

Creeps

Chapter Nine

Plan 1 and Plan 2 – that is, the Reeves sisters – arrived ten minutes early that day, Stacey’s car sloshing through the thick puddles in the pothole-pocked parking lot outside the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic. By the normal starting time, the younger Reeves was already in a trance, already professing her urgent need to come. With her already probing her erogenous zones, her therapist excused himself from the office and stole into the waiting room. The “receptionist wanted” sign had begun to yellow from exposure, and the tape wouldn’t hold much longer. Hopefully it wouldn’t need to. A few more dominos in place, and it could fall to the carpet and get sucked up by the vacuum.

First, though, those dominos.

Stacey glanced up from her phone. “Another week of letting her get freaky in solitude, huh? Ever planning to ramp things up, or are you slow-and-steadying your way through this whole thing?”

“First off, I’d take another six months if I thought it was the best way to go. Don’t rush me.”

Stacey let him issue the imperative with a wry smile. “Fair enough.”

“Second, we’re ramping up just fine. As are you, speaking of keeping things moving. If you’re ready.”

“Me, ready?” She crossed her legs a bit too smugly, or it would have been too smug for anyone without those perfect legs in that perfect skirt. “Finally ready for your bold new offer, eh? About time.”

“Today’s the day,” Martin confirmed. “I’ll start with what I want from you, and then I’ll tell you what you get in exchange.”

“Hit me.”

“Mantras.”

Stacey had anticipated the request, plainly. “Thought it might be the mantras again. That, or getting rid of the blanket when we... watch our little camgirl in there. Mantras.” Stacey took to her feet with a sigh. “How do you monitor that? I assume you aren’t accepting the honor system.”

The honor system had been precisely what he’d had in mind, but the way she laughed at the prospect had a way of correcting his few remaining generous assumptions of her character in a hurry. “Of course not. You can just Zoom me while you’re doing it.”

“And when you’re busy? I’m not rearranging my life for your curiosity, you mistrustful bastard.”

He admired the hips her hands now rested upon, then shrugged. “I’ll credit you a *little* honor.”

“Now that’s assuming I accept your offer in the first place. If I’m only getting more of the same, then why would I—”

“She’s in there, right now, ready to go to town on herself at my invitation. Agree, and you can come with me and watch. Live nude shows, baby – Vegas style.”

That, she had not expected. A testament to how far he’d kept her meddling at bay. Stacey’s mouth opened and closed several times before she managed to squeeze out any noise. “How do we know she won’t wake up? If she wakes up and sees me...”

“She won’t.”

“How do you know?”

“I knew with you when I could take things to the next level. I know with her. I know.”

She hesitated, but a single glance at the door to his office was all that was required. “What would I need to say, exactly?”

When she heard his proposal, she simply scoffed. He repeated it verbatim, no sales pitch, only words. This time he received a retort of “no fucking way am I saying that.” With a shrug, Martin strode to the door to the office and walked in. When she saw he wasn’t stopping her, Stacey followed. Her boots were noisy ones, heeled, and so it took a moment to remove them before she could safely follow him into the office. Waiting for them on the couch was Kira, resting comfortably on her back, eyes closed as always, as she chanted her own mantra under her breath. “...want to understand my sexuality, and he can help me do that. I will give his relationship advice serious consideration. For now—”

“Kira,” he interrupted.

“Mm.”

“Do you remember what we talked about, how we’re going to begin our sessions?” He gestured for Stacey to take a seat in his chair, but she was frozen in place just inside the door. There wasn’t really anything to even see yet, yet she clearly meant to observe anyway, Charlie Bucket peering through the window of the candy store.

“Mmm. Yes. Play with myself. Love coming here. Is it time yet?”

“It’s time.”

“Finally,” Kira breathed.

She spoke the words without even being prompted. There was no telling if Stacey could even hear her, her whole mind through her eyes. Kira made it easy, all right. Even Martin was impressed. Having been given permission, having received reassurances that her audience enjoyed it, having left the office earlier that week still trembling with ecstasy, there was no more hesitation. Off went her pants. Off went her top. Off went her panties – a thong, today. Off went her bra. Her socks, for some reason, remained, though not one of the three of them noticed.

Kira masturbated. Since it remained vacant, Martin took a seat in his chair and rolled boldly right up to where the girl's smoothly tanned legs were parting on the couch. Unprompted, she worked on the old recitation, the one that seemed to kindle the fires of her unslakable lust while under his trance. "If I do what Professor Manning says, nothing, mmm, nothing can stop me from doing what we, oh *frick frick frick*, what we want..."

He let her go for a time, watching as her body responded to her touch. Watching Stacey watch. When he felt it had gone on long enough, he intruded. "Do you like having your boobs played with?"

"Mmmm, love it. Love coming here. Love coming with my boobs."

"Do you like it when *I* play with your boobs?"

"Hells yeah. Been thinking about it for days. Amazing. So wrong. Wrong is so hot."

Stacey mouthed the words, but not even challengingly. Like she was savoring poetry. He tried to react like that was something he'd planted there, rather than Kira simply being kind of a kinky slut from the get-go.

Martin watched the elder Reeves as he continued. "What about if it was a girl? A hot girl. As hot as Stacey. Would you like it if a hot girl played with your boobs?"

"Mmmm, please, yes. Please approve her. Please. Touch my boobs."

It looked like Stacey's neck was failing her, somehow, her head lolling like she was drunk.

"All right now, Kira. We're going to do an imagination exercise. Is that OK?"

"Do I have to stop playing with myself?"

He chuckled. "No. In fact, I want you to keep going."

"Mmmm. Nice man. Thanks."

"Do you want me to touch you, like I did last time?"

"Oh god, *please*," she groaned, squeezing her tit in frustration that the task was relegated to her, and not her therapist.

"All right. In a moment, I will. But when I do, I want you to imagine it isn't me, but a hot girl touching them. Instead of strong, rough men's hands, think about how women's hands would feel. Slender. Delicate. Soft."

"Soooo soft."

"That's right. Just make sure you keep those big pretty eyes closed—"

Giggle. "You're so nice, Professor Manning."

"—or you'll see it's me, and it'll ruin it. OK?"

"Mmm. OK."

"Now what are you going to do?"

"Imagine your hands are hot girl hands. Keep eyes closed. Come."

“Good girl.” With only a tiny creak, Martin regained his feet and gestured for the thunderstruck Stacey Reeves to replace him. Her lips twitched; she had a lot to say, but didn’t dare risk Kira hearing her voice. Then she went to slip past him, to partake of his generosity, but he caught her with a firm grip inside the back of her skirt.

A thong, Martin’s questing fingers noted. Like her sister.

“You’re going to say them?” he whispered.

“Yes,” said both Reeves sisters, the one merely mouthing. Kira, misapprehending, resumed her old mantra, basking in the urgency of coming in her therapist’s office. Martin released Stacey, and she took his seat, pink tongue caressing red lips as tremulous hands inched forward.

“Aren’t you going to touch me, Professor Manning?”

Bracing himself on Stacey’s shoulders so his voice would seem to come from the proper space, he answered softly, “Remember, Kira. I’m a hot girl right now. You can’t imagine I’m a hot girl if you call me by a man’s name, right? So what should you call me?”

Wrinklewrinkle. “Don’t know. Never been with hot girl.” The indignant narrowing of Stacey’s eyes was steadfastly ignored by Martin Manning.

“How about something generic? How about... mistress?”

Kira giggled at this amusing twist in their game. “OK. ‘Mistress.’ Touch me now? On my boobs? Pleeeease?”

Stacey’s head whirled to face him so fast he worried he might have somehow given offense. Only when he took the measure of those dark pools did he realize it was something else. Gratitude?

No, deeper than that. Awe.

Stacey grabbed Kira’s tits.

“Oh, *FUCK.*” Kira groaned at the sudden contact, at the delicately manicured nails making furrows in the acres of her chest. For the first time, Martin wondered what Stacey’s taste in girls was? Was she a boob girl? Ass girl? Face girl? Did she just want someone soft and sexy to go down on her? Did she just want Kira?

Did she want herself, and Kira was the closest approximation she could find?

Whatever her taste, she was enjoying herself. That much was plain. They both were. The one with vocalization privileges moaned between babble about the wonders of coming in his office. The one without chewed on her lower lip to keep all the noise she wanted to make in. Even not participating, Martin was exultant. They were enjoying themselves, both of them. Tremendously. One didn’t know about the other, and the other would be perfectly happy to keep it a twosome with herself and the one. Still, one was giddy with the thought that he was squeezing her tits as some kinky lesbian game, and the other was so inured to his proximity to her sexual outbursts that she didn’t care that he was watching her play with her own sister’s plump round knockers.

How far could he let this go? As far as it had gone before? When they...
Fuck.

The specter of Kira's story suddenly pressed at the corners of his mind. What happened in their cousin's cabin, and what happened after on those docks. He'd thought himself resolute in his course, but watching this unfold, his stomach wanted to empty itself. What in the hell was he doing?

What followed this self-inflicted moral conundrum was a brief dialogue with himself. Martin wanted it to be an argument, so he could at least *say* the right thing in case the other him won the argument, even if only inside his own head. Instead, it took the form of a series of half-hearted excuses, offered to his id in order to allow himself to grease up the slope nice and slippery, so he could slide down it without disrupting the vista.

She's enjoying herself. Maybe this will heal both of them, somehow. They'll thank me when we're through. Kira was having a hard time finding a girl, anyway. I'm not even charging her. That last one almost choked him even in the privacy of his own inner dialogue, but swallow it he did, and onwards he allowed things to proceed, conscience sufficiently buffered.

It was an infantile level of self-absorption, but to be fair...

Um...

At least he wasn't...

Hmm. No. That is, yes, he was.

Well, best not to be fair.

In any event, whatever the moral outlook, it was a necessary stepping stone. If it had to happen, he wouldn't be any less guilty if he enjoyed himself as it unfolded. It was an easy delusion to justify what he was about to revel in doing, so long as he didn't think about it. Martin's professional experience ran primarily to prohibiting *other* people from thinking too much about ludicrous propositions. Perhaps it was time he indulge himself in that, if only a little.

"Mmmmm, your hands, mistress... so soft... do you want to touch my pussy? You can touch it if you want."

And there ended Martin's capacity for internal chit-chat, much less ethical analysis. He shook his head at Stacey, who grudgingly nodded acquiescence. "Later, Kira. I will later."

"Thank you, 'mistress.'" She giggled. "Mmm, my therapist – my *mistress* – can work wonders on my body..."

While Martin's brain trudged through the waist-deep mud of temptation, Stacey was wasting no time. She worked her sister's nipples. Squeezed those titties until they oozed between her fingers. Caressed them in ways only a veteran lesbian knew how.

“Oh gawd oh gawd oh gawd oh gawd oh gawd oh *GAWD!*” exclaimed Kira. She’d stopped playing with herself, instead rubbing and squeezing shapely thighs as she let Stacey take the reins of her pleasure.

It had been obvious that watching this unfold would be hot. Martin had not been prepared for *how* hot, however. It shouldn’t be. It was wrong, so wrong that even he had qualms, but in this moment, the pleasure principle was trampling all others.

On impulse, he once again took control of Stacey by the waistband of her skirt, lifting her out of the chair. It only half-worked; those tits would not be abandoned so easily. So instead she found herself bent perpendicular at the waist as Martin inserted himself in his vacated chair. He’d meant to simply seat her in his lap, but with her ass in his face, standing would do fine, he decided. Stacey’s skirt was loose-fitting, floral, would have been more at home in a church or a funeral parlor than a therapy session. With her return to mantras, he’d have her dressing properly again in no time. The skirt slipped over her backside easily, and he put a color to the texture of the thong. Blue. A rich, royal blue, for his queen.

Independently, but in tandem, all three of them took things to the next level.

Kira whipped her pillow from underneath her head and seized it between her thighs, holding it in place as she humped the flannel pillowcase she’d supplied some weeks earlier.

Stacey, with impressive swiftness, threw her hair in a ponytail using a scrunchy he hadn’t even noticed wrapped around her wrist. Hair secured, she bent double and wrapped her lips around an invitingly engorged nipple.

Martin peeled down her royal blue thong, and buried his face in Stacey’s pussy.

“I. LOVE! COMING! HERE!”

Martin licked. Stacey sucked. Kira humped.

“Shh,” he cautioned Stacey when he sensed she was nearing an orgasm of her own. The sense was long disused, yet had not dulled a whit.

“Sorry, Prof... Sorry, mistress! Try to... to keep it d... keep it... keep coming...”

Kira wheezed, saturating her pillow with a fresh burst of cum that only intensified the vigor of Stacey’s tongue.

Kira came three more times (although one might have simply been one intense minute-long orgasm) before Stacey at last stiffened and rewarded Martin’s efforts with a sploosh of her own. She collapsed down into his lap, thong wrapped around the tops of slender thighs, not even complaining when he held her upright with two handfuls of her own perky tits. How long since he’d been permitted to squeeze these things? How much of his life had he assumed bigger tits were always better? He still couldn’t rank the Reeves girls’ tits for the life of him.

“No more mistress?” whimpered Kira as her tits went unattended.

“Keep playing with yourself,” Martin instructed her through a mask of pony tail. Once the girl was creating some noise cover for him with her panting, he dropped his voice to a whisper for Stacey’s ears only. “Go on and wait for me in the waiting room, OK?”

Stacey Reeves nodded, too dazed to respond even if she could do so in her sister’s presence. She made it halfway across the office before her thong dropped from her thighs to her ankles. Her stumble was stopped from ruining three lives only because she’d had the presence of mind to remove her boots earlier.

Martin barely knew what to do with Kira any more. Her subconscious was ready for so much more than her conscious mind that it was hard to imagine any mantra that would both be acceptable to her and still move her forward. Her subconscious had just invited him to pretend he was a girl – a girl who, in her mind’s eye, was either her sister, or one inspired by that muse – and then invited him to finger her to orgasm while sucking her nipples clean off her tits. Her waking mind might be a slut, but it still had a few lines drawn in the sand.

It was the conscious he needed to address, then. He prepared to wake her up.

Then he saw Stacey’s lipstick smeared across her breasts. He had her masturbate anew while he “fondled” her as a pretense to wipe, lick and suck it off.

Then he woke her up. This time, rather than allow her to forget everything that had happened, he encouraged her to remember how she’d felt, what she’d thought. It would likely be fuzzy, not altogether coherent, but in time, it was a tool that might help bridge the gap.

“How do you feel?” he asked an awakened Kira.

She was dressed again, composed and put together aside from a little disorder to her hair. Somehow, despite the superior display he’d just witnessed, the simple sight of her in her ordinary state was still enough to keep him rock hard.

“Horny,” Kira blurted. She clapped a hand over her mouth, words barely intelligible through it. “I’m so sorry! I shouldn’t say things like that to my teacher!”

Martin smiled that reassuring smile she’d given him so much practice at. “Kira, you know what I saw you doing. I don’t think a word is going to shock me, after that.”

“I... It was shocking?” Her eyes glanced down to his lap. “Man, I am becoming queen of the blue balls, aren’t I?”

“Huh?”

“I keep coming here and... doing that, and you just sit and watch and... I feel bad! Even though, um, I guess there’s nothing I can do about it...”

It was a suitable subject for scholarly debate, whether or not there had been a suggestive question mark at the end of that utterance. It wasn’t as if Kira hadn’t sucked anyone off before, and her pussy was doubtless revved up like never before. Yet it was

equally plausible that it had been a simple, awkward statement of sympathy. She was nice; she certainly believed he was nice. It could be merely that.

But maybe, just maybe, she was wet and wild and ready to pounce cunt-first on his cock so hungrily that his cum would shoot up out of her throat.

Many things were possible.

“I’ll be fine,” he assured her.

She frowned, but dropped it. “So, did we, you know, make progress today? I sure hope so. Otherwise I’m only coming here so I can play with myself for an audience. Man, that would be...” Her tongue snaked out, soothed her lips. “Bad.”

“We did. I’m starting to think that what might be best for you is to explore a relationship – or at least, go on a date and see where it goes – with another woman.”

“Yeah? Man, that’d be... Yeah! I’d be down for that. If you can find me one who’s not too butch or whatever, holla at your girl, Professor Manning.” Her eyes widened as she went to set her pillow back where she usually laid her head, obviously feeling its dampness in the flannel. Her inviting expression gave way to a wince, but she said nothing of it. He let her have the fig leaf.

“I’ll keep my eyes open. In the meantime, there was...” He tried to look uncomfortable. It was difficult when he felt that smug. “Something you said. In your trance. That I thought, maybe, we ought to address.”

“Oh no. Oh crap no. What did I say?”

“Well, you said...” He tugged at his collar. “There’s no delicate way to put this, so I’ll just come right out and say it. You said you were hoping I would touch your breasts.”

Her eyes went from squinting nervous to horrified agog in a flash. “Awake?! Or, um, while I was under?”

“You didn’t specify, and I can’t quote the dialogue since we’re not recording any more, for obvious reasons.” Her cheeks flushed as she realized she’d never even thought to ask him to stop on her own. “But my sense was you meant it awake, especially, but maybe either.”

“Oh gosh. I’m so sorry. I swear, I’m not trying to get myself in trouble! Please don’t be mad!”

“I’m not mad, Kira. I’m... I don’t know. I only wanted to make sure that, whatever feelings you’re processing, we keep them confined to my office, all right?”

“So... you’re saying it’s OK if I ask you to feel me up here?”

Was her tone hopeful? Jibing? Resentful? Teasing? He honestly couldn’t tell.

“I’m saying here, you can say anything you want and there’s no judgment. But if my beautiful young female student keeps pinning me into a corner with her cleavage after class – and I don’t say anything to reprimand her – there could be trouble for both of us. Do you understand?”

Kira nodded, eyes downcast. “Yes. I understand.”

“Are you OK? I didn’t mean to embarrass you. It’s not your fault, OK?”

“It feels like my fault. I swear, I’m usually not such a slut. There’s just something about y... your office.” She winced at the transparent sidestep of what she’d initially intended to say.

“Hey. Hey.” He snapped his fingers until she had no choice but to look up. “You’re all right. I’ll keep saying it until you believe me. No judgments in here. Ever.”

“OK. If you say so.”

He put his hands on his hips. “No. You’re not leaving this office until I can see that you know I don’t think any less of you.”

“I... I, um...”

Martin allowed himself a casual chuckle. Two chums talking through a humorous misunderstanding. “Let’s do it like this. Kira, ask me to touch your boobs.”

“Professor Manning!”

“It’s nothing you haven’t done already today. Just ask, and trust me. You trust me, right?”

Kira nodded, deep red hair in a flurry. “I do. I trust you. But...” She sighed. “No. There’s nothing to be embarrassed about with Professor Manning. From the mantra, you know?”

“I know. Go on.”

She took a deep breath, then finally dragged her gaze off her shoes and locked eyes with him, as earnest as he’d ever seen her. “Professor Manning, I want you to touch my boobs.” The rest of the breath came out in a *whoof*. “There. I said it. That... wasn’t so bad.”

Martin smiled proudly. “Exactly. And, to show you I’m not judging... are you actually asking me to, or are you only asking because I told you to?” He raised his hands at the wrist, but no more.

Even that was enough to render her cheeks scarlet. “I... I, um... I guess, ah, because I... I mean, because *you*. Yeah. Because you told me to.”

He nodded, as if the difference meant nothing to him. “Well OK, then. You keep saying your mantra, and I’ll see you again next week. We’ll get there, OK?”

She threw her arms around him in a hug before heading for the door. What would she do if he just grabbed her ass in the midst of it? Fuck him on the spot? Somehow, the idea that she would take offense was becoming harder and harder to swallow. Her subconscious remained in the lead, but her slutty, slutty conscious mind was racing to catch up. For now, though, he left her rounded ass ungrouped. Not yet. Just a few more dominos to go before everything, and everyone, was in place.

“Send Stacey in, would you?”

“You got it.”

He watched her ass shake as she practically skipped to the door. “Your turn,” she said simply to the woman on the other side.

Stacey brushed past her sister with a cold sneer that bloomed into an elated smile as she closed the door behind her. “We are gonna fuck the shit out of that girl.”

Martin smiled, but as he tucked Kira’s pillow back into the cabinet on the shelf above Sherri’s, he couldn’t help but ask himself again: *Are we?*

At last, the discovery phase was behind him, and his plans were in motion. Every week made for fresh progress with his patients. The dominos, at last, began to fall.

During her next session, Sherri finally entered a trance. Like with Stacey the year before, it was tentative in the extreme early on. The first taste of anything personal snapped her out of it, and it took half the session to get her there, but under she went. There was nothing nefarious he even wanted to try with her while she was vulnerable, but so long as he kept to her stated purpose – coping with her anguish over Stacey – the redheaded sorority girl didn't disrupt his long-awaited opportunity to properly ogle that smoking hot body of hers. She had been a good match for Stacey. Physically, at least. Admiring the conservatively attired DAT girl was solid voyeurism, but that wasn't his kink, nor was it worthy of commentary compared to his sessions with the Reeves. Nevertheless it helped pass the time while listening to her repeat "I want payback on Stacey Reeves," "Stacey Reeves was a bad partner and should pay for what she did to me," "I will take pains to make Stacey Reeves jealous of me," and of course the usual "I trust Mr. Manning."

After the literal taste Martin had given Stacey, she was fast becoming as malleable as she had ever been. The mantras she'd scoffed at before pawing at Kira's tits were accepted with only token reservation during their next session. It was mostly old lines from last year, some of it modified to include Kira. "I enjoy being touched by Martin and Kira. When we're together, they can touch me however they want and I will revel in it. I want to be Martin Manning's good girl so he'll let me enjoy Kira." She'd repeat them for him awake, repeated them for him on the phone, texted him to snark that she'd said them and he hadn't even made her. When she pressed him on how much longer he thought it would take, he playfully added "I can play with Kira as soon as Martin says she's ready."

Was she using some annoying trick to subvert his influence again? Maybe. Her behavior at their sessions didn't suggest as such, at least, and certainly the occasional reinforcement in the form of a fresh video of Kira pawing at herself like a woman possessed sapped her of at least some of her oppositional defiance.

As for Kira, he didn't reinvite Stacey into their sessions again, but those recorded snippets from their interactions became a regular occurrence. She kept it spicy, too. The week following her unwitting acceptance of Stacey's touch was Halloween; Stacey dropped off a few slutty costumes. All he had to do to get Kira in them was to remind her of the holiday to normalize it, then assure her it would entice him to touch her again. Sexy kitten, sexy cop, and of course the very same French maid uniform he'd been treated to Stacey cleaning in back in the spring. He'd thought it looked divine on Stacey, but on Kira, it was more devilish than the black leather devil costume that had preceded it. Her rounded bottom couldn't be contained beneath the skirt, and her tits oozed and bobbed and flounced out of the neckline.

Stacey left the Halloween party her DAT sisters had been invited to in order to visit him in his office. They watched the video together on his couch, both of them masturbating in the open as they watched Kira stumble around the office dusting with one hand, fingering herself with the other, while Martin followed behind humping and groping at his leisure.

The week after that, he accepted Kira's invitation to finger her pussy. Stacey greedily licked his fingers clean when she came in for her time.

By the second week of November, Kira was comfortable sitting on his lap while she masturbated. By the third, he weaponized her guilt over being the "queen of blue balls" to induce her to pleasure the both of them at once. The performance was lackluster, but the fact that it was happening at all was validation of his efforts. During that same session, she stayed late – no Stacey waiting for her that week – to tell him she felt like she needed to know what it would feel like to be touched by him.

"You don't know how it is. Like, I think about our sessions all the time. Not 'all the time' all the time like some total creeper, but you know what I mean. It's so freaking *good*, Professor Manning. So much better and more intense than anything I've ever had with anyone, and I... I know you're my teacher, and my therapist, but please. Just once. I need to know if it's some sketchy little impulse in my subconscious, or... or if..."

He didn't make her finish the sentiment. Curious how she'd react, he replied with a simple command. "If you really want it, Kira. Take your shirt off."

"Oh! You mean... bare...?!" Martin froze at his overreach, but Kira performed like Kira and immediately adjusted her therapist's reach to be within his grasp. "Oh. Yeah, I guess you've already, um, seen... yeah. So... the heck with it, why not. Probly feel better." With no further fanfare, she lifted her sweater off over her head. Her breasts glistened in places where he'd been sucking on her minutes earlier. They'd never addressed what he'd been doing to her during their sessions except when she was in a trance. Still, she wasn't surprised to find her nipples freshly sucked. He waited for her to realize he wanted the bra gone, too. He didn't wait long. Kira barely hesitated to strip for him. She wanted to know if it could be as good as those tantalizing orgasms she couldn't quite remember.

Martin said not a word. When he moved on her, it wasn't in some timid *Is this OK, sweetie?* fashion. He felled her backwards onto the couch, following her down, and landing with his mouth on one gyrating tit and his hand on the other. He didn't take long, only a few minutes, exactly long enough for her to accept that she loved it, that her proposal for a feel had turned into having her tits sucked until he bored of it and that she was shockingly comfortable with that.

"Well?" he said, standing suddenly.

Her eyes took a moment to refocus. "That... that was..."

He nodded. "I expected."

“What does that mean?” she asked, looking around for her bra, hardly caring when she didn’t find it right away.

Martin had written a script for his diagnosis of her tangled-up mess of a subconscious, but it wasn’t yet time to issue the final word. Close, but not yet. He told her to be patient.

“And in the meantime, we just keep... doing this? Is that, I dunno, unethical?”

The girl sounded more worried he would agree and put a stop to it than that they were crossing some line in the sand. Martin assured her they were getting closer to understanding her spontaneous (as far as she knew) masturbation. Soon, Martin promised, he would give her an opportunity to satisfy those boundless lustful urges with some TLC from their root cause. “A woman,” he added quickly, vaguely, before she could assume he’d meant the dreaded specific of Stacey. “Soon.”

Kira looked disappointed he didn’t have some hot slut waiting in the closet for her. Then she looked for her absent bra and sweater.

That same week with Stacey, he asked her to bring his dildo, the one he’d sculpted to be identical to his own cock. Sometime since he’d last seen it in the spring, she’d written *Mesmer* along the length of it. Oddly endearing. At his direction, she stuffed her pussy full with the thing while they watched their purloined Kira porn. He updated the mantra, and had her recite it while she watched him fingerblast her little sister’s cunt. As before, with some new additions. “I love the feel of Martin Manning’s cock in my pussy. I’m a good, straight girl for Martin Manning. I get off watching him play with Kira. I want to watch him play with Kira. Watching him exercise his control over Kira makes me so horny.”

The next week, she said it sitting naked on his lap. When he told her the dampness she felt on the back of her legs was where Kira had come a short time earlier, she knelt before him and licked his thighs clean. His cock twitched so hard it tapped her on the forehead. She doled out a sly peck on the tip, but no more, as she relentlessly fucked herself with the dildo.

“Martin, you might get me better than anyone else ever has,” she said, sucking the dildo clean. She still wasn’t sucking his cock, quite, but the closest thing.

“Oh come on. You and Kira used to be close. And, what was that cute little redhead’s name? Sherri?”

Her eyes narrowed. “Sherri loved me. But she didn’t understand me. She wanted us to get married, be a power couple, edgy lesbians, coming home from high-paying corporate gigs and ripping one another’s pant suits off and scissoring each other stupid.”

“Scissoring? Is... is that an actual thing?”

Stacey resumed her place on his lap. “Everything is a thing. Anyway, yeah. The sex was always good. Not great, but good. But honestly, by the end of the year, I was starting to look forward to our sessions almost as much as date night with my hot

redheaded girlfriend – a woman who eats pussy like Guy Fieri eats molten hot chicken wings.”

On a whim, Martin scraped up a dribble of the come trickling down her thighs and sucked it off his finger. “Flavor town, baby.”

She swatted him in the arm, but only half-heartedly. Three-quarters-heartedly, anyway. “Don’t be an idiot. Anyway, my point is that I had to put up a front around her – for obvious reasons. Can’t tell most people what I really want. Guess I got lucky to run into a kinky dude like yourself who doesn’t mind some hard core debauchery, so long as he gets to be in on it.”

He settled a hand on her perfectly toned naked ass; she didn’t object. “Must be hard, having to keep living with her after everything.”

“For her, maybe. I moved on. She’s had six months. If she can’t do the same, that’s on her.”

Sherri, meanwhile, was trying her best to do the same. By the time Thanksgiving break came and went, she was increasingly dancing to his tune. “The best way to forget Stacey Reeves is to level the playing field. Until we’re even, things will never feel right. I want to do to Stacey Reeves exactly what she did to me. I want to get back at Stacey Reeves, and Mr. Manning is the only one who knows her well enough to help me do that. I’ll do whatever it takes to forget Stacey. I... Hold it.”

Martin folded his hands in his lap innocently. “What?”

Sherri looked up from where he’d written down her newest mantra. “What is *that* doing there?” she asked, holding out the card and stabbing it with a red fingernail.

He leaned in, though he knew what it said without having to see his handwriting. “What’s the problem?”

“Seriously, Mr. Manning? You’ve done a good job so far, and I tru... I’m starting to trust you. But really, ‘I need to look my hottest at Mr. Manning’s office?’ Is that some kind of joke?”

“Oh shit!” He slapped his forehead, as if he’d forgotten. “Sorry, that was actually your idea. Once in a while I forget you don’t remember everything from our sessions like I do.”

“Are you serious? You expect me to believe that I told you that deep down, I want to dress up like some male fantasy for you? I wouldn’t do that for my girlfriend, much less my therapist. A man who helped land me in therapy to begin with, I might add.” She folded her arms across her pert breasts.

“Girlfriend? You mean Stacey? Because she’s actually your—”

“Please stay on topic, Mr. Manning. This is disappointingly unprofessional, and I would like an explanation. You were trying to tell me that I suggested I dress sexy for you. Apparently.”

“Not for me,” he clarified, summoning from somewhere deep down, a place that ought to only store future hemorrhoids, to find a capacity to look offended by her assertion. “For Stacey. At least, it better be for Stacey. That’s what you said. Technically, I think you said ‘that Reeves bitch,’ but I can’t imagine that referred to Kira.”

“Kira? How would she even know how I... Wait. You’re treating *Kira*?!”

“My patient roster is confidential,” he said in a voice that would leave no doubt he was annoyed to have been caught. “But anyway, no point pretending. Yes, Kira is a patient. I’m surprised you didn’t know. They carpool. I figured you’d seen them together at DAT house. Two women like that has to register on your gaydar.”

A crude expression, but a necessary revelation for Plan 3. “Kira is as straight as an arrow, Mr. Manning. Stacey went on and on and on about it, like it was some moral failing. Trust me, Kir is even less interested in me than our shared sister, regardless of what I wear.”

Martin scoffed. “Baby K Reeves? Straight? She—” He winced. “Damnit, forget I said anything. Either way, it doesn’t matter. My assumption, since as usual you wouldn’t answer personal questions, was that you wanted to make Stacey jealous. I don’t have the years of experience in sorority reprisals to ponder how exactly the gambit would work.

Sherri’s expression was far-off, processing his revelation, but it soon returned, accompanied by a haughty roll of the eyes. “It doesn’t require a devious mind. If Stacey saw me leaving here wearing something... of the nature you’re suggesting—”

“*You’re* suggesting.”

“—then she might well assume that you and I have struck the same sort of relationship that the two of you had. i.e. That you might be attempting to turn me straight.”

“Hmm. That makes sense, I suppose. I’m at least relieved you don’t have any designs on Kira. I know you want to get back at Stacey, but going after her sister... That’s harsh.”

Sherri said – twice, before her hour was up – that the idea was horrible. That she would be embarrassed to say it, much less try it. Martin shrugged as if he had no skin whatsoever in the game. But the seed was planted. When she showed up for her first December session, she was wearing the shortest skirt he’d yet seen her wear, and a pair of thigh-high stockings that drew eyes to her legs like metal filings to a magnet.

Providence struck two days later. The Manning Mental Wellness Clinic had its first ever walk-in, a 40-something guy who offered cash up front for a session, just to try it out. Martin had no idea how the guy had even heard of him – though with the parking lot’s sign still in error, he deduced why the fellow called him Dr. Maning – but after a mediocre attempt at hypnosis, Martin was able to treat himself to not one, but two slices of gas station pizza and set the rest aside to snag Christmas presents for his family. The man didn’t call back, but he’d snagged \$19.05 per family member for the holidays.

Better than he'd done the year before, when Naomi's present had consumed the entirety of his gift budget.

In her next session, Martin ushered Kira into his office with a hand on her ass. She gasped, but blithely accepted his rationale that he needed her as sexually charged as possible if she was to make progress. It paid immediate dividends; she spent most of the session straddling his lap, humping his crotch while he played with her tits. All the while, she chanted the updated, less subtle version of her in-session indoctrination.

"I'm always horny around Professor Manning. There's nothing I would be embarrassed to do with Professor Manning. I won't call attention to us in public, but in his office, we can do anything we want. I'm ready to have sex with any hot girl Professor Manning approves of. I want Professor Manning to watch me have sex with a hot girl. A threesome with Professor Manning and a hot girl he tells me to have sex with would be the most incredible sexual experience of my life." The closer to coming she got, the more frick's were interspersed in her recitation.

He'd abandoned Kira's conscious mantras. They did nothing for her. Sherri and Stacey still needed the goading, scaffolding to help support their frail grasp of what he was building them into. With Kira, though... If anything, he had to hold her back, or she'd be crouching under the podium sucking him off during lectures.

The next session, Plan 1 received a thorough check-up. Reaction to a compliment on the way her ass looked in her jeans? Positive. Recoil from giving it an appreciative feel? Absent. (Complaint present, but tepid.) A command not to wear underwear to their next session? Accepted with an indifferent shrug. Willingness to practice oral sex on his finger? Unenthusiastic, but willing. In her trance, she was more biddable still. Nudity, groping, fingering, licking sucking, and acceptance of a far greater range of sexual activities in their impending threesome, all present.

"Do you think we ought to do our first threesome with the two of you under hypnosis?" he asked as Stacey was casually dressing herself upon awakening.

"First? We agreed to exactly one."

Her scowl faded as he responded mirthfully, "I've not yet accepted that you won't enjoy it so much you'll ask for more. Don't shit on my dreams until it's time."

"As long as you know I am going to shit on them," she said with a laugh. "But why the trance? Is Kira still not ready for this particular 'hot girl?' Do we need to keep the wool over her eyes? And even if we do, I don't see why I would. Your cock's a cock, but as cock's go... I guess I can't say I've had worse, but I can tell you I've never had better." She winked playfully. Stacey Reeves might never become as bisexual as her little sister, but when it came to Martin Manning, she was very much on the spectrum.

"You flatter me. No, I was thinking it might be better for both of you actually. For her, like you said. Frying her mind with ultra-sex might be the catalyst for preparing her to transition from wanting *any* hot girl, to wanting you specifically."

“Uh, meaning...?”

“I mean, if she has the best sex of her life, and then finds out you gave it to her, that could be the final step. But as for you... I don’t know, you just always seem more enthused entranced than awake.”

“I’m plenty enthused awake, Mesmer,” she replied dryly, making her point by rubbing her ass cheeks against his face as she used the couch to help her put her socks back on.

He couldn’t resist responding with, “There’s my good girl.” Stacey stiffened in silent bliss, then happily allowed him a moment to probe those globes before resuming. “But anyway, I’m not insisting on anything. I... I guess I thought it would be on point for this whole endeavor.”

Stacey fastened her bra around her mid-section, then spun it into place. See-through black mesh. Since she couldn’t dress like a slut for him with Kira around, they’d settled for putting that energy into lingerie selection. “If that’s how you want it, I guess you’ve earned it. It still counts, though. It’s not a test-run. If you run this is a joint session, that’s still the threesome. No rehearsals.”

“How many times do I tell you I’m not going to renege on you? It was only a thought.”

“You have my blessing, then, if that’s what you’re after.”

Martin pulled her in by the ass cheeks for an exuberant hug. Stacey half-grinned as he sucked on her neck, kneading the lightly padded muscle of her butt. “Sorry. You’re just so hot when you’re agreeing to give me what I want.”

“I’m hot all the time, thank you,” she retorted, but good-naturedly.

They always got along so much better in the weeks leading up to fucking each other.

Dead week arrived, finals week looming. Patience for the tedium of his university job reached an all-time low as Martin rejected plea after plea for make-up work, plowed through haphazardly produced essays. The only student who received the benefit of any mercy was Kira, who asked for a one-on-one review session in his office at the Manning Mental Wellness Clinic following her appointment. He “jokingly” proposed a game in which every time she got an answer wrong, she had to take off an item of clothing – all the more sensible since it would get her ready for their session, he laughed. Kira “jokingly” countered that every time she got one right, *he* had to take an item of clothing off.

By the time they’d reviewed the study guide, Kira was missing both shoes and her left sock; Martin had been naked for over an hour and had traded promise after promise of future rewards as IOU’s.

“You don’t want to wait for me to undress you until we get you under?” he asked, not slowing in unbuttoning her top.

“I wanted to see how it would feel. And I got the answer right, so get to work, Prof,” she retorted, sticking her tongue out. She didn’t turn to give him access to her bra, so he did it with their chests pressed together, his very erect cock pressed into where her tummy peeked out beneath her blouse.

Kneeling to remove her panties, he extended his tongue as if he meant to take a taste. “Jokingly,” again. They were both of them in a very funny mood that afternoon.

Kira ran her fingers through his hair affectionately. “You can, if you want. Not like you haven’t gotten me off before, Professor Manning. I mean, if you don’t want to, it’s fine. But if you do, you totally can. If you want.”

So he ate her out. Kira came with a shriek they indubitably heard in the Dunkin Donuts next door, sound-proofing be damned. Without him asking, she reciprocated, slurping down his cock with obvious greed, eyes twinkling up at him as she fellated with a fervor.

Only after gulping down a boatload of his cum that did Kira finally ask what he’d been building her up to asking for weeks.

“Professor Manning? Have you, um, found a girl for me yet?”

“You’re pretty eager for that, aren’t you?”

She nodded. “Not to nag! I don’t wanna be rude. But it feels like it’s been months, and I’ve been thinking about it and thinking about it, like, all the time, to the point where I’m imagining having sex with every even halfway cute girl I see. I, err, even have a few you could consider, if you wanted suggestions.”

Martin helped her up from her knees onto the couch beside him. “Yeah? You’ve been holding auditions?”

“What? No! No way. I would never ask a girl out without you okaying her. But I have been, you know, asking around, keeping my eyes open. So I’ve found a few who might be good. If you think they’re good, too, I mean.”

“You need to be patient, Kira. Soon. I promise.”

“But you said soon forever ago!” she whined.

“It sounds like this is really starting to get to you.”

“Oh my gosh you have no idea! Like...” She looked around the office, as if someone might be eavesdropping in the nonexistent shadows. “I know you can’t talk to her about me, but *especially* this. But like, lately, I’ve even been thinking back to that time? With Stacey? You know, when...?”

“I know.”

“But yeah, I’m starting to wonder if I might have... overreacted? A little – only a little! I’m still mad! But don’t you see, Professor Manning, that’s how bad it’s gotten. If I don’t get my hands on a girl soon, I don’t know *what* I’ll do!”

Martin spent her entire trance drilling that sentiment regarding Stacey into her head. It wasn’t even part of Plan 2. Plan 2 was basically done, waiting on 1 & 3 to finish

up so it could initiate its end zone celebration. No, that day, there was an attempt at what passed for kindness in his clinic. If it worked, Kira wouldn't be able to stop herself from re-writing a dark moment from her past, even if it was only out of an overabundance of undirected lust and post-hypnotic nudging. She'd be better off that way than she was remembering it as it had happened.

It was what Sherri had asked for. Plan 3 wasn't taking Sherri in that same direction any more, but she was right to have asked for it.

Kira scheduled a session for every day of that week. Stacey came with her to three. She begged him for another opportunity to interact with Kira directly. The first two, he put her off, exchanging a maybe for fresh additions to her mantra that he monitored multiple times a day via video chat. "I want to fuck Martin Manning. Martin Manning deserves to fuck me. I want Martin Manning to fuck Kira. Martin Manning deserves to fuck Kira. I want to watch Martin Manning fuck Kira. I deserve to watch Martin Manning fuck Kira."

As a reward for dutiful recitations, that Saturday, he allowed Stacey into his office for another imagination exercise, this time imagining that Martin's chest was a hot girl's. Kira sucked her sister's tits, her mistress's tits, like she meant to suck them off her chest. Then Stacey returned the favor while Martin stood back, recording the event. The elder Reeves didn't even ask for a copy. She simply told him to text her whatever the new mantra was along with the file. He had nothing more to add. The incest porn was an early Christmas gift. The Reeves sisters left his office with soggy panties and visions of threesomes dancing before them.

Sherri had but the one session during dead week, but she arrived in a skin-tight yellow shirt so thin and tight that it was basically not there, and a skirt so brief that she had to remind him that she hadn't worn it for his amusement. Two months of constant reinforcement of the desire for revenge, coupled with weeks of pressing the ideas he'd fed her about her wardrobe, and she came dressed like a very straight slut every session.

"I know you didn't wear it for me," Martin assured her, prying his eyes from where the mini skirt teased him with glimpses of pale panties.

"That's right. Although, that said, speaking of the reason for... this," she gestured across her petite frame, so fetchingly displayed, "I wondered if... well, if you might do me a favor."

"What kind of favor?"

She took a deep breath, and her reluctance deepened his impression of her as a woman who didn't often ask for favors. Maybe ever. "I wondered if you would reschedule me. So that my appointment coincides with Stacey's. Assuming she's coming in during finals week? I suppose we could wait until after break, if we have to, but—"

"Sherri, you know I can't disclose information about my other clients. Would you like it if I told her where and when to find you?"

“Stacey doesn’t care where I am, or when.”

“Still...”

“I’m not asking for anything nefarious. It’s only that I’ve been thinking that maybe I was onto something when I suggested dressing up for my appointments. Think about it. Stacey leaves your office, and there I am, looking hot, on my way into your office. She asks herself: What’s going on here? Why is my ex going into the office of the man who turned me straight? Why is she looking so good for him? Has she forgotten all about me? Has he betrayed me, doing for her what he did for me?”

“I’m not sure I like it going in a direction of incriminating me...”

“I’m only projecting how she might feel. Besides, you haven’t been especially squeamish in the past when it comes to wielding your talents in a morally gray manner. I only want to cross paths. Then she’ll notice, and she’ll wonder, and then she’ll go home for the holidays and have three long weeks to ask herself what her ex has done to leave her behind in the dust.”

Martin acted like he was thinking it over for long enough to let her get tense. “All right. But after this, we’re even. I’m crossing a big line. Whatever you think of what I helped her do last year, I never betrayed a confidence or broke a promise.”

“Fine. Do this, and I’ll never guilt you for what you did to me again. Or what you helped her do to me, since you always insist there’s a distinction.” It was simultaneously refreshing and annoying to hear her admit she’d been weaponizing guilt against him.

“All right. Everyone’s schedule is weird, since we all have final exams, but once I have the two of them scheduled, I’ll let you know. If we can work it out, so be it.”

Sherri smiled. “Thank you, Mr. Manning. Martin, if that’s still all right.”

“Martin is fine.”

“You’ve never considered going by Marty, have you? You strike me as more of a Marty than a Martin. If that’s impertinent.”

“Only my own ex-girlfriend, and only when she wanted to irritate me.” But he smiled to show he wasn’t bothered in this instance.

“Forgive my bringing it up, then. Martin it is.”

They resumed their session. She went under the fastest yet, and spent their hour together reinforcing Plan 3. Martin walked her to the door with a reiteration of his promise to contact her for the reschedule. Half an hour later, Kira and Stacey arrived. Stacey went first that day. She was slammed for finals week, she said, no time for a session. She was pleased, however, that Kira had asked to ride home with her for winter break. Stacey hadn’t even planned to go, but the choice of company changed her mind.

“She’s ready. Next week, we can do it.”

Suddenly she was unslammed. They took off their clothes, and for the next hour, she rode his lap, grinding her slit against his shaft. All the while as they made out, they shared murmured fantasies of what they would do with Kira.

“I’m gonna fuck those tits.”

“I’m going to sit on her face, see if I can feel that gap in her teeth.”

“I’m going to fuck her *while* you ride her face.”

“I want to make her lick your cum out of me.”

“I’m going to make her apologize for making us wait so long.”

“I’m gonna make her beg me to fuck you.”

“I’m gonna make her beg *me* to fuck *you*.”

“I’m going to watch you fuck her noisy little face, and while you do, I’m going to use your dildo on her pussy. And I’m going to thrust it, and twist it, and watch your cock fill her at both ends, until the little slut doesn’t know which end’s coming in her and which end’s making her come. And then I’m going to make her get on her knees, with your cum still dribbling out of her mouth onto those stupid perfect boobs of hers, and thank you for everything you’ve done for her.”

Martin came. Stacey already had been, but she was a lot cooler about it than he was. She stroked his cheek, murmuring into his ear as her body trembled, “If I don’t remember our first time, with the trance and all, I may just twist your arm and force you to give us a second.”

Martin flipped her onto her back and slipped his cock into the drippy groove of Stacey Reeves’ pussy. Not inside it, but nestled between her soft, wet lips. He humped that slit, only inches away from fucking her. As she came – again – it was with an animalistic growl:

“I can’t wait to watch you do that to Kira, but for real.”

Then the sisters swapped places. Martin told Kira that he’d found a girl for her, and next week he’d introduce them to one another, right there in his office. And then they could fuck. Before he could suggest that she let him watch, she cut him off. Not to protest that a hookup in her therapist’s office was weird as fuck, or even to demand more information on her blind date. No, as ever, she exhibited that she espoused most of the exact same fetishes that he did.

“You should totally join us. Is she bi? Even if she’s not. You should insist. I’m pretty cute, right? And I’m so horny I’m going to make her pop off like Vesuvius. I’ll make her let you join us. If you want, I mean. Oh geez, that probably sounded really conceited, assuming you’d want to. But I want you to. We have so much fun here, it would be a shame not to end the semester with a bang, especially since you won’t be my teacher any more after next Thursday, so it would be totally cool.”

“We’ll see what she says. You never know.”

“Oh god. Oh god oh god oh *GAWD!*” She leapt to her feet, shaking a fist of triumph in the air at her impending lay. “Put me under. Put me under right now, and let me come. However you want, I don’t care. Honestly, I kinda like letting you decide what we do. Is that weird? I don’t wanna creep you out. You don’t have to, if you don’t want.”

“Take off your clothes for me, Kira. I’ll start the induction while you strip.”

Martin genuinely wasn’t sure if she entered a full trance. She was masturbating the moment her clothes were off, and while she repeated what he gave her to repeat, she panted and moaned through the whole pleasurefest of a session. He never did touch her. Right then, he found himself wondering if he had already touched her enough.

When he woke her up – entranced after all – she once more apologized for blue-balling her poor teacher/therapist and offered to help him out.

“I’ll be fine, Kira. But thank you.”

“I could send Stacey in, if you want,” Kira said with a giggle. “Pretty sure she likes you almost as much as I do.”

He froze. “What do you mean?”

“We’ve started talking again recently. Did she tell you? Oh, right, confidentifreakinality. But yeah! It was fun. Went to dinner Saturday, and a party at Beta Theta after. Not a great party, but a good one. And, um, since we were talking, and I know we’ve been working on fixing things between us, while she was driving me back to my dorm, I took a chance.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah! I just came right out and asked her why she started seeing a hypnotherapist when she’d told Mom a million billion times that she wouldn’t see Dr. Rivers.”

“Did she answer?”

Kira nodded. “Yeah. She told me all about it.”

He froze harder. The room actually got colder in an area around his desk. “What did she say?”

She laughed, mistaking his tension for his usual gruff refusal to discuss his consultations with Stacey. “You really need me to tell you? I guess you can’t tell me – though I hope you know I’d never try to trick you into saying anything, Professor Manning. But no, yeah, she said how she’d always had these weird feelings, these doubts about being a lesbian, and she wanted someone to help her through them. She figured Dr. Rivers would do what Mom wanted and try to force her to be straight. But she told me about how you guys figured out she was only bi, like me.”

That statement was, in that utterly misleading Obi Wan Kenobi sense of the word, true. From a certain point of view. “She told you that, huh.”

“Yeah. And I guess all the confusion, and the doubt, and the not knowing, was sort of making her act out, be girl-crazy – the same way I was being boy crazy because I didn’t know how bad I needed you to find me a girl to get with!”

“Huh.”

“I suppose, you being my therapist and all, I should have said something, huh. Gotten so used to you helping me come that I forgot what the coming is all about! But

yeah, we didn't talk about *that* – you know what I mean – but we talked around it, and I think we might be OK now. Or closer to it. I don't know. I guess we'll have three weeks sleeping under the same roof back home over winter break to find out, huh?" Her smile at the thought of three weeks with her sister was warm, warmer than he'd ever seen it when her sister was involved. Then she went right on as if it were all of no particular gravity. "Don't you think it's weird that college winter break is three weeks long but high school was two weeks? Why is that, I wonder?"

Martin didn't know the answer, nor did he know what to say about her admission. So he walked her to the door and talked with the two of them in the waiting room to find time slots for their finals week session. Kira pressed hard for Monday, but he made up excuses for why they should wait until closer to the end of the week. With a gleam in her eyes, Kira read that as his wanting to wait out their final remaining days as teacher and student so he could fuck her and her new mystery girlfriend. It was more than enough for her acquiesce.

The Reeves sisters departed, and while Martin hadn't paid attention on their way in, they strode out side by side, laughing about something, and for the first time he had noticed, Kira rode in the front seat. They each waved at him through the glass of the clinic's main entrance.

Had he done that?

Had that even been done?

No, it was done. Kira had been sincere about wanting her Stacey back, and god knows Stacey was sincere about wanting her Kira.

Should he feel good about it, or even guiltier?

Martin let out a sigh and called Sherri to get her on the calendar. Then he returned to his professorial drudgery to keep his mind occupied. The dominos were struck, nothing left but to watch how they fell.