

## **Check Yes, Juliet**

### **Chapter 1:**

“Well Miss, it’s a pleasure to meet you at last. My name is Rodney, and I’ll be your supervisor for the duration of the experiment.” The man stood a short distance from Juliet, dressed in a black jacket, dark blue shirt, and grey-black jeans. His eyes were grey, and shone with excitement, clearly enthusiastic about this little project.

Juliet, for her part, was a little nervous, but the thought of being more confident and motivated helped her push her unease to the back of her head. It certainly wasn’t helping that Rodney kept stealing glances at her chest whenever he thought she wasn’t looking.

She thought back to the flyer she’d seen at the University, the first time she had heard about this experiment.

She had just made it out of four hours of back-to-back lecturing, and had scarcely 20 minutes before she needed to go back in for more. As usual, she’d ducked out of the lecture hall to grab a drink from the vending machines, when she spotted a new flyer posted to the noticeboard.

“Are you exhausted by your workload? Wish you could find the strength to keep going even when you’ve just pulled an all-nighter on that big project? Contact the motivational aid research team at this number, and try our new confidence boosting, motivation improving technique.”

Naturally, she’d been a little curious. She’d been worked off her feet trying to keep up with all her work these past few months, and she knew her parents would accept nothing short of perfection.

So, after another couple hours in the lecture hall, and a tense ride home with her father (who had spent most of the journey asking about her studies, and that project she’d been assigned), she found herself alone in her room, phone in hand, dialling the number from the flyer.

The guy on the phone, who she realised now had probably been Rodney from the sound of his voice, had been eager to explain to her about their experiments on increasing productivity through a specialised relaxation technique, and sounded thrilled about having a potential test subject.

She had hardly gotten off the phone before her mother stopped by to ask about her day, and not-so-subtly remind her that she had work to be getting on with. So, with a resigned sigh, Juliet found herself beginning another long night’s work.

And so here she was, about a week later, introducing herself to the man running the experiment, Rodney Cooper.

“If you’ll just come through to the office, I’ll talk you through the experiment.”

Juliet nodded, and followed Rodney as he held open the office door for her. He gestured casually to a soft armchair that looked like it was soft enough to swallow her whole. “Please, take a seat, I’ll just find the paperwork.”

“What paperwork?” Juliet asked curiously, as she perched uneasily on the edge of her precariously soft seat. “Just the usual forms for running this sort of experiment, purely a formality but the Uni would have my head if it wasn’t filled out properly” came Rodney’s reply from behind a haphazard stack of textbooks, which sat atop the desk at an angle that made it all the more surprising they hadn’t fallen in a heap on the office floor.

After a moment, Rodney emerged with a clipboard and pen, which he handed to Juliet with a chuckle. “Sorry about that, I’ve never been the best at keeping this place tidy.”

“It’s fine” said Juliet, glancing down at the clipboard curiously. “Anyway, the purpose of this experiment, is to study the effectiveness of basic relaxation techniques on motivation and confidence.” said Rodney, settling into what appeared to be a well rehearsed pitch.

“I’ll be guiding you through a simple relaxation exercise, which you’ll then need to keep practicing at home for the next month or so, and we’ll have meetings once or twice a week to discuss how you’ve been feeling.”

“Okay, that sounds simple enough” Juliet replied with a sigh, it really didn’t sound like this would be much help after all, but she might as well try.

“Before we begin, I need you to sign your name at the bottom of this form, and check the box underneath that line there” Rodney gestured, indicating a small yes/no checkbox at the bottom of the document.

Juliet glanced over the text surrounding it. It all seemed perfectly normal, Juliet consented to the research team using non-personal information gained from her experience in the creation of a report on the effects of the technique. She shrugged, signed her name, and checked the box.

“Excellent” Rodney spoke with enthusiasm as he retrieved the clipboard and pen from her. “Now, let’s get started shall we?”

“Alright” came Juliet’s voice, she felt suddenly a little nervous, but she forced herself to shake it off. “What do I need to do?”

“Okay then, first, I’d like you to lean back in the chair. Just get nice and comfortable, and we’ll begin”

Juliet shifted back into the chair, feeling the soft material threatening to swallow her in its plush embrace as she leaned into it.

“Great. Now I’d like you to take a long, deep breath in.” Rodney’s voice lowered slightly, his tone becoming more even. “Hold it for a moment, and then let it out slowly.”

Juliet let herself breathe out slowly, feeling herself sink into the chair a little more as she did. “That’s great. Now in again. And hold. And out again.”

Juliet nodded, following along as Rodney instructed. She could feel herself relaxing a little, “this isn’t so bad.” She thought to herself, feeling a little silly for being nervous before.

“Very good.” Rodney’s voice came gently across the room. “Just keep on breathing in, and out, as you focus on my words.”

“Just imagine all of your worries flowing out, breathing in relaxation.” Juliet found herself thinking about her work, the long nights, the frustration of being stuck on the same problem for hours on end. She imagined them as a choking black smoke, and as she breathed out again, she imagined that smoke billowing out from her mouth, leaving her body entirely.

The mental image almost made her chuckle, and she imagined breathing in a soft, pale blue, mist that soothed every muscle in her body. She could’ve sworn Rodney had just said something, but she must have missed it thinking about the smoke. Something about her muscles relaxing?

“Very good, Juliet.” Rodney’s voice seemed to flow into her as she breathed out her worries. “You’re doing really well. Now, I’d like you to think of a time when you were happiest. Think of where you were, what you were doing, how it felt.

That’s easy, Juliet thought through the blue mist that was swirling around her head. Juliet remembered the long woodland walks she’d used to go on, back when she had more time, and her parents had been less obsessed with keeping her focused on her work.

She thought of lying down in a forest clearing, watching the clouds, listening to the sounds of the birds, and feeling the warmth of the sun on her skin. She didn’t remember closing her eyes, but she must have, because she no longer saw the office, the chair, the haphazard stack of books, or even Rodney.

She just saw the quiet clearing and the blue sky. Rodney's voice continued, mingling with the birdsong in a melody that seemed to speak to her very soul. She could no longer make out what he was saying, but she was sure she understood, somehow.

She didn't know how long it was, lying in the clearing, the birdsong lulling her to sleep as the clouds raced overhead in beautiful, spiralling, patterns. All she knew was the gentle, drifting sense of drowsy relaxation that permeated her entire being.

Eventually, she found herself waking from her slumber, her eyes blinking as she saw the office again, slumped in the soft armchair, Rodney sitting across from her, watching with interest as he jotted something into his notebook.

Juliet yawned and stretched, as Rodney spoke. "How are you feeling, Juliet?"

"M'fine" came Juliet's voice, startling herself with how drowsy and sleepy she still sounded.

Rodney chuckled, and she found herself smiling as though they were sharing some private joke. "Glad to hear it." He said, "I've got a little something for you, to help you with the experiment."

He held out an old MP3 player, slightly battered and worn from use. "It has a recording of me on it, taking you through the steps of the exercise." He explained, "You should probably listen to it in the evenings, once you're ready for bed."

Juliet nodded as she took the MP3 player. "Thanks, I should probably get going for now, I'm sure my parents will be wondering why I'm late." Juliet glanced at her watch, she must have been daydreaming in the chair for at least an hour!

"Do you need a ride?" asked Rodney, a look of concern on his face.

"No, that's fine." Juliet responded, "I don't live far from here, I'm just cutting things a little close for comfort, that's all."

"All the more reason for me to help out then, right?" He asked.

"If you're really sure it's no bother." Juliet conceded after a short pause. Just like that, Rodney got to his feet, and led Juliet outside to his car. An old, beaten up car that she might have mistaken for junk had it not leapt to life once he inserted the key.

He drove her home, and waved farewell with a grin before disappearing around the corner. "Who was that?" came a familiar and unwelcome voice from the driveway.

"Just a friend, dad." said Juliet, a little annoyed. "That better be all he is, you don't have time for dating right now." her father's voice resounded as he beckoned her over.

And before she knew it, it was back to work. Eventually, when the clock struck 9PM, Juliet reached into her pocket for the MP3 player.

## **Chapter 2:**

Juliet was lying at the foot of a tall oak tree, which stood tall in the warm woodland clearing. The soft grass beneath her tickled slightly as she settled into a comfortable position, looking up through the leaves as they scattered the sunlight in speckled spirals of light, interspersed by the brilliant green of the tree leaves, and the brown of the branches.

A light breeze blew across the clearing, cool and refreshing as it danced across her nude form. The slight chill hardened her nipples, and teased at her slit. She felt a tingle of arousal at the sensation, squirming slightly. There was a voice on the wind, and though she couldn't make out the words, she could feel her lips moving, responding to a question she couldn't remember hearing.

Part of her found that worrying, but calm flowed through her like a wave, smoothing away her cares as the words on the wind whispered in her ears. She sank back into the soft grass, her gaze drawn to the spiralling light that drifted through the leaves above her. Warmth blossomed from between her legs, waves of lazy arousal crashing against her empty mind, slowly washing away her lingering cares with building lust.

She found herself reaching between her legs, exploring herself as the growing arousal filled her body and fogged her mind. Soon, nothing else mattered but her pleasure, overwhelming her thoughts and subduing her mind. Like lightning in her veins she felt the climax approaching, building and building within her until at last, it erupted from her with a shriek of excitement.

As the orgasm tore through her mind it took all thought with it, and she felt herself falling down, past all thought, into the darkness. She was alone, nothing but the voice now, clear and loud in the absence of thought. She wouldn't remember this when she woke, but deep down, she absorbed every word.

Juliet awoke, feeling more refreshed and energised than she could ever remember being. She practically leapt from her bed, and got ready for another long day. For whatever reason, she felt great about today. She retrieved the MP3 player from where it lay beside the bed, wrapping the headphones she'd barely remembered to remove around it as she tucked it into her bag.

She hardly noticed the damp spot on her pyjamas, and when she did, she shrugged and threw them into the laundry basket. She didn't need to worry, she had work to do.

### **Chapter 3:**

Juliet could take on the world, she felt better than she ever had, and nothing could get her down. She worked harder than ever, scarcely feeling the stress that had terrorised her up until now.

She knew the tape had to be helping, why else would she have started feeling so much better right after she'd started listening to it. She felt more confident, she felt better organised, she felt like she could do anything she set her mind to. Still, she hardly remembered what the tape even said, she always seemed to fall asleep listening to it.

Tonight she was meeting with Rodney to report in for the experiment. She was looking forward to it a lot, she realised. After all, this experiment had made her life way better.

Soon, she found herself sat across from Rodney, in the soft armchair that ever threatened to swallow her in its plush embrace. Rodney was sat at his desk.

"So, you say you've been much more productive this past week?" asked Rodney, curiosity seeming to sparkle in those soft grey eyes.

Juliet nodded, "I've never felt so good about my workload. I'm getting through it faster than ever."

Rodney scribbled notes into his notepad, somehow managing to keep his eyes on Juliet almost the entire time. "That's fantastic to hear. I was actually hoping to talk to you about the technique you've been practicing a little more today." He smiled at her, and she felt a strange tingle in her spine.

"What did you want to talk about?" Juliet replied curiously. "Well you see" came Rodney's soft, soothing, voice "There are certain aspects of it that are not immediately obvious to an observer, so I was hoping to run some short tests while we talk today."

Juliet frowned a little, hadn't he said before that all she needed to do was report in? He hadn't mentioned tests before. She felt a nagging sensation in the back of her head, like she'd forgotten something important, but then she saw Rodney smiling at her, and felt her worries fading. Surely she had just forgotten about it, right? That would make sense, she'd been quite stressed during their first meeting.

"Could you just come take a look at this?" Rodney asked, his question bringing her back to reality as she realised she'd been spacing out for a little while thinking about everything.

She nodded and stood to come look at his notebook, but as she did she heard him saying something strange.

"Three...Two..." came his voice as she approached, each number seemed send a wave of dizzy lethargy surging through her body. She felt suddenly weak, and strangely unconcerned about it, as though any fears she might have were trapped under the weight of her sudden exhaustion.

"One" came Rodney's calm, soothing voice, and the exhaustion left her swaying on her feet, her thoughts flowed like treacle, slow and hard to move.

"Fall into my arms now." Came Rodney's voice, and she toppled towards him as though all of her bones had turned to jelly. He caught her in his strong arms, carrying her over to the armchair. He sat in the chair, with her limp body lying in his lap, leaning up against his warm chest. She couldn't think, it was as though her mind and body had both failed her in the same instant, yielding to the strange force that was sapping her strength and will.

As she lay slumped against him in the chair, incapable of thinking or worrying, he whispered into her ear. The words were so fuzzy, she found herself thinking, as though she were submerged in water and hearing them spoken from somewhere above the surface. Somewhere in the back of her mind she became aware of Rodney's stiff cock, struggling against the confines of his jeans and pressing against her ass.

Then she began to feel it, blooming from between her legs and surging through her body like a wildfire. Lust consumed her, the only clear sensation in her foggy mind, and she felt herself squirming in Rodney's lap as he held her tight. She felt hot, her clothes were uncomfortably tight all of a sudden, and if she could find the strength to move she was certain she would have already torn off her shirt and jeans in desperation.

She felt Rodney's hands roaming across her limp body, every slight touch setting sparks of maddening lust pulsing through her body, her clit throbbing with desire. His hands diverged, one slipping under her shirt to cup her right breast, while the other deftly undid her jeans and slipped inside to strum her drooling slit.

All she could think about was the desperate desires that were rising within her, and as his fingers found their mark, tracing her cunt through her soaked panties, she let out a maddened cry. His other hand kneaded her breasts, teasing her rapidly stiffening nipples as they explored her helpless body. She bucked against his hand, grinding her cunt against him in desperation for release. Her wild arousal surged, and she heard him once more in her ear, this time clear as day. "Cum for me, pretty girl", and she did, screaming with delight as her body was wracked with wave after wave of pleasure, her cunt pulsing with white-hot lust as the raw sensation overwhelmed her.

Juliet's whole world turned white, and then slowly faded to black.

#### **Chapter 4:**

"So, you'll need to make sure you keep listening to the recording each night, at least for the next couple of weeks" came the voice of Juliet's secret boyfriend, as he detailed how the study would continue for a few more weeks.

Juliet found herself wishing he'd just drop the formalities and kiss her already, but she was grateful he'd found a way to disguise their rendezvous. Honestly, if it weren't for the "study",

she'd never be able to get away with meeting her boyfriend like this. Her parents would never allow it.

Then, suddenly, she felt lips on her own. A brief peck, but somehow it left her swooning and dizzy with anticipation. Rodney met her eyes with his own, her dazed reflection shone from those shining grey pools. "You really must pay attention, or I'll have to....punish you" he said with a wry grin that implied he was daring her to lose focus again.

Rodney checked his watch and sighed. "Damn. Looks like that punishment will have to wait, your parents will be expecting you." He returned to his desk, narrowly avoiding collapsing the towers of books that littered its surface, and there was a clattering sound as he retrieved his car keys from the drawer.

A short while later, as she settled into the passenger seat of Rodney's beaten up old car, Juliet was handed a clipboard. "Do you mind filling these out sweetie? Just to keep up appearances." Said Rodney apologetically. Juliet nodded, and as they drove she signed here and there, checked some boxes, all the usual busywork: "Are you Happy to Continue the study?" Check, "Has the study been helping you to relax and/or focus?" Check, "Are you a good girl?" Check, "Do you agree to follow the plan next week?" Check.

Juliet didn't really need to concentrate on the forms by now, they were all the usual stuff, and she always knew exactly how to respond. Before long they were finished and the car pulled up outside her house. She desperately wanted to kiss Rodney goodbye, but she dared't risk it with her parents so close by.

A short while later, she was in her room with her headphones in, listening as her boyfriend's voice lulled her to sleep.

## **Chapter 5:**

Tonight was the night, Juliet thought as she watched the clock on her bedside table. She just had to wait for her parents to go to sleep, and then she and Rodney could finally be together forever. She squeezed her legs together, trying to placate her growing lust and anticipation. She only had to wait a little longer.

Juliet's hands crept down her body, gently brushing over her nude form. One teased a nipple while the other found its way to her glistening mound. She was so horny, she couldn't contain herself. Her fingers gently teased their way into her drooling pussy, and before long they were pumping in and out of her, slowly at first but quickly building speed, her fingers drenched in the warm wetness of her own building desire.

The building pleasure reached its peak and she felt her pussy clench around her pumping fingers, gushing with warm, wet, blissful pleasure that shot through her body like a bolt of lightning.

Even now, as she brought her moist fingers to her mouth to taste herself, she felt the lust building again. She fought against the desire to quell her lust again, aware that their entire plan relied on her sticking to the plan and getting things right.

Hours passed, maddeningly slowly to Juliet in her anticipation, but eventually she heard her mother and father's footsteps on the stairs, as they finally headed to bed. The door creaked, and Juliet feigned sleep as her mother opened the door to check on her.

A long pause, and then the sound of the door slowly creaking closed again. Juliet waited a little longer, just to be sure. Then she got up, and headed for the wardrobe, quickly and quietly locating the rucksack she had stashed there earlier. She felt a pang of guilt for what she was about to do. Somewhere under the excitement, under the lust, she felt hesitation. Was she really okay with leaving everything behind? Just slipping out, not telling a soul "Goodbye?"

Somewhere, deep inside, the small part of Juliet that hadn't given in yet tried to shake her awake, to get her to see what Rodney was doing to her...her pussy throbbed with desire, her heart

pounded with excitement, her eyes glazed over with lust. Her lips moved, mouthing words she didn't remember, that had taken root deep in her mind. "Don't let them change your mind" she whispered, and her fingers crept down to her cunt a second time (when had she started calling it that?, she idly wondered), teasing out her resistance with practiced precision, melting it with the intense heat that was blooming within her, letting the last traces of her resistance leak from her pussy onto the carpet below her.

Dazed, drained, and weak, Juliet surrendered. Her body moved on its own, clothing herself pyjama bottoms and a top, retrieving her backpack, and slipping downstairs as quietly as she could. A damp spot over her crotch showed through her bottoms, betraying the lust that dominated her mind. She retrieved the spare key from its hiding place, unlocked the front door, and stepped eagerly into the cool night.

She locked the door behind her, let the key slip from her grip onto the step, and waved to the battered old car that waited across the road.

Rodney welcomed her into the passenger seat with a grin and, pausing only to toss her backpack onto the back seat, drove them away. As soon as they turned the corner and left the street, Rodney turned to Juliet and said "Forever we'll be..."

Juliet's face slackened for a moment, as her conscious mind took the final leap to catch up with her programming.

Juliet turned to Rodney, beaming, and replied: "You and Me"

The End.

### **The Sorceress, the Princess, and the Loyal Knight**

He woke with a start, his head felt fuzzy and his eyes took a while to focus. Eventually, he was able to make out the room he had awoken in. The walls were grey stone, and the only light came from a brazier that hung from the ceiling. It didn't look like fire burned there though, instead a pinkish coloured crystal pulsed with light within the brazier.

He felt weak, but the cool metal against his wrists and ankles assured him that, even if he had the strength to try and leave, he would be incapable of going far. He looked down at his shackles, tracing the chains to the wall behind him. They were secured to the wall, ensuring that he could not move more than a step from the wall before they would stop him.

"Where am I?" He thought as he continued to examine his surroundings, and as he thought back, he found his memory failed him. He remembered the orders of his King, to rescue the Princess from the evil sorcerer who dwelled within the tower that overlooked the bay. He remembered setting out at once, sword at his side and valour in his heart, determined to prove himself and do his duty. He remembered arriving at the tower, heavy rain chilling him to the bone, and opening the door....

The rest was a blank, he realised with a start. One moment he was outside the tower, the next he was here, in chains, his armor and weapons gone.

As he pondered this development, a voice rang out from across the room: "Sir Knight? Is that you?"

He looked up from his thoughts, and saw a girl in chains across from him. He was unsure how he could have missed her before. She was dressed in blue nightgown, dirtied by the dust and dirt of the dungeon, and her long blonde hair shone brilliantly against the dreary surroundings. "I am Princess Sasha. Are you the Knight who was sent to find me?"

Of course! Thought the Knight, the Princess! "Aye milady, I am he." He announced, praying he sounded more confident than he was. Surely she had noticed they were both trapped here, but he would do all he could to raise her spirits.

"Fear not, I shall get us out of this!" He continued, searching with renewed vigour for a way of escaping his shackles. If he could get free, he could cross the room and free the Princess too.

The brazier began to lower from the ceiling, and the Knight instinctively looked to see what was going on. "No, don't look at it!" Cried the Princess, suddenly sounding far more worried "It's a trap!"

The beautiful light of the crystal seemed to draw him in, like a moth to a flame. With great effort, he pulled his gaze from the brazier, and focused on the Princess. She was beautiful, and surely gazing upon her perfect body would....he shook his head, attempting to banish the un-knightly thoughts from his head.

"What manner of trap?" He asked her, careful to avoid gazing at either her or the crystal as he spoke.

"A potent spell of command has been cast upon it." Came the sweet, soothing voice of Sasha. "Should you be taken in, you shall find your morals and desires rewritten to better suit the lady of the tower!"

"The lady of the tower?" The Knight asked. "Yes, the sorceress who brought us both to this dungeon." Sasha replied with a shudder. "She claimed she would let us go if we could solve the secret of this room"

"Do not worry, milady. I shall not rest until I find us a way out of here." The Knight said, continuing his search of the room. Alas, the room appeared barren save for the brazier. Despite the risk, the Knight risked another glance at the brazier and felt his mind lurch at the sight of the pulsing, enthralling pink light. He could see a key resting upon the brazier beside the crystal.

The crystal was so beautiful, the light seemed to fill his very soul with hope and happiness. He took a deep breath, feeling strangely peaceful in the light of the crystal..."Sir Knight!" The Princess' cry shook him free of the strange reverie.

"I'm...I'm sorry milady." He spoke, noticing a slight shudder in his voice. He felt ashamed, embarrassed that he had shown such weakness to the beautiful woman who even now was counting on him.

He wished he could comfort her, walk to her side and embrace her, tell her she was safe now. Feel her body against his own, assure her that they would be safe, that she could trust him to protect her. He wanted to press his lips to her own, let his hands quest across her body, show her just how good it would feel...no! He recoiled from the thoughts that seemed to invade his mind unbidden.

His cock throbbed beneath his pants, unconcerned with his moral crisis and eagerly encouraging the distraction. He had to concentrate. "Milady, do you think you can reach the brazier? Or maybe push it closer? I think the key may be there."

"Are you sure Sir Knight?" Came Sasha's voice from across the room, "I...I can try."

The Princess was chained on the opposite wall, but it seemed she had a little more slack. The Knight watched as she reached toward it, careful to look away the whole time. She fumbled, reached out to try and touch the brazier. In frustration she looked towards it, trying to gauge the distance. "Oh..." there was a whoosh as the air left her lungs, and she took a long, deep, breath.

"No! milady, please!" The Knight cried, realising that she must have gazed into the crystal. She must be feeling it too, that strange unnatural desire, that urge to surrender to the growing lust, to obey.....no, he had to concentrate!



“Sir Knight! Here!” Came the voice of the Princess. Clearly she had snapped out of it while he was lost in thought, and the brazier swung towards him. He turned instinctively to watch it, realising his mistake too late as the crystal swung closer, seeming to swallow his entire vision.

A clattering sound, but he was lost in the haze. The Princess was so beautiful, so innocent, so pure. He wanted her so badly. Wanted to rip the nightgown from her body and meet her lips with his own. He was so hard, he could feel his heart pounding in his ears, he had to have her. He could have her, he realised. It was so simple.

He looked down, finding the key where it had fallen moments before, and with some difficulty he was able to loosen the restraints, freeing himself from the chains. He turned to the Princess. She looked frightened. Why? He was setting them both free, wasn't he? He would give her everything she needed.

He snatched the crystal from the brazier, and strode purposefully toward the Princess. “Sasha, please come here.” He spoke. She met his eyes with her own, shining blue like sapphires in the dim light. A faint speck of pink the only trace of her own encounter with the crystal, but it was enough.

He reached for her wrist, fumbling momentarily with the key in his eagerness, but soon she was free from the shackles. Quickly, he snatched her arm and pulled her close, pressing his lips to hers and hugging her close. She shook in his arms but he held her steady, gazing deeply into her eyes. They seemed to lose their shine for a moment, and he recognised his opportunity.

He held up the crystal, catching her gaze with its light, and her eyes glazed over entirely. The speck of pink grew to fill her eyes with the crystal's light, her breath grew ragged and uneven, and her hands desperately sought a way under her nightgown. The Knight reached for her, tearing away the nightgown like the wrapping of a present, leaving it in tatters on the dungeon floor.

She lunged for him, toppling them both to the ground and straddling his cock through his pants. She reached down and tore them away like an animal in heat, exposing his throbbing cock to the air. With a triumphant cry she impaled herself on his rod, rose up, and then brought herself down onto it again and again, quickening her pace, her wet snatch contracting to grip him tight.

He matched her pace, thrusting up into her as she plunged down, pulling back as she rose again, both desperately seeking release, hardly recognising each other as more than tools for their own pleasure. Sweat poured from them, leaving the stone floor slick with evidence of their all consuming lust.

With a grunt and a cry, they came together, he poured himself into her, and the pair collapsed on the ground in a pile of exhausted, soaked, fuckdrunk limbs.

There was a long pause, and then “Princess Sasha” rose from her place, disentangling herself from the spent Knight and climbing to her feet. She snapped her fingers, the dungeon vanishing like mist, revealing a well furnished bedroom. She offered her hand to her partner, and he gratefully took her hand as she helped him to his feet.

“I...I don't understand milady?” He spoke hesitantly, his voice shaking.

“And then you REMEMBERED” spoke Sarah, his longtime girlfriend with a mischievous streak and a knack for magic.

“Goddamn...that was incredible” he said once the sudden rush of memories had calmed.

“So...wanna try that again tomorrow night?” She smirked at him, eyes sparkling.

## **The Willing Hostage**

Hey, I'm not sure if anyone will ever hear my story, but I want to tell it anyway. My name is Lucy, and I've been kidnapped. That probably sounds horrible, but the truth is I don't really mind. In fact, I'm not sure I could mind if I wanted to. I know I SHOULD feel uncomfortable, at the very least, but I just can't.

I'm in a hotel somewhere, in the penthouse suite. My captor lives here, and she's quite content to let me wander as much as I want, so long as I don't leave. I'm sure you're wondering why I pay any attention to what my kidnapper asks of me, and I'm sure I'd be wondering too if the thought didn't keep slipping away from me. It's like someone took all the thoughts and emotions I should be having or feeling about this, and coated them in a slippery oil. I try to think them, to feel them, and they just slip and slide away into the depths of my mind.

So I end up just thinking about other things, like how my Captor is so kind to me. She's keeping me here, in this beautiful penthouse, with the best view in the city. She feeds me well (all my favourite foods). She's super hot too (Was I always into girls? I can't seem to find the memories), with that long red hair, and those piercing green eyes that stare right into me (It makes me shiver, in a good way), and those huge, beautiful breasts that seem to draw me to her like magnets. And once my lips close around a nipple and I start to suck, everything just fades away, into this warm, drowsy kind of heat that smooths away my thoughts.

Er... sorry, I got a bit sidetracked there. Thinking about mistress just makes me so horny and...I really should concentrate better. Just think about anything other than her. Those eyes, they just seem to see right through me, like she knows what I'm thinking, or maybe she's the one thinking and those eyes just drill her thoughts into me. God I want her to drill into me with that strap-on from the other night-...dammit Lucy concentrate, you're supposed to be telling a story, not thinking about how much you want Mistress to bend you over the couch and rail you! Just pounding you until all the lust melts your brains into mush and they drool out of your helpless horny cunt.

Oh God, I hope she asks me to eat her out again. She tasted like heaven, I could have knelt there for hours, lapping up her juices as they stained my face with her scent. God I hope she gets back soon, I can't wait.

## **Soft Fluffy Surrender**

Daniel got home late that night, exhausted from a long day of waiting tables and clearing up messes. Sarah had arrived a little before him, and as he kicked off his shoes and hung up his coat, he could hear the TV from down the hall. 'Sounds like one of her Crime Dramas' he mused as he headed for the living room.

"Hey sweetie, welcome home!" Sarah said, glancing up from her favourite spot on the sofa. The red blanket lay folded beside her, as if she'd known exactly what he needed long before he'd arrived.

He joined her on the sofa, and they exchanged the usual "how was your day?" before she grabbed the blanket, unfolding it, giving Daniel a small, amused, smile. "Does my sleepy boy need some rest?" She asked, and his eyes rolled as a wave of bliss washed over him. He felt his whole body loosen and go limp as a wave of blissful relaxation washed over it. Distantly, he felt himself curling up on the sofa, noticed his head sinking into Sarah's lap, but it felt like he was watching it from far away, through a layer of fog.

As the relaxing sensation soaked into his head and began to drip into his emptying mind, filling it up with thoughts of sleepy, drowsy, blissful relaxation, Sarah threw the blanket over him. It was warm and soft and fluffy, and with his body so loose and limp it felt impossibly, deliciously heavy. It seems to weigh him down, sinking him deeper into the soft cushions of the sofa. His mind

drifted aimlessly, Sarah's words slipping past his lazy consciousness to nestle deeper down, deep in his subconscious, as she gently stroked his head.

He drifted on the cloud for a long while, mind empty, drifting through an endless sky he only vaguely remembered his girlfriend describing, whispered gently into his ear. His stress had fallen away long ago, and he felt completely at peace in his dreamland, safe from fear and worry, far away from the world.

Much later, his gentle drifting through that strange, timeless dreamland was disturbed by the voice, whispering in his ear once more. "Come back to me, sleepyhead" came Sarah's voice, and Daniel slowly, sleepily, opened his eyes, yawning a little. The credits rolled on Sarah's show, clearly finished while he was away in his dreamland. He felt warm, happy, and content, and Sarah smiled down at him.

"Thank you" he said. "Anytime my love" she replied. It was moments like this that reminded him just how much he loved her.