# Personal Cheerleader

"Brenda, would you please come into my office at your earliest convenience?"

The small, mousey girl whipped around as Savannah's voice rang coldly in her ear. Sure, Savannah plastered on a smile while she spoke, but it wasn't exactly reassuring. Whatever Savannah wanted to talk about couldn't have been entirely innocent. Brenda shivered as she thought about her boss, who was running her internship.

Savannah was a cruel CEO who never took 'no' for an answer. She crushed her competition with her high 6-inch black heels, neither her hair nor her outfit with one strand out of place. The office feared her. Even Savannah's closest advisors did. Brenda only really took the internship for college credit. It was the last option available. And if Brenda knew exactly how Savannah treated her workers, she would have picked graduating late over... this.

Brenda racked her head, trying to think of what Savannah could want to discuss. Brenda had a big brain -- smart, bright, and capable... but she didn't really use those skills for much outside of school. After class and this internship, she would go back home and stare at her TV for hours on end. Brenda assumed she did her work well, but then again, "well" wouldn't be good enough for Savannah. Brenda had to wonder if anything would.

Brenda agreed, shut her work laptop, and headed up to the CEO's office within about 15 minutes. She braced herself for Savannah to lecture her about timeliness or whatever. Instead, she walked in to find Savannah pouring... two glasses of water. Savannah's eyes stared into Brenda's soul. Brenda could swear she was being eyed down like prey.

"Brenda, please, sit down," Savannah invited. Brenda accepted and sat down nervously. The chair must have costed more than her entire life. "I was hoping to discuss a performance review with you, you see."

"Oh, is everything okay?" Brenda asked, feigning worry.

"Actually, yes, your work is impeccable," Savannah began to explain. Brenda felt a weight lift off her chest. Oh, so this wasn't a bad meeting... maybe she could relax a little. "You're on time every day, you get your work done quickly, and you put your best foot forward at this job. It's not often I give such high praises, but you've been truly a lifesaver."

Brenda smiled. She had to admit, she didn't exactly expect this from Savannah. "Thank you, miss."

"I must say, though," Savannah looked down at... something. Notes, perhaps? "I don't know much about you. Your dreams, your aspirations. Your interests and hobbies. Now, I know what you must be thinking -- why would the CEO want to get to know me? It's because, Brenda,

you're one of the few people here I'm not completely annoyed by at all times," she ended with a chuckle.

Brenda averted her eyes, then quickly pulled them back to Savannah. Savannah scowled a little -- she was not the kind of lady to like people breaking eye contact. "I... I just go to school, I guess. I'm a sociology major."

"And tell me," Savannah filled up her water glass. "What made you pick that major?"

Brenda shrunk. She hated this topic. Why was she talking about this with her boss? "I wasn't sure what I wanted to major in. I was 17, miss. Then I just stuck it out until I was a senior and couldn't change my major anymore."

Savannah raised an eyebrow. "Nothing else appealed to you? Does sociology appeal to you, then?"

"Yes. And no. I'm pretty sure I'm just going to get a call center job after college."

"Hmmm..." Savannah mused, taking a long sip of her water. "But you have hobbies and interests outside of this and school. Yes?"

Brenda bit her lip. "Not... really."

"You don't have either of those things? Nothing comes to mind? No artistic passions, no books you enjoy reading, no crossword puzzles or anything... like that?"

"No, miss," Brenda admitted.

Savannah's eyes were beginning to look more annoyed, more angry. Oh boy, Brenda thought, here it comes. "Then what exactly do you do?"

Brenda felt something tingle inside her.

She wasn't always this way. She used to be a popular girl with ambitions and passions. In fact, beforehand, she was looking into the pre-law major and going to law school, specifically to go into business law. Brenda would come home, fill out the change of major paperwork, before losing herself in a good book or legal drama.

And then she met her Mistress. And everything changed.

The previously popular, happy-go-lucky girl slowly found herself changing. She stopped caring about things, or hanging out with her friends. Instead, she'd lock herself in her room playing gacha games and watching anime. That is, until her Mistress would call her and order her to pleasure herself, or to stop by and worship her body.

She was a total nerd. And her Mistress' total nerdy plaything.

Brenda didn't say all of this to Savannah. But she did give the gist of it. "I just play... games, and watch TV."

"What kind of games?"

Brenda hated that *that* was the question Savannah had to ask. "Um... gacha games, miss. They're kind of like gambling to get different anime characters."

Brenda didn't have to say anything else. Savannah took off her rectangle glasses and rubbed her temples. "Oh, my," she exhaled. "We have a lot to work with."

"What do you mean, miss?" Brenda wanted to end this conversation as soon as possible. Thinking about how nerdy she'd become made her so fucking hot. Brenda wanted nothing more than to jerk off in the bathroom.

"I mean you. You can do more than this. I can make you do more than this, and I want to. I want to turn you back into someone who cares about things, who at least has interests. I almost think someone made you this way! Who did this, Brenda? Who turned you into a geeky nerd with no ambition?"

Brenda hated this topic. She hated Savannah, who lured her in with sweet talk only to drag her into this kind of topic. She'd hope what she was about to say would make Savannah drop the topic -- or better yet, fire her. "My Mistress made me this way."

Savannah broke. At least, Brenda thought she did.

"Your *Mistress*?"

Brenda nodded. So matter-of-factly. She didn't care who knew. All she cared about was serving her Mistress, making her happy, being her dumb, nerdy slut. Brenda couldn't care less about Savannah, or anything else.

"I had no idea you were into kink," Savannah mused as she leaned back in her chair. "Well, I hate to say it, but I can't see your potential go to waste."

Brenda shrugged. "I don't think you can do anything, with all due respect." The due respect was miniscule.

"I think I can."

Savannah reached into her desk and pulled something out. A metronome. It looked like it cost Savannah at least four digits.

Brenda froze and paled. How did Savannah know that was her favorite induction method? Brenda's Mistress didn't give her a choice in how she'd get inducted, but the metronome was how Brenda would go down most easily. Savannah released it and the metronome started ticking.

Her eyes fluttered noticeably. Savannah smirked. “So, you are a hypnoslut. I should have known.”

“I guess a little,” Brenda murmured sleepily. “Can you, um, put that away? It’s a bit distracting.”

Savannah chuckled. “That’s the point. You must be less bright than I initially thought.” The metronome kept ticking, that sweet sound that Brenda lusted after so much. Her mind began to fade gently. Brenda shook her head. She had to stay awake.

Savannah knew how to fight her back, though. She lowered the metronome’s speed by just enough to kill any of Brenda’s resistance. Trance was too sweet. Too comforting. And… despite Savannah’s utter bitchiness, it wasn’t like Brenda didn’t find her hot as hell. If Savannah had found her first, Brenda would have never said no to a trance offer from Savannah.

But Brenda was loyal to her Mistress. At least, she thought.

“That’s it,” Savannah cooed in a whisper. “You don’t need to resist. All you need to do is hear the ticking and listen to my loving, soft voice.”

Brenda shook her head. No. No, she couldn’t fall into trance this damn easily. Not for anyone, anyone other than Mistress. “I… can’t. I need to go.”

“You’re not going anywhere. Let me kill that stupid idea in your head.”

Brenda tried to avert her eyes. But the ticking. The movement of the metronome’s hand. Brenda shut her eyes and found herself unable to keep them closed for more than a few seconds. Sure, her eyes were tired and weary. The metronome dragged her in, though, into that sweet abyss.

Brenda nodded.

“There you go,” Savannah sighed. “Now… why don’t you tell me who your Mistress is?”

“I…”

“Come on, dear. What is her name? You can give me that much… can’t you?”

Brenda’s eyes flickered. She couldn’t stop the answer coming from her throat. “Talia, miss.”

Brenda could have sworn she saw Savannah freeze. The hypnotic CEO tried to keep her voice even. “Talia who, dear?”

“Talia Wolf, miss.”

Savannah did then freeze. Brenda, somewhere deep in her mind, knew that her Mistress and her boss worked in the high-end fashion industry. She wouldn't have thought, though, that they would have known each other. She wouldn't have thought, period. Distantly, she realized that they probably knew each other. Savannah looked much less happy than she did a second ago.

"I see." She clicked her tongue. Then an even meaner smile crawled across Savannah's lips. "Isn't life funny? I do know Ms. Wolf quite well."

"You… do?" Brenda asked softly.

"Yes," Savannah mused, trying to hide her rage. "Quite well, actually. She's... been a bit of a thorn in my side, I suppose you could say. Not that you'd understand something like competitive business models and... her stealing my ideas."

Brenda's eyes stirred just a little, as if she were about to defend her Miss. "So you... don't like her?"

Savannah snorted. She turned the metronome's speed to a lower setting, killing the light of fight that briefly appeared in Brenda's eyes. "Yes, ditz. I don't like her. So, just like she's stolen my brilliant ideas and taken so much away from me... I'm going to steal you and make you mine."

Brenda shook her head imperceptibly. "You can't... do that."

"Yes I can." Savannah didn't like many things, but she loathed being challenged. The metronome grew slower. Brenda was all but asleep now. "I'm not just going to take you from her. I'm going to turn you into something better than whatever you are right now. Someone with... purpose."

Brenda's voice came out almost inaudibly. "Are you... going to turn me... back?"

"Turn you back? No, that's not quite my style. After all, you being a cool girl again doesn't suit you anymore. And it doesn't serve any use to me. No, I'm going to do something different. I have other plans for you.

"So on the count of five, you're going to go into trance for me. A similar place to what you know, but more suited to my tastes. Do you understand? Nod if you do."

Brenda couldn't fight. She just nodded.

"Good." Savannah turned the metronome to its slowest setting. With every slow tick, she counted.

"Five."

Tick.

"Four."

Falling.

"Three."

Dropping.

"Two."

Sinking.

"One."

Brenda fell.

"Zero."

Down into trance.

Savannah smiled. She gazed upon her prey -- deep in trance, hopeless and helpless. She stopped the metronome. Brenda was gone. And she could do whatever the hell she wanted to her mind. "In this dark, cozy place, you can just feel yourself wrapped up in my arms. It's like an ocean, isn't it? A deep trench you can only just breathe in. You're ready to do my bidding, to serve me, to become the kind of ditzy bimbo I want you to be.

"Now... I want you to envision your hobbies. Your passions. Whatever you called them -- gacha games, that kind of nerdy thing. Can you see it?"

Brenda murmured a yes.

"And I want you to feel them floating up away from you. Exiting your head like little droplets of light and floating upwards, away from you. Gone forever. See them disappearing -- the kind of nerdy tomboy your 'Miss' made you. Little specks of light, fading away... your mind becoming a blank slate for me to draw on."

Savannah let Brenda sit in silence. She gazed at Brenda's eyelids excitedly, watching them twitch as Brenda registered the mind control. The twitching slowed to a halt. Savannah knew she succeeded at slowly killing the person Talia Wolf turned Brenda into.

"Gone. Gone, and away. Now... I'm going to take a marker and write on your mind. The first thing I'm going to do? Is take your name.

"Brenda... such a boring, dull name. Perfect for someone with no life. No ambitions. No purpose until now. But now? Your name... will be Brianna.

"Brianna. Burn it into your mind, Brianna. No more nerdy meek Brenda. Only a servant to my wills named Brianna. Do you see that name, Brianna? That name becoming you? Becoming my personal toy?"

"Bren... Brenda..." she struggled.

"Oh, you're so silly and dumb," Savannah smirked. "Brianna. Brianna. Brianna. Try again."

"Bren... Bri..."

"Almost there," Savannah smiled. "Come on, dear. You're doing so well for me. All you need to do is say your name... Brianna."

"...Brianna..." she whispered softly, and Savannah had won.

Savannah clasped her hands together. "Yes, Brianna. It's the perfect name for a bimbo like you. And now we just need your brain to match. See, Talia Wolf probably made you something worse than popular. She made you smart. And we're going to fix that. You won't need your studies or to be a good admin assistant or anything. After all, being my servant means needing more your body than your brain.

"I'm going to take a pink paintbrush, and I'm going to paint your mind with that. Just think about the color pink, Brianna, and nothing else. Every time I say the words 'paint it pink', you're going to feel me doing just that. Your mind becoming a bit pinker, a bit dumber. And I'm going to use that trigger until I make you nothing but a stupid bimbo. My... stupid bimbo.

"Paint it pink, dear. I have quite a few ideas for what I can do with you once you're just a blank, dumb halfwit."

Savannah repeated the mantra over and over again, brainwashing Brianna with every repetition.

"If you feel like giggling, that's okay," Savannah reminded. "Being painted pink feels ticklish, doesn't it? And what good is a stupid bimbo if she doesn't giggle?"

Brianna giggled. Savannah felt relief wash over her. She was definitely a better hypnotist than fucking Talia Wolf. What a huge ego boost she needed.

“You never needed to be a secluded, shy nerdy girl,” Savannah reminded. “You always could have just been a bimbo cheerleader, for me specifically. Well… it’s good it wasn’t too late to start. You’ve even got the high-pitched giggles to match!

“So let me tell you what’s going to happen. When I’m done with you, you’re going to get rid of all those boring nerd clothes. Don’t worry, I have more than enough money to get you a whole new wardrobe – though, my outfits won’t leave much to the imagination. You’ll come here every day, not as my admin assistant anymore; no, you’re too dumb and stupid for that. You’re going to cheer me on as I take down my enemy. Your former Miss. And while you’re at it, you’re going to be eating me out just as you should be.”

As Savannah’s induction went on, Brianna’s giggles grew louder and more unhinged. Why wouldn’t she be laughing? She was so dumb it was hilarious. She didn’t need to think. All she needed to do was be a good support and cheer on her new owner. Brianna’s eyes briefly opened. No light shined in either of them.

“Good bimbo,” Savannah cooed. “I’m going to pull you down to the bottom of this trench. And when I do… when you wake up… you won’t have the brain cells to do anything intelligent. You’ll just be my stupid. Ditzy. Bimbo. Cheerleader. At my service, at all times. Do you *get it*?”

“Like, yeah, Miss, I totally get it,” Brianna responded in a sleepy, hypnotic voice. Giggles littered the affirmation.

“Then let me pull you down.”

And Savannah pulled Brianna’s hair, dragging her into the deepest depths of hypnosis. No protests, no fights, and even Brianna’s giggles died out momentarily.

She let Brianna lay there for a while.

For a very long time.

And then she pulled her from trance. On the count of five, Brianna was slowly woken up. Savannah could easily tell that her muscles ached, every part of her ached from the deep trance and the powerful brainwashing.

“No more Miss Wolf,” Savannah smiled. “Only me.”

“Who’s, like, Miss Wolf?” Brianna asked sleepily, stifling a yawn.

“Oh, don’t worry your pretty head about it. How are you feeling, bimbo?”

“Like, excellent! How can I, like, make your day so totally incredible, Miss?”

Savannah smirked, slid her hands under her skirt to pull down her panties, and spread her legs wide. “Well, I think the best pick me up right now would be a great orgasm. Don’t keep me waiting.”

“Okay, Miss!” Brianna eagerly served, having completely forgotten who her prior owner was – and the nerdy, shy girl she might have been before.

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The mean CEO’s doors slammed open a few days later. Savannah boredly looked up to find Talia Wolf storming into her office, the most furious expression on her face she’d ever seen. Savannah swore she came just from seeing how pissed her competitor looked.

“What the *hell*, bitch?” Talia growled. It was unlike her to be so unhinged, so aggravated. “I know people like you play dirty, but stealing my plaything? Seriously?! This is a new low.”

Savannah plastered on the most fake smile she could possibly muster. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Miss Wolf.”

Talia stormed up and slammed her hands on Savannah’s table. “Don’t give me that crap. Where is she? Where the fuck is Brenda?”

Savannah shrugged. “I don’t know. I don’t believe I know any Brendas. Only a nice, ditzy cheerleader named Brianna.”

Talia paled. “You… didn’t…”

Another voice piped up, this one from underneath Savannah’s desk. “What’s, um, going on, Miss?” Brianna crawled out of the curtain from the bottom of the desk. Her baggy sweaters and jeans had been replaced with a skimpy skater skirt and a crop top. Brenda – now Brianna’s – face was stained with Savannah’s fluids. “It’s like, so nice to meet you, um… lady?” Brianna giggled.

“You…” Talia was in disbelief. Her jaw was on the floor. Savannah loved to see it. “Why would you do this to her? I’m going to ruin your god fucking damn life–”

Savannah got bored of this. She didn’t care to deal with Talia’s blind rage towards her.

So she grabbed Talia’s hair and pulled.

Talia tried to force out one last protest, but the words died in her throat as Savannah pulled harder. The harder she pulled Talia’s hair, the deeper she’d fall into trance. Eventually… Talia dropped, without Savannah saying a single word to her. Brianna gasped in awe as Savannah held the entranced Talia in her vice grip.

“Well, I suppose I *can* use two cheerleaders…”