

Holiday

Let me paint you a picture.

Bleached white hair, long and soft and flowing. It fell to her shoulders, down her back and over her chest. For being bleached white, it wasn't damaged in the slightest. Full of life and smooth-soft.

She had a small, cute nose and big, round eyes. Blue eyes, almost as pale-white as her hair and skin; the only darkness to them being the pupil and her thick, black eyeliner. Her lips, full and beautiful, smiling beautifully.

And her body. Fuck, did she have an amazing body.

Slender; either from working out constantly or simply amazing genetics and a great diet. Looking at her from behind, my eyes were drawn in to her hips and ass like metal to magnet. The personification of 'hourglass figure', her waist was tiny, thin and slim, only to expand outwards at her hips. Her ass was phenomenal, round and big and amazing, bouncing up and down with every step she took.

And, when I saw her from the front, there was only one place my eyes were irresistibly drawn to. Cleavage, and the two massive melons that created it. I've never been good with knowing bra sizes at a glance but, with these, it was easy to guess that they were not early in the alphabet. They were fucking *huge*.

Didn't help that she was wearing a tank-top either, with tiny little straps holding the tight top on. The outline of her white bra was clearly visible under the stretched black tank-top, white and black straps mixing together at her shoulders.

Her skin was so white, so smooth, that the girl looked almost like a china doll. Her body, on the other hand, looked like it belonged on a whole other type of doll.

A perfect sex doll, she would make.

But first, I needed to know her name.

You think it'd be simple to gain that one small speck of information, right?

Wrong.

I would have walked right up to her and asked. I'm handsome enough that I could get away with flirting with a random stranger, even one young enough to be my daughter. But, unfortunately, the girl had her family with her. Mother and father both, who would be less than happy to have a middle-aged man hitting on their 'little princess'. And that man, the father, looked like the type to get physical when offended. Last thing I wanted was to have to go and hurt the man and cause a big scene.

In the end, I tailed them.

Creepy? Sure, I'll accept that. But this girl was utterly breathtaking. The kind of ass that you only encounter once in a lifetime, and even then only if you're lucky. I wasn't about to just let her disappear forever.

Too far away to hear them speaking, all I could do was follow and wait for an opportunity.

The family went from store to store, clothes and food and electronics and all sorts. They seemed to be preparing for something, some kind of holiday from the crap they were buying. A gas heater, portable generator, winter clothes and jackets, a lot of tinned food.

Finally, my chance came. The father, seemingly tired of waiting for his wife and daughter to pick clothes, walked off in the direction of a hardware store.

That left the mother and daughter. And, when the mother went into a changing room to try on some clothes, the daughter was alone and open.

I advanced.

"Hey," I smiled. "Got a name to go with that pretty face?"

The girl glanced up from a clothes rack.

"Fuck off," she said after looking me up and down. Returning her attention to the clothes.

Rude, right? Evidently, her parents had yet to teach this doll about manners. Something I'd have to fix later.

"I asked you a question, whore."

The girl froze, turned to look at me again. This time her eyes were filled with anger instead of indifference. She was about to say something when she looked into my eyes. Last time, she hadn't done anything more than glance. This time, her gaze lingered long enough for it to work.

Her eyes dilated, mouth hanging open. Her facial features went slack, shoulders slumping.

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Samantha," the girl answered, voice dazed.

After that, getting her number and address were as simple as anything. All I had to do was ask.

For some reason, it's always been like this. Ever since I was a kid, I've had the ability to turn another person's mind off at will. As long as they're looking into my eyes, as long as I have their attention, I could simply will it, and they'd enter a trance-like state.

Don't ask me how it works, I have no idea. For all the research that I've done on it over the years, all I've been able to find is some snakes with a similar, if less potent, ability. A quirk of natural selection, I suppose. No need to be the fastest or strongest or sexiest when all it takes to conquer a predator or prey or mate is simply have them look into your eyes. A dormant power of nature that, for whatever reason, wasn't dormant with me.

Once I had her address, it was a simple thing to drive there.

The father answered the door, locked eyes with me and relaxed.

Sometimes people collapsed when I used my eyes on them, their legs giving way due to the trance. Most simply slumped, relaxed.

I smiled, began my quick interrogation.

The family were heading into the mountains for a holiday away from the summer heat. Not fans of sunbathing, apparently. What a bunch of oddballs.

There was a cabin that they owned, way up in the mountain wilderness. Wooden, no electricity, covered in snow all year round. No neighbours, no other human habitation for miles around.

It was beyond perfect.

How could I *not* invite myself along?

As expected, the mountain was cold. Very cold. Cold enough that I almost regretted coming. Almost being the important word there.

The family had arrived before me and settled in. As far as they knew, they'd be alone for the next two weeks. Isolated from the rest of the world.

So, then. How did I want to play this?

Make like a horror movie murderer and scare the shit out of them, abducting them one-by-one until all were under my control?

Sounded like too much hassle.

Create some convoluted plan to split them up, putting them each into a trance individually and leaving no memories or knowledge or proof of my existence behind?

Pain in the ass. Pass.

No, I knew exactly what I wanted to do.

Planting a wide, friendly smile on my face, I walked over to the cabin's front door and gave it a series of rapid knocks.

And then I waited.

And waited.

Fuck, it was cold. Literally snowing on me. And these assholes were making me freeze my balls off.

I knocked the door again, harder this time.

A few moments later, it creaked open to reveal the mother of the family.

Like Samantha, the mother was a fine piece of ass. Not quite to the degree that her daughter was, but more that good-looking enough for my needs.

She had black hair, a small nose like her daughter. Her body, like Samantha's, had curves in all the right places. A large bust, though not as stupidly huge as her daughter's, and a juicy rear end. It was hard to tell with the thick jumper she was wearing, but she seemed a little on the chubby side.

The woman opened her mouth to speak but, before she could say a word, her eyes locked onto mine and I used my special talent.

Her jaw went slack, eyes distant.

"Step aside and follow me," I commanded her, stepping forward into the wooden building.

It wasn't particularly large. The cabin, from what I could tell, consisted of three rooms. The main living area, complete with fireplace, sofa, old-timey radio, modern generator, and a set of gas cooking gear. The other two rooms, I assumed were both bedrooms. Likely, there was an outhouse somewhere nearby for pissing and shitting.

It was quaint, nice. And still fucking freezing.

The family had managed to get a fire going, at least. And it looked like they were brewing up some warm beverages; coffee and hot chocolate from the smell of it.

Samantha was sat on the sofa, staring straight at me with wide eyes. The father was no-where to be seen.

Before sex-on-legs could say a word, I met her gaze.

Like her mother, she went slack instantly.

Two down.

"Where's your husband?" I asked the mother, glancing about for any sign of the man.

"Toilet," the woman answered, her voice devoid of emotion.

Ah, he was on the shitter. Good to know.

"Sit down next to your daughter and wait there. I'll be back with hubby momentarily."

The man's face when he opened the outhouse door and saw me standing there was priceless. The perfect fusion of confusion and surprise. Shame it only lasted an instant before he fell under my hypnotic gaze.

I led the poor guy back into the cabin, had him sit down next to his wife and daughter.

"Well then," I smiled at the expressionless family. "Lets begin, shall we? Samantha, take your clothes off. All of them."

She stripped in the least sexy way possible. Simply lifted her top and dropped it on the ground, unhooked her bra and let it fall, pulled down her jeans and undies gracelessly. It was to be expected, what with her mind currently as it was, but still a little disappointing.

With a body like hers, she should be making a show of every motion. Enticing and seducing.

I took out my phone, snapped a few pictures, then handed it to the father. His fingers curled around it obediently.

"You're going to be the camera man for this holiday. I want you to take as many pictures as possible of your wife and daughter while they're with me. Do you understand?"

The man's eyebrows furrowed for a brief moment, a small, silent part of him resisting. Then he answered.

"Yes."

I turned away from him, focused all my attention on the perfection that was Samantha's body.

She was looking at me, eyes blank.

If I'd wanted to, I could have spent the next few minutes giving Sammy here a few suggestions. Maybe make it so that I was her boyfriend, or that this was a porn shoot of some kind, or any number of other things that would allow for me to snap her out of the trance.

But I didn't.

You'd be surprised how much that blank, vacant expression grows on you. After years of seeing it, you might say I'd developed a kink for empty-headed women.

I smiled at Samantha, walked around behind her.

A soft hand on her back and a little guiding was all it took for bend the girl over. Some gentle touching and rubbing between her legs and she'd be ready to go.

Over on the sofa, Samantha's father was doing as I'd ordered and snapping pictures. From where he sat, he'd have an amazing view of his daughter's hanging, swinging tits.

I leaned in close to Samantha, whispered into her ear.

"Smile for the camera, doll."

What a wonderful little holiday that was. Driving down the mountain, cutting through the snow and chill, I couldn't help but regret having to leave. The family would still be there for another day or two. But business called.

I'd have to take vacations to snowy places more often, if only for the excuse of having two beautiful, naked women keeping me warm while there.

It'd be a long drive back to civilisation. Thankfully, I had a phone filled with photos and videos to help pass the time.

That, and a new doll. A little souvenir to play with. She was sleeping right now in the back seat. But, at a moments notice, she'd be ready for my entertainment.

What a wonderful holiday indeed.