

Marital Aid

Kallie

CHAPTER ONE

“Clea?” The sound of Bruna’s voice brought Clea back to herself. “You’re supposed to be spotting for me, babe.”

“Right.” Clea shook her head, blushing a little. “Sorry.”

“Hold on.”

Bruna strained and groaned as she lifted the monstrosously heavy bar up over her head and placed it back onto the rack. She sat up on the exercise bench, and Clea apologetically offered her a sweat towel to wipe her forehead off with. Clea was a little jealous of just how good her friend looked when she was working out; Bruna had the kind of muscular figure that made other girls drool, and her deep brown, Brazilian skin always glistened appealingly when she was flushed and sweating from exertion. Clea couldn’t relate.

“OK,” Bruna said, after taking a swig of water. “What’s on your mind? Out with it.”

Clea sighed and sat down on the bench next to her. Unfortunately, Bruna knew her too well. The two of them had been gym buddies for a long time, and friends for longer.

“It’s...” Clea didn’t know where to begin. It was far too

embarrassing.

“It’s her, isn’t it?” Bruna asked sympathetically.

“Yeah.” Clea planted her head in her hands. “Yeah. It is.”

She didn’t need to explain who ‘her’ was. They both knew.

Isabella.

“Oh, girl.” Bruna threw one of her big, strong arms across Clea’s shoulder. “You’re down seriously bad.”

Clea groaned and leaned in. She didn’t need Bruna to tell her that. Isabella consumed her every waking thought. The reason she’d been zoning out when she was supposed to be spotting for Bruna was because she’d been caught up in picturing Isabella’s smiling face. She’d reached schoolgirl levels of hopeless infatuation.

And there were two massive problems with it.

Firstly, Isabella was her boss. Clea was pretty sure that falling in love with the woman she worked for wasn’t part of a personal secretary’s job description. Workplace romances like that never worked out, and she was sure Isabella was too much of a stickler to ever consider it. There was also an accompanying age gap - Clea was in her mid-twenties while Isabella was in her thirties. That didn’t bother her so much, especially since Clea had such a fondness for older women, but it was yet another obstacle.

The second, much bigger problem was that Isabella was both straight and married.

“Falling for a straight girl.” Clea sighed again, heavier. “She’s amazing, don’t get me wrong, but sometimes I wish I could just forget about all these feelings and move on. It’s so hard, having to be near her, day after day, never being able to act on them.”

“I bet,” Bruna said soothingly. She reached up and started stroking Clea’s long, red hair.

“And the worst part is seeing that she’s not happy!” Clea vented. “Her pig of a husband makes her miserable, I can just tell. Why couldn’t it be me instead? I’d treat her the way she deserves. I’d treat her like a queen.”

“I know you would,” Bruna assured her. She paused for a moment and then turned to look closely at Clea, a cunning smile on her face. “You know, babe, you do have a way of making that happen.”

Clea threw a sharp look up at her. “I don’t even know if it works.”

“Oh, it works,” Bruna told her, grinning. “I was going to tell you afterward. I tested it very thoroughly. I have all the data you said you’d need to make the final calibrations.”

“Yeah, I bet you were thorough,” Clea snorted. “I heard a few rumors about what you’ve been up to with that heiress girl.”

“Now, now. I don’t kiss and tell.” Bruna’s grin took on a cocky,

swaggering quality. Clea's friend loved to kiss and tell. "Anyway, the point is: it's amazing! I can't believe my friend knows how to mind-control people. It's like you're a supervillain or something."

At that, Clea laughed. "It's just a hobby," she retorted. "I've always liked audio mixing and video editing. It started with music videos, but then I got really curious about how different kinds of sounds and different frequencies can affect the human mind. And, uh, I guess one thing lead to another."

The 'another', in this case, was a suite of software and a set of techniques that allowed her to create audio and video files that had a potent, hypnotic effect on the listener. Clea could almost literally reprogram them with whatever commands she chose - at least, within reason and with enough exposure. Clea objected to the idea that she was some kind of supervillain, but admittedly, the description wasn't too far off.

"So," Bruna pressed, "why not put all that work to good use?"

"You mean... with Isabella?" Clea frowned. "No. In fact, I don't even want that experimental data. I don't want to think about it."

"Why not? Just think about it! No more yearning, no more heartache. You could have her."

Clea felt a definite, stirring pang, but looked away. "It's not that simple."

"Of course it is," Bruna countered.

“I-it wouldn’t be right.”

“From what you said about her husband, it sounds like she’d be happier with you,” Bruna pointed out. “Why not think of it as giving her a little push towards a happy ending? You can’t tell me that’s not part of what this was all for. The testing. Your little hobby.”

“It just...” Clea stood up, shrugging off Bruna’s arm, and started to pace. “I don’t know. It wouldn’t feel right. Not with her.”

“Why not?” Bruna asked again, a touch exasperated.

“Because I care about her, Bruna,” Clea replied. “She’s not just a pretty girl I’m looking to get into bed. It’s more than that. I want her to be happy.”

“You could make her happy,” Bruna pointed out. “That’s what I’m saying.”

“Maybe she’s happy right now,” Clea shot back. “Maybe that’s why she’s still with him. I don’t know. That’s the point. I can’t just decide that for her. What if I’m wrong? What if I make it worse?”

“Wow, babe,” Bruna said, raising an eyebrow. “You really are down bad.”

Clea sank back down miserably onto the bench. “Yeah. I know.”

Bruna squeezed her shoulder. “Well, here’s what we’re gonna do,” she said. “We’re going to keep working out until you’re so exhausted

you can barely think. Then we're gonna go back to my bar and get drunk until you definitely can't think. Sound good?"

"God yes," Clea sighed.

"Atta girl." Clea stood up, allowing Bruna to lie back down along the exercise bench, and rest her hands back on the barbell. As she did, she threw Clea one last look. "But just remember: you ever change your mind, and the data's yours. Just give me a call."

* * *

The next evening, Clea's head was still throbbing from the hangover. Bruna drank hard, and her bar was well-stocked. The headache was a welcome pain. A welcome distraction. To take her mind off of it, and off of everything else, she was preparing a nice, big pot of stew. It would take the edge off her hangover, and give her some welcome nourishment for the week to come. The stew was still simmering on her stovetop, however, when Clea found herself much, much more distracted by a message she'd just received.

Can I come over?

It was from Isabella.

Clea's boss, the woman she was hopelessly head-over-heels for, had just texted her on a Sunday evening to ask to come over to her apartment. Maybe she should have replied with 'no', or 'I'm busy, sorry'. Maybe she should even have left her on read. There were reasons to. Refusing would have helped maintain professional

boundaries, and would have helped Clea stop torturing herself about a doomed romance.

Instead, she had replied 'yes' right away.

And now, as she waited for Isabella to arrive, Clea was left with nothing to do but watch her stew simmer and wonder about what, exactly, had happened. She and Isabella had a friendly and warm relationship at work, to be sure. Sometimes they even confided in one another a little - that was how Clea had caught a hint of her marital issues. But suddenly dropping in to visit Clea at her apartment? That was completely unprecedented.

Clea desperately wanted to know why. But with Isabella already on her way, there was nothing for her to do except keep pacing back and forward across her kitchen restlessly, wondering, trying to stop herself from giving in to needless speculation or fruitless hope. Occasionally, she couldn't help dashing over to the mirror in her bathroom to make sure that she looked presentable. Part of her wanted to put on some makeup, but the knowledge that she'd look like she'd gotten all dolled up on a Sunday night just to stay home and cook held her back.

Eventually, mercifully, the buzzer for her apartment rang.

Clea rushed down and opened the door as quickly as she could, and let out a mourning gasp when she laid eyes on her boss.

Isabella had been crying. That much was obvious from the way her eyes were red from tears and wide with worry. It pained Clea to see her beauty marred by such sadness. She was still beautiful,

though. Clea was struck by that every single time she saw her boss.

Isabella Chase was aging more than gracefully into her thirties. Put simply, she had a figure to die for, and looked just as killer in the t-shirt and jeans she was currently wearing as she did in the smart, well-tailored business wear Clea was used to seeing on her. She had a slender, pretty face, with high, arched, sharp cheekbones that somehow became rounded and full when she laughed and smiled, lighting up her whole face. Her short, black, shoulder-length hair framed her features perfectly, and her tanned, brown skin took on a thousand tones in a different light. Clea never got tired of looking at her. She just hoped her boss hadn't noticed the way she stared. Especially since Isabella did know that Clea was a lesbian.

"Hey," Clea said awkwardly. "What's wrong?"

As soon as she saw Clea, Isabella sagged. "I'm sorry," she said heavily. "I shouldn't have come."

"What? No!" Clea replied urgently. "Don't say that. You're more than welcome."

Isabella just sniffled and shook her head miserably. "It's not appropriate. I'm your boss. You shouldn't have to..."

"Just come in." Clea reached out and touched Isabella on the shoulder, lightly. "Please?"

Isabella nodded, just as miserably, but allowed Clea to guide her inside and upstairs into her apartment. Once there, Clea immediately set to fussing over her boss. She got her seated

comfortably on the couch, and then went to make tea for the both of them. When she returned, two steaming mugs in hand, she sat down next to Isabella. A worried frown was carving lines into her face.

“I shouldn’t have come,” Isabella repeated, although she seemed more settled than before. “I’m your boss. You put up with me enough at work.”

“Nonsense,” Clea told her firmly. “You put up with me just as much. We can call it even.”

That made Isabella smile, which made Clea smile.

“I just didn’t know where else to go, I suppose,” Isabella explained apologetically, sipping tentatively at her tea. “I guess I didn’t really want my friends to see me like this. So I just started driving around, and then I was in the neighborhood, and I remembered your address, and... well, you’re just so easy to talk to, at work. So I just...”

“I’m glad you did,” Clea said. “Really. It’s not an imposition. But you do have to tell me what’s going on. That’s the only condition.”

Isabella laughed, sniffled again, and nodded. “Well, it’s... it’s him. Again. Robert. My husband.”

A furious shiver raced down Clea’s spine. It was just as she’d suspected. Her husband was the only thing she’d ever seen get anything close to this far under Isabella’s skin.

“What did he do now?” Clea’s voice approached a growl.

“He didn’t...” Isabella started to say in instinctive defensiveness, before sagging again. “It’s not like that, exactly. We just had another fight.”

“I see,” Clea said tersely.

“I want kids,” Isabella said. Now that she was unburdening herself, it came out easy. She wasn’t looking at the expression on Clea’s face. “I want a family. I do. And I thought he wanted that too. I mean, we always said... but now I don’t know. Every time I try to talk to him about it, he gets so...”

Clea worried for all the unspoken things she could hear in Isabella’s voice. “Do you mean...”

“No,” Isabella told her. “Not like that. But he gets so closed off about it. So short-tempered. It’s like... it’s like me, and what I want, are just annoyances to him. You know?”

“Yeah.” Clea had to fight not to grind her teeth. “I know what you mean.”

“It’s at the point where I just don’t know what to do,” Isabella went on. “I just assumed we’d work on it, over time, together, but it’s starting to seem like it isn’t going to get better. I don’t know what to do anymore. Today, when I tried to talk to him, we ended up arguing. And when he started yelling at me, I just... I had to get out of there, Clea.”

“Get out of there?” Hope, tinged by guilt, started to swell in Clea’s bosom. “Like-”

“I mean, how am I supposed to go back to him now, after running out like that?” The words kept flowing out of Isabella. She was starting to tear up again. “Sometimes I feel like I just can’t take it anymore.”

Clea paused for a long moment to gather her courage before saying: “Maybe... you don’t have to. Go back, I mean.”

Isabella looked up at her. “What do you mean?”

“I mean that you’re better than him, Isabella!” Clea cried. “It’s obvious. He doesn’t deserve you. You’re amazing. You’re beautiful, you’re kind, you work hard and support yourself and others. If you want a family, you deserve one. You deserve someone who wants to have that with you.”

Her boss let out a sound that was half a laugh, half a sob. “That’s... a nice thought, Clea.”

“I’m serious!” Clea insisted fiercely. “I know it’s a cliché, but there are so many other people out there who could make you happy. You shouldn’t have to devote your life to someone who doesn’t even care enough to talk to you about what you want!”

“It’s not that easy.” Isabella seemed to tense up. “I can’t just walk out on him like that.”

“Why not?” Clea couldn’t bring herself to hold back now. “You don’t need him, Isabella. And you said so yourself - it seems like it isn’t going to get better. So what are you staying with him for?”

“I... I guess I don’t really have a good answer to that,” Isabella admitted. “But I do know one thing. I’m not a quitter. That’s how I’ve made it this far, right?”

“Isabella...” Clea slumped back against the couch cushion, defeated. She could hear the resolve in her boss’s voice, and she recognized all too well the kind of self-defeating logic Isabella was trapping herself in.

“Maybe it’s a little silly,” Isabella said, smiling sadly to herself. “But I really meant all those things I said at the altar. The promises. In sickness and in health, stuff like that. I... I know you mean well, Clea. I just think I need to see this through properly.”

There was nothing for Clea to do but look down and sigh. “I understand,” she said, even though she didn’t.

It took all the strength she had not to blurt out that it should have been her. That she was the one who could make Isabella happy that way. That she would be overjoyed to give Isabella the family her husband wouldn’t.

But of course, her words would have fallen on deaf ears. Isabella was straight, and that was that.

Before Clea knew it, the two of them had lapsed into uncomfortable silence. The only sound in the apartment was the

occasional noise of each of them sipping at their tea. Clea knew she had to fix it.

“Hey,” she said abruptly, planting as bright a smile as she could muster on her face. “Well, if you want to stay here, just for tonight, you’d be more than welcome. I mean it. We can have a girls’ night. This couch folds out, and it’s actually not as bad as it-“

The sound of Isabella’s phone lighting up with a text message interrupted her.

Her boss snatched at her phone like a drowning woman at a life ring. The expression of manic, desperate hope on her face as she read the message tore Clea’s heart in two, and immeasurable dread washed over her. She knew exactly what was happening.

“Thank you,” Isabella said to Clea, already gathering herself. “That’s such a kind offer. B-but I need to go now, actually.” She gestured to her phone. “He’s worried about me, and he wants to talk.”

She was smiling as she said it, although Clea knew even Isabella didn’t really believe in whatever platitudes her husband was offering. She was just forcing herself to, because it was the only way she could keep going. Isabella’s smile was as fragile as glass, and Clea couldn’t bring herself to be the one that broke it.

“Sure.” Clea desperately hoped her own smile didn’t look too fake or forced. “Of course. I understand. And, anytime. I promise.”

She walked Isabella out of the building and the two of them said their goodbyes. But the whole time, Clea could only think about how

disgustingly false this all was. She'd met Isabella's husband two or three times, at various work-related social functions. She knew what a boor he was. She knew he wasn't going to change. But, clearly, he was willing to keep stringing Isabella along with false hope and false kindnesses until it ground her into dust.

Dwelling on it left a pit of nausea in Clea's stomach. It wasn't right. She couldn't let this happen. Not to Isabella.

And there was something she could do about it.

Once Clea got back up to her apartment, she reached for her phone and messaged Bruna.

I need the data.

* * *

The next morning, it took Clea quite some time to gather her courage before she could bring herself to head into Isabella's office and bring her boss her morning coffee. Her anxiety was twofold. First, she was afraid that the atmosphere between them would be heavy with the weight of what had happened the day before; with Isabella's unexpected vulnerability, and Clea's unwelcome advice. And second, she was afraid that Isabella would see how nervous she was, and somehow sense what she was about to do.

Her first fear, at least, was dispelled from the first moment she knocked and pushed open the door. Isabella was already behind her desk, hard at work, but she rose to greet Clea with a broad grin.

“Clea! Good morning,” she gushed. “Oh, is that my latte? I seriously need it.”

“Of course,” Clea replied. “Same as ever.”

She placed the cup holder on Isabella’s desk, but she must have seemed a touch awkward because Isabella quickly reached out for her hand.

“Hey, um,” Isabella began, “I wanted to say, about yesterday... I’m sorry. Not for turning up - you made it clear that you were happy to help, and I appreciate that a lot. You’re amazing, honestly. The best secretary I could ever ask for.”

Clea’s cheeks started to burn and glow from the praise.

“Instead, I’m sorry for putting you square in the middle of my marital, uh, issues,” Isabella said. “I’m sure that was really, really awkward.”

“No,” Clea replied. “Um, actually, I’m glad you felt like you could confide in me. And... actually, I’m sorry too. I went way too far.”

“Nonsense,” Isabella told her firmly, smiling. “You don’t have anything to be sorry for. You were just trying to help. To be honest, the advice you gave is exactly what I’d probably give to any of my friends if they were in the same position.”

That acknowledgment brought forth another heavy sigh that

piqued Clea's curiosity.

"May... I ask how it went?" Clea ventured cautiously.

"Good." Isabella nodded firmly. "At least, I think it was good. We talked, and maybe we didn't fix our problems yet, but we're going to keep talking. What more can you ask for, right?"

She was trying to sound brave and sure, and it almost worked. Almost. But Clea knew her boss better than most. Better than her own husband, she'd guess. She saw Isabella every single day at work, and she knew when she was merely putting a brave face on something.

Looking deeper, Clea could see the signs. Under her eyes, she was using a little too much makeup to try and conceal some dark circles. Her eyes themselves were still tinged red. Her hair was a little messier and less lustrous than usual; probably, she'd gone to bed without doing her routine. And, most tellingly of all, her shoulders were sagged slightly in exhaustion and defeat, the way they only usually were on a Friday evening after a truly hellish week.

She wasn't OK. It hadn't been good. And that meant there was no reason at all for Clea to hold back.

"Well," Clea began, "I was thinking, last night. And I have something that I think might help you a little."

Isabella's head tilted dubiously.

“Not with the, uh, issues,” Clea added hastily. “Just with how it all feels. It’s something for self-care.”

“Oh!” Isabella brightened immediately. “Clea, that’s so thoughtful.”

Clea had to look away for a moment. “Don’t mention it.”

“So?” Isabella asked eagerly. “What is it? Don’t keep me in suspense!”

Clea swallowed anxiously. This was it.

“This might sound a little weird,” she said, “but I have these... experimental music videos. They’re meant to help you relax. Think of it like... like meditation. Making them is kind of a hobby of mine, actually. I know it’s a little silly, but some people have said they’re really helpful. So, I made one for you.”

She blushed as she said that. Even the half-truth was embarrassing. Isabella, though, looked overjoyed.

“You did?” she exclaimed. “Oh my god, Clea! Thank you, that’s so thoughtful.”

Clea blushed again. “I’m glad you think so.”

“Of course I do,” Isabella replied. “I’ve never really tried meditation before, but you’re certainly right to think that I could use something to help me relax a little. I’d love to give it a try.”

“Great!” Clea’s relief was immeasurable, and she found herself grinning from ear to ear. She whipped out her phone. “I’ll send you the video right away. You can just listen to it whenever you have a quiet moment. Just... make sure to grab some headphones. And, uh, make sure you won’t be disturbed.”

“Got it!” To Clea’s great surprise, Isabella pulled her into a brief but warm hug. “Clea, you deserve a raise. I can’t tell you how much this means to me. Things have been so hard lately. It’s truly...”

“Hey.” Clea squeezed Isabella tight as her boss trailed off. “I know. But, Isabella, I can promise you that things are going to get much, much better for you very soon. I can just feel it.”

Once the two of them pulled apart, Isabella’s eyes were glistening.

“Thank you,” she said. “The way you said that almost makes me believe it.”

Clea and Isabella shared a laugh before Isabella went to sit back down at her desk. Clea took that as her cue.

“Let me know if you need anything,” she said, retreating out of her boss’s office. “I’ve got your first call for the day lined up in about twenty minutes.”

With that, each of them returned to the humdrum of a normal workday - but the whole time, Clea was burning with anticipation as she thought about what was going to happen once Isabella finally sat

down to listen to what Clea had sent her.

* * *

The sun was getting low in the sky by the time Isabella's thoughts turned back to Clea's gift. It had been a long, busy day of work, with no chance for her to take time out to meditate. But now, the office was quiet. Everyone had gone home - even Clea, who seemed to have been lingering for some reason. Isabella figured she was probably worried about her. Clea was such a sweet girl that way.

Isabella really couldn't blame her for being worried. Not after the way she'd fled to Clea's apartment the day before. Just thinking about it was still incredibly embarrassing. Clea had been very kind about it, but Isabella was sure her secretary didn't genuinely want to spend her weekends dealing with her boss's personal problems.

Hopefully, earlier, when she'd told Clea that things were looking up, she'd sounded convincing enough to put the younger woman at ease.

The truth was... more complicated.

And that, regrettably, was part of why Isabella was staying late at work. It was the perfect excuse to spend a little less time at home.

Isabella sighed to herself. Admitting that, even in her own head, felt humiliating. Where had it all gone so wrong? When she had gotten married, she'd assumed that would be her happy ending. Having kids seemed like the natural next step - they'd even talked

about it, briefly, a few times. Now, Robert got mad every time she brought it up. It was like he'd never wanted a family at all.

Another sigh. These thoughts were doing nothing but making Isabella upset again. They certainly weren't helping her to get any work done, and the only thing worse than staying at the office to work overtime was staying at the office to do nothing except cry.

Which was why Isabella's thoughts had turned to that relaxation music video Clea had made for her.

What better time to try it than now?

Isabella took a moment to dim the lights and close the blinds on the windows before sitting back in her office chair and pulling up the video file Clea had sent to her. The first frame looked like nothing but an indistinct mess of colors, and Isabella found herself a little skeptical that a simple music video would be able to offer everything Clea had promised. But, determined to give it a proper try, she took a series of long, deep breaths after putting in her earbuds.

"OK, here goes," she said to herself, and pressed 'play'.

Immediately, the screen in front of her exploded into dizzying patterns of motion that made Isabella gasp. There was such depth, vividness and beauty to the colors. It immediately drew Isabella in and captivated her, making her eyes pull wide open in an instinctive bid to drink in everything that was on the screen of her computer.

It was so overwhelming, she barely even noticed the sound

playing through her earbuds.

It was music, but unlike any other Isabella had heard, and she only considered it to be music at all because of the vaguely harmonic quality of all the strange beats and tones playing in her ears. All of them were low and resonant; she felt them through her whole body, and underneath them was something like whispering, perhaps a voice, perhaps not. Whatever it was, Isabella found herself unable to bring it into focus.

Instead, all of her attention was on the screen. The true pattern formed by the colors was starting to unfold. At first, she thought it was a spiral, pulling inward, but she soon realized it was pushing outward instead, kaleidoscopic, like an ever-unfurling flower, revealing more of itself with each passing moment. Every new color that appeared at the center of the screen was a revelation, but then the whole image would turn, revealing more of itself yet again, along dizzying lines of symmetry.

Isabella couldn't look away. Not even when her eyes started to ache from staring. She just slumped back into her seat and started to drool. She had been instantly hypnotized.

The music was getting louder, but Isabella didn't stir, not even when lyrics started to appear inside her head. Not lyrics; mantras. Simple, blunt statements of fact that Isabella couldn't seem to bring herself to question. They came one after another, layering atop one another, hammering themselves into her head until they felt like her own thoughts, no matter how strange and foreign they were.

They were true. She knew that. She just knew.

You are a lesbian, Isabella.

It was a hard thing to accept. Isabella had never once thought of herself as anything other than straight. She was even married to a man. So... how hadn't she noticed it sooner? It seemed so hard to square away, and yet she knew she had to.

You don't like men.

Isabella stirred. That didn't seem right. She liked her husband, didn't she? That was why she'd married him. She loved him... or so she'd thought. But she was a lesbian, so that didn't make sense. And since she was a lesbian, it seemed only natural that she didn't like men. Isabella reflected on how she'd felt about her husband in recent days. It hadn't been positive.

Of course. She was a lesbian, and she didn't like men.

You cannot orgasm with men.

Isabella blushed faintly, but settled. As unfamiliar as that thought was, it seemed to fit. She was a lesbian, and she didn't like men. It made perfect sense that she couldn't orgasm with men.

Her recent experiences with her husband certainly bore that out, too.

You can only orgasm with women.

Each new mantra, each new truth, was getting easier and easier to accept. They intersected and interlinked, mutually reinforcing one another, forming a net wrapped tight around Isabella's mind.

Forming a new self. A new identity.

You are attracted to Clea.

Isabella gasped. Clea? She'd never once looked at her secretary in that light. It would be completely and totally unprofessional of her.

And yet...

Now that the thought had crossed her mind, she couldn't unthink it. Clea was pretty. There was certainly no denying that. She had a lovely figure, and such cute freckles, and her long, gorgeous, red hair was so striking. Anyone would call her attractive.

But Isabella wasn't just anyone. She was a lesbian. She could only cum with women. So, naturally, it meant more to her. It wasn't just about acknowledging Clea's attractiveness. It was about feeling it.

Isabella was definitely attracted to Clea.

You are very attracted to Clea.

The intensity of her newly-discovered attraction more than doubled with the repetition. Suddenly, just thinking about her secretary made Isabella squirm in her chair and sent a thrill-shock of pleasure between her legs. She couldn't believe an attraction this

potent had crept up on her, but maybe it wasn't surprising, if her lesbianism had too.

It was all but unbearable. How was she going to handle seeing Clea tomorrow? How was she going to not blush and stammer every time she looked at her? The worst part was that Clea was a lesbian too. That made the temptation so much more real.

You can't resist Clea.

All thoughts of self-control immediately dissolved. Isabella was being washed away by the strength of her new feelings. She couldn't resist Clea. That thought seemed so sinful. She was Clea's boss. A level of self-discipline and restraint was absolutely essential in the workplace, but Isabella was starting to doubt she was capable of it.

What did that say about her? What kind of woman was she, to be so hopelessly, irresistibly infatuated by a girl subordinate to her, a girl so much younger than her? It was a shameful thought, but the shame was swept up in her attraction and arousal.

A picture of the new Isabella was starting to emerge. She was a lesbian, she was sexually unsatisfied with her husband, and she was desperately obsessed with her own secretary, Clea Samaras.

The longer she stared at the hypnotic images blaring on her screen, the stronger and stronger Isabella's new sense of identity became. And there was nothing she could do about it. With her eyes wide, all she could do was sit back, stare, and drool, as the mantra began to repeat over, and over, and over again.

You are a lesbian.

You don't like men.

You cannot orgasm with men.

You can only orgasm with women.

You are attracted to Clea.

You can't resist Clea.

You are a lesbian...

CHAPTER TWO

As soon as Isabella saw Clea come into her office in the morning, she knew it was going to be a very, very difficult day.

Ever since last night, she hadn't been able to stop thinking about her secretary. She wasn't sure what had happened, exactly. It had just struck her, suddenly, as she was closing up and heading home after watching Clea's music video.

Isabella was a lesbian. She was a lesbian, and she was attracted to Clea.

It was an unbelievable, unthinkable, world-shattering revelation, and yet it hadn't occurred to Isabella to question it. It was the kind of thing she just knew. It was like the words themselves had been etched into her soul; a sacred set of commandments Isabella had just stumbled upon in a moment of clarity.

She was a lesbian and she could only orgasm with women. She didn't like men. She was attracted to Clea. She couldn't resist Clea.

All evening and all morning, those thoughts and feelings had sat uneasily within Isabella. What was she going to do? She was a lesbian who disliked men - but she was married to one. She had promised her life to her husband, and it was a promise she'd always intended to keep. But if Isabella remained faithful to him, what

room did that leave for her own happiness and fulfillment?

Certainly, sexual fulfillment was a forlorn hope. Things hadn't been going well in that department anyway; now, Isabella couldn't even stand the thought of spending a night with her husband. There was just no way she could ever orgasm with a man.

And her dreams of a family had never seemed further away.

But those concerns, however important, were relatively distant. A far more pressing issue was how Isabella was going to handle the beautiful young woman who had just stepped into her office.

"Good morning, Isabella!" Clea said in a bright, friendly voice. She came bearing gifts - Isabella's regular morning cup of coffee, and a pastry to go with it.

"G-good morning." Isabella cringed at herself as she immediately tripped over her words. She'd been bracing herself for this moment all morning. Clearly, it hadn't helped. "Um... how's it going?"

"It's going just fine," Clea replied as placed the coffee cup down on Isabella's desk. "Thank you!"

She was smiling. That was the part that was truly unfair. The bright, warm, gorgeous smile on Clea's face was like a sunrise. There was simply no way Isabella could have prepared herself for it, or for the way it made her heart pound. Clea was so pretty and so hot. How could a lesbian like Isabella resist her charms?

But that was exactly the problem. She had to. Isabella wasn't just married. She was also Clea's boss, and was years her senior. There were a dozen reasons why the attraction Isabella felt was wildly inappropriate. No matter what, Isabella couldn't let her feelings show. That would be an HR disaster waiting to happen.

"So," Clea piped up. "Did you get a chance to check out that meditation music video I gave you last night?"

"I did!" Isabella replied eagerly. "I tried it before I left the office last night, and... wow, it was amazing. I was so relaxed, I can barely remember what happened!"

"Oh, that's wonderful." A strange, creeping grin dawned on Clea's face. "I'm so pleased."

"I... actually watched it again after I got home," Isabella confessed. "A bunch more times. I even gave it another watch this morning before I came in to work. God, it just really hit the spot. Thank you so much for that, Clea."

"Don't mention it," Clea told her. Her smile was brighter than ever. "I'm just glad you've been getting a lot of use out of it."

Her voice was just as strange as her grin. Isabella figured it was natural to feel satisfied about someone liking a gift that you made for them, but Clea's demeanor hinted at a deep pleasure that went far beyond that. It wasn't just satisfaction.

It was anticipation.

“Oh, hey, Isabella,” Clea said suddenly. Her eyes were shining. “I wanted to ask. How do I look today?”

“How do you...?” Isabella blinked, and then fell silent as she lost herself in staring at her secretary.

Clea, standing on the far side of Isabella’s desk, was wearing a perfectly normal outfit. She was dressed professionally, as usual, in a simple, white, button-up blouse and a pair of smart, black pants. It was the kind of outfit nobody would ever look twice at in an office setting.

But for Isabella, it was spellbinding.

Time slowed to a halt as her eyes traveled slowly over Clea’s form. All she could think about was how well the outfit suited her. It made her seem so confident, so trustworthy, so professional - a perfect worker, despite her youth. The white of her blouse made her red hair appear all the more vibrant, like rich, autumn leaves against a pale sky. Then Isabella’s thoughts turned in a far more carnal direction and, even though she knew she should try, she couldn’t stop thinking about the toned, feminine, athletic body underneath those clothes. It made her body burn. She couldn’t believe she’d hadn’t thought about Clea this way before.

“Isabella?” Clea prompted.

At that moment, Isabella realized that time hadn’t slowed to a halt at all. She’d just lapsed into silence as she stared at her young secretary for several very long seconds. The older woman’s cheeks turned bright red.

“Y-you look, um, amazing,” she blurted out. “Or, no, I mean, not... you look... normal? Not that you don’t look amazing. It’s just that, um, well, you uh, normally look amazing.”

“Thank you!” Clea giggled, and Isabella thanked her lucky stars that her secretary seemed to find her near-incoherence charming instead of cringe-worthy. “But that’s not really what I meant. Do you think this outfit is appropriate for the workplace?”

Isabella’s brow furrowed. “Well, of course. Why wouldn’t it be?”

“I’m just not sure.” Clea tapped a finger to the corner of her mouth in a thoughtful gesture. Her eyes, though, were alight with mischief. “It’s going to be warm today. I might feel like I need to do... this.”

Isabella’s mouth went dry as she watched Clea reach down and undo one of the buttons on her blouse. Immediately, the closely-fitting garment sprung open at the collar.

“Oh,” Isabella breathed.

Clea didn’t stop there. She undid another button, and the top of her blouse opened wide enough to expose her cleavage.

That was the end of any semblance of decorum or rational thought for Isabella. Her gaze locked on to the new region of pale, exposed skin and she started breathing hard. Suddenly, she didn’t care about how ridiculous it was to be staring at a younger woman’s chest like this. She didn’t care how inappropriately she was

behaving. She just wanted to go on looking. Fuck, it was good to be a lesbian.

When Clea reached up to adjust her hair, her blouse shifted far enough to expose her bra, just for a fraction of a second. It was black and lacy. Isabella thought she was going to pass out.

“What do you think?” Clea asked insistently. She was acting like she hadn’t noticed how hopeless Isabella had become, but her grin suggested she was anything but oblivious. “Too much?”

“I... nnn...” Isabella was so far beyond words. She was even beyond rational thought. But in the face of Clea’s question, she had to try and muster something. “W-well... um... I g-guess...” She winced at the way her voice cracked. “I-I guess it... maybe... could be a l-little much.”

She wasn’t sure what to say. But on some level, she knew she didn’t want all the men in the office to see Clea like this. This view should be just for lesbians.

“Aww.” Clea pouted. It was so adorable, Isabella almost teared up. “That’s a shame. But doesn’t it look good on me? I really want to wear it like this.”

Isabella’s resolve snapped like a twig. “I-I mean, it’s not too much at all!” she blurted out. “It’s p-perfect. Just let me know if HR gives you any trouble about it. I can talk to them.”

She just couldn’t resist Clea.

Clea immediately changed tack again. Her ever-widening grin made it clear how much fun she was having, and Isabella didn't have it in her to be angry.

"Are you sure?" Isabella's breath caught in her throat as Clea suddenly bent over her desk at the waist, practically shoving her cleavage into the older woman's face. "Take a closer look. I really need an informed opinion."

Isabella simply whimpered. She could feel herself overheating. She wasn't sure how much of this she could take. She was just such a lesbian, and she was so attracted to Clea. Her mind was blank. She couldn't tell Clea to back off. She couldn't look away. She was helpless.

"What do you think?" Clea's voice dropped, becoming a proud, aroused purr. "Is this appropriate, boss?"

"I... c-can't... uh... I don't..." Isabella trailed off. All she could do was drool incoherently.

Clea leaned in even closer. "You know, if you wanted to, you could undo another button," she whispered.

Isabella's eyes bulged. She looked up at Clea pleadingly.

"It's up to you," Clea told her. Her breathy, sultry voice was like music. "All you need to do is reach out and touch me. I'm giving you permission, Isabella. Whatever you want."

Isabella's mind was melting down. She couldn't think. She just needed. One of her hands lifted itself from her lap, and started reaching out hesitantly towards Clea. She couldn't help herself. This was what she wanted. Wasn't it?

But, at the last moment, she froze. Something deep inside her began to clunk back into life and reassert itself. What did she want? She wasn't sure, but the question demanded consideration. Her desires were a swirling, contradictory mess. She wanted Clea, yes. She wanted Clea so much. But she also wanted to remain faithful to her husband, no matter what. Her wedding vows had once meant everything to her. If she touched Clea now, they were broken, and there was no going back.

It was a sobering thought, and as it dragged Isabella back into some semblance of clarity, other doubts reared their ugly heads. She was Clea's boss. That was another line to consider. Despite how eager she seemed, Isabella didn't really know what Clea wanted. She would hate to make her secretary uncomfortable, to say nothing of what would happen if Clea went straight to HR. And what if someone saw?

Isabella couldn't do this. No matter how much she wanted to, she couldn't. She was nothing more than Clea's boss, and it needed to stay that way.

But what was she going to do? Isabella couldn't resist Clea, and she couldn't bring herself to turn her down to her face. She just needed this situation to stop, so she could get a better handle on whatever was happening with her.

In the end, she chose cowardice.

“I-I need to go to the bathroom,” Isabella announced in an uncharacteristic, strained, high-pitched voice.

She bolted to her feet so fast she almost tipped over her chair and, before Clea could recover from her shock, Isabella fled out of her office.

* * *

“And that’s how it always goes!”

Clea groaned as she finished her story and slammed her empty drink down on the bar. Sitting next to her, her friend Bruna offered a sympathetic smile.

“You mean... she always needs to go to the bathroom?” Bruna joked. “Maybe your boss should get that checked out.”

“No.” Clea flashed her an annoyed look. “I mean, whenever the mood is just right between us, something happens. No - Isabella makes something happen. She suddenly has a meeting, or needs to take a call, or needs me to go do something. Or she deliberately misunderstands the way I’m flirting with her. I don’t get it. I know what she wants. She knows what she wants. Why won’t she just say ‘yes’?”

Bruna reached across to squeeze her shoulder. Clea sagged, but accepted the sympathy with a grateful nod. She badly needed it. It had been like that with Isabella all week, and getting to blow off

some steam at Bruna's bar was the only consolation the weekend offered.

At least it was a nice place to throw back some drinks and pass the time. After a whole work week of spending time around straight people in an office, getting to come and hang out in a dyke bar was a breath of fresh air for Clea. Plus, the bar itself was getting better and better every time she came. Bruna had started investing in some major renovations. Evidently, the heiress she'd hooked using Clea's hypnosis technology was paying serious dividends, both figuratively and literally.

"OK, but I don't understand," Bruna said. "You made it so she can't resist you, right? So, why not be a little more forceful? Take the lead. Kiss her. Fuck her. Whatever. You know she'll be into it."

"That's..." Clea sighed. "I don't know. I guess I could. But that's just not exactly what I wanted between us. I... I don't want to feel like I'm forcing her. I want it to be mutual. I want her to show me how much she wants me. You know?"

Bruna pursed her lips and looked at Clea deadpan. "You know that you're mind-controlling her, right?"

Clea bent over and planted her forehead on the bar. "I know. But I still love her."

"Girl..." Bruna sighed reproachfully. "OK, let's look at this differently. What if you could be a lot more forceful, but you could also be sure that was exactly what your boss wanted?"

Clea tilted her head to look up at her friend. "Explain."

"You're already in her head, right?" Bruna grinned wickedly. "All you need to do is make her a complete and total submissive."

Clea pursed her lips. "I don't know..." she said slowly. "I still want her to be Isabella. To be *my* Isabella. I've seen her at work. She's anything but submissive."

"Maybe in the office," Bruna countered, "but who knows what she's like at home? It might not be as much of a change as you think. But more importantly, I think that if you don't do this, you're never going to get what you want."

Clea's eyes widened. "Really?"

Bruna nodded. "You need to think about it from her perspective. She wants you and she can't resist you, so why won't she cross that last line? From what you've told me, it sounds like she's hung up on something. Her marriage. Her vows. Her sense of fidelity. Something like that."

Clea nodded in agreement. Isabella was one of the most faithful and trustworthy people she'd ever met. It was part of what she loved about her.

"That means you've got two choices," Bruna continued. "You could change that part of her personality - but in that case, she really would be a different person."

“No way,” Clea said firmly. “I won’t do that.”

“Or,” Bruna went on, nodding. “You can give her something she cares about even more: a bond with you. And, speaking from experience, nothing is more powerful than dominance and submission.”

“Huh.” Clea stared down into her empty class. “That... does make a certain amount of sense.”

“Plus.” Bruna leaned in conspiratorially. She spoke low and slowly, letting the rhythm of her words paint a picture. “I’ve heard the way you wax lyrical about her. You can’t tell me you don’t want her between your legs, staring up at you with an adoring, obedient look in her eyes as she does exactly what you want.”

She let out a filthy laugh as Clea’s cheeks turned visibly red even in the dim light of the bar. Eventually, the redheaded nodded.

“I’ll think about it,” she said. But both of them could tell that her mind was already made up.



Isabella shuffled nervously from foot to foot as she stood on Clea’s doorstep, waiting for her secretary to open the door. Being here felt wrong. It felt like a sin. She had spent the entire week trying to keep her chemistry with Clea under control. As much as it pained her, she had decided she needed to spend as little time with her secretary as possible. She was Clea’s boss. It was the only decent

thing she could do.

And yet here she was, dressed up nicely, waiting outside Clea's apartment on a Saturday night.

Clea had called her and asked her to come over for dinner. A girls' night. Isabella had tried to refuse, but Clea had been very, very insistent.

Isabella couldn't resist Clea.

Being dressed up was even less excusable. Isabella's vanity had simply gotten the better of her. She couldn't stand not trying her hardest to look good in front of Clea. She was wearing her finest dress, and her hair and makeup were immaculate. It was desperately embarrassing. She'd left her house looking like she was sneaking out to have an affair. She'd felt like that, too.

Of course, her husband hadn't even noticed.

"Isabella!" Clea greeted her warmly as she opened the door. "Please, come on in."

Isabella nodded gratefully, and tried not to blush as she stepped across the threshold. She was immediately flustered - not just because of how amazing Clea looked, but because of the memory of what had happened the last time she was here.

"You have a lovely place here," she said, figuring it was best to address the awkwardness head-on. "I hope I'll be able to appreciate it

better this time.”

“I hope so too.” Clea laughed. “And I’ll try and make it nicer for you this time. As I told you last week, you’re always welcome. Plus, I thought that having someone cook you dinner might be a nice way to relax and get a break from everything.”

Isabella could only nod again. Clea was so wonderful. Her stomach was full of butterflies. She was trying very hard not to make this into something it wasn’t, but her head was already full of fantasies.

It didn’t get any easier when Clea led her through into her living room, and Isabella saw the scene her secretary had prepared for her.

The room was dim and intimate, lit only by a dozen or so tall candles that had been placed carefully around the space. In the center of the room was a table, set nicely with plates and cutlery. Quiet music was playing through Clea’s speakers, setting an easy, sensual mood. In the middle of the table, there was a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses, and the divine scent of wonderful cooking wafted through from the kitchen.

This was, unmistakably, something romantic.

“C-Clea,” Isabella gasped. “This is...”

“It’s not too much, is it?” Clea asked hopefully. “I wanted things to be nice for us.”

Her optimistic smile set Isabella's heart fluttering. "N-no. It's perfect. I love it."

She really did. That was the problem. Thinking about sharing a romantic meal with Clea was making Isabella's heart beat fast with excitement. She was trying her hardest to keep herself tethered to earth. Maybe Clea didn't mean anything by this. Maybe she was reading too much into it. That had to be all it was. It had to be.

"Please, make yourself at home," Clea said, gesturing to her couch, up against one wall. "And let me get you something to drink."

As Isabella watched, Clea opened the bottle of wine and started to pour it into the glasses. Just watching her was flustering. Isabella found herself focused on Clea's swift, deft hands as she worked the corkscrew, and her measured precision as she poured. Once she caught herself, she groaned softly. She was hopeless. She needed to get a grip on herself.

But she couldn't help it. She was a lesbian, and she was so very attracted to Clea.

"I'm afraid I need to finish up in the kitchen." Clea handed Isabella her glass of red wine. "Our food won't be ready for a little while longer."

"Of course." After taking a sip, Isabella set the glass down on the coffee table and rose to her feet again. "Let me come and help you! It's the least I can do. I know my way around a kitchen, I promise."

"Absolutely not," Clea replied, with surprising firmness. "I won't

hear of it. You're my guest! And you deserve to relax."

"Oh, OK." Isabella was a little disappointed - in part, embarrassingly, because she simply wanted to stay close to Clea.

"And actually," Clea added, smiling. "I have something else you can do while you're waiting."

"Sure." Isabella was surprised, but not displeased. "I'm happy to help."

"Not help," Clea clarified. "It's more of a gift, actually." She reached into her pocket and pulled out a phone, along with a pair of earbuds. "I've made you another music video."

Isabella's eyes widened slightly. She was grateful, of course. If this one was anything like as relaxing as the first, she was going to get a great deal of use out of it. But did Clea really expect her to listen to it here? Right now? Meditation seemed like such a private activity. Doing it around another person, especially the secretary she had an unbearable crush on, seemed awkward. Not just awkward. Vulnerable. Way too vulnerable.

"Wow, thank you!" Isabella replied, hoping to defuse the issue. "That's amazing, I've been listening to the first one a lot. I'll check this one out as soon as I get home."

"No, no," Clea said, in that same, firm voice that sent shivers down Isabella's spine. "Not later. It's for right now, while I finish cooking dinner."

Isabella glanced down at the phone uncertainly. She could see that a video was already loaded up and ready to play. For some reason, it made her nervous. So did the way Clea was behaving. She didn't know how to deal with her when she was so insistent. Something about it turned her legs to jelly.

"I... I..." Isabella struggled. "I'm... not sure that's a good idea."

"Why not?" Clea demanded.

Isabella felt beads of sweat on her forehead. She couldn't put into words what she truly felt - that for some reason, watching Clea's music video right now would be a very, very bad idea. "Um... w-well, I think... it might not work. I-I'm not sure I'll be able to relax properly."

"Don't worry," Clea told her, with a certain smugness. "It'll work."

"R-right. Great." Isabella could feel herself crumbling. She couldn't resist. "But... um... but..."

She tried to step away, over to the window, hoping for a little room to think. Clea was merciless. She just kept moving with her, standing even closer than before. When Isabella stumbled backward, Clea advanced on her again, and before she knew what was happening, Isabella was trapped against the wall with Clea right up against her, so close their bodies were practically touching.

"I promise," Clea said breathily. "This one's even better than the first. You'll love it."

For some reason, that was part of what Isabella was so anxious about.

“G-g-good.” With Clea this close to her, Isabella couldn’t think. “Amazing, a-actually.”

Clea just nodded. She was grinning, too. Grinning the same grin Isabella had seen on her so often this past week.

“So,” Clea said, “you should watch it. Right now. Here.”

Before Isabella could say anything more, Clea reached up and started nestling the earbuds into Isabella’s ears. Being touched by her, even like that, made Isabella’s body burn with a shocking, shameful heat.

She knew she should stop this. She knew she should push Clea away. This wasn’t normal. Why couldn’t she stand up for herself? Why couldn’t she so much as refuse Clea properly? Instead, all she could think about was how to make Clea happy. She found herself yearning for the pleased smile she would see on her secretary’s face when she finally, inevitably gave in.

Isabella couldn’t resist Clea.

And so she didn’t resist when Clea held up her phone for Isabella to look at, and pressed ‘play’ on the music video.

The screen came to life, and within an instant it was spinning and unfolding with all the patterns and colors Isabella had already

become so intimately familiar with. Her ears filled with low, humming, binaural tones that flowed into a soporific melody. Already, Isabella could feel her vision narrowing until the little screen of Clea's phone became her whole world. The spinning, kaleidoscopic colors felt like they were bleeding over its edges, surrounding her, lapping at her like waves on a shore.

She was hypnotized. And it took just seconds. It didn't matter that she was standing up. She just froze in place like a wax statue, moving only to breathe.

At first, she made a concerted effort to remain alert and clear-headed. She tried to tell herself that here, around Clea, she needed to stay awake. Anything else was too mortifyingly inappropriate to even consider. But even that single, simple goal, fixed firmly in her mind, didn't protect Isabella. She was simply too vulnerable now. After a long week of constantly using the first music video, she had already conditioned her mind to succumb effortlessly to Clea's techniques. Try as she might, she couldn't help falling into a deep, deep trance.

And soon, even that little, hopeful rebellion was a forgotten dream. By the time Clea's video started broadcasting fresh, new mantras into Isabella's brain, she was too deeply entranced to do anything but unconditionally accept them into her psyche.

You are a lesbian, Isabella.

That was easy. It prompted no resistance or cognitive dissonance. Isabella had already accepted and internalized that completely. She was a lesbian. She always had been. But almost immediately, the

mantra changed.

You are a submissive lesbian.

Isabella twitched a little. It was a deceptively large change. She was a lesbian, yes, but a submissive lesbian? What did that mean? Isabella had never once considered herself to be a submissive anything.

And yet she was. She was a submissive lesbian. She knew that now. It was beyond question.

And so, her mind started to search for rationalizations. What about the way Clea had been bossing her around just now? Why hadn't Isabella put her foot down about it? Why had she just tripped over her words, and ended up meekly obeying?

Was it because, deep down, she'd been enjoying it?

Isabella's first response to that notion was to reject it outright. But it had its hooks in her, and as time passed, she found herself dwelling on it more and more.

Didn't it make sense? She wasn't just a submissive, she was a submissive lesbian. And Clea was the person she had a huge crush on. It stood to reason that Clea would be the person she wanted to obey. It was the clearest way to make sense of what she'd just learned about herself. Sure, it was strange that she'd been so oblivious to it until just now, but given how long it had taken her to realize she was a lesbian, it wasn't exactly unprecedented.

Isabella was starting to accept it. She was a submissive lesbian.

Obeying Clea makes you feel good.

This mantra made Isabella stir too, but not out of shock. It fit perfectly alongside what she'd already accepted, after all. Instead, what made her stir was the memory of what had just happened, when Clea had pushed her against the wall and made her watch the music video.

That experience was suddenly cast in a new light. It wasn't shocking or confusing. It was hot. Really, really hot.

Isabella squeezed her legs together half-consciously as sudden arousal washed over her. A delayed response, she figured. She couldn't believe how good it had felt to do what she was told.

She was a submissive lesbian, and obeying Clea made her feel good.

Clea knows what's best for you.

This, too, deepened the new, submissive part of herself Isabella had just discovered. Clea knew what was best for her, and so it was only natural to be submissive towards her. Clea knew what was best for her, and so it was only natural that obeying her felt good. Strangely, nothing about that was surprising. Isabella could think of countless times when Clea, as her secretary, had anticipated her requests or made perfect suggestions. Yes, clearly Clea knew best.

As a submissive lesbian, Isabella was so grateful her crush knew what was best for her.

It was a little embarrassing that a woman so much younger than her knew what was best for her. But not unpleasantly so. Instead, for a submissive lesbian like Isabella, that was another exciting dimension of the fantasy.

You crave sexual contact with Clea.

Even though she was deeply hypnotized, Isabella's lips parted slightly and she let out a low, needy moan. She'd already known that. She was a lesbian, after all, and she was incredibly attracted to Clea. But her awareness of her own desire redoubled. She couldn't believe how worked up she was. Isabella's libido had never flared like this before - certainly not with her husband.

She wanted Clea to touch her. Just thinking about little things, like Clea's hand on her arm, right now, was dizzying. But that was the least of her desires. She wanted Clea to kiss her. She wanted Clea to undress her. She was a submissive lesbian. She wanted Clea to dominate her. To mark her body. To grab her, to push her around.

Isabella was so wet.

And then the last mantra came.

You are in love with Clea.

That hit Isabella like a thunderbolt. But how could she deny it?

She was a lesbian. She was attracted to Clea. She loved obeying Clea. Clea knew what was best for her, and she constantly craved Clea's touch.

What was all that, if not some kind of love?

"I'll let that sink in while I finish cooking," Clea said out loud, knowing Isabella couldn't really hear her.

With a smile on her face, she reached for Isabella's hand and lifted it, pressing the phone into her hand and holding it up close to her face like she was posing a mannequin. She knew Isabella wouldn't move. She had no will of her own right now. She was merely an empty vessel, in which new desires were taking form.

Clea left Isabella to keep hypnotizing herself, and went into the kitchen to finish their romantic meal.

* * *

Before Isabella knew quite what was happening, she found herself sitting at Clea's dining table as her secretary was serving up their home-cooked meal. It didn't occur to her to ask why she'd slipped into such a daze, or what had happened in the intervening time. She soon had much, much more pressing issues occupying her mind.

The meal was delicious. Clea was obviously a talented cook - as if Isabella needed another reason to be head-over-heels for her. But throughout the meal, Isabella was beset by strange urges that were

proving more and more difficult to suppress. Whenever Clea's wine glass was empty, Isabella immediately poured her another. She kept a close eye on Clea and made sure her every need was met at once. Salt and pepper? A fresh napkin? Some water? Isabella was eager to provide. Once they were done eating, she cleared the table herself, and instinctively started washing and tidying away everything that had been used.

She couldn't help it. Isabella was a submissive lesbian, and it felt so very good to serve.

Isabella wanted to hold back. She knew the way she was behaving wasn't normal. She was going too far for a guest. But the allure of obedient service was too strong, and she had never felt better than when she was scurrying about, carrying, and cleaning for her secretary. Every little act of service sent a fresh shock of pleasure through her body, one that was wickedly sinful and shameful.

Indulging her fetish like this around Clea was so wrong. But the way Clea looked at her, smirking over her glass, eyes shining with delight, made her feel like Clea knew and approved of what was going on. That was its own kind of titillation.

And all night, Isabella had been struggling not to call her 'mistress'.

Eventually, once everything was cleaned and tidied away, Clea, relaxing on her couch, summoned Isabella to her side. Isabella walked over to her, looking down demurely, arms folded neatly in front of her, with a certain excitement filling her belly.

“Thank you for taking care of everything,” Clea said kindly.

Isabella’s breath caught in her throat. “Of c-course.” She bowed her head. “It’s the least I can do.”

“Sit.”

Clea said that with an amused smile. She was stretched out, leaving no space next to her on the couch, and perhaps that was why she gestured to the floor in front of her. That had to be why, Isabella told herself as her heart started to pound. Nothing more.

Nonetheless, she obediently sank to her knees on the ground in front of Clea.

“Thank you for taking care of everything,” Clea said. “Good girl.”

Isabella’s eyes flew wide. She couldn’t believe what she’d just heard. The praise hit her like a physical force and she whimpered as her head was utterly, hopelessly scrambled of all clear thought. Hearing that was the greatest possible pleasure. The ultimate validation.

“T-t-thank you,” she managed eventually. Now it was even more of a struggle not to add ‘mistress’.

Clea smiled down at her knowingly. “Have you enjoyed yourself tonight, Isabella?”

“Yes,” Isabella replied immediately. There was absolutely no

doubt about that. If anything, she'd enjoyed herself a little too much.

"But," Clea pressed, "you're not completely satisfied. Are you?"

Isabella's heart skipped a beat. She knew. Clea knew. That was horrifying, but Isabella couldn't bring herself to hide anything. "No."

"In that case," Clea told her, "I want you to tell me what it is that you want, right now. Tell me, completely truthfully, what you need to be satisfied."

It was a command, and so Isabella had to obey. She needed to obey Clea. It felt so good. Her submissive nature overrode even her embarrassment. The only difficulty was in figuring out what to say. There were so many things she was craving. So many things she longed for. How was she to pick?

But when she looked up at Clea - at the woman she loved - her gaze settled on Clea's lips, and an answer came.

"I want you to kiss me," Isabella confessed, blushing.

Clea licked her lips. "That's a very good answer."

Isabella couldn't believe her luck as Clea bent down towards her, lips prepared for a kiss. As their bodies touched, the need that had been mounting in her body all evening finally overflowed. She melted into the kiss and let Clea claim her, and as she did, she came.

“Fuck,” Clea panted when she pulled back. “I can’t believe how long I’ve waited for this.”

“Me too,” Isabella moaned, shivering from her orgasm. The pleasure was overwhelming.

Clea reached down and wrapped her hand around the back of Isabella’s neck. “But now you’re mine.”

Isabella just nodded. There was no question of it. She was Clea’s. She loved being Clea’s.

She didn’t care that she was betraying her husband. She didn’t care that she was having an affair. This was more important.

Clea pulled her in, and the two of them started kissing again. They didn’t stop until the sun rose.

CHAPTER THREE

“Clea?” Isabella said uncertainly, stepping into the supply closet after her secretary - and now, her lover. “Um... what did you need help finding, exactly?”

“Uh... pens?” Clea lied unconvincingly. She couldn’t keep the grin from her face. “Quick, shut the door behind you!”

Isabella blushed. She seemed to sense what was happening. “I-I don’t know if that’s appropriate for-“

Clea ignored her, reached back over her boss’s shoulder, and pushed the closet door shut. Isabella fell silent and shivered when she felt Clea’s breath on her skin.

“There.” Clea giggled. “Now we’re all alone.”

At that, Isabella blushed deeper and clasped one of her arms with the opposite hand in a rare display of nervousness.

“Clea, w-we’re at work,” she stuttered. “We said we’d keep things professional at the off-“

“And we will,” Clea soothed. She took Isabella by the hand, leading her deeper into the cramped closet. Despite her protests,

Isabella didn't resist. "Nobody can see us in here. Nobody saw us come in here. As far as the rest of the office is concerned, we're just two coworkers who've gone out to lunch."

"But..." Isabella whimpered. Her will was weakening. Clea's touch, even when they were just holding hands, was intoxicating. "But what if someone else comes in here..."

"Then..."

Abruptly, Clea pulled Isabella off balance and then shoved her against a nearby stack of shelves. Isabella gasped with surprise, but then her breath caught as Clea pressed against her.

"Then we're just looking for some pens," Clea purred. "Nothing embarrassing about that, right?"

"I... I-I don't..." Isabella was trying to look anywhere but at Clea - and failing. Her secretary's presence was overpowering. "We c-can't..."

Clea loved watching her blush and stutter. It was so cute. And she knew exactly what was going on inside her beloved boss's head.

Isabella is a lesbian.

Isabella is attracted to Clea.

Isabella craves sexual contact with Clea.

Clea knows what's best for Isabella.

Isabella can't resist Clea.

All of those post-hypnotic suggestions had been fermenting inside of Isabella for some time now. They were part of her, and she'd already succumbed to them time and again. Thanks to Clea's hypnosis videos, her relationship with Isabella had been completely transformed. Longing for Clea had overcome Isabella's reluctance, and the two of them were in the throes of a passionate, loving, and increasingly kinky affair. That mostly took place outside of work, though, on discreet dates or at Clea's apartment.

Clea liked Isabella being submissive towards her, but she didn't want to undermine her boss's dominance in the office. She knew that Isabella was rightly proud of her seniority and the respect she commanded - and Clea didn't want her any other way.

Besides, 'boss in the streets, bottom in the sheets' was really, really hot. So hot, Clea couldn't resist pushing her luck while they were both taking a lunch break.

"Clea... c'mon..." Isabella tried once again to rally herself, despite the giddy smile that kept threatening to appear on her flushed face. "Please- fuck!"

She broke off into hopeless moaning as one of Clea's hands slipped down her leg, up her skirt, and pressed forcefully against the front of her panties. Clea smiled as she noted that Isabella was already wet.

“Please?” Clea teased. “Please fuck you? Babe, I’d love to.”

She started working her fingers up and down in slow, rhythmic patterns that she just knew would drive Isabella crazy. Her boss slumped back against the shelves as her legs turned to jelly, and she reached out weakly to Clea for support.

“Oh... my... god!” Isabella panted. She grinned, turning light-headed from the sheer pleasure. “H-how are you so good at this?”

“I’ve had a lot of practice,” Clea replied, smirking. “And I’m going to practice on you a lot more.”

“Fuck. Fuck!” Isabella moaned as Clea kept working her, and pulled her panties to one side so she could touch her directly. Isabella’s hair was already matting with the sweat that had started to form on her forehead.

“Still want me to stop?” Clea asked teasingly. She loved the look of awe and intoxication she could see on Isabella’s face. This was all so new to her. Every time they fucked it was life-changing.

“N-n-nooooo!” Isabella howled. She was a puppet beneath Clea’s fingers now. Clea rewarded her by pushing two fingertips inside her boss’s pussy.

“Careful now,” Clea tutted, pumping her fingers in and out. “If you moan like that, someone’s going to hear us.”

Isabella’s eyes flew wide. Mortified, she clamped a hand over her

own mouth to try and stifle her moans. It only half-worked. For a few sweet moments, she'd been lost to bliss, but now embarrassment and nervous agitation were creeping back into her face.

"Can't... c-can't..." she whined, struggling to control her voice. "I... please... we... n-no more!"

"No more?" Clea giggled. "Sure, Bella."

Suddenly, she pulled back. Clea took her hands away from Isabella's body and stepped pointedly away from her. Despite her plea, Isabella let out a groan of disappointment and frustration even more desperate than any of her begging, and as her legs gave way beneath her, she slumped limply to her knees.

The look of longing in her eyes was like a drug to Clea.

"I guess we'll just go back out into the office, then?" Clea teased.

The suggestion was comical. Isabella was a mess. Usually, she cut an immaculate figure, looking every bit like the clever, collected, hard-working professional she was. Now, her clothes were wrinkled and her blouse was untucked, and her face was a mess of sweat-ruined makeup. Her eyes were glassy and faded from the arousal that was suppressing her better judgment.

She'd tasted the forbidden fruit Clea offered. There was no going back.

"W-wait..." Isabella pleaded. "I... I need you."

Clea's grin grew to stretch from ear to ear. She was every bit as intoxicated as Isabella. Having Isabella give in to her, submit to her, had done wonders for her confidence. Any reservations she might have had about what she was doing to Isabella, or about instigating a dominant-submissive relationship between them, had faded away into nothing.

It just felt too good to be wrong. For both of them.

"OK." Clea turned back to her, smirking wickedly. "Then, since you can't seem to keep your voice down, let's have you use your mouth for something different."

Isabella looked up at her quizzically until Clea reached down and started to unfasten her belt. Once she slipped out of her smart work pants and began removing her panties, Isabella turned a deeper red than ever before. She didn't resist, though. She was beyond that now. She was drowning in submission.

"Yes, Clea," Isabella said breathily. Just hearing that was a fresh infusion of pleasure for Clea.

"Then it's time to get to work, babe."

Clea stood above her boss, naked below the waist, legs planted slightly apart, and stared down at her. Isabella looked up with an expression of awe-filled worship on her face. She was practically drooling as she started leaning forward, putting her hands on Clea's thighs and bringing her face so close, Clea could feel the older woman's breath against her skin.

“I...” Isabella glanced down. She fixed her gaze on Clea’s sex. Suddenly, she looked uncertain. When she spoke, it sounded like her throat was dry. “I’ve never... um... I-I might not be good.”

Seeing Isabella as shy and nervous as a schoolgirl was a rare treat. Clea’s smirk softened into a warm smile.

“Don’t worry,” she promised her lover. “Soon, you’ll have plenty of experience.”

And before Isabella could second-guess herself any further, Clea rested her palm on the back of her head and used it to gently but firmly guide Isabella’s face into her cunt.

The very first touch made her moan. This was the first time Clea had made Isabella go down on her. In their previous intimate encounters, Isabella had been so uncertain and so submissive, it had seemed perfectly natural for Clea to take the lead and show Isabella just how much pleasure lesbian sex could offer. This time certainly wouldn’t be the last, though. This was way too good to pass up on.

“Good,” Clea panted when she felt Isabella’s tongue beginning to explore her flesh. “Good girl. Deeper.”

Isabella obeyed Clea’s every word. Clea could use her hand on her hand to guide her too, controlling her pace and her depth. It was like Isabella was her own personal sex toy. There was something breathtakingly hot about knowing her husband had never experienced her quite like this.

“Yes!” Clea moaned as Isabella pushed her tongue deeper, hitting her most sensitive spot. “Good. More. Deeper.”

Again, Isabella obeyed. Clea could sense her eagerness. Her focus. All her attention was on Clea’s cunt, and on bringing Clea as much pleasure as possible. Even if someone had walked in on them, Clea doubted Isabella would have noticed. Pleasing and obeying Clea came before anything else. Clea’s brainwashing had seen to that. All her most potent psychological urges now revolved around her secretary.

Isabella wanted her. She needed her. She craved her. She trusted her.

It was so hot.

“Now change it up,” Clea instructed. She felt Isabella pull back, and guided her tongue towards Clea’s clit. “Find a rhythm. Keep it for a while. Then find a new one. But not too quick. Let the pleasure build. Know your partner. Pay attention to how they’re reacting.”

Eager to learn, Isabella nodded. Clea was certainly reacting to her attentions. Her body was shaking and quivering with every lick and every kiss, and her words were all punctuated by moans. Unlike Isabella, Clea had no qualms about making some noise. She wanted Isabella to know exactly how good of a job she was doing.

More and more, her boss was warming to the task at hand. She spent long moments kissing and sucking on Clea’s clit, then kept rubbing it in little circles with her thumb as she moved her lips back to Clea’s, pressing her tongue inside her worshipfully.

Clea was smirking again. Isabella might be inexperienced now, but Clea could already tell that within a few months, she was going to be an amazing pussylicker.

“No!” Clea cried when she felt Isabella trying to pull back to take a breath. “More. Don’t stop. I’m close.”

With a firm hand, she kept Isabella pressed tight against her body. Even though she was breathless from her exertions, Isabella didn’t fight her. She did as she was told. Isabella wrapped her hands around the backs of Clea’s thighs and used them to hug herself even closer, and started working her tongue in and out of Clea’s body with even greater urgency. Clea twitched and heaved at her touch; each lap of her tongue was like an electric shock. She started bucking her hips, grinding herself against Isabella’s face and leaving the older woman with no space to breathe, no room for anything but Clea.

“Yes!” Clea howled eventually. “I’m... fuck!”

Clea hit the edge and let herself topple over. Her orgasm lasted a long time - she made sure of that, keeping Isabella firmly pressed into her cunt as waves and waves of pleasure crashed over her, each one taken to fresh heights by her boss’s eager tongue. It lasted until moan after moan pushed all the air out of Clea’s lungs, until, eventually, her grip on Isabella weakened and the older woman could slump back and start gasping for air.

Both of them were deeply flushed, and both of them were smiling.

Now it was Clea's turn to collapse. Her knees were jelly beneath her, and once her orgasm receded she allowed herself to fall into a heap on the floor of the supply closet, right next to the woman whose face was slick with her juices. Soon, the two of them were in each other arms, seeking warmth and comfort, and basking in the afterglow - for Clea, of her orgasm, for Isabella, of having pleased Clea so well.

"Good girl," Clea murmured, after her breathing started to steady. "You did an amazing job."

Somehow, Isabella blushed deeper still. It was obvious that she could barely contain her happiness at being praised by Clea. Seeing that brought a fresh smile to Clea's face. She reached for Isabella's hand to hold.

As they interlocked fingers, Clea felt metal.

Isabella's wedding ring.

Clea had thought nothing could sour her mood, but somehow, just a little, that managed it. It was an unpleasant reminder that Isabella's husband still had something Clea didn't. A wedding ring was such a potent symbol. She wished she had something like that with Clea.

"You should take this off," Clea said quietly, rolling Isabella's ring finger between her fingertips.

"I..." Isabella looked down.

“When we hook up, at least,” Clea added.

Isabella was silent for a long moment. “I... that’s just...” She sighed. Clea did too. There it was again. That reluctance. Clea knew what she was going to say next before she even opened her mouth. “I know I’m already... and I know it’s not the greatest marriage. But... I made a promise. You know? This ring is a promise. Not to him. But to myself. I swore I’d always wear it.”

“Right.”

Isabella looked dismayed at how disappointed Clea was. She squeezed Clea’s hand tight. “I love what we have together, Clea,” she pleaded. “So... why don’t we just keep it going like this?”

Clea made herself smile. But she wasn’t happy, and she knew Isabella wasn’t either. Her marriage was miserable. Her husband was an ogre. Isabella was a lesbian, and Clea was the one she truly loved. Now that she’d come this far, Clea was determined to go all the way. She was going to make Isabella hers, and give her the relationship she deserved.

She’d successfully forged a lovers’ bond with Isabella. Now she just needed to break the one Isabella had with her husband. It wouldn’t be hard and it wouldn’t take cruelty. All it would take is a little push. Clea was confident that, deep down, Isabella knew which relationship was right for her.

This time, Clea didn’t need advice from her friend Bruna. She’d already made all the preparations.

“I understand,” Clea told Isabella. She paused for a moment, letting them enjoy the silence. Then: “Hey, so, you’re probably getting tired of hearing this, but I made you another music video.”

Isabella’s face brightened. “No, not at all!” she exclaimed. “I love them, they always help me relax. I listen to them a lot. Kind of an embarrassing amount, actually.”

“I’m glad.” Clea giggled. She was, for more reasons than Isabella knew. No wonder the conditioning was working so well. She pulled out her phone and started tapping. “Well, here it is. Watch it right away, OK?”

“Absolutely!” Isabella’s phone chimed as the email came in. “I can’t wait, I promise. I’ll watch it today. Hey, wait, where are you going?”

Clea had stood up and was already fixing her clothes and heading for the supply closet door. She smiled - genuinely, this time. “My lunch break is almost over. I should be getting back to work. Right, boss?”

“O-oh. Um. I guess.” Isabella rose to her feet too, and blushed again as she looked down and noticed how messy her clothes were. “But... um... but...”

“But what?” Clea glanced back. She already knew, of course.

Isabella squeezed her thighs together and shivered. “Y-you didn’t make me... you know.”

Clea flashed her a wicked smirk before opening the door. "All the more incentive for you to be nice and early to our date later."

* * *

Isabella was smiling all day. Despite some embarrassment and more than a little frustration, the joy of her little supply closet encounter with Clea stayed with her through all of the afternoon's various meetings and emails. She stayed late, as usual, and only ran home to get changed so she could look pretty for her date with Clea.

It had just been a little movie date, but even so Isabella had cherished the experience. Seeing her outside of the office was always special. When they were out in the world together, just the two of them, they didn't need to pretend to just be boss and secretary. They could enjoy their relationship to the fullest.

And Clea could make good on the promise she'd made Isabella earlier. Thinking about that still turned the older woman bright red.

As Isabella drove home, though, her smile was rapidly fading. She couldn't help but think about what - or rather, who - she was going home to. Her husband. There couldn't have been more of a contrast between him and Clea. Where Clea was giving and patient, Isabella's husband was nothing but selfish; angry and frigid by turns as his petulant moods took him. Isabella was the type to stand by her partner no matter what, but hearing that he didn't want a family with her had broken her heart, and now that she'd figured out things with Clea, her marriage felt more and more like a curse rather than a blessing.

After all, she was a lesbian. She couldn't orgasm with men, and she craved submission to women. What was she doing with her life?

Stepping through her own front door felt like getting a bucket of icy water dumped over her head. Isabella yearned to linger with Clea instead. To bask in her newfound happiness for just a little longer.

Then it dawned on her. Why not do just that?

Isabella took the next turn, and then pulled over at the side of the road. It was just a little no-name out-of-town access road and the day had long since ended, so Isabella could be sure she wasn't going to be disturbed. Leaving the engine ticking over and turning on an overhead light, she reached for her phone and her earbuds, and loaded up the music video Clea had prepared for her.

She hadn't been exaggerating when she'd told Clea that she watched her videos an embarrassing amount. They had become Isabella's go-to way to relax, whenever the stresses of work or her marriage got too much. Somehow, Clea's voice had a way of instantly putting her at ease and making all her cares fade away. Isabella was always left so completely and totally relaxed, she couldn't even remember what had happened. And in the aftermath, she was gifted with a fresh sense of clarity about herself and her situation. It was amazing. No other kind of meditation even came close.

And all that was from just two videos. Isabella couldn't wait to see what the third one would feel like.

Isabella propped her phone up on her dash, put in her earbuds, reclined her seat, leaned back, and hit ‘play’.

Even though it was just her phone, within moments it seemed to take up Isabella’s entire vision. Her eyes were laser-focused on the center of the screen, and there was nothing at all in her world except for the vivid, swirling patterns that had suddenly come to life. The colors were dazzling, but Isabella wasn’t dazzled by them.

She was used to this. She didn’t fight. She did what she’d already done many times before, and simply relaxed into it. Isabella allowed herself to let go, and let the strange, hypnotic shapes on the screen of her phone wash over her, like waves on a beach steadily pounding the sand flat.

At this point, it wasn’t even a choice. It was instinctive. Conditioned. Isabella couldn’t have fought it even if she’d wanted to.

But fighting it was the last thing she wanted.

Instead, Isabella savored every last facet of the experience. She loved everything about the way Clea’s videos took her under. She loved feeling each one of her muscles relax, even the little ones in her hands and feet she never normally noticed. She loved the way her whole body became heavy and whatever she was sitting in became the most comfortable thing in the world, soft enough that she could just sink all the way into it. She loved the way that whatever had been bothering her receded from her mind until she was thinking about nothing at all.

Isabella never remembered exactly what it felt like, afterward. But that just meant that each time, she was all the more eager for the next. Eager to experience bliss anew.

There was a delicious rhythm to it. As the kaleidoscope before Isabella's vision started spiraling inwards, shifting in fractals as it did, she tried to make herself notice every little detail. Every pattern. Every shape. Every color. Every beat and rhythm of the strange music being pumped into her earbuds.

She tried, because it was impossible. There was too much to keep track of. As Isabella's mind slowed and dimmed, it slipped out of her grip. It became overwhelming. It wasn't long - not that she could judge the passage of time - before Isabella found herself at the precipice. The moment all the sounds and colors became nothing more than an indistinct, indescribable, howling rush. The moment she was about to lose herself.

Isabella took a deep breath, and surrendered.

She slumped back in her seat, and there was a sudden rush as her disoriented mind malfunctioned and told her she was falling. The thrill of it almost jolted her awake. Deeply-buried instincts jolted awake and whispered to Isabella that this was wrong, that she was in danger. But she didn't listen. Couldn't listen.

And then Clea's voice came to her, and it was all OK again.

Isabella, you are confident.

It was so easy to accept that. Isabella had always been confident,

although her dismal marriage had done much to undermine that. But hearing it from Clea was the perfect reminder. It brought a smile to Isabella's face, even deep in trance. That was so like Clea. To support her, and remind her of the best parts of herself.

Yes. Isabella was confident. More confident than ever, in fact. She felt infused with it.

You deserve what's best for you.

Given how confident she felt, Isabella had no trouble accepting that either. It was a natural affirmation. She deserved what was best for her. Who didn't?

Clea is what's best for you.

Isabella had no reason to fight that suggestion either. It made sense. Clea knew what was best for her, and Clea was what was best for her. It felt right, too. Isabella was a lesbian, and Clea was her lover. Her *domme*. Her companion. Being with her always felt so good. Clea was what was best for her.

Clea can give you a family.

That suggestion made Isabella shudder with its power. It meant the world to her. She'd always wanted a family. Kids. Since her husband had refused she'd tried suppressing that desire within herself, but it had been hard. Hearing - even thinking - that Clea could make that dream come true was like a magic spell. It was Pandora's box. The thought infected her. It never occurred to the hypnotized Isabella to question it. It simply consumed her.

Clea was best for her, and Clea could give her the family she wanted.

You love Clea.

Of course she did. It was all becoming so simple. Isabella loved Clea, the woman who was best for her and who could give her a family - and who she craved above everyone else, body and soul. It was love. She'd long since accepted that.

You don't need your husband.

That suggestion, finally, caused Isabella to stir a little. She... didn't need him. It was strange; she'd never thought about it in exactly those terms, but she'd always assumed that, on some level, she did need her husband. That seemed natural, when you were married. He was such an integral part of Isabella's life. If she left him, didn't that make her a failure? If nothing else, Isabella knew that was what people said and thought about divorced women.

But as always, she heeded Clea's voice and Clea's voice. That was as natural as breathing to her now. Clea was always right. Clea knew what was best for her. And that meant Isabella didn't need him. She didn't need her husband.

That thought felt freeing.

You are confident...

As Clea's voice on the audio track started to repeat itself over and over, all of the hypnotic suggestions became more and more firmly fixed in Isabella's mind. Soon enough, they were commandments carved into stone. As they mixed together and merged, a picture of a new kind of life started to blossom in Isabella's mind. A life that was infinitely preferable to the failing marriage she currently suffered with.

Maybe divorce wasn't giving up. Maybe divorcing him was simply accepting the obvious truth that she was a lesbian who deserved better.

By the time Isabella awoke, she was finally ready to head home, bolstered by the knowledge that, one day soon, it would be the very last time.



A few days later, at the weekend, Isabella was on another date with Clea. This time, after making her excuses to her monosyllabic husband, Isabella had headed out and driven straight over to Clea's apartment. Almost as soon as they crossed the threshold, they were in each other's arms. The little moments they managed to make for one another during the week were wonderful, but nothing compared to long weekend afternoons, when they could just forget anything else in the world existed.

When they didn't need to restrain themselves. Not even a little.

"Wait!" Isabella panted, as Clea pushed her against the nearest

wall and started making out with her. “J-just one second.”

Clea backed off and tilted her head quizzically. Isabella raised her left hand, looked at a wedding ring for a long moment, and then, with a fading fondness, slipped it off her finger and tossed it unceremoniously into her handbag.

“I guess I had a change of heart,” she said, blushing. “I just... don’t want to think about that thing anymore.”

Clea’s bright, proud smile banished any lingering doubts Isabella might have had. She kissed Isabella, and then said:

“In that case, I actually have something for you.”

Now it was Isabella’s turn to look at Clea expectantly. Clea raced out of the room, and then hurried back with something held behind her back. She flashed Isabella a stern look.

“Kneel,” Clea told her.

Isabella sank to her knees in instant obedience. Her heart fluttered. She loved it when Clea told her what to do.

“Close your eyes.”

Once her eyes were shut, Isabella felt Clea reach out to her, arrange her hair out of the way, and then start to fix something around her neck. Excitement made her pulse race as she felt leather on her skin. She didn’t need to open her eyes to know what it was.

“You can look now,” Clea told her. She was holding a mirror, allowing Isabella to see herself. The sight made the older woman blush deeper than ever before. “It’s a collar.”

“It’s...” Isabella was lost for words. She couldn’t possibly express what the collar meant to her, and she was struck by how much more of a symbol of commitment and love it already was compared to her old ring. “Wow. Thank you. Wow.”

“Don’t mention it,” Clea purred. “It looks beautiful on you. Isabella.”

“Thank you,” Isabella repeated. She’d never been so happy.

Truly, Clea was best for her. Not her husband.

“And,” Clea added, as she hooked her fingers into the collar and pulled Isabella in for another kiss, “let me know whenever you’re ready to talk to a lawyer. I already have the number.”

CHAPTER FOUR

Clea had just about everything she'd ever wanted.

For years now, she'd harbored a crush on her boss, Isabella. Knowing full well that Isabella was both straight and married had done nothing to stop the pining, and Clea had spent more hours than she could count daydreaming about what it might have looked like if they'd somehow had a life together. And now, thanks to Clea's hypnosis files, they did. Isabella had accepted that she was a lesbian and that she was in love with Clea. They were in a relationship. Isabella was leaving her asshole husband for Clea. They even had a fulfilling - and ridiculously hot - kink dynamic.

Clea couldn't have asked for more. She had everything.

But it wasn't enough. Clea still wasn't happy.

She wasn't happy because Isabella wasn't happy. Even though Clea had made absolutely certain that Isabella wanted and had chosen everything that had happened, a low, heavy mood had descended on her new girlfriend. It had started right after Isabella had broken things off with her husband. She'd told him that she was a lesbian, that he'd been an awful partner to her, and that she was leaving him for good. It wasn't surprising to Clea that an impending divorce had taken its toll on Isabella, of course. She'd been ready to support her girlfriend through that. She'd even made sure that

Isabella could move into her apartment immediately so that Clea could be there for her at all hours of the day.

It hadn't been the idyllic domestic life Clea had been picturing - and not for a lack of love or affection. Being with Isabella was wonderful, and Clea could tell her girlfriend felt the same. They loved spending time together; kissing, holding each other, making love. The sex was incredible, and Clea knew there was absolutely no doubt in Isabella's mind that Clea and lesbianism were what was best for her.

And yet, still, Isabella was depressed. She cried a lot. She spent long hours curled up in bed, doing little more than staring at the ceiling. It was taking its toll on her work, too, which was the worst part. Isabella had always been on top of her game at the office, and Clea loved her for it. Now, the older woman was always tired. She made mistakes. Her heart wasn't in it anymore. And Clea's was breaking.

She was doing everything she could for Isabella, of course. Clea was as diligent a girlfriend as she was a secretary. Both at work and at home, she happily attended to Isabella's every need. Isabella always greeted her attention with a smile, but it was like the smile of a ghost. It flickered and faded as easily as the light changed. Kink didn't help either. When Clea dominated Isabella, both of them could lose themselves in fantasy, but only for as long as the scene lasted. Isabella clung to Clea's dominance like it was a life ring. She wore the collar Clea had given her like one every moment that they were alone together. But in the end, as the tide waned, she was still left stranded out at sea.

“What can I do?” Clea asked quietly, as she perched next to Isabella on their bed and rested a hand on Isabella’s shoulder. She’d run out of ideas.

“I don’t know,” Isabella replied. She turned to smile at Clea, but she sounded defeated. Her eyes were red from crying.

Clea squeezed her shoulder tightly. The air between them was thick. Words came slowly.

“I heard your phone,” Clea ventured. “Was it him again?”

They both knew who she meant. Robert, Isabella’s husband. He’d taken to calling her every now and then - always angry, usually drunk - so that he could demand she ‘come home’ and rant about all her perceived deficiencies when she refused. Clea was pleased he was showing his true colors and proud of Isabella for always standing up to him, but she could see the calls were taking their toll.

Isabella just shook her head.

“If it was, you should tell your lawyer,” Clea encouraged. “He can use it in court. Get a restraining order, maybe. Or at least speed things along. Your ex won’t be able to keep dragging his feet about signing those papers if we can show a pattern of sustained harassment and-“

“It wasn’t him,” Isabella said, firmly enough that Clea believed her.

“OK,” Clea said slowly. “Sorry.”

The silence dragged on for a long moment. This was one of Isabella’s bad days. Yet again, Clea contemplated what she might be able to do to address whatever Isabella was feeling. It shouldn’t have been difficult. With her hypnotic videos, she had a direct line to Isabella’s subconscious. Even now, the older woman listened to them diligently. Introducing her to another would be easy. And Clea could tell her...

What? What, exactly? That was the problem.

Clea simply didn’t understand what, precisely, was burdening Isabella so terribly. It didn’t make any sense to her. After all, thanks to her, Isabella was a lesbian. She was desperately attracted to Clea, both romantically and sexually, and those feelings were entirely reciprocated. She craved submission to Clea, and Clea was satisfying that need too. It was a better relationship than she’d ever had with her husband. Clea just couldn’t figure out the root of the problem.

It was tempting to try anyway. That seemed preferable to doing nothing. Except, what if whatever she did made Isabella’s depression even worse? That was Clea’s worst fear. The fear that truly haunted her.

What if all this was her fault? What if, all along, she’d had no idea what she was doing? What if she’d ruined the woman she was in love with?

That fear, that uncertainty, was paralyzing. Clea just didn’t know what to do. And so, day after day, they sat like this, in heavy silence.

Isabella was right there, in Clea's arms, but somehow she just couldn't seem to reach out and touch her.

"Actually, it was my parents," Isabella offered, eventually.

Clea blinked. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

That was unexpected. It was even more unexpected that a call with her parents would have left Isabella like this. Clea felt she needed to get to the bottom of this.

"They aren't... supportive?" she asked. "I thought you said they were pretty progressive?"

"It's not..." Isabella sighed. "They are - at least, about some things. They aren't bigots. I'm pretty sure they have absolutely no problem with me being a lesbian."

"Then, what?" Clea couldn't keep herself from sounding a touch impatient.

"They're Catholic, Clea!" Isabella told her. "They don't like that I'm getting divorced. That's what they have a problem with."

"Oh."

Clea slumped. Inwardly, she was cursing herself. She should have thought of that. She should have considered that Isabella's

older, Hispanic parents would be Catholic and take issue with divorce. After hearing from Isabella that they were accepting of gay people, she'd simply put them out of her mind. How could she have been so thoughtless?

"It doesn't help that I'm further than ever from having kids," Isabella added miserably. "At least, that's how they see it. I've tried telling them about Robert, but... I guess they never really took it to heart. Or maybe they just thought he'd come around. They've always wanted grandchildren."

Hearing that stung a little. "We can give them to them!" Clea insisted quickly. "When we're ready, I mean. I've been looking into it. Artificial insemination. Fertility treatments. It's all extremely, extremely possible. We can do it, Isabella. We can have a family."

Isabella looked at Clea and smiled. The happiness on her face was real and it warmed Clea's heart - but, as usual, it didn't seem to last. After merely a moment, Isabella sunk back into her sullen, heavy mood.

"Thank you, Clea. I want that with you. I really do. Nothing could make me happier. It's just..." Isabella looked down and sighed again. "I don't know. The way they talk about divorce. It's like they see me as a failure now. And... I know I couldn't stay with Robert. That's just not who I am. I'm a lesbian. I'm attracted to women. I'm in love with you. But... still." She reached up and buried her face in her hands. "I can't stop feeling like they're right. Like I really am a failure."

At that moment, Clea could feel her heart being ripped in two.

She threw her arms around Isabella and felt the older woman's body being wracked with heavy sighs and half-sobs. The depth of the pain in Isabella's voice was moving her to tears. She wished, more than she'd ever wished for anything else, that she could figure out what she needed to do to make Isabella right.

And then, suddenly, it dawned on her. Inspiration.

Clea had made sure Isabella was a lesbian. She'd given her all kinds of desires, and had tipped the scales to make sure the older woman gave in to them. But through all that, she'd been missing something. Isabella had spent her whole life thinking that divorce was wrong. That leaving her husband for Clea was wrong. Accepting that she needed to do it didn't mean all of that internalized shame and torment was erased. There was something critical Isabella needed to bring her psyche back into balance.

Pride.

It seemed so simple now. It was all Clea could do to keep herself from smiling inappropriately.

"Hey," Clea said, voice tender. "Look at me."

It took Isabella a moment, but she obediently turned her face up towards her girlfriend. She seemed surprised when Clea kissed her, deeply and gladly, but soon melted into the embrace. Through all her depression, Isabella was more in love with Clea than she'd ever been with her husband. Clea always enjoyed the way she could taste that love on her lips.

“Don’t worry,” Clea told her, as she pulled back. “It’s all going to be OK.” Now, she could say it with such absolute confidence that she could see Isabella surprised to find herself believing it. “I know exactly what to do.”

* * *

You are a lesbian, Isabella.

The suggestion washed over Isabella with perfect ease. Even her subconsciousness barely registered the words as they worked their way through her mind, pressing on her with a gentle, irresistible pressure, like the way the tides steadily shaped the shore.

Why bother taking notice? The music video was just telling her what she already knew.

And besides, Isabella didn’t notice anything else, either. She didn’t notice the soft, familiar, reassuring texture of the bed sheets beneath her skin. She didn’t notice the faint ache in her back from the way she was propped up against the headboard. She didn’t notice the gleeful, triumphant grin on Clea’s face as her girlfriend held her phone up in front of Isabella to show her the new music video she’d just made for her.

Isabella was far, far too deeply hypnotized for that.

It had struck her as a little strange when, right after comforting her, Clea had run out of the room and declared that she needed to work on one of her videos. It was hardly out of character, though.

Isabella had come to accept that part of Clea - the part that was seized by inspiration at wildly unexpected moments. She loved it, just as she loved everything else about Clea.

Besides, she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. She loved the files Clea made for her. They always left her unbelievably, blissfully relaxed - and that feeling was more precious to her now than ever.

So, even though she hadn't really been in the mood, Isabella hadn't argued when Clea had insisted that she lie down and watch her latest creation.

Now, her mood was completely immaterial. It was a thing of the past. It had dissolved like mist. Isabella felt nothing at all, and she was thinking of nothing but the screen in front of her face. Strange, lurid, spiral patterns dominated her vision, and deep, pulsing, binaural beats dictated the rhythm of her mind. It had taken effect instantly. Isabella had been conditioning herself to be unbelievably susceptible. Resistance was a thing of the past. And beneath it all, Clea's voice whispered suggestions that carved themselves indelibly on Isabella's heart.

You are a lesbian.

That one passed by without notice. Isabella accepted it completely and totally. She was a lesbian. She always had been. But hearing that yet again, helped to lull Isabella into a state of calm, placid acceptance.

Yes. That was right. Clea's voice was always right. Clea knew best

for her. All Isabella needed to do was listen.

You are comfortable with people knowing you're a lesbian.

That didn't go down quite so easily. Isabella had to turn inward and ask herself if that was how she truly felt. Was she truly comfortable with people knowing she was a lesbian? Maybe. There was no reason not to be. Not that Isabella could think of. It wasn't like it was anything to be ashamed of. And yet, there was something...

No. No, she was comfortable with people knowing she was a lesbian. The more she dwelt on it, the more Isabella found herself sure. All her doubts were simply vanishing.

You are confident in coming out as a lesbian.

Under Clea's watchful gaze, Isabella twitched, just a little. She was confident in coming out? Isabella wasn't so sure of that. She was comfortable with people knowing, of course. But coming out - that was a different matter. Coming out was such an event. A declaration. She'd had to, with her ex and her parents, but it hadn't felt particularly good.

And yet, she was confident in coming out as a lesbian.

She just was. It was beyond doubt. Even if it didn't feel good, Isabella was confident. She took the bad with the good - hadn't she always? To her, something standing in her way was always a challenge to overcome. That was how she'd come so far in her work life. Why would her sexuality be any different? Besides, if she was

happy with people knowing, surely it stood to reason that she was happy coming out to them.

A slight smile dawned on Isabella's face as she accepted it. She was confident in coming out as a lesbian. The only mystery was how it had taken her this long. She needed to start telling people.

You want to make new friends who accept you as a lesbian.

She did? Isabella wasn't so sure about that. Make new friends? That goal hadn't been on her radar at all. After all, she was perfectly content in her current circle of friends. Except...

They weren't lesbians. They were all straight.

That wasn't a problem, of course. They were straight, but they weren't prejudiced. Isabella was sure they'd be comfortable with the fact that she was a lesbian. But then, why had she held off on coming out to them? Not for lack of confidence, obviously. She was perfectly comfortable with people knowing, and perfectly confident in coming out to them. It didn't make much sense.

Except it did. It was because Isabella knew it would change things between them.

Once that realization appeared in her head, the rest of it fell like dominoes. Yes, that was it. She hadn't come out to them because, after that, their friendship just wouldn't be the same. After all, so much of the time her friend group spent together was spent talking about men - venting about their husbands, complaining about their exes, sharing their dating woes. Suddenly, Isabella would be set apart

from all that. It wasn't her world anymore. She was a lesbian. She could try talking to them about what she was going through in turn, but even if they'd be sympathetic, they couldn't possibly understand.

And that was why Isabella needed new friends. Friends who really, truly accepted her.

Now that she'd thought about it like that, she wanted it so badly.

You are proud of being a lesbian.

At that, Isabella almost woke up. Her brow furrowed and her eyes trembled, as they registered the intense, inward conflict raging inside of her. A little color and life returned to her face and she began to twitch and stir - all of that, because Isabella was troubled by the fact that she couldn't seem to answer one simple question.

Was she proud of being a lesbian?

There was a correct answer: 'yes'. Isabella knew that. She was supposed to feel proud. But it just wasn't that simple. Isabella was proud of some things, of course. She was proud of being Clea's girlfriend. But overall, being a lesbian had been as much anguish as joy. She'd spent years lying to herself in a pointless, awful marriage, and now she had to navigate a messy divorce, the judgment of her peers, and the disappointment of her parents. And their disappointment was as much a part of her as anything else was. They were her parents. They'd raised her. She'd lived with their opinions their entire life.

Though she never would have said so out loud, deep down,

Isabella knew that she didn't feel proud of being a lesbian. If anything, it was the opposite.

That settled the question. Did it?

Somehow, though, that didn't sit right with Isabella. It just itched at her.

Wasn't she proud, in her own way?

She couldn't seem to shake that conviction. In fact, it was growing and growing. As the soporific tones of Clea's music video kept playing in her ears, Isabella found herself rationalizing, not questioning.

She was proud. Wasn't she?

If Isabella wasn't proud of being a lesbian, why was she so comfortable with people knowing she was one? If Isabella wasn't proud of being a lesbian, why was she so confident coming out? If Isabella wasn't proud of being a lesbian, why was she so eager to make new friends who accepted her?

When she thought about it like that, it all seemed incredibly simple.

"I'm... proud..." Isabella sighed in a faint, dreamy voice, as acceptance came to her, "proud... of being... a lesbian."

Her reward was a sudden rush of serotonin. It was like she had

been completely unburdened. For the first time in weeks, her heart felt light and free. Isabella felt like she could do anything.

“Good girl,” Clea murmured, although Isabella barely heard her.

Finally, Isabella, you need to marry Clea and have her children.

Isabella felt no resistance to that. There was no reason for her to doubt or question it. Especially not now that she’d realized how proud she was. Isabella felt like she could finally embrace Clea with her whole heart, and that meant making a place for her in all her deepest, most important dreams - her dreams of family. Who better than Clea? The woman she loved, and the woman who was best for her.

It was easy to accept. But that didn’t mean it didn’t have an impact.

Wanting or hoping for those dreams was one thing. Needing them was another. Finding pride had made Isabella feel complete, but already, she was discovering an emptiness within herself. A deep, gnawing, yawning emptiness. It needed to be filled. She needed to be filled.

She needed to marry Clea. She needed to have her children. It was in her body.

“There we go,” Clea murmured. “I think that should do, for now.”

Isabella blinked, suddenly disoriented, as the screen that had

become her entire world disappeared. It took her a very long time to realize that Clea had simply put her phone down. Noticing how confused she was prompted questions: what had she been doing? Why was her head so foggy? Why did she feel so different? What had been happening for the past few minutes?

Then Clea squeezed her hand, and it didn't matter. Isabella found herself smiling at her girlfriend in utter contentment.

Clea was here. Clea knew what was best for her. That meant she was safe and that everything was perfectly OK.

Except one thing. Isabella *needed*.

In her body, she needed. It was hard to put her finger on why, exactly, but just as Isabella's mind was ready to succumb to a warm, sleepy, loving daze, her body was rousing itself with an awareness of just how desperate she was. And somehow, Clea seemed to know.

"Hey," Clea said, her tone suggestive. She reached down and rested her palm possessively on Isabella's abdomen. "I really, really need to put a baby in you."

Isabella gasped. Suddenly her need had a form. A shape. The growing arousal in her body started flowing to her chest and her lower half. She needed that so badly.

"Y-yeah," Isabella panted. "But... how...?"

"I told you, there are ways." Clea smirked. "But for now, we'll just

have to make do with this.”

Clea reached down over the edge of the bed and then under it, groping around for something. Once she found it, she showed it to Isabella: a long gift box, nicely made, clearly left there just for the occasion like a present under a Christmas tree. In a slow, teasing way, Clea lifted the lid to show her girlfriend what was inside.

A brand new, huge, realistic, lovingly-sculpted strap-on.

Isabella let out another gasp, this one thick with anticipation. There was no mistaking what this was for, or why Clea was showing it to her now.

Or how much Isabella wanted it.

“I need to make you mine,” Clea said, once she saw the eagerness in Isabella’s gaze. Kneeling on the bed, she raised herself up on her knees and started fastening the harness around her hips. “I need to make you feel it. Inside and out.”

Isabella just nodded, and let out a slight, reverent moan. As Clea busied herself securing the strap into the harness, she was all but hypnotized by the sight of that huge, silicone shaft bobbing up and down in the air, jutting out proudly from Clea’s athletic, feminine figure. It was making her drool, and filling her belly with heat.

She and Clea hadn’t explored this facet of lesbian sex yet. It was all new to Isabella. She’d heard of strap-ons, of course, but she didn’t know how they might feel. Penetration with her husband had always been so disappointing, but Isabella suspected that, as in all

other areas, Clea would prove far more skilled.

Certainly, her tool was much, much bigger.

“You need this,” Clea told her, stroking one hand experimentally along the shaft of her new, silicone cock.

Isabella nodded her head in mute reverence. It wasn’t a question. They both knew it was true. Isabella needed to have Clea’s children. Those words kept echoing in her head, even though she wasn’t sure where they came from. Having Clea’s children would mean more than just sex, of course - but her body didn’t know that. Something within her - a deep, primal, biological urge - had been activated, and it craved exactly what Clea was offering.

“You need this,” Clea repeated as she advanced on Isabella, crawling towards her, looming over her. “Don’t you?”

“Yes,” Isabella breathed. She reclined as Clea advanced on her, resting on her back, raising her legs and parting them, inviting Clea to reach out and lift the skirt of her dress. “I need it.”

“Good girl,” Clea grunted. Hearing those words made Isabella’s soul shiver. “Wider.”

Isabella obeyed, letting her knees fall down and to the side, whimpering as she exposed herself to her girlfriend.

“Good.” Clea reached out and hooked two fingers into her panties, slipping them down and out of the way. She smirked when

she felt how wet Isabella was. “Wow. You really do need this.”

Isabella moaned again. Whenever Clea was like this with her, dominant and teasing, it just made her head go blank. It was desperately embarrassing to be so weak to being treated this way by a younger woman. “Y-yes! Please...”

“Don’t worry.” Clea was grinning wildly as she lined the head of her strap-on up against Isabella. “I wasn’t going to make you beg.”

She pushed forward with her hips and thrust the huge dildo all the way inside Isabella.

Isabella saw white.

She was already so wet that it didn’t hurt, but the sheer intensity of being filled by Clea’s strap set every nerve in her body on fire, and drew from her a ragged, shocked scream that transcended both pain and pleasure. Isabella’s whole upper body heaved as she fought for each breath, and when Clea pulled back and thrust into her a second time, it again forced all the air out of her lungs.

Then, as Clea found her rhythm, Isabella realized it felt better than anything she’d ever experienced before.

It went beyond simple pleasure. It was the kind of deep, raw satisfaction that came from having her deepest wishes finally fulfilled. This was what Isabella had been craving. This was what she needed to fill the emptiness inside her. Clea. Clea’s cock. Isabella wrapped her legs around her girlfriend’s body, wielding all of her strength to draw her in and encourage her.

More. Deeper. Harder.

“You like that?” Clea grunted. Her voice was thick and gruff with exertion as she plowed into Isabella.

“Yeah,” Isabella moaned. That one word was all she could manage.

Clea grinned. “Better than your husband?”

That got a derisive snort out of Isabella. “F... fuck yeah,” she laughed.

Not even close. It was night and day.

Clea laughed too. She bent over Isabella and redoubled her pace. “Tell me what you want me to do to you,” she growled into Isabella’s ear.

There was only one answer. Isabella felt it deep in her body. In her womb, in defiance of reason.

“B-breed me,” she begged.

Hearing that seemed to fill Clea with a surge of energy, but she pulled back, eliciting a whimper of disappointment from Isabella.

“I want you on your hands and knees,” Clea purred. “I want to see your ass bouncing up and down while I knock you up.”

Isabella's disappointment vanished instantly. Clea saying that was so hot it had her seeing stars. She had fully embraced the role-play. She wanted to be fucked however Clea wanted to fuck her. Clea knew best. Her legs were weak from pleasure, but even so, Isabella managed to roll over and scramble up onto her hands and knees, ready for Clea to take her from behind.

"You know," Clea said. She sounded distinctly smug. "This strap-on isn't the only new toy I had lying around."

Isabella was confused about her meaning, until she felt Clea reach around her and clip something into the D-ring of her collar.

A leash.

She had just enough time to realize how hot that was before Clea pushed her silicone cock back inside Isabella's cunt and, at the same moment, jerked back on the leash. The sudden, sharp yank made Isabella yelp and clench down, and she was rewarded with a shock of pleasure that eclipsed even what she'd been feeling before.

Then Clea really started fucking her.

With Isabella collared and leashed like that, Clea could completely control the pace. She mastered Isabella utterly, coaxing her into tightening up, or bucking her hips, or arching her back - all with the slightest touch on the leash. It was incredible. For Isabella, being so thoroughly controlled like that was the ultimate fantasy.

She was Clea's. Her body was Clea's. Her pussy was Clea. Her

womb was Clea's.

The older woman matched Clea thrust for thrust, her moans battling with the obscene slap of Clea's hips against her ass, turning their bedroom into a temple to lesbian pleasure. Part of the thrill was that Isabella couldn't see what Clea was doing, couldn't tell what might come next, but just from her girlfriend's moans, she knew that Clea was enjoying this every bit as much as she was. That, as much as anything else, filled her with a strange, gratifying pride and brought a delirious, horny submissive smile to her face.

This was perfect. Being fucked like this was beyond Isabella's wildest dreams. It was an experience she never even could have imagined mere months before. But one burning, boiling impulse soared above everything else, until it was only thought left in Isabella's head.

"Please!" she begged through her moans. "Breed me, Clea. Please, please, I n-need it! Breed me!"

Clea smacked her ass. The unexpected pain mixed with the heady pleasure Isabella was already feeling, and she howled in both ecstasy and delirious confusion.

"Mistress," Clea said firmly, tightening her grip on the leash. "I think it's time you started calling me 'mistress'."

"F-fuck!" Isabella quivered at the sheer power of the word. It would mean so much. Another threshold crossed. Their relationship cemented as dominant and submissive. It was perfect. Perfect for a submissive lesbian like Isabella. "Y-yes, mistress!"

“Good girl!” Clea sounded just as high on the moment as Isabella. There was a kind of wild joy in her voice, like she was all but overwhelmed by the dominant power she held over Isabella.

It was really, really hot.

“Breed me, mistress!” Isabella cried, eager to drive Clea even further into that savage, dominant headspace. “Please - please, I need it! Breed me! Breed me, mistress!”

In response, Clea just snarled. She quickened her pace yet again, pounding her strap-on in and out of Isabella’s body with all of her strength. Isabella’s arms gave way and she collapsed face-first into their bed, only just barely able to keep her ass propped up in the air as Clea wished.

“I’ll breed you,” Clea growled. “I’ll knock you up. I’ll make you mine. Inside and out. Mind and body. All mine. I can’t wait to see you with a big, round, pregnant belly, all because of me. My wife. My submissive. Mine. Mine, mine, mine!”

An image flashed through Isabella’s head, as clear and vibrant as daylight - herself, naked, kneeling beside Clea, with a collar and leash around her neck, a ring on her finger, and a huge, full, swelling belly rounding out her figure.

That pushed her over the edge. She came.

Isabella screamed as the orgasm hit her. Clea screamed too, caught up in the shared energy. She didn’t stop thrusting, though;

she pounded Isabella until their screams died, then drove the strap-on into Isabella all the way to the hilt. They were both imagining the same thing: Clea filling her, painting her insides, turning her into the mother she'd always craved being.

Eventually, Isabella's legs gave way too. She slumped flat against the bed, limp and twitching, her collar still tight around her neck, lost in dreamy fantasy. Clea collapsed next to her and managed to get Isabella's head nestled into her arms even as her strap-on was still inside the older woman. For a long time, neither one of them said anything. They were just basking in the afterglow.

This was usually the moment Isabella dreaded. The moment the endorphins that sex provided started to fade, and the bleak thoughts started to return.

This time, though, it wasn't happening. The glow just went on and on, and she was blanketed by thoughts of the warm, happy future she and Clea were going to have together. Jubilant, Isabella turned to look at her girlfriend.

"We should do this again," she said, a touch shyly. "M-mistress."

Clea giggled like she couldn't believe her luck. Then, she stretched forward to kiss Isabella's forehead.

"Every single day. You bet your ass. And let's look into setting up those fertility treatments."

CHAPTER FIVE

“Mistress?” The sound of Isabella’s voice brought Clea back to herself. “Are you alright?”

Clea noted with pride the way Isabella’s voice didn’t falter as she called her ‘mistress’. The older woman barely even blushed. All of this, including their kink dynamic, had become completely normal to her now. Just as it should have.

“Yes, of course,” Clea assured her. “Just a little distracted, that’s all.”

It was true. As Clea had been standing at the door to their kitchen, looking in, watching Isabella cook for her, she’d become distracted by just how perfect her life had become. It was strange; after such a long time spent yearning and hoping, Clea didn’t know what to do with herself. She had it all. All her dreams had come true. What came next?

Clea decided there was nothing left to do but bask in the afterglow and enjoy her newfound domestic bliss with the older woman she’d hypnotized into a loving, devoted, submissive lesbian.

“Anyway,” Clea said, as she walked over and pressed herself against Isabella’s back, “are you sure you won’t let me take care of that? You should really take the weight off your feet.”

She reached around and rested a hand on Isabella's full, round, pregnant belly.

"No thank you, mistress," Isabella replied, pausing for a moment to rest one of her hands atop Clea's. "I love making food for you."

Clea just smiled. She'd known Isabella would say that, of course. Even six months pregnant, she insisted on doing her fair share of the housework, despite the long hours she was still spending at the office. The two of them had an unusual dynamic - at work, Isabella was still Clea's boss, but in private, their dynamic flipped and Isabella was the submissive one. She liked to joke that cooking and cleaning was the least she could do to make up for spending all day bossing her mistress around.

The main reason Clea let her was that Isabella was so clearly flourishing in their new life together. She was dramatically, visibly happier than she had ever been with her husband. Having a partner who truly appreciated her made all the domestic work Isabella did incredibly rewarding, and she was able to put all that energy back into her professional life as well. Everywhere, Isabella was excelling. She'd received more than a few comments from coworkers about how much happier and more fulfilled she seemed ever since the divorce from her ex-husband had been finalized. Clea had never been more proud of her.

Except for the day they had received the happy news that Isabella was pregnant.

"You know, I can't wait to have kids with you," Clea said softly to

Isabella. “We’re gonna be great moms.”

Isabella blushed. Clea knew hearing that meant a lot to her. “Kids’ plural, huh?” she replied playfully. “Are you sure you’re not getting a little bit ahead of yourself? I’m still working on number one here.”

“Nope,” Clea told her confidently. “You’ve always wanted a big family, right? Well, me too. Two boys and a girl.”

“Two boys and a girl?” Isabella echoed. “Why?”

“I don’t know,” Clea admitted. She stretched forward and kissed Isabella’s cheek. “It just sounds good to me.”

“It doesn’t sound bad,” Isabella admitted. Then, with a touch of theatricality, she sighed. “I guess I’m just gonna have to get used to carrying all this extra weight around, aren’t I?”

“You sure are.” Clea giggled. “Now we know how well IVF works for you, I intend to exploit it to the fullest.”

After just a few months, the fertility treatments Isabella had started to undergo had paid off. Finally, Clea was giving Isabella what she’d always wanted: a family of her own. Working together to deal with the pregnancy and prepare for the baby had brought the two of them closer than ever before. Clea had never felt happier.

And it helped that pregnancy looked really, really good on Isabella.

“You know, in my book, the extra weight isn’t a bad thing at all,” Clea murmured into her lover’s ear. “I love how this maternity dress makes you look,”

She started rubbing her palm back and forth across her belly. The way the fabric of the long, blue dress was stretched taut over Isabella’s growing baby bulge was utterly enchanting. Clea couldn’t keep her hands away. Dressed like that, standing in the kitchen with a wooden spoon in her hand, she was the very embodiment of classic, mature femininity. Anyone would have thought so.

The only detail that might have raised their eyebrows was the conspicuous leather collar kept permanently fastened around Isabella’s neck.

Isabella responded with a low purr of appreciation. “Thank you, mistress.” She hesitated. “I feel huge. I think this one’s getting a little small on me.”

“Yeah?” Clea replied, voice breathy. “Well, I like it that way. Really shows off how much of a MILF you’re turning into.”

“Goodness!” Isabella giggled. She was leaning back against Clea eagerly. “Stop!”

“Nope,” Clea shot back playfully. “How could I? I know you’re cooking, but you look good enough to eat.”

Her hands were roaming up and down Isabella’s body now, exploring her hips, her thighs, her chest... she was getting bigger in

all the right places. Clearly, motherhood suited her.

“M-mistress! Isabella’s voice started to take on a needy, whiny, high-pitched quality as Clea felt her up. “That’s not fair!”

“Oh yeah?” Clea couldn’t stop grinning. She knew Isabella was enjoying this just as much as she was. “Why’s that?”

Isabella moaned sharply as Clea rested a hand on one of her swollen, sensitive breasts, then giggled as euphoric pleasure washed over her. “A-ah! You k-know how crazy my hormones are these days! T-this is... unff... really d-distracting.”

“Sorry.” Clea giggled too - but she didn’t stop. Not yet. “I guess I should let you get back to cooking, huh? Maybe after dinner, I can help you blow off a little steam.”

Isabella paused for a long moment. Clea kept groping her. She knew the decision her lover was struggling to make, and was more than happy to keep putting her thumb on the scales.

“Actually,” Isabella said slowly, eventually, “this could really do with simmering for a little while. So... maybe right now, we c-could...”

Clea let out a smug laugh and then kissed the back of Isabella’s neck. “Bedroom’s just upstairs, darling.”

After Isabella turned down the heat to keep the pot at a bare simmer, the two of them walked hand in hand up to their bedroom.

Happily, Isabella had been awarded the house in the divorce. It meant lots of space for both her and Clea, and plenty more to spare for when the baby arrived. Unhappily, now that she was on the threshold of her third trimester, Isabella had some amount of trouble navigating the stairs. Clea, though, was always there to help her, step by step, until the two of them made it all the way to the top.

“Goodness,” Isabella sighed, as she slumped down onto their king-sized bed. “I swear that gets harder every day. I might need a minute to catch my breath. Sorry, mistress.”

“There’s no need to apologize,” Clea told her firmly. “Understand?”

“Understood,” Isabella immediately replied, and nodded submissively.

“Good.” Clea perched next to her on the bed. “Besides, I have something for you to do while you rest up.”

Isabella looked at her quizzically.

Clea reached into her pocket and retrieved her phone - and a pair of earbuds. “I have one last meditation music video I’d like you to check out.”

“One last...” Isabella lit up at once, although she looked surprised. “Wow! I thought you were done with these a long time ago.”

“I know it’s been a little while,” Clea acknowledged. “But, what

can I say? Recently, I got the itch to make just one more. For the road, I guess.”

“You won’t hear me complaining.” Isabella was already untangling the earbuds. “Why only one more, though? I’m curious.”

“I just...” Clea paused for a long moment to consider her answer. “I just don’t think we’ll be needing any more.”

Isabella was visibly puzzled, but seemed to accept Clea’s answer for what it was. “I see. Well, like I said, no complaints here. I’m just glad to have one more I can add to my regular playlist!” She looked at Clea and smiled. “Thank you, mistress. I’ve really loved having these to listen to.”

Clea giggled. “You’re welcome. Although, you know, it’s actually my friend Bruna you should be thanking.”

“Aren’t you enigmatic today?” Isabella teased. “Fine, I’ll thank her - but later. I’m eager to listen. My life is a whole lot less stressful without my ass of an ex-husband, but I could still do with a little relaxation.”

Clea gestured for her to lie back and get started. She helped Isabella get into position: lying flat on her back, head on the pillows, blanket folded under her pelvis to help with her aching muscles. While Isabella got the music video loaded up, Clea pressed close to her side and then, once it was ready to play, took the phone out of the older woman’s hands and held it up for her to see.

“Ready?” Clea asked.

Isabella nodded.

Clea hit 'play'.

This was far from the first time Clea had watched Isabella enjoy one of her specially tailored, hypnotic videos, but no matter how often it happened, it was always a joy to watch the older woman's face as she succumbed to trance. Clea could practically count the muscles beneath her skin as, one by one, they completely relaxed, leaving Isabella with a slack, mindless, blissfully calm expression. There was something captivating and unspeakably beautiful about it. This was exactly how tranquil and peaceful Isabella always deserved to look.

But it was far from instant; the trance took hold slowly, and there was an entire, wonderful performance to the way it happened. Every few moments, as the video playing in front of her drained all the will and awareness out of Isabella, she tried to gather herself - not to fight or resist, just to stay focused on Clea's gift. Her eyelids would force themselves wide open, only to sag again after a couple of seconds. The light would return to her eyes, only for the spark to quickly fade into an absent, glassy sheen. Each time, each cycle, Isabella slipped a little deeper, unable to renew herself fully, until eventually, she stopped trying. Stopped struggling.

Stopped thinking.

Clea kept her gaze fixed carefully on Isabella's face. She couldn't risk looking at the music video herself. The risk of catching splash damage was too great. But she could certainly see the way Isabella's

face was being bathed in spinning, kaleidoscopic patterns; more and more with each passing moment, as the complex patterns playing on the video unfolded and unfurled in entrancing, ever-shifting formations. At the same time, in sync with them, Clea could hear deep, pulsing, binaural beats leaking out from the earbuds; as much as that, she could feel them, the vibrations passing through Isabella's body and into hers.

Isabella was hopelessly weak to all of it now. She'd embraced that weakness, succumbing willingly to Clea's gifts. She loved going into trance for Clea. She loved the relaxation it brought her. She loved feeling Clea's voice wrapping around her like a warm hug. Clea liked to think that, even if some part of Isabella's subconscious mind had figured out that she was being hypnotically altered by the music videos, she had decided to accept it.

After all, she was so much happier now.

And to make sure she stayed perfectly happy forever, Clea needed to alter her just a little more.

You are a lesbian, Isabella

Though muted, Clea could still hear her prerecorded voice clearly as the video pumped it into Isabella's ears. More alteration would come later. First, Clea wanted to be sure to reinforce some other key suggestions.

You are attracted to Clea

You cannot resist Clea

Obeying Clea makes you feel good

Clea knows what's best for you

Isabella's face registered not even the slightest hint of resistance or rejection. After many months of constant repetition, she had long since accepted each and every one of them. They had become part of her. In all likelihood, they'd remain true even if Isabella was never hypnotized again. Once you accepted something deeply enough, it became self-reinforcing.

You are a submissive lesbian

You crave sexual contact with Clea

You are in love with Clea

Clea can give you a family

Clea loved the way a faint blush was visible in Isabella's cheeks as she contemplated submission to Isabella.

You don't like men

You cannot orgasm with men

You don't need your ex-husband

Those ones were even less likely to need further reinforcement.

They were barely relevant to Isabella's new life. But Clea liked feeding them to Isabella anyway. A harmless little pleasure.

You are confident

You are proud of being a lesbian

You are comfortable with people knowing you're a lesbian

You need to marry Clea and have her children

Watching that last particular set of suggestions become true for Isabella had been indescribably wonderful. Despite all opposition and prejudice, inside and out, Isabella had come to completely accept her new life and her new identity. She was out as a lesbian to everyone now. In her day-to-day life, she was rarely seen without a little lesbian pride flag pin somewhere on her clothes. At work, she had taken charge of organizing the company's pride events.

Isabella was such a lesbian. Clea loved it.

Finally, after all the rest, Clea had planted a few new suggestions she thought would help to ensure Isabella's happiness.

You love belonging to Clea

Clea is your lesbian mistress

You love being Clea's submissive lesbian slave

You are proud of being Clea's lesbian wife

No resistance to those either. Not even a flicker. Isabella remained completely and totally focused on the phone screen. After everything else, why would she fight? Why would she even question? Isabella already liked the idea of all of those things - especially the kinky stuff.

Clea could see the acceptance in her blank, hypnotized eyes as the mantras washed over her.

You crave being bred by Clea

Being pregnant with Clea's children turns you on

You never take off your collar without permission

Clea's pussy is the most delicious thing in the world

Clea giggled quietly to herself. Those final few hypnotic suggestions were, admittedly, completely self-indulgent. Were they essential for Isabella's happiness? Perhaps not. But they wouldn't hurt. Clea knew that she was going to enjoy them.

And moreover, she knew Isabella would too.

In fact, by the looks of it, she'd already started. As each of those suggestions was fed into Isabella's ears, her cheeks started to develop a telltale, rosy glow, and her deep breaths took on a faint, panting, needy tone. Without waking, she shifted just a little, rubbing her

thighs together. Clea grinned. She knew those signs very, very well by now.

Isabella was turned on.

How could she not be? Every new desire Clea was giving her was already being inflamed and catered to. She belonged to Clea, she was wearing her collar - and, above all, she was pregnant with Clea's child.

Now that she had such an intense kink for that, Isabella was going crazy.

Clea was very, very tempted to start playing with her right away. But she managed to restrain her eagerness and simply watched patiently as the music video started to loop the new suggestions over, and over, and over.

Eventually, though, it came to an end. After many long minutes, the music video had run its course. Once the suggestions were firmly planted in Isabella's mind, the shifting patterns and colors on the phone's screen came to a halt, and the binaural beats playing in Isabella's ears faded away to silence.

With nothing keeping her in a trance, Isabella slowly began to stir. Her eyes, no longer held transfixed, started to blink and flutter as awareness returned to them. She started shifting around a little, and let out a few heavy, sleepy noises. Isabella arched her back and stretched as she situated herself, and when she noticed Clea lying next to her, she smiled warmly at her beloved.

“Hey,” the older woman said in a distant, dreamy voice.

“Hey yourself,” Clea threw back.

“I’m sorry.” Isabella rubbed at her eyes. Her brow furrowed for a moment as she tried to remember what had just happened. “What was I... oh, your meditation video! I guess it worked a little too well on me, I must have drifted off. That’s so embarrassing, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Clea told her. “You deserve all the rest you need. You’re resting for two at the moment, right?”

Both of them giggled. Then, Clea reached across the bed and rested a hand, affectionately and possessively, on Isabella’s pregnant belly.

Isabella’s reaction was instant. She squeaked, and a sudden, hot flush hit her cheeks. Clea could tell exactly what was going on in her head. That gentle little touch had reminded Isabella of her situation. Her pregnancy.

And how intensely hot she suddenly found it.

“P... please,” Isabella whimpered.

Clea licked her lips. She couldn’t resist having just a little fun.

“Please?” Clea tilted her head, playing dumb. “Oh, you need more rest? Of course, my love. We can play around later. For now, you just stay right here and rest.”

“Nooooo,” Isabella whined, reaching for Clea. She was hopelessly weak to her lover’s teasing.

“No?” Clea could barely keep herself from giggling at Isabella’s plight. “Well, no, I guess we don’t have to have sex later either, if you really don’t want to.”

“I... need...” Between the blistering arousal and residual fogginess, Isabella was struggling to form words. But her intent, as she blushed and panted and reached desperately for Clea, was extremely clear. “Need... you... to fuck me.”

Clea smirked at her. In her mind, the older woman never looked prettier than she did like this. “Ask properly, darling.”

Isabella’s blush renewed itself, and she nodded submissively. “Yes, mistress. P-please fuck me, mistress.”

Clea licked her lips again. “Gladly.”

She propped herself up on one arm, and the hand Clea had rested on Isabella’s belly started rubbing and stroking, movingly slowly down the pregnant woman’s body as it did, reaching closer and closer to her sensitive places. Isabella whined. She was torn between gratitude that she was getting what she wanted, and impatience that Clea was still teasing her with gradual foreplay.

“You’re so hot,” Clea breathed. “Always - but especially like this.”

A loud moan forced its way out of Isabella's throat. She looked embarrassed, and surprised at herself - surprised at just how hot she was finding Clea commenting on her pregnancy.

"You know why?" Clea told her, still fondling her belly. "Because this is mine. You're having my child. For me. Because of me. And that means, even more than all the rest of you, this belongs to me."

"Oh my god," Isabella moaned. She looked overwhelmed by her own arousal as that thought wormed its way into her head, stoking the fire of her new breeding kink. "Yes! Yyyesss!"

Clea giggled again. "And I love that you love being owned and bred by a younger woman. You're such a submissive dyke."

Isabella just nodded enthusiastically. She was practically feverish with need. Desperate for some kind of relief, she reached down with her own hand, straining to touch herself.

But Clea swatted her hand away.

"No," she told Isabella, gently but firmly. "That's my job. Understand?"

Isabella let out another little whine of protest, but obediently let her hand fall against the bed. She wouldn't touch herself without Clea's permission. Clea loved that. She loved the bond of trust and care it represented. Clea took it very seriously, which was why she wasn't going to be too mean.

But she knew Isabella loved it when she dragged things out just a little.

“But, you know what?” Clea said teasingly. “I seem to remember you telling me earlier all about how much you love servicing me and doing things for me. So, how about this? You make me cum first. Then I’ll fuck you.”

Isabella’s only response was yet another throaty, needy whine at the unfairness of Clea’s command. She didn’t complain, though. The older woman was rapidly sinking into subspace; the deep, all-encompassing mindset of complete, unquestioning obedience to her mistress. That clouded-over but adoring look in her eyes filled Clea’s heart with delight.

She decided to give Isabella a little extra incentive and test out another of her new post-hypnotic suggestions in the process.

“Don’t worry,” Clea told her. “I’m sure you’ll enjoy it.”

Clea reached down and slipped a hand into her pants. She was already wet, of course; seeing Isabella this turned on and submissive always did that to her. Clea took a brief moment to gratify herself, dipping two fingertips into her pussy until they were coated and dripping with her own juices. Then she stopped - and presented the hand to Isabella’s lips.

She didn’t need to say anything. Isabella knew exactly what to do. She stretched up, opened her mouth, and started to suckle.

An instant later, her eyes flew wide in amazement.

“Oh my god,” Isabella panted around Clea’s fingers. “That tastes - you taste - amazing!”

“Thank you.” Clea giggled wickedly to herself. “Just noticed?”

“No, it’s...” Isabella was still lapping frantically at Clea’s hand, eager to enjoy every last drop. “Um, did you change your diet without telling me or something? T-this is...”

Clea raised an eyebrow. This was proving even more effective than she’d expected - not that that was a bad thing. Isabella’s own arousal was all but forgotten amidst her newfound thirst for Clea’s taste. She kept licking Clea’s fingertips until she was absolutely sure that no trace of her new favorite flavor remained - then a fresh hunger seemed to wash over her as it occurred to Isabella that plenty more of that delicious ambrosia was dripping from between Clea’s thighs.

“Mistress,” Isabella breathed. Her gaze was fixed on the spot. “May I eat you out? Right now?”

“My, my,” Clea commented, amused. “You’ve really changed your tune, my love.”

“I just... it’s...” Isabella couldn’t seem to fit it into words. She was frantic. Like a cat for catnip. “You wanted me to make you cum, right? S-so...”

There was something so very intoxicating about watching Isabella, a woman older and more senior than Clea, the woman

she'd been pining after for so long, thinking of nothing but how much she desperately wanted to lick Clea's pussy. It was the greatest possible turn-on.

"I did," Clea allowed. She reached across the bed and stroked Isabella's face affectionately. "But given how demanding you're being, I think you're going to have to convince me." Her smile twisted into a smirk. "Beg. Like I taught you."

Isabella shivered pleasurably for a moment. She loved Clea being confident and dominant just as much as Clea loved her being submissive and obedient. "Yes, mistress."

With some effort, Isabella got upright and clambered up to her feet. In an efficient, unhurried way, she started removing her clothes - her dress, then her leggings, then her underwear - carefully folding each garment and setting it down beside herself in a neat pile as she did.

Once Isabella was completely naked, she started to kneel next to the bed. Clea soon noticed, though, that thanks to the increasingly large bump on her belly, she was having trouble. Clea immediately got up to assist her.

"Here," she offered. "Let me help."

Isabella nodded gratefully and took Clea's arm, letting her mistress take some of her weight as she helped lower to the ground. Once there, Isabella folded her legs beneath her, straightened her back, and then bent forward at a stiff angle.

“Please, mistress,” she said simply. “Let me eat your pussy.”

Looking down at her like that, Clea had the best possible view of Isabella’s naked body. She saw it every day now, but that didn’t make it any less special or any less beautiful. Somehow, motherhood had only made Isabella’s gorgeous, mature curves even more appealing. Her fantastic figure was even more stunning; her hips were wider than ever before, and her boobs had grown at least a full cup size. Her rich, brown skin had a fresh glow to it - and, of course, her belly was full and heavy with her pregnancy.

In Clea’s eyes, she was an avatar of fertility and motherhood. She was so beautiful. And Clea couldn’t wait to have her between her legs.

“You may,” Clea told her.

“Thank you, mistress!” Isabella replied gratefully.

Isabella raised her head and eagerly shuffled forward, towards Clea. Clea, every bit as impatient as her, quickly unbuckled her pants, shucked them down to her knees, and then perched on the edge of the bed with her legs spread wide apart.

The older woman grinned proudly as she noted that Clea was just as wet as she was.

Clea’s panties were completely soaked, and Isabella wasted no time pulling them to one side and bringing her lips to Clea’s cunt. The very first touch reminded her just how wonderfully addictive she now found her girlfriend’s taste. With renewed eagerness,

Isabella started kissing, licking, and worshiping with all her energy.

Clea threw back her head and moaned. Fuck, it felt incredible.

Over the brief but passionate course of their relationship, Isabella had gone from a virgin pussylicker to a practiced expert. Thanks to Clea's firm teachings, she knew exactly how to best pleasure her mistress's body. The right touches, the right rhythms - all of it was muscle memory, but for Clea, the experience was heightened even further by the sheer, unnatural desperation with which Isabella was eating her out.

It was like she was dying of thirst, and Clea's wetness was all she had to drink. Isabella was barely pausing to breathe as she kissed Clea's pussy and pressed her tongue as deeply as she could inside her. All of Clea's breaths were coming out as moans, and a wild grin was spread across her face. She couldn't believe how well this particular hypnotic suggestion was working out.

Once Isabella's initial thirst was sated, she settled in a slightly steadier rhythm, pausing occasionally to adore Clea's inner thighs with deep, loving kisses or to tease and suckle on her clit. Soon, as the pleasure rose in Clea's body, her entire body started heaving and shuddering and each one of her moans forced all the air out of her lungs. Clea's climax was coming.

"F-fuck!" she panted. "I l-love that I made you so good at this!"

Isabella's only response was a delighted purr that Clea could feel echoing through her own body.

“Yeah,” Clea moaned, as Isabella’s tongue touched a particularly sensitive spot just inside her. “Right there. Right there.”

She was usually content to simply sit back and relax as Isabella ate her out, but with her orgasm approaching, Clea reached down and rested her hand on the back of Isabella’s head, using it to guide the older woman and control her pace. Sensing Clea’s intent, Isabella redoubled her efforts, and with her tongue moving so quickly and eagerly, Clea soon felt herself cresting the wave of her orgasm.

“Yeah! Right there!” Clea repeated breathlessly. She clamped down with her hand and her thighs at once, forcing Isabella against her body, denying her air. “Good girl. Good girl! I’m - fuck!”

Clea came. The pleasure hit her with such a fierce intensity, she needed to grip the sides of the bed with both hands just to keep herself upright. Instead, as she rode out the orgasm, Clea crossed both of her legs behind Isabella’s head, squeezing her like a vice, forcing the older woman to keep eating her out until her pleasure slowly, finally ebbed away - not that Isabella needed much forcing. She was just as eager as Clea to prolong her pleasure and heighten her orgasm.

Anything for her beloved mistress.

Eventually, the strength drained from Clea’s body and she let her legs fall apart, finally allowing Isabella to come up for air. The older woman gratefully slumped back a little. She looked like a total mess. Her face was covered with Clea’s slick, sticky wetness, and her eyes were as glassy and blank as Clea had ever seen them. Isabella had

been so caught up in worshipping Clea, she was all but hypnotized.

It was just about the hottest thing Clea had ever seen.

“Good girl,” Clea sighed once more, her breath coming back to her in fits and starts. “OK, my love. Your turn.”

She reached down and helped Isabella back up to her feet. Isabella obeyed effortlessly. She was like a doll, just waiting to be posed. Once Clea laid her down on the bed and clambered up between her knees, though, she realized what was going to happen. A deep blush hit Isabella’s cheeks. She’d had her fill of Clea’s taste; now the near-forgotten need in her own body was coming roaring back.

“Please, mistress,” Isabella whined. “Don’t make me wait any longer.”

“Don’t worry,” Clea replied lovingly. “You’ve been very, very good for me, Bella. You deserve every reward in the world.”

With that, she pushed her face up between Isabella’s perfectly soft, appealing thighs and started to kiss her.

Just like Isabella, Clea knew her lover’s body intimately and expertly. She knew exactly how best to make Isabella feel good. After all, she’d already gone down on her dozens and dozens of times. However, the approach she took was very, very different.

Clea had promised to make Isabella cum. She hadn’t promised to

do it right away.

“P-please,” Isabella begged incoherently as Clea started kissing her way up her inner thighs, tortuously slow. “Please. Please, please, please!”

Clea wasn't to be rushed. She kept a steady, gradual pace, kissing and nipping, inching ever closer to Isabella's pussy. Isabella squirmed and writhed madly from the teasing pleasure, bucking her hips in an effort to shift herself down the bed, closer to Clea's lips - but Clea wouldn't allow it. Instead, she just giggled at how much Isabella was dripping down her own thighs.

“Wow,” she commented, “you really need this, don't you?”

“Yes!” Isabella barked out. “G-god, yes!”

“Cute,” Clea purred. “Tell me, Bella, did you ever think you'd be like this? Knocked up and owned by a younger woman? Lying on your back, begging her to lick your cunt?”

Isabella's needy thrashing intensified as she tried to cover her face and hide from the burning-hot shame that assailed her. After a moment, though, Clea stroked a single fingertip across her pussy, and Isabella was forced to grip the bed sheets, exposing the submissive, embarrassed, lust-drunk look on her face.

“I... I... nooooo,” Isabella protested. “I... I'm... you're... n-not fair!”

Clea giggled. She was right, of course - but only Clea knew why.

“Yeah?” Clea teased. “I’m not fair? How does that explain how much of a mess you’re making? You’re dripping all over the bed, babe.”

“Nooo,” Isabella howled again in futile denial. “You... y-you... did something... to me!”

“Oh, I did?” Clea put her lips very, very close to Isabella’s skin, letting her warm breath tease her. “What did I do?”

“I... don’t...” Isabella gave up and simply moaned. She couldn’t think, and both of them knew it.

“No, c’mon,” Clea told her. “Tell me. What did I do?”

“You... you... I...” Isabella was trying her hardest to muster an answer, but Clea wasn’t making it easy for her. Whenever Isabella looked like she was close to spitting out a word longer than a syllable, Clea dragged her tongue across her cunt in a slow, languid stroke that turned the older woman’s mind to mush.

“You can do it,” Clea teased. “Answer me. What did I do?”

Eager to obey, Isabella eventually managed to summon a response. “You... m-made me... a... lesbian!”

Clea blinked, surprised. She paused for a moment. “Excuse me?”

“That’s what it f-felt like.” Without Clea distracting her at every

moment, Isabella could speak a little easier. "Before you, I never... but, god, you're just so amazing and supportive and b-beautiful. Without you, I might never have realized."

Clea relaxed. Smiled. "I see. So it's my fault you're such a total bottom."

"You- ah!"

Isabella tried to answer, but her words broke apart hopelessly as Clea started eating her out again. This time, there was no teasing. No foreplay. Isabella was beyond the need for that. She was already at a rolling boil, desperate for any kind of release.

Which meant her pleasure was all the greater when Clea finally turned her attention to her clit. She wrapped her lips around it, sucking and lapping, bringing one hand up to rub against the lips of Isabella's pussy.

Her efforts had Isabella moaning like never before.

The older woman would have been thrashing and squirming like crazy, except that all the strength had completely drained from her limbs. Instead, all Isabella could do was reach to either side of herself and gather up the bedsheets into her fists whilst all the air was forced out of her lungs.

"P... p-please!" Isabella moaned, in a voice higher and needier than ever before. "P-please! I n-n-need... need..."

Clea knew she was begging for something different this time: for mercy. For just a moment to catch her breath. But Clea wasn't going to give it to her. Instead, she redoubled her efforts, working Isabella's clit as quickly and furiously as she could, keen to bring her lover to the point of orgasm as quickly as possible.

It didn't take long.

Isabella's orgasm came screaming. After so much teasing, for so long, it hit her like a thunderbolt. Her moans filled the entire house, and all around Clea, she twitched and shuddered violently as the sheer force of the pleasure short-circuited her brain. Clea guided her through it expertly, switching up her rhythm to ensure the pleasure hit Isabella in waves, one climax after the next, folding atop each other, guiding her to the very peak of bliss.

And all the while, Clea was grinning. The moment was perfect. Both of them were in heaven.

Once Isabella's pleasure finally ebbed away, she relaxed into a happy, addled daze. Clea gave her a moment to herself, to recover from the sheer over-stimulation. But once she felt Isabella was ready, Clea reached over to her bedside table and retrieved a set of papers from the drawer.

"What's that?" Isabella asked, turning to look at her. She was still flushed, and her face was drenched with sweat. She looked so happy.

"Another reward," Clea replied. "I was thinking it might be time."

"What does that-" Isabella started to ask, but froze when Clea

handed her the papers and saw what was written at the top of the first page.

They were marriage papers.

“We should make it official, right?” Clea asked. “Before the due date, I mean. Assuming you’ll say ‘yes’, that is.”

“Yes.” Isabella’s grin split her face from ear to ear. “I’m saying ‘yes’.”

Immediately, Clea’s face hurt from smiling too. She threw herself on the bed next to Isabella and wrapped the older woman up into a tight, loving embrace.

“I love you,” Clea told her.

“I love you too,” came Isabella’s confident reply. After the two of them pulled away from each other, Isabella turned her attention to the papers and giggled. “I was kind of expecting a ring.”

“I’ll get one,” Clea promised. “But for now, you already have the only ring you truly need.”

She reached out and touched her fingertips to Isabella’s collar. Isabella blushed.

“Do you have a pen?” she asked.

Clea did. She handed it to Isabella - but before she could sign the

marriage papers, Clea stopped her with a hand over the page.

“Actually, there’s one more thing we should agree on first,” Clea said.

“What’s that?” Isabella asked.

Clea winked at her. “Two boys and a girl. Right?”

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