hear Lillian's pretty smile in her voice.

"My... my... my..." At that, Avery faltered. Such coarse language filled her cheeks with heat. She couldn't say it.

"Your tits," Lillian insisted. "It's really the only fitting word, sweetheart. 'Breasts' sounds far too clinical, don't you think? Yours are just so big. So... indecent. 'Tits' is what other people call them, isn't it?"

Avery nodded slowly. She was always desperately embarrassed when they did, but just as Lillian said, people always called them her 'tits' behind her back. They were so big.

"So lewd," Lillian continued. "They're so big and heavy and hot, just like we've been talking about. And big, heavy breasts like yours get called 'tits', don't they? They're your tits. Say it for me, Avery."

"My... my tits," Avery obeyed weakly, her resistance crumbling immediately.

“Good,” Lillian said approvingly. “Your tits make you weak.”

“My t-tits make me weak,” Lillian repeated back. Saying it felt naughty and sinful, but there was no fight left in her.

“Good girl.” Lillian licked her lips. “How do you feel?”

Avery paused, thinking. There was only one thing left in her head. “Weak,” she replied, pouring all of her weariness and heaviness into that one word.

“Wonderful!” Lillian exclaimed gleefully. “You’re ready. I can tell. You’re nice and deep in trance. Your mother was right. You really are susceptible.” She sighed contentedly. “We’re going to have a very good time together, Avery.”

Avery didn’t reply. Her thoughts were so slow. Repeating after Lillian was so much easier than trying to think for herself.

“Now, let’s see,” Lillian mused for a moment, as she made up her mind. “Lillian, you must be feeling so hot by now. Isn’t it getting a little uncomfortable?”

Avery nodded, stirring. A sweat began to form on her forehead. Lillian’s merest suggestion was enough to make her feel like she was boiling.

“Yes, I thought so,” Lillian continued. “Why don’t you take off your top? I’m sure that will be so much cooler.”

Avery stirred again, this time frowning slightly. Take her top off? Around someone else? “B... but...” she complained distantly.

“It’s OK,” Lillian soothed. “There’s no-one here but you and me, Avery. You trust me. You’re safe here. I’m giving you permission. Take off your top.”

Avery nodded gratefully. She really was boiling. It was a relief to reach over her head and pull off her top.

“And your bra,” Lillian prompted.

This time, Avery was beyond complaining. She reached behind herself, unclasped her bra, and let it fall to the floor. The cool air on her chest as her huge breasts spilled out of the cups of her bra was amazingly refreshing.

“My goodness,” Lillian whispered, amazed. “They really are huge. You can open your eyes, Avery.”

Avery opened her eyes. Her vision was a little blurry, but she could nonetheless see Lillian sitting across the older woman’s dinner table from her, cheeks flushed with arousal, staring with naked lust at Avery’s exposed chest.

“They must be sensitive. Are they?” Lillian asked, after musing quietly for a few moments.

"I... don't know," Avery answered. She wasn't embarrassed, merely unsure. She was so deep in trance, she was barely capable of feeling embarrassed with herself.

"Yes, they are," Lillian said, calmly but firmly.

Avery nodded, feeling a tingle run over her bare chest. Her tits were sensitive.

"In fact," Lillian continued thoughtfully. "I want you to imagine a dial, Avery, measuring how sensitive they are. And right now, that dial is set to a four. Can you picture that for me?"

Avery nodded again. She could see the dial in her mind's eye. It was clear and vivid.

"Good." Lillian leaned forward eagerly. "Now I want you to imagine my hand, reaching out and taking the dial. And turning it. From a four, to a five, to a six. Imagine me turning the dial, Avery. Imagine me turning your sensitivity up."

To Avery, the mental image was just as clear as the room around them. As Lillian turned the dial, she started to feel the tingling in her chest growing. With each passing moment, she became more and more aware of the sensation of the cool air on her skin.

"Now further. Seven." Avery gasped. "Eight. Nine. They must be so sensitive now. And finally, ten."

In just a few moments, Avery had gone from being perfectly calm to whimpering like an animal in heat. Even deep in trance, her new sensitivity was getting to her. The mere feeling of air on her skin was erotic torment. She could feel Lillian's breath from across the table, as close as if the older woman's lips were barely an inch away. Her nipples turned rock hard. The sensation was completely overwhelming. As Lillian had repeatedly reminded her, her tits were so big. Now, sensitive as they were, they felt like her whole world. Avery's breaths came out as weak, shuddering moans.

Lillian giggled at Avery's plight. "I bet that feels good," she cooed appreciatively at the sight of Avery squirming in her seat. "Do you want to touch your tits, Avery?"

Avery's voice was shaky as she answered. "I-I don't know."

"You do. You want to touch them." Lillian knew she no longer needed to bother with subtlety or suggestion. Avery's mind was wide open, deep within her clutches. "It's only natural, isn't it, Avery? It's nothing to be ashamed of. When you're sensitive like that, it breeds certain desires. You want to pleasure yourself. Don't you?"

Avery nodded quickly. Her hands were in her lap, and her fingers clutched at her thighs. She was aching to touch herself, and to be touched. "I want to touch myself."

"I see," Lillian said, grinning. Her hand was moving underneath the table, between her legs, and her cheeks were starting to turn flushed. "But, wanting to touch yourself? Right here? Right in front of me? Do you know what that makes you, Avery?"

"W-what?" Avery asked, an eagerness stirring within her, despite how hypnotized she was. The itching need she now felt was intense, but it wasn't rousing her from trance. It only took her deeper. All her attention

was focused on her own tits, allowing Lillian's words to slip effortlessly into her mind.

"A slut," Lillian told her breathily. "You're a slut."

"I... I..." Avery wanted to reject Lillian's words, but it was difficult when all she could think about was how much she wanted to masturbate.

"Don't you want to touch yourself?" Lillian prompted. Her hand was moving faster; it was obvious she was touching herself too, pleasuring herself between her legs. The hungry look in her wide eyes betrayed how turned on she was by Avery's hypnotized, deeply needy state.

"Yes." Avery's answer was immediate.

"Then you're a slut," Lillian pressed. "The only people who touch themselves in front of others are sluts, Avery. If you're a slut, you can touch yourself. But only if you're a slut. Do you want to touch yourself?"

Avery's mind was falling apart. It was all she could do to follow the strange logic of Lillian's words. Fighting the older woman was far beyond her. "I-I'm a slut."

"Good girl," moaned Lillian. "You can touch yourself now."

Avery's hands shot to her tits, groping herself and feeling herself up without reservation. She'd never touched herself that way before. She'd always been too embarrassed by her own body. Now, though, need and trance drowned any inhibitions she might have had. The reward for her surrender was mind-blowing. With her sensitivity pushed to its limits, even the first touch was utter ecstasy. From the moment she started, Avery knew she couldn't stop. She was helplessly addicted to her own tits. The words that Lillian had taught her earlier echoed in her head. Her tits made her weak. Weak to pleasure.

"Wonderful", Lillian purred, pleased with herself. She was masturbating too, but unlike Avery, she wasn't in a frenzy. She was taking the time to properly enjoy herself. "Your mother had no idea. You're a perfect little trance toy," she remarked, knowing Avery wouldn't remember. "It was a little naive of her, to deliver you right into my lap without warning you. She didn't even tell you what she really does for her work!"

Avery's eyes were foggy with pleasure, wide and uncomprehending.

"She's a hypnodomme," Lillian told her. "People pay her to do things to them with hypnosis. Things very much like this, in fact." The older woman licked her full, red lips. "Do you know how I know, sweetheart? Because I'm a hypnodomme too. And I'm going to love dominating you."

Avery nodded eagerly. She didn't know what she was hearing, but Lillian's hypnosis had already taught her one thing: obedience meant pleasure.

"You're a slut, aren't you?" Lillian asked, moaning a little.

"Yes!" Avery answered at once. "I'm a slut. I'm a slut for my own tits."

Lillian giggled. "You are. Remember that, Avery. I want you to remember those words. I want you to let them sink nice and deep. Nice and deep."

Avery nodded, her breath slowing just a little as she obeyed, slipping effortlessly for a moment back into the calm, deep, endless trance Lillian had dropped her into. "I'm a slut for my own tits," she intoned slowly.

"You are," Lillian agreed. "Good girl! And do you know what else sluts do, besides touch themselves?"

"What?" Avery asked at once.

"They touch other people too."

Avery moaned. She was still massaging her own tits, and pleasure had robbed her of any shame or inhibition. Her entranced mind filled with images of her touching the beautiful woman who had hypnotized her. The fantasies made her moans all the more desperate.

"Do you want to touch me, my little slut?" Lillian asked.

"Yes!" Avery moaned eagerly. She was rubbing her thighs together out of need, but she couldn't bring herself to take either one of her hands away from her chest. Her tits felt too good to resist.

"Then touch me."

Lillian slid back her chair from the table, spreading her legs wide and using a hand to hitch up the skirt of her dress. She had already pulled her panties to one side, exposing her pussy, and her thighs were already slick with her own wetness. Avery nodded obediently and, like a puppet on strings, slid to her knees and crawled under the table until she was between Lillian's legs. Still groping herself as much as she could, she buried her face in Lillian's thighs, eating the mature woman out without any restraint.

It was Lillian's turn to moan, as much out of victorious satisfaction as physical pleasure. Avery was clearly inexperienced, but her eagerness more than made up for it.

And in time, Lillian would be sure the girl got plenty of experience.

"Good girl", she purred, wrapped her hand around the back of the entranced girl's head, pulling her closer. "Oh, we're going to have so much fun together."

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