

Old Flames Never Die
August 2022 – Part Two

She came. Just like I knew she would.

Not that she could have backed out very well now – not without losing some major face with my colleagues and higher-ups. No, Priscilla knew exactly what she was getting into. She knew that, along with those six figures and the healthcare and the paid vacation, there was one significant concession: that she'd be attending any and all training sessions that I, her manager, see fit to give her.

And so she's come at last. I can see her down below, stepping out of that rideshare, clearly anxious to avoid being seen dropping by the apartment of her new manager. *Aww, perfect.* She'll be on edge, nervous, and flighty. She'll be under pressure to comply, and embarrassed over what I reminded her about the other night, and anxious to please while also genuinely regretful over what she did to me all those years ago...

I hear the timid knock on my door, and of course I open it: the picture of gentlemanly elegance in my business suit and tie, my embarrassing underwear hidden discreetly away beneath neatly-cut slacks. "Welcome, Priscilla," I greet her with a warm smile, bowing slightly and waving the slim brunette in. "Perfect timing! I was just thinking it was time for our little appointment. Come in, come in! My study is back here, so if you'll just follow me—"

She's *very* anxious, I can tell. But that's to be expected. I'm doing everything as planned: exuding confidence, welcoming her in, and all the while setting the tone for her unconscious obedience. I'm issuing orders, after all. *Come in. Follow me.* That was how it had to be done... or so said all the books I'd been reading up on.

You know, for the last five years.

She's barely settled into the smoothly reassuring leather seat beside my desk – scarcely had time to glance around at the cozy and reassuringly warm interior – when she begins her apology. "Um, Mister Altberg, I just wanted to say—" I cut her off with a warm smile, again in full confidence of what I'm doing. *Keep her feeling a bit off-balance.* "Call me Mark, dear," I correct with a smile, noting the tiny flush creep into her cheeks at the sound of another command from me. "Mister Altberg sounds so formal – like you're selling me insurance, or like you're a four-year-old kid. You're not either of those, are you?"

She blushes under what politeness demands she regard as nothing more than a joke, and continues hesitantly. "Um, okay? Uh, then... Mark..." She's fidgeting with the little purse she's carried in with her, and I smile inwardly. *Perfect. Oh, that will work out perfectly.* "About that night in college. I'm, you know, really sorry about... everything," she manages. "I know it wasn't right, and I wasn't thinking- It was really awful of me-"

"Shhh..." I gently interject, with all the warmth and friendliness I can muster. I rise from my seat and step around my desk to stare down into her upturned, nervously flitting eyes. *God, how is she still so beautiful?!* I feel a burst of warmth dribble out from my hardening cock as I enunciate clearly the words she needs to hear. "Hush, Priscilla. What happened, happened. The most important thing you need to think about is that you're here. Right here, right now. My employee. And starting from today, I'm going to help you learn how to deal with yourself: any guilt, any anxiety you have..."

I trail off purposely, then reach down and gently pick up the purse from her immaculate shoulder. "It's simple, Priscilla. You're going to make it all up to me. You're going to let me hypnotize you today – just like I let you hypnotize me all those years ago. And you're going to allow me... not only because I'm your boss now, but because I know just how guilty you feel, deep down inside, about what you did to me."

She blinks in red-cheeked confusion, frozen in her seat. "I- I- but- but Mark, this... Hypnosis- it's silly..." "Oh, it's silly, is it?" I smile gently, and now the little purse is swaying seductively back and forth before her eyes, dangling under my complete control. "Of course it's silly. It's silly that you did what you did to me in front of everyone back then in college. It's so silly that your boss needs to deal with you like this. It's so very silly that a little purse like this will make you go... under." Her eyes are darting nervously now, attracted to the swaying purse and then flitting away in clear anxiety. But of course I don't stop. "And it's so very, *very* silly that you don't even know what I've already begun to do to you. Because, Priscilla... I'll tell you the truth. You've been hypnotized practically ever since you walked in my door an hour ago."

She's pale now, about to rise from her seat in confused panic. "Wha-? No- no, that's impossible! What are you talking about? I- we, we just came in here five minutes ago-" *Perfect – the gaslighting is working! And that's why you don't have a clock in your office.* "Oh, you poor dear," I sympathize smoothly, internally relishing the look of panicked confusion welling in her eyes. "You really did go under, didn't you? I suppose you don't remember me ordering you to come in... commanding you to follow me... making you stare at your pretty little purse until you fell completely into trance..."

"Exactly like you're going to do again." I'm placing my hand on her shoulder, staring deep into her wondering and frankly terrified eyes. "Shh... it's okay. You've done this already, dear. You clearly enjoyed it. And so we both know you're going to go under again. You already have. You simply... can't... help... it."

The human mind is a wonderful thing. Fear and surprise may be counterproductive for hypnosis, sure. But there's nothing quite so persuasive to the mind as the idea that they can do something because they've already done it once before. Down goes that barrier of impossibility. Open go their defenses. And before you know it... well, the mind is slipping down into trance for real.

Because it knows it can.

By the time I finally cease swinging the purse gently before my new employee's now-glassy eyes, she's deep under: unusually deep for the first time. Rigid posture. Mechanical movements. A neutral expression, parted lips, and gentle breathing. She's mine now. All mine. And so very, very ready for her training.

"Well, then, Priscilla," I begin, and I feel another jet of excited warmth spurt out into my concealed padding. "I have some special new things for you to learn today. You're going to listen, and you're going to obey, like the good, obedient employee you know you are. And you're going to love everything I teach you... so very much..."

To be concluded!