

Plink was getting ready to press the button on the slot machine again when a woman sat at the machine next to him. He looked at her apologetically. "Oh, excuse me, my girlfriend is sitting there, and she'll be back from the restroom in just a minute."

Millie looked back at him. "Your girlfriend?" She smiled. "Oh, it's alright, dear, I work here." She put a coin of her own into the machine.

Plink blinked and looked back at his own machine. That hadn't made any sense. He opened his mouth to say something, but decided that she was just crazy and that he and Mawl would be better off just finding somewhere else to play. He was just about to get up to go meet her outside the bathrooms when Mawl showed up behind him, though.

"Hey!," she said, looking at the woman who'd taken her seat. "You're the, uh... You were just doing a show here!"

Plink frowned, and Millie looked back at Mawl with her eyebrows raised. "Oh? You saw?"

Mawl looked at Plink. "Uh, yeah? She's the..." She searched again for the word until it reluctantly snapped into her brain. "The hypnotist! That's what it was."

Plink thought about it for a moment. "Mawl, uh... What are you talking about?"

Holding her hands out at Millie with exasperation, she said, "Her!" Millie just smiled and gave her own machine another spin. "Don't you remember? We were talking about it!"

Millie chimed in. "Ooh, what were you saying?"

Mawl faltered. "I... Well, we saw you doing your show and I said something to Plink about it!"

"I don't think, uh, any of this happened," Plink said.

"Well, she's right. I was doing a show and I *am* a hypnotist." She looked away from her machine to Plink. "The name Millie's not ringing any bells? Did I not catch your eye? That's supposed to be my job, you know." Plink was about to try and drag Mawl away from this lady - they could figure out what Mawl had thought she'd watched her do later - when Millie stood up. "Well, if you didn't see my last act, how about I make it up to you with a private performance?"

Plink and Mawl looked at one another. Plink shrugged. "I'm already down, like, twice as much as I meant to waste here tonight. Want to?"

"Uhh..." Mawl looked at Millie. "I mean... I guess?" She frowns. "You didn't already hypnotize me or somethin', did you?"

“Oh, of course not! That’d just be cheating. *I’ve* not hypnotized you. Not even a little bit!”

Hypnotism had become so commonplace in entertainment over the past couple years that Mawl was more than passingly familiar with its effects. Even still, she wasn’t quite sure about it. “Well...” She sighed. “Oh, whatever. I’ll watch your thing, but only since Plink wants to!”

“Well,” Millie said, “I was actually thinking that Plink would be the one watching. After all, he missed the last show, it seems.”

“Ha!” Plink grinned at her. “Now I *really* wanna do it.”

Mawl leaned her head back and groaned. Millie wasted no time. “Well then, let’s get started! I’ll not take too much of your time, miss, I promise.” She was a few inches taller than Mawl, and when she stood up, she looked down on her. “Mind if I touch you?”

“Can’t you just, like swing a watch or somethin’?” Mawl crossed her arms.

“Yeah, but that’s not as fun!”

“Whatever, just get it over with already!”

Plink giggled as Millie stepped in and raised her hands to the sides of Mawl’s head, putting her thumbs on her temples. Mawl always looked pretty funny when she got hypnotized. Plus, he knew that she liked it probably more than anyone else. She’d liked it before the whole fad had started a couple years ago. He decided to tease her a little. “Don’t let her fool you; Mawl’s a big fan of this stuff!”

Mawl turned and glared at him, but Millie didn’t even look away from Mawl. “Quiet please, mister Plink. We’ll both need our full concentration for this! Now, Mawl, is it? Please take a look in my eyes, miss.” Begrudgingly, Mawl complied, and Millie’s thumbs started to rub her temples in a slow, gentle fashion. Mawl could feel the heat from her palms radiating across her eyes, and it had her feeling comfortable enough to drop her arms to her sides before Millie even started talking.

“Now, Mawl,” Millie said, “You’re familiar with being mesmerized, hmm?”

“Y- you don’t know anything about that,” Mawl said, still looking up into Millie’s eyes. They were spacious, wide-irised with plenty to look into.

“Of course. Anyhow,” Millie said, still rubbing her thumbs in a slow circle, pressing just enough to make Mawl feel loose and relaxed, “You already know how to imagine your way into a trance, I think, so I’m just going to open up a path for you.” Mawl could swear there was something going on with her eyes, and it certainly didn’t suddenly make her want to look away.

“Open up a path,” Millie continued, still rubbing one little circle after another into her head, “And remind you of all the things you feel when you walk it. And I know you're already going to fade out pretty soon here now just listening to me and looking in my eyes, especially my eyes, so I'm going to drop all the eloquence, now. Sleepy, sleepy, warm... happy, smiling, sleepy, warm and sleepier still...”

Plink saw Mawl wobble on her feet and her eyes drooped, and he knew what that meant. Millie was speaking faster, with an intent look in her eye like she was waiting for something - “Hazy comfy simple and happy cuddly and hypnotized my eyes and going so sleepy sinking sleep, sleeping...” Something Millie had said in there sounded strange to Plink, like he'd heard it before, but he had little time to dwell on it. Millie folded her fingers in and brushed them over Mawl's eyes, and when they were passed, Mawl's eyes began to roll up and then fluttered shut.

At that point, she might have been a puppet in Millie's hands, asleep on her feet as she was. Millie pulled on Mawl's shoulders, and Mawl's forehead flopped forward on to Millie's chest. She murmured some more “Deeper and deeper” sorts of lines into Mawl's ear, but Plink couldn't hear exactly what she was saying. “So, Plink,” Millie said, stroking the top of Mawl's head as she looked at him, “Ring any bells about what Mawl said she saw?”

Plink grinned sheepishly. “Uh, no! I guess I just wasn't paying attention. I mean, you're definitely a hypnotist!”

“Right you are! Mawl, stand up on your own, please.” Right away, Mawl straightened up, taking her weight off Millie. “No, silly. You're asleep! Stand like a sleepwalker, dear. Arms up and out, please.” Mawl's arms drifted up in front of her, hands dangling limply from her wrists. “That's a good girl.” A sleepy smile touched Mawl's face. “Well, Plink, doesn't she look happy?” He had to nod in agreement. “Want your turn now, or should I wait for later?”

Plink looked from Mawl's softly blissful face to Millie and back again. “Uhh, well, I mean... If you do me, who's going to watch us?” All around them were people ignoring them. They'd seen it all before, Plink figured, and besides, they all looked very focused on the slot machines.

“Well, I'm here for the enjoyment of our guests. If our guests enjoy being hypnotized and just playing along without a care in the world...” Millie put a finger under Mawl's chin, lifted it slightly off her chest, and then let it drop back down. “That's enough for me!”

“Mmn.” Plink squeezed his legs together. “Mind if I watch her for a bit, first?”

“Watch her what?”

“Wh-...” Plink blinked. “I don't know. Don't you have things in mind?”

“Oh, of course!” Millie took Mawl's outstretched hand and led her stumbling forward a couple steps towards the stool Plink was sitting on. “But I’m more interested in what’s on your mind. That’s part of my job, you know, is finding out what’s on your mind, so I know *just* how to take it all away.” She gave Mawl a couple gentle pats on her shoulder, which was nearly enough to send the entranced girl falling to the floor.

“Uhh... Well,” Plink started, but he realized that he couldn’t ask to see anything too lascivious. Most people in the country were at least used to seeing kinky hypnosis stuff, by that point, but that didn’t mean people wouldn’t give you dirty looks if you started something like that in the wrong place. Surrounded by strangers minding their own business, Plink didn’t feel like it was the right place, and he froze up. Eager then to just get things over with so he and Mawl could go bang in the back seat of the car, he said, “Uh, make her, I dunno, cluck like a chicken.”

“A chicken?” Millie smirked. “A fan of the classics, then. Well, your wish is my command. Mawl,” she said, her voice suddenly firm, “Open your eyes and look into mine. Now.” Mawl blinked, bleary-eyed, and before she was even back to her senses in the first place Millie’s thumbs were back on her temples. They rubbed small circles again as Millie instructed her tired brain. “You are no longer a cat. You are a chicken, a simple farm chicken with nothing in her brain but corn and eggs. Wrists on your hips, elbows out.”

Slack-jawed, Mawl was slow to comply, and rather than wait Millie took her arms and pushed them into position for her. It was a fast motion, and her thumbs quickly returned to Mawl’s temples, rubbing once more. “Chin forward. Flap your wings; scratch the ground.” Mawl’s eyes stayed rolled up to look into Millie’s as her chin jutted out, bringing a slouch to her back. Her right foot slowly dragged backwards on the ground and kicked a little, and her arms gave a couple little flaps. “Cluck.” Mawl made a sound like swallowing and clicking her tongue at the same time. Satisfied, Millie released her head and turned back to Plink, smiling. “Like that?,” she said, all the sternness gone from her bubbly voice.

Wide-eyed himself, Plink watched as Mawl’s eyelids slowly drooped down to half-lidded, as her head turned down to the carpeted floor in a lazy search for corn. Seeing someone drill something so positively *stupid* like that into his girlfriend’s head - and her soaking it all up like a sponge - had pushed some funny buttons for him. “Uhm... Yeah, that’s pretty good.”

“Unfortunately, though, I think messing up her mind any further is a little pointless, now.” Mawl, thoughtless, had turned away, and had wandered off a few paces, still idly pawing at the ground with her feet, clucking now and again. “I mean, that’s basically as far a cry from herself as I can get her. I could bring her back,” Millie said, “Or I could bring you under, and make you feel as nice as I-know-you-know she feels now.”

“What, uh...” Plink watched Mawl nearly bump into someone at a slot machine down the row who either didn’t notice or care that a lady was making some ridiculous scene behind him.

“What would you have me do?”

“Well, knowing that you’re a fan of such absolute *classics* as this,” Millie said, gesturing at Mawl, who’d taken to bobbing her head around, really getting into the whole strutting thing, “I’m sure I could figure out something. Nothing you won’t like. Shake on it?”

Her hand stuck out towards him, and Plink, still sitting on the stool at his machine, moved to take it before he really thought about it. “Wait, uh, actually...”

Millie took his hand before it could twitch away. “Deal!” Immediately, her hand was shaking his with a surprising firmness. “Come on, Plink. Look me in the eyes and tell me you don’t remember seeing my show earlier.” Frozen with awkward indecision, Plink was letting his whole arm be shaken by her hand, and his eyes met hers. She was smiling, pleased that he couldn’t even form a response. “Oh dear,” she said. “You fall even faster than your girlfriend, and I’ll have you know she fell very fast.”

“I’m not falling,” Plink said, though his arm was limp from shoulder to wrist, and he was finding it strangely hard to focus his eyes on hers.

“How silly!” Millie giggled. “Doesn’t even know he’s hypnotized by my eyes.”

“I’m not,” Plink thought he said, but what came out was a breathy whine. His eyebrows were raised high and his eyes were wide open.

“Warm and heavy,” Millie intoned sweetly. “Drifting, sinking, sleeping, sleeping, deep asleep now.” She tugged his arm hard enough that his shoulder nearly popped, and his lights were out. Millie chuckled. “Oh jeez, maybe I should have started with you. You went down hard.”

Millie helped Plink up to his feet, gently encouraging him to stand on his own, then went to retrieve Mawl, who was perilously close to pecking someone's shoulder with a kiss. “Mawl, dear,” Millie said, taking her by one of her folded arms, “look here.” She snapped her fingers a couple times to get her attention. “Forget everything and sleep. Now.” Millie had to catch her as she fell. “Tsk!” Millie admonished her. “You sleepwalk, Mawl. Remember that. When I tell you to sleep, you put your arms up- there you go, good girl.”

Millie took Mawl's hand and brought her back to Plink. “You too, Plink. Sleepwalking with your girlfriend. How romantic! Arms up and out, now. Stiff as a board.” She tapped Plink’s forearm a couple times to test it, and it was rigid. “Good boy. Now, I need both of you to follow me, and because I don’t want you running into anyone, I’m going to let you sleep with your eyes open, just this once. C’mon, open them.” A snore caught in Mawl's throat as her eyelids popped open. “Good. Now, follow.”

Millie knew the slots kept peoples' brains a little too muddled to care about a little hypnotic fun, and they rarely ever bothered her. So she paraded her two catches around the aisles of slot machines, leading the sleepwalking couple to a private room in the back.

"And now watch," Mawl heard someone announce, "as she wakes up, and finds herself totally unable to lift a foot from the floor!"

"The fuck?" Mawl rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand. Bright lights were on her, and she was looking out over a crowd. She looked down and found herself dressed in a black-and-silver leotard that pressed tight and smooth against her fur. "Oh, if this was that fuckin' rabbit I'm gonna..."

"Assistant!" There was a figure with his back to her on stage, dressed in a coat with a black tail. He had been turned to face the audience, but now he turned on his heel to face her. Despite the corny masquerade mask he had on and the weird affectation he was doing with his voice, it was obvious to Mawl that it was Plink. "Might you be looking for these?" He raised a hand, holding in it the jeans and shirt she'd been wearing before all of this started.

"Plink! Gimme those!" Mawl reached her hands out.

"Ah-ah! I am the Incredible Mysterio, and you'll do well to call me that!"

"Plink, you... Grr..." Mawl struggled to pull her foot from the floor, but it was like her soles were covered in superglue. "Snap outta this and help unstick me!"

"It is not I who needs to snap out of anything, assistant!" He dropped her clothes - all of them except for a pair of panties, white with a pink heart on the back. "Perhaps these will get you moving!"

"Those are for you to see! Not everyone out- Grrrrr!" Furrowing her brow, she tried with all her might to take a step forward and slap her delusional boyfriend. Her foot stayed put, though, and Plink stayed just out of arm's reach.

"See how desperately she fights, but no will is too strong for me! The Incredible Mysterio!" He took a bow, and did not seem bothered by the fact that nobody in the crowd was really watching.

"Plink, that rabbit did this to you! You gotta remember; you aren't really some weirdo hypnotist!"

Plink frowned at her. "My assistant is too talkative this evening." He pulled a wand out of a long pocket that ran down the leg of his slacks. "Watch now, as I seal off her mind with a wave of

this! When my wand passes before your eyes, assistant, you will fall into a short sleep, and when you wake, you will find yourself unable to move a muscle - not even your lips to speak!"

"Plink, you're not a wizard, you can't-" His wand arced up and waved past her face. Mawl stiffened like she had been struck on the nose, and then her eyes rolled up. She could no more keep their lids from fluttering shut than she could lift her feet from the ground.

When she opened her eyes, Plink was standing before her, holding her chin up in his outstretched hand. Her arms were at her sides, palms pressed flat against her bare thighs. Distressingly, she couldn't tear herself away from her rigid position.

"...And totally powerless to resist!," Plink announced, finishing whatever speech he'd been giving. Mawl tried to plead with him more, but she could barely even make muffled sounds through her sealed lips. Suddenly, Plink's hands were clapping in front of her face. She was startled, but even so, she couldn't even flinch away.

Satisfied with himself, Plink added the finishing touch to the display. He pulled the panties down over her head, stuffing her ears through the legholes and covering her eyes. There were a lot of angry muffled noises, but Plink didn't care. Even his assistant's tail was pressed stiff-straight up behind her - she couldn't do a thing about it. She did look nice standing like that in that tight outfit, even if she was scowling and wearing underwear on her head.

"Right now, I'm sure my lovely assistant would love to wring my neck!" Plink circled around behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. "But as you can see, I have complete control of her mind, for the Incredible Mysterio has control of any mind he desires!" Lowering his voice, he spoke into her ear. "When I stroke your left shoulder with my fingers, like this, your body will release, and you will collapse into a deep sleep."

Mawl wanted to kick him in the nuts, but she'd stopped her attempts to squirm free and resigned herself to silent fuming. At least she couldn't see the audience through the underwear over her eyes. "And when I stroke your right shoulder, like thiiiiis," Plink continued, "You will feel an intense desire to masturbate. To masturbate and think of me - Mysssssterio." Mawl hoped she would shrivel up and die instead.

"And now watch, ladies and gentlemen! I will put my assistant so deep under my spell that she will not be able to even stand on her own, let alone resist a single word from me!" Mawl couldn't see him approach, but she felt him touch her back.

But when the touch to her shoulder came, it did not send her to sleep. He touched her right shoulder, and for a moment, Mawl's desire nearly overpowered his command to remain still. Her body jerked just once, pressing against him, and then she was practically squirming inside herself, too hot to think. Then, a brush of fingers on her left shoulder sent that all sliding away

into the distance as her arms suddenly unlatched themselves from her sides, the muscles of her legs and back going limp as she fell asleep against him.

Plink took the panties off her head, took her beneath the armpits and dragged her backwards with him, her feet sliding along the floor, towards a chair. He sat down in it and brought her down with him, having her sit on his right thigh. Her head fell back against his shoulder, her mouth lazily coming open.

“Now, despite all the proof, you have heard how my assistant believes me to be someone else!” Plink reached a hand up and stroked her left shoulder a few times. Mawl quietly groaned as her brain swam deeper and deeper into sleep. “But now, watch as I make her so turned on that she cannot help but believe in my powers, all with a simple, innocuous touch!” He's stopped touching her left shoulder, and had started on her right one as he'd spoke. Quietly, he said, “Wake now, assistant!”

When Mawl did - it took a moment, to come up from such depths - he'd already activated the trigger on her shoulder a dozen times over. Any hope of taking the opportunity to escape was discarded from her brain to make room for images of her touching herself, pulling her breasts out of her uniform and sliding the crotch of the leotard to the side to slip her fingers up there and stop the insatiable tingling in her belly by cumming her brains out all over his thigh, all for him, yelling out the name of her master, the Incredible...

Mawl blinked as Plink caught her hand. She'd zoned out and given in before her body had even had a chance to get into gear, but her hand had been on its way between her thighs. “Ah-ah, assistant! Are you sure you want to do that?”

Mawl opened her mouth to try to remind him who he was again, to beg for him to wake up and let her go, but what came out instead was a whine as her other hand squeezed her chest through her uniform. “Please,” was all she could manage.

Plink gave her right shoulder another touch, and a jolt ran through her body that made her jerk back and shiver against him. He wrapped his other hand around her belly. “Is your desire for the Incredible Mysterio so great that you can't stop yourself, even on this stage?”

“Maybe,” she whispered, rolling her hard nipple between her fingers. “But... I gotta...”

Plink silenced the thought with another touch. A needy moan took its place. “Can you deny now that the Incredible Mysterio is-”

“S-shut up,” Mawl whispered, her wrist squirming in his grip, trying to get her hand free. While she clearly wanted to rub herself, she seemed unable to let go of her chest with the other hand.

“How did I wind up with such a feisty assistant?” He let go of her belly to grab his wand, and she started to rub herself against his thigh.

“I’m not- I’m your,” she gasped for breath, “Your girlfriend... Ah! And people are... You’re making people watch, and...”

“Poor, confused assistant,” Plink said, undeterred. “I feel like I should be doing more of the talking.” He tapped her thigh with his wand. “When I touch your head with my wand, I’ll cast a spell that will take all the words from your mind and your mouth, and leave you with nothing to say but the mewling of the kitten you are!”

“Plink, when I... When I get out of this,” she said breathlessly, “I am going to... Fuckin’... You’re gonna...” Plink was tapping the wand on her head, bouncing it between her ears. “You’ll... I’ll!” Mawl blinked. “Me? You... *Rrowl?*” Mawl gasped and shook her head. “No, nono, I can tah... Talllllk? Gotta fo... Fooocus!”

Plink shut her up. “Ten time faster, losing your words, feeling so hard to speak, so easy to just make simple sounds.” He tapped her head. “Simple kitten, assistant!”

“Nuh! N- Nnnn... *Rrrr...*” Her words turned into a rumble.

“Oh? Is my assistant purring?”

“*Nrr...*” Despite her bared fangs, Mawl absolutely was.

“Excellent! Now, there can be no debate from her - she is completely under the power of the Incredible Mysterio! And I will reward even such unwilling obedience!” He released her hand, and started drawing circles on her shoulder. “She can do as she likes...” And Mawl already was doing it, fingering herself and making all kinds of noises, squirming against Plink’s thigh. “But only for ten seconds!”

Mawl wanted to beg for more time, but she couldn’t even find the words in her own head. She felt distressed, pushed for time - she was so close, so, so close - and if she didn’t get it, she’d have embarrassed herself for nothing, not even release. But none of that seemed to matter to Plink, who was whispering the countdown into her ear - “Three, two, one,” and then clapping his hand over her eyes. She heard him say, “Stop now, relax, fall into a peaceful place where you’re floating relaxing happy bubbles hearts sleeping honey sticky fun...”

He’d not really said all that. He’d just touched her left shoulder and said the first bit, and her brain had taken his voice and run off the rails with it as her vocabulary was uncaged once more. But either way, it made her smile as she slept, her fingers still inside herself. She vaguely felt herself being moved, her uniform smoothed out, but she was too busy listening to the nice voice say all the sweet words to pay it any mind.

Plink stood up with Mawl and helped her sit down in the chair. "For this next demonstration," he said, "My assistant will find herself entirely unable to look away from my eyes. The longer she looks at them, the emptier her head will become until she is totally blank! And, because the depth of my control over her mind is so great, she will be worried that she will never get that brainpower that she's losing back - until she can no longer worry about anything at all, that is!" Getting on one knee so they were at eye level and facing Mawl, he snapped his fingers. "Awaken now, assistant!"

Plink wore a wide grin as he watched his assistant wake up, yawning. "Mmh... Where am..." She blinked and looked around, but her eyes quickly met Plink's, and when they did, they stuck there. Confusion remained dominant on her face for a long moment, but slowly her brow furrowed, and a gentle, worried frown came onto it. "I... I can't look away..."

"Yes! You are trapped in the gaze of the Incredible Mysterio!"

"P-Plink," she whined demurely, "Don't... I'm your girlfriend, don't... Don't you know who I really am?"

Plink frowned, trying really hard to keep himself from remembering something. "I know..." He thought of all the things he knew. He was Mysterio, the most powerful hypnotist in the world. And he'd come here with his assistant to demonstrate that. But... Where was 'here?' And he'd met her... Where had he met her? How long had they been doing this?

His thinking was interrupted by Mawl moaning in her seat. "Pliink... You're makin' me dumberrrrr... Can't even... Nng, talk good..."

Plink snapped back to his senses. There was no time to concern himself with anything but the show he was putting on. "Yes, Mmmmm... My assistant!" Mawl groaned, realizing he really wasn't going to let her out of this. She saw it in his eyes - and she could see nothing but his eyes. "Try as you might, you cannot keep your thoughts from flowing out into my eyes before you even get a chance to have them!"

Mawl was gripping the sides of her seat, but soon, her fingers started to relax until her hands were falling away from it. "Nnh... Don't make me..." Her face was going soft, her lips parting. "Blank," she breathed, and then she was silent.

It was at just the moment that she said that when Plink's dick actually popped a hole into the crotch of his underwear. He loved the control he had over his assistant, and the look on her face - or, rather, the lack of *anything* on her face, any sort of even vague recognition there being gone - was too much to handle. "Aaaaaaand, uh, now..."

Mawl's eyes followed his as Plink stood up. His words were all fuzzy in her ears, and she couldn't make out what he was saying. Her gaze stayed locked with his as she slid forward out

of her chair onto her knees, and as her hand slowly reached up and palmed along his thigh, then his belly, then down - it wrapped around something, and the fuzz in her ears suddenly started making her feel fuzzy and tingly. She opened her mouth and took something inside of it, and she kept getting happier and happier as she let the fuzzy sound in her ears guide her movements, her jaw and tongue and lips lazily making a warm wet path down her relaxed throat while she gently rocked back and forth.

Plink grabbed her head and ripped it off of his cock, grabbed his swelling knot with his other hand and gasped out "cuh-umming!" He blew a big nut all over Mawl's stupified, smiling face, and she just stared up at him with wide, innocent eyes as he made a mess of her nose and lips and her forehead. It was a wonder that he didn't blast some into her eye - panting, he reached down to wipe her brow with a finger, keeping some from running onto her eyelid. Mawl just knelt there, her hands on the floor between her knees, her tail lying limp on the ground.

"Ah... Uh... As I was saying," Plink started, but he was interrupted.

"Yes, that's all of the show for tonight!" A white rabbit woman Plink could only half-remember walked up onto the stage.

"Who..." Plink scowled. "You! Off my stage! I'll call for more assistants when I need them!"

Millie laughed. "Oh, *Mysterio*," she teased, walking up to him and standing just in front of him.

"You must be looking to give me your mind, coming to me like this!" Plink's pants were still around his ankles, and some post-orgasm cum was still dripping down onto them. "Very well!" He leaned forward, staring into her eyes. "Look into my eyes, and give yourself to their power!"

"While you put on a *wonderful* show," Millie said, staring right back at him, "I think it's time for you to *remember*."

At the word, Plink's whole expression changed. "I..." He blinked, then looked around the stage, at Mawl, covered in cum, out at the audience, at his strange outfit and at his pants down on the floor beneath him. "How did I..."

"Remember," Millie repeated, gently but firmly taking his chin and pulling his face back to look at her own. "What do my eyes do to you?"

"Hyp... No... Tize," Plink droned.

"Good boy. Drop." Millie caught Plink as he fell against her, stroking his hair and whispering into his ear.

Mawl walked up behind Plink, who was sitting on the couch watching the television. She quietly leaned down and reached over his shoulder, squeezing his crotch through his pants. "Ah!" Plink feigned surprise. "That's still sensitive, you know."

"Aw." Mawl hopped over the couch and sat down on the other side, putting her feet up on his thigh. "Are you sure he can't go again?"

"What?" Plink rolled his eyes. "I just got out of the shower, and that was the second shower this morning, because we did it *again* after the *first* shower. What's gotten into you?"

"Oh, I dunno," Mawl said, bouncing her foot gently and grinning. "I guess... Something's got my imagination running. How much did you win at the casino, again?"

Plink frowned. "What?" He looked at her, confused. "The last time we went to the casino was... I don't even know how long ago." Mawl giggled. She raised a foot and poked his cheek with her toes, and he pushed it away. "C'mon, what's going on?"

Mawl had her eyes on the television. "You come on! Don't you want to *play with your assistant?*"

She didn't watch Plink's expression change - she didn't need to see it. She remembered how funny he looked. "My assistant," he replied, pushing her feet off his lap, "needs to learn her manners!"

Mawl grinned wide. "And just how will she be taught, Mysterio?"

Plink stood up from the couch, towering over her. "First, she will look into my eyes." Still smiling, Mawl looked up. "Next, she will remember how her mind empties when she does so." Her smile wavered. "And now, she will sleep!"

Mawl gasped. Though she'd been expecting it, it didn't make the unnatural wash of oppressive, irresistible unconsciousness any less of a shock when it came. Her feet kicked as her whole body twitched once, and, spread out over the couch, she fell asleep for him. Under the power of the Incredible Mysterio, yet again - exactly where she wanted to be, on a lazy Sunday morning.