

# Creeps

## Chapter Eight

Martin had ample time to reflect on the relative merit and value of an apology that weekend. There were so many due in this fragile web in which he had ensnared himself. To Kira, Sherri, Naomi, at the barest of minimums. He thought he might be owed one from Stacey himself, though it was no easy feat to distinguish between them at this late stage. Stacey was undeniably the worst offender, though as her accomplice he wasn't far behind. Naomi's karma was tainted only somewhat, making the feud public and so dragging down Sherri; Sherri, with her hands clean save for her crusade to bury him under a mountain of guilt, one spoonful at a time.

The only one of them undeniably on the moral high ground, as near as he could figure it, was Kira.

*I'm sorry, Professor Manning, she wrote that Friday night.*

*Sorry for what?*

*Because you like(d?) my sister and then I said all that stuff and now I ruined it.*

Martin nestled deeper into his blanket fort and sighed. *You didn't do anything wrong, Kira. And why aren't you out enjoying yourself? It's Friday night!*

Martin wasn't out enjoying himself because he'd been mainlining guilt cut with shame all day. He was only just beginning to come down from the worst of his OD, though the euphoria of nausea was still with him. Mercifully it was a shorter day than usual, considering he'd been up all night listening to Kira's tale and had collapsed within minutes of returning from walking her to the bus stop.

*I am out actually lol, she replied, though by now, he knew her well enough to read that the lol was not laughter, but sheepishness masquerading as a casual shrug-off. I'm hiding in the bathroom for a while, I guess? like ya do*

Martin didn't have a bathroom, per se. Apart from his washtub in the attic, he had access to the shared employee restroom from around 8 AM until the Dunkin Donuts down the back hallway closed at 9 PM, sealing the rear hallway behind them, and the men's room in the gas station across the street. Hiding in either was not on the menu.

*Well get back out there and have some fun – we'll process next week. For now, distract yourself with music and boys, all right?*

This was the first time he had nudged her toward other men. Kira had seldom needed any nudging where men were concerned. "Boys like Kira, and Kira likes boys," Stacey had told him. Now he wondered how much of her apparent boy-craziness was hiding from whatever girl-directed energies she had experienced that night with Stacey.

None, possibly. Or all of it; that was possible, too.

*I'll try.. No promises, Kira replied, capping it with a tongue-out emoji. Honestly I'd probably take your couch over most boy I know at Lakeview. (I hope that's not too weird to say!!!!!!!)*

*Don't worry. The couch promised to wait for you until at least Tuesday*

Martin's guilt spiked at the thought of leaving her hanging, embarrassed, a moment longer than necessary. All thanks to Stacey, the previous night Kira hadn't merely been re-living the worst event of life, but it had been preceded by an admission that she had taken – spontaneously, so far as she knew – to masturbating during their sessions. Martin thought of himself as a professor like the gas station cashier thought of herself as an oil tycoon, but he knew that for Kira, he was her teacher, which would make the hours she spent in his classroom sheer torment.

*lol you crack me UP Prof M!* She followed it with a picture of her blowing a kiss at her phone in what looked to be a dimly lit bathroom stall. *Thanks again – for everything. I know I keep saying it, but you're a nice man.*

*Have a good night, Kira,* he managed. With that, she left him alone. He added both her apology and her gratitude to the list of things for which she was owed an apology.

By the time the weekend came to a close, he was feeling, if not well, at least functional. Class was back in session, with yet more apologies to those who'd prepared for their presentations and received so little notice. Martin tried not to notice Kira sitting, as usual, in the front row, tried not to think about zippers and dog sitting and roads taken and not, as he made excuses. She knew them for falsehoods, even if she didn't begin to suspect how deep the lies went.

Kira hovered near the exit after Monday's lecture let out, but for once his teaching gig was an asset and not a liability as several of her fellow students wished to talk about the fallout from Friday's cancellation. By the time he satisfied them, she'd moved on.

Seeing her, however, reopened the wound. Whether or not she had become an object of pity, she remained an object of sexual attraction. His lizard brain had forgotten neither that zipper nor the intensity of the desire to unzip it. It had not forgotten the sight of her fat naked tits oozing out between her fingers as she squeezed down on them while she pleased herself. It had not forgotten a promise that had been made to him that he would get to fuck her.

Martin's first instinct after hearing Kira's tale was to disengage. Invent a reason why he couldn't see her any more as a therapist and do his best to ignore her for the remainder of the academic term. Invent some hypnojargon excuses for Stacey and wish Sherri the best before closing shop. Move to a living space he could actually afford.

His second instinct had been born of that guilt spiral, and it had been to attempt to actually treat the girl. He was no psychologist, but as a hypnotist, he felt sure he could

help someone as pliable as Kira to heal from her trauma. Then, damage rectified, flee town before Stacey could end him.

It was with shame that he nurtured his third instinct, sitting in his campus office trying to grade papers through the distraction of that pic of Kira blowing him a kiss. He could still do it. Objectively, it was no more iniquitous than it had been before. Brainwashing a woman into having sex was no less ethical if the woman had a sad story. So her sister had crossed a line in a vulnerable moment. So what? Not like he wouldn't have giddily trampled that very same line had she never corrected his ignorance. He still could. She was vulnerable, far more so than Stacey had ever been. In every way but one, it was the easiest path.

But one.

Fuck, how had he ever let that bitch's perfect face drag him down to her level? It disgusted him, how little he had settled for. Nothing more than an offer to fuck her perfect body and her perfect sister, the two of them bent by his hypnotic control, his lifetime fantasy, a dream he'd never thought it possible to realize? He was better than this! He always had been, anyway. Before he welcomed the she-devil of Lakeview onto his couch.

"I think it's working," Sherri said as she strode into the waiting room from the parking lot. She moved with uncharacteristic vigor.

Martin didn't hear a word of it, clutching his head at the receptionist desk. "Sherri, honestly, why?"

"Um, why... is it working? I'm not sure I follow."

"No, why any of this? Why are you even here?" he groaned into the desktop.

"Why would you think..." Sherri shook her head. "Like I told you, to forget about Stacey. That's it. Are you well? If you're sick, I can reschedule, Mr. Manning."

He shook his head, but finally looked up. The dark circles around his eyes likely failed to dispel the cause of her anxiousness. "No, I mean... why forget? What Stacey did to you – what I helped her do – was... horrible. Why would you let her off with just forgetting? Why aren't you slashing her tires, or punching her in the face? Or shoot, one of those sorority girl tactics where you make up a bunch of fake rumors about her or put hair remover in her shampoo or something."

"I wouldn't have thought that a therapist would advise revenge and lying as methods of coping with pain," Sherri said quietly.

"Therapist? Pff – I'm the guy who fucked you over without a second thought, and instead of lumping me in with her, you're here asking for my help? To help you let that... that..." His snarl was for nothing in particular, and also everything. "That *woman* off the hook!"

His head collapsed back into his palms, and she was quiet for some time. Absorbed in his own little world as he was, by the time she spoke, he thought she had left some time earlier.

“I’m going to take what you said as hypothetical, and I’ll respond in that same spirit. So, that said... vengeance isn’t an option.” Somehow, that high, thin voice had taken on a grave tone. “You may be acquainted with Stacey, might even know some things about her that I never did. But you don’t *know* her. Not like I do.”

“I *know* Stacey,” he said dismissively.

“No, you don’t, or you wouldn’t be saying what you’re saying. You can’t get back at someone like Stacey Reeves.”

“Oh yeah? Why not?”

“I’m going to proceed right past the physical sort of revenge you mentioned, and not only because Stacey would kick my ass if I tried.”

“Oh come on, you could–”

“She’s a head taller than me. Longer legs, longer arms. She spends ten hours a week in the gym, and – oh yeah – has taught the DAT house self-defense seminar the past two years.”

Martin had never considered Stacey’s muscle mass as making for anything but a pleasingly tight body. Personal experience, however, reminded him that she could indeed pack a punch if so motivated. “The gun doesn’t hurt either,” he muttered.

“The... did you say ‘gun?’” Sherri’s eyes widened.

“Oh, uh, no – I said the ‘guns,’” Martin amended, patting his biceps. He was annoyed with himself for forgetting that the gun was an egregious violation of the DAT house residency code, as well as annoyed to find his reflex was to cover for her.

“Oh.” Her eyes narrowed, but given nothing, she went on. “So since I can’t, I don’t know, ‘beat her up’ or whatever – not that I really want to, any more – that leaves hurting her emotionally.”

“Yeah. So... why don’t you?”

“How would I? Show off a hot new girlfriend? I can’t find someone hotter than Stacey, so it would only show her that I traded down. Even if I did, you got her off of women, so she still wouldn’t care. How do you hurt the feelings of someone who doesn’t feel anything for you?”

“It doesn’t have to be some petty jealousy thing. Everyone has buttons,” he protested.

“There’s her pride, yes, but even if I had a means of humiliating her, I won’t do anything that would tarnish the honor of Delta Alpha Theta,” she retorted, ignoring the heavy-handed eye roll that her Greek loyalty earned her. “Beyond that... I mean, what do you take away from someone who doesn’t want anything you can touch?”

Sherry, engrossed by the phantom vengeance he had dangled before her, continued, enumerating the many thoughts she'd already had on the subject. Her therapist's attention was elsewhere, however. Stacey Reeves. The unattainable, unassailable Stacey Reeves. The hottest woman he would ever fuck, and the vilest bitch he would ever work for all wrapped up in one package.

She deserved to lose, but if she lost, so did he. Martin had been a loser before he had known Stacey. He had little desire to revert. Would it be so bad if he dragged her across the finish line sister-first? That guilt, burdensome though it was, wasn't wrong. Kira was one horny lady. She'd like as not thank him when he was done with her. Hell, it was a more probable happy ending than dumping her to deal with a lifetime of still being Stacey's sister unaided. It was pragmatic to the point of ugliness, but there it was. Or—

“Mr. Manning? Are you even listening to me?”

“Of course I am.” He looked up. “But we've let ourselves get way off track. You said, what, you think the mantras are working?”

Sherry blinked, caught off-guard by the abrupt transition. “Oh. Um, yes. I suppose I did say that.”

“Let's talk more about that.”

There were tears of anxiety glistening in the corners of Kira's eyes when she entered the office for her session the following day. Without a word, she shuffled over to her teacher, her healer, and pulled him in for an intense hug. She sniffled, and then sniffled some more. Martin bided his time, waiting for her to be ready for the next thing. Until then, he hugged as good as he got. He owed her at least that.

"Was that weird? I feel like that was weird. I'm sorry." Kira plopped down cross-legged on the sofa in a pair of loose-fitting khaki capri pants, cleavage bobbling as ever in her v-neck sweater. It might well be the thing that brought about her undoing.

"It was fine, Kira. I've been thinking about you, too. How are you?"

"Not good," the girl replied instantly. "That was by a huge margin the longest weekend of my life. Except maybe the one when... you know."

"I know. I knew it wouldn't be easy on you. I'm glad you're still in one piece."

"Ta da," she muttered weakly.

"So if you have things you want to say, by all means. I want you to know, though, that I've spent a lot of time processing this since we last spoke, and I think I have a plan."

*I have a plan.* This was not merely an understatement, but a significant miscount. Martin had three plans. Each was contingent on the others, one and all a web of interconnecting contingencies, shifting priorities and shifty motives. All of it rested on his usual firm bedrock of throwing shit at a wall and seeing what stuck, and then seeing what would stick to that.

"Oh god, yes, plan me. Plan me all day, baby." She clasped her hands pleadingly. He had counted on her willingness to dive in. Kira was nothing if not trusting. She was about to be given a misleading glimpse of phase two of plan one.

"All right then. So we've run into two issues. Your history with Stacey, and... ahem. Your conduct in my office." Kira's cheeks flushed, but she didn't intercede to defend herself. From her perspective, there would be nothing to say. *Sorry, Professor Manning, I just spontaneously pleasure myself sometimes! Teehee!* This was good, though. The less she interrupted, the better he might steamroll over her objections and crowd out common sense. Then he could move onto plan two phase three, all the while leaving her thinking she was on phase one of the only plan, a plan which did not in fact exist.

"Now I want to be delicate about this. Emotions are high, I realize, and the worst thing we could do is to rush to conclusions. Please don't interpret anything I'm about to say as a diagnosis, or me saying that I know what you've been through. I don't. Maybe I can't. I do think, however, that you have some figuring out to do yourself. Some of your feelings may be clear, but unless I miss my guess, there are others you're less sure about. Does that sound sensible?"

"I... think so. And thank you. For saying that, I mean."

Martin acknowledged her gratitude with a nod, trying not to choke on guilt. “Of course. Now I don’t know if the two issues are connected in some way. Both sexual, both what we might call aberrant–

“Aberrant?” Kira shook her head in confusion.

“Very unusual.”

“Oh. Yeah, you could say that.”

Martin tried a reassuring smile. “I can dream up a lot of theories to explain things. The two could be connected somehow, or they could be totally separate. I don’t see any point to my forming a theory about it all until I – *we* – know more.”

“OK. So... how do we do that? Please tell me we’re not going to play-by-play that whole awful night with–”

“No.” Kira looked relieved to be talked over. “Honestly, I think the trauma of that incident means you and I will be unable to make much progress. At the conscious level, at least. I’ve tried addressing your enmity with Stacey at the subconscious level, too.”

Kira brightened. “Oh yeah?”

“That hasn’t gone anywhere, either.”

Kira darkened. “Oh.”

“At least, not until last week. You may recall an incident, something to the effect of you stopping by drunk as a skunk to chat me up.”

“So... am I supposed to just get drunk or something?” She laughed, but nervously.

“No,” he answered, in a tone that sounded a little too much like a yes for her total comfort. “But I’ve been looking at things, and... well, let me sidestep that for the moment. We’ll come back to it.” In phase 2.4. “What, if anything, can you tell me about the masturbating?”

Kira drew her knees up to her chest and buried her face between them. “Oh my god, I cannot believe I am having this discussion. With a teacher!”

“Hey now, we’ve been over this. You trust me, don’t you?”

“Yes, but–”

“And so far trusting me has worked out for you, hasn’t it?”

“Well yes, although–”

“So we can either pretend it didn’t happen, or we can act like adults, and address it head-on. It’s up to you, Kira. But I think we need to figure this out.”

His terse manner didn’t do much to improve her comportment. Wringing her hands, she was every inch her fidgety big sister. Spurred by his veritable dare, she settled for further concealing her face behind her hands. “Look, there’s nothing to tell. I barely remember it, OK? If I remember it at all. Usually I wake up and I can just... tell. I don’t know what it’s about!”

“All right. See? You talked about it, and nobody died. And I still want to help you.”

She peeked, but only with one eye. “Still. Ugh.”

“Now you say ‘ugh,’ but honestly, there’s something at work here. I take it you’d have told me if this were commonplace behavior. You don’t do this with any other professors, do you?”

Her head poked up like a mortified prairie dog. “No!”

“Think hard, now. You’re sure?” He made sure his smile conveyed that he was only shooting for levity on a tense subject.

“Obviously. Or I’d have just curled up in a ball and died of embarrassment a long time ago.”

Sober Kira was proving more reticent to share than Drunk Kira had been after her birthday outing, but a professional could work with that. “And – I’m sorry, but I have to ask – that you don’t have some kind of eclectic taste in men where *I* could be triggering it.”

“No. Like, no offense or anything. Just... no. I love coming here, and I’m so grateful for all your help, and–”

“It’s fine, Kira. If I took offense over my patients and students *not* masturbating whenever they’re alone in my office, I’d be curled up in that ball with you. But that does leave us in a predicament. Very unusual behavior,” behavior which he knew damn well the root cause of, but feigned ignorance was as ever his armor and shield. “On top of that, it started right when we began work on the Stacey issue.”

“Oh my god. You’re not saying...!” She was on her feet, fists balled. Good lord, was she going to hit him? “That is *not* about Stacey! How could you even suggest that?!”

This reaction had been anticipated too, however, and Martin calmly maintained his seat even as she loomed, one fist half-cocked, he hoped unconsciously. “Try to stay calm, Kira. I’m not suggesting that. But you agree that the two things accompany one another, right? Although as we discussed in class, correlation does not equate to causation. Honestly, my favorite theory thus far is that you’ve been masturbating for the exact opposite reason. That is, not because you’re thinking about your sister, but because you’re fighting so hard to distract yourself from thinking about your sister, and what could be a more potent distraction than... that?”

It was the thumbs first, wriggling out of her fists. Not an experienced puncher, Kira. The fingers followed, straightening, and then the limbs, slipping out of combat position. At last she sighed, nodded, and sat back down. “I’m sorry, Professor Manning. That was completely uncool of me. I didn’t mean to get mad at you. You’re the only person who’s ever tried to – who I’ve ever let – help me. Dr. Rivers wanted to, but I never really let her in. Can’t open up to someone who knows my mom and unload that on her. I’m so lucky I met you.”

“Don’t go bestowing accolades yet. It’s only a theory. And you’re going to like what I’m about to say about as much as what you thought I was saying a moment ago.”



“OK...” Kira folded her arms.

“I think we need you to keep on doing it.”

“Keep on...” Her eyes bulged even as her voice dropped to a hiss. “*Playing with myself?! In your office?! How is that supposed to help?!*”

“Are you familiar with state-dependent memory, Kira?”

“With... what? No.”

“It’s a concept in psychology in which suppressed memories – traumatic ones, oftentimes – can be brought back to the surface by returning to the state in which they were triggered. It can play a role in episodes of PTSD. A combat veteran hears fireworks, and it takes them back to the battlefield. That kind of thing.”

“Are you saying that because I was confused at first when... when Stacey and I, err, kissed...”

She was struggling to get the words out, however, and Martin stepped in. “No. But what were you supposed to be doing when your subconscious decided to take its little vacation?”

“Vacation,” Kira muttered to herself. “Better than the M-word, at least. But yeah, I was supposed to be talking to myself about that stuff with Stace.”

“Right. And how did you feel like your progress was going, before Thursday night?”

“I mean... great? I guess? Like, I was kind of embarrassed, but nobody knew, at least. Only...” She shivered, momentarily shifting back to her own battlefield. “I obviously wasn’t processing anything if I was doing *that* instead of talking stuff out.”

“Sure. That may well be. Except you came here Thursday night feeling awfully pleased with yourself, looking to be put under, looking to mas—”

“To go on vacation,” she supplied firmly.

“Right. That, again. Only instead, you finally managed to confront what happened to you. Do you see what I’m saying?”

“No.”

Martin scooped his chair closer until he could reach out and take her hands in his. They were small, and soft, and clammy. “I’m saying, that feeling – euphoria, arousal, whatever it was – subconsciously induced you to finally confront what happened. Somewhere in all that pleasure, you found something to immunize you to the pain.”

“I’m still not sure I...”

She was buying it, though. He could feel the heat in her grip. This concession on Kira’s part would have serious ramifications on plans 1 and 2, though 3 had contingencies in place to go on without it, especially since he’d likely get her there anyway in phase 2.6.

Had he over-planned? Better over than under, especially when it came to plan 2. In fact, he already had a plan to make a plan 4 if needs be, though plan 4 was basically to wing it.

“It’s up to you. Obviously I would never try to compel you to do something you’re not comfortable with.” At least not until he’d done it by accident, after which time he couldn’t seem to stop compelling it. “But it’s doing *something*, and I think we need to try to figure out what that is. It might be the key to letting your unconscious mind address what happened to you.”

“Hold on. Are you seriously saying you want me to knowingly *play with myself* in your *office*? Just so I can be blissed out enough to be willing to talk about Stacey?”

“Minus the ‘just,’” he said somberly. “Kira, when I first asked you what you wanted out of our time together, the very first thing you said was to fix your relationship with your sister. I know this is important to you. This might be the next step to achieving that goal. But I realize the method is unorthodox, and naturally you have every right to refuse. There’s probably some other way, on a long enough time line.”

“No, I don’t want to stretch this out forever or anything. It’s only that... pardon my French, Professor Manning, but this is pretty fucked up is what this is.”

“Maybe fucked up problems call for fucked up solutions.”

The moment this utterance was delivered, Martin cringed. No mere wince, but a full-on cringe of instantaneous self-loathing, such a cringe that it was no simple twist of the eyes and cheeks, but expanded to incorporate his entire upper body. His attempt to smack himself in the forehead was realized as excessive mid-motion, reversing only in time to thwap his mouth instead. To a casual observer deprived of the auditory input, it looked one hundred percent exactly like Martin had felt a bee land on his lower lip. This redoubled the instinct to physically withdraw from his infantile, 80’s-movie-esque toe-dabble into the vast ocean of psychiatry via pithy one-liner such that he nearly tipped his chair backward, arms flailing to regain balance until landing forcefully on the pads of his feet, face still puckered heinously. It was a display of awkward doofusery that would have made Rowan Atkinson proud.

Had the audio been recorded as well, the casual observer would also have taken in a delighted, high-pitched shriek that trailed into fitful giggles. The girl’s head flew back in laughter, missing his embarrassing display. “Oh my god, I cannot believe my teacher just dropped an f-bomb! Twice!” By the time her giggles subsided enough to re-open her eyes, Martin had composed himself. “But yeah, you know, maybe... Maybe you’re onto something. Not like they make a pill for figuring out how to live with having messed around with your own sister.” She nodded, let out a slow breath. “Let’s do this.”

“Very well then,” declared a very grave Martin Manning fighting not to put a hand to his throbbing lip.

“Oh man. I should feel more nervous, shouldn’t I? Like, should I ask for a blanket or something? Just so it’s, I dunno, thirty percent less skanky?”

“Oh, um...” Martin looked around, as if a blanket might be lurking on a bookshelf. Never did his gaze near the entrance to the attic, where his pile of blankets lay in wait to sustain him when the space heater failed. “No, I guess not...”

“Yeah, guess this isn’t exactly what you stock the office for. Well, here, how about if I...” Kira rolled away from him, her round bubble of a butt jutting toward him, the only preparation she seemed to require for her impending clandestine clit-play.

“And here, I’ll turn this way, so...”

“Thanks, Professor Manning.” Then, right before he could at last begin her entrancement, she added, “but I think we both know how easy that chair spins.” Then another little titter, and she let him do his work. Not five minutes later, she had relaxed enough to succumb to hypnosis.

“Kira.”

“Mm.”

“Recite your lessons.”

A thin smile. The girl did love to show off what she knew. “Hypnosis works well for me. I like coming here. My therapist is helping me.” Gone was the weight component. Martin helped her, full stop. “My therapist can work wonders on my body. Our time together is relaxing and enjoyable. Coming here is a high priority. If I follow my therapist’s instructions, nothing can stop me from doing what we want.” *I want*, once. Now *we want*. Halfway there. “I trust Martin Manning. Coming here feels natural, rewarding, and good.”

Then she said them again. And again. By the sixth time, she could no longer hide the way she was pawing at her tits. Following the tenth, he interceded to guide her specifically to the parts more conducive to coming.

“I trust Martin Manning,” she panted, thighs rubbing together. He was pretty sure she had a hand working plaintively at her clit through her clothes, too. “Coming here... high priority. Love coming here. Natural. Rewarding, coming here. Gooooood.”

Martin rolled his chair closer, inch by inch, utterance by utterance. When Kira finally managed to jerk her stubborn top up high enough to get to her bra – correction: where her bra would be if she hadn’t already tugged it over her tits through her top – Martin was at her side. He had excuses ready, a bullshit sandwich about building trust with a side order of *you said you were frightened but wouldn’t say of what, and I was so worried about you*, (phase 2.3™) but Kira didn’t care. In fact, with his breath brushing across her biceps as he bade her to tell him, again and again, how much she loved coming here, she merely rolled onto her back, eyes staring through eyelids and attic and roof and space at stars exploding in her pussy. The little tart had undone the

fastenings on her pants and slipped a hand inside her panties. He'd thought she was warming up, but she'd snuck in a come before he could sneak six feet across the office.

Her fingers still wriggled spasmodically inside her pale pink panties, riding out her orgasm as best she could. He gave her a moment, but no more than, before it was time to put that energy to use. "How did that feel, Kira?"

"Mmmm. Good. Rewarding."

"Even though I was here with you?"

*Wrinkle.* "Weird, but... dunno. Still good." *Wrinkle. Wrinkle.* "Did *you* like it?"

If the force of gravity emanating from Kira's mostly bared boobs would permit it, Martin's head would have snapped back. Gravity, however, is a force determined by mass and distance, and those tits were awfully close, and awfully massive. It was enough to hold him in his orbit, but didn't do anything to address his alarm.

Had that been... a question? Questions weren't unique in the history of hypnosis – had Stacey asked him something, once or twice? – but it was unheard of in Kira. Kira listened. Kira followed instructions. Kira showed up for the relaxation, and probing her circumstances did not relax her. So what the hell was this?

There were two answers:

- 1) "Yes, I loved it. You're so fucking hot."
- 2) "No, as a professional, I don't think of you that way."

There was no third option, no middle ground. Even a man of limited game like Martin Manning knew that there was no woman yet born who wanted to hear a man hem and haw on the subject of if or whether she got them hot. But which did Kira hope to hear? That her trust in the good intentions of her therapist were well-placed? Or that she was a babe, and no man could resist her?

"Professor Manning?" she prompted, nose wrinkling in frustration.

So, as so often seemed to be the ideal *modus operandi* when working with this particular patient, Martin asked himself what Stacey Reeves would have wanted to hear...

"Yes. You were incredible. Thank you, Kira," he said warmly.

... and said the opposite.

"Mmmm. Yeah?" She grinned fetchingly.

"I wouldn't lie to my favorite patient."

"Mmmm. So nice. I love coming here." A giggle, as if he was oblivious to her other meaning. If there were even two meanings to that term any more. But his method had not failed, and this would be an instructive moment when it came time to plan the next future phases of plan 2. Whether or not her waking self called it "weird," deep down, she wanted her audience to know she was a hottie first and a patient second.

"Kira, while you're... enjoying yourself, I want to ask you some questions about sex. Would that be all right?"

*Wrinkle.* “Do you have to?”

“I think it will help. Do you trust me?”

“Mmm. Trust Professor Manning.” So much that she still hadn’t taken her hands out of her panties or off of her exposed tit.

“How many boys have you dated since coming to Lakeview, would you say?” He hoped that was a softball. These sorts of interviews worked better incrementally rather than diving in with *Did you like how Stacey’s tongue tasted better before or after she shoved it in your box?* A good<sup>1</sup> hypnotist built to that.

A slow train of segues was easier on that part of the mind seeking reasons to disbelieve. As la Mesmer, he’d go for the quick trance – legit, if he thought he saw someone sufficiently trusting, but usually with his plant, Holly, a.k.a. Naomi. Start with an innocuous query about height, then is your hair color real, from there to are your boobs real, then cup size, then what color bra today, then panties, and if the audience was digging it, a query about how she maintained her ladyscape.

He discovered Naomi was lying about her height in between her audition and their first public show, when she’d bragged on her “cleverness” for tricking him into believing an extra three inches. It took over a year before he discovered she’d lied about the cup size and shave job, but he had found himself much more willing to pat her on the back for her cunning with her giant amazing tits in his face.

Martin watched as Kira counted on her fingers. As she started her second round on her hand, she shook her head, then got confused and started over. “Nine, I think,” she said uncertainly. “Depends if you count Barrett and Keith.”

“Why wouldn’t you count them?”

“Only made out with Keith at a frat party at Tau Psi. Went down on him, let him play with my boobs. Never actually *dated*. And Barrett and I were supposed to go out Saturday, but I canceled, told him I’d reschedule. Not sure if I will. Do you think I should?”

“Let’s call it an even ten, then,” Martin went on. Kira and her questions tonight, though this told him more than most of her answers. Namely, she was willing to take his advice on her love life. “So I take it you enjoy dating?”

“Mm. I guess. Something to do. Sometimes it’s fun.”

“You don’t sound like you think it’s fun.”

Kira shrugged. Martin almost missed what she said as he was sucked in by the sight of bobbling titty. “Sometimes it’s not. Kinda... meh.”

“Why meh?”

“Lot of guys say they got game, but don’t know what to do. Sex doesn’t always feel good. Unsatisfied, lot of the time.”

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<sup>1</sup> “good” here shall be construed to mean “evil – but talented”

That was a version of sex Martin had a difficult time relating to. Once, perhaps, but it had been quite some time since he'd had a sexual encounter that hadn't been deliriously good. Naomi might not have been Stacey, but she was still Naomi.

"How many of these ten did you have sex with?"

*Wrinkle.* "Only two."

"Did either of them... satisfy you?"

"Christian was fun. One time we hooked up on the bottom bunk while Emma was up top. She was *so mad.*" Kira giggled, but it gave way to a sigh. "But then he got pushy. Don't like pushy guys."

"What kind of guys do you like?"

*Wrinkle.* "For dating? Or for sex?"

An intriguing distinction. "Either."

"Never really done a long-term relationship. Four months, longest. Like hot guys. Faces. Muscles. Six-packs. Confidence." Idly, Martin wondered how many hot guys with handsome faces and six-packs lacked confidence. "But... dunno. Thought that was what I liked, but maybe... nice guys? Older guys?"

He sat up straighter. "Maybe? Why maybe?"

*Wrinkle.* "Come here, with you, better than I ever have with any other guy. Like, by a ton." *Wrinkle.* "Is that bad?"

Her words set fire to plans 1 and 3, and significant portions of 2. Why did this girl always have to make it so goddamn easy for him to be so goddamn horrible?

"Why do you like coming here, Kira?"

"Natural. Rewarding. Good." She teased a few synchronized circles around her nipple and clit.

"So if coming here is good, it can't be bad, can it?"

She giggled. "Mmm. Good point. Can I...?"

"You can come here whenever you want, Kira. Any time."

"Mmmm. S'what she said." She giggled, but didn't stop touching herself. Martin ordered her to keep repeating it as she ramped up toward another orgasm.

"Can come here whenever I want. Any time. Can come here whenever I want. Any time," she murmured. Her shorts were around her knees now, and her panties around her hips. Two fingers (or was it three? his vantage point was imperfect) plunged in and out of her pussy noisily, messily.

"Can I ask you some more questions while you play?"

"Mmmm. Anything. So long as I can keep coming."

"Of course you can. Any time, remember?"

"Mmmm. Remember."

Back to those leading questions. "Have you ever been asked out on a date by another girl?" Martin kept his tone gentle, his phrasing as innocent as he could. Keeping

this dialogue away from Stacey was the only way to have a chance that she wouldn't clam up.

Perhaps it was the present distraction, or that she kept such thoughts distinct from family, but in any case, Kira's round button nose barely wrinkled as she answered. "Yeah. Once by my friend Carrie. Like, years ago. And once at Lakeview, on my birthday."

Recently. Interesting. "How did it make you feel?"

"With Carrie... felt bad. Didn't want to hurt her feelings. Didn't want..." Suddenly her whole body shuddered, a gasp of air sucked down into her chest. From what she went on to say, there was no telling whether it was the dreaded S-word or she'd simply gotten a brush against her g-spot. "Didn't want Stacey to think I was like Mom. And I wasn't into Carrie. Not like that."

"What about on your birthday?"

Without further theatrics, Kira went on edging herself as she dazedly told the story of a girl at Vapor who'd started dancing with her, then offered to buy her a drink. "Didn't take it, though."

"Why not?"

"Friends watching. Would've been... I dunno. Weird."

Martin let her pull on her nipple as he thought how to craft the follow-up question. "Was she attractive?" Yes. That was good. Not *were you attracted to her* – not there yet. He'd needed months to nudge an admission of Stacey's sexuality from her. Kira was far less guarded, but still, a topic that sensitive that might still take–

"Kinda. On the big side. Good for dancing, but I like skinnier girls. Skinnier than me, at least."

Seconds. It might take seconds, to receive an instantaneous confession from the first question he probed the subject with. "Kira... are you bisexual?"

She nodded, driving her hips to meet her fingers. "Mm. Didn't I tell you that? Like, first session? Not embarrassed of it. All my friends know. Pretty sure everybody in class knows, too."

What? What the actual fuck?! "Does Stacey know?"

*Wrinkle wrinkle. Wrinkle.* "No. Never. Don't tell family that stuff. Mom's... ugh. Dad would tell her if he knew. Tell Stacey too, probs."

As she resumed enthusiastically fucking 60% of the digits on her left hand, Martin excused himself, snatching his laptop off his desk and bringing up the folder full of ideas, contingencies, mantras and interrogations that he'd spent the past five months working up. His new plans were too new to serve as a file structure – he'd only had time to contemplate the basics. That wasn't to say he was disorganized, however. *To get her talking* was one he'd updated only that afternoon before she came over. *Gay thoughts*, that one he'd spent much of July tooling, brainstorming ways to get a straight girl's

imagination going. *Suggestive scenarios* and *think about it like this* really ought to have been merged into one file of imagination exercises designed to get her questioning her hetero cred. *Cure for homophobia*(™) he'd titled as a joke, but had done some work drafting questions that would guide even an open bigot like he'd been fucking told Kira Reeves was towards twenty-first century wokeness.

He highlighted the folder, then tapped the delete key.

His chair awaited him at her side, and he quickly settled back into his front row seat to the Kiralympics. "If you're bisexual, why haven't you ever dated a girl before?"

*Wrinkle*. "Didn't know it for long time. Thought... I dunno. Maybe Stacey being how she is fucking with my head? Once I knew it... Couldn't bring one home, back home. Here, just haven't met that many. Not a ton of us out there." *Wrinkle*. "Not hot ones, anyway."

"What about a threesome? Have you ever fantasized about that?"

She nodded, panting for a few breaths before digging back in with a plaintive mewl of lust. "Mmmm. Yeah. So frigging hot. Yes. Don't know how it would be irl, but fun to imagine. Oh! But only with a boy and a girl. Not two guys." *Wrinkle*.

Martin shook his head. How could this be so easy? Once upon a time, he'd wondered if Dr. Rivers had played some part in helping set this up, if Stacey had somehow gotten to her the way she'd gotten to him. It was a lot to take on faith, the arrival of a hot, horny, hypnosis-ready girl, pre-packaged with exhibitionism, an attraction to "older nice men," as she'd quickly come to see him. Now this, pre-ignited bisexuality waiting for him to discover and activate.

But it wasn't a scam, no hoax, nothing from Dr. Rivers or anyone else making Kira into this walking bullseye for his fetish. One didn't conduct as much hypnotic fuckery as Martin Manning without recognizing the fingerprints. If Stacey ever found herself in a trance before Dr. Rivers, it wouldn't take that woman the whole hour of their session to recognize what had been done to the girl, and by whom.

None of what he was seeing needed suggesting. This was who Kira was. The perfect goddamn prey. And for such an imperfect predator<sup>2</sup>.

When he didn't say anything for a while, that spark of self-indulgence in her spawned yet another question. "Do you like my boobs, Professor Manning?" she asked in a small voice, massaging the both of them, her head turned toward him but with eyes shut tight. Thin lines of wetness decorated the one from where her fingers glistened with her come.

Martin didn't dare answer. He had glimpsed where that path led. She had already derailed his contingencies for plan 2 by abrogating the need to probe her sexuality.

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<sup>2</sup> *This comment is a product of Martin Mannin's self-reflection, and should in no way be construed to deny that Stacey Reeves may well be, in context, the perfect predator.*



Simple motives led to careless mistakes. “If I could find a girl – a hot girl – who wanted to be with you, would that interest you?”

*Wrinkle.* “Be with me? Like, for sex?”

“Yes. Sex.”

*Wrinkle wrinkle.* Her self-lubed hand slid down her stomach and back between her legs. “And she’s hot? Like, really hot?”

“Yes.”

*Wrinklewrinklewrinklewrinklewrinkle.* Pity at those facial contortions almost bade him pat her poor, tortured cheeks as she warred with her question. What had he...?

“As hot as Stacey?”

Ah. God, what twisted paths and ruts had this poor girl’s big sister warped into that brain? The bandaid on his broken heart ripped right off as once more he confronted the fallout from that calamitous night. To make oneself so vulnerable chasing a moment of passion, only to find that the chase led down a cliffside from which there was no stopping, no return. It sickened him anew to realize what side he had taken, agreeing to dupe the girl into falling down the cliff all over again, only this time, to be kept down there in perpetuity.

And yet...

Hearing her say the name, hearing her hold up Stacey as the gold standard of hotness... so help him, even as the more noble lobes of his brain despaired, the more primal ones held no such qualms. There was no stopping the revival of that cherished mental image. Two dark manes of hair, side by side, feasting on his cock, competing gently but doggedly for who would get to be the lucky one to be rewarded with his cum. Cum neither of them had wanted before he’d reached into their minds and made them crave it. Stacey, unable to resist suckling at Kira’s tits, but so grateful to Martin that she joined Kira in insisting he share the same nipple, their tongues dancing across the girl’s plump red areolae. Kira, dizzy with the lust he’d implanted in her innocent young mind, asking him with bashful greediness if it would be all right if she made out with her sister while riding his cock.

“Almost exactly as hot as Stacey,” he answered, licking his lips.

“Mmmmm.” Before he knew what was happening, before he could even wonder if he wanted to stop her, her hand was on his leg. Only the calf, but it pulled at his rolling chair with more urgency than he could resist. The therapist’s knee rested against the patient’s elbow as the attached arm went back to boob-fondling. The way her body shuddered with each breath, there was no doubt she wanted that contact, wanted more, would stop him from withdrawing if he tried.

“That would be cool,” she exhaled.

“Repeat after me, Kira. I want Professor Manning to set me up with hot girls.”  
Too bold by half, but it would test if she could be pushed into—

“I want Professor Manning to set me up with hot girls.”

Martin’s cock strained at his zipper. “Ten more times.

“Mmm. I want Professor Manning... mmm... to set me up with, ungh, hot girls.” Her thighs slowly spread apart and clapped back together as she chanted. In her state, counting was beyond her. Martin counted in her stead. When she was rounding nineteen bound for twenty, he realized he’d forgotten to stop her at ten.

“Repeat after me. I trust Martin Manning to set me up with girls.”

“I trust... Professor Manning to set me up with hot girls.” Not exact, but good enough. Good enough to start her on another ten that turned into another eighteen, since she started coming at ten and he didn’t have the heart to stop any part of it. Somewhere along the way, the artfully painted fingernails clutching his leg left some scratches as they dug under his pant leg; gently, he pulled them out from under the cuff. Kira had found his hand, then, though. She steered his grasp to her tit, groaning delightedly when he reflexively gave it a little squeeze.

Had Naomi’s tits been this big? This incredible? He could hardly remember fondling another set before.

“Do you like being touched like this?”

“Mmmm, love having my boobs played with... Don’t stop, please...” the barely conscious slut on his couch moaned in response.

“Repeat after me. I love it when Professor Manning plays with my boobs. He can play with them any time.”

“Mmmm, yes, love it when Professor Manning plays with my boobs,” she panted. He gave a little squeeze as she proceeded, gritting his teeth – no notion as to why – as she grunted out the second half. “He can play with them all the time.”

All the time? “Ten more times, Kira.”

By the time she hit six, he was kneeling beside the couch, one plump tit in each hand, his lips suctioned tightly around one nipple. At ten he wasn’t done, so he let her keep going. With every repetition, she was less and less cognizant of what it was she was saying. The particulars varied from one repetition to the next.

“Please play with my boobs, Professor Manning. Never stop, all the time.”

“Play with my boobs whenever you want, Professor Manning. Any time, whenever, I don’t care.”

“Frigging *love it* when Professor Manning plays with my boobs. Want more, any time, all the time.”

It was reckless, letting her rewrite the script like that, but right then, he lacked the wherewithal to stop her. At... thirty? (fifty? a hundred?) he came up for air while she squealed out another elated orgasm, and he saw the clock was running down.

“Do you think this session went well, Kira?”

When his hands left her chest, she snatched them back, pressing them into the tender flesh. “Mmmm. Yes. More like this. More. Can go long. I’ll skip evening class. Please.”

Tempting, but...

No, he couldn’t. Who knew what she’d miss in class? He certainly didn’t trust her to inform him of serious conflicts. There was probably nothing big, though. The odds of it being some huge exam she couldn’t sob her way into a retake of were remote enough that, yeah, maybe he could...

No. No! He had no plan at this point. Kira might have remained entranced through a half dozen orgasms, but that was no guarantee she would continue to do so if he pressed onwards. Where was her breaking point? If he kissed her? If he touched her pussy? If he spread her legs and fucked her right there on the same sofa he’d toyed with her hypnotized sister on so many times and in so many ways? The girl was having the time of her life – it might be kinder, in fact, to...

No. “No.” There, he said no. Why was that so hard? *That’s what she said*, he thought, rolling his eyes at her for making him think the joke. “Do you want to be able to do this again in our next session?”

“Yes.”

“All right. Now there’s a technique I’ve used with patients before. It might be more than you’re willing to do, but I’ll explain, and you can–”

“I’ll do it. Tell me what it is. I’ll do anything. Love coming here. So rewarding. So good.” She pressed down on his hands, frustrated to be merely touched and not fondled.

“Kira, do you know what the word ‘mantra’ means?”

Not long after, a newly re-clothed Kira – one who had pouted the whole time he coerced her into putting her clothes back on, imploring him not once, but twice to take another feel of her tits – was already rehearsing on her way out the door.

“I trust Professor Manning. I want to understand my sexuality, and he can help me do that. I will give his relationship advice serious consideration. For now, I will not date or hook up with anyone he doesn’t approve.” (*Or hook up with* had been her suggestion to add, in fact, though with her conscious once more at the helm, she’d also been the one to haltingly nominate *for now* to preempt it.) “I’m completely comfortable being bisexual. I’m completely comfortable with Professor Manning’s therapy techniques.”

“You got it,” he assured her as they entered the vacant waiting room together.

“And if... if some of it doesn’t feel...” Kira grimaced.

“Even if it doesn’t feel totally true right now, this will help make it true. If you want more sessions like today, this is the best way to make that happen.”

“Today was...” Her grin was irrepressible, though her cheeks were merely rosy, not crimson. “Yeah. That was good. Super weird! But good. I feel... yeah. Wow.”

“I’m glad.”

“So... yeah, see you in class Wednesday, I guess?”

“That you will.”

Kira made her way to the door. There she paused. “Did you, um... put your mouth? On, um, me? Anywhere?”

“Uh... why, why would you, ah...”

“Nothing.” She gave a vigorous head shake. *Now* she was crimson. “I mean, my... my, um, boob? It’s kinda sticky. Is all. Not that... But yeah.”

He swallowed his cough drop a good deal louder than he would have preferred. Caught red-handed, his lie would be more damning than the truth. “You didn’t give me much choice, Kira. You were... pretty aggressive.”

“Oh. Oh gosh. I’m... sorry? I didn’t go all Stacey on you or anything did I? Oh god. I’m so sorry! I—”

Seeing the bloom of panic in her eyes, he silenced her with a hug, petting her hair like he would a dog on the Fourth of July. “It’s all right, Kira. You didn’t do anything wrong. In fact, you did a lot right. Understand?”

“Yeah?” she whimpered into his shoulder.

“You did great. *We* did great. And we’ll do better next time.”

When she let him release her, it was to treat him to that adorably gap-toothed smile. “You are something else, Professor Manning. Now I’m gonna go before I wreck everything. But I’ll see you in class, yeah? You nice man, you.”

Kira stayed late after class again that Wednesday. When he asked what was up, she stammered until he was sure she'd been about to invite him to touch her again. With a blush and a mumble, she swore she forgot what she'd stayed for and sprinted from the lecture hall, pausing only to smile over her shoulder at the end of the long hallway beyond. After the following day's discussion section, she hung back to apologize for the previous day's weirdness, insisting that she had only wanted to tell him that she was saying her mantras like he'd asked. That was it, she insisted. Nothing *weird*. Nothing *slutty*. Mantras. That was all.

"Do you think Stacey will be able to, you know, *hear stuff*?" She finished in a mortified whisper. "Tomorrow, I mean. When we... When I... you know. Do *that*."

"My office is sound-proofed for your complete privacy."

"Oh. Right. Yeah, I knew that. But good. Because... I mean, yeah, if I – when I – you know, that will be... Yeah. Better."

Her shirt was unbuttoned far more than appropriate, and she was standing far too close, her chest thrust out far too invitingly. "It will be fine, Kira."

"Yeah. It will be great. I mean, I hope. Not that I, you know, spend time hoping about it. Not that I don't think it will be good! And I'm talking too fast and too loud and too much. Ugh, shut *up*, Kira!"

Martin patted her on the shoulder. He would have sworn under oath that the tit accompanying that side tried to leap out of her neckline and into his palm. "I'll see you tomorrow, Kira. And keep saying that mantra for me."

"I will!" She lingered a moment, in one last vain hope he might reach out and seize his due, but he didn't, and she finally made herself depart unfondled. Plan 2 began muttering as she walked out the door.