

Erin was lying in bed with her laptop on her knees. The YouTube page she was looking at had exactly thirteen views, no ratings, and about the silliest title she had ever seen. "Hypnotize yourself - bracket - one day TOTAL obedience - exclamation point, exclamation point, bracket," she read aloud to her boyfriend, who was standing over her, smiling like an asshole. He was a big bad wolf and she was just a little lizard, but she liked him well enough. Erin thought he was a pretty nice guy and that they made a pretty good couple. Little did she know that he knew this thing worked way better than it looked like it did. "Ken, this is dumb. And -" she scrolled over the vid - "Twenty three minutes? That's way too long to ham this up as a dumb joke." Sweet little lizard she was, she added, "I mean, what's in it for me, huh?"

Ken rolled his eyes, as if not wanting to spend twenty something minutes on a video with a spiral for a thumbnail was ridiculous. "C'mon, babe! You know this is, like, my other thing." His *other* other thing was feet, but they'd been over that ground so often that it hardly even felt like a "thing." Feet were pretty accessible, and Erin didn't mind sticking them on him and letting him squeeze them sometimes. Hypnosis was something more distant, something she thought he just jerked off to in porn.

"Yeah. So what's in it for *me* if I watch it?"

Ken sighed. He knew that this would be a hard bargain to drive, moreso if he made the first offer. "Well, what do you want?"

Erin drummed her thighs, left exposed by her short sleepshorts, with her fingers, thinking. "Well, I dunno, you probably think this thing's gonna make me a slave, right? How about if I watch it, *you'll be my* slave for a week? I'll make you wear a cute doggy collar and do whatever I tell you." She giggled. "As long as I'm, y'know, in a state to enforce it, or whatever." Not that she believed it was gonna work, but the prospect of losing control didn't sound too bad, actually. If Ken wanted to do terrible things to her, he'd had his chances, and he'd proven himself trustworthy enough. If anything, she figured he'd just make her let him rub her feet or something.

"One week, if you watch the whole thing? Done!" Erin was a little nonplussed that he'd gone into it so confidently despite the terms, but the stuff did give him a boner - of course he *wanted* to believe in it. "Now, fullscreen it and put these in," he said, holding earbuds out to her. She looked at him, shrugged, and popped them into her ears under her frills. When she clicked play, the big spiral on the screen started to spin.

Ken couldn't wipe the smile off his face at all. He'd watched the video a couple nights before on his phone, after Erin had gone to sleep, because he'd seen it posted on a little hypnosis fetish forum he liked to read and a couple regulars were vouching for it and he was curious. He'd woken up the next morning just barely remembering having pushed play on it. At first, he'd figured he'd just fallen asleep listening to it. The reality that he might've screwed himself sunk in when Erin had told him to go get her a glass of water. He probably wouldn't have refused

normally, but that time was different - his brain had just sort of shut down for a moment, and then he was standing next to the bed, and Erin was drinking from a cup she hadn't been holding.

He'd spent the rest of the day at work carefully avoiding everyone while trying not to let the thought of what was going on give him an enormous boner, and he'd spent all night interrupting Erin whenever he thought she was about to demand something from him. That had definitely been more annoying than he liked to be, but it was all paying off now.

After just a few minutes of slowly relaxing, Erin already looked a million miles away. The pupils in her half-lidded eyes were huge, her hands laid limply on the bedsheet, and best of all, it looked like she was lazily mouthing along to something. Her lips were hardly even moving, so he couldn't tell what, but it did look like the video had her repeating something. Ken had a huge, huge boner. He took his pants off. This was definitely not a time for pants. Watching her fall into mindlessness, he started to jerk himself off. He almost wanted to squeeze her foot with the other hand while he did, but he wasn't sure if that'd interrupt the video.

When Erin did wake up a bit later, it was to a foot rub, after all. "Nnnnuh?" She groaned and stretched, spreading her toes in Ken's hand. "I was..."

"Out like a light, before you could even tell me how stupid it was!" Ken interjected. Erin didn't like the smug look on his face. That didn't mean anything, though - maybe it put her to sleep, but it couldn't make her do anything. That would be absurd. "Erin, say the alphabet backwards."

Erin felt her eyes unfocus for a second, and everything went blurry... But then it went away, and she was back to normal. Ken was still grinning, still looking like a total asshole. "No, why would I do that?" Erin said.

"I dunno, you tell me!" Ken squeezed her sole with his thumb. "Erin, put your other foot in front of my face, please."

Erin's eyes did that thing again, but this time, when they re-focused, Ken's tongue was sliding over the bottom of her foot, making her toes curl. "Hey! Gross!" She put her foot down on the comforter and rubbed it dry on that. "Don't go... Lickin' that."

"Well, don't stick it in my face!"

"I didn't! You just grabbed it!" Erin crossed her arms and gave her boyfriend a hot glare. Why was he being this way? This was all very silly.

Ken giggled. "Erin, get off the bed and stand at attention until I tell you to relax!" Suddenly, nothing felt silly to her. Nothing felt anything, actually. He watched her eyes go all wide and dopey again as the expression she'd had on dropped off her face. Her foot raised almost

mechanically out of his hand, and she pushed herself up. She stood with her arms stiff at her sides, staring at a wall. The innocence of Ken's mirthful reaction was totally betrayed by his still-raging erection.

"Erinnn," he called, waving a hand in front of her face. "Anyone hooome?" No response from her. "Erinnn, listen carefully! Any time I ask you if you want a foot massage, you're going to find the quickest way to get your feet into my hands that you possibly can. Foot rubs make you as horny as you know they make me. The more I rub them, the more you want to touch yourself. If I tell you to spread your toes, it'll make you *really* horny. If I tell you to curl your toes, it'll make you orgasm! Isn't that fun, Erin? Nod your head."

Erin nodded, though she was too tranced-out to realize she was doing it. Well, at least she hadn't been wrong, apparently. "Erin, go to the living room, sit on the couch, and wait for me there, okay? You just took a nap and had a really weird dream. Oh, and take your shirt off."

When Erin opened her eyes, Ken was sitting next to her on the couch. She'd dreamed... Something. Her face twisted a little with confusion as she tried to remember how she'd gotten there. "Kennee?"

Ken looked away from the TV. "Yeah? What's up?"

Erin rubbed her temples. "Ken, did you have me watch... Some kinda video?"

He nodded nonchalantly. "Yeah. Were you napping in here with your shirt off?"

Erin looked down. The baggy shirt she'd been wearing was nowhere to be seen. "I... Yeah. I was hot?" She tried and failed to remember taking her shirt off, or sitting on the couch. "Ken, did that video mess with my head, or somethin'?"

Again, Ken just nodded. "Yeah. Hey, you look a little out of it; do you want a foot massage?"

All the confusion that had been threatening to make her upset melted away. Before she even knew what she was doing, she'd thrown herself onto her side, curling up with her feet in Ken's lap. "Yes, please."

His finger brushed along her sole, and she mewled like a cat. She didn't even know where that had come from. He did it again, and she did it again. "D-don't just mess with 'em, squeeze 'em and stuff," she said, hiding her blush in the fold of her elbow. Ken obliged. All at once his hands went to work, thumbs gently squeezing between the bones on top of her feet, fingers caressing her soles, then sliding down and lightly tugging at her toes and playing with them a little before starting the motion again.

Erin coughed to disguise a moan. Unfortunately, the position she was lying in left Ken with a pretty clear view between her legs, and a minute or so of rhythmic squeezing later and her shorts were visibly damp. Ken eyed them. "Did you always like footrubs this much?"

Her foot squeezed back a little into his hand. "No," she admitted, her voice muffled a little by the arm she still had over her face. "Did that video make me..."

"Yeah. I want to try rubbing a different way. Could you spread your toes?" Erin instantly obliged, and just a second later Ken heard a *very* distinct moan. "Isn't hypnosis fun?" She nodded, her frills around her head shaking, and then she squirmed a little, squeezing her thighs together. "Now let them relax... And then spread your toes again." A little spasm made her twitch all over as she did. "Relax... And spread, again. Relax... And spread."

Every squeeze of his thumb made her pant and make strained squeaks as though it had been a thrust of a cock inside her. "Relax... And spread. Relax... Annnnnnd... Spread your toes."

Erin had trouble speaking between such sharp inhales. "Ssssstop- ah, stop fuckin' giggling! Nnnnn- Ah!" She couldn't help herself - she put her hand into her pants and started to rub her own clit. She could cum - she knew; she didn't know how she could cum already from this, but she could feel a tingling inside her belly, begging for release. But there was something she was waiting on, something... Something frustratingly out of reach. It was like spreading, but...

"Nnnnow, Erin, get ready, aaaaand... Curl your toes, nice and hard." That was it, she knew, even as she did it. That was what she had been waiting on. It all exploded out of her as her toes curled around his fingers, and she let out a sound that was low in her throat. Her tail hugged the couch hard, and she gripped the armrest so hard with her free hand that she nearly tore a hole. When it was done, she was left panting and sweating, pulling her soaked fingers out from her shorts.

"That wasss..." Her hand dropped off the side of the couch, dripping a little onto the floor. "Cool."

"Want another, uhm, you-know-what?" Ken squeezed her foot, hinting. "I'd say it, but..."

Erin waved dismissively. "Yeah, yeah, I think I get the point. You made me like the foot thing, too." She relaxed for a bit, still breathing hard, then pointed a slightly-shaking finger at him. "You're still my slave for a week, y'know. Gonna... Make you wear a collar, 'n, buy me shit, 'n... Stuff."

Ken giggled. "Should I make you forget about that bet?"

"That'd be rude."

He pulled a foot up to his face and kissed the top of it. "You're right, then, *mistress*. But if you take me to one of the *really* expensive places, I'm gonna ask the magic question and make you take your shoes off."

Erin shook her head. "Weirdo." She yawned. "Hey, make me fall asleep. I'm tired. You can keep messin' with my feet or whatever, perv." Hardly-secretly, she relished the thought, wondering what it would do to her dreams, but she couldn't just go asking for it straight up.

"Maybe I will. Erin, you should fall into a nice, deep sleep, right now."

Her face went silly again, and it was morning before she even knew it.