

SAFFRON 6

“Ok, just close your eyes and relax.”

“Do we really have to do this?”

“Yes. Eyes closed.”

“But you can't think I've been mind controlled.”

“Everyone has to do this, Sparky.”

“Sparxxx.”

“Eyes closed, deep breaths, and relax.”

“There are better ways to relax than this. I've heard that your mind gets really open after...”

“One more word, just one, and I shut down your vocal chords. Now, close your damn eyes, and relax.”

“You should relax more. You're getting...” his words stop, his mouth opening and closing uselessly.

“I warned you. You'll be able to talk once we're finished. So relax, open your mind, and let me in.” she touches his bronzed forehead.

She steps into his mind, standing on the neatly manicured lawn before the mansion gates. A long path stretches past the black iron, it's scrollwork leading up to golden letters across the arch.

Sparxxx Mansion? Oh, please tell me his mind isn't... A very girly giggle flutters over the wall, It is. Still it could be... a volleyball bounces off the grass beside her ...I'm going to kill him. A pneumatic blonde, her chest straining against the pale blue fabric of her far too small bikini, sticks her head round the gate. “Like, can we have our ball back, please?” She jiggles over, bouncing almost as much as the ball, before bending over, the skimpy bikini vanishing between her tanned cheeks, and bouncing inside.

Psyche walks through the gates before they quietly clang shut. She ignores the jacuzzi, the volleyball courts, the pool, the gardens with their overdeveloped statuary, and especially their population of busty, vacant eyed, giggling, nearly naked, tanned bimbettes.

By the time she reaches the front doors of the impressive mansion, she's in a less than optimum temper. She doesn't bother knocking, or reaching for the intercom buzzer, just pushes on the doors, swinging them open. Inside, the mansion is hardly any better. Marble statues line the forum, most of Sparxxx in dramatic pose, often with a nearly naked woman clutching at his legs. Maids scurry around, almost spilling out of their French Maid outfits. Secretaries walk past, their low-cut blouses straining, the spectacles looking less than functional, their hair tied up in buns that can easily be shaken loose. Women in revealing evening dresses lounge around, low-cut and slit high. Guards stand in their uniforms, batons and handcuffs hanging from their belts, their shorts barely covering their hips, the caps pulled back from exquisite faces.

Great. I'm walking into a teenage boy's wet dream. She strides up to the reception desk, porn star secretary behind it seductively licking the end of her pen. “I'm here to see Sparky.”

“There is no one here called Sparky.” she replies, her voice a husky, breathy whisper.

“Sparxxx. Christopher Saphonedes. Sparky the Lightning Kid. Get him down here. Immediately.”

“Are you through harassing my staff?”

She looks up the long, sloping stairway as he walks down, a playmate on each arm. *“Sparky, these are mental constructs. They're not real and I certainly can't hurt her feelings because she hasn't got any. And I'm calling it she, so I'm clearly not in the mood to deal with any more idiocy from you. Ditch the eye-candy, it's not good for your brain, and let's get this over with.”*

Sparxxx pats the two beauties on their firm behinds and sends them off with giggles. *“Want me all to yourself, do you?”*

Only so there are no witnesses. “Let's just get on with this. Keys.”

“What keys?”

She rolls her eyes, *“To the rooms. You do remember the point of this?”*

“Yeah, yeah, you have to check to make sure I'm not controlled. As if. Fine. Let's get on with it.”

“Keys.” she holds out her hand.

He pulls out an old fashioned ring of keys, heavy blackened metal sucking in the light. *"Actually, I think I'll hang on these."*

"Sparky..."

"It's Sparxxx. I've had enough of you not giving me enough respect. What do I have to do?"

Psyche looks around the gaudy furnishings, and the skimpily-dressed decorations. One eyebrow rises, *"If you have to ask... Just give me the keys."*

"Fine."

"Thank you." she takes the keys. *"Let's go."* she walks up the steps.

"Where are we going?"

"Your dream room." Let's get the worst over with first.

"Want to see if I dream of you?"

She rolls her eyes, putting the key to the door and pushing it open. A large flatscreen fills one wall, another filled to the brim with DVDs. A single leather recliner sits opposite the screen, a walk-in fridge of beer beside it. *I'm going to regret this.* She walks over to the DVDs, running her fingers along the spines. And stops. *"Psyche gone wild. See the red-hot babe go further than she ever has before."* She pulls the DVD out. Her eyes narrow, shadows swirling around her, and the disc vanishes.

"Hey!"

"Right. This places is clean. Sort of." she walks out.

"What the hell did you just do?!"

"Spring cleaning." she replies, walking down the landing towards the next oak door. Sparks crackle around him as he blurs past her, blocking the landing, arms folded, sparks dripping from his fingers.

"Spring cleaning?! You tampered with my mind! What do you think you were doing?"

"Making a start."

"What?"

The keys glow, doors slamming shut around the mansion, locks clicking. *"Making a start. You gave me the keys to your mind, Sparky. Might as well make use of that to redecorate."*

"Redecorate? What are you..."

"Shhhhhh. Too late now, Sparky." She turns around, walking quickly down the landing, only to have Sparxxx appear before her again.

"Too late? Not for me. There's a reason the press says I'm fast as lightning."

"True. But they got that off one of your girlfriends."

"Give me the keys back, or..." his hand crackles.

"Go ahead, Sparky." Lightning flashes, and Psyche calmly steps through a door that wasn't there before, the lightning crawling down the landing and suddenly speeding up to leap to the end, *"You might be fast as lightning, but I'm fast as thought."* she vanishes into the shadows. *"And here, that counts far more."* a mocking laugh emerges from the darkness of the shadowy doorway.

Sparxxx steps through the doorway, his hands crackling with lightning, *"We'll see about that!"*

"Yes. We shall." the door closes, plunging him into darkness. The lightning crawls over him in an aura of St Elmo's Fire, utterly failing to illuminate the darkness. *"Poor, poor Sparky. You really don't have any idea how screwed you are, do you?"*

Lightning crackles through the darkness, boiling the shadows in brilliant, flickering bolts, but the shadows crowd back as soon as the blasts fade into the night.

"That won't do you any good. Everything here is just a mental avatar of what it is in the real world. All that lightning, all that speed, it really does amount to a whole lotta nothing here. Just like you, Sparky. A whole lotta nothing attached to a big mouth."

Lightning leaps from his fingers and fizzles, *"Poor, poor Sparky. Can't even call you the Lightning Kid now."*

"What are you doing to me?"

"Oh, I'm just taking things away from you. Your powers," the shadows flow over his body, caressing over his skin, and leaving him naked in the darkness, *"your dignity, or what passes for it. Looks like Little Sparky's enjoying this."*

"Bitch!"

"That's enough of that, Sparky." an emerald face looms over him in the shadows, towering over him. Her dark lips curl up in a half smile. A hand as big as a tank reaches out, plucking him up. The colossal head tilts back, its mouth opening onto shadowy emerald darkness that descends into eternity.

"You wouldn't..."

"Betchalife?" the fingers open, sending him tumbling down. Her mouth closes, the shadows dripping onto him, her huge tongue lathering him up with darkness. The darkness sucks at him, swirling him around, *"Mmmmm."*

Sparxxx tries to fight, thrashing, screaming, clawing, but with darkness all around, sucking at him, stripping his mind from him, he finds himself helpless.

Finally, the mouth spits him out, trailing shadows. He shivers in the darkness, the shadows dripping off him, his breasts heaving. His long white hair trails over his shoulders, slim hands between his legs. *"What...?"* his hands fly to his throat as his voice sounds higher, *"What did you do to me?"*

"Well, Sparky, in your mind women are sex objects and slaves, soooooo I thought as you're now my slave, it might help you adjust if your mind matched that."

Sparxxx stands up, shakily, feeling the inflated bosom, hands running over her pussy lips, *"You can't..."* the shadows coil over her, caressing her new-found body, tracing inside her pussy, playing over her lips, twisting his nipples. She collapses to the floor, writhing as the shadows continue their hateful abuse, pleasuring her body.

"Let's get one thing clear, Sparky. I can and I have. If you're a good girl, you'll get this, pleasure beyond anything you could ever hope to get in your real body, every pleasure sensor going off at once. If you're bad, and don't do what your Mistress Psyche tells you, I can do the same to the pain sensors. So, to review: Obey, and get unimaginable, impossible pleasure. Defy me and get unimaginable, impossible pain. Is this clear to you?"

"Yes." her body shudders in agony, and only the shadows pouring down her throat prevent her screaming.

"Yes what?"

"Yes...Mistress."

"That's a good girl." the pain vanishes in a heartbeat, pleasure setting her writhing on the floor.

"See? Pleasure is so much better, isn't it?"

"Yes..Mistress."

"Good girl. What's your name?"

"Sparxxx."

"Not anymore. When you're in this room, your name is Sparky. Or Toy. What's your name?"

"Toy."

"Toy what?"

"Toy, Mistress."

"That's better. What do you do for your Mistress, Toy."

"What-whatever my Mistress desires."

"Much better. Your Mistress desires a foot rub."

"Yes, Mistress." she replies, crawling to her Mistress, her hands digging into her Mistress' feet.

"Mmmm. Good girl." Psyche sighs, *"You're doing a good job there, Sparky."* the massaging hands waver for a second before returning with renewed vigour. *"Now kiss them."* Without a word, or even a pause, she leans down, delicately planting her lips all over the feet. *"You may stop now."* she stops, backing away on her hands and knees. *"Stand up."* as Toy stands up, a stream of emerald shadows shimmers in Psyche's hand. She steps in close, almost touching her Toy's swollen breasts with hers. She reaches through Toy's gleaming white hair, and the emerald shadows circle the pale white throat, solidifying into a collar. A long emerald leash reaches from the collar to her hand.

"Good Toy."

A shaft of emerald light appears in the darkness, illuminating Sparxxx, the light tinting his hair and the silver streaks on his costume, gleaming off his fixed smile and vacant eyes. Toy's eyes widen

there's a tremor as she almost reaches for it, for her old self, but it stops at being a twitch in her arm. *"Toy, this is a special suit for you to wear. When you're outside this room, you'll be wearing this suit, and you'll be your old obnoxious self. But you'll come to this room any time I tell you to, and in here, you're just a Toy."* she strokes over Toy's cheek, *"Everything that happens in this room, stays here. It's like Vegas. No memories, no thoughts about this room will cloud the empty head you've got outside. Understand all that?"*

Toy nods, looking down at her floor.

"Very well done."

Psyche shivers as Master emerges from the darkness, forming himself out of shadow.

"An interesting technique. Dissociative cognition." He walks up to Toy, his black gaze roaming over her body, *"And a very good job for your first time."*

"I did well, Master?" Psyche asks, trembling a little.

"You did well. You may remember now."

Psyche shudders at the praise, memories flooding back.

Earlier, Master sits behind the chrome desk, leaning back in the chair, peering through the window over the city. Psyche stands on the other side of the desk, her head bowed. *"I think it's time for you to spread your wings, my little Psyche. Do some of the work yourself."*

"Master?"

"You are still scanning your colleagues for evidence of mind control, correct?"

"Yes, Master."

"You will use one of these sessions to control one of your colleagues. They must function normally and be able to pass cursory analysis, but they will obey you utterly. You may use the Rules as guidelines, if you wish."

"Yes, Master."

"Contact me when you are finished, and I shall inspect your handiwork."

"Yes, Master."

Now, *"Did I do alright, Master?"*

"You've done well. It just needs a few final touches. The Keys, please." she hands over the keys, Shadows coil over the metal ring, oozing over the keys. Master hands them back, a slight sheen over the metal. *"Surprisingly well done. You have a talent for this. Please do continue."*

"Thank you, Master."

Master fades into the shadows, shadows clustering around Psyche's memory. She looks down on her Toy, taking a key off the ring. *"Let's go outside, Toy. This room doesn't exist to Sparxxx. I'm the only one who can get access to it because I have the key. To you, it's just a part of the wall."*

Toy nods. The door opens, showcasing the expansive mansion, with its giggling, jiggling occupants. They both step through, the door fading into the wall, Sparxxx smirking.

"So, finished checking out my mind, babe?"

"Yes. You're clean. Well, as clean as your mind ever gets. God, I need a shower now. Ugh."

She stomps through the forum, not bothering to look at the statues, and so not noticing the Rules encircling the base of each. Or the thin black collars around the mansion's giggling, jiggling occupants.



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