

Jenny and Shasa were still in the shower when I finished hauling in all our supplies, so I grabbed a change of clothes and ducked into the other room to get clean. My wounds were starting to itch, but I'd recovered enough mana to finish healing them all. Then I just soaked under the hot spray for a few minutes, wondering how long these little luxuries would last.

"This town is too spread out to be defensible," I mused. "But it's bigger than I thought, and the sheriff seems to be sensible. Maybe they can set up some kind of perimeter, and hold out. Or maybe things will fall apart, and we'll have to run. Better be ready for either option."

No matter what happened it would take time. If the monsters tried to form a mob and rush the town they'd just get gunned down by several thousand heavily armed rednecks. Besides, so far they seemed to act like wild animals, rather than some murderous hive mind. So we were in for a future of deadly attrition, with countless minor attacks nibbling away at the edges of the settlement. Eventually either we'd stabilize the defense with a combination of fortifications and powered-up defenders, or morale would collapse and we'd get crowds of people trying to flee to safety in the bigger cities.

I had my doubts about whether a big city would really be safer. Sure, there were fewer monsters, but there was a lot more government. I could just see every mayor in the country using the crisis as an excuse for a power grab, and the idiots in Washington weren't going to stop them. Anyone who thought a universal travel ban was a good idea was clearly going to be making things worse.

So I couldn't just focus on a new business as an armorer, and hope for the best. I needed a trustworthy survival group of my own, geared up and ready to move on a moment's notice. The girls were a good start, but we'd already seen that three people didn't make a big enough group to be safe. I'd have to find more somewhere, and Beth and Amanda sure as hell didn't make the cut. Earl seemed competent at first glance, but the way he'd immediately started planning to build a harem didn't impress me.

Not that I objected to the idea in principle, of course. There are damned few men who wouldn't want a harem of devoted beauties if that was an option. But that's the kind of thing you think about when you aren't in imminent danger of dying, and you can be confident your girls won't get eaten by monsters while you're busy plotting your next conquest. A guy who immediately jumps to thinking with his dick is liable to cause all kinds of trouble.

I returned to our shared room to find Jenny sitting on the bed with her head in her hands, wearing nothing but a towel. A naked Shasa sat beside her, leaning into her side and awkwardly patting her back.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

Jenny curled up tighter. "Yeah. Maybe. I don't know. I was just, I finally got a call through to mom, and we were talking about the family, and she's so scared and there's nothing I can do to help. I'm trying to be strong, Tom, but it's so hard. I feel like I'm going to shatter into a million pieces."

Shasa cast a worried look my way. I sat on the bed next to Jenny, and put my arm around her.

"It sounds like you need some stress relief," I said.

She choked. "God, yes! I'd have fallen apart a hundred times today without your orders keeping me together. Can I please just trance out for a while, and forget everything?"

"I think that can be arranged," I agreed. "Maybe I'd better cancel my suggestions while I'm at it. You've been awesome today, but if it's keeping you from having normal stress responses—"

"No!" She interrupted. "I'll be useless if you do that. I always freak out when something scary happens, and I almost died three times today. But you don't need to waste hours trying to calm my stupid ass down, and I don't want to be like that. I just, I don't know. I guess I need some kind of out, or pressure release or something, for when the stress gets to be too much and I can't keep it going any longer."

I frowned. "Are you sure, Jenny? With normal hypnosis I wouldn't worry too much, because if a suggestion causes you too much stress it would just fail. But with these new powers I'm afraid the wrong orders could really hurt you."

"Yeah, I get that," she said. "But the right ones could really help me. This new world doesn't have room for a timid, neurotic mess, Tom."

"If you were that bad we wouldn't have hooked up in the first place," I pointed out.

"Maybe not, but you get my point. I need to be amazing action girl Jenny, not normal office drone Jenny. And if I'm not strong enough to keep that up all the time, that just means I need some kind of failsafe that gets me back in action as soon as possible."

"Alright, Jenny. I'll see what I can do. Are you okay with me asking more questions about all this while you're in trance?"

"Ask me anything you want, Tom. I'm in this one hundred and ten percent. Oh, and you might want to think about how to keep Beth out of my head while you're at it. Unless you just want to see what she does to me after she finishes with the hotel staff."

"Caught that, did you?"

"Wait, what?" Shasa put in. "Beth did something to the counter girl? When? I didn't see anything."

"She was practically eating out of Beth's hand," Jenny said. "Acting like Beth was her boss, and at one point she almost screwed up and called her Mistress."

"Yeah, she's been a busy dom while we were off shopping and fighting," I agreed. "Which might be useful, but it does make me a little nervous. I guess it's about time we explained hypnosis to Shasa too."

"Guess so," Jenny agreed. "Just, um, please don't let her mess with me while I'm tranced, okay? It would be weird. She's like a big kid, and... well, I feel like I ought to be taking care of her, not, you know."

Shasa smiled, and laid down with her head in Jenny's lap. "Aw, that's sweet, Jenny. Don't worry, I won't cause any trouble. I know you're above me."

The dog girl's tail thumped against the bed, trying to wag energetically. Jenny smiled down at her, and scratched her ears. "Oh, am I?"

"Of course. I wasn't sure at first, because you're kind of small and I'm big. But you're strong and fierce, and you're really smart, and you were here first and of course you're a human just like Tom. So of course I'm at the bottom. Just tell me what I need to do, and I'll do it."

Jenny giggled. "You're such a cute sub. Maybe you should trance her too, Tom. She needs some kind of defense if she's going to hang with this group."

"She showed more resistance to the hypno-bush than you did," I pointed out. "But yeah, I'll definitely need to look into that. Any other comments or requests before I get started?"

Jenny bit her lip, and shook her head. "Nope! I'm ready when you are, Tom. Shasa, this is going to look weird, and I might act kind of like I did after the bush got me, but don't worry. Everything is okay, and Tom can explain what's going on. Alright?"

Shasa gave us both a confused look. "Okay, I guess. What's going on?"

Jenny ignored the question, and instead turned to me. "It's your turn to explain, right? Hit me."

I chuckled. "I suppose I'll let you have this one. Trance time, Jenny."

It never got old, the way she instantly went limp and vacant. I eased her down on the bed, while Shasa scrambled to her hands and knees and watched closely.

"That does look kind of scary," Shasa commented. "She said you'd explain, Tom. What's going on?"

"Jenny is in a trance right now," I explained. "Don't talk to her when she's like this, okay? It could hurt her a lot if you say the wrong thing."

"Really? Well, I don't want to hurt Jenny," Shasa said innocently. "I won't say a word to her. But I can still talk to you, right?"

"That's fine, Shasa. I'll need you to be quiet in a bit, but I can answer your questions first."

Shasa looked back and forth between me and Jenny a few times, and smiled. "I think I get it, Tom. You're going to help Jenny with all those bad feeling she was talking about, right?"

"That's right. You're a smart girl, Shasa."

Shasa beamed. "Thank you! I know I'm not as smart as you and Jenny, but I'm trying. So, what you were saying earlier, does that mean Beth can do this too?"

"Yes."

"That's kind of scary. It happened so fast, I don't know if I could stop her."

"Oh, it would take longer if she tried to hypnotize you," I assured her. "It was really easy with Jenny because she wanted me to do it, and the last few times we did this I worked on making it easier to do it again. If I just walked up to a stranger and tried to hypnotize them it would be a lot harder."

"That's good," Shasa said. "So, um, you're going to hipopoze me too, right?"

"Hypnotize," I corrected.

"Hippo, Hypano, um, hip-no-tize! Wow, that's a hard word. Hypnotize!"

"That's right, hypnotize. You sound eager."

"Uh huh!"

"Why?"

"Duh! I'm your girl, Tom. I want to do everything Jenny does. Besides, she looks really obedient right now. I can be a good girl too!"

My head couldn't quite decide if her innocence was sexy or too childlike for such thoughts. My boner had no such reservations. What can I say, I'm a perv. At least I know my own fetishes, and have some restraint about when and how I indulge them.

"Okay, Shasa. I'll hypnotize you too."

"Yay!"

"But you have to sit still for a minute and listen to me, okay?"

Shasa hurriedly settled herself on the bed next to Jenny. "Okay, Tom. I'm ready. Am I going to go limp like Jenny?"

"Yes, eventually. But first you need to look into my eyes, and listen to my voice. Only the sound of my voice, Shasa. Let everything else fade away."

She started to say something, but I put a finger over her lips. "Shh. No talking, Shasa. Just relax, and look into my eyes. Let your mind go quiet. All your thoughts and worries, fading away. Leaving you happy and relaxed. Blank and obedient. Hearing only the sound of my voice."

Shasa obviously had no idea what hypnotism was even supposed to be, so I wanted to make sure she understood what kind of state she was supposed to end up in before I seriously got started. Even with this new power of mine the experience would be heavily influenced by her own expectations, and if she had no idea how it was supposed to work things were bound to go wrong somehow.

Normally it took me at least twenty minutes of careful induction to get a new subject into even a light trance. I was expecting it to go a bit faster than that with some actual magic in my words, but Shasa's reaction was still a surprise. As I spoke her expression softened, and her eyes went blank.

She couldn't really be that easy, could she?

“Shasa, when I say sleep you’ll relax into a deep trance. You’ll be completely relaxed, your mind completely blank and empty. You’ll hear only my voice, and you’ll obey my instructions without question. Would you like that, Shasa?”

“Yes,” she breathed. “Good girl.”

“That’s right, Shasa. You’re a good girl. Sleep for me, Shasa.”

That was supposed to be followed by five minutes or so of talking her down, a line of patter that would coax her into acting like she was in a trance and then gradually persuade her that she wasn’t just playing along. Only I didn’t need to bother, because she went limp as soon as I said the word ‘sleep’. I eased her down on the bed, and found that her eyes were closed.

Seriously?

I picked up an arm by the wrist, lifted it a few inches and let it fall. Completely limp, with no hint she was even aware that it had moved.

“Can you hear me, Shasa?” I asked.

“Yes, Tom.”

Okay, then. Either this hypnosis power was a lot more effective than I’d assumed, or dog people are really easy to hypnotize. Or maybe Shasa was just a really easy subject for me in particular, because she’d adopted me as her pack leader. I was going to have to investigate that, because I needed to know what to expect if Beth or Earl tried something.

But first I needed to take care of Jenny, which brought me back to the real reason I’d hypnotized Shasa. I spent a couple of minutes deepening her trance and verifying that she was far enough under to take suggestions well. Then I told her she wouldn’t be able to hear anything else until I put my hand on her forehead, and left her in a peaceful meditative state while I turned my attention back to Jenny.

My girlfriend needed help, but it would have been rude to let someone else listen in while I probed at the vulnerable points of her psyche. There was no telling what she might say while she was in trance.

I pulled off the towel, removed my own clothes and laid down next to Jenny. My diagnostic spell revealed some minor scrapes and scratches, and I healed them one by one as I spoke to her.

“Deep trance, Jenny. Relax, and let all your troubles drift away. You’re safe in my arms, with no one else around. No one to hear you, or judge you. Nothing to worry about. You can be completely open and honest with me. You trust me completely, and you want to do everything you can to help me help you. Isn’t that right, Jenny?”

“Yes,” she breathed.

“Good girl,” I said.

Her lips curved into a smile, and she sighed a little. Still, that suggestion had been made before the System appeared, and it was overdue for some reinforcement.

“That’s right, Jenny. When I tell you that you’re a good girl you’ll feel happy and proud. Like you’ve worked hard for a long time to accomplish something important, and now you’re being praised for it, and you know you deserve it so you can just relax and enjoy the attention. Enjoy the burst of pure joy that fills you up completely for just a moment, before it bursts into a million sparks of lingering satisfaction. Can you remember all of that, Jenny? What do you feel when I tell you that you’re a good girl?”

“Burst of pure joy. Happy and proud. Deserve it.”

“Good girl, Jenny. You’re doing great. Now, how do you feel?”

“Safe. Loved. Stressed. Scared.”

“That’s what I thought,” I said. “Don’t worry, Jenny. We’re going to take care of everything. But to do that I need start by showing you a new way to think. We’re going to call this advisor mode. When I

and only I say 'advisor mode', you're going to find yourself thinking differently. The part of your subconscious that understands everything that happens inside your mind will wake up, and connect directly to the parts that let you hear and talk. Everything else, all the parts that could get in the way of understanding yourself and talking about it, will drift off into a deep sleep. Advisor Jenny understands everything there is to know about what you want, how you work and how things affect you, but she doesn't know or care about anything else. She'll just answer anything I ask, and obey any instructions that I give, without worrying about anything. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Good girl. Now, switch into advisor mode for me, Jenny. Seeing yourself, understanding yourself, knowing yourself and responding to my words. Nothing else matters. Everything else can just go to sleep until you need it again. Are you in advisor mode, Jenny?"

"Yes, sir," she said, suddenly sounding a lot more awake.

I moved to rest my head on my hand, and saw that her eyes were open now.

"Alright, let's put this to the test. Tell me about how my previous orders to be strong are affecting you."

"You didn't just order me to be strong, sir. You ordered me to be focused and alert, smart and decisive, strong and clear-headed. Trying to do all of that at once is exhausting. Especially the alert and decisive parts. The longer I keep it going the harder it gets, until it starts to feel like something is going to break."

"Well, we don't want anything in your head to break, do we? We'll have to make some changes. First, I want you to let go of those old instructions. You don't need them anyway while you're in analysis mode, right?"

"Yes, sir. Everything I need to understand myself is already part of analysis mode, and everything else is asleep anyway."

"Good. Do I need to talk you through letting go of the old suggestions, or did just ordering you to discard them do the job?"

She frowned slightly. "They're already gone. That's odd. Hypnosis usually takes more work than that."

"Yes, it usually does. Apparently adding magic makes it work more like a mind control spell. Take a close look at yourself now, and tell me if there are any other suggestions still in effect."

"I'll go into a trance for you any time you say, 'trance time, Jenny' and touch the back of my neck. I'll go into analysis mode when you tell me to. I'm sure you gave me a trigger that turns me into a semen addict, and I fantasize about you using it all the time. That's everything."

"I see. And how do you feel about all of that?"

"I love being able to go into trance so easily," she said calmly. "I'm a little worried about how easy it is to accidentally give orders with this magic hypnosis, so I think analysis mode is a good idea for making sure you get things right. Even if it is kind of hard to keep it going. I'm starting to get really worried because you still haven't used my cumslut trigger, or done any other sexy stuff with your new powers. I'm not used to being beautiful, so part of me is afraid you're going to get bored with me and replace me with someone better looking."

I had to suppress a sigh. Typical woman, obsessing over relationship drama when we were in the middle of a fight for survival. And why was she so insecure anyway? She'd been pretty cute even before her upgrades. But if there's one thing I've learned about this stuff, it's that emotions don't care about logic.

"I see. Well, I'm certainly not planning to replace you, Jenny. But human mating instincts are ridiculously complicated, and I'm sure there would be side effects if I just ordered you not to worry. What do you think the best way to reassure you would be?"

"Give me lots of sexy triggers, and use them all the time," she immediately replied. "The more we have sex, the more secure I'll feel. Or you could do a long scene where you mind break me and make me your sex slave, and put a collar on me. I have fantasies about that kind of thing all the time."

Yeah, I was back at full mast again. Schedule or no schedule, I wasn't ending this session without getting some relief. I ran my hand over her toned belly, and cupped a breast. They were firm enough that even lying down they kept their shape, but still soft and pliable in my hand.

"Why do you like those kinds of fantasies so much?" I asked. Yesterday I hadn't felt like we were close enough to pry into that too much, but I'd always been curious about what drives a serious hypno-sub. I've heard plenty of theorizing, but that's not the kind of subject where you can just take people at their word.

"If I'm being controlled then I'm not responsible for anything I do," she said. "I can just relax and enjoy it, no matter how kinky things get. No feeling embarrassed, or guilty, or worrying what people will think. Also, it feels really sexy when a man gives me orders and I just obey them without thinking. It's like the more powerful you are, and the more helpless I am, the wetter I get."

"I see. But what if you don't like the orders you're given?"

"Good subs are so rare that doms are really careful to make sure we enjoy our sessions," she pointed out. "It doesn't come up much. Besides, if you order me to do something I kind of don't want to do, and I do it anyway, that just drives home how powerful you are and makes me get super horny for you. Making me feel helpless and vulnerable is great, as long as you make me feel safe and wanted too."

I chuckled. "That's good to know. Well, getting insight into your kinks is good, but we have other things to deal with before we can have fun. Were you just getting stressed out from having an overly ambitious set of orders, or do you still have problems?"

"I almost died three times today, and I'm terrified that this is our new normal. I'm going to have a complete meltdown if you wake me up the way I am now."

"That's a problem. What do you think is the best way to deal with it?"

"I don't know, sir. I mean, I'm sure I'll get over it if you just let me cry on your shoulder for a while, but normal me isn't going to cut it in this world. I'm afraid I'll panic in the middle of a fight, or have a breakdown and distract everyone at a bad time. I need something to help me hold myself together, but the stress of trying to be something I'm not builds up really fast."

"What's the best kind of stress relief?" I asked.

"Trance. Or sex. Being a sex slave, maybe? Anything where I can just turn off my brain, and not have to make decisions or be responsible for anything."

"Hmm. Alright, here's what we're going to try. First, we're going to make a new personality mode for you that gives you all the tools you need to survive when things get dangerous. We're going to call her action girl Jenny. So I want you to picture what you'd be like as action girl Jenny. A version of you who's brave and confident. Who can face danger and fight monsters all day long if she needs to, and has the strength to do whatever it takes to survive. What's that Jenny like?"

"Like an action hero. Tough. Skilled. Strong. Determined, but not psycho. Sexy, and horny, but in control of it. Smart, and hard to sneak up on."

"Exactly. Whenever I tell you to become action girl Jenny, that's what you'll be like. Now, how hard is it going to be to stay in action girl mode?"

“Hard. Better than before, because I can understand how it all fits together. But I can’t be like that forever. The stress will build up until I break.”

“I thought so. Alright, Jenny, from now on we’re going to manage that stress. When you’re in action girl mode fear and stress just slide right off you, so they never get in the way of being a smart, adaptable badass. Instead they’ll all be dumped into an isolated holding tank, where they can’t affect you. I want you to picture that, Jenny. A big holding tank in the basement of your mind, as strong as you can make it. Can you see it?”

“Yes, sir.”

“On the side of the tank is a pressure gauge, labeled in percentages. One hundred percent means the tank is full, and you’ve bottled up as much stress as you can before it starts getting hard to do. But the gauge goes past that, because action girl Jenny can burn willpower to hold herself together for a bit longer if she really needs to. You’ll always be able to see that pressure gauge, and we’ll try to keep you out of the red. Are you with me so far?”

“Yes, sir. I’m a little over ninety percent now, sir. I... I’m surprised. I thought it would be higher.”

“You’re stronger than you give yourself credit for, Jenny. But we’re not done yet. We need another mode for you, that you can switch to when you need to relieve that pressure. A mode that’s easy for you. Something relaxing and sexy. The perfect way to let go of your stress, and recharge yourself. Take a minute to think about what that mode should be like, and then tell me.”

My hand resumed its exploration of her body as she thought. Normally a woman would have to live in the gym to even approach this level of fitness, and she’d lose most of her body fat in the process. Buying those muscles with points instead had left Jenny soft and feminine to the casual touch, but when I pressed harder the underlying muscles were hard as rock. It was an intriguing contrast.

“Pleasure drone Jenny,” she finally said. “No thoughts. No will. Only obedience, and desire. The stress tank is connected to her sex drive.”

This woman was going to be the death of me. Common sense? Restraint? What are those?

I suppressed my sigh, and thought for a moment before replying. Was there a way to make something like that work without being stupidly reckless?

“That’s a clever idea for burning off stress, Jenny. Does it turn you on to imagine being completely mindless and obedient?”

“God, yes. No worries, just pleasure.”

“Do you have any other fantasies that are similar? Because using magic to order you to be completely mindless sounds dangerous. For all we know it could break something, and you might not be able to come back.”

She squirmed on the bed. “Still hot. Do I have to think of something else, sir? Couldn’t we just try it?”

“When I have a better understanding of what’s safe we’ll try it,” I promised. “But we need something we can do right now. Do you have a safer version of that fantasy?”

“Fresh slave Jenny,” she said. “Newly caught, and bound up in all kinds of triggers and compulsions while she’s being trained to serve her master. Or perfectly trained slave Jenny, after she’s spent months learning to be completely obedient and devoted to her master. But it would take a lot of work to make up all the slave rules and keep track of everything, which would be more stress. Oh! How about if I’m a breeding slut who’s been completely broken by tentacle monsters, and all my aphrodisiac-addled brain can focus on is sex?”

I chuckled. “Those all sound pretty hot. I didn’t realize you were into tentacles.”

"Normally I'm too embarrassed about that to admit it," she said. "It's not my main fantasy, but the idea of being completely overwhelmed with pleasure it pretty hot."

"No wonder you didn't fight back against that hypnotic bush."

"I was hoping it would fuck me," she admitted. "It sucks that all the monsters just want us dead."

"Yes, it does. Well, I can see some options here. Which idea do you most want to try?"

"Pleasure drone," she said. "Please, sir. I really want to be able to just turn my brain off, and enjoy being a sexy fantasy without having to worry about anything."

"Alright, Jenny. I think we can do a fun version of that without resorting to any reckless commands. We're going to call this vacation mode, just so you don't get it confused with any of your fantasies."

"Yes, sir," she breathed, relaxing onto the bed again. "Making a new mode. Vacation mode Jenny. How should this work?"

"First off, there's a big pipe that connects the stress tank to a supercharger than drives vacation mode Jenny's libido. When you go into vacation mode a valve opens, and the pressurized stress rushes out to drive the supercharger. When there's high pressure in the tank your sex drive goes into overdrive, making you so desperate to fuck that there's no room for anything else in your head. When the pressure eases off you won't be so desperate, but you'll still be so horny that it just washes away all your cares and inhibitions."

Jenny smiled. "Awesome."

"Having sex will burn through that stress quickly," I went on. "Because the supercharger amps up your orgasms too. The stress winds you tighter and tighter when you get close to release, making everything feel far more intense than normal, and when you go over the top all that tension gets released at once to make your orgasm feel even better. So having sex in vacation mode is an amazingly good way to burn off stress. Now, how will vacation mode Jenny feel about sex?"

"Always horny. Always ready. No inhibitions. Completely obedient."

"That's right. Vacation mode Jenny is a being of pure sex. Soft and submissive, perpetually horny and incredibly sensitive. Vacation mode Jenny loves to obey, loves to serve and loves sex. But she isn't mindless like a pleasure drone."

Jenny pouted. "No?"

"Nope. Her mind is relaxed and open, like a sexy hypnotic trance. She doesn't have any cares or worries, no thoughts about the future or the past, nothing that could disturb her enjoyment of being a creature of pure sex. She's a happy slut who lives completely in the moment, eagerly doing as she's told and enjoying every second of it. When she has orders to carry out she focuses on them completely, and when she doesn't she loses herself in sexual daydreams about things she's done or would like to do. But she still has a smart Jenny brain that can think up clever ways to carry out her orders, and she can still pay attention to what's happening around her if she needs to. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. No will for vacation mode Jenny, right?"

"That's right. Vacation mode Jenny is bursting with desires, a million sexy fantasies simmering away at the edge of consciousness. But she doesn't plan or make decisions, and she certainly doesn't worry about consequences. She just does what her master tells her to, automatically, without any hesitation or resistance. She gets a sexy thrill every time she carries out an order, and if she doesn't have any orders to follow she'll just stay where she is and enjoy her sexy fantasies until her master gives her something to do. She never has to be responsible for anything."

"Yes," Jenny breathed. "That's perfect."

“Now, who is Jenny’s master?”

“You are.”

“Thank you, Jenny. That’s right, I am your master. When you’re in vacation mode you’ll obey my orders, and no one else’s unless I say otherwise. I promise I’ll take good care of you. Now, one last thing. When I wake you up you’re going to forget about everything that happened during this trance. But you’ll still remember that analysis mode, action girl mode and vacation mode exist, and you have some control over them. When you’re just normal Jenny you can switch to another mode by ordering yourself to do it, using the same words that I use. Obviously vacation mode Jenny can’t order herself to change back, since that would require making a decision, but your other modes can do it. Also, whenever you’re in immediate danger you’ll instantly switch into action girl mode to deal with it, no matter what mode you were in at the time. Understand?”

“Normal Jenny can switch modes. Analysis and action girl can switch back. I always have to become action girl if I’m in danger. I understand.”

“Alright, one last review. When I say, ‘analysis mode, Jenny’, you go into analysis mode. ‘Normal mode, Jenny,’ changes you back to normal, ‘action girl mode, Jenny,’ puts you in action girl mode, and ‘vacation mode, Jenny,’ puts you in vacation mode. All just like you’d expect, right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good girl. Vacation mode, Jenny.”

Her breath hitched. A flush spread over her chest, and her nipples hardened.

“How do you feel?” I asked.

“Desperately horny, master. I really hope you play with me soon.”

“Yeah, the only way that’s not happening is if the building explodes. Action girl mode, Jenny. Now how do you feel?”

“Horny as hell,” she said.

“Oh? What would you do if I woke you up right now?”

“Jump your bones. Maybe Shasa too. I bet I can wear you both out.”

“Maybe so. Normal mode, Jenny. How about now?”

The response sounded more like her usual trance voice than the other modes. “Stressed. Horny. Switching is hard.”

“Is it? Then I’ll be careful not to overwork you until you get used to it,” I said. “But it will get easier with practice. Especially action girl mode. Would you like it if you could just be like that all the time, and not need to use normal mode at all?”

“Yes,” she admitted. “Wish I was really action girl.”

“You will be,” I said. “The more time you spend as action girl, the more natural it will become. You’ll gradually train yourself to be brave and strong, and everything else you put in there. When you’ve done it enough it will eventually become second nature, and then you won’t need normal mode anymore. Do you like that?”

“Yes. Want to be strong.”

“You will be, Jenny. Now, from now on there are two ways you can get out of any trance you find yourself in. If I snap my fingers and order you to wake, that will end the trance normally. You’ll wake up feeling refreshed and clear-headed, ready to get up and carry on with your life. Just like how we’ve been doing things.

“But there’s a second way to get out of a trance, that will protect you from monsters or people taking advantage of you. From now on whenever you go into trance you’ll automatically slip into analysis

mode for a moment, and check your own feelings about whoever entranced you. If it's someone you trust and want as your master, you'll let yourself relax fully into the trance and be affected by it normally. But if it's a stranger, or a monster, or someone you don't want to have complete control of you, you'll immediately snap out of your trance and go into action girl mode. For the next few minutes you'll be much too worked up to go back into a trance no matter what they do, and you'll be able to ignore any orders they may have given you. Do you understand?"

"Rage mode. No one gets to trance me but you."

"That isn't quite what I said, Jenny. If there's ever someone else who you really do trust and want as your dom, it's okay to let them trance you. And if there's ever a time when you stop trusting me, and don't want me to be your dom anymore, then your defense will protect you from me as well. There are no names on your trance defense. It's all about whether you really want the person hypnotizing you to be able to do that. Do you understand?"

She frowned. "Yes."

"Are you unhappy about it?"

"Don't want to be safe from you," she complained.

"Then you won't be," I pointed out. "If you want me to be able to put you in a trance and twist your soft little mind into knots on a whim, then I'll still be able to. It only triggers if you get so unhappy with me that you don't want that anymore."

She was still frowning.

"Let me guess. You don't want to have constant proof that you're consenting to everything I do. Is that it?"

"Yes," she sighed.

"Then you can forget all about that detail," I said. "From now on you'll only remember how your trance defense works for a few moments at the start of each trance, while you're deciding whether to snap yourself out of it. The rest of the time you'll be convinced that it only protects you from other people, and I can override it whenever I want. Which might even be true, for all you know, because you're such an obedient little hypno-slut that you'd be happy to let me give you a trigger like that. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir!" She purred.

"Alright, then, I've put this off as long as I can stand. Wake!" I snapped my fingers.

She jerked, blinked a few times, then relaxed and stretched.

"Wow. Secret instructions, huh? Coming out of it felt a little different that time. Like it was more work, somehow?"

"I may have rushed the ending a little," I admitted. "What do you think of the new triggers?"

"Trance defense is good. Um, wow, alternate personalities? Tell me this is going somewhere fun."

"Oh, you bet it is. Vacation mode, Jenny."