

Old Flames Never Die
August 2022 – Part Three

The first session was the toughest, of course. Though believe me, the look on her face when she awoke and discovered she'd been out for more than an entire hour was something else. As was her growing realization that this session was only the beginning.

Oh, yes. The beginning of... well, as many sessions as I needed.

"Tell me your deepest fantasies, dear," I told her one grey afternoon maybe two weeks after we'd started. She was in her now-customary spot by my desk, lolled back in obedient repose, her unfocused eyes staring up mindlessly up to the dimly lit ceiling. And out they came, just as I'd asked: her dirtiest secret thoughts. Fantasies of holding a guy down and making him eat her out. Of giving a guy a hand-job and making him cum only on command. Of dressing him up in her own sexy lingerie and making him wait on her hand and foot...

Yeah, not terribly far-out. But definitely the makings of a dominant, no doubt about it. It was just like I'd suspected... and exactly what I was prepared to remove.

In the next session, I went deeper. I asked about what she'd wanted to do with me by hypnotizing me all those years ago. And again, out came the truth – or at least, as close to the truth as I was going to get. She'd thought I was cute but kind of a sissy. She's thought it would be hot to see me cum on command. She'd tried to put me under, so surprised when it actually happened. And yes, how she'd fumbled and laughed with her drunken friends and jokingly given me all the commands that came first into their inebriated brains: to orgasm as someone with female anatomy might...

I'd been out of it, but how I could envision it now in my mind! "Oh, yeah. An' you feel so fucking horny... You're so fucking wet! God, every time you get excited your panties are *soaked through*. You can't fucking help it, Mark. You're just so wet... so pathetically horny... so fucking *wet*..."

I pushed past it, willing back the years of resentment and the humiliating memories that have brought me to this point. This woman may have accidentally ensured that I would never again be able to get aroused without dribbling like a leaky hose. She may have inadvertently condemned me to a life of lonely – and increasingly severe – incontinence. But if there was one thing I knew, it was that I could do all that to her in return... and more.

Assuming I wanted to, of course. And seeing her gorgeous self so close to me – so pretty and self-

possessed even in hypnosis – well, at this point I still most definitely wanted to. Fair was fair, after all.

It was only two sessions after my initial plunge into her training that Priscilla rose from her chair and found herself staring down uncomprehendingly at the unmistakable print of her own urine. Oh, of course I'd taken steps to help with the initial shock. She was not so much horrified as curious, thanks to my suggestions. And of course I was ever so helpful: sharing her surprise, shrugging it away, suggesting that it was a good sign that she was relaxing and learning to be even more at ease during her training...

Yeah. Employee training. That's still what she was supposedly here for.

A couple of sessions later, she woke to find herself sitting not only in a veritable puddle of her own piss, but upon a thick cotton cloth she'd obediently taken and slid underneath herself beforehand. "See how nice and protective that is?" I kindly observed, watching as she stared down with something between curiosity and confused longing. "Honestly, I really think if this is how relaxed you're going to be during our training, you ought to wear something like that. In fact, I'm going to order you to."

Orders were orders, and never more binding than in her newly renovated psyche. I helpfully – oh, ever so helpfully – explained that cloth and some sort of plastic barrier was good for nights, but daytime called for something sexier and more discreet. And before she got out my door, she had wonderingly and brightly accepted not one, but four neatly folded disposable diapers from my own hands.

Oh, yes. The hypnotic noose was drawing tighter – and sexier – than ever.

Because I was finding it increasingly hard to convince myself I hated her – if indeed I ever had. She was just so sweet under hypnosis... so desperate to be a dominant woman, and yet so trusting and vulnerable to my every suggestion. And when her prettily made-up lips parted, and a thin little trickle of drool escaped down her smooth chin, and that lovely dark head nodded to my every suggestion... well, honestly I wasn't the only one soaking my pants.

Not a week after she came, slightly embarrassed but eager to please, with a crinkle and a rustle in her every step, I knew she was practically mine. "Good girl," I commended with a gentle smile as

her eyes rolled back into their now-accustomed blank gaze of trance. "Good, obedient employee... wearing her lovely, safe, comfortable *diaper*. Such a pretty *diaper*. You wear it here... you wear it to *work*... you wear it night and day now because you love your *diaper* so much..."

Yes indeed. I wasn't going to mince words. She made me dependent on these things, and she was going to accept every little bit of what they were – down to the distressingly infantile word for them.

In that session and others that followed, I finally admitted it to myself; I was attracted to her. I needed to be with her in more intimate ways than this – assuming that sex could possibly be more intimate than I was right now, shuffling around in the innermost recesses of her subconscious. And so I sighed, beginning the training that I knew would be the final nail in the coffin for my sweet, repentant employee's previous self...

"You adore the look and feel of your diaper," I breathed, and my entranced listener nodded sagely along. "You love the look of a man in a diaper. So thick, so loud and round and full... Oh, you can't help but get aroused when you see a full-grown man's diapered ass. And when you see him wet... when you see his diaper thick and swollen and wet... Oh, you have never in your life been more turned on! You feel yourself wetting too; growing so wet, so aroused... And the more you wet and the more you see him, the hornier and wetter you become..."

Was it caution that made me hesitate after that? Was it the need to be absolutely sure that made me repeat this session not once, not twice, but three times? Maybe after all this time I needed to be 100% convinced of my success. Maybe the clearly soggy diapers, and her bright but still shy confessions of her increasing lack of control, and the rustle I now heard around the office as she passed by on her way to hers... maybe they weren't quite enough.

Or maybe I was just terrified of my own handiwork.

But in the end, I said them: those words that would pull her up out of trance. With shaking fingers I dropped my neatly ironed slacks, disclosing the well-used bulk of my shameful underwear. And she woke: blinking back to the reality not only of my cozy office, but also to the sight of her own boss, gazing down at her with bare legs and a visibly soiled disposable diaper.

It wasn't the gulp in her pretty throat that did it. Nor was it the wondering gaze and the flush creeping to the cheeks and the parted lips. It was the way she rose from her chair – my pretty, diapered college tormentor turned employee – and pulled me close in a heated embrace.

And after that... well, wouldn't you like to know?

THE END