

## Enchantress

© Copyright 1999 - 2001 by [silli\\_artie@hotmail.com](mailto:silli_artie@hotmail.com)

*This work may not be reposted or redistributed without the prior express written permission of the author.*

*A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.*

### My Sister-

After a number of failures, I believe I've selected a better candidate. It was hard for me to admit my past failures, and to realize that men from our country are frightened of our talents. That was one of the major reasons I left my previous job. Of course my new job pays better, which means I will be able to buy our mother's freedom earlier, if all else fails.

I decided to look outside the group of engineering professionals who were also our countrymen. The man I have chosen is an executive for our company. He is responsible for finance and facilities. He is in his late thirties, is divorced, and is well-off financially. He also lives alone in a large house, one which will easily hold us all.

He is attractive, for a Caucasian. He is tall, slender and muscular, with sandy brown hair and blue eyes. One of the things I find encouraging is that he is approachable. So many of the executives in this company, and the other, isolate themselves from the employees. Not so with this man -- he is known through the company as being someone you can approach, and someone you can talk to. Perhaps it is because he is responsible for the facilities and security groups, and works closely with those. I do not know. I do know that he eats his lunch in the company cafeteria almost every day, and takes the time to talk with people, from the cafeteria serving staff on up, and always talks to people as equals.

The more I watch him, the better I feel that he is the one, and I will be able to control him and make him mine.

The next time you speak with our mother, tell her to persevere. I have not forgotten my family. Your freedom is my foremost concern.

Meiling

\*

### My Sister-

My approach to him is going slow. I know, I must let things take their own time, but I am impatient. After weeks, he finally noticed me. Earlier this week we started sitting together during lunch. I think he enjoys my company. I enjoy speaking with him. He is so unpretentious. He does not pretend to understand the technical details of what I, or others do. Yet he is interested, and interested in how he can make things better for us to do our work. His outlook on life is bright. He laughs easily.

I've started to capture him. He spends more time looking into my eyes. As he does, his breathing changes, his facial muscles relax -- all positive signs. This afternoon at lunch I held him in my eyes, drawing him deeper and deeper. Someone at a table behind him dropped a drinking glass, and it struck the floor, breaking. He didn't respond to the noise. He will be mine.

You ask why I write in English. I am convinced if you are to succeed, you must not only know the arts, you must also know the language. That is why I write you only in English. You must understand the language as it is used, which is far more complex than what you study in books and classes. Humor is an important part of his personality, and that humor can make his language patterns very complex. For example, while he may make what seems to be a straightforward statement, his body posture or his vocal inflection can make it clear he actually means the opposite. I am beginning to believe that my weeks of observing him were very useful.

I am glad to hear that mother's health is improving, and you have been able to secure better conditions for her. I know how much she wants to leave. I know how much you want to leave. It will happen, my sister. But it will happen in its own time. I will not risk it before our positions are secure.

Meiling

\*

## My Sister-

Exciting developments today! I have been growing so impatient, wanting things to move faster. Every time I sit with him, I show him the signs of physical arousal. He is better conditioned to my voice now. He falls into my eyes so easily and willingly now, helped by the proper vocal tones.

But today at lunch, I used touch for the first time. I'd held him in my eyes and drawn him deeper when I reached over and stroked his hand. The effect on him was profound, taking him even deeper. I suggested to him that I would bring his lunch from now on, and he readily agreed. This will make things easier still.

As for your last letter, my sister, you must learn patience. All the worrying and pleading in the world will not make the moon rise a heartbeat earlier. All the suggestions and urging will not alter her path. Your task is to study, practice, and care for our mother as best you can.

Meiling

\*

## My Sister-

Today was another important day. I have been bringing his lunch for a while now, giving him herbs to make the path easier for both of us. He responds so well to my touch and my voice. Today at lunch, as we finished, he asked me to dinner. I touched his hand and stroked him, drawing him into me for a minute or more. You complain I should move faster, but you must remember that we are sitting in an open cafeteria with many people, some of whom fear our training and the arts I practice on him. Study the moon, my sister -- she moves as quickly as she needs to move, and she moves on her own schedule. Though she moves slowly, the tides respond, and no man can stop her.

He responded very well to my suggesting he come to my small place. He is the one.

I did not send the short note to you, and I am glad I did not. What I had written would have made you wildly optimistic -- patience, my sister. I am having a hard time cultivating patience as well.

Our first evening went well. I did not take him and mark him as mine. I will do so when he is ready, and not before. I must use the slow path with him. Subjugating him with the aid of herbs would be quick, as you insist on reminding me, but it would also render him useless at his job, and would be noticed by many. So I use those herbs that help prepare him. After our first dinner together, I seated him comfortably, then started taking him with my eyes, my hands, and my voice.

Oh my sister, how I want to take him with my body! He responds so well. And in those first few seconds as I take him with my eyes, I can see the longing and the desire in him. But I can also see apprehension and fear. That is part of the excitement that he feels, that conflict between desire and fear. It is a powerful conflict, and one he can only escape by giving himself more and more to me. For this first evening, I was gentle, soothing his mind, and binding his body to my touch and to my voice.

My sister, I grow tired of your impatience and your attempts to help me. Your suggestions are not appropriate. You will only learn the fullness of this when you must do it yourself. And if you think I am taking too long, please feel free to find and subjugate any suitable wealthy individual you can find. Focus on your tasks, and I will focus on mine. The same goes for your continued insistence I write in our own language. You are talking so much that you have stopped listening. You need to learn the living language, not just the language of the book and the classroom.

Care for our mother and give her my love and respect. Study. I will not write again until I have news to report. I would like it if you would do the same.

Meiling.

\*

## My Sister-

I have taken him and marked him as mine. Do not be overjoyed -- this is but another step. There are many more steps which must be taken, and many opportunities for missteps. I already have a concern.

For two weeks, twice a week, I have brought him to my small place for dinner. I continue to prepare his lunch four or five days a week. At dinner, I feed him more herbs to make the path easier. Then I seat him comfortably and take him with my eyes, my hands, and my voice. Last week I started using my body more.

He continues to respond well. He gives himself to me more willingly, but still there is fear and apprehension in him. It also excites him greatly. I am now able to draw information out of him. He knows he is helpless under my gaze, my voice, and especially my touch. He wants to give himself to me, yet he is holding back.

The last two days provided the opening. Because of a crisis at work, he arrived for dinner last night physically and emotionally drained. I can see you now, shaking the paper holding this message, yelling for me to use the herbs as I have been taught, use them to crush his will and take him once and for all.

No. That is not the path. If you think it is, I offer you a challenge. Feed your new boyfriend the herbs to crush his will. Then get on his fancy new motorbike and have him take you up the coast a hundred kilometers or so. Let me know if you live through the experience.

With Edward, as that is his name, I must turn him to me from the inside. I need his abilities. We need his abilities -- you, our mother, and me. His body is mine already, and will do whatever I ask. His mind is another matter. The arts we have studied do not address this. They were written in a time and in a world where a man's value was in the strength of his arms, his legs, and his back. His mind was of no value. We are in a different world. I am in a different world. His mind, and his spirit, must remain intact.

I will tell you bluntly. If I cannot make him mine without breaking his spirit, then I will not make him mine. I will not break his spirit, his mind. There are many reasons for this. The selfish reason for you and our mother is that doing so would render him useless to us. We need his ability to make money to buy freedom. That ability depends on his mind and his spirit. Breaking him and throwing him away is also morally wrong. It would also be dangerous, as it would be very visible to people around us.

So it must be the slow way. And we took another step along that way last night. Once I saw the condition he was in, I fed him more herbs than I had planned. After dinner I put him on the floor on his stomach and relieved the tension in the muscles in his back. His body is the doorway to his mind. And, his body responds so well to me.

Oh, my sister, he went so deep for me. He was so peaceful, so relaxed. I could feel the contentment and peace radiating from him. I stripped us both naked and put him on his back. I awakened him, as much as he could be awakened with what I had done to him. Then I took him gently, softly, slowly, marking him. I took him to the edge of his release and held him there as I took my own release.

Yes, my sister -- my release -- I have needs as well. And one of the things I have learned about Edward -- part of his spirit -- is how much he needs and enjoys helping others. He takes great joy in giving me pleasure. He has a need, a drive to do this.

After I took my own release, I guided him to his. And I enjoyed bringing him pleasure, overcoming him with pleasure.

After his release I deepened him, guiding him. And do you know what he did, my sister? He cried. Not at the joy of his release, which was great, but at the joy of pleasing me. So, when I took him to my bed to sleep, we were at a place where his body is mine. And now his spirit finds joy in pleasing me. This was a big step.

In the morning when we awoke, I took him on his back, taking him inside me for the first time. I controlled his body, and he responded to me so well, taking me to bliss three times before I released him. Afterwards we bathed together. He is so tall and strong. He thinks my hands are magic. He loves my touch, and I love what I can do to him with my hands.

Again I can hear you crying out, do what you've been taught -- keep him in that state! Wrong. Take your boyfriend to that state, and then have him take you somewhere on his motorbike. No, my sister, please do not -- for you would both die. Your boyfriend must be fully alert to operate his motorbike safely. As well, Edward must be fully alert, not only to drive to his house and to where we work, but also to function in his job.

I spoke before of filling his needs. His body is mine -- he and I know that. His spirit needs to please me. And after bathing, as I was drying my hair, he suddenly picked me up and carried me to my bed. He put me on my back and pleased me with his mouth. This was totally without direction from me. Afterwards he pulled me on to him on the floor. I knew our schedules, so I quickly took control of him, relaxing him. He was ready to make love again, and so was I, but we did not have time.

As we got up, he begged me to stay the night with him at his house. Again, and this is important, my sister, he did this on his own. Of course I agreed.

My problem continues to grow, but I see a solution. It is one you would not understand. I will write about what happens in my next letter. Give my love and respect to our mother. I love you too, my sister. I also notice that in all your complaints and advice, you do not say what our mother gives as advice. Be patient, my sister. That is the secret to success in many things. Be patient, but be prepared to act when the opportunity presents itself.

Meiling.

\*

WORK IN PROGRESS  
Rev 10/16/2001

By [silli\\_artie@hotmail.com](mailto:silli_artie@hotmail.com)  
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>