

EYE CONTACT

Alice regarded her reflection in the coffee shop window as she waited impatiently for a man to exit. Rather than acknowledging his mumbled "Thank you" she did a quick self appraisal: Her blonde tresses were cascading pleasingly around her elfin face and the subtle job she'd done with her eye makeup this morning was on point. She smiled to herself, looking every bit the classy young professional. Alluring... but unattainable.

The man's voice rudely interrupted her contemplation.

"Scuse me love, looks like you've got a bit of toothpaste on your cheek there."

"What!?" she couldn't help sneering, and peered closer at her reflection. To her annoyance she noticed that there *was* actually a faint white smear at the corner of her mouth. She hastily wiped it off before flashing him a withering glance. She took in his high-visibility jacket, hard-hat, faded jeans, and slight paunch. *Clearly some manner of workman.* Definitely beneath her.

As her eyes raised to his face, she noticed that his five o'clock shadow was at the very least *yesterdays* five o'clock shadow, and was greying in places. *Old.* She thought. *Probably some sad old pervert.*

Her usual response to informal contact of any kind with the lower classes was to look them in the eyes, roll hers, sigh disdainfully and strut off purposefully, proceeding with her day, leaving them with the impression that whilst they'd encountered a rare beauty, she would have forgotten *them* before the first sip of her morning latte.

Today though, the instant her eyes met his: Blue, squinting slightly, mildly harassed... something odd happened.

She was semi-naked in the street. Her stockinged legs stepped themselves deliberately apart and she bent suggestively forwards, her round arse slowly wiggling whorishly as she slid her lush vibrator into her eager pussy (already juicing nicely) and...

She blinked.

What the fuck!?

She *wasn't* naked. She was still wearing her blouse, her jacket, her skirt. She was still every part the image of the successful businesswoman. Only... only *she couldn't look away from his eyes...* and it felt like she really *had* just slid a toy into herself... a toy that was now buzzing... buzzing and building that familiar sensation and...

WHAT THE HELL WAS GOING ON HERE!?

He was still standing there, dumbly, the harassed look leaving, a mix of confusion and concern in its place.

"You alright love?" he asked, clearly wondering why she was acting so strangely, standing there with her legs locked in place, her cheeks flushed, breath beginning to grow ragged, her eyes wide, staring at him.

"Don't... call me... *LOVE...*" she tried to spit, but it came out with none of her usual venom. It came out husky. Sensual.

Why do I sound like a slut!?

She'd been staring into his eyes for 5 seconds solidly...

Why couldn't she look away from his eyes?

He was saying something, ("Sorry lov... uh... Miss") but she was barely paying attention.

Why did it feel like she was standing there weaving her butt in the air and teasing her clit?

And why... was she getting so ass-grindingly horny?

He stepped back, giving her a worried look like there was something wrong with her. Like *she* was the pervert. The sodding cheek! But still, their eyes remained locked.

10 seconds... she could feel her chest heaving now. She could *hear* herself panting heavily. It felt like she'd been playing with herself for 10 minutes... like she was rapidly reaching the edge... like any second she might cum... she let out a strangled little "Guhh".

He gave her an odd smirk, and stepped back further, looking her up and down, and... with a jolt she realized the spell was broken.

She looked down at her Louboutins and saw with some relief that she *wasn't* thrusting her ass out quite as far as she'd believed. She *was* standing in a somewhat provocative position, and her hands, whilst balled up grabbing at her skirt were *not* in fact questing their way through her nethers. She straightened up, clearing her throat and pantomimed smoothing her dress down.

"I'm fine." She huffed. "Get out of my way please!" and not daring to raise her eyes to meet his, marched smartly into the coffee shop.

"I'm not *in* your way you haughty co..." began his complaint, but she pretended not to hear it, hastily pulling the door shut behind her.

Why had that happened?

Why was she feeling so wet?

Why couldn't she look away from his...

His... his...

What was it...?

She was forgetting something... feeling blurry...

What... what was going on...?

Her memories were fogging over... clouding up... dissipating...

Why was she so hot?

Mmmmm.

"Maybe I should have started the day with a little more self love." she thought to herself, and with a bounce in her step she approached the counter, eyes raised to the chalkboard menu.

"Morning! I'm Gwen!" bubbled the short blonde barista "What can I get you?"

Alice reeled off her order smoothly, daring the girl to make her repeat it "Get me a large latte, half coconut milk, half semi skimmed with two and a half shots of espresso and one and a half sugars. Poured milk. Foam on top. Cinnamon sprinkles."

The barista scribbled the order onto her pad before calling "Wes!" to her co-worker and machine-gun-reciting the order to the guy behind the counter making the drinks. Alice saw that he was a taller man: aging hipster type, checked shirt, scruffy beard, plastic wayfarer glasses. She doubted there were even real lenses in the frames.

The guy gave a nod and glimpsed her way, before beginning the process of making her order. As he began heating the milk he looked back at her, as guys so often did when they realized what a stone cold hottie she was...

And the moment she caught him taking that second glance... it happened again...

She was grabbing the counter with both hands, bending and arching herself over it, her mouth hanging open in a hungry succubus smile, her eyes half closed, dully like some brainless sex kitten, looking intently at whatever-his-name was, sliding one hand smoothly between her legs to spread her labia. She could feel her sex dripping as her toy glided frictionless into her slick interior, she couldn't help biting her lip and stifling a shuddering moan as the heat began to build and...

"Miss?" came the barista's voice, from what seemed like a long way away. "I said that'll be eight fifty five."

"Uh..?" moaned Alice, her eyes locked on hipster-guy's. He was looking amused but baffled.

"Are... are you alright?" the girl was asking.

What the fuck is happening to me?

"Miss?"

Five seconds... She felt like she was shaking her tits at him, her nipples were hard and she could feel the cold air against them.

"Is there some kind of problem, Miss?"

Ten seconds... holy fuck she was getting right near to the edge now.

"Wes, did you say something to the lady?" the blonde barista asked, clearly perplexed and spinning on her heel to look pointedly at her co-worker.

He looked from Alice to his colleague shaking his head, and in that moment she found she could force her eyes shut.

Normalcy.

After a couple of seconds, she tentatively opened one eye and looked to the barista.

"No. No problem" she said breathlessly. "I'm... just going to use your bathroom, I'll be right out for my latte."

His eyes... can't look into his eyes...

She hurried past the small coffee tables to the rear of the shop, it was early, so only a few of them were occupied, a couple of girlfriends composing the perfect picture for their instagrams of their frappuccinos, one or two blogger / student types intent on their laptops, some vaguely dashing but greying old bastard who must think that reading the newspaper and munching on a danish pastry made him look romantic and approachable.

Why do I keep losing track of that? What's wrong with me?

Mercifully the bathroom was a single customer room with a lock.

Remember, you can't look into their... their... can't... look?

She strode inside the bathroom and all but slammed the door. Putting her back to it she sagged a little and let out a long breath.

"Get it together, Alice" she mentally told herself.

She shook her head and stretched, going through a mock wake-up routine in the hopes that might shake some of the cobwebs from her mind. All it seemed to do was make her more horny. She half considered fishing her bullet out of her handbag and "steadying her nerves" but realized her coffee would be waiting. She didn't want the staff of the shop to think she was some kind of *public masturbator...*

She gave an involuntary shiver, tried to ignore how hard her nipples seemed to be feeling, and stepped to the sink, splashing some water in her face before looking in the mirror.

There were a couple of errant strands out of place and her cheeks were pink. She combed her fingers through her fringe, smoothing it neatly.

There... she was perfect.

She looked herself in the eyes and took a deep breath in...

Followed it with a big breath out...

And felt suddenly dizzy.

Dazed...

Docile...

"Duhh" she heard herself mumbling dumbly

What?

"Daddy's..."

She tried to shake her head... but she couldn't help but gaze, eyes unfocused at herself in the mirror.

No... what was going on?

"Daddy's Fuckdoll"

Daddy's WHAT!?

"Daddy's... Plaything"

Oh HELL no, she had to stop this.

"Daddy's... Brainwashed... Fuckdoll"

She wasn't...

"Daddy's... Public... Plaything"

Who was she calling Daddy? What the actual sodding fuck was goi...

"Daddy's Brainwashed Fuckdoll"

She realized her hands had unbuttoned her blouse and were cupping and circling her tits. Almost like she was presenting them.

Wait. Where's my bra?!

"Daddy's Public Plaything"

One hand was snaking down to her sex, slipping into her panties and...

And where are my fucking panties?!

Her legs parted, her finger slipped expertly into her snatch and she gasped at how totally drenched she was.

Why can't I stop this!? Why can't I move?

She was helpless. Staring stupidly at her reflection, tension filling her body as she tried to fight with every cell of herself to stop from sinking one finger into her dripping pussy whilst the fingers on her other hand began circling her clit.

Ohhh holy fucking shit this is happening...

Finally letting herself succumb, her eyes rolled themselves back involuntarily in moaning pleasure and... the dizziness vanished.

Her voice, speaking all by itself now... She sounded young... pliant... submissive:

“Fuckdolls cum, when Daddy decides.”

This time she was standing there, legs wide, blouse unbuttoned, tits on show, underwear completely AWOL, three knuckles deep in her juices.

“Oh god...”

She slammed on the hand dryer, washed her hands and tried to compose herself.

Had anyone heard that?

Why was this happening?

Had the people in the coffee shop heard her fingering herself and moaning like some kind of slut about Dadd...

About... Dahh

About... D

Uhh

She squirmed involuntarily, grabbed some tissue and tried her best to effect a little damage control.

A few moments later she emerged cautiously into the coffee shop to find that as providence would have it, nothing had changed. The frappuccino girls were done taking pictures of their drinks and were now *actually* drinking them. The laptop people were still writing their blogs or novels or whatever. The only person who paid her any notice was the older guy with the newspaper. He gave her a nod. She was so out of her usual headspace that she returned it, before walking (a little more wobbly than usual) to the counter to get her drink.

“Everything okay, Miss?” asked the Gwen girl brightly. Probably fishing for a tip.

“Yes yes, just had to powder my nose” said Alice, giving the best smile she could, grabbing her latte and, still feeling shaky, taking it to one of the free tables at the back of the shop.

She clattered unsteadily into a seat, almost spilling her drink in the process.

What’s wrong with me today?

She let out a big breath, took a swig of foamy cinnamon caffeine goodness, and heard her phone chime.

One new notification.

It was from that pillock she’d met last night online. The guy who claimed he could hypnotize people.

When did I give him my number?

Her fingertip hovered over the messaging app, poised to open it, but she stopped herself.

No... the tosspot can wait.

She frowned... trying to piece together the conversation she’d had with him the night before. There’d been a whole lot of waffle about the power of the mind and how he could use it to unlock your true potential.

Hah. “True potential.” She’d been hanging in that chatroom for *entirely* unproductive reasons, and it was kind of sad to think people like him were on there hoping to *help* people become better versions of themselves. She gently snorted into her coffee in amused derision.

Funny though... she knew she’d been talking to the guy for a over an hour... mocking him really, not that the idiot seemed to have picked up on that fact. Why would she have spent so much time talking to someone who was so clearly beneath her? Did he offer to hypnotize her? No... that was ridiculous. He was clearly some delusional roleplayer.

She smirked and glanced upwards, catching the newspaper guy looking over at her. Seeing her noticing him, he gave a wry little smile and did the coffee drinkers equivalent of tipping one’s hat: Hefting one’s drink in greeting.

She ignored it and looked... no-where.

She was glued to his gaze.

Oh No.

She was gripping the edge of her coffee table and sliding her legs wider and wider.

How did I forget? How is this happening again?

She was nearly nude. She circled one leg then the other around the coffee table and rested them on the seats of the chairs beside her. Pussy pointed directly at this stranger. Hand reaching into her handbag, taking out her bullet and sliding it into her twitching cunt.

This isn't real. This isn't real. You can control yourself Alice. You're not some slut!

She was bending over the table... giving him a bloody good view down her top... fingers blurring themselves as they circled over her clit industriously.

Oh shitting hell. Look away you old perve!

He gave a knowing raise of his eyebrows and lowered his newspaper... seems he planned to watch whatever it was she was doing.

Five seconds... her mouth was open again... panting... She was looking hungrily at him like he was a prime steak and she'd just quit being vegan.

Oh shit, am I drooling?

He adjusted his posture slightly. Arching his fingers, leaning forwards. His eyes never left hers.

Ten seconds... she could feel the pleasure coming... building and building and building in ever increasing waves...

She tried to wipe the drool that was pooling on her lower lip, but could no longer tell what was real and what wasn't. Was her hand wiping it away? Or was it devoting itself to making her squirm and gasp and thrust and moan like some camgirl slut?

Fifteen seconds... oh god... she was at the brink.

She quivered, gasping, quaking. In fifteen seconds she'd gone from feeling relatively normal to teetering at the very brink of orgasm.

"Pl... please" she whispered. Eyes tearing up at the exertion as she stared at this older gentleman.

He didn't seem to understand. Eyebrows raised, questioning.

Twenty seconds... ohhhh shit... oh shit shit shit, it felt like she was being fucked... like every bit of her was getting ready to cum.

"Please" she hissed... nodding her head as much as she could manage to, her body felt like a coiled spring, trembling with tension, she was pleading him to understand.

Twenty five... she could feel her mind unfocusing, her intelligence draining out of her, everything being replaced with arousal, with overriding need,... but maybe he was finally getting it... She noticed the "aha!" expression on his face just as the last vestiges of sentience were replaced with a tidal wave of desperation.

Thirty seconds... uhhhhhhh

The pretty blonde girl sitting at the next table appeared to be in some kind of trance. She was gripping her table tightly, her breaths shallow, eyes wide, though he could see them swimming in and out of focus. Returning dumbly to his face over and over but seemingly taking nothing else in. He could see that her pupils were dilated and she didn't seem to care that she was drooling onto her mobile phone. Not only that, the fact she wasn't blinking meant that her eyes were getting teary, her mascara was starting to run. She was trying to mouth something at him... "Please"? perhaps. Like she was begging for something... oxygen? Release? Orgasm? Surely not...

He gave a tentative nod.

For an instant she looked happy... ecstatically so, then her eyes seemed to unfocus completely, as her mouth fell open, body beginning to jerk, as her eyes and then *head* rolled back as she seemed to collapse bonelessly into her seat... twitching and gasping and moaning gently. He wondered if he should do something... say something... but he was so turned on by this strange young woman's display that he really wasn't sure he wanted to get up from his seat just yet...

"Uhhhhhhhhh Thankkkkkk you Daddddddddyyyyyyy" moaned Alice happily and dreamily to herself, her hips bucking as her obedient pussy followed its Masters instructions to the letter, cumming over and over and over.

Melting down in trance, she remembered his words now.

Remembered why she'd done this.

Remembered how he'd melted away her haughtiness and her arrogance and her pride with his words.

Remembered how deep down that was what she'd always wanted...

To be shown her place...

To be brought low...

To be displayed like some smutty public fucktoy.

How natural it had been to bare and share everything with him.

How she'd admitted to things she didn't even know she wanted.

How he'd seemed so insightful, so smart, so sexy.

Remembered that she was Daddy's obedient doll.

After a couple of minutes, her phone chimed again and she sat up in her seat, dreamily stroking a few drool stroked strands of hair from her mouth.

She looked sleepily towards her phone, read the messages and changed...

She was... different.

Gone was the attitude.

Gone was the pride.

She smiled sweetly, sat up straight and composed herself, tapping a couple of icons on her phone and lifted it. Recording in a bubbly but hushed conspiratorial tone:

"Mmmmmm Thank you daddy! Godddd that was soooo fucking hot." she gushed. "I love being your humiliated hypno slut and you're absolutely right. It's exactly what that stuck up bitch Alice deserves. She had noooo fucking clue what was happening, and it was soooo funny watching her get all hot and bothered and confused." she bounced her tits and moaned happily. "Mmmm I love it so much when you bring her down a peg. She's really so up tight normally and I can't wait for you to help me loosen her up! Kay anyway, I've gotta go to work now, but I can't wait to be your fuckdoll later! Byeeeee Mwah!!"

She hit "Send"

She blinked.

What was she...? Oh yes. Coffee.

She inhaled the aroma, took a large swig and smiled happily.

She felt a pleasant buzz inside her.

On her way out of the shop, she didn't notice the wink she gave the gentleman with the newspaper, nor the way he winked back, nor the way her hand generously popped a couple of notes into the coffee shop tip jar.

She was feeling really *good* today.

She glanced at her reflection in the glass door as she pulled it open to leave, and noticed with only the tiniest bit of annoyance that somehow her mascara had run, leaving a dark track down each cheek.

She shrugged it off.

Oh well. She'd fix it later.

You'd never get her to admit it... but she kinda liked when people stared.