

Creeps

Chapter Ten

~~Sharon “Sherri” Nelson was last in Martin’s heart, but that Thursday afternoon, she was first in his office. Last in his list of patients he would fuck given the opportunity, but the first to stride in dressed in a fashion that men who saw what she was (and wasn’t) wearing would wonder why a girl that hot felt she needed to try that hard. The last girl he thought he’d ever have a chance to fuck, but the first to lie down on his couch and make him want to. The last to yada yada yada, but the first to holy shit had her tits always looked that good, and my god that ass — in that skirt! — and goddamn if he wasn’t going to try to stick it in her after all.~~

~~Someday, anyway. Not today. Today, everything was under his control. Any new variables could ruin it all. No matter how fuckable she looked, the fringes of her deep red bra darkening her broad neckline.~~

~~“You look really nice,” Martin said~~

You know what? No. No, no, no. Sherri may have arrived first, but this was not a story about Sherri. It was only marginally about Martin. No, this was a story about Stacey Reeves, and the grand mess she had made of so many others’ lives. Let’s try that again, but this time, we begin a short while later. The place, the date, the thick air of sensuality flooding the office – those were all the same. But it was a short while later. With Stacey.

All right then.

Martin slipped out of his office, opening the door so slightly that even his slender physique scraped almost painfully against the door jamb. Some parts of that physique were thrust out more than others and received an especially painful rebuke. The door shut very nearly on his heels, as fast and as silent as a glimpse of a ghost. In the waiting room, waiting, was none other than Stacey. Nay, Stacey Reeves, DAT veep herself, cloaked in glory the likes of which he’d not seen surrounding her since she had dismounted his cock two hundred and twenty-nine days, seventeen hours, six minutes and some seconds previously. Their genitals both remembered the event to that very degree of specificity, and had for quite some time harbored a grudge against the rest of their bodies for delaying their reunion for so long a time.

There. Much better.

“Look at you, drama queen.” She smiled. Not a smirk, nor a grin, nor her trademark mirthful sneer. A smile. As beautiful as she had been when she’d been

nothing more than some local hottie he loosely monitored via instagram (a.k.a. the poor man's onlyfans). "Don't want me getting even a peek, huh?"

He smiled back. It was not beautiful, nor even especially handsome, but it was well-received by Stacey Reeves. This man, despite that handicap, had somehow given her more pleasure than ~~Sherr~~ any woman ever had. (Apologies. Still not Sherri time.) "I'm a showman, Stacey. They don't call me the Amazing Mesmer for nothing."

"Oh? Someday you'll have to introduce me to 'they.' I look forward to hearing the accolades."

"Oh, you'll hear—"

"Is she ready?" she blurted. The interruption wasn't purposefully rude. Martin wasn't unaware of the suspense looming over this meeting.

"She's ready. Readier by the minute, in fact. How about you? Are you ready?"

Stacey rose to her feet, expression somber. Before he quite knew what was happening, she was undressing. Earlier, before he'd taken Kira into the office for final preparations, he had been pleased to see Stacey arrive in a top that hung off only one shoulder, along with a dress with a slit most of the way up her left thigh. He had not realized that beneath it, she wore a second outfit.

It was... slutty. Whorish, really. A pale blue tube top compressing a thin line of cleavage over an almost completely bare and impossibly flat tummy. A skirt that was little more than two tiny rectangles, one front and one back, dangling loosely from a gawdy golden chain. "Tiny" being a relative term, it should be clarified that the front flap was so narrow that it revealed the beginnings of those heavenly lines that led down to paradise. When she twirled to show herself off, he couldn't help noting that the back displayed more of her ass than some swimsuits he'd seen her in.

"You know, you got so excited about getting ready to be penetrated, you barely even came after the dress code this time around. I have to say, I was a little disappointed. I missed having an excuse to dress up like this."

Martin massaged his jaw, trying to remember which languages he was supposedly fluent in, and what the words were. (Englitch? Something like that.) Meanwhile, Stacey retrieved a pair of huge gold hoop earrings from her huge over-sized purse and fastened them in place. "Where do you even buy clothes like that?"

She laughed. "The top was easy enough. Lots of places sell skanky tops. The skirt... that, I'll grant, took some doing." She reached out and physically tilted his chin up from ogling her. "So, Amazing Mesmer, what do you think? Am I ready?"

Martin nodded. "You're ready."

She released his chin, saying nothing when he went right back to staring. A disembodied voice spoke to him from somewhere in the waiting room; it wasn't coming from Stacey Reeves' vagina, so he had no way of being certain of its origin. "Actually, before we dive in... I wanted to invite you to a little pregame celebration. If that's OK."

“Hmm? Oh, yeah, that’s um... Yeah, totally,” he muttered. “Totally, totally.”

“Christ, Martin, do you want me to flash you my pussy so you can snap the hell out of it? I’m trying to talk to you here. Act like a guy who’s fucked a DAT girl, for god’s sake.”

Rather than accept her offer or reply to her rebuke, Martin simply lifted the skirt. There it was. No panties had been expected, and none were in evidence. There it was, Stacey’s pussy. Had it only been days since he’d seen it, stretched out around a dildo of his own proportions? It felt like so much longer. Stacey waited, and after a long moment, he answered. “Sorry, you were saying. I’m listening.”

“Good. Do you have any shot glasses?”

“Do I...? Yeah, a couple. They’re in the apartment, though. Why, um...? Why?”

Stacey bent over to reach into her purse; when Martin dipped a finger in to test the waters – warm and flowing – she said nothing. Only when she turned to face him, a bottle of booze in hand, was he forced to withdraw.

Martin inspected the bottle. *Vagabundo de Medianoche*, the label read. It sounded familiar, but he couldn’t recall from where, and exceeded what little Spanish he knew. “Don’t want to wait to celebrate until after? She’s in there waiting for us.”

“Is there a reason to hurry? I have the entire evening free, and I believe you intimated that the cryptic rendezvous she was taunting me with in the car pertains to our plans together, right?”

“Yeah. She thinks tonight’s the night I’m finally introducing her to her dream girl. Which, I guess, maybe it is. I’m expecting someone later, but not for a while yet, and it’s nobody important. We got time.”

Stacey glanced toward the office door, beaming. “Good. Sit with me for a sec.” She waited for him to take a seat, then nestled into his lap.

“You smell nice, too. That’s some seriously sexy perfume.”

“I think that’s my shampoo,” Stacey answered bemusedly.

“Oh. Right. That’s, um, some nice... crap. Whatever. Go on.”

Stacey chuckled, but her attention was obviously fixed on the bottle in her hands than the man beneath her legs. “This,” she said seriously, “is a special bottle.”

“Oh? Looks like it’s already been opened.”

As she continued, Martin finally noticed the smudges of lipstick on the neck of the bottle. One stable lip print, and another that began on the opposite side and smeared around to meet the first. Then he remembered, his mind replaying that mental image from Kira’s birthday confessional of the Reeves sisters’ first kiss.

Stacey fidgeted with the bottle, untwisting its metal cap. The scent of cheap whiskey immediately drove away the fragrance of her shampoo. “You got mad at me a while back. Accused me of blabbing our plan to Kira. Remember? Well I did, but I should probably tell you how it happened, because it wasn’t what you seemed to think.”

“Oh. Um...” She silenced him by putting the bottle to his lips and tilting it until a thin stream poured in, then took a swig herself.

“It was a couple summers back,” she began, “when

Hmm. That was getting very serious. There is a place for seriousness in this narrative, but for now, perhaps it's best to try to cling to the sexy-fun vibe we had going. Remember the skirt? Stacey's slutty, barely-there skirt? That's the kind of thing this story ought to be about. Hot girls doing hot things. So, then, ~~back to Sherri~~ let's devote some attention to young Kira Reeves, starting an hour or so prior to the reveal of that fateful bottle of tequila.

"Professor Manning!"

Her hug was so intense it actually knocked him off balance; only the grip of her arms kept him upright. "Well hello to you, too."

"Aren't you two getting awfully chummy," remarked Stacey dryly as she hung her coat on a peg near the entrance. She was poorly dressed for the season, which was to say well-dressed for the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. He'd always liked the off-the-shoulder look.

"Shut up, Stacey," Kira snapped, but with a smile, "not everybody hates hugs."

"I like hugs fine. Just not from a therapist old enough to be my teacher."

"Professor Manning *is* my teacher."

"Yeah. I know."

The girls were in a playful mood, if a tad feisty. Kira glared, though she didn't quite get the joke, and Stacey smirked, though she was not quite sure the joke was good enough to merit smirking. Martin interceded, withdrawing some rolled-up papers from his pocket. "Speaking of, you nailed the final Kira. Very well done."

"You already graded it?" She snatched the exam from his hands, leaping in the air with an exultant whoop at her score. "I did it! I mean, I knew I'd do OK, but... yeah!"

It earned him another hug, another smirk. "I guess a week of studying one on one with the prof paid off."

Kira's cheeks flushed at the reminder of those "study sessions," which had been 10% exam review and 90% flimsy pretexts for the participants to take off their clothes and touch themselves. "I guess it did. Wow. Thanks, Professor Manning. I learned a lot this semester."

"To be fair, you had an amazing teacher."

"I did!" She laughed. "So Stace, um, you wanna go first today? I, um, had a lot I wanted to talk about, since we're not gonna be here again until after winter break. If that's OK?"

"You two take your time. I have nowhere to be." Stacey fished her phone out of her almost comically large purse and swiped it on, not bothering to look over.

Kira looked anxious. She'd come anticipating meeting a girl, and while she didn't expect to fuck this girl right there on the spot, she'd thought... ya know, maybe. Her therapist's office was a place where weird sex things had become commonplace. A casual hookup with some random hot girl would be par for the course, and she knew her

therapist wouldn't judge her. It was all a part of her healing journey. Somehow. Still, he couldn't just march some stranger right past her sister into the office without arousing major suspicions. Trying to explain the course of her therapy to Stacey would be mortifying – if she could even come up with any reason why her therapist was setting up booty calls.

“Come on, Kira,” Martin said, placing his hand on the small of her back and guiding her into his office. Her skin (bared, as she was wearing a fashionable orange tank top with a massive window to her cleavage and barely tried to cover her belly) was feverishly warm.

Though he couldn't see her face, he could sense her crestfallen expression at finding the office empty, as if he'd smuggled a woman in previously and had her stashed in a nook awaiting his orders to eat pussy. She managed a weak laugh. “You know, I don't know why, but I almost wondered if you, you know, had someone waiting.”

Martin laughed along. “If I knew the sort of woman who would sit around my office all afternoon waiting for me to bring in fresh conquests for her, I'm not sure I'd be willing to share.”

“Wait, are you talking about me...?” He laughed harder, and she brightened. “Because you know I wouldn't mind you sharing.”

“Oh I know. Go on and have a seat. To put your mind at ease, yes, everything is set up and ready. I don't have an exact ETA, but she'll be here, and she's excited to meet you.”

“Yeah? Who is she? What can you tell me? Sorry, I'm just dying of curiosity.”

“She can introduce herself, when the time comes. Whether or not you have chemistry, time will tell, but believe me when I say she'll meet your high standards.”

“Oh man, do I come across as being superficial? I don't mean to be!”

“You're fine, Kira. You're a beautiful young woman, and there's no reason to feel bad for wanting to be with another beautiful young woman.” She was, in fact, somewhat superficial, but only marginally more so than most women of her caliber, and far less so than her sister, who had made a solitary exception to her 9+ coupling requirement in the case of Martin Manning, and that only after months of hypnotic brainwashing.

“You're so nice, Professor Manning. Does she know about me? What did you tell her?”

“You seem pretty excitable, Kira. I tell you what. Why don't we put you under, I'll help you relax, and then I can answer all your questions.”

“But I won't remember what you said!”

“I'll answer them again when you wake up, if needs be. All right? Come on, you aren't going to make much of a first impression being this jittery. Let's cool those jets of yours so you don't melt her face off when I introduce you.”

Kira blushed, nodded, acquiesced. If she followed his instructions, after all, nothing could stop her from doing what she wanted. It took a few more repetitions in his induction than usual to put her under; she really was revved up. Under she went, though. She was always ready to be entranced, and he'd built up her hypnotic focus to the point that a freight train could run through his office and she'd not bat an eyelash. She was entirely his.

“Kira, are you ready to fuck a girl?”

“Mmmmmmm...”

So it's probably worth getting back to where Sherri fits into all this.

"You look really nice," Martin said as an overture to converting the sumptuous redhead to ravenous heterosexuality.

"Where are Stacey and Kira?" she snapped, somehow still a lesbian despite his compliment. "You told me my appointment abutted theirs."

"It does. Yours comes first, though. You can ambush them on your way out of the waiting room."

"That is not what I remember us discussing, Mr. Manning."

"Martin. Remember, you said you'd call me Martin from now on."

Hands went to the slender waist over nicely rounded hips. "I have a final tomorrow morning in C531. Students have broken down and *cried* from that final. Now instead of studying, like everyone else in class, you're asking me to sit here and waste an hour in your office playing hypnosis games instead of finalizing our business together. Forgive me if I'm feeling less chummy."

"Games?" For once, Martin didn't need to feign indignation at her accusations. "Is that what you think we've been doing?"

"Call it what you want. I won't be drawn into a semantic argument over it. I'm not denying your method's efficacy. When I first came here, I didn't really think you'd ever be able to put me in a trance, but you somehow managed it. Plus those so-called 'mantras' have helped me relax and open up. Still, I can't help but notice a conspicuous lack of diplomas, licensure. A receptionist? This isn't a real business."

"Yet."

"Yet. Maybe someday you'll have a line out the door of people so desperate for solutions to their problems that they're willing to fork over a slice of their free will to get them. For now, I'm here because of you, and Stacey. And now you're toying with me."

Martin listened as patiently as he could, nodding with empathy he did not begin to feel. "You know, you're right. I should apologize. I'm sorry I failed to appreciate the demands on your time."

Sherri's anxiety over her class was not feigned. The lack of a "but..." following Martin's apology, however, allowed precisely the necessary grace for her to accept it. "I appreciate your saying that," she replied, curt.

"I do always seem to wind up owing you apologies, don't I." Martin sat down against the edge of his desk. "Be nice if I actually had some idea how to even the score. Because – no offense – you walking out of here in that... You look crazy hot and all, but I don't know if Stacey is the sort to even notice, much less flip her lid and give you some cathartic moment."

"She'll notice," Sherri retorted too forcefully. "I'll make her notice."

"That sounded awfully ominous. Pretty sure that shirt is too tight to be hiding a bomb vest."

“Trust me, it’s too tight to be hiding even what it’s designed to hide,” she muttered, glancing down self-consciously. True. The longer the interaction went on, the harder it was not to notice her nipples just barely pushing out into the paper-thin lavender fabric. They weren’t even hard. The material was simply that thin. “But... never mind. Just don’t get in the way today and we’ll call it even, OK?”

“Get in the way of what? Is there something I should know? Because if you have some ace in the hole and you’re looking to get payback on that...” He choked down an expletive with a snarl. “On Stacey, then you might ask yourself if you’d do better to have an ally rather than someone merely willing to stand aside.”

Her eyes darted around the office, considering but guarded. “Why? What did Stacey ever do to you that you’d want to help me? From what I understand, I thought you’d be her biggest supporter.”

“For starters, there’s what she did to you, and that she used me to do it,” he said evenly. It was a risk, being honest with Sherri. But he thought he knew her well enough by now to know where her loyalties lie. “It’s more than that, though. It’s who she is. I’ve had a lot of time to think about the way she’s shit on people. There are no words for how much I regret helping her. At first I took you on out of guilt, but being around you only made it worse.”

“I’m sorry...?”

“No, not because of you. Because of her. Your having to spend months in therapy trying not to think about losing her is one more Stacey Reeves victory. The more you opened up to me, the worse I felt.” He looked up. “I need to stop feeling like that.”

Sherri held his gaze, probing behind his eyes, then took her place on the couch. “What about Kira?”

Martin blinked. “Kira? What about her?”

“That’s what I just asked.”

“I mean... She’s a... sweet girl, I guess. What about her?”

“You said she’s bi. Are you certain?”

“Sherri... You know I can’t talk about other patients.”

“You’ve already said she’s bi. If you want to clear your conscience about what you did to me, this is your chance. Tell me how you know.”

Martin huffed crossly. “She told me so. Why would she lie? And not just told. We’ve... In a way, it’s almost like the opposite of what I did with Stacey last year. Stacey wanted to learn to appreciate men; by this point, Kira is practically frothing at the mouth for a chance to get her hands on an authentic lesbian.”

“What does that mean?” He didn’t miss her pausing to lick her lips. “Kira came to you and asked you to turn her gay? I find that hard to believe.”

“I would, too, but it’s about Stacey. Like everything seems to be this past year and a half. They have... a complicated past, and – not to put too fine a point on it – it led to

her wanting to understand how much she has in common with her sister. The particulars are too personal to repeat. I won't cross that line. But believe me, she's looking to explore that side of herself like you wouldn't believe."

"That's awfully vague."

"The girl deserves her privacy. What privacy I've left her after saying all that."

Sherri went on as though he hadn't spoken, gathering her thoughts. "Though I suppose if you were lying, you'd come up with something more convincing. Hm."

Martin allowed her a few moments, but when she continued contemplating her twiddling thumbs, he intruded. "Well? Can I know now why you're even asking?"

Sherri attempted to smooth out her skirt, but spandex didn't smooth. All it did was remind her of how it sunk into the indentations where her tight little panties were digging into her skin. She felt like an absolute slut in this, but sacrifices must be made. "A while back, the first time you brought up revenge, instead of forgetting... Do you remember that?"

"Sorta, sure." That had not been Martin's most lingering memories of those days after Kira's tale surfaced. He recalled having a minor meltdown in front of her, though, and was fairly sure that was when that sentiment had arisen.

"I was feeling rather sorry for myself. Happens too often these days. And I said there was no way to get back at someone like Stacey. She's too cold, too proud, too above the fray. You weren't the only one pushing me to try to get back at her. At you, too, while we're sharing confidences."

"Revenge by torturing my conscience?"

"Basically. Anyway, do you remember what you said to me?"

He shook his head.

"You said, 'everyone has buttons.'"

"I did, did I."

"You did. And it got me to thinking, especially as your counseling shifted its course into our present preoccupation of pursuing inner peace through vengeance. I thought, what are Stacey Reeves' buttons? I thought and thought about it, and for the life of me, I couldn't come up with anything. Nothing beyond the same buttons we all have, at least. Petty pranks won't suffice, and again, I won't drag my DAT sisters through the mud by risking the humiliation of the boss bitch herself."

Martin nodded. "I remember that. You've said, under entrancement, that it wasn't going well."

"It wasn't." She failed once more to smooth that clingy skirt. "At least, not until you mentioned Kira."

Martin's eyes widened in comprehension, and quiet, reserved little Sherri couldn't quite keep a self-satisfied grin off her face. Plan 3 was shaping up better than he

had thought, though he knew he didn't deserve full credit for her vindictive enthusiasm. "You didn't dress up to mess with Stacey. You dressed up to get at Kira."

"You said she was bi, and..." She shrugged. "What better way to get revenge on your ex than hooking up with her sister?"

"That's..." Martin threw his head back and laughed. "That's fucking brilliant, Sherri! Evil, and twisted, but brilliant. Wow. I thought you said you had a girlfriend, though?"

"When did I say that?"

"A week or two ago, I think? Or maybe not."

"Oh. Well. What difference does that make to you?"

"I'm not going to spend spring semester helping some poor girl try to forget *you*, that's why. My days of helping people cheat on their partners are good and done."

Sherri actually smiled softly at that. "That speaks well of you. Martin. I happen to be single at present, to put your conscience at ease. Hm."

Martin's eyes narrowed, but she gave him nothing. "All right. So if you'll permit me, I just might be able to help take you back off the market..."

It all blurred together, the events of that evening in the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. When he thought back on that day in the years to come, each re-telling would shift the timeline, alter details, trip him up over the fine points. That was the trouble with his planning. He'd had three plans, not one, and as ever, the women in his sphere conspired to throw them one and all into chaos.

That afternoon, the plans all came together in a big sweaty jumble, yet for all his attempts at control, he was a rider hitched to a wagon dragged by three frantic runaway horses, tugging the reins to keep them running the same direction.

“Stacey.”

“Mm.”

“Recite your mantra for me.”

“I want to fuck Martin Manning. Martin Manning deserves to fuck me. I want Martin Manning to fuck Kira. Martin Manning deserves to fuck Kira. I want to watch Martin Manning fuck Kira. I deserve to watch Martin Manning fuck Kira.”

Her butt flap had failed to interpose itself between Martin's thighs and hers when she took her place on his lap. Her heat and her wetness pulsed against his bare skin. If she shifted a few inches, he could slide right inside her. There would be no resistance.

“Tell me you want to fuck me.”

“Mmm. I want to fuck you.”

“Tell me you want to watch me fuck Kira.”

“Mmm. I want to watch you fuck Kira.”

“Tell me I can fuck Kira.”

“Mmm. You can fuck Kira.”

“Tell me you trust me to—”

“I trust Martin Manning.”

“Good girl.” Stacey sighed rapturously at his praise. “Now listen, and respond when I stop talking. Tell me you trust me to get Kira to have sex with you.”

“I trust you to get Kira to have sex with me.”

“Even if the methods seem strange, or don't make sense?”

“Mm. Yes. I trust Martin Manning.”

“I'm going to pose a hypothetical scenario to you, Stacey. Suppose I told you that watching me fuck you – just the two of us – was the thing that would make Kira decide to join in and make it a threesome. Would you do it?”

“Yes. I trust Martin Manning.”

“Good girl.” Her pussy thrummed.

“Sherri.”

“Yes.”

“I want to ask you some questions. You don’t have to answer them, but if you do, it will help you get your revenge on Stacey. Do you understand?”

“Yes. Want to ask me questions. If I answer, could help.” More so than the Reeves, Sherri was big on repeating. Her way of making sure she got things exactly right, he supposed. Or maybe a quirk of a communications major exposed to hypnosis. It was a common affect in hypnosis porn, so Martin didn’t mind listening to her slur out her reiterations one bit.

“Do you sincerely want to get back at Stacey for cheating on you?”

Her usual obstinance had been eroded by their freshly sealed pact, and by the straightforwardness of the question. “Yes. Want to get back at Stacey. Trying since May. Need it. Need her to know how it feels.”

Now, to keep that ball rolling. “And you’re hoping to do that by seducing her sister, right?”

“Yes. Right. Seduce Kira. The harder Stacey pushes back, the more enticing it becomes for Kira. Basic psychology.”

Astute. “How far would you take it?”

“As far as it takes. We deserve it.”

“Would you have sex with Kira?”

“Yes. Have sex with Kira. Do it in my room at DAT house. So Stacey finds out.”

“You want Stacey to find out you’re having sex with her sister. Say it.”

“I want Stacey to find out I’m having sex with her sister.”

Ten repetitions later, he went on. “Do you want to get caught in the act?”

Sherri’s pallid cheeks reddened, though her hair was redder still. Had she gotten it brightened? It was a good look. “Not the goal, but could be... interesting.”

“Kira.”

“Mmmm.”

“You want to fuck a girl. Say it.”

“Mmmm. I want to fuck a girl. One you approve of.”

“And if I present to you a girl – a hot girl – you’ll fuck her if I tell you it’s OK.”

She whined in frustration; Martin had let her strip, but made her lie down on her hands so she couldn’t masturbate. He ran his fingers across her bare tits while they spoke, to compensate. “Yes. Please. Please give her to me.”

“Repeat after me. I will fuck any hot girl Professor Manning tells me to fuck.”

“I will fuck any hot girl Professor Manning tells me to fuck.”

“Ten more times.”

She nearly came around the eighth time; he held back one hand, and alternated breasts to keep her right on the cusp.

“What if it’s someone you know?”

“Hmm?”

“What if the girl I pick is someone you already know. Like, say, Alisha, from class?” They’d been assigned to the same group project; he’d hoped Alisha would distract him from Kira, but that damnable zipper had made him forget the plump-lipped Latina was even there.

“Mmm. Alisha’s hot. Yes. Totally.”

“It wouldn’t be weird, that you already know each other?”

“Barely know her.”

“All right, so what if it was someone you knew better?”

“Don’t care. So horny. Touch me. Squeeze my boobs. Mmmmm.”

“All right. What if it was someone Stacey knew?”

“Oh god, mmmmm! Even better!”

“Why is that better?” he asked, faintly surprised.

“Because I want her to find out I’m not like Mom. Want her to know I’m *good*.” Her hips made circles in the air, grinding her pussy against a cock, or a mouth, that wasn’t there. Not yet. “Maybe one of her sorority sisters? Was thinking of rushing DAT house. Would be super cool...”

Leave it to Kira to make what ought to have been her hardest steps easiest.

“What if I were there, with Stacey?”

“In DAT house? Not allowed.” Sherri eyed him reproachfully. He usually didn’t let them open their eyes, but today was an exception. There was no avoiding it.

“All right, so what if it was somewhere else?”

She shook her head. “Doesn’t make sense. Wouldn’t be doing that anywhere you could walk in.”

“What if it were here?”

“Here?” Sherri glanced at his office dubiously.

“You planned to start the process here today, obviously.”

Sherri smoothed that skirt again. “Get her eye. Not sleep with her.”

“A hypothetical scenario. Today, you bumped into Kira here, in my office. Your plan works – your outfit slays, and she’s immediately into you. I step out – to talk to Stacey or something – and the two of you are alone. Kira makes a move.”

She licked her lips again. Was that a tell? It was December; it could just be dry air. But he thought it might be a tell. “I’d let her.”

“You’ll do whatever it takes to fuck Kira. Say it.”

“I’ll do whatever it takes to fuck Kira.”

“You’ll do whatever I say to fuck Kira. Say it.”

“I’ll do whatever you say if I can fuck Kira.”

“You trust that whatever I tell you to do is the thing that lets you fuck Kira.”

“I trust Martin Manning. I trust him to help me fuck Kira.”

“If you have to watch Kira getting fucked before you get to, you won’t be jealous. Say it.”

“I won’t be jealous if I have to watch first.”

He gave her a full thirty of those.

“I’ll fuck any hot girl you tell me to fuck. I’ll fuck you. I’ll threesome with both of you. All I want is sex. I’m here to fuck. I’m here to be fucked. I’m here to come.”

“Imagine the look on Stacey’s face when she catches you with Kira.”

“Imagining the look.” Sherri’s eyes slid closed a moment, for as long as it took for her conniving smile to slip into place. “She’s so hurt. So angry. So helpless. I’m so sexy I turned her homophobe sister lesbian.”

“How does that feel?”

“So good. Perfect. Exactly what I want.”

“Would you stop?”

“If Kira stops. If not, no. Let her see it and weep.”

“Are you saying you want Stacey to watch you have sex with her sister?”

“Not watch. See.”

He rolled his eyes. “Now who’s being semantic.”

“Hmph. Fair.”

His eye on the clock, Martin gave her ten repetitions of “I want Stacey to see me have sex with Kira.” By the time she was done, those nipples really were hard, little bullets pressing into the tissue-thick fabric.

“What if I were there, too?”

Her head slowly shook, but her response was automatic. “No. Shouldn’t be. Unprofessional. Creepy.”

“What if that were the only way to have Stacey keep watching?”

She hesitated, but not for long. “No. Don’t want you to see me. Plus, not fair to Kira.”

“What if Kira wanted me to watch?”

“It’s hypothetical. What if Kira wanted me to watch?”

“Doubt that. Still, fine for her, but I don’t want a man to watch. Felt so slutty leaving the apartment in this.”

It was almost reassuring, seeing a lesbian hold out and remain a lesbian despite his best efforts. Martin was glad the Reeves girls hadn’t, but he was still glad the world made at least this small bit of sense. Besides, it wasn’t like he didn’t have an ace in the hole.

“What if that was the only way I would help you?”

“Hmm?” She frowned up at the ceiling.

“You want me to help you attract Kira, which means getting her away from her sister and alone with you. You want me to help put Stacey in the room with you so you can rub her nose in it. Maybe you could do it on your own, with time, but I’m telling you I could help you do it today. Give them three weeks of winter break to wallow in your victory. You trust me, don’t you?”

“I trust Martin Manning.”

“You know I want to see that look on Stacey’s face, too, don’t you?”

“Not all you want to see,” she replied with impressive snarkiness considering her trance.

“Sure. But what if that’s my price? That I’ll make everything you want happen, so long as I get to be there when it does?”

“I was being hypothetical,” she countered.

“We still are.”

He allowed her some time to consider. The Reeves wouldn’t arrive for another fifteen or twenty minutes yet, and even if they were early, the office door was locked.

Sherri licked her lips for him once more. “Hypothetically? Yes. Today. But you couldn’t touch me.”

“I wouldn’t dare. Now repeat after me. You can watch me with Kira as long as Stacey is watching, and you don’t touch me.”

“Yes, you can watch me with Kira as long as Stacey is watching, and you don’t touch me.”

“Keep repeating it until I tell you to stop.”

“Do I have to?” Kira grouched.

“Remember what happens when you follow my instructions.”

“I get to do what I want!” Her eyes opened, sparkling, and she heeded his command to clothe herself. Hardly any purpose to it. She might be the most chastely dressed woman in his office that day, but what a low bar that was. Whereas her sister’s top had been designed to hang off of the one shoulder, Kira’s kept lazily slipping off of both, like it wanted to make her flash her tits even more than Martin did. Or Stacey did. Or Sherri did. Her jeans were ripped up so badly that a sharp tug would disintegrate them, unraveling the few threads patching them together over those full thighs. As it stood, more of her legs were showing than not, and plenty of ass cheek as well. Might have shopped at the same slutty boutique where Stacey had bought her “skirt.”

“That’s right. I’m going to go get her. I’ll give you a moment to get dressed, and then I’ll bring her in here.”

“And then I can fuck her?”

Now it was Martin’s turn to nearly make himself come. “Let me take charge, all right? Just sit there, look pretty, and wait for permission. Understand?”

“OK, Professor Manning. I’ll sit here, look pretty, and wait for your permission to fuck.”

Christ, that felt good.

It is probably time for us to get back to more serious matters. As Kira and Sherri were becoming reacquainted, Stacey was still clad in her street clothes, still telling the familiar story – with less embellishment, mercifully – as she stared mournfully at the bottle of tequila. Martin tried not to let his impatience show, nor his contempt for her role in the narrative. Her presence in his lap gave him adequate cover to scowl at need.

“And then that dried-up twat up and dares Kira to kiss me.” Stacey shook her head. “Should have seen it coming. What’s more middle America than petty vengeance and incest porn, after all. For me it was only a stupid dare. I didn’t want anything to come of it, much less expect it. Believe it or not, back then, I’d never really thought about her like that.”

“I don’t believe it.”

Her elbow was as pointy as ever, but less fierce than it could have been. “I’m not blind. I knew my little sister was turning into a full-on commodity. But in those days, I labored under the delusion that common parents was a *bad* thing. Crazy, right?”

“Insane.” Martin squelched an errant thought about his own sisters, lest she have to feel his boner shrivel. “So what did you do?” he asked, as if he didn’t know.

“What do you think I did? I took Kira aside and told her not to let this little redneck cunt get the better of her. You know Kira, though. Always so freaking

squeamish. So she says we'll kiss, but around the bottle, only somebody calls her a pussy so we upgrade it from kiss to makeout."

Stacey held up the bottle, the lip prints still evidencing her story. "So we put our lips on it. I'm figuring we'll give them a little show, let Kira shine as the big sexy alpha she'd been to them all week. Before I know what's happening, though, her drunk ass is on me. And I mean *on. me*. That girl's hands have some instincts."

Stacey twisted the bottle in her hand, finally planting a small, sweet kiss where that long lipstick smudge began. "I didn't know what to feel. What to think. We were both drunk. Nothing really to read into it. As likely a scenario where she'd been wanting to do that for years as one where the thought popped into her head for the first time that second. Booze makes idiots of us all. The whole makeout didn't last long. Felt long, but I know it wasn't."

"And that's when you decided you wanted this, today, huh?" It wasn't, Martin knew, but he didn't want to wreck her story by telling her he'd gotten spoilers. If there was one thing he'd learned in the last year, it was how to maintain a lie. Making faulty assumptions was one of the most basic tricks. The nerve of this woman, trying to spin this story into something... sweet.

"Actually, no. I mean, sort of, but I was miles away from processing it then. We ran out the clock – a minute or whatever it was – and kept going. If they tried to tell us the time was up, neither of us heard it. Eventually one of the kids did a 'whoop whoop' or said something stupid to finally snap her out of it. Whatever it was, it ruined the moment. I remember feeling like they turned it cheap. It sure snapped her the hell out of it. She turned beet red. I probably did too, honestly. We were only beginning to figure out how screwed up it was, I knew, so I told the kids to fuck off. They were sour about it, called us some things like it hadn't been their stupid fantasy to begin with. Kira bursts into tears, heart-broken. So I got my pistol and started counting."

That detail, somehow, had *not* made it into Kira's version. "Holy shit, you pulled a gun on them?!"

"It wasn't loaded, and I didn't point it at anyone. I'm not insane. But I also wasn't about to let some piece of shit sheep-fuckers from Bumfuck, Nowheria pick on my baby K, either. Anyway, it worked. I didn't make it to three before they were trailing piss down the driveway to their uncle-brother's p.o.s. pickup truck."

Martin let the irony of her incest jibe sit. "Then what?"

"What do you think? I went to find my sister."

A few minutes prior, Martin ushered Sherri into his office, where Kira sat in freshly re-donned clothes. Surprise registered slowly on her hypnotized face. "I literally did not know that door existed until this moment."

Sherri looked no less surprised to see Kira Reeves waiting for her in his office, as if he'd been making it all up. "That was me a little while ago. There's a whole hallway back there. Smells like donuts, too. Pretty cool." Martin had had her hiding back there for most of an hour, occupying an empty stall, while he prepped Kira. She'd been a trooper about it, though. Anything to get back at him and Stacey. She might be playing up her passion for the latter, but he knew full well she hadn't forgotten the former. Maybe if he fed her a Reeves pussy or two she'd forgive him.

Martin closed the door to the building's employees only hall behind him. "Yeah, there's an employee bathroom for the building back there. Sorry if I kept you waiting, by the way."

But the girls had already moved on past the back hallway. Kira's eyes were wide, fixed on the luridly sexy redhead with whom she had been presented, in her paper-thin top and spandex dress. Sherri, meanwhile, enjoyed a lick of her lips at the sight of Kira's tits bulging out of her top, her jeans begging to be torn right off of her.

"Oh, right. Do you two know each other? Sherri Nelson, this is Kira. Reeves."

"Stacey's sister," she said. "We met. Couple years back, when you visited for sibs weekend?"

"Totally," Kira said solemnly. "I remember. You look amazing, by the way."

"Yeah? Thanks. You look really good, too."

The two stood there openly checking one another out. With both of them primed to fuck one another's brains out, neither of them seemed to sense the awkwardness. Martin, however, quickly excused himself. Kira would fuck anything he pointed at, but Sherri would function better with a little privacy. "Oh! I just remembered I needed to talk to Stacey about something. Feel free to hang out, catch up. We'll be a few. Office is yours."

"Professor Manning? Is this...? Can I...?"

Martin patted her shoulder. "You have my permission."

Sherri's surprised squeal as Kira tackled her to the couch was the last thing he heard before he squeezed as tightly as possible out the office door.

"It's time, Stacey."

"Fuck me," the mesmerized Reeves sister whispered. "Please fuck me. So I can fuck Kira."

"Good girl. In a moment, I'm going to bring you into my office."

“Yes. We’ll fuck Kira. Want to watch Kira get fucked.”

“You will. Remember, you have to trust me.”

“Mm. Trust Martin Manning. Watch Martin Manning fuck Kira.”

“That’s right. You want to see Kira get fucked, don’t you?”

“Mmm. Watch Kira get *fucked*.” The girl literally trembled with lust.

“I’m going to share something with you, Stacey. When I open that door, you’re goin to see Kira getting fucked.” He would have to unlock it first; in case this went badly, he couldn’t have Stacey waking up and storming in there. She’d been anxious after opening up and sharing her story; the shock of Sherri’s presence might push her past her waking point.

“Mmm.”

“But not being fucked by me.”

Fidget. “Mm?”

“Someone’s helping get her ready for us. Someone you care about. Someone we can trust.” Cared, past tense, would be more accurate, as would “someone *I* can trust.” To the extent he trusted Sherri. Still, no sense burdening the woman with information she didn’t need.

Fidget. Fidget fidget. “Nm, mm. You and me. No one else.”

“It was the only way. I know it’s not quite how you pictured it, but... you trust me, right?”

Fidget. “Trust Martin Manning. But no one else was supposed to—”

“Promise me you’ll look, and you’ll think, before you do anything.”

Fidgetfidgetfidget. “No.”

Chaos.

“Promise me you’ll look and you’ll think before you do anything, or we can’t fuck Kira today.”

FIDGET. Her hands were nearly spasming. Stacey’s eyes started to flutter open.

“Be a good girl for me, Stacey. Remember, when I make reasonable suggestions, what do you do?”

There was a line he hadn’t reinforced in a year. Would it even—

“I will consider it, and if it doesn’t cost me anything, I’ll do it.”

“And this time, I’m going to let you watch Kira, and not charge you a thing.” Or was he? He barely knew what had become of his plans in the past twenty minutes.

Fidget. One final, plaintive twiddle of her slender thumbs, and they fell still. “I’ll do it.”

“Do what?”

“I’ll look. And I’ll think. And I’ll be a good girl for Martin Manning. And then I can watch Kira get fucked.” A soft whimper issued from her throat. “And then I can fuck Kira?”

“Come on, then.”

Martin Manning’s high school guidance counselor had advised him to pursue a career in hotel management. This was no reflection of any data anyone had aggregated on him; it was simply the career path she proposed for roughly 40% of her caseload, the ones unremarkable enough not to arouse sufficient interest to dig deeper. His father, unable to imagine education without monetary function, had pressured him to pursue an MBA. Martin’s mother had merely wanted him to find a nice woman and settle down; she had been content to wait for him to find one pursuing her M.R.S. degree while he frittered away his 20’s on a deplorable excess of education. His little sister had once suggested he look into marine biology – or as she put it, “swim to the bottom of the Mariana Trench and see if you can discover another member of your species, you fucking creep.”

In spite of all of them, he had opened the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. For six months, Martin had lived in a sweltering attic with no bathroom. He had eaten noodles by the penny and expired egg salad sandwiches by the pound. Martin had taught college students paying tens of thousands in tuition for barely enough money to rent and furnish an office that was only temperature-controlled in the hours leading up to an appointment with one of his three clients.

In spite of her apathy toward her own career, his guidance counselor had been right about one thing – or at least, one of the faded posters on her corkboard had been. When you do what you love, you never work a day in your life.

What ought to have been surprising to Martin Manning as he returned to his office, a desperately horny, whorishly attired coed queen prodded ahead of him, was to have an office filled with three absurdly beautiful women who were all ready to fuck, be fucked, or to allow him to watch them fuck. Instead, he was only surprised to find Sherri and Kira were still wearing their clothes. What scant clothes he’d bade them wear.

That wasn’t to say they had been idle. Far from it. Someday, when Martin got around to checking his covert recording, he would see Sherri laugh as she squirmed out from underneath the gropy younger Reeves. The two sat close on his sofa, attempted awkward conversation for several minutes as Kira repeatedly tried to reinitiate. Around the time Stacey’s narrative was winding down, they returned to the more productive task of admiring one another’s fashion choices, and finally, the two of them lunging at each other lips first in unison.

Not much would change during the time he spent prepping Stacey in her trance, watching her strip down to the minimal coverings she wore into his office. Sherri was straddling Kira’s lap. Her skimpy spandex mini skirt had crept up enough to display a

thin ribbon of bright pink underwear which had crept snugly into the valley between her thighs, the damp spot not obvious until you really stared. Which Martin presently did.

There was no need for introductions, though divorced from context, it almost sounded like the girls made them nonetheless. For a fun game you can play at home with your kids¹, try to match each line to its speaker.

“Sherri...?”

“Stacey?!”

“Kira...”

“Stacey.”

“Mmmm, Sherri...”

“Kira...”

“Girls.”

“Mr. Manning.”

“Martin...!”

“Professor Manning!”

The women looked back and forth between the four gathered in his office. None of them could seem to decide on which reaction to embrace. Stacey split herself between gaping at the unexpected presence of her ex-girlfriend and glaring at Martin for his role in this unwelcome surprise. Sherri plainly wanted to smirk at Stacey – as smirks went it was disdainful on a level with the one Stacey had leveled at Naomi some months earlier – but Kira, continuing to absent-mindedly lick Sherri’s neck, forced at least some concession to pleasure. Kira’s eyes, peering over Sherri’s shoulder, were wide, but whether in shock, delight, outrage, or simple confusion was unclear.

Martin spoke in a commanding voice. It was essential to assert himself before one of them started something he couldn’t prevent. Too much chaos already. “Do you trust me?”

“I trust Martin Manning,” came three voices in response.

“Good girls. Now I want you to listen to me. This is an unusual situation, but you have to trust me. I’m here to help you. You’re going to get what you want if you trust me. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Mm.”

“Mmmm.”

“Stacey, I want you to sit down in my chair. You can look, and you can think, but that’s all. Like you said. Understand?”

With a bitter glance at him, she took a seat and resumed staring. “Look. Think. Watch you fuck Kira.”

¹ Absolutely do NOT play this game with your, or anyone’s, kids.

“You said you wouldn’t touch me,” Sherri warned.

“And you said I could watch, which is all I’m doing, right?”

“You’re going to *watch* us, Professor Manning? That’s so hot...”

Sherri didn’t look pleased, but gave him a curt nod. With a final smug look at Stacey – even if she had no idea how much smugness she was entitled to – she returned her attention to Kira, lifting the girl’s chin until their lips met with hunger that could not be feigned.

“Kira.”

“Mmmm?” she replied, her purr echoing in Sherri’s mouth.

“How do you feel?”

“Mm mmm mm mm-mm m mm-mm–”

He sighed. “Sherri, if you really want to see her go nuts, suck on her tits.”

“Don’t tell me what to–”

He continued to assert himself over his patients. “Trust me.”

Three voices replied in monotone, in unison. “I trust Martin Manning.” (One of them called him Professor.)

Sherri scooted down off his therapy sofa, kneeling before it. It was easier to adjust Kira’s neckline than remove her shirt, so she simply jerked it down and let those two fat tits heave forth into the open air. The DAT girls jointly marveled at them, but the one in a position to act on them quickly did. Kira’s eyes slid closed, her neck lolled back, her fingers sunk into Sherri’s red mane possessively. Her sister’s presence was either forgotten, or... it wasn’t.

“Kira.”

“Mmmm?” No obstruction this time. She simply liked to answer in moans.

“How do you feel?”

“Mmmmm, so good. Thank you. She’s so hot.” She pulled back her unsucked left tit and let go, letting it slap the redhead in the cheek. Kira giggled, but then Sherri switched nipples and it became a moan.

“What about Stacey watching?”

“Mmf. Why is she here? Bad. Not supposed to know.”

“But she does. And look – she isn’t upset. Are you, Stacey?”

“No. Not upset. Not at Kira.” Sherri chuckled a malevolent chuckle into Kira’s nipple.

“See? She’s not judging you, same as I’m not judging you.”

Kira’s eyes squinted tighter, tighter. With a sudden lurch, she came. Sherri didn’t let up; if anything, she sucked those titties harder. “Did she come just from having her boobs sucked on?” Stacey’s jaw hung low.

“Yes,” said Martin/moaned Kira/marveled Sherri.

“Told you so,” muttered Martin at the redhead.

(Kira had dyed the red highlights in her hair back to the natural black, matching her sister. Apparently their mother had tinted her own hair to match after admiring her daughter's at Thanksgiving, and it rubbed Kira the wrong way. Surprising, considering how many right ways there were to rub the girl.

All that to say, Sherri had remained a redhead, just to be clear who bore the brunt of his told-you-so.)

"Stacey?" Martin walked around behind her, bent down and massaged Stacey's tits as her little sister trembled in the hands and mouth of Stacey's ex-lover.

"Mm."

"Tell Kira you want to see her get fucked."

"Kira, I want to see you get fucked."

"Mmmmm. That's... super creepy, Stace."

"Kira, tell Stacey you want to get fucked by a hot girl."

"Mmm, frick yes, wanna get... fuuuuuck... wanna get fucked by hot girl."

"How hot, Kira?" Martin asked. "Do you remember how hot you said the girl had to be?"

"As... as hot as Stacey."

"Mmmm," purred Stacey, flattered. Her thighs spread apart, and a hand found its way between them.

"How did I do, Kira?"

"Oh, she's so freaking hot, Professor Manning. You did awesome."

"You like how she's dressed?"

"Oh, it's so hot," Kira cooed, gazing adoringly at the girl doggedly lapping at her nipples. "Slutty. Hot slutty. Like a hot slutty costume to get fucked in."

"It was a good idea to dress like a slut in my office after all, wasn't it, Sherri?"

"Yes. Good idea to dress like a slut to your office. Stacey looked crushed."

Stacey turned her head up to look at him. He stole a kiss, which she reciprocated hungrily. When she came up for air, she asked her question. "You brought her here to hurt me?"

"She came to me, Stacey. What we did last year hurt her, Stacey. It's only fair. Don't you feel bad about that?"

"Didn't mean to. Was necessary. For Kira."

Kira squeezed her tits together. "For me? Why?"

"Sherri, take her pants off and eat her out."

This time, Sherri didn't argue. The fragrance of that pussy had been driving her wild for over an hour now. Meanwhile, Martin earned the award for being the first member of their odd little hypno-orgy to get naked. His cock, harder than it had ever been in his life, jutted out over Stacey's shoulder.

Unasked, she swiveled to take it into her mouth, running her lips and tongue up and down its length.

This was to be Stacey Reeves' first ever blowjob. And he hadn't even asked.

Sherri, still helping Kira remove those frayed jeans with a special care not to destroy their fragile composition completely, sneered over her shoulder. "How's the dick, Stacey? You really left *this*," she lifted her skirt, shaking an ass that refused to quit shaking, "for *that*?"

"Tell her how you feel about my cock, Stacey."

Martin hadn't been sure what the response would be, but it was more than satisfactory. After finishing a lick down the length of him, she paused only long enough to retort, "I want to fuck it. Love the feel of it inside me. Missed it for so long. Don't..." Her eyes slid closed, overwhelmed, and she dragged her lips along its length a few more times, savoring it with her tongue. "Don't know what I'm doing, but can't... can't stop."

"Straight skank," Sherri grumbled as she hiked Kira's panties down to her knees and began licking the wettest pussy she'd ever tasted.

"OH. OH *GAWD!*" moaned Kira, throwing her head back against the couch cushion and panting at the ceiling.

"Is that right, Stacey? Are you straight?"

"Nmm," she grunted before being wracked with coughs after an ill-fated first ever attempt at deep-throating. She finally understood why those porn stars' eyes watered during those scenes, so many stepsisters overwhelmed by their stepbrothers' swollen cocks.

Sherri issued a derisive laugh, letting her finger sub for her tongue on Kira's swollen clit. "Not straight, she claims, as she sucks some creep's dick."

Martin stoically refused to take offense. The presence of a gorgeous lesbian's lips rubbing curiously up and down his cock helped. "She's really not. Sherri, Stacey never went straight. Not to say what she did wasn't a betrayal, but... she had an experience a couple years ago that left her confused, and she came to me looking for help making sense of it. The only cock she's ever wanted was mine, and it was only to pay me for helping her. Isn't that right, Stacey?"

Stacey, still slobbering inquisitively up and down Martin's shaft, nodded. Her eyes narrowed somewhat, her subconscious filling in the details so that his misleading representation rang true for her. To Sherri, it was a shocking revelation, though not at all the shock she would have received if she understood the full nature of the help Stacey had requested. To Kira, it was a confusing suggestion that their night together had fucked up Stacey's mind about boys the way it had hers about girls.

Everyone processed. Everyone wondered. Everyone moaned. Kira's hair trigger pussy came and came. Having a beautiful woman's face between her thighs was everything she had hoped it would be, and Sherri was an enthusiastic pussy

connoisseur. Stacey was too horny to care that she was sucking a cock. It was *Martin's* cock, and she loved Martin's cock. She'd masturbated to this sight a million times, after all. She'd never had a boy come in her mouth before, but she loved that dick. She wanted to fuck him. Wanted to fuck Kira. While Stacey had never put it to mantras, she rather missed fucking Sherri as well. Her mouth had long been her vehicle of orgasmic pursuit, and so she sucked, and she swallowed, and she asked Martin if he would please, please fuck her.

"Kira, would you like to eat out Sherri now?"

"You don't wanna fuck me, Professor Manning?" God help her, she even thrust out her lower lip.

"I may, later. For now, I want you to get to fuck a hot girl. Go on."

Sherri, her face shining with Kira's cum, frowned back at him. "I don't want you to see my pussy."

Before Martin could solicit her assistance, Kira went to work on her. "Please, Sherri? 'Sokay for Professor Manning to see us naked. He's really cool about it. Saw me in my underwear when I was weighing myself and he didn't even care. Please? I wanna see if I like eating pussy. Please? Let me taste you? Pweeeease?"

"Fuck her," Stacey whispered. "Fuck her. Want to see Kira fuck."

It took Kira joining Sherri on the floor, licking her own cum off the kneeling DAT girl's lips, before Sherri finally relented. She didn't have much choice, really. That tiny pink skirt had already ridden up over her ass, and she didn't have the coordination or the willpower to fend off Kira's many-pronged assault on her panties. Finally, at Kira's direction, Sherri lay down, her ass on one armrest to elevate the target. Her pussy looked as if it had been shaved bare recently, but not too recently. Little hairs, deep red but not quite black, poked out of the alabaster skin of her pelvis.

Kira stood at the end of the sofa, looking down at her prize, licking her lips thirstily. "Go on, Kira."

Sherri looked over at Stacey with an unreadable expression. Then Kira bent at the waist until her face was buried between those neat pink labia, and Sherri's eyes slid closed, a lazy, dopey smile coming on her lips almost as quickly as Kira had come on them before.

Martin made his way across the room, behind Kira. She was posing for it, asking for him to come up behind her, inviting him to use her pussy the way Sherri was inviting Kira to enjoy hers. He positioned his cock, good and lubricated from Stacey's blowjob and already regaining vigor, between Kira's legs. Her back arched at his touch, hips wriggling this way and that as if trying to suck him into her pussy.

"Fuck me," she whimpered into Sherri's snatch.

"Fuck her," whimpered Stacey impotently, fingering herself feverishly.

“Fuck,” whimpered Sherri, though likely as interjection rather than imperative. Stacey was in no position to debate the grammar of it with him this time.

But Martin teased only, rubbing his cock between her legs everywhere but where his former pupil wanted it. Once she’d gotten him back in full fucking condition, he pulled back, ignoring pleas and protests from the respective Reeves sisters.

“Come here, Stacey,” he commanded at the other end of the sofa.

Stacey was the only one present in the room whom he was certain wanted to fuck every other person. She’d never been this turned on in her life, and he could see at a glance it was eroding her brainpower. She didn’t need to be told to come twice; however much she wanted to see Martin balls deep in Kira’s pussy, she hadn’t forgotten she had one herself. The minuscule flaps on her skirt bounced with each hurried step, flashing herself to the entire office, though they’d all seen it before. He positioned her opposite Kira, one Reeves bent over each arm of the sofa, with Sherri spread eagle in the middle with her pussy offered up to Kira, her face gazing upside down at Stacey. With an arm around her middle to keep her upright, Martin pushed down on her back until she was braced around Sherri’s face.

“Apologize, Stacey.”

“But—”

Then his cock was between her legs, teasing as he had her sister. “Apologize.”

When she didn’t, Sherri looked up at her accusingly as she squeezed her thighs around Stacey’s face. “She can’t. Emotionally incapable of admitting she was wrong.”

“It costs you nothing to apologize,” Martin prompted, angling the very tip of his cock into her gushing, waiting hole.

Stacey moaned, her elbows nearly buckling and dropping her face-first onto her ex. “I’m sorry,” she whined.

Martin gave her an inch. “Go on.”

“Mmmm... Never meant for you to find out...”

“That’s not an apology,” Sherri retorted, chin quivering at Kira’s amateur pussy-licking but nevertheless stoic.

Martin took his inch back, and she growled in frustration. “Fine! Was selfish, OK? Knew what I was doing, did it anyway. Was selfish! Now fuck me? Please?!”

“Do you accept her apology, Sherri?”

“No. Coerced. Still selfish. She just wants your cock. She’ll say anything to get it.”

“Ask her if I should give in and fuck you, Stacey. You might try a ‘please.’”

“Tell him to fuck me, Sher.” Again, an inch. Her body shook with anticipation.

“Please, all right? Don’t be a cunt.”

“No. You left me for that cock.”

“Nmm. Left you because of *her*,” Stacey snapped. “Only made myself fuck him because of her.”

Kira peered across Sherri at them. “Me?” She blinked. Then licked. Whatever else was happening, she wasn’t going to stop fucking.

Martin silenced Stacey the best way he knew how – by slamming his cock home inside her. The sound she made was more bellow than moan, throaty and drawn out and very, very satisfied. Her arms failed her almost instantly, face-planting her into the couch cushion by Sherri’s shoulder, her breath hot and moist on her former lover’s neck as Martin began a slow rhythm.

“Oh my gosh, you’re fucking Stacey...!” Kira marveled, staring intently.

“You’re actually fucking her,” breathed Sherri. “A *man*.”

Stacey just made a high-pitched noise.

“You can kiss her, if you want.” Martin was non-specific, but both DAT sisters took him up on it. Their necks spun, one up and one down, until they met lips to upside-down lips. Sherri laughed at the absurdity of it; Stacey moaned at the taste of her long-lost lover’s kiss.

Martin returned to the cause for his distraction. “That’s right, Kira. This is because of you.” Whatever it was. This was no longer any plan; what remained of his plans had gone up in flames, ignited by Stacey and Sherri’s unplanned kiss.

Chaos. Damn that Stacey Reeves.

The DAT girls were beyond listening, clasping one another’s faces together to keep from splitting apart. Perhaps raw lust had a power that apologies lacked. As for Kira, her head cocked like a confused labradoodle, but her tongue kept darting in and out, mostly grazing Sherri’s thigh.

“But... why?”

Martin accepted another shot of cheap aged tequila, wincing. “What did she say when you found her?”

But Stacey, sucking down another shot herself, shook her head as she succumbed to her own tequila face. “No. It wasn’t like that. We didn’t talk it out. This wasn’t some after-school-special easy resolution.”

“I may only be a pretend therapist, Stacey, but still, let me just say: no fucking joke.”

She chuckled, glancing at the door to his office like she might see something through the blinds. “I couldn’t find her for a minute. I was yelling to her that they were gone, but no reply. I thought she might be curled up in a ball doing her baby K super sad cries. That’s what my dad and I always called it. She just implodes in on herself sometimes. Really embarrassing.

“Anyway, she didn’t answer, so finally, I looked for her out back. Like, maybe she wanted to super sad cry in the moonlight so it would be even sadder, you know? And I’m standing on the back patio like a derp, reassuring her that I got rid of the bumpkin brigade, when suddenly something flies up and hits me in the face.”

Martin blinked. “What, like a bat?”

She laughed. “You know, I think at the time that was my first reaction. But no, it was a bikini top. Just came flying at me out of the darkness, this stripey, sexy-casual bikini top she’d put on to cliff dive, showing off those good Reeves genes for the children of the corn. She still has it, though she’s grown a cup size since then at least. Looks damn fine.”

Martin knew this, having seen their beach vacation pics online, but no sense ruining the moment with creepy admissions. Still, it was ruining his moment all right. This was not the version Kira had told him. She’d been blubbing a lot by then, and he’d had to extrapolate portions of it, but none of it came within a country mile of her playfully projecting her bikini at her sister. “Like, she threw it at you? Really?”

“Sling-shotted it by the string, I think – it came at me fast. Then I heard her laughing, just giggling like an idiot. She’d obviously heard me that it was just us, but when I told her to come talk to me, the laughing just got farther. So I traipsed out into the dark after her. The dogs were following – I’d left the door open, I guess, or maybe Kira let them out with her. I was glad for the company, though. Black as hell out there in those woods. But every time I was worried I’d gotten lost or was wandering the wrong direction, I’d hear her laughing again. It was kinda spooky for a minute, but then I saw a pair of jean shorts hanging off a tree limb.”

“Hot.”

“I’d say you have no idea, but obviously you do. Little by little I can tell I’m going downhill. Remember I said there was that lake, or reservoir or whatever, out behind the cabin? I can smell the water when suddenly her briefs hit me in the face, and another of those disembodied giggles running off. So now I know that Kira’s out there, in the dark, buck-ass naked. So my drunk ass figures it’ll be weirder if only one of us is dressed, so I say fuck it. No idea how I’m gonna find my clothes later, but I strip down and dump my stuff in the woods. I wasn’t about to leave her stupid drunk naked ass wandering around the forest to get eaten by a bear. Or hell, maybe that’s just how my drunk ass justified it.”

“You thought you’d do the eating?” he teased.

Stacey punched his arm again. “Focus, mesmer. So finally I make it out of the woods, and there’s the water, and down by the docks I can make out her hot little body. The dogs saw her first, and they run after her, almost knocking her into the water with them.” Stacey smiled fondly at the memory. “But I just walked down there, the two of us naked as hell, and say... I dunno, ‘we should talk,’ or something underwhelming like that. What do you say in that circumstance, you know?”

“And what did she say?”

“I was drunk, mind you. We both were. You’re not gonna get a full play by play. But I remember, god how’d she put it? She made fun of me for talking her into that stupid dare – like I was the one who’d given those horny dorks the idea. We bickered, kinda, but then before I knew what I was doing, I kissed her.”

It had been months since Kira had wept her way through the telling of her version, but the mental image of that kiss was still with him. “How did she react?”

Stacey smiled a coy smile. “If you’ve done your job, in a few minutes, you’ll get to see it all over again.”

He jerked back suspiciously. “Really? She just... what, gave in? Let you...?”

Stacey laughed. “Let me? Begged me, is more like it. When she didn’t just take charge herself. I’m sure I don’t need to remind you that that girl is a bona fide horndog.”

“Really?” She glared at his incredulity. “No, I mean nothing against your sex appeal, but that’s a hell of a taboo you’re talking about. You’re sure she wasn’t just... playing along? Too drunk to know what to do, so she lay there and let it happen?”

“Hey, eat a dick, Mesmer. I was there. Before we fell asleep, she looked me in the goddamn eyes and told me it was the best she’d ever felt. It’s probably only because of our cunt of a mother that she didn’t come to you on her own and ask you to do for her like I did.” Her fierce expression softened as she went on. “In the morning, yeah, we both felt pretty awkward about what we’d done. She asked if I wanted to do it again, and like a dumbass I told her I didn’t think so, that it was probably something bad.”

“Wait, you rejected her?”

Stacey nodded, took another shot. “She tried to kiss me, and I stopped her. I could tell it broke something, that rejection. But I hadn’t had time to process. If she’d given me a few days for me to realize incest is only bad because of inbred fuckwit offspring and because usually it’s some rapey creep of an uncle forcing himself on his niece or whatever...” Stacey sighed, took another swig. “I should have kissed her. But I didn’t. So she lost her shit. We had this big awful fight. Before we could make up, Chelsea was back and there was no more privacy to talk about it. Back home she avoided me like the plague. I suppose I wasn’t great to her either. So it just became this Thing between us, something we did but never talked about.”

“So since you knew she was enrolled in hypnotherapy, when you saw my act, you thought...”

“She’d already decided to come here. So yeah. I figured if Kira won’t let me make things right, I’ll *make* things right.”

“Because the two of you need to make things right,” Martin answered.

Wrinkle. “This... this is right?”

“Look, the two of you had one hell of a crazy falling out. But for two years after, you hated each other. Did you feel better then, trapped under a roof with someone who made you question your entire identity? Or now, watching your lesbian sister beg for cock just so she can have you back in her life?”

This was the over-simplification of a lifetime, of course. A binary choice so disconnected from lived trauma that it was objectively confusing to offer as a solution. Martin barely understood the reductive proposal himself.

His plans were dead. It had seemed so straightforward that morning. Give Sherri her well-deserved vengeance against Stacey by inducing her to fuck Kira. Help her move beyond the dismal situation she'd been settling for since. Help Kira process her trauma by embracing the lesbian side of herself while rejecting the incestuous urges that had so long tormented her. Give her a hot girl to play with, and let her spurn Stacey as much and however she wished. And Stacey? Stacey, he would drag through the ordeal of watching her sister snatched away by the same woman she'd so blithely discarded herself, left to settle for a cock she knew she shouldn't want yet was all that she had left to her. It was a network of schemes that had skirted widely around Martin's own culpability, but it was reward, recompense, and revenge as merited for everyone else.

Then out came that bottle of cheap tequila, and once more it sewed its chaos.

None of his plans had had a contingency in them for having his entire understanding of Stacey Reeves' evil incestuous mind control slavery scheme into question. Stacey could be lying, of course, but both acknowledged their drunkenness, so who could even say which one had the right of things? Certainly none of what Stacey had shared was a suitable justification for her fantasizing about Kira begging forgiveness on her knees, but that came more from two years of waging a cold war more than that one day.

So after seven months of scheming, four elaborate plans, and twenty plus months of collective hypnosis appointments between three very different patients, Martin Manning threw out the playbook. Who was deserving of what, he no longer had any idea. Martin looked to his gut and took the leap.

“You said you wanted to mend your relationship with your sister, Kira. Here's your opportunity. She submitted to hypnosis, gave herself to me, so that I would help her fix things with you.”

“You did?” Sherri whispered, but Stacey silenced her with kisses before Kira even realized someone else had spoken.

“You... you made her have sex with you, to get you to... what?”

“Nobody made anybody do anything. Hypnosis doesn't work like that,” Martin assured his innocent freshman student as she ate her sister's half-naked lesbian ex-girlfriend's pussy on her therapy couch while the senior sister, likewise a lesbian,

enthusiastically took a cock from behind while she tried to initiate make-up sex with the sexy redhead the two sisters were tongue-fucking at either end. “Trust me.”

“I trust Professor Manning. But...”

“Don’t think about *why*, Kira. You know my methods have always been outside the box. This is your goal we’re talking about. Do you want a relationship with Stacey, or not? She’ll never be readier than she is right now.”

Martin slapped Stacey’s tight little ass. She yelped into Sherri’s mouth, but it fast became a moan.

“I... I do want that... But how does any of this... Am I supposed to, like...?” She gazed inscrutably at where his cock was gliding in and out of Stacey’s frictionless pussy.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want. But I think you two should talk, instead of me talking for you.”

Martin pulled out of Stacey. “No!” she cried, thrusting her hips back this way and that as if her pussy might stumble back onto his cock.

“Stacey, tell me how it would feel if you had to watch Kira sit on Sherri’s face.”

“No,” she whined, more pathetically this time. “We were just kissing. Missed her lips...”

“Sherri, do you want revenge against Stacey?”

“Um, yes?” She blinked, dizzy from the overload of pleasure. “Yes. I want revenge against Stacey. I can’t feel right until I’ve hurt Stacey like she hurt me.”

Stacey’s reaction to this pronouncement was anyone’s guess since she was still bent over the arm of the couch with her face buried in a couch cushion. Probably didn’t love it.

“Then invite Kira to sit on your face.”

Sherri nodded. “Kira, sit on my face?”

Kira glanced down. “That means she’ll eat me out, right?”

“Yes, Kira,” answered everyone but Kira.

“You want to fuck hot girls, don’t you Kira?”

That was as much as it took for a grand shuffling of positions. Sherri only moved to lay flat on the couch. Kira mounted her face, gasping as the cunnilingus immediately resumed, pawing at her plump, perfect tits as she was so fond of doing. The faint sounds of wetness on wetness were barely audible as Sherri wore her pussy like a beauty mask.

As for Stacey, Martin settled her straddling Sherri’s thighs, facing her sister. If Sherri didn’t like her being there, there wasn’t anything she could do about it while she was pinned down by Kira’s cunt.

“Can I use my dildo on her?” Stacey asked him.

With a grin at her ingenuity, Martin hustled into the waiting room. Darkness had settled while they’d been having their bizarre group therapy session. He retrieved the dildo from her purse. On a whim, he brought the tequila bottle, too. There was still

about a third left. He set the latter on his desk and brought the former over to the mass of bodies on the sofa. Stacey inserted the Martin-dildo into Sherri without asking, without warning. It slid right in, perfectly at home. Stacey rose up long enough to let Sherri spread her legs a bit wider for ease of access.

The Reeves sisters straddled either end of Sherri, one casually humping her face, the other nonchalantly fucking her pussy with a facsimile of their therapist's dick. They were watching one another, though, so Martin stayed clear. When neither spoke, the possibility that they might just have a boring old orgy without resolving any interpersonal drama occurred to him. That would not do at all. After Kira recovered from her first momentous orgasm of that particular position, he prompted, "Tell each other what you're thinking right now."

"You look incredible," Stacey started.

"Thanks," said Kira, meaning thanks. "You look really hot, too. I mean, like always. Duh."

"Missed you, baby K."

"Mmmm. Missed you too, Stace."

Sherri clawed her shirt up over her breasts, wild with need. Both of the Reeves reached for her tits, hands colliding over Sherri's nipples. They laughed, and each took charge of fondling one breast.

"Mm. Wish I'd done this sooner."

Kira giggled. "Set up a crazy foursome in Professor Manning's office?"

"That too. Was supposed to be a threesome. Didn't know Sherri was involved."

Kira's hips rocked a little faster. "Was trying to figure it out. You know, what we did, at Chelsea's? I guess I thought if I hooked up with a girl and liked it, it'd mean I was just bi. Not a freak."

Huh. Martin nodded in approval at his patient's self-diagnosis. Better than what he'd come up with. "I'm sorry for how I handled it," Stacey said, twisting the dildo in Sherri's spasming pussy. Howls of pleasure sounded, muffled by Kira's gushing pussy. "You deserved better."

"Mmm. Mmmmm." Kira sighed as her body shook in orgasm. "Sorry. Sherri... so hot. So good."

"Mmm. Right?"

She rolled her shoulders, shook herself alert, and refocused her eyes. "But yeah, me too. I put it all on you. Wouldn't let you in."

"Made it so hard for you."

"That's what she said!" The girls glanced to their therapist's massive erection, twitching with his heartbeat over the proceedings. Both giggled hysterically. "Sorry. Couldn't resist."

"You never can," chided Stacey with a soft smile.

“Do you, um, want to...”
Stacey lunged in and kissed her.
Chaos reigned.

“Fuck Kira, Martin. Fuck her. Want to see you fuck her. You deserve to fuck her. She deserves to be fucked by you. Fuck her. Please fuck her.”

“Fuck Stacey, Professor Manning. She’s never loved a cock before. Wanna see how she looks with you inside her. Want to taste her come on your cock.”

“Fuck my sister, Martin. Fuck her. Fuck her so hard I have to carry her to the car.”

“Fuck my sister, Professor Manning. Fuck her so good she turns totally straight – except for me.”

“And me,” Sherri protested timidly.

Kira giggled. “And Sherri. Everybody can fuck Sherri.”

“Except me,” Martin assured her.

“Fuck them, Martin.”

“Fuck us, Professor Manning.”

“Fuck us, Mesmer.”

“Fuck *you*, Marty.”

Suddenly, the door to the office of the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic swung open. Martin had forgotten to secure it when he retrieved the dildo and tequila. The bottle was tapped now after they took turns drinking the runoff from Kira’s tits, letting her drink from their kisses.

“Naomi?” As one, the four of them turned to look at the busty blonde newcomer. “We’re in the middle of something. Get the fuck out, OK?”

“I can see you’re in the middle of something. In the middle of trying to turn these three into your personal fuck puppets.”

“You are?” Kira asked, frowning.

Naomi snorted. “Oh, he sure is, ‘baby K.’ Do you even realize the depths to which this man will sink to get his sad little pencil dick wet?”

“Not little,” Kira protested fiercely. The lesbians looked less sure whether or not there was a call for defense.

“Leave, Naomi. I’m not kidding.”

“What are you going to do, call the cops on me? I’d love to see you try. I can’t wait to see you explain *this* to them. ‘You see, ossifer, I wadn’t up to nuffin’. Durr, I’s just been hypnotizing these womenfolk to get them to fuck me against their will. That’s right, they’s all sisters and two of ‘em lesbos, but I was a’gonna do it anyways, durr!’” She

paused for laughter. Needlessly. “Please. You’ll be lucky if you only go to jail. I remember you saying that the bitchy one has a fucking gun.”

“Am I the bitchy one?” Kira whispered, mortified.

“Naomi...!”

“Fuck off, Marty. You think you can lie to *me*, cheat on *me*, with *that*, and there won’t be consequences? Bitch, please. Do you know how long I’ve been watching your creepy little operation?”

“Since the sign went up?”

“Pfff! As if! I’ve had my eyes on you since the day I left your ass back in May, watching to see what this skinny bitch was after.”

“Who is she? What’s she talking about, Professor Manning?” Kira asked. She was frowning now, and none of their asses were waving for him any more.

“Oh, you mean he didn’t tell you? Yeah, your cunt sister came to him last year, told him he wanted him to hypnotize her into wanting to fuck him. Sounds crazy, I know. I sure didn’t believe it when he first told me. But then I saw him doing it, watched the little skank crawl and plead and beg for him like the fucking gutterslut she is. So I did some sleuthing.”

“Sleuthing?” Stacey asked, eyes narrow. “That what you call coming to my house and trying to start a fight? Trying,” she sneered her Stacey sneer, “until I sent you running with your tail between your legs?”

“Yeah, Wilde child, you’re so fucking tough hiding behind your legion of preppy skanks. But it was a fake-out anyways! See, I wanted you to think I was defeated. Like I was gonna just slink off and call it a day? You fuck with the Nay-Nay, I fuck up your day-day.”

“That’s...” Kira shook her head in distaste. “No. Doesn’t sound as cool as you think it does.”

“Eat me. Fuck, I did all this for *you*, don’t you see? Turns out, your so-called ‘therapist?’ He’s been playing you since day 1, working with your psycho sis there to brainwash you into fucking the both of them. Then he was going to hand you off to her as a sex slave, so she can keep you on some fucked up leash in her basement or whatever. Don’t believe me? I have proof, bitch! So *ha!*”

“Proof? What proof?” Stacey asked evenly, avoiding her sisters’ eyes.

“You don’t remember that dude, a month or so back, came in wanting a one-off session? He worked for *me*, dumbasses! I paid him to come in here, and when the great Marty Maning wasn’t looking, he put a listening device in here! Yeah! For *weeks* now, I’ve been hearing every sick, twisted thing he’s been putting in all y’all’s heads.”

“None of that’s true,” Kira protested feebly, but she was no longer kneeling, no longer baring her ass in hopes of seducing Martin even while begging him to fuck her

sister. She sat on the couch, huddled into the corner. “It can’t be. Can it? Professor Manning is *nice*. He *cares* about me.”

“Cares about you? Look at yourself! Naked next to your own sister, a sister you couldn’t stand six months ago, begging this dickless loser to stick it in you? Come on, Kira. You’re smarter than this! Or shit, maybe not, but you fucking well oughtta be.”

“Professor Manning? Stacey?” Her voice was almost as small as Sherri’s, who was herself conspicuously silent.

“You seem pretty pleased with yourself, Naomi.” He folded his arms across his chest, refusing to let his nudity diminish him. “What does it say about you that you spent the last three months eavesdropping on my every conversation? And I’m a loser? What do you call someone who can’t get over her ‘loser’ ex-boyfriend?”

“Past three months? Marty, Marty, Marty... The past three months is when I decided to up my game, get hard evidence so polite society can say bye-bye to your ass. You don’t even know the full extent of my game. If you even guessed at the half of it, it would—”

“You mean how you hooked up with Sherri after the both of you got your hearts broken in some kind of twisted revenge pact?” Martin arched an eyebrow. “Like that?”

“How I...” She looked at Sherri, suddenly wide-eyed. Meanwhile, the girl on the couch turned as red as her hair, head to toe. “Look at you, making up crazy theories just ‘cause—”

“Don’t bother lying, Naomi. I’ve known about your scheme for a long while now.”

“You did?” Sherri yelped.

“Of course I did. For one, you picked her up down the street on like her third session, like I don’t know what your piece of shit car sounds like sputtering by the office. Not subtle. For two, she was in the background of a picture you were tagged in on facebook, some cookout or something. She was blurry, but she was looking right at you.”

“Bullshit! I blocked your ass, and I have my privacy settings up!”

“But your friend Jayla didn’t, and doesn’t. Not that it mattered anyway, since I would have figured it out while I was, you know, *hypnotizing her*.”

“Aha!” Naomi jabbed a finger in the air. “She was faking it the whole time, Morton!”

Kira arched a brow. “Did... you just blend ‘Martin’ and ‘moron?’”

“Yeah, was that on purpose?” Stacey cringed.

Naomi looked unsure herself. “Fuck you both! But see, goes to show how little you knew! Who do you think was downloading the stuff from my bug? Simple little app on her phone, just have to be close-by. She’s been a mole in your scummy little operation since the beginning!”

Martin sighed, then squatted down in front of the sofa. Stacey was still in fuck position, unwilling to let this bitch interrupt her fun. He rewarded her with a little

squeeze on her ass. Eyes on Naomi, he reached under the couch and produced the device. “You mean this bug?”

Naomi flinched. “What? You knew? And you still left it...?”

“Because she stopped being your mole the day I put her in a trance. I’m honestly embarrassed for you that you don’t think I’d notice when someone’s faking it. Why do you think I picked Stacey over you last year? I know how to spot a fraud on my couch.”

“No, she told me...”

Sherri whirled, aghast. “You knew? The whole time?”

“Almost.” He shrugged.

“But then... I don’t understand. You knew I was here to expose you and Stacey, and you let me?”

Martin put a hand on her shoulder. For once, she didn’t recoil at his touch. “I didn’t need hypnosis to make you want revenge on your cheating ex. No more than Naomi needed it. I just needed to give you good advice and let you take it. Once you believed I wanted the same thing you did, to ruin Stacey, you relaxed enough that I put you under for real. From there, it wasn’t hard to figure out what you’d really been up to, coming in here.”

“I never told you!” She looked to Naomi. “I swear, Naomi, I *never* told him!”

“You didn’t have to tell me, Sherri. I know her. Once I realized the two of you were in it together, it was pretty easy to unravel her idiot scheme.”

Sherri shook her head, dumb-founded. “You planned on reconciling the three of us all this time?”

“Of course I did.” Chaos, lies, and more chaos.

“So... you’ve known, this whole day, that Naomi was behind my being here? That I was cheating on her, the way Stacey cheated on me? You were OK with that?”

“I knew she’d eventually come for her Gotcha Moment, and it felt like today was going to be the day. I certainly gave you enough hints to feed back to her. Meant to lock the door so she wouldn’t interrupt, but... my bad. Anyway yeah, you deserve better than her, Sherri. I wanted to help you snap out of it before she drags you so far down the same toxic hole she’s decided to live in that you can’t climb out.”

“Toxic? *I’m* toxic?! You know what? Whatever. Beeb, come on. Where’d that hot little outfit we dressed you up in run off to?”

“Around here somewhere,” mumbled Sherri, though she pointedly did not begin searching for it.

“You think you’re so smart, Marty,” Naomi went on. “Maybe you saw it coming, but you didn’t do jack shit to stop me. Stop *us*. You’re fucked good now, though. We’ve told little sis what he did, and he can’t undo that. Have fun with your harem of zero, dickhead. Let’s take our evidence and see what the police think. This has to be malpractice or something.”

Martin sighed irritably. “Well, since the three of them are still under hypnosis and will remember as much or as little as I tell them to when they wake up, actually yeah, I can undo it. And I will. And Naomi, Kira and Stacey and I are going to stay here and fuck each other until we can’t take it any more. You told me the files are on your phone—”

“I did...?”

“You did. Delete them, and you can stay. You don’t even have to dump her if you don’t want.”

Kira blinked. “Wow, Professor Manning. Thought of everything. I really won’t remember you’ve been setting me up for this orgy all semester? Not gonna lie, that’s kinda fucked-uppedly hot.”

Stacey grinned at her. “Yeah?”

“Nobody’s ever gone to anywhere near these lengths to try to fuck me.” She elbowed her big sis playfully. “You want my pussy so baaaad...”

Stacey scooped up a fingerload of slime from between Kira’s legs. “Not as bad as you want mine, apparently.”

Kira picked up her pillow and slugged her with it. Stacey fought back, and once Sherri showed him the empty folder on her phone, she joined the pillow fight. In moments, it became a frenzy of arms and legs, fingers and tongues.

“Those pillows were a great investment, Naomi. You’re a gem of customer service.”

The blonde’s whole body was trembling with rage. “*I DUMP YOU!*” she shrieked at Sherri, then stormed out of the clinic. Her tires squealed as she peeled out of the lot. Martin calmly locked the office door behind her.

“She’s probably been waiting for me out there for hours,” Sherri mumbled sheepishly. “I feel bad.”

“Get over here and let’s make you feel good.” Kira giggled infectiously, and soon they were all doing it as they made their way back to the couch. “But you gotta fuck Stacey first.”

“You promise I’d get to watch you fuck Kira,” Stacey insisted, though the way she waved her ass at him was an invitation, not a rejection.

“It’s really that good, Stacey?”

Stacey nodded to her DAT sister. “Like the toy I was using, but better. It’s warm, and it sort of... I don’t know. Not vibrates, but kind of. Surprisingly pleasurable.”

“And I really won’t remember any of this?”

“You’ll remember what you need to remember, but I can employ a ‘what happens in a trance stays in a trance’ approach if you like. Your call.”

Sherri made a point of not looking back at Martin. “If you tell me you’re using the dildo, I swear I won’t turn and check,” Sherri’s high voice offered quietly. He wasn’t sure if she was still red from before, or was blushing anew.

“Mantras while I think, girls. Until I tell you to stop.”

“I love coming here,” began Kira.

“I want to fuck Martin Manning,” began Stacey.

“I trust Martin Manning,” began Sherri. He’d have to work up a new one for her, but that sentiment would suffice for now.

Three hypnotized women knelt on his sofa, arms resting on the back, staring with unfocused eyes off into nothingness. Three perfect asses waved back and forth imploringly. Three sets of tits emerged above or below three inadequate shirts, each there to be fondled at his leisure. He selected a pussy and told its owner to fuck him, as he would do time and again into the night.