

## The Starlight Lounge

By Carefully Random

(story concept and illustration by AWMBH)

“I know I’ve asked this a dozen times already... But what’s it like?”

“How to best describe it...” Suzie mulled it over for several moments. She tried thinking of a new way to explain the sensations as she stared off into the middle of the hotel lounge, watching as gorgeous women and dashing men worked wonders of seduction.

Valerie kept her attention rapt on her friend, her hands clasped anxiously. She was meeting the manager in scarcely a few minutes, and she still felt like she had a thousand more questions to ask Suzie on top of what felt like hundreds she had already asked. Part of her was tempted to tune into her neural chip so she could read a few MindWeb profiles of those on the floor below, but Suzie was the best source of answers she had, having worked there for a few months now.

“It’s like slipping into a dream, but still feeling things more vividly than before...” Suzie sighed happily, flicking a strand of her wavy dark hair out of her face. “It’s like being guided by some wonderful power that’s greater than you, and allowing yourself to just enjoy the ride... But really, it’s different every time, a million different possibilities, so many different clients, with different fantasies.”

“And the hypnotic control... You become whatever fantasy they want...”

“It’s why it pays so well.” Suzie winked. “And why it’s so popular. Seriously, Val, I couldn’t say a bad word about it if I tried. And you... You know, being <i>you</i>,” she emphasised, motioning to Valerie, “You’re going to make an Ab-so-lute <i>killing</i> doing this.”

Doing this... Valerie really was doing this, wasn’t she? She stole her eyes away from her friend’s admiring gaze and looked out across the lounge herself. From their private booth on the mezzanine, she could see everyone so clearly from up here. So many pretty girls... She wondered how many of them were already in a deep state of trance, programmed to act in specific ways to attract clientele. She wondered if you could tell, up close, if their eyes would be vacant of all thought, or if the illusion was seamless, and you could be deep in trance yet seem more awake and energised than ever.

“You get to choose?” Valerie asked, turning back to Suzie who was sipping on a marvellous looking pink cocktail.

“If you want, sure,” Suzie replied in her bubbly manner. “You can choose what you will and won’t be, and if you want to, you can veto clients or only make yourself available to certain types. I don’t see the point though.” She dismissed the idea with a wave. Okay, I’m solidly Bi... but you know I don’t like giving head to girls as much as I like being on the receiving end, right? Well, they flip a switch in my brain and I’m suddenly the most depraved and feisty pussy lick

you'll find in the whole of California. Fuck, I enjoy holding on to those memories as much as the rest of them, but if for any reason I didn't..." She now pretended to pluck a memory from the side of her head and dropped it under the table. "Plunk! Gone. Hahaha! Seriously, Val, loosen up, have a cocktail already!"

"No thanks. I'm not getting inebriated moments before I sign a contract, Suzie..." Valerie rolled her eyes but smiled all the same. "Besides, my meeting is literally about to start."

As if on cue, an immaculately dressed hotel employee appeared by the table. A neatly pulled ponytail, a freckled face, and a polite smile greeted Valerie. While she was well presented, she was far from captivating. Valerie couldn't help but feel that the young woman was intentionally presented in a way that you weren't really supposed to notice her unless interacting with her directly. The real attention grabbers were in the lounge below.

"Miss Meadows, Madame Ashvale will see you now," the clerk informed, nodding respectfully. Valerie took note of her silver nametag, matching the polished buttons of her red and black uniform.

"Alright, thank you Claire," Valerie responded with a deep inhale, tempering her simmering excitement. She turned to Suzie. "I'll see you here after?"

Suzie shook her head and then broke into a huge grin. "Nuh uh baby... I'm here to work! I'll see you out there after." She motioned to the lounge below and then blew Valerie some friendly kisses, calling "Good luck!" after her.

Gillian Ashvale finished tidying some papers and leaned back in her expensive leather chair just in time for the door to open. She got to her feet and strode around her desk as Valerie followed Claire into the office.

After taking Valerie's jacket, Claire excused herself, leaving Madame Ashvale to greet Valerie.

"Miss Meadows, it is an absolute pleasure to have you here in my establishment." Gillian expressed her enthusiasm while extending a hand.

"Thank you very much. It's Gillian, right?" Valerie replied, graciously shaking Gillian's hand.

"My staff call me Madame Ashvale, but for now, Gillian will be fine. Please, have a seat." Gillian motioned to one of two comfortable plush chairs that had been placed facing her desk. Valerie, picked the one on the right and sank into the luxurious velvet. There was a moment where both women were silent, their minds absorbing mutual information about the other through what their chips could access on the internet, such as MindWeb profiles, press releases, and the like. Valerie instantly learned that Gillian had made a career out of the changes to state law that made places like this possible, and that this was the third and by far the largest operation that she had ran on the West Coast.

“So what do you think of my club?” Gillian leaned forward, clasping her hands beneath her chin and thoroughly appraising the young woman before her.

“I like it.” Valerie smiled warmly. She felt like Madame Ashvale was scrutinising every inch of her appearance, having just done the same to every piece of online information there was about Valerie. Of course, it wasn’t anything she wasn’t used to, and she had to hide her satisfied smirk of knowing that there wasn’t anything deserving of scrutiny. “It feels... elegant. Civilised.” Valerie chose her words carefully. In a way, Madame Ashvale was about to become her boss, or at the very least a business associate. “I feel like I could belong here,” Valerie added, letting herself relax into the comfort of the chair.

Gillian couldn’t help but agree. She had spent the last few years scouting out the most attractive people she could find for what was her most ambitious setup yet. That Valerie Meadows would approach her was something beyond her wildest dreams, not that she let this show on her expression, the epitome of professional and polite.

Valerie was beyond beautiful. Her face had adorned magazines, billboards, and countless social media posts, but they didn’t do the reality any justice. She had glossed pink lips that framed a dazzling pearl smile, electric sapphire blue eyes that gleamed like stars shined within, and curled locks of golden blonde hair that cascaded down past her shoulders like she had stepped out of a fairytale. Her face was slim, her styled brows impeccable, and her cheeks flushed with a subtle rose tint. She would have looked like an angel, had it not been for her outfit.

The dazzling red dress hugged Valerie’s figure, showing off her full hips, her tiny waist, and her generous cleavage. Her hem line was short enough that when she crossed her flawlessly smooth, beautifully tanned legs, they drew Gillian’s gaze to them. Her tall, slim build was complete with delicate, slender shoulders and graceful arms. She wore a glittering diamond necklace and a thin golden bracelet that Gillian knew to be keepsakes of the Miss California Pageant prize parcel, matching the rich shine of her hair.

Gillian could honestly say in her fifty years, she had never seen a woman so breathtakingly gorgeous, and as perfect in poise and presentation as Valerie was in natural allure. She held herself with a grace and subtle dignity that made the older woman think of royalty. Parts of her wanted to feel jealous of the young beauty, while other parts told her she should be feeling threatened. However, her keen mind reminded her that the only things she really ought to be were professional and grateful.

“Well,” she began after she had taken all of Valerie in and drawn in a long, tempered breath, “I must say I am thrilled you are joining us here at the Starlight Hotel. To have a former Miss California joining our entertainers here... Your fame will attract a vast number of clientele, and one look at you will have them addicted for life. You stand to make an absolute fortune here,

Miss Meadows. Assuming, that is, you were satisfied with the latest contract revision we sent you.”

“As you implemented all of the changes I requested, I am very satisfied indeed.” Valerie smiled that dazzling smile.

Gillian couldn't help but smile in return, it was too infectious. ‘Now where can I get ten more of her?’ she thought.

“It is a pity that you can't use my title in your official marketing,” Valerie admitted. “But I'm sure you'll manage just fine.”

“Yes, I'm sure we will,” Gillian agreed. “We have the best photographer in the city coming in for all of next Tuesday. We're going to do the morning shoot with just you, and then bring in some of your new colleagues for the afternoon shoot. But we will have plenty of time to discuss that in the coming few days. I can see that you've come dressed and ready for a first session.”

“Yes, I have,” Valerie confirmed. For the first time since she entered the office, Gillian saw the young woman's nerve falter. “I admit, I'm really anxious, but I think it best to just jump in and see how it goes.”

“That's the spirit!” Gillian clasped her hands approvingly. “Shall we go get the contracts all signed up and then see Tatiana about getting you started?”

“Yes,” Valerie sighed out her nerves. “Let's.”

The contract signing took a short while, but it all seemed in order to Valerie. As soon as they were done, Gillian, or rather Madame Ashvale, led her to a large room just off the main lounge.

The moment Valerie entered, she knew that her time of surrendering into trance was drawing near, and her heart rate increased accordingly. The room was dim, with soft orange lanterns bathing everything in a warm glow. Darkness seemed to collect in the corners, and a soothing music played over unseen speakers. As the perimeter of the room was so dark and obscured, Valerie's eyes were drawn to the room's occupants in the centre.

A circle of six hi-tech chairs faced outwards in the centre of the room. They looked like those you would find at a dentist, completely adjustable and positionable, only much more sleek and stylish in satin chrome with black leather padding. All but one of the chairs were reclined to an almost horizontal position, five feminine occupants filling them. Valerie could only see the faces of the nearest two, and she gulped in anticipation as she saw that each of them lay with dazed expressions, their bodies completely limp on their recliners.

“The women's loading room,” Madam Ashvale explained. “Here is where we do quick trance and programming checks on each entertainer before letting them out into the lounge.”

Sure enough, there were a few employees in neat uniforms holding up tablets to the entranced women. The dreamy faced woman in the nearest chair was thin and petite in almost every way imaginable, and looked like she could be a gymnast or ballet dancer. However, her long straight midnight hair and full chest made Valerie consider that while she may be agile, she wouldn't likely be doing forward flips anytime soon. Her skin-hugging dark red leggings and gold tube top had clearly been picked to show off her slim build, albeit with generous assets. Valerie nodded her approval, it was clearly an attractive look.

As the clerk tapped a few buttons on her tablet, the elfin beauty began to stir. The chair adjusted beneath her in a slow and steady motion, raising the girl up. When it had locked in place, sitting her almost completely upright, she flexed and shook her limbs, becoming wholly animated. Standing up, she engaged in a complex, secret handshake and fist bumping manoeuvre with the employee who had just 'activated' her, before noticing Valerie. She gave her a wink, then delicately drifted towards the main lounge, no doubt to make some heads turn.

The programmer hit a few more buttons on her tablet, and someone else walked out of a side room to take the place of the departing entertainer. Wait, was that...

"Suzie?" Valerie gasped in surprise, quickly rushing up to her friend. She expected Suzie to have some kind of reaction to her, however small, but there was nothing. Her light green eyes were glossy and unfocused. The muscles in her face were relaxed, leaving her utterly expressionless, as if she were sleepwalking. Valerie had always known Suzie as a constant fidget, endlessly expressive, and always so switched on and engaged with the people and world around her. Seeing her here, moving like a zombie, Valerie felt a shiver down her spine. It was unnatural yet exhilarating to witness.

As Suzie wordlessly got into the now-vacant chair that immediately started to recline, Valerie watched in wonder, picturing what it must feel like to become like her friend. Suzie's distant gaze was then hidden behind her eyelids as they fluttered closed while she became horizontal. It looked like she was sinking into a fathoms-deep, dreamless sleep.

"She looks so..." Valerie considered the word to use. Empty? No, that was too simple. Vacant? Eh, same problem. It was more than her friend just not having the lights switched on that Valerie found disturbing. It was the idea that everything about who she was could be shut off just like that. Nervousness aside, it was something Valerie ached to experience, to be mindless and ready to be programmed, it would be "...perfect," she finished, the hints of awe evident in her voice.

"As you can see, Miss Meadows," Gillian began proudly. "In this deeply entranced state, her mind is blank, but still a solid foundation for us to build upon. While a few of our clients like to have our entertainers in this sleepy, malleable format during their sessions, the vast majority of our customer satisfaction is with the personalities we've painstakingly made to fulfil every

fantasy..." As Valerie turned to Gillian, she saw a zealous gleam in the Madame's eye. "For the right price, of course."

"Of course." Valerie smiled at Gillian's eagerness before looking back to her deeply entranced friend. "That's why I'm here, after all." She felt a rush of warmth spread through her. She couldn't believe she was this close to experiencing such a blissful looking trance

"Exactly. You've made an excellent choice in joining us, Miss Meadows," Gillian reassured her. She then turned to the concentrating staff member who was facing Suzie and tapping away on her tablet. "Isn't that right, Tatiana?"

"Right on, boss," Tatiana replied, turning and giving an enthusiastic wink and thumbs up. She had bright bubblegum-pink hair that had been put into asymmetrical punk pigtails, held there by rainbow scrunchies. Her face was expressive and cheeky, with a giant smile and large almond eyes that made Valerie think of Japanese manga. Her outfit was the same red and black uniform that Valerie had seen Claire wear impeccably earlier, except Tatiana had accessorised it almost beyond recognition with sparkling badges, rainbow tassels, and countless other pins and patches that seemed to be from a variety of popular movies and video games.

Tatiana's train of thought was shattered as soon as she saw Valerie.

"Holy crap, you're Miss California!" she squealed, clenching her fists and bouncing up and down on the spot. "Ohmygod, ohmygod!" Tatiana bounced from one foot to the other before staring earnestly at Gillian. "Madam Ashvale, how come you never *told* me?!"

Gillian cleared her throat loudly and turned to Valerie. "Valerie... When she's not forgetting her manners, this is Tatiana, our chief programmer."

"Right! Yes! Right! Of course!" Tatiana fumbled her tablet between her hands, unable to decide which to offer until the third try. "It's an absolute *honor!* Welcome, welcome!"

Valerie chuckled. "The honor is mine," she replied. "And it's former Miss California, though I'm not supposed to talk about that in here. Y'know, contract stipulations and all that." She felt a joyous lift from the programmers' glee. Although that kind of reaction was something she was used to, it still took her by surprise on occasion, especially when it was as enthusiastic as the young woman before her.

"Valerie here is starting tonight. Can you spare anyone for her orientation session?" Gillian asked, spurring the conversation forward.

"Oh, oh, can I do it?" Tatiana asked with hopeful eyes. She then shook her head and pretended to hit herself. "Doy!" She laughed. "I'm the head programmer, of course I can do it. Oh, Valerie, I'm so glad you're joining us here, you're going to have an amazing time!"

“Well, that’s the hope.” Valerie nodded. She found Tatiana’s bubbly mannerisms oddly comforting, and found herself almost laughing at her limitless joy.

“Marvelous,” Gillian said. “Well, I have a lot to attend to, so I’ll leave you in Tatiana’s capable hands.”

‘Thank you Gill- Ah, should I say, Madame Ashvale,” Valerie corrected herself, nodding respectfully to the madame.

“Why, Miss Meadows, I think you’re going to do just wonderfully here,” Madame Ashvale declared before striding back to the doorway they had entered from.

Valerie felt a friend request ping in her neutral chip. Realising it was from Tatiana via MindWeb, she turned back to the head programmer to be greeted by a grinning face of equal parts terror and exhilaration.

“Okay okay okay, so I have like a *bazillion* questions!” Tatiana was bouncing on the spot again. She shook her head and then seemed to stand up straight and rigid, a now serious look on her face. “But those can wait.” She nodded curtly, struggling to maintain her serious composure. “Because I am a professional, and we have work to do here. Yes, much maturity, head programmer, totally not immature and your biggest pageant fangirl, no sir-ree ma’am!”

Valerie couldn’t hold her laughter back any longer. “I’m sure I can answer some of your questions, Tatiana. That’s an interesting name, by the way.”

“Tell me about it!” Tatiana replied, visibly relaxing. “I mean, everyone just goes around shortening it to Tanya this, Tanya that! I like my four syllables! People have obsessions with shortening things, but not this chick! I won’t even bother telling you my surname. We’d be here all night!”

“Well, I do have other plans…” Valerie found herself matching Tatiana’s grin.

“Ha! Yes, I guess the questions can wait until later. I hope we have plenty of time for such things.” The pink haired programmer crossed her fingers. “But before we get started with your orientation, do you really know Suzie here?”

“Yes, I do,” Valerie replied, turning her attention back to her deeply entranced friend. “But that barely seems like her at all.”

“Yes, well, she’s all there, just a bit dormant right now,” Tatiana explained. “Suzie is such a wonderful girl, honestly one of our best!” She blushed slightly as she said it, fixing an imaginary strand of loose hair before regaining her composure. “I can bring her out if you like? Or better yet, you can help me pick her personality for the night!”

“Does the client not pick how she acts?” Valerie enquired with a raised eyebrow. She vaguely remembered Suzie saying that the client chose the fantasy.

“Oh, absolutely!” Tatiana nodded enthusiastically. “However, that’s for the private sessions. We let them interface with the entertainer of their choosing with a device similar to this one.” She shook her tablet for a moment. “Though with nowhere near the same level of control as our admin devices have.”

All the while, Valerie’s gaze was caught between the animated Tatiana and her deeply asleep friend. She kept staring at Suzie, looking for the slightest sign of that spark that she knew her friend for, but it wasn’t there. Aside from the soft rise and fall of her perfectly even breathing, there was simply no trace of Suzie at all. The other women next to her were the same, though two of them had gone now as another member of staff, a tall, prim, and proper looking woman, worked away on the remaining entranced female bodies with her own tablet.

“But in here we program them for the behaviour they use to mingle with the clientele, and of course coax them into paying for some privacy...” Tatiana continued, not put off by Valerie’s distraction.

Were she to pinch the deeply asleep Suzie, would she flinch? What if she were to tickle her, or throw a custard pie into her face? What if she nudged her to the edge of the chair? Would she topple off like a falling rock, or would her reflexes kick in and allow her to catch herself? So curious...

“You won’t get much reaction out of her, if that’s what you’re thinking.” Tatiana commented, watching Valerie scrutinise her friend. “She’s on certain basic survival instincts only... She still breathes, obviously, and if a danger presents itself, she will do only as much as she needs to in order to remove herself from it before going dormant again, as well as assist anyone else who needs it. It’s sorta like a blank canvass personality state that we work with. If you try to paste a complex personality over an existing personality, the results can sometimes be unpredictable, and that obviously isn’t good for business.” Tatiana looked at Valerie with wide eyes as she said that last part. There was clearly a story there, but Valerie was anxious to move things forward.

“So... you were saying you’re going to give her a personality to go and mingle in the lounge with?” Valerie asked instead.

“That’s totally right. Okay, I’m probably not supposed to do this, but here,” she replied, offering the tablet to Valerie. Valerie took it gingerly and looked at it while Tatiana joined her at her side.

“See here?” Tatiana pointed to the list on the left of the screen. “You can select any one of those. Tapping it gives you a better description of it here,” she pointed to a currently blank description box, “and it will also display a breakdown of behavioural parameters here, and then at the bottom there, it will suggest other personalities that are similar.”



"I see," Valerie murmured as she examined the list. It was surprisingly long. The names of certain entries jumped out at her. Dominant, Flirtatious and Fun, Heartless Bitch, Hopeless Romantic, Horny Slut, Obedient Slave, Tenacious Tomboy, Vapid Bimbo, Unruly Slave... Her eyes scanned up and down the list, her imagination running wild with ideas of what they all might involve. What would it be like to see Suzie in one of these guises?

'Forget that...' she thought, 'What is it going to be like when that's <i>me</i>?'

Then Valerie looked up, puzzled, and asked, "What exactly is the personality 'Emu'?"

Tatiana facepalmed, looking exasperated. "Please ignore that. Special request..."

"Okay..." Valerie replied with a raised eyebrow. "So which one of these does Suzie usually go for?"

"Well, Suzie's a fun one." Tatiana smiled again. "Some of them like to just be themselves, which personally I don't understand, but to each their own. Some have a favourite personality that for whatever reason they always use. I think it's like having a lucky charm or something. Suzie here, however, likes to roll the dice."

"Roll the dice?"

"Yeah! Be adventurous! A different personality every night, just random number generation and seeing what happens. I admire the attitude, actually." Tatiana nodded in approval.

Valerie looked at Tatiana, then Suzie, then the other remaining dormant woman in the room. Everything about this place was so enticing. To lose herself in the role of someone entirely different from herself... Even just for the night... It seemed like complete escapism, and it was her ultimate fantasy.

"So, let's see what sexy Suzie here will be tonight," Tatiana enthused, tapping several buttons on her tablet. "Oh, interesting..." she declared. "Sultry Minx! I wrote that one myself, you know... I basically went in with the idea of everything I wish I could be in real life, and it came out like... this!" She tapped a few more buttons, and then took a step back. The chair started to move back to a seated position.

Valerie jumped in fright when Suzie moved, having become so used to her being so utterly entranced. She stepped back herself and stared in wonderment at her friend. Instead of the bubbly, fidgety, wide eyed Suzie that she knew, someone else was looking at her. She had Suzie's face, but her eyes were narrowed as she gazed Valerie up and down, her lips curled ever so slightly, and her posture deliberately slanted to extenuate her curves. She stepped off the chair in one fluid motion, like a sliding viper. When she spoke, her voice was huskier, yet playful and crisp.

“Valerie...” she said with a predatory glint in her eyes. “I didn’t think I would see your gorgeous self until later, darling...”

Valerie felt frozen to the spot as Not-Suzie approached slowly, like a panther stalking its prey. She wanted to speak, to move, to *anything*, but her mind couldn’t process the transformation that she saw before her.

“Oh don’t be scared, pet.” Suzie smiled as she ran the nails of her fingers down Valerie’s cheek. “I’m still me, just... different.”

“Oh- Okay...” Valerie managed, barely a whisper. She felt dizzy. Suzie had never moved like this, spoke like this. She felt a shiver where her skin had been touched, and couldn’t understand why she had found it so *good*.

“You know...” Suzie said softly, leaning in to Valerie’s ear and lowering her voice. “I’ve wanted to taste your cunt for years now... It feels like I should finally say something, and that we should finally do something about it, don’t you think?”

She leaned back and smirked when she saw the shocked expression on Valerie’s face. Valerie was white as a sheet, and she slowly put her hand up to where Suzie had stroked her cheek. Words, however, would not come.

“Come find me later, dearest.” Suzie winked. “And don’t worry, Tatiana will take good care of you. She’s the heart and soul of this place.” Suzie blew Valerie a much different air kiss than she had earlier that evening and then turned and left the room for the lounge.

“I suppose it’s unprofessional to say that I have the biggest crush on her... The real her, *and* every single personality I’ve seen her wear.” Tatiana sighed with sadness in her voice.

“Wow, really?” Valerie smiled. There was something in Tatiana’s longing gaze that was just so adorable. “Have you asked her out?”

“Haha, no! I couldn’t, honestly I wouldn’t know how to!” Tatiana blushed furiously.

“I could do it for you, if you like?” Valerie offered, though Tatiana instantly looked mortified.

“Oh! No I couldn’t possibly!” She replied in an anxious whisper, “I mean, that’s super kind of you, just... I guess I need more time, I’m just not ready.”

“No worries,” Valerie replied kindly, “call it a standing offer.”

“Thank you...” Tatiana sighed in relief.

Valerie gave her a moment, instead looking at the two remaining deeply entranced woman in the room. The other staff member gave her a courteous nod before returning to her tablet and focusing on the bombshell redhead in front of her.

“So, are you ready?” Tatiana asked, recovering her composure and motioning for Valerie to follow as she headed towards one of the side rooms.

“I guess...” Valerie acknowledged, hints of nervousness returning to her voice. “We’re not doing it in here?”

“Nah.” Tatiana shook her head before quirking it sideways. “I mean, I guess you could, but you see the calibration process takes some time,” she explained, opening the door for Valerie, “and also involves running some test personalities through you. It can be rather distracting for the main loading room.”

“Ah, okay.” Valerie rubbed her arm as Tatiana closed the door behind her.

“Plus, there’s nowhere for you to sit out there, and I don’t want your legs to cramp, y’know? Oh, and it’s also a faraday cage, which means it blocks all wireless signals from entering or leaving the room.”

“A cage?” Valerie murmured as she looked around anxiously. It was a reasonably small room, though it had the same kind of sleek reclining chair as the loading room waiting in the centre and a hi-tech desk in the corner.

“Yeah, it’s a poor choice of word, but it’s to keep pirate wireless signals out more than anything else. It’s also a great place to chill out if there’s a thunderstorm outside.” Tatiana grinned expectantly, as though she was expecting Valerie to laugh.

“Why’s that?” Valerie enquired, furrowing her brow in curiosity.

“Oh it doesn’t matter.” Tatiana shook her head. “Just me trying to be funny. Please have a seat. That’s me ready for linkup here by the way, you’ll feel a request in your chip for admin access. If you just click accept I’ll begin the software download.”

“Okay.” Valerie nodded, sitting in the hi-tech chair and finding it surprisingly comfortable. “So you’re going to download all of those personalities into my brain?” she asked.

“Oh, no not quite,” the programmer responded. “What we’re downloading now is the interface program that allows us to blank your mind and load one programmed personality at a time via a secure line to your neural chip. There’s nowhere near enough space to store all the personalities locally, we keep them all on a central server.”

“Ah, I see.” Valerie nodded, hoping that her nervousness would dissipate if she kept talking. As thrilled as she was that this was happening, feeling anxious and having that hypnotised out of

her was a much hotter idea than tempering her own nerves. Tatiana seemed nice enough though, which certainly helped. Giving away admin access to her chip was always a scary thing to do, but she found it hard not to trust the lovestruck punk-lite programmer. “Okay, that’s admin access. Be nice to my noggin now...”

“Haha, you’ll find I’m a very courteous guest.” Tatiana chirped. “Okay, installing now! It’s just under a Terabyte so it shouldn’t take too long to transfer and unpack.”

Valerie could feel it. She was locked out of her chip while the software installed, and at the back of her mind she felt little pins and needles as a new connection pathway was established. Nothing huge, and no sudden change in how or what she thought, but she knew all that would come when the software installed. At the same time, the chair she sat on began to recline and she found herself breathing deeply as it tilted her back.

“All done,” Tatiana declared. “How do you feel?”

“Honestly? No different...” Valerie frowned. “Are you sure it installed right?”

“Sure, it all looks fine here.” Tatiana offered Valerie a hearty thumbs up. “I just wanted to check in before we activated anything.”

“Oh, okay. Well, I’m still nervous, but otherwise good, thanks,” Valerie replied. Her hands clenched the arms of the chair. It felt like being on a rollercoaster, waiting to set off on a daredevil course.

“Awesome.” Tatiana moved out from the desk to stand in front of Valerie. “Alright, a little choice for you now. The first trance always needs your permission and we usually let you pick an option that you feel would be most comfortable. We can take you down in a typically guided hypnosis way,” she proposed, pulling a pocket watch from her uniform and letting it dangle next to her. “I can do pocket watches, pendants, or even get a spiral up on a tablet for you. Or, if you prefer, I can just tap the buttons and switch off your thoughts like that.” She clicked her fingers with her other hand and then cocked her head with a friendly smile. “Your choice, either works for me!”

Valerie thought about this for a moment. While traditional style hypnosis would be more familiar, she was sure that she’d be far too nervous and excited to really be able to sit still and look at a swinging pendulum.

“I think the button tapping please.” Valerie nodded. She wondered what it would feel like, or if it would even feel like anything. Would it be like falling asleep, or would it be something she couldn’t even notice?

“You got it!” Tatiana beamed. Just before she hit the button though, she frowned in thought, and looked back to Valerie.

“Just before we start, Valerie. If I can just ask you one quick question, I know I said I wouldn’t, but I’m just dying to know...”

Valerie exhaled deeply. She had expected her mind to be siphoned away in that moment, not for Tatiana to seemingly become more nervous than she was. Irritation flared in her briefly, although it quickly subsided. After all, the attention and questions and everything happened because she was who she was. She couldn’t hold it against people. “Sure, go ahead,” she said warmly.

“It’s just, you don’t have to answer *at all* if you don’t want to, but what’s your reason for getting into this line of work?” Tatiana asked nervously, her curiosity clearly having bubbled over.

Valerie stifled a laugh. Everyone wanted to know after all.

“I wish I had a deep and meaningful answer for you.” She shrugged in the most graceful way imaginable. “But the truth is, since the world is so open and accepting these days and everything is above board, I’ve just been curious. With my celebrity status and the ability to be programmed with a personality... It’s made it impossible for me to resist. Honestly, I don’t need the money, but it’s still great pay and more fame. I like the glamour and the thrill of it too, I guess. But that’s pretty much it.”

“Wow,” Tatiana replied wistfully. “I wish I had your confidence... I’m so jealous.”

“Don’t be!” Valerie insisted. “I don’t feel confident at all. The only reason I’m able to do this is because you’re going to program all the confidence I need into me, right?”

“Right,” Tatiana repeated, though her eyes were still full of admiration.

“So yeah, I guess I’m as ready as I’ll ever be...” Valerie murmured. She watched as Tatiana gave an acknowledging nod and focused intently on her tablet. She felt her mind racing, countless possibilities of what might happen next all fighting for position in her imagination. She felt bad for lying to Tatiana, but having a secret hypno-fetish was still something she wasn’t ready to share with pretty much anyone. All her life she had clandestinely watched hypnosis videos, listened to MP3 files, allowed strangers to put her into trance on the internet. She had been anonymous, and always had to protect herself, because a scandal like that could have ruined her pageant ambitions when she was still competing. And it was for that reason that she had never been able to let go completely, never been able to surrender her will the way she fantasized about.

The advent of legalised prostitution had not excited her very much, but the creation of the sub-industry of luxury, hypnotised prostitutes had caught all of her attention. To be made to enjoy having sex with strangers in a completely controlled and regulated environment, but where the transformations would feel real to her... She had gotten herself off to the sheer idea

of this moment earlier that day, and the urge to touch herself now was incredible. But it wasn't an urge that lasted long. Oddly enough, it dissolved from her mind.

Just as sudden, all new thoughts and ideas stopped coming to her. It was a welcome respite, strange though it was. The existing ideas then started blinking out of her mind, one by one. She tried to hold onto one, and found it gone before she could mentally grasp it.

She tried to think if it was something to do with the software, but even that thought wouldn't compose fully before it dissolved.

Valerie didn't think 'It's working,' because she couldn't. She didn't realise that she couldn't realise anything, because new thoughts simply weren't happening anymore.

She felt relaxation sweep across her in one impossibly fast wave. She could have sank three additional feet into the soft and cosy armchair and not have realised it in the slightest. Her eyes lost their focus and the world turned into one giant, unremarkable blur. Lead weights may have been attached to all of her limbs for the way they felt. She didn't have the slightest intention of moving. Deep down, a subconscious part of her mind was simply aware that she was to sit and receive her instructions now. The program would inform her of what she needed to know, what she needed to do, and what she needed to think.

All she had to do was listen, and obey.

"Okay," a distant voice said. "Everything looks good so far. You're nice and blank."

Valeire had no reaction to give. She simply sat, staring ahead into nothing.

"Alright then..." the voice said cheerily. "Let's get you calibrated, your first customer awaits"

The next few minutes were some of the strangest in Valerie's life. She cycled through over a dozen personalities in the space of two minutes. One moment, she felt utterly meek and shy, responding to Tatiana's arbitrary sounding questions with reserved whispers and a bowed head. The next, she was snarling at the pink haired programmer, demanding to know what made her think it was appropriate to ask her about the first time she ever masturbated.

"Well, because the pad told me so..." Tatiana replied with a bashful smile. "Anyway, I think we can mark the anger test as successful. "Let's see, we have a few more... Oh, the lewdness test is next... I always find it a pain..." She sighed, tapping a few buttons on her tablet.

Valerie blinked a few times. The boiling anger she had just felt had been instantly doused. Instead, she had an overwhelming urge to let the cute pink haired chick know how much she wanted to squeeze her boobs and bend her over that fancy looking desk of hers.

She went through a quick giddy phase, a brief submissive period, and many more test states before she was once again deeply entranced on the fully reclined chair, mind blissfully blank

and empty, the program now installed in her chip continually erasing all of her thoughts. Her eyes had closed after the last test had concluded as she returned to an even deeper state of trance.

“Okay, now we have a physical examination and a test of your pleasure responses,” Tatiana said somewhat apprehensively “I know you’re not registering this and you won’t remember a bit of it, but I’m still super nervous.” She sighed again before absent-mindedly adjusting her punk pigtails. She tapped a few buttons on her pad and the reclined chair came back to a more upright position.

“Stand up, Valerie,” she instructed.

Valerie stood.

“Okay...” Tatiana said, another deep exhale escaping her. She put her control tablet down on the desk, and from a drawer pulled out a box of powderless nitrile gloves. She put a pair on and made a slow circle of the deeply entranced Valerie. The beauty queen’s head lolled down onto her chest as she stood swaying slightly, in no danger of losing her balance but not exactly rooted firmly to the floor.

“Chin up please, look right ahead, and stand up straight with legs spread shoulder width apart.”

Valerie obeyed, her sleepy eyelids fluttering open, not that she seemed a single bit more awake. Her distant unfocused gaze looked straight through the wall before her. No thoughts were required of her, but she knew what to do.

Tatiana set about unzipping the back of Valerie’s dress as though she were defusing a bomb or handling a priceless piece of irreplaceable art. She unzipped the dress just enough that it allowed her to delicately move the shoulder straps down her arms and gently pull the front of the dress down enough to reveal Valerie’s full, round, firm breasts held in a red silk bra. Another careful motion and the bra unclasped at the front, letting the perfect chest spill out before the blushing programmer.

“O mój Boże,” Tatiana muttered under her breath as her eyes poured over the milky flesh before her. She shook her head once more, and took a quick sharp breath to focus herself.

With the same meticulous care, she gently shuffled Valerie’s dress up and pulled down her red silk panties to around her knees. She then returned to the desk and picked up the tablet before returning to face Valerie once more.

“Okay...” she murmured to herself. “Engaging mild arousal...”

There was a slight yet noticeable change in Valerie’s breathing, sharper and quicker than before. Tatiana watched closely as the beauty queen’s nipples hardened before her eyes. Valerie’s chest swelled and her cheeks started to flush with a soft pink. The head programmer

observed everything and checked the boxes on her screen, before increasing the setting of the digital pleasure that rippled through Valerie's body.

A deep exhale escaped Valerie's lips, but she still remained deeply asleep. Tatiana looked at her engorging pussy and could see it getting predictably wet. The programmer took a deep breath and murmured, "And now to check your orgasm response."

Her two nitrile-covered fingers slid easily into Valerie's wet opening. Tatiana found herself tempering her breathing. She had done this literally dozens of times with different women she had programmed and calibrated in the past, but she had never been as nervous as she felt now.

"Alright... Checking orgasm response... Now." she announced to herself as she hit a few more buttons with her free hand.

Her hips bucked, her back arched, and Tatiana felt Valerie's pussy pulsate around her fingers as a mind blowing orgasm crashed through the beauty queen's body like an unstoppable torrent of pleasure. Despite being so completely entranced, some soft mewls followed by a long, breathless moan still emanated from Valerie's deep sleep. Her mouth opened as gasping joy escaped her lips, then her eyes rolled back into her head before her eyelids snapped shut with the intense erotic bliss coursing through her every nerve. Tatiana held her breath as she withdrew her fingers, now covered in juices. She stepped away from Valerie, who was sleepily convulsing from the digitally induced orgasm that still seemed to be running its course. The tech whistled and took off her gloves, placing them in a bin behind the desk.

"Wow, you're still going..." Tatiana remarked. "... I don't usually hear a peep outta this test. You're experiencing higher orgasm spikes than normal. Hmm, wonder why..." She watched as Valerie's whines and subconscious movements slowly dissipated, and she returned to the silent dreamless sleep she had been in before.

Tatiana ran her hands over her face and muttered "It doesn't seem fair, you know...? You look like this," she motioned to Valerie's beautiful sleeping body, "and you naturally experience such wonderful, top percentile orgasms... Some people might think you're actually getting off harder from the trance! God, I wish I was you..."

She then picked up the tablet and checked the last of the boxes she needed for her assessment. Lastly, putting on a fresh pair of gloves, she redressed the sleeping Valerie to how she had been presented before. She took one look over the enticing figure, gorgeous face, and cascading hair of gold before shaking her head slowly.

"Calibration done..." she said, even though Valerie was still deeply asleep. "You're utterly perfect... They are going to love you to pieces."

She looked back at her tablet. It was time for the new star of the lounge to get to work.



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The evening was a blur. Valerie was the centre of attention the moment she walked into the lounge. All eyes were on her. The clients' eyes were full of lustful desire, and those of her colleagues' held respectful reverence. Wealthy gentlemen and ladies were practically falling over themselves and each other to talk to her, to know how much it would cost them for a session with her.

Her first session was the most memorable of the evening. A middle aged businessman in a premium tailored Italian suit was the one to pay the extraordinary fee for the initial session with her. He was okay looking, his receding hairline giving away his age, despite his attempts at dyeing away the grey. He was no male fashion model, but the way he dressed and the confidence he held himself with was more than enough to compensate, and Valerie felt an instant draw towards him as much as she felt a growing wetness between her legs.

Several of the men that had approached her thus far had stammered or balked when they discovered what they had to pay for an hour with her, but this gentleman who had introduced himself as Henry merely smiled and said, "And do I pay St. Peter something extra for letting you out of heaven?"

Valerie's heart had actually fluttered when he said it. Was that part of her programming? Did it matter? More than anything, she loved the way he looked at her, with gentle eyes full of care. He regarded her like she was the most precious being in all existence, to be treasured above all else. His eyes twinkled as they stared into her own, and he said, "Please, may I take you somewhere private?"

The transaction was completed using their chips, and the moment it had been approved, Valerie leaned into his ear and whispered, "I'm yours."

She took his hand and led him to the nicest, most lavish private room that had been reserved for her as per her contract. She didn't know how she knew where it was, but that didn't matter. It was clearly another piece of her programming, everything working seamless in the back of her mind.

The large room had been richly decorated in reds, oranges, and gold, while over a hundred candles bathed the room in a warm glow. The luxurious four-poster bed sat waiting in the centre, while an en-suite bathroom was visible through the door that lay ajar on the side wall. Without having to look inside the magnificent ebony wood chest of drawers, Valerie knew that it contained toys, outfits, and other items to provide every kind of stimulation the imagination could conceive. On the coffee table next to the red leather loveseat was a bucket of ice containing a bottle of champagne. There was a selection of decadent chocolates also on the table, while incredible modern artwork hung on the walls.

Henry didn't pay attention to anything except Valerie, her incredible curves, her stunning red dress, and her gorgeous face that was smiling that luscious lipped beaming smile at him.

"So, Henry," she purred, walking up to him and running her hands down the front of his suit. "Who do you want me to be?"

"My true love..." He said reverently, gazing at her with more adoration than Valerie had ever seen in an expression before.

Valerie's programming acted faster than the speed of thought. The True Love personality was a popular one among older men whose marriages had lost the heat and the romance they once had. Some of them were divorced, some of them were still in lukewarm or chilled marriages. Valerie didn't need to know which Henry was, however. She simply needed to be. The program loaded in an instant, and with a single blink, Valerie looked at Henry in a whole new way.

She loved him. She loved him more than any living creature on the planet. She felt she had been born to be with him in that very moment. She gazed up at him, her expression one of complete longing.

"Oh darling, I've missed you so much!" she sighed, melting into his arms.

He held her for what felt like an eternity, but couldn't have really been more than a few minutes. They kissed, tender at first, but then more and more passionate. The deep, pure love was stirring feelings of intense passion within Valerie. She loved this man so dearly and wanted him so much. Her arousal grew by the second as he slowly undressed her, planting kisses down her neck and shoulder. When her red dress fell to the floor to reveal her toned, slim body beneath, she felt a shudder of anticipation unlike anything else she had ever experienced. Henry looked like he might faint when he saw her complete perfection in the red lace bra and panties, each with a little bow like she was the present he had been wanting his entire life.

They made passionate love on the bed, their bodies entwined in ever growing pleasure. Valerie moaned and screamed with sheer bliss feeling her client, her man, her one true love move and pulse inside her. They came simultaneously, their cries of ecstasy contained within the soundproofed room.

Panting in each other's arms afterwards, they whispered their love and eternal devotion to one another. Valerie was in heaven and could have given anything to exist in that moment forever.

Eventually, they moved from their exhausted heap on the bed and opened the champagne, sipping, toasting, and nibbling the most delicious chocolates Valerie had ever tasted while she listened doe eyed as Henry talked about his youth, his career, and his passions. She could listen to him all day. She could listen to him for the rest of her life.

They were on the bed, Valerie planting kisses on Henry's lips and neck, hoping he had the energy for more, when something clicked in her mind mid-cuddle. Just like that, she was no

longer in love. It had been a magical feeling, but the spell had expired. She leaned back from her client. He looked at her in confusion for a moment, before realisation dawned on his face.

“Thank you for spending this time with me and for choosing the Starlight Lounge,” she said in a dreamy voice as her thoughts were momentarily replaced by a hypnotic script. “Your time for this session has now expired. I hope we can see each other again in the future.”

Listlessly, Valerie climbed off the bed and started to retrieve her clothing. She was on a strange mental autopilot, completing what she needed to do. No more, no less. She felt more of herself return when she reached the door to exit the room. Somehow she knew that the client was given additional time to vacate the area before the room was cleaned between sessions.

She looked back onto the bed at an extremely satisfied client, his mood marred only by the reality that his fantasy had ended. Valerie smiled and said gratefully, “I really, truly hope we can do it again.”

Deep desire, longing, and complete infatuation covered Henry’s expression as he declared, “I guarantee you we will see each other in the future, Valerie.”

And with that, Valerie’s first session ended. She went to the staff room to refresh herself, and after a quick 5 minutes in the loading room, was back out on the floor. She would have two more sessions that night, one as a jealous ex-girlfriend determined to do *anything* to win back the man she lost, and the last in her loading bay state of trance, completely docile and hypnotised to follow any instructions without really being aware of anything going on. Each time it felt so real, and each time the memory fragments that lingered made her long for more time in such states.

As the evening was drawing to a close, she encountered Suzie back in the staff lounge. After much squealing and hugs and exchanging of stories of the nights events, Suzie leaned forwards and asked, “So it’s time to go through end of night de-trance. Are you going to keep any memories of your sessions? Remember you can always delete them yourself through your chip. They won’t be truly gone; the program will store them in case of repeat clientele, but you don’t have to remember them.”

As they both headed through to the loading room, Valerie thought about it briefly. “I can’t imagine ever wanting to forget them...” she murmured. It was funny, because she had been afraid that she’d want to forget most of her sessions, acting out the wildest dreams of complete strangers, before she had her interview with Madam Ashvale. She had been worried about losing herself if she let the memories of other people’s fantasies shape her, but she knew now they were memories she treasured and didn’t want to let go of. Especially being blank and mindlessly controlled like in her last session. That had been a dream come true, but the memory of it was the least imprinted on her, probably because of how deeply entranced she had been the whole time. “No. I’m keeping them,” she declared with certainty.

“Good choice,” Suzie responded as she got into one of the loading room reclining chairs. “I keep almost all of mine.”

“So which ones did you decide to forget?” Valerie asked, getting into the chair beside her friend.

“I’m gonna wait to see how long it is before you spot the problem with that question...” Suzie replied, shaking her head.

“Oh, right!” Valerie rolled her eyes at herself, and they both burst out laughing once more.

“Oh! I almost did forget something!” Suzie exclaimed, jumping off the chair. Valerie perked up and made to follow but Suzie quickly spun around and held her hand up, even as she scurried to the door. “You wait right there, I’ve got something for ya!”

With a raised eyebrow, Valerie watched as Suzie disappeared back into the staff room, emerging again moments later holding what looked like a small piece of card stock in her hand

“Madam Ashvale gave me this to pass on to you about half an hour before your last session ended.” Suzie explained, excitement in her eyes. “She had it mocked up over the evening.”

As she handed it over, Valerie’s attention switched from Suzie’s delighted expression to what was now in her hand. Her eyes drank it all in, and her heart leap in her chest.

“Oh wow!” Valerie uttered breathlessly. It was a photo of her that she didn’t know had been taken, as she was deep in trance and apparently riding a wave of entrance pleasure. Just looking at her blushed sleeping face sent a surge of arousal right through every part of her. Written across the top in pink curvy lettering was the phrase “Dreaming of you...”

“You like it?” Suzie asked, poking her head over Valerie’s arm so she could look at the picture more.

“I love it...” Valerie gasped. She never thought she would be so turned on by a picture of herself. She suddenly couldn’t wait to be in a private space.

“We all have one. Every Madam Ashvale establishment makes up these trading cards of their entertainers in their first orgasm under trance. She thought you’d like to see this proof tonight, it’s for you to sign to make prints. You’re one of us now, Val.” Suzie gently bumped her fist to Valerie’s arm, before climbing onto the empty chair next to her.

A bright, joy filled smile spread across Valerie’s face. She closed her eyes and held the photo to her chest. She felt such gratitude and happiness that she wasn’t sure how to express them in that moment.

When she finally had an idea of something to say, however, she opened her eyes to see that Tatiana had appeared in front of them, having just released two entertainers on the other side of the chair circle.

“Suzie! Valerie! I trust you ladies have had a kickass evening?” The pink haired programmer grinned. “Can I take your orders please?”

“Hey, Tanya, full retention please! I’ll keep all those yummy memories,” Suzie requested. Valerie raised her eyebrow at her friend, she was sure she remembered that Tatiana preferred her name unshortened. Poor Tatiana was possibly too nervous around her crush to feel able to correct her. But then she noticed Suzie thoroughly checking Tatiana out, her eyes greedily drinking in the programmers unique style and energetic physique. When Tatiana looked up from the pad, Suzie looked away quickly and Valerie noticed her blushing.

“All set up, Suzie,” Tatiana said with an enthusiastic nod. “How about you, Valerie?”

“Oh, this is about keeping memories from the sessions?” Valerie asked, still looking back at the picture of herself like she was once more in a trance. “Umm, yes, all of them please,” she answered, feeling herself blushing now. Hopefully it wasn’t too obvious that just thinking back to everything she did tonight was enough to send her arousal skyrocketing even more than it had now with the picture she held.

“No problem, Valerie...” Tatiana said with a friendly smile. “I’m glad you enjoyed your first night.”

“Me too,” Valerie replied with a deep sigh of contentment.

“Here, let me hold that for you until you wake up again.” Tatiana offered an outstretched hand. Valerie reluctantly surrendered her trading card, realising it was better not to risk dropping it while in trance again.

“Wow, this came out spectacular!” Tatiana gave a hearty thumbs up.

“Thanks.” Valerie replied, “It did.”

As Tatiana nodded and turned back towards the control panel, Valerie noticed Suzie’s eyes linger on the tech once more. She made a mental note to ask Suzie about Tatiana after she woke up again; clearly there was something good that could be happening there. As for her herself... She had finally found her dream job. Valerie imagined all the possibilities that stretched out before her, and knew that she would be counting down the seconds until she started work tomorrow.

Those thoughts stopped coming, however. Tatiana continued to tap on her tablet and Valerie found her mind once more become relaxed and slow and blank. As she surrendered to the

deep trance that was engulfing her, she felt heat and arousal spread through her body one more time.

Valerie embraced the pleasure as her thoughts blissfully flickered out into sleep.

The End