

# Lifestyle Takeover

## CHAPTER ONE

### Kallie

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, wow,” 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.

*‘Emma!’ 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 hypnagogist 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.

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