

FANTASIES

Hi, I saw you at my talk. Well, ok, I didn't. I was busy talking, but my husband noticed you noticing as it were. Him? Oh, he's over there chatting to the suits. Yes, he is, isn't he? Yes, he is a lucky man, you're too kind. Can I get you a drink? Don't mention it. I'm Jasmine Chambers. No, it's not a collar, it's a choker. You put collars on dogs. Yeah, it is a bit of a sore point, sorry. My husband got it for me just after we were married. Yes, handsome and sweet. Yes, I'm pretty lucky, too. How did we meet? Ah, that's a subject better discussed somewhere other than propping up the conference bar. We'll take the bottle. Actually, sweetie, get me another one, I think it's going to be a good night.

Ah, that's better. Now...oh, my, how rude, I didn't even ask your name before stealing you away. So...? Annette? That's a lovely name. Which start up are you with? Well, you're too young to be here as a backer, plus you're not in designer wear or flaunting your money to show you're richer than Croesus. Oh, don't be like that. It's my job to notice things like that. It's how I built my first company up, knowing who was serious and who wasn't. Am I serious? Not when I'm off-duty. We can discuss how much your company needs and what it'll do for my portfolio later. You were asking how my husband and I met, and I bet you're wondering why I'd rather tell you in a booth rather than out in the open, too. Oh, please, if you weren't curious I'd be disappointed. I did try to make it intriguing, after all.

So, this story starts a few years ago, before I sold my first company, back when I was another start-up CEO, hustling to get things perfect. Yes, I thought that might sound familiar. Anyway, my PA, Amanda, was organising a works do and she'd asked me to sign off on the entertainment, a very risqué hypnotist. Very quick, yes, that was the future Mr Chambers. So, I'll skip on a bit then. His act was, well, it was exactly what you'd expect of a risqué hypnotist. I might have gotten bored, which when you're in the front row is dangerous. My husband noticed things easily then too. And so, I found myself up on stage. Now, as you might have noticed, I'm not exactly shy or weak-willed, and this was my company I was 'performing' in front of, so I may have been a bit...bolshie. Self-assured is a much better way of putting it, yes. But, anyway, how could someone like me be hypnotised? Turns out the answer was very, very easily. So, I'm up there under his power, in my underwear... I did say he was risqué, didn't I? Most of the girls weren't allowed to keep even that but, well, I was the boss and I was the one paying him so he had limits, or so he claims. Anyway, after the usual orgasm gun routine, nothing like that one on the boss to get everyone working for you roaring with laughter and not worrying about what you'll do when you're un hypnotised, I was sitting on one of those hideous conference plastic chairs up on stage, glassy-eyed and completely under when he drops the other shoe. He gets me to tell them all my 'deepest, darkest, most humiliating sexual fantasy'. Yes, I can still remember the exact words. And then, as a cherry on top, he made it so I got more and more aroused while I was telling it. What was it? Well, aren't you a naughty young lady?

Still, if you insist. I'm at home, just come in, in bed, just at home, somewhere safe and mine. Only there's someone else in there, a robber. And he finds me there. I fight him, of course I do, but he's...nnnnnnnn... too strong, he does something to my mind, and he...aaaah....he

takes me then and there. I can't stop him. I try, but he's too strong for me. No, hubby never did cancel that suggestion. Oh, that's not the end of it. A little rape fantasy is hardly the worst my mind can come up with. You see, this robber isn't content with that, not content with taking my possessions, taking my...nnnn... pleasure, he then ties me up, gags me and takes...aaaah...me. Just another valuable item to steal. I'm stuffed into the boot of his car like....like the rest of the loot. And when he gets where he's going he takes me out and...nnnnnnn....takes me again. And again. Nothing I can do to stop him. No, I'm fine. But that's not the worst of it. After he's done that to me, after he's...aaah...he's taken my body, he takes my mind. Everything I am, all my thoughts, my...ahhhhh...dreams and he puts them in a little cage in my head. I can see, I can hear, but I can't...nnnn...move and then he...aaaahhh...puts someone else in my place. Yes, someone else. Who? She doesn't really have a name. Well, I suppose you could consider Fucktoy Slutwhote her name, it's what she's called. But...nnnn... she's such a...aaaahhhh....such a dumb little slut she can't remember the whole thing. So she's just...just Fucktoy. And I'm still there, locked in my mind, as Fucktoy does her...does her stuff. With vigour. And after she's done, after he's...he's got bored with her, with me, he...he...he sells her, sells meeeeeeeeeee.

I'm fine, thank you. Forgotten how intense telling that story was. Pour me another. And one after that. Anyway, he let me out of the trance after that, whispered something in my ear as he was doing it. Yes I was, horribly embarrassed. I look like a boiled lobster on the video. Yes, Amanda had taped the whole thing. Brings it up at every single compensation discussion we've had since. But, well, that's how we first met, but it's not as if public humiliation makes for a particularly good first impression. Well, what he whispered might just have something to do with how we got to be where we are today. If you really want to know, I'll continue the story, but that won't be where I start.

Yes, I thought you'd want to hear more. So, after the party closes, I go back to my hotel room for a decent night's sleep. Didn't work like that, no. I woke up sometime far too early in the morning. I could feel something wrong. There's someone else in the room with me. Yup, the future Mr Chambers. I tried to scream but it didn't come. I tried to run for the door but my legs wouldn't work properly. Then he came closer. I got ready to kick him squarely in the balls but that didn't work either. Yes, it might just have something to do with what he whispered, but maybe not in the way you think. But I couldn't fight him. At the time, it was terrifying, and, I can admit now, making me very hot. But he took me, my body betraying me by enjoying it. Yes, just like that little fantasy I'd talked to the room about. He didn't steal me nearly so roughly as my fantasy thief did, but he locked my mind away in a little cage in my head and replaced that me with, well, with Fucktoy. And she was quick to thank him for giving her my life. What did he whisper? I couldn't remember that at the time, I was raging and screaming inside my head, a weird mix of furious, terrified and horny enough to fuck the next living thing I saw. My, you are insistent. He told me to get him a copy of the keycard to my room, and then forget about it. He told me that I was going to live out my fantasy, and to forget that, too. He told me I'd remember all this in the morning, and I did. It does sound bad, doesn't it? And that's what you were thinking he'd whispered, isn't it? Enough to make me his living blow-up doll for the night but nothing else. And that's where you're missing

something crucial. Because while he did say all that, and did all that, he said something else first. Oh, something simple and yet something that changes everything. The next morning I woke up and... No, I won't just tell you. That would spoil the suspense. Patience. As I was saying, I woke up next morning feeling better than I'd ever felt before, remembering everything he'd said to me, everything we'd done that night, everything he'd made me forget, including the part that makes that night wonderful and not an awful, filthy rape by a bastard who deserves his balls sliced off with a rusty spoon. Alright, alright, I'll tell you. It was just this: "If you really want to live out your fantasy, then..." It wasn't compulsion, it was release. I didn't remember we'd spent an hour before I went to bed talking, discussing that fantasy, agreeing how it would be played, what would and wouldn't be alright while Fucktoy was in the driver's seat. I didn't remember the meeting Amanda had set up between us the day before when all this had come out the first time. And that was how we first met, and that, well, let's be charitable and call it a kink has followed us around. That's why he got me this, to remind me that I was his. Yes, it really is a collar, but only for him. It's as much our wedding band as this one is. It shows him I'm his. Anytime he wants. As long as I want to be. I found out later that he was Amanda's cousin and the scheming little bitch had sneaked into my computer and found some of my more interesting diversions before she booked him. Don't be silly. Of course, she's still my PA. Couldn't live without her.

So, that's the answer to the question. But you look like there's something else you want to ask. That's a very good question. As you might guess, I'm not in the habit of discussing my private life with total strangers, even attractive ones. But, as I said, my husband noticed you noticing. And Amanda might have done whatever computer wizardry she does to find out everything there is to know about you, Ms Annette Benning. And I couldn't help noticing the little catches in your breath as I was telling my sordid little tale. So, I have an indecent proposition for you. We'll talk shop tomorrow, regardless of what you say to it, as your company looks to have good prospects with the right backing, but, if you want to, tonight, well, Fucktoy does like licking pussy as much as she loves sucking cock.