

Sonia the Magnificent

Written by Princess Kay

Edited by Eve

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The tent always looked so giant, before the people came in. Standing on the huge stage, straddling the wooden planks, in front of a microphone... Sonia felt like she was part of something bigger than herself. She was part of the theatrics, the ceremony and wonder of the carnival. The joy of the show.

The show was rigged, of course. Speakers placed around the tent released a low mumbling noise as soon as the first people began to trickle through the tent's flaps. It made the crowd seem larger, bigger, and more interested. It also whispered a little message, every few seconds: this is okay. This is all part of the show. The adult hypnotist show of Sonia the Magnificent.

Sonia herself stood in a black dress, one that fell in rippling waves, dripping off her cleavage like black tar. It made her feel like a vampire or a witch. Her black hair cascaded down to match it, thick strands feathered into layers and layers just like her dress. Her dark eyes and pale skin making her stand out like a sore thumb on the light chestnut stage. The only sign of color was the white opal she wore around her neck; when it caught the spotlight, it reflected every light of the rainbow over the slowly-growing crowd. Sonia always wore it around her neck, and liked to claim that it was the source of her power.

The people began to trickle in. Then gently flowed as the night went on and children went home and the circus master enticed young couples and single

perverts into the tent and toward her stage. They gathered, three deep and then five. Six deep, but Sonia kept still; a statue on the stage. Her black hair flowed lightly in the wind that breezed through the tent, and her green eyes darted over the crowd. *Not yet, she thought. She's not here yet.*

A few people started to mill about and think of leaving, but Sonia still waited. Her heart was bouncing in her chest; she knew her father would be displeased if she lost customers, but the hypnotist showed no outward signs. She'd done this dozens of times before, and it wasn't the size of the crowd that mattered. It was about... Her.

The "her" of tonight at least, was a redhead. She had green eyes, a red dress, and breasts that one could really lose their hands in. Squeezing, playing, kissing, burying their face between the tits and slowly licking up as waves of pleasure were shared between them... Sonia actually had to force herself to focus on the girl's other assets. Like her slappable ass, her strapless red dress, with little nipple imprints from the cold, and of course the real charming point: the boy attached to her arm. A brown-haired man with a smile and a pornstache that looked old enough to be her father, and was probably going through a midlife crisis. For Sonia, if there was one thing more satisfying than taking a beautiful woman as her own, it was taking her away from a man who didn't deserve her.

“Welcome!” She spoke directly into the microphone, and her voice rebounded through the tent - but kept by the surprisingly thick walls of the tent from leaving it. Those turning to leave turned back, curious about the sudden start of the show. “Welcome to the adult hypnosis show of Sonia the Magnificent.” She spread her arms as she spoke, the black sleeves dripping off her arms in what she hoped made her look showy, instead of ridiculous.

“The first thing we’ll need for tonight is a volunteer. Someone completely new to the audience...” She clutched her necklace, twisting the opal so that its reflective surface would shine a light upon the new redhead in the crowd. “If you’d care to come forward? And confirm we’ve never met before...”

“I, um...” the woman hesitated, glancing at her date, who gestured eagerly for her up the stage. She started to walk forward, and the crowd parted to allow it. “I just came in because my boyfriend insisted.”

“Your boyfriend.” Sonia smiled. The man looked old enough to be her father. “He’s very smart. Taking his girl to an adult show. Tell me your name, Scarlet.”

“It’s... Ellen.”

“I prefer Scarlet,” Sonia smiled. “We’ll call it your stage name, hmmm? I bet you’ve never had a stage name before. You’ll like having a stage name.”

Scarlet slowly nodded, still a little uncertain. She was going along with it because of the pressure of the crowd's staring, and the subliminal messages blasting through the tent, whispering that it was all part of the show. Everything was okay. Who's to say what should and shouldn't be in an adult hypnosis show?

"Now listen to me, Scarlet." Sonia kept her voice soft and low. She reached behind her neck, and undid the opal necklace, beginning to swing the small stone back and forth in front of her assistant's eyes. "Watch the stone. I'm going to ask you to do a few things for me. And you're going to have every right to say no. I won't force you to do anything you don't want to do. Let's practice, right now. I'm going to ask you something outrageous, and you're going to probably say no. Now. Without taking your eyes off the stone, put on a strip show for me."

"No..." Scarlet whispered, and there were murmurs of disappointment through the crowd. Sonia only smiled. "See? See how that felt? There was no resistance. You can say no to anything. Now I'm going to ask for a more reasonable request - kneel for me. Can you kneel for me, Scarlet?"

"Y-Yes..." Scarlet stared at the stone, her chin lifting to keep eyes on the opal as she fell to her long-legged knees.

"Now. How about I ask for something more reasonable than a strip show. Just... peel down the top of your dress. And show me your breasts."

Scarlet hesitated. “N...” she started, then stopped. She stared at the stone, aghast as it glittered its multiple colors in the light. She tried to close her eyes, and succeeded. “No...” she said firmly. “I won’t.” Sonia smiled, again, as the crowd grew restless. A few people were starting to leave when the hypnotist responded, firmly. “Tell you what. Would it seem more reasonable if I took off my top, too? Would that make you feel less alone?” Sonia did begin to peel the dress off her cleavage, revealing creamy breasts with light pink areola. Scarlet’s eyes slowly opened, staring at the breasts, at first. Then her gaze slowly lifted back to the top. “I did what I said... ..Now.” Sonia smiled. “You will take off your top. For me, and only me to see.”

The woman’s fingers trembled. She tried to close her eyes again - and succeeded, but it didn’t matter. The stone was just a useful prop, an excuse to hide the gift that had passed mother to daughter along Sonia’s bloodline. The soothing voice that could command anyone to do anything. Make them believe in anything. Make them believe they had no choice but to take their shirt off. Which was why Sonia smiled as Scarlet’s fingers moved to her dress, and slowly lowered the top over her breasts, letting the big bouncing tits escape. Letting her cotton candy peak nipples slip out, stiffened by cold.

“You’re excited, aren’t you?” she whispered, leaning in. Her voice was a whisper, but the microphone still broadcast it across the tent. “It’s you. Me. Your nipples.” She leaned down to kiss one of them, just placing her lips on it and lightly sucking. “Go on. It’s just us.” She glanced at the crowd, winking. “And since it’s just us. Go ahead and take off the rest of your dress.”

Again, Scarlet’s fingers trembled, and Sonia sighed. It was clear there was going to be a little coaxing involved. “We just came back from a date,” she whispered so that the microphone could just barely pick it up. “We had a steak dinner. I bought you a diamond necklace.” She gently moved, wrapping the opal now around Scarlet’s neck. Smiling as she whispered in the girl’s ear. “This is your first time with a girl, and you very much want a second date.” Then she backed away, making sure the microphone could hear her. “Take off your dress.”

The redhead’s hands stilled. A slow smile came across her face. She took hold of her red dress and pulled it down, shimmying it over her hips and down her feet, taking off her shoes. She wasn’t wearing underwear, of course. Everyone in the audience could see her shaved pussy, its pink lips slightly open, exposed to the air. Light gleamed off the wet dew of lust that gathered there. “Is this how you treat all your dates?” she called out to the crowd. “Or just the ones who buy you diamond necklaces?”

Scarlet's cheeks turned red, like her hair. Before she could respond, Sonia snapped her fingers in front of the girl's face. "I know. There's no way a human would get naked this fast. You're a dog in disguise, aren't you? A good girl. Bark for me."

"I..." Her volunteer's eyes were hazy. Sonia was smiling at her, and Scarlet closed her eyes as she shuddered. Her fingers reached up to curl around the "diamond" necklace, and she let out a little "aarf." She hesitated, and then again. "Aarf. Aarf!" She panted. She stuck her tongue out and panted. She got on all fours, and let her breasts swing faintly back and forth as she started to crawl around the stage.

Sonia let it continue for a few minutes, and then clapped her hands in appreciation. The crowd did the same, moving in time with her after the first few claps. Sonia gently stroked her friendly volunteer's backside, and then gave it a small slap. "Go backstage," she whispered, away from the microphone. "My family will take care of you."

Scarlet whimpered, and then moved out past a slit in the tent. Sonia smiled, her eyes flicking to the man who'd brought Scarlet with him. From the grim set of his jaw, he'd have to be taken care of next. Even if he'd already seen more of Sonia's dear pet Scarlet than he deserved. She reached back into the slit of the

stage, and someone handed her the opal again. She again reflected the light, this time toward the man. “Sir! Over there! Why don’t you come up here and tell me your name.”

“Robert.” He was scowling beneath that mustache. “Where’s Ellen? You left her dress on the stage.”

“Where’s *who*, Bobbie?” Sonia arched an eyebrow, and put a hand to her ear. There was a small smile on her lips.

“It’s Robert. I mean. Scarlet. I mean. The name’s Ellen!” he yelled, pushing his way through the crowd.

The hypnotist gestured, and the crowd began to part for him to walk toward the stage. She smiled, and the crowd smiled. It was all part of the show.

“Bobbie...” Sonia whispered. “You’re confused. You’re upset.” She lifted the dress up, holding it. “And this? I got this gift for *you*. To wear on your date tonight, bestie! You’re going to find yourself a nice man tonight, I just know it. Though why you won’t let me hook you up with this girl I know...”

The man’s expression twisted as Sonia spoke. She saw anger; confusion; uncertainty; and gratitude, as he finally stepped onto the stage. “It’s really for me?”

“Of course...” Sonia whispered, smiling. “Go on. Now that you’re in my bedroom, away from prying eyes, you can take off those other clothes... Strip that shirt. Take off those pants...”

Again, his face ran the gamut of emotions, until she lifted the opal for him to stare at. “Just look at the opal for me. Watch it swing back and forth.” Her little prop. Something he could blame, later, when he finally came to. “Strip the shirt,” she repeated as a command. “Strip your pants... and put on this delightful dress.”

His fingers didn’t shake, like Scarlet’s did. Bobbie pushed down his pants. Then his boxers, even without Sonia’s command. He had a tiny little penis, which hardly surprised the hypnotist. A tiny little nothing of a dick. He stripped away the polo shirt, revealing his... surprisingly hairless chest.

“Good...” she whispered. “Now put on the dress. And you go find yourself a boyfriend, okay? And none of those sleazy middle aged men, either. I want you with a proper boy, who can take care of your needs. A strong man. Okay?” He nodded, slowly, his eyes flat and his expression placid. “Now wave to the crowd... and go get yourself that boyfriend.”

He nodded, waving to the crowd, nevermind that they were supposed to be alone. He slid the dress over his head, so tight on her so... loose around the chest

for him, and tight around the stomach and loose again at the hips. It wasn't appreciated. She smiled anyway as he went into the crowd.

“Now. We're going to do a few more shows, and then I'm going to go make sure Scarlet's alright. Is that alright with everyone?” They all nodded, the entire crowd. She grinned at his retreating back.

Sonia exited through the back of her tent. She opened the door to her caravan, and then passed through a curtain of beads, trusting her family to keep guard over her personal cabin in this traveling carnival. Just in case there were any sounds that drew attention, during the course of her current session. There usually were.

Scarlet laid down on the bed, utterly naked, her body posed rigidly and unnaturally. Not exactly sexy, but her family never understood the subtleties of posing a girl. What mattered was that Sonia could see her pert little nipples, and the cleft of her sex. Not to mention the dull look in her eyes as she stared at the ceiling. Instead of the opal that had been put upon her neck was a silver collar, locked in place with just a seam and a keyhole.

“Scarlet...” she whispered. “Scarlet... I want you to listen to me very carefully.”

“Very carefully...” Scarlet murmured out loud, eyes still locked on the ceiling. Dazed and glazed over. It was so beautiful the way she was lying there like that.

“You’re bound up...” Scarlet squirmed. “Your hands are tied to the bedposts, by a very tight rope.” Her hands lifted, spreading apart. “Go on. Try to move. Give me a little grunt as you try to see if there’s any slack on those ropes.”

Scarlet grunted. Her muscles bulged, but her hands wouldn’t move from the bed. Sonia smiled.

“Good girl! And your legs? Those are bound, too. Same way.” Scarlet let out another grunt. Her legs slowly spread out, toes pointed toward each bedpost. Her lips spread, slick with a little arousal from their earlier play. Sonia licked her own lips with a grin.

“Now... wake up. Completely wake up, Scarlet. Remember who you are. Scarlet.”

“M...My name’s...” The girl blinked, furiously, naked muscles straining at nothing but her own imagined binds. “E... El... Why can’t I remember my name?”

“Of course you can remember your name,” Sonia whispered. “It’s Scarlet. You’re my pet. You’re going to be traveling with me for a while.” She smiled again. “As my pet dog.”

“N-No!” she protested. “No, no, no. You can’t... I’m a human being. I have rights. You can’t just do whatever you want to me.”

“Shhhhh....” The black haired Sonia gently stroked her redhead’s smooth legs, lowering her mouth to lightly kiss her above the slit. Her tongue darted out, tasting the flesh where the stubble of pubic hair *would* have been if it hadn’t been expertly waxed away. Probably in preparation for her date.

“Just accept your fate. The only reason you’re even awake is so that I can watch you submit...” She lowered her lips, kissing Scarlet lightly on the thigh, watching as the lower lips were wetted. She tasted the skin with her tongue, even as the other girl began to protest and squirm.

“I’m not a-ahhhhh...dog...” Scarlet protested. “My name’s... Scarlet. My name’s Scarlet. My name’s Scarlet!”

“Good girl...” Sonia whispered, stroking her thigh. Kissing it. The poor doggy was trying to struggle, trying to wriggle and writhe her way free, but her imaginary bonds held her tight. “Go back to sleep...” she whispered. “Go on. Sleep and be yourself.”

Scarlet's eyes started to flicker, then dull again. She whimpered, and then went still. Her tongue slowly peeked out of her jaw, lolling out the side of her mouth. She panted, and whimpered, and shook her foot when Sonia rubbed her thigh. She whined, and eyed her mistress. Just begging for attention.

Attention Sonia gave her. Kissing her finally on the slit, making her whimper and moan. Her eyes flashed clear for a moment, and the panic took over her features. Then Sonia kissed her clit, and her eyes went dim again. She wriggled on the bed, trying to move despite her supposed bonds. Unable to. The hypnotist's tongue pushed slowly into the sex, and Scarlet's eyes continued to flicker back and forth as she howled. Each flicker was faster, gone quicker, her mind slowly steadying into her new self.

“Good girl,” Sonia stroked her thigh, and kissed the girl on her clit. “Each bolt of pleasure is going to send you deeper, okay?”

“Arf!”

Sonia smiled, kissing her again on the clit. The black haired woman gently sealed her lips and starting to suck. She wasn't sure how long she was going to keep this one, but she would enjoy the duration. Starting by pushing her fingers slowly inside. Leaning in to kiss and tongue the already wet area, and then reached

up to pinch one perfectly perked nipple. Her dog responded with a small yelp, bucking her hips into her mistress's mouth.

“Who's my good bitch?” the hypnotist whispered, pushing her tongue lightly into the slit, pushing as deep as she could. Licking the walls, kissing her slit, and then slowly massaging the breast with one hand as her fingers began to push through. She was getting more and more worked up. More and more interested in Scarlet's body and doggy little mind. Not to mention her lolling tongue.

She began to climb on top of the bed. Climb on top of Scarlet, pushing her own wet slit toward her pet's lips. Her dog let out another “Arf!” before pushing her tongue directly toward Sonia's core. The pale hypnotist began to coo, and wriggle her body back and forth. Getting kissed deeper and deeper. Getting touched, and stroked, and loved. That was all Sonia wanted - and all her doggy Scarlet needed.

It was perfect. Their tongues moving in tandem, pushing into each other's bodies, lapping at each other's wet beings. Scarlet whimpering as she tried and failed to move her hands, while Sonia's fingers darted across the clit and pushed into the sex. Curving to feel the walls, find her special spot, make her yell. Drive her deeper and deeper down.

It was on Scarlet's third time cumming, third time being shoved deeper into the conditioning, that Scarlet finally made Sonia cum. She howled her happiness, and her mistress grinned.

This. This was why she hypnotized.