

Reprieve

A Smuthunter Story

One of Clarke's first thought on Friday when he got into the office wasn't 'Thank god it's Friday,' it was: 'Thank god Ditzzy Donna wasn't wearing her crystal.'

If you'd asked Clarke on Monday what he thought about Donna Wright, he'd have said, in polite company, that she was a bit of a character and that she seemed a little too in her own world sometimes. In other company he'd say she was a space cadet with great tits, but he'd say that not-in-a-mean-way.

"Ditzzy Donna" was what one of the temps called her a few months back, and in some circles it had stuck.

It wasn't because the woman was a bimbo, she wasn't a gum chewing bleach job or anything like it, and she wasn't dumb in a vapid pretty girl way, she was just always out there somewhere mentally. And despite the fact she always seemed like she was distracted by a math problem, it was hard not to be attracted to her.

It wasn't just Clarke either, most of the guys in the office were a little sweet on Donna, Ditzzy or not.

She was conventionally pretty, and tall-ish for a girl, and sometimes if she wore heels she was just tall. She was curvy too, her boobs were the most noticeably round part of her, but she had a nice bubble but, and her legs were shapely and long for her frame, but sometimes it was hard to notice all of that.

Donna didn't dress for her body, or for work really, she wore loose plain clothing most of the time, sweaters and long skirts that were plain and unflattering, and the only time you could tell she was as built as she was was during the warmer months when you got a better sense of her "too much yoga and too many spiritual voyage weekends" personality in her wardrobe.

Her hair was always up, and it made her hair look like darker shade of brown than it was. In the right light she was almost honey blonde, but in the office it looked, well, it looked brown, plain and brown like her eyes, and that was it.

On Monday morning Clarke hadn't given her much thought save for the occasional uninspired tug to fall asleep at night, and that was mainly because he was a breast man and those were the days when she seemed to accidently show off more of what she had than usual.

But by Tuesday morning all of that had changed.

Monday

"Can I ask you something Clarke? It's important, and I really need an honest answer. And it's kind of private so can I shut the door?"

That's what she'd said to initiate conversation and Clarke remembered how he shrugged a little when she did, then watched her as she walked over to his desk.

She'd wanted to know if he'd noticed any changes in her performance, if she seemed more reliable and more attentive lately, and honestly, her asking was kind of a pleasant surprise. He liked the idea that she valued his opinion, and that she was aware of her professional shortcomings.

He'd thought about it for a moment and realized she had seemed a little more attentive and focused lately, and when he said as much, she smiled and held up a clear crystal ball that hung from a thin golden chain around her neck.

He'd noticed it before, because it was always on the outside of her tops and sat above her breasts, but he didn't know what it had to do with anything.

Then, she started telling him about how she'd gotten it to help her mediate and to, in her words, become more focused and attentive, and that sometimes she would hold it up and stare into the center of it and just lose track of time as she visualized her energy being drawn into it, making her more focused and attentive.

She told him how helpful her crystal had been in making her feel so focused and attentive, and it was so useful now that she could hold it up for a short time and stare into the center of it, and everything else would fade away.

Donna had gone on like that for a little while, he wasn't sure how long because sometimes it was easier to let her talk than to really listen, but eventually the chain went back around her neck and the crystal ball dangled down over her breasts again, and he'd gotten so used to looking into it, staring into the center of the crystal, that he'd hadn't realized he was basically ogling her tits right in front of her.

She said, "See, it's really effective, and it's really relaxing too. You're so much more relaxed and focused now just hearing about it, you're so attentive and ready to finish your day, and I know it's so good, it's so freeing to feel this way right?"

Then she smiled at him and left the office, and he disappeared into his work shortly thereafter.

Until, she came in right before closing time.

Her sweater was off, and her breasts were on display in a cream colored blouse that clung to her curves and showed off her cleavage. "I just wanted to thank you for early, listening to me talk about working on being so much more focused and attentive, so much more relaxed and keyed in, open to take everything in now you know, and I really appreciate how much you appreciate how helpful my crystal is to stay focused and attentive, and relaxed and open, and everything."

Those three words Focused And Attentive had snapped his eyes back to the clear crystal orb despite his attempts to not overtly stare at her deep cleavage. The words, "I know sometimes I'm a little weird and out there for some people, but think about how helpful my crystal is, think about it okay?"

She left without an answer from him, and that night his time alone was anything but uninspired.

Tuesday

On Tuesday, Clarke's imagination had come to life about the day before, but he didn't pay much attention to it.

All the talk about meditation and energy was so on-brand for Donna that he just took it all in stride. What was the alternative, she'd waved a crystal in front of his face and hypnotized him?

Even for Ditzzy Donna that would have been pretty out there.

So, he forgot about it and got on with his morning.

She was wearing a white mock turtleneck that day, and when he saw her, she smiled as she passed him by and said, "Another day of being focused and attentive right?" and just kept walking.

He hadn't really had a chance to have his eyes drop down to her necklace again, but he felt the urge to, in part because her top was a tighter fitting outer layer than it usually was.

Then, after lunch, she was back in his office waiting for him.

This time she started with, "I think you might also really benefit from being more focused and attentive too."

She was playing with the chain on her crystal and his eyes moved to the little ball again as she spoke, then she said, "Why don't I show you exactly what I do?"

Without prompting or asking, she closed the door, then sat across from Clarke and took her crystal off again, holding it up between the two of them.

"You felt more focused and attentive yesterday, you were relaxed and time moved faster and was more full, and this was because you were so focused and attentive that you were really in the moment weren't you?"

He was, he had been, and before he'd started thinking about anything else about what happened yesterday, he'd thought a lot about how pleasant everything was and how good to be as keyed in as he was.

There was also something pleasant about the way Donna was explaining everything. He had never heard her sound as knowing as she did in that moment, she was normally so scatterbrained, but now, being in her world of expertise, he had found himself enjoying her confidence.

"It's all in my crystal, so I hold it up and I look into the center like this, and I hold my hand as still as possible like this, and I say the words I am focused and attentive to myself and sometimes I say them out loud, and sometimes the crystal swings a little and I follow it with my eyes and then I keep thinking those words over and over, and I start to let go like this, letting go and relaxing like this, until I'm in the moment now, in the moment now."

Her voice trailed off as she spoke, and it was complimentary to how suddenly rapt Clarke's attention had become.

He didn't know how long they were there or when he joined her in repeating the words 'I am focused and attentive' under his breath, but when Donna spoke again, when he heard her speak again and not just see her lips moving, he felt great.

"I think you're feeling very focused and attentive now, and I bet if I told you we could do this together every day it would be so natural for you to start to look forward to it. I bet you like that idea too don't you?"

He could see the appeal since he was feeling the results, but daily meditation mantras and crystals were a little too out there for him, so he just smiled and nodded, and he put out as much of a polite and affable vibe as possible.

It was, he figured, enough to satisfy her because he really didn't want to go further down this mystical "woo woo" road.

Donna's smile was wide and electric and when she left his office she offered up something that felt like a reminder, "My crystal makes you focused and attentive, and it's all in my crystal."

Shortly after Donna had left, Clarke had started to think about the crystal again, the way it dangled over those great breasts, and how she seemed so much more engaging and interesting, so much more charismatic and less silly even when she was talking about stuff he thought was really not his thing.

And all told, he blew off the idea of being hypnotized again because there was no way that could have happened. He was hoping, maybe against himself, that she would come back tomorrow for more.

Wednesday

Wednesday came and went in a bit of a blur.

It was usually the busiest day of the week for him., and this week was no exception. It moved so fast he had no idea how he managed to stay on top of everything, but during a couple of slow moments, between calls, and meetings, and everything else, Donna had managed to stop by.

She was wearing knee high leather boots over her jeans, and her black high necked blouse was belted around her waist, and she looked much different than Clarke had ever seen her look at work.

He guessed maybe her increased comfort and ability had inspired her to take things a little differently, but he didn't have a lot of time to think about it.

Every time she came in, she stopped for a moment before she left to play with the chain on her crystal, reminding Clarke to stay focused and attentive, and those little visits were a boost to his mood and his energy.

Then, the day was over, and Donna was in his office just as he was about to leave.

"How was your day?" With those boots she was dead on eye level with him and her smile, which always seemed a little simple or scattered was brighter now and lit up his office, "You seemed really focused and attentive today."

His eyes moved to her crystal, and her smile only grew, "It really does help doesn't it?"

"I guess it does. Anyway, I was getting ready to head out and..." his words trailed off as the crystal started to dance on the chain a little more, her hand playing with the chain, and the fabric of her blouse also seemed tighter.

"It's very important not to lose all the work you've made so far, practicing every day is very important, and I think you're feeling the relaxing benefits of being so focused and attentive." The easy flow of her words and their confidence stood out against the pleasant and ever present bubbly roll of her cadence, and as he found himself staring into the center of the little crystal ball, watching it swing back and forth above her breasts.

Agreeing with her felt like second nature.

She took off her necklace and held it up between the two of them again, and as it danced there in front of his eyes, their gazes meeting, she laughed an embarrassed little laugh, "We should sit down for this shouldn't we?"

All of the momentum Clarke had behind him as he was getting ready to go fell away, and he moved to set up their chairs as they were the day before.

There was a little thrill to her visit now, one that seemed more pronounced than her work visits earlier because she was making time to visit him, making a deliberate choice to be alone with him in his office.

It was flattering.

When she sat down across from him and started to raise the crystal up, his eyes followed, and when she said the words I am focused and attentive, he said them as well.

As the words left his lips he felt a wave of calm wash over his entire body, and as his eyes focused more fully on the center of the crystal, it started to swing slowly back and forth.

"There's another technique I've learned, if you focus on the crystal as it swings, and you focus on its center, just watching, focusing as it moves back and forth, letting the motion relax you, letting your attention become fully drawn into the center, it increases your focus and attention, becoming more focused and attentive with every swing."

Now, to Clarke who was easily caught up in everything, it did seem like Ditzzy Donna was trying to

hypnotize him.

But, nothing over the past few days made him think that was a bad thing, and as the crystal did begin to slow its swing, she lowered it back down, down below her eyes, down in front of her chest.

Even though he couldn't see cleavage the shape of her breasts was obvious under her top that had, as he'd noticed earlier, clung tighter to her than it had in their prior meetings that day.

The crystal ball swung back and forth on its chain a few more times, and she repeated the phrase, "I feel relaxed and open when I am focused and attentive" with every swing.

Clarke, without prompting, understanding from their previous sessions, or maybe being caught up in the moment and knowing intuitively from that experience, started to repeat those words as well, watching the crystal until it came to rest, and she put it back on.

He was staring at it as she spoke again in that same bubbly smooth tone, her voice and her intentions disconnected but harmonious, "It's all in my crystal, my crystal helps us feel this way, it's just my crystal that makes helps us to become focused and attentive, so focused and attentive now, and remembering that it's good to be relaxed and open when you are focused and attentive, it makes everything so much easier to manage and accept in every way."

She started to play with the chain again as he sat there, staring into its center in rapt attention, then her hand slid down to her breast, and even though Clarke saw the movement he didn't really watch until she brought her other hand up and cupped both of them. This caused both the crystal and his attention to shit.

She laughed, "That's not very focused is it? Look into the center of the crystal, you are focused and attentive. You are relaxed and open. Look into the center of my crystal, it's all in my crystal. Look into the crystal and think about how pleasant this is and how much you enjoy feeling this way."

All the while as she spoke, Ditzzy Donna was playing with her tits, and while Clarke's eyes had been pulled into the center of the crystal, it was impossible not to notice what she was doing.

Then the moment passed and there was just the crystal.

"Clarke, think about this and look forward to tomorrow. Think about staying late tomorrow after work, think about having more time to practice so you don't lose what we have. You don't want to lose what we have, and you want to be focused and attentive all day long. Now that you've felt it, you know you need to feel it too, it's so much better for you."

With that declaration, she left his office.

And with that, he went home as fast as he could, and he wasn't thinking about her crystal when he got there.

Thursday

Thursday morning arrived for Clarke, and Donna was in his office shortly after him. Today she was still wearing those knee high boots, but she was wearing a grey flannel skirt that went to the knees and a plain white long sleeved button down blouse. This time though, her crystal was tucked under her top, and not on display.

"I really wanted to thank you again for all the positive feedback and help this week, and it's been really great to get to share with you." She laughed at herself again as she stood in front of his desk and started to fidget with the top button of her blouse.

As it came open, she smiled at him, and maybe it was because he got a little red faced at what she was doing, or maybe it was because she caught herself being a bit spacey.

“This isn’t very fair of me,” she pulled her crystal out and let the little ball dangle and spin by its chain in front of her breasts, “you need to be focused and attentive, focused and attentive now, you feel so relaxed and open when you’re focused and attentive.”

Then, she dropped the crystal back down under her top and smiled at him, “I’ll show you more after lunch, you need more after lunch.”

She walked out of his office, again not giving him a chance to offer an answer or respond at all.

The next couple of hours somehow both passed very slowly and impossibly quickly, because he was both very keyed in to work and surprisingly compelled to see Donna again.

It was, he thought possible that all her meditation was really accidentally hypnotizing him, or that she didn’t know what she was doing as much as it seemed, or that he just realized he had a crush on her and hypnotism had nothing to do with it, but he wasn’t sure about any of it.

It also set him a little on edge as his mind wandered over the possibilities.

If she could hypnotize him like this, so quickly and so easily, if it could be so obvious and so subtle all at once, and he just let it happen, if he just seemingly let Ditzzy Donna into his mind, what else was she doing to him, what else could she do to him? How much of the last few days had really been what he wanted, and how much of it was him responding to being put in a trance?

And all of that slowed his morning down and started to distract him.

It started to gnaw at the back of his mind, and the more he tried to block it out, the less clearly he could think, until by some desperate means his mind made him shut his eyes, visualize the crystal, and mumble the words “I am relaxed and focused”, and just like that, he was.

Just like that, he felt better about everything and in experiencing the value of what Donna had been sharing he let go of all those other thoughts.

Hypnosis couldn’t make you do anything you didn’t want to do, he knew that for a fact, and she was so good-natured that it had to have been an accident if she was putting him into a trance.

The day was shaping up to be mercifully slow, and when he got back from lunch he found Donna waiting for him again.

“Can I ask you something?” Her voice had really started to grow on him and her tone had really become a comfortable and welcoming sound. It didn’t seem as distant or whimsical as it had once sounded, and part of that had to be that she was doing better at work, and that he was kind of charmed by her spacy-ness.

He shut the door behind him, “Sure Donna.”

“Were you thinking about how you wanted more time with me?” The way she asked, the way she looked at him, it was still innocent sounding, or seeming at least, but it gave him a shiver of a thrill he tried desperately not to show.

“To practice I mean.” Her tone shifted to an unspoken ‘what did you think I mean, silly’ sort of vibe, and that shiver dissipated into him covering his own embarrassing stumble of excitement.

“Actually, yes, yes I did. I even tried to visualize the crystal and say I am focused and attentive.” When he said this to her, he felt a wave of calm, weaker than what he felt earlier but still noticeable and real, wash over him like before.

“That’s good, that means you’re understanding how it works. It is all in the crystal though, so without the crystal it’s never the same, but it can help to realign your mind, it helps me at least, I do that too.”

“I was also thinking,” he hadn’t planned on bringing this up but it was happening anyway, “some of this stuff seems a lot like hypnosis.”

She smiled.

“I never really thought about it like that before, but I guess it is. I think it’s probably because I have a crystal and hold it up and everything, but really we’re just meditating together, and there’s a lot of similarities I think because they’re both trance states in a way, I mean, I guess.”

As she spoke, she moved to unbutton the top of her blouse again, but she stopped. “Can you help me with this, I cut my finger and I’m kind of clumsy and it’s kind of stuck.”

The shiver of excitement came back in a rush, and he did notice the band-aid on her right pointer finger.

“If I were hypnotizing you, “ she looked him dead in the eye and smiled as he undid the top button, “I don’t think I’d need the crystal to do it right? What we’re doing is all in the crystal, it’s what helps us to become focused and attentive, and relaxed and open, one more please.”

His hands moved down as he nodded, and with a second button her cleavage was beginning to be revealed. “It really is all in the crystal, and hearing our mantra. Repeating the words to yourself, focused and attentive, you are focused and attentive?”

She hung the question out there and he responded, “I am focused and attentive.”

“Well, it helps, but it isn’t the same, and you really need to see the crystal, we both really need to see the crystal to be focused and attentive, and open, and relaxed, and one more button, yes?”

Clarke said yes before he realized what he’d just agreed to, which was after he’d already undone a third button.

“Can you see my crystal? Clarke? Are you staring into its center and feeling focused and attentive? One more button.”

Again he said yes, again he undid another button, and now he saw her very low plunging white tank top and he was staring into the center of the crystal ball as it dangled down just far enough to be fully in her cleavage.

“I promised you more, and you’ve gotten more. You are very calm now, you are very relaxed and open, you are focused and attentive, and you feel wonderful about this, you feel wonderful about what you’ve done to help me and you like helping me, and I like helping you, and I want to help you more later, I want to help you more after work, and you can have even more of what you have right now.”

With those words she cupped her breasts and watched as his eyes stayed glued to the crystal, but still saw a flicker of excitement in them as she did.

“And you want more, you’ll be thinking about having even more, being even more focused and attentive with me, and for me. Now, help me with my buttons, staying calm and relaxed, staying focused and attentive, help me button up.”

As he reached for the lowest button, she took his hands in hers, and pressed them against her chest, his palms flat over her breasts.

“Donna, I don’t think...”

“This was just a test Clarke, I wanted to see how you would respond, to see if you would be as locked in as you could be, you can always be more locked in, we both can, I know I can, I know I want us to be, I want you to be, be as focused and attentive as you can now, ignore everything else and focus on the task at hands.”

She squeezed his hands on hers, making him squeeze her breasts, and as this happened Clarke desperately tried to sort out the beginning and the end of what was going on, but when she said, “Now the buttons please” and let him go, it all ended as quickly as it started.

Once he’d buttoned her back up she left his office without another word.

45 minutes later, she was back.

It was under some pretense of work, but when she came in, she had the chain of her crystal in her hand.

“I realize you might have gotten a little bit of extra energy from earlier. I’m sorry, I know I was out of line.” As she spoke, she’d started to swing the crystal back and forth with the same absentminded ease that she carried herself and spoke.

“I know you like me, and I like you too, and I got a little carried away, and it’s work, and we need to be focused and attentive when we’re at work don’t we? There’s better ways to test how locked in we are, more appropriate ways right? Right now, you can test yourself by watching the crystal, remember, it’s all in the crystal.”

Something was building up inside of Clarke, a sense of urgency that was pounding at the back of his skull, a voice that was only softened by the pillow-y warmth and ease of the woman in his office and her spacy good natured flirtations and sweetness.

He wanted to say stop, to offer up some ground rules and boundaries, but as the crystal ball dangled in front of his eyes and continued to swing, the words focused and attentive kept repeating in his head over and over, and he couldn’t bring himself to speak up.

“Did you ever call me Ditzzy Donna, tell me the truth.”

He said yes, and nodded as he did, then he stopped staring and looked up at her, a frown on his face as he realized what had just happened.

“That wasn’t very nice of you was it?”

When she asked, she was laughing, and smiling, and whatever guilt he was feeling, whatever that pang of raw unexpected emotion that snapped him out of it fell away as she laughed a little more.

“I don’t blame you, I am a little out there. But that’s why it’s so important that I work on the things I need to change. I bet you’d be happier if you changed some things too.”

And once again, she was out the door.

This time, her sudden exit came with the vibe that she’d just remembered something she was supposed to be doing, and Clarke laughed to himself as she left, Donna had probably remembered she had an actual job to do.

An hour later she was back, this time with some files.

They made some small talk about work, and then she left, but before she did she asked if he was still looking forward to practicing more after work.

He said he didn’t know for sure. She smiled, and asked if he was still feeling the side-effects from earlier, then left before he could ask what she meant, or to respond at all.

Strangely, he realized that after her last visit all thoughts of their unequivocally inappropriate sexual encounter after lunch had left his mind.

A half an hour later his boss came by to tell Clarke he was impressed with how much he'd gotten done this week and it was the kind of work that could get him an off-cycle raise if he kept it up. Clarke's boss didn't hand out the compliments or extra money very often.

So, he paged out and asked for Donna to come to his office.

"I wanted to say thank you. I just realized how much you've helped me this week, and I would really enjoy working with you more tonight after work. I don't want to lose what I've been practicing."

She smiled.

"I knew you'd want to."

It was so sweet and so simply confident that it wasn't until after Donna left again that Clarke started to think about the implication of what she'd said.

Maybe he should leave early, just offer up some bullshit excuse and head out now, then figure out what to do about Donna tonight and deal with her tomorrow.

But what was there to deal with?

What did he want to deal with?

He liked her, he had a real honest to goodness crush on her, and he pretty much always had. It just took the events of the week to line things up, especially since she was putting the moves on him; she was the one being inappropriate.

Well, equally inappropriate.

She was still a subordinate, even though she didn't work directly for him, and Clarke had never been one of those guys that looked at the administrative pool as a hunting ground.

Then, he closed his eyes and visualized her crystal.

He did his best not to think too much about how her breasts had felt and he repeated the words 'I am focused and attentive' first to himself then out loud, seeing the crystal ball on the end of the chain in his head and feeling his mind and body start to untie itself as everything in his inner life moved with an unfounded grace into clarity and perspective.

The day came to an end but he had found his pace again so he worked through many of his peers departing, and it wasn't until Donna was in his office that he became more aware of what time it was.

She'd knocked on his open door before stepping inside, and as he looked up he saw the door closing behind her. Seeing her there like that, dressed so differently than he was used to, remembering her confidence that he'd never really seen in her or appreciated before this week, it was hard to imagine her as the spacy busty girl she'd been before Monday.

The equilibrium he'd been feeling was gone, and now he realized he was nervous about her. Clarke felt anxious about what was going to happen, about what she was going to do and was able to do to him.

She was smiling at him, not in a predatory or knowing way, but with broad simple happiness. "I can't wait to get started. It's so much more effective and so much more fun to be able to share this with you. I feel different too, in every part of my life now, especially since I saw how effective it was for you too. Does that make sense?"

He became acutely aware of how close she had moved to him, and how he'd risen to his feet when she

came in, moving almost like a cornered animal, but she seemed to shift back into Ditzzy Donna in front of his eyes as she spoke.

There was a light in her eyes that matched her tone, and an easiness to her body language that was disarming as she got a little closer to him, then even closer still.

“We’re the last ones here, so we shouldn’t have any distractions while we practice.” Her tone was contrary to her closeness. She’d moved into his personal space, invaded it really, and she sounded like she was completely unaware of the tension or implication in her words, and maybe, just maybe she was.

Clarke was trying to find his own words to tell her he wasn’t comfortable. He was trying to figure out how to say he thought she was attractive, and he thought she was interesting, more interesting and more likable than he’d thought, but everything had become a log jam, with the biggest log being that he was a little afraid of the effect she was having on him.

“You were working really hard when I came in,” it sounded like she was both really interested in his day and confused by how anyone could be working hard at the end of the day, and he felt the words coming before she said them...

“You’ve got to be ready to be done for the day.”

...but they didn’t come.

He thought that maybe he’d be able to figure out how to have this conversation with her, the one in his head that was only half-formed and both wholly obvious and counterintuitive all at once.

Then the words did come, and the volume inside got turned almost all the way down.

“Even when you’re as focused and attentive as you are, you still need a break, especially when your day’s over. And your day’s over so you can relax now. I mean, you can be focused and attentive with me, and you can be relaxed and open, and you can help me with my crystal again. It’s all in my crystal.”

She’d pointed to the top button of her blouse, and Clarke found his hands moving with delicate purpose, and as the first button came undone he stopped himself. Her Band-Aid was gone

“Donna, listen...”

“You can’t see my crystal yet and it’s all in my crystal and you know that, and I have something else to show you that will help you, and you do want my help, you like being focused and attentive, relaxed and open, open the next one please.”

Everything she said sounded like a question but felt like a statement, and Clarke had become conscious of the effect of those words, but she’d fooled him, or overrode him, because his hands moved to the second button, and his eyes stayed looking down instead of up when she said, “And the next one too.”

She wasn’t wearing a tank top anymore.

“You still can’t see what you need to see, it’s all in the crystal, and you can unbutton all of the buttons now, just to be safe.”

Clarke froze.

He wanted to, not just because of the strangely quiet world of his inner-self that was hungry to hear and do whatever was suggested, but because she really was gorgeous and he really did want to see her breasts, but he didn’t want to feel this way, like he didn’t have any say in the matter.

“It’s so important to you to continue to be successful, it’s good for you to grow and develop, just like me, being focused and attentive has already improved your life, I’ve already helped you, help me with my blouse.”

And he did, one by one the remaining buttons were undone, and Clarke was staring at the crystal ball at the end of the chain, dangling from her neck just above her huge breasts in their plain and elegant white floral patterned lace bra.

“Look at the crystal, look into the center of the crystal Clarke, you are focused and attentive, and when you hear those words or think those words you feel very relaxed and open, it becomes easier for you to listen and easier for you to follow along, it feels natural to be focused and attentive, and whenever you see my crystal, you will find it impossible not to stare into its center because it’s all in the crystal, and even now you feel your eyes are locked on the center.”

She spoke quickly, and it almost sounded like a lighthearted accounting of some story that didn’t matter. The words weren’t bossy or overbearing, they just flowed, and as they did, his eyes became more and more locked on the center of the crystal. So much so that he hardly noticed her bra sliding off.

“Look into the crystal, your mind is focused and attentive, it’s all the crystal, only the crystal, see the crystal and experience the sight of everything else, two separate things happening all at once, focused and attentive, open and accepting, relaxed now, so relaxed as your body feels what it feels naturally.”

She spoke with that same airy easiness that helped her earn her nickname, but it also helped him to feel comfortable with the swell in his pants. He was aware that there were two very large breasts framing her crystal, he was aware that he was being turned on, but his attention was held and consumed by her crystal.

“Where is your focus and attention now Clarke?”

Finally, an easy answer, “In your crystal.”

“Why is that?”

“Because it’s all in the crystal.” It felt good to have the answer, it felt good to have those words ready, it was so easy to have them prepared by her too, to have had her tell him what he knew.

“You are relaxed and open when you are focused and attentive, and you’re feeling so grateful now, and you want to help me the way I helped you, so you’ll help me with a test, you’ll help me with a process to improve things for both of us, and you want to, you want to because you want to help me, and it helps that I know what you want. Come here and put your hands on my breasts Clarke.”

He faltered, his hands moving up then stopping, like a robot that needed oil.

It struck him then that she was tasking him with what she thought he wanted, and again he knew that even though this felt like exactly what he desired, he didn’t like not having a say.

“Where is your focus?” She asked him with a confused and giddy ring to her words like she was trying to understand what he was saying and doing, and why he wasn’t groping her yet.

“In the crystal.” His monotone response caught him by surprise, and then his hands moved on their own again. Her question and her tone had worked.

“Clarke, that feels very good, It feels good for you too, so good.” With his hands massaging her breasts, he was unable to reach down to stop her as she unfastened his belt and loosened his pants.

“I can feel your body moving as you mind stays focused and attentive on my crystal and only my crystal now. Your body is doing what comes naturally, your hands are rubbing and massaging my breasts because it’s natural for you, it’s natural to want them, they’re so compelling and so distracting, they’re all you can think about sometimes, do you think about them when you masturbate?”

His yes was short and almost shameful, but it wasn’t up to him to pick his words anymore, the answers

to her questions came and went without any real recognition on his part.

"You think about my breasts when you masturbate and you call me Ditzzy Donna don't you?"

"Yes." Again, there was more shame in his voice, but it passed through him and was gone.

"But I'm not ditzzy now am I? I know exactly what I'm doing to you don't I?"

Her words had become a little harder, a little sharper, but only in a knowing and seductive way, then her voice rose into its typical curious glee, "I'm helping you aren't I?"

Yes, she was.

"Yes."

That was easier to say.

"And it's not nice to call people names when they help you, so I'm not really Ditzzy Donna anymore am I? Look at the crystal and say yes."

She'd put her hands over his, and started applying pressure of her own, guiding his hands as they rubbed and massaged her breasts while he continued to stare into the center of the crystal.

"Not Ditzzy Donna."

"You don't like ditzzy girls do you?"

"No."

"Well it's good that you like staring deep into my crystal, and it's good that you're focused and attentive and open and relaxed, and it's good that I'm not a ditz, and it's good that you're sitting down, sit down."

She angled him over to his chair and held his hands to her chest as he sank into his seat. In that moment his eyes were still fixed on the crystal, his hands felt wonderful where they were, and his cock had sprouted out of the flap in his boxers and was fully erect.

"You want to be more comfortable with me, you want to be more locked on and more keyed in, you want to feel a comfortable and easy way of being inspired by my crystal to be so successful, but your body is distracted by me, by my breasts, and you love them so much that they're dividing your focus, and when you can't see my crystal and you do see me, you have a hard time not thinking about them already and now when you see my breasts and not my crystal your mind which is so focused and so attentive will think about and focus on how they feel, and how soft they are, and how warm they are, and how hard they make you, and it will be so hard for you, because you will get so hard when you see them, and it's all in my crystal when you're focused and attentive so don't worry about what I'm saying, just look into the crystal, that you'll be painfully distracted and need my crystal, and you need to pinch my nipples Clarke."

He did, and she let out a happy little gasp.

"But that's only if you can see my cleavage, that's only if you can see my exposed cleavage you understand, I know you do because you're staring into my crystal and you're focused and attentive and you're accepting everything I'm saying to you as your body does what comes naturally, like it's natural to let me help you, it's natural to accept everything I say, because my breasts know what's best for you, because I know what's best for you, what's breasts for you, my breasts for you to feel now, feeling focused and attentive now."

The words jumbled together in a steady stream, and while he felt like at one point he knew what was being said, she mixed everything up and he couldn't track what was most important, then, his hands were at his sides, and she had taken off her necklace.

"Look into the center of my crystal ball and watch it spin around and round."

She was dangling it over his cock, and it was making circles around the head.

She positioned herself so that her massive breasts provided a backdrop for the sight, and Clarke sat stock still, rapt and glassy eyed.

“It’s all in the crystal, all of your focus and attention is in the crystal, the crystal pulls it out of you, the crystal is pulling your focus out of you now. Your body is focused on physical pleasure, your body is excited by my breasts, your body is focused on the way my breasts make you feel, and every spin of the crystal is pulling that out, watch the crystal, it’s all in the crystal and you don’t need to think about what I’m saying, your body is focused on arousal, and my crystal is pulling it out.”

He felt a little twitch of pure physical delight as the crystal made a revolution around the head of his cock, then another, and another, as his eyes took in the sight of her full and wonderful breasts all without him truly seeing them.

“Your cock is feeling very focused and attentive now, your cock is filled with focus on my breasts and is being drawn to my crystal, your cock wants to give its focus to my crystal, it’s all in the crystal by letting the crystal pull it all out, all of that focused energy for my breasts can come out now.”

The crystal swung in another circle and a trickle of cum started to bubble out of the head.

It circled again, “Cum out now.”

He was leaking like he was being milked.

“Cum out now.”

The crystal spun its orbit around him over and over and he became a sticky mess, throbbing weak orgasmic pulses of release. Then he was sticky, spent, and soft, and Donna held the crystal up in front of his eyes.

“Lie down.”

He did.

“Look into the crystal, it’s all in the crystal, everything is in the crystal. My crystal makes you focus on me, my crystal makes you attentive to my needs.” She stripped down to nothing but her boots and straddled him, her pussy hovering over his mouth, her crystal dangling above his eyes.

“You are focused on me now, attentive to my needs now, relaxed and comfortable with what you will do for me, to help me, because you know you want to help me. You know it’s automatic when you see my crystal to do anything to help me.”

When he said yes, she lowered herself over his face and unabashedly used him for over an hour.

When he came to, he was alone in his office with her taste in his mouth.

He felt cheap and hollow, he felt used, and he felt profoundly disoriented.

He sat there for a while until his emotions settled, and even though he felt hollowed out, even though his mind was flashing with moments that felt like they happened to someone else, there was a thrill somewhere in the shame and the sense of degradation.

He didn’t want to admit it to himself, but when he got home he couldn’t stop himself from jerking off, thinking about her, and after the pleasure, he slept.

His dreams were filled with two large breasts and crystal ball dangling on a golden chain. His dreams were filled with a bubbly musical voice that haunted him with its sweetness.

Friday

The drive in was filled with anxiety.

Clarke had made a point to fight the urge to center himself, to abandon the tools he'd learned over the week, the means of steadying himself and decompressing that had worked so well since he'd first learned them.

He wasn't going to give in anymore, he wasn't going to give her the foothold, because...

Because even though he didn't say no, he also didn't say yes.

The feeling of being so powerless with her, the scattered images and dreamlike recollections of what she'd done to him and how she'd used him had started to come back as soon as he woke, and he didn't like the sense of it.

Clarke didn't like feeling like he didn't have a choice.

As it all ran through his head over and over again, the sensations and the feelings if not the experiences, he realized that at any point if he'd tried, not tried harder, just if he'd tried at all, he could have stopped everything. But the way she spoke, the way she moved, the way she used her tits, the way he wanted to stare at them and her, it had all made it too hard to even try and say no.

She hadn't overpowered him, she hadn't beat him, he just hadn't even tried, and somehow that made him feel both better and worse.

Honestly, it was like she'd wiped the very notion out of his head.

It wasn't that he couldn't, it was that there was no basis for saying no, no reason, no motive, but he was aware now, he was experienced now, and he knew he'd have to see her today, but today he'd take his power back.

When Clarke got into the office Donna was one of the first people he saw. She was wearing a dark blue dress with a button up black cardigan that covered her chest, but he could still see her neck and there was no chain.

Thank god she wasn't wearing her crystal today.

She smiled and waved, then once he was settled on his office, she came by and stuck her head in the door.

"Happy Friday." She stepped in about half way, "I didn't realize until I got here, but I forgot my crystal at home. I know it's been a highlight of my day, and I had a great time last night, but I hope you'll be able to stay focused and attentive without it. I mean, it's really all in the crystal, I just hope you won't have any trouble after such a long week."

He blushed when she came in, and he blushed a little more when she mentioned last night, then as she spoke those words he felt his mind starting to shift into that pleasant and easy state of calm and clarity, but he threw himself up into his mind, he threw his sense of self up into her words and filled his mind with his own awareness, and nothing really happened.

She didn't blink an eye as she watched him.

Clarke knew she could see something going on inside his head, and he saw her keep her cool, or at least maintain her demeanor, what she was thinking, he didn't know.

Maybe Donna had planned this, maybe she'd actually forgotten her necklace, she was still Ditzzy Donna no matter how much more together she seemed.

“Well, I’ll stop by later if I have a minute.” She was still smiling and her voice kept its easy sweetness with an unflinching and melodic ease, so much so that Clarke felt a trickle of doubt in the back of his mind.

Then he shook his head, he physically tried to shake the notion out from inside of his skull, and reminded himself that the reason he was in the position in the first place, the reason she’d gotten inside his head already, was because he’d underestimated her. He was beginning to believe that all of Donna’s ditziness may have been an act.

After a cup of coffee and an hour of reviewing emails and some other paperwork, he realized that while all of this week had been crazy, Ditzzy Donna was still Ditzzy Donna. Even though somewhere in the mess of his mind and memories, in the chaos of his recollection, he thought he could hear her saying she wasn’t.

It didn’t seem very nice to think of her that way.

That little voice in the back of his head that told him it wasn’t nice to think of her like that, that sounded like her voice, was very compelling and he would have agreed except Clarke was of the opinion that what she’d done to him last night wasn’t very nice either.

So after spending an hour on what should have taken twenty minutes, after having his mind racing from work, to her, to his own feelings, to doubting his feelings, to work, to her again, to coffee, to how much he wished he could indulge in clearing his mind with those three simple words, and then work again, Friday was off to a great start.

The good news though was that if she really had forgotten the crystal then that could also be a relief. The crystal did have an added effect on him, and after what she used it to do last night...

His thought process was wholly derailed by the fact she’d made him cum in one long sloppy leaky stretch, all without laying a hand on him.

Well, it was good that the crystal wasn’t here, because as she said, it was all in the crystal. And, and she had also ...

Walked into his office again, this time with her sweater unbuttoned.

There was still no crystal but the sight of her deep cleavage and the round softness of her large breasts was more than enough to fascinate him, at least for a moment.

“I hope you haven’t been too distracted this morning. I’m having a hard time focusing without my crystal. I really think I rely on it too much.”

She had this habit of starting a conversation instantly and without concern for whatever he or anyone else was doing. It was part of the reason he thought that maybe she was more innocent and unaware of her actions than maybe she really was. But, her chest was captivating him in a way it never had before, and it had become hard for him to realize what he was doing as he stared.

There was something there though, like a song he didn’t remember the words to that was stuck in his head, and it inspired him to look away, to look into her eyes and when he saw her light and sunny disposition he felt doubt once again working its way through his mind.

Why was it so hard to reconcile what she’d done to him and who she was?

Why was it so hard to finish a thought all of a sudden?

“It looks like you’re having a hard time today too.” She was smiling and he couldn’t tell if she was bemused or smirking, and how long had he sat there staring at her chest? “I hope you’re not too distracted.”

She walked over to his desk and leaned forward, giving him more than an eyeful down her dress, “Just

remember, you can also let your mind becomes focused and attentive any time, and you can remember, “ she brought her hand up to her chest, “right where my crystal hangs, if that helps at all.”

She was still bubbling with good-natured energy and a happiness that seemed oblivious to anything and everything around her, and she was also oozing with overt sexuality.

The concoction of her voice, body language, and tone had his head spinning, but thanks to that need to keep his sense of self in his self, those words only brushed against him and didn't knock him flat.

Then, she was gone.

An hour later he'd been dealing with periodic bursts of arousal and a persistent craving to get lost in Donna's tits. His cock was along for the mental ride, and it felt like he was going through puberty again with the unexpected and unprompted life and activity down between his legs.

It was getting impossible to keep his mind on work, and once again the idea of leaving early seemed like the best course of action.

As if she could read his mind, Donna was in his office again, like she had materialized out of nowhere in the brief moment he'd closed his eyes to try and refocus himself.

Clarke felt a wave of relief when he saw her, because her sweater was buttoned up again, and she was there for work related reason. There was a new stack of files on his desk and her smile waiting for him.

“Donna, could you shut the door please?”

Clarke had found a little spark of fight that he'd decided to fan at that moment, and ride it out.

She closed the door and her smile was still wide and bright.

Her energy was a little contagious to him now, and there was something comforting about her, but that might have been the mind games, accidental or not, that she'd been playing with him.

“You're having a hard time today aren't you?”

Like that, she'd taken the initiative from him.

“Be honest Clarke, you'll feel better talking about it, I understand.”

As she spoke, her fingers had started to dance across those buttons, and one by one they fell upon.

He looked down at his desk to avoid staring into her cleavage again, but his eyes betrayed him, and as they did, his cock did too.

“Whatever you've done to me, last night, this week, you're using me Donna. I feel like you're using me.” It had felt impossible to say those words, and once they were out he felt exhausted.

“But I've only been helping you to become more focused and attentive Clarke. And last night was just a little but of fun. Didn't you have fun?”

She sounded hurt, and a little surprised, and it softened his resolve for just a brief flickering moment.

“I did. But I didn't, and I think you know what you're doing, and I don't appreciate you playing with me.”

She leaned in closer over his desk, “But how could I do that? I'm just Ditzzy Donna, I'm too spacy for something that complicated.” Her voice was still all innocence, there was no trace of arch sarcasm anywhere.

Clarke felt a shudder run through his body, but the tension was broken when she laughed, “I'm sorry if I took advantage of you, since you went along with it, it seemed like you wanted it, and it's what I like.”

That felt wrong, but he couldn't sort the logic out about why that was wrong.

“I'm sorry you're having such a hard time today. I feel bad now about forgetting my crystal, I think you

really need it. I think you miss seeing it right here.”

She'd moved her finger to her collarbone, then down to her chest and started tracing a little circle right where the ball of her crystal usually sat.

“Donna, I think it's time for you to go. I'm going to leave early for the day, and on Monday I hope you and I won't have this conversation again.” It felt so stilted, it felt so off to say those words out loud, and it felt contrary to what he really wanted, or at least what part of him really wanted.

“I don't know if that's a good idea, “ she was still tracing that little circle, or was it a spiral, and even though he'd meant to stand up when he'd spoke to her, to try and pressure her out of his office, he stayed seated with his eyes still essentially glued to her breasts.

“If you leave now, you won't see my crystal again until Monday, and you're already feeling the effects of not seeing my crystal, because you know it's all in my crystal isn't it Clarke?”

She was pleading with him, and she sounded confused on his behalf, “And that's a long time when you're so unfocused and you're so out of sorts and distracted.”

He closed his eyes again and tried to center himself once more, but when he opened his eyes, they went right back to her breasts, right back to her finger tracing that little circle, spiraling around and round between her breasts..

“I'm sorry, I just miss how it feels, and I think you miss it too. You can remember how it looks right here, how it sits right here, and you like it, you like how it feels.”

He blinked again, but this time it was because his mind had been jolted by how easily his imagination held on to what she was saying. It felt like he was losing steam, or losing his sense of resolve, and that should have made him want to fight harder but he didn't have the wherewithal anymore to sort out what he needed to do. Instead, he just stared her breasts.

“I think you miss it too, since it has all your focus, it's all in my crystal, you're all in my crystal because it's all in my crystal. And you wish it was here, because you wish you were here don't you?”

“You're doing it again.” It wasn't a lot of fight, but the observation kept him anchored so he was at least aware of what was happening to him as she walked around the desk to stand over him.

“You're thinking about being here, like my crystal normally is, you're thinking about how much you like when your focus is in my crystal, when you're focused and attentive, relaxed and open, and you want to feel that way now.”

He tried not to look, but those breasts were inches away from his face and he was starting to find it impossible to think about anything else, like all the separate thoughts and instincts in his mind were being wiped away, and there was just her breasts.

“I want you to think about my crystal, how would it look if you were staring at it now and I did this to your focus, “ she pushed her breasts together and Clarke knew that if her crystal ball was dangling there it would disappear between them and his focus would do the same thing, and in that moment it did.

He zoned out for a second as she rubbed her breasts together in his face.

“And you're so unfocused now that your body's also feeling it isn't it?”

She took a few steps back and looked down at his crotch. The shame was there again, somewhere deep inside of him he felt it, and the sense of failure on his part and the awareness of his weakness started to dispel the hold she was taking over him again.

“What do you want Donna?” He may as well have been asking himself that instead.

“I want you to be focused and attentive now Clarke,” she pushed her tits up and let them bounce, “That’s all. Stop fighting, stop keeping yourself from being centered, stop resisting what you really want.”

She stood there playing with her tits in his office and it started to feel like staring into the center of her crystal, and even the shame fell silent at the sight of her breasts.

They bounced and rolled before his eyes, their every movement spreading a desire for silence through his mind and a sense of calm through his body. He was becoming more enthralled with every passing moment and every hypnotic motion.

“Stop fighting, be focused and attentive.” Her breasts were even more enthralling with every word, he felt himself becoming more fully entranced, and at that moment he just let it happen.

“You are calm and relaxed, you are focused on my breasts and attentive to my words.” He was feeling warm now, his body was still and suddenly heavy but it was easier than what he had been thinking.

“Ditzy Donna’s boobs are hypnotizing you.” Those words came out of nowhere, and were she to have been cold or crass, and not warm and enthusiastic, he might have caught the sarcastic smirk on her face.

“Ditzy Donna’s big boobs are hypnotizing you Clarke, and you’re so focused on being entranced now, just like when I use my crystal to hypnotize you.”

“Stop,” the word came out of his mouth and it carried a horrible word of self-doubt and embarrassment as he realized he had been right about everything.

“You don’t want me to stop, not really, it’s not what your cock wants.” She moved closer to him again and bent forward to once again make sure he could only see her breasts and the place where her crystal normally sat.

“You knew it all along, but you didn’t think Ditzy Donna could do this to you, you don’t remember, but you told me. I tricked you into sharing more than you remember, then I convinced you I wasn’t Ditzy Donna at all and that created a disconnect in your mind that made you more vulnerable to me. There are moments in our little talks that you don’t remember, but you never thought spacy Donna, Donna with her big boobs, Ditzy Donna could possibly take control of you. Isn’t that right?”

“No. That’s not, that never...” He stopped himself, his mind was sinking into a thick fog of confusion. Was she lying now, was she telling the truth? How could he possibly remember what he couldn’t remember?

“Yes it is, everything I say is true, I’m not smart enough to lie to you remember, my big boobs and my spacy brain make it too hard to think I could ever lie to you don’t they?” The way she was playing with them, the way they rolled under her fingertips, threatening to spill out of her dress, kept pulling his train of thought out of his own reason and control and into the softness in front of him.

It was getting harder not to lose himself, it was getting harder not to let go and let the gentle roll of her flesh carry him away. It was getting harder in part because he was also rock hard and that was draining his resolve.

“Remember now, remember my crystal ball swinging back and forth in front of my boobs, and remember telling me all of your fears and all of your hunches about being focused and attentive, remember telling me everything, and remember how right you were and how wrong you are.”

Something was cracking inside of him, some sense of depth and reason, some sense of time and truth, and facts, and the order of everything was falling out of place. The only constant now was her breasts, and he

couldn't look away from them even if he wanted to.

"Ditzy Donna's outsmarted you and hypnotized you with her boobs and her crystal hasn't she Clarke?"

When he said yes, he felt like something had been drained out of his spine, it was some sense of integrity or personal awareness, or pride, whatever it was, and when he said yes, he lost it.

"And you're not smart enough or strong enough to resist me even though I'm just so spacy and scattered, even though my big boobs are the only thing you used to like about me. You're not smart enough or strong enough are you?"

When he said no he wasn't the lights went out.

"And I'm not really Ditzzy Donna am I?"

The implication of what she was saying, that she was pretending to be a spacy bimbo and she'd beaten him, and that she was really much smarter and much more capable than she had let on, was crushing his ego, but all he could do was stare her breasts, not even feeling the loss of self and of worth that she'd just taken away.

There was just her tits, just that little spot where her crystal belonged.

Then his door closed and the lights went back on.

Five minutes later she came back in with another stack of files and her cleavage still prominently displayed.

In those five minutes he'd considered going to the men's room and rubbing one out. He'd considered running to his car, and he'd considered, well he didn't know what.

"Sorry about that, I realized we needed a little more time together." She was moving over to him with a bounce in her step and a jiggle in her breasts that seemed to capture him instantly.

"Please leave Donna, please stop." This time he did make it to his feet, but she moved into him as he did, so his full erection pressed into her as her breasts pushed into him.

"But you're under Ditzzy' Donna's power and you need to look right here, right where your focus should be, right where my crystal ball should be."

He did as he was told but he didn't know why, especially when he knew as clearly as he knew anything that all he had to do was say no and resist.

He just didn't and just couldn't.

Her hand was between his legs now, "This is where your body's focus is, and it would be so much better if it was where your mind normally goes. Your mind belongs between Ditzzy Donna's tits doesn't it?"

Yes.

He said yes, then he was back in his chair with his cock out and the top of her dress down. The promise of her cleavage swallowing him up had caused the head of his cock to get slick with pre-cum.

Then she was standing up, covering up and laughing with a soft and sympathetic chuckle. "Look at my tits, look at Ditzzy Donna's tits and stroke it Clarke. Stroke it and say, I am hypnotized by Ditzzy Donna."

He did and he did, and it was so automatic that any sense of resistance or self-worth fell away. He was masturbating to a fully clothed woman in his office because she told him to.

"Stroke it and say, I am too weak to resist Ditzzy Donna, Ditzzy Donna is smarter than me."

He did, and he did.

She had him repeat those lines over and over again, and as Clarke's cock was throbbing and purple, she

told him to stop and put it away.

“You’re going to leave early at lunch because you realize that you need my crystal, you need to see my crystal again, and when you don’t see it you have days like this, days where you can’t stop yourself from falling into a trance and masturbating in your office. You need to see my crystal to keep you focused and attentive, otherwise you end up here, seeing the truth, feeling powerless and lost, and you can’t feel this way every day, no matter how good it feels to your cock.”

She was right.

Clarke’s mind was desperate for a life-line, for something to hold on to, and she gave him an out, a rationalizing that justified why she was able to do these things to him. His arousal had blinded him to whatever else had or could have gotten him here, his swollen balls and rigid cock made everything she was saying make sense, and he saw nothing but her breasts.

He saw nothing but her deep cleavage and full soft flesh, and what he really needed was to see her crystal.

They left in separate cars, and far enough apart that no one in the office thought anything about it, or cared enough either way.

He found himself at her door, and then on her couch watching the crystal ball on the thin golden chain swinging back and forth in front of his eyes again, and it all felt right. It was soothing, it was relaxing, and the chaos in his mind was silenced.

She dangled the crystal up and up and he didn’t see how she slid on top of him, he only felt his cock smothered in her warm wet pussy, he only moaned as she rode him, he only felt how smooth and tight she was, and he was focused on her pleasure and attentive to her needs.

When Donna told Clarke he wouldn’t be able to cum without her permission it just made sense.

The crystal fell back down into her cleavage as she put the chain back around her neck, and as she rode him, whispering in his ear, prompting him to repeat that he was powerless and she was strong, that she was smarter than him, that her breasts hypnotized him and he could not resist, he didn’t feel the need to oblige or agree, he just knew everything she said was true and that it was all in the crystal.

When she was satisfied, she dismounted him, then made him stroke himself off to finish, having him use her cum and her pussy juices as lube. Then, after he spurted himself into a catatonic stupor at her command, she snuggled up next to him and whispered him to sleep.

Donna smiled as she herself drifted off, working her fingers between her legs, satisfying herself again as a victory dance for her latest conquest.

She came herself to sleep as she replayed the how’s and why’s of the last week.

Clarke wasn’t a bad guy, he was nice and handsome, he had a sweet side but he was also arrogant, and Donna had lived her entire life being underestimated by guys like him, even guys that were otherwise nice.

So, she broke him.

It wasn’t just to teach him a lesson, it was because she liked breaking men down. No, she wasn’t a genius or a mastermind, she wasn’t a femme fatale or a predator, or a black widow, but when a guy like Clarke would fall in her lap, she would have her fun.

It had always been natural for Donna to let her mind wander, to think about bigger things, and be bored with the world around her, and yes, she was spacy, yes, she was a bit of a ditz, but that was because she was

bored by so much around her, bored by everyday life, and that was why she wasn't really made at Clarke, but like she'd told him, it wasn't very nice, and mind games were fun and got her off.

That was why she'd lied to him in his office earlier.

He'd never told her anything, he couldn't remember he'd never blacked out or lost time for more than a minute or two, all of her trance work with him had been light, and it had been beneficial because it was so superficial and basic, that was the game.

Donna used her sexuality, her breasts which were really hypnotic by themselves in the right situation, and his imagination to make him think that more was happening than it actually was. All hypnosis was self-hypnosis, and she was just creating the stage for her little show to play out in his head.

He'd been conditioned to feel a certain way with her, he'd been triggered to associate certain feelings with certain words, and when she started using her tits, it was all for show, it was an illusionist's misdirect from where the real work was being done, and it was a way to build on his imagination.

She knew what she was doing with him in that regard, because she'd done it to other people and she knew it worked. She also knew what he was thinking because he'd told her more than he realized, and that too was part of her trap. She knew her spacy affectation made it easier for people, especially guys that liked to stare at her tits, accidentally confide in her.

Donna opened her eyes an hour later, with Clarke asleep by her side.

She woke him up and started toying with her crystal. His eyes flashed with a brief moment of awareness and anxiety, but they became glassy and passive after a moment of staring.

Donna was wet again, and she took off her necklace.

It dropped down between her legs and his eyes followed, then his mouth followed and for a good long while he gave her exactly what she wanted.

All of this happened without a word from her.

Finally, Donna put the crystal's chain in his hand and had him hold it up in front of his own eyes and had him start his mantra of 'I am focused and attentive' as she started to fuck him with her massive tits.

She angled herself just right, so that when he came, the eruption hit right where her crystal usually hung on her chest, and after that moment he became whatever she wanted him to be, whenever she wanted him to be it.