

Secret Submission

By Kallie

Imogen kept her arms firmly crossed in front of her body as she walked unsteadily down the street, clasping at her forearms so hard her knuckles were white to keep herself from shaking - or worse,. With what little of her mind remained free to engage in idle thought, she was amazed at how something as simple as walking could suddenly become so difficult. It was fortunate that everyone else she passed was giving her a wide berth. Probably, they noticed her shivering and the sweat on her brow, and figured she might be sick. Imogen knew she wasn't sick. The reason she looked and acted so strangely was simply that she was hypnotized.

Before she'd left her apartment, her mistress had spent a very, very long time putting her into a very, very deep trance. They'd decided that today would be the day they'd live out one of Imogen's long-held fantasies: being hypnotized in public. Imogen wasn't sure exactly why, but it was an idea that had captivated her for so long. Maybe it was the secrecy of it. No-one who looked at her could tell she was hypnotized. Not unless they really knew what they were looking for. As far as anyone else was concerned, she was just a normal person, going about her business. Only Imogen knew the truth: she was a mewling, weak, entranced plaything. She was keenly aware of how weak and vulnerable she was, and of how shameless and slutty what she was doing was. What would people do if they found out? How would they look at her? Imogen could vividly imagine the looks of shock and lurid curiosity on their faces, and it made her body burn with heat. If someone tried to take advantage of her, could Imogen stop them? Probably not. That excited her even more, turning her cheeks crimson under the mask she wore. Powerless was everything to her. It was everything she craved, in kink. Her fantasies often veered into territory she considered shameful, but the shame was the best part, and being hypnotized in public was making her feel so pathetic and shameful that she felt like she was about to explode. But, strangely, she felt proud, too. Proud, because being hypnotized was a mark of how thoroughly her mistress owned her. Her mind was in shackles, and it all belonged to the woman she loved. Nothing could fill her with more pride.

A small misstep sent a sharp jolt of pleasure up through Imogen's body, almost strong enough to make her stumble. It was a sudden, immediate reminder of the fact that hypnosis was far from the only reason Imogen was struggling to walk in a straight line. Being hypnotized in public alone would have been a thrill, but Imogen's fantasies had gone much, much further than that, and her mistress had been happy to indulge her. The jolt of pleasure had come from a vibrating butt plug inserted into her ass, buzzing constantly and insistently, driving her crazy with the stimulation. With it inside her, Imogen was forced to take small, awkward steps, otherwise she risked working it deeper inside her where it would only bring her even more pleasure. Even one misstep had her knees threatening to give out. She needed to be so careful. Every time she passed someone in the street, she couldn't help but wonder if they could hear the electric whine of the butt plug. She guessed not, but dreamy, what-if fantasies were so titillating. If one of them did notice, and challenged her about it, Imogen wouldn't have been able to answer. Her mouth was stuffed with a ball gag, covered with a face mask that hid both the gag and the drool she couldn't keep in her mouth. Fortunately, wearing a face mask had become far from unusual, and so that aspect of her appearance wouldn't invite comment.

Her clothing, though, would. Imogen was wearing a long overcoat, wrapped tight around her whole body. In the hot weather, that was certainly unusual. Her bare legs, showing beneath, were also catching some eyes, although nearly as many as she would if she pulled open her coat. Underneath it, she was wearing nothing, but her mistress had lovingly tied an intricate rope harness around her body, squeezing and highlighting every contour of her form. On her breasts, squeezing tight on her nipples, were a pair of nipple

clamps. The pleasurable pain they caused her felt dull in trance, but the ache was still palpable, and was just one more thing that was making it hard for her to focus on putting one foot in front of the other. Between the butt plug, the gag, the rope and the nipple clamps, Imogen was kept aware at every moment of how shameless what she was doing was. The rope rubbed slightly against her skin every time she moved, the butt plug teased her, and the clamps and gag were a constant, insistent source of degrading discomfort. She was so turned on, she felt like she was going crazy. She could barely stay standing, but she had to. Her mistress had given her a task.

The last piece of her kink gear Imogen was wearing was far more innocuous, but it made sure that despite all distractions, her thoughts were kept focused solely on the task before her. It was a large pair of headphones, blocking out much of the noise of the outside world and filling her ears and her mind with her mistress's soft, gentle, seductive voice, whispering a long, looping induction to her in the special voice she used to make Imogen melt. The hypnosis track kept Imogen so deep in trance, she was sure nothing could jolt her back to wakefulness. Everything around her felt faint and distant and warped as if she was underwater, her mind continually melting and re-melting into a puddle of pliant, submissive bliss. Everything seemed somehow soft, except the single, immutable impulse to obey. No matter how much her strength flagged, she knew that impulse would keep her trudging forward, desperate to complete her task at any cost. She needed to be a good girl.

"Deep breaths now," her mistress's recorded voice in her ear coaxed. "Feel your chest rising with each breath, falling with each breath. Each breath taking you deeper. Each breath filling your whole body, and every time you exhale letting go of every thought, letting yourself melt, letting yourself fall, letting yourself surrender."

The never-ending mantra kept repeating like that, over and over again, looping into itself seamlessly, the words and commands all folding together into a song that had Imogen hopelessly entranced. She caught herself swaying to the rhythm of the hypnotic whispers, and realized that behind her gag, she was moaning softly. Imogen blushed fiercely. She wasn't sure if she was hoping no-one had heard the lewd noises she was making, or if she was hoping everyone had. Either way, the shame burning in her cheeks only served to further kindle her arousal, and the way lewd thoughts were clouding her mind only brought her deeper under her mistress's spell. Sometimes she listened to the mantra attentively, hanging on its every word and obeying it thoughtlessly. At other times, it seemed to fade into the background, but she knew it was always there, slipping in her ear, bypassing her conscious mind, and coiling itself around her subconscious. The knowledge that she was being brainwashed was so breathtakingly hot to Imogen, she was already struggling to hold back an orgasm.

Lost in a dizzying haze, Imogen kept moving forwards almost automatically, shambling like a zombie as she fought with each step to keep herself upright. She could feel the vibrating butt plug inside her so keenly, and between that and the large gag in her mouth, she felt like little more than a brainless sex toy. The temptation to drop to the ground and start pleasuring herself for all to see was almost overwhelming, but obedience to her mistress kept her from it. As deep in trance as she was, disobedience felt as impossible as flying.

It wasn't long before her feet carried her across the street and through the automatic doors of her local convenience store. It was only a few blocks from her apartment, but she was in such torment that the walk had felt like it had lasted an eternity. The cool, air-conditioned air within the store was a soothing balm against Imogen's overheated, over-sensitive body, but far from being calming, it only highlighted how inflamed her body had become. She looked around for a moment, disoriented.

"Good afternoon, ma'am!" called out the shop clerk standing behind the counter. She was pretty, and exactly Imogen's type. Imogen squirmed. Could she tell? Could she hear the vibrator? Partly, it was a mercy that except for her, the store was empty. But it meant that the pretty clerk's attention would be focused entirely on her.

Gagged and unable to speak, Imogen could only nod at the clerk, and wave a weak, feeble hand in her vague direction. Then, as quickly as she could manage in her present state, she set off down one of the aisles. The prospect of discovery, especially by someone as hot as the shop clerk, was as mortifying as it was alluring. Had Imogen noticed her brow twitch slightly? Her eyes narrow? For a moment, she was swept away in fantasies. She imagined the pretty clerk following her and pushing her into a secluded corner, demanding to see exactly what she was up to. She could imagine her shocked expression curdling into a contemptuous sneer, as she tore off Imogen's headphones and started whispering in her ear, her own hypnotic words replacing those of Imogen's mistress, before forcing Imogen to her knees and starting to-

"Do you need any help, ma'am?"

Imogen's blood froze. She turned awkwardly, only to find the shop clerk she'd just been fantasizing about peering at her over the counter, wearing a look of concern. Imogen had already been sweating, but now it felt like her face was utterly drenched. Did she know? That was the one question thundering through her mind. She realized she'd been swaying distinctly as she walked down the aisle of the convenience store, her breathing so raspy and needy it was audible even through her gag and her mask. Imogen knew she was in so much danger. She needed to figure out how to allay the store clerk's suspicions, but thinking was difficult when she was so painfully aroused. Her desires were already starting to betray, tempting her with the notion that perhaps, being discovered wouldn't be so bad. Perhaps it would be utterly blissful. Imogen knew she couldn't let that happen. But what could she say? It quickly dawned on her that she couldn't say anything at all - not without revealing that she was gagged. What could she do? She couldn't think. If only the hypnotic mantra blaring in her ears would abate for even a moment, maybe she'd have a chance, but Imogen knew it wouldn't. She felt like she was underwater, everything feeling floaty and dreamy and slow - her own thoughts, especially. In the end, all she could do was, after an uncomfortably long pause, shake her head. The pretty clerk pursed her lips, clearly unconvinced, but mercifully she didn't press the issue.

Desperate to escape the clerk's searing gaze, Imogen walked as quickly as she could to, the very back of the store, where she could hide out of sight. That was a mistake. In her haste, she forgot the need to be careful how she stepped, and she ended up driving her vibrating butt plug much deeper into her ass. Instinctively, her muscles clenched down on it, and for the first time Imogen stumbled as electric pleasure tore through her oversensitive body and entranced mind. She was forced to rest her weight uneasily against a nearby shelf. She couldn't keep upright on her own. She couldn't stop moaning. Imogen squirmed pathetically as she fought to keep herself from tipping over into a screaming orgasm, the ropes around her body rubbing against her cruelly as she did so, insistently reminding her of their presence. She was bound, plugged, gagged, hypnotized. In public. It was everything she'd ever fantasized about. That thought was devastatingly hot, but strangely, it was calming too. Every part of her, body and mind, was wrapped up in her mistress's control. She'd never believed it was possible for her to feel so deeply submissive. She was so owned, and focusing on that made it easier for her to get herself under control. Imogen realized that she didn't need to fight her mistress's hypnosis. She needed to surrender to it. Even out here, in public, submission could be her oasis.

Once Imogen stopped trying to fight through trance to focus on the world around her, things became easier. It was difficult and dizzying, but she found that if she simply put her trust in her mistress's brainwashing, her body carried her exactly where she needed to go. It felt a little like being a puppet, dancing on strings. In her deeply submissive, hypnotized state, obedience was simply automatic. Once she allowed her mind to go completely clear, nothing could distract her from the absolute, immutable need to be a good, obedient girl for her mistress. It was more important to her than anything. Allowing the hypnotic song still playing in her ears to sweep her off her feet was plunging her deeper still into a submissive haze, where she needed to do nothing but enjoy the waves of exhibitionist pleasure that were crashing over her body, over and over again.

Imogen quickly headed over to a nearby shelf and picked up a small case of wine. That was what her mistress had tasked her to buy. It didn't really matter what she was supposed to buy, of course, but Imogen nonetheless made sure to pick out something she was sure her mistress would enjoy. With that done, her newfound sense of calm received a hairline fracture as she realized what she needed to do next: walk up to

the counter and pay. Normally, nothing could be more simple, but today was far from normal. Still, Imogen didn't hesitate. She couldn't. She needed to obey. But that didn't stop her feeling desperately nervous as she stepped up the counter with her case of wine.

"Just this?" the clerk asked, to confirm. Imogen nodded. The clerk was still eyeing her with clear wariness. Imogen knew she was probably just worried she was ill, but she couldn't stop her mind jumping to far more obscene possibilities. She was still breathing hard from her earlier fantasies as the clerk scanned the bar code on the wine.

"I'm afraid I'm going to need to see some ID," the clerk told her, a slight, professional, apologetic smile on her face.

Imogen nodded again. She'd been ready for that. She reached into her jacket pocket, retrieved her wallet, and handed over her driver's license. As mentally prepared as she'd been, she couldn't stop herself being wracked with excited nervousness. Having to deal with another person made it difficult to find the hypnotic calm she'd been relying on before. As Imogen held out her driver's license to the pretty clerk, she couldn't quite keep her hand from shaking. Her body felt so weak. The butt plug, still vibrating inside her ass, was melting all her muscles, and stifling the moans that rose in her throat was taking what little remaining strength she had. Imogen's driver's license in hand, the clerk looked back and forth between her and the little photo on her ID.

"Sorry," the clerk murmured. "It's just a little hard to tell with, yknow, the mask."

Imogen nodded for a third time, helpless to do anything more. The scrutiny that the clerk was eyeing her with was deeply unnerving. Imogen knew she looked pretty young most of the time, and right now, that was probably working against her. Would the pretty clerk notice the sweat on her brow? The flush in her cheeks, slightly visible over the mask? Or worse, the dazed, absent, glassy look she knew was in her eyes? What if the clerk asked her to pull down her mask, just for a moment? That seemed unlikely, but if it happened, Imogen would be doomed. Or what if she noticed the sound of the vibrator? Imogen had to fight to keep herself from squirming. In truth, she wanted it so badly. She wanted to be discovered and exposed. She wanted to see how everyone would look at her. She wanted her secret submission to her mistress to be laid bare, so that everyone would know what a pathetic, hypnotized slut she was. Hypnotism was bringing all her desires to the surface. She wasn't sure how much longer she could hold back, before doing something truly dangerous.

"OK, thank you." The clerk handed back her ID. Imogen took it quickly and gratefully. Once the clerk turned her attention back to the cash register, she was able to breathe something of a sigh of relief. Just a little longer, and she'd be out of there. "That will be fifty-four dollars and forty-eight cents, thank you."

Imogen promptly handed over her card, and entered her PIN into the machine. She needed to get home quickly, back into her mistress's arms, where she'd finally be able to release some of the urgent pressure in her body. She was so close now. Just a little more.

"So," the clerk began, unexpectedly. "You having a party or something? That seems a little difficult right now."

Imogen froze. This was the last thing she'd expected. How was she supposed to respond to that? Her body was burning up.

"Not that you're doing anything wrong, I'm sure!" the clerk added hastily, misinterpreting Imogen's obvious nerves. "Are you having a fun night in with your boyfriend? Maybe... your girlfriend?"

Imogen blinked. Was the clerk flirting with her? That was just too much. All the fantasies she'd been holding back flooded through her mind, furious as a storm. If only she could reply. But her present state, even if she could speak, she would probably end up saying something completely and shamelessly lewd. She

wasn't sure she could hold back her moaning anymore. She was so wet. She wanted nothing more than for this girl to utterly ruin her, even though she didn't even know her name. She wanted to expose everything to her, and let the pretty clerk toy with her body and her melted, vulnerable mind to her heart's content. Hidden from sight beneath the counter, one of Imogen's hands slipped up underneath her jacket, and she started playing with herself. She knew it would make her moan. She didn't care. She just needed release.

"I'm sorry," the clerk suddenly blurted out, after an awkward pause. Unceremoniously, she handed the case of wine back over to Imogen. "Have a nice day."

Imogen just stared at her blankly for a moment. It took a couple of seconds to process that it was actually over. She nodded yet again, grabbed the case of wine, and bolted out the convenience store as fast as she could without actually running. Unlike her walk to the store, when each torturous step had seemed to last an eternity, her walk home passed in a haze. She was barely aware of anything happening around her. All she knew was that she could hold on any longer. Her body was burning up. Somehow, the hypnotic mantra playing through her headphones seemed to have risen in volume, becoming almost deafening. It sounded as though it was coming from all around her, as well as echoing within her own head. Imogen was drowning in it. She'd thought that all the distractions of being outside in public might wake her up, but instead, she'd never felt so deep. Her bondage, her trance, her submission - it was all her secret. Despite her exhibitionist desires, she knew she needed to keep it close to her heart and show no-one, and in doing so, she had ended up plunging into it deeper than ever before. Her submission had never felt so deep, so raw. There was no thought in her head that wasn't under her mistress's control, and it was perfect.

When Imogen reached her apartment, she knocked on the door. It opened immediately. Her mistress was there, waiting for her in the doorway. Imogen barely had time to register the expression of concern on her face, before it smoothed itself out into a radiant, assured smile.

"You completed your task, I see," Imogen's mistress said, indicating the case of wine in her hand. "Good girl. I'm pleased."

Imogen moaned as the deepest possible pleasure ran through her. Her mistress's praise was the greatest gratification of all. Imogen could contain herself no longer, and now that she was in private, she didn't need to. Setting the case of wine down on the ground, she slumped against the nearest wall and opened her jacket, and began pleasuring herself greedily, the whole time babbling muffled expressions of gratitude and devotion. But only moments passed before her mistress seized her hand at the wrist and pushed her down, forcing the hypnotized submissive to her knees.

"Now, now," Imogen's mistress laughed, her voice merging with the recording. "You know the rules, my pet. Me first."

With that, she lifted her skirt. Imogen needed no more encouragement than that. Happily moaning as she slipped the ball gag out of her mouth, she buried herself between her mistress's thighs without saying a word. Her mistress's pleasure came first, always, but she knew that afterward, she would be rewarded for her submission. It had already been a perfect day, and it was going to become even more perfect. But even so, Imogen was already dreaming of the next time, and of how they could make it even more thrilling. She knew her mistress would indulge her; she always did. They both knew that the secrecy of her submission, hidden in plain sight, only made it more special.

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