

## *Charmed*

Anita was woken up by the ringing of her office phone. "Hello?" she answered, still dazed. There was no one on the other end... again. Now that her senses were coming back, she doubted whether the phone even rang at all.

It was dark outside, another day wasted because of mysterious blackouts. The doctor had upped her dosage; she hoped it would make a difference, that maybe she could get a few things done today from the growing pile of filing requests on her desk. Disheveled and covered in drool stains, Anita got the evening's sobs of exhausted frustration out of the way, adjusted her pencil skirt, fixed her uneven shirt buttons, and left her office for a hopefully more restful sleep at home...

"Hi Anita, you're working late." It was her boss with a younger man that looked a lot like him. She quickly wiped her face with her sleeve to get rid of any leftover tears or strange sticky smudges.

"Mr. Sitwell, good morning. I mean... evening. I'm sorry. I still didn't get a chance to finish that report you asked me to do."

"The one I asked you to do 6 months ago?"

Anita's forced smile faltered for a few seconds then crashed to the ground. She had never cried on her knees in front of her boss before but it was bound to happen eventually. She couldn't understand why she hadn't been fired yet.

"Hey, it's OK. Don't cry. We know you're going through some hard times right now. Everyone at this office is rooting for you. As long as you come to work and try your best, you're part of our family."

Anita sniffled and took her boss's hand to get back on her feet. Her smile returned, genuine this time. "Is this your son?"

Yeah, that's Junior. We were hoping to play a few rounds of foosball but the cafeteria is locked at this hour. Could you get the key from your office?"

"Of course, right away!" Anita was digging through her drawer, thinking about how lucky she was to have such an understanding boss and kind coworkers... when the phone rang.

Cellphone in hand, the boss walked over to the desk to take the receiver off the hook. He had that number on speed dial but rarely got a chance to use it before the early birds of the office. Anita's eyes

were open, the pupils dilated and quivering, staring intensely at the drawer like trying to understand its mysterious drawer language. They did not blink when Junior's hand waved in front of them.

"Wow, dad, it's like you stopped time."

"See? I told you. But it's better than stopping time because she'll also do whatever you say."

"Whatever I say!?" The boy's eyes grew and his jeans tightened. Anita was an attractive young woman, definitely someone he was more than happy to take advantage of but, without sounding ungrateful, he had to ask if this trick could also get him a particular girl from his class. "Does that phone thing work on anyone?"

"Wouldn't *that* be something? No, this is really rare according to the hypnotist we had at the company Christmas party last year. Anita here had only been working for me for a month when we egged her on the stage and it just so happened she was incredibly receptive to this hypnotism stuff. The guy had her dance and pretend she was a cat. I slipped him a twenty and asked to work some sort of ON/OFF trigger in her brain. Old-school ring tone; works like a charm and nobody uses those anymore. Anyway, I'll give you guys some privacy. Take as long as you need, and give me a call when you want me to pick you up. Don't put that receiver back on its hook. If her phone rings she'll snap out of it and think that you're molesting her."

"Thanks, Dad, you rock! This is the best birthday present ever."

"Anita, suck my finger." The boy intuitively talked to her as if she was a voice-controlled robot. The dozens of coworkers who used her every day would have told him she responds to orders with any name. "Little Slut" was most commonly used.

Like fingers had been snapped, Anita looked up and her eyes crossed, converging on the finger presented to her from across the desk. Without hesitation, she kissed the final knuckle with her big red lips while creating suction with her mouth and tongue.

"Holy fuck it works... Anita, get naked." The boy laughed as Anita struggled to get undressed while bent over her desk still suckling on his index. He didn't think she would try to do always do every command at once.

"OK, OK, stop sucking on my finger." The undressing was much faster now. Anita did not hesitate one second before dropping her underwear and bra to the floor. Junior was happy to see his first girlfriend was hiding such heavy melons behind that less-than-flattering secretary get-up.

Anita did not blush, standing naked, staring blankly at the framed accounting certificate on the wall. The young man ran his eyes then his hands on her breasts, hips, and inside her thigh-gap. He looked nervously at her face while slowly pushing the sucked, wet finger up her dry pussy half-expecting his sex doll to suddenly come to life. Had he known the titty-twisting and ass-fisting she had endured without so much of a twitch, the little monster might have acted more like his father that night.

“Anita eat your own pussy. Like... like it’s the most delicious thing you’ve ever tasted.”

This act of contortion was not something Anita could do, let alone ever tried to do. Hypnotized Anita, though, was immune to pain and unaware of her physical limits. She managed to wrap her ankles around her neck and force her head down her crotch between her smooched tits like a pretzel on her desk.

“Awesome!” Junior’s first moment of intimacy with a woman was to push his unshowered penis into the carwash that was Anita’s enthusiastically self-licked pussy with inexperienced hands dug deep in the soft tissue of her breasts. The precocious cum from years of sexual frustration eventually filled Anita’s womb and began overflowing when Junior shot his 8th load in the small hours of the night. Junior watched her numb tongue lap up what oozed out like it was melted white chocolate. With a show like that, he would be ready to go again soon.

“Anita, do you love me?”

Anita didn’t really have opinions in her current state.

“Anita, tell me you love me.”

“\*Slurp\*, I Hove Hu. \*Slurp\*.”

“Anita, do you think my dad would get mad if we did this every night?”

Again, hypnotized Anita had no strong feelings about anything. She kept on sucking her inner lips drenched in Junior’s semen.

“Anita, text me your home address?”