

## Master's Offer

The first time I saw her, I knew I had to have her.

The phrase 'diamond in the rough' could fit no-one more than Luna. That's what her name-tag said, 'Luna'. Though I couldn't help but wonder if that was her real name, or one she'd chosen to give herself. She looked like the type to name herself 'Luna'.

She had white hair. Dyed, obviously. But it suited her. It was short, not even reaching to her shoulders, and half-concealed behind a branded blue baseball cap. Her make-up was excessive, thick eyeliner and bright lipstick, sharply contrasting with the young woman's pale skin.

There were no tattoos, no piercings, that I could see.

She was wearing a polo shirt, the same shade of blue as her hat with the same fast-food brand logo on the chest.

"Can I take your order, sir?" Luna asked, a pleasant smile on her face.

I ordered burgers and fries, waited for it to be cooked.

Save for me, there didn't seem to be anyone else about. And why would there be? It was hot. Very hot. Hot enough that most would avoid a stuffy, compact place like this as much as they could. The only reason I was in there was for Luna.

I'd caught her out of the corner of my eye as I'd been passing the fast food place. Instantly, I knew I had to have her.

I'm something of a collector, you see. A connoisseur of beautiful women. And Luna ticked all of the boxes and more. Young, gorgeous, a body sculpted of pure sexuality. Standing there, with her buttoned-down polo shirt, beads of sweat on her brow and chest and arms, she was glorious.

A fine addition for my collection.

How she'd come to work in this dump, working long hours for extortionate pay, I had no idea. With looks like hers, she could be living in luxury on the arm of wealthy man, or else forging her own path using her body and beauty as weapons on weak-willed men.

Did she lack ambition? Was she naive about her appearance or how the world worked? Was working at this place simply a means to an end?

If she lacked ambition, I could use that to my advantage. Same with naivete, a weaker mind made for easy influencing.

As I took my seat at one of the many empty tables, began eating the foul-tasting filth this place served as food, I was careful to watch Luna out of the corner of my eye. I'd study her, learn her. And, when the time came, I'd add her to my little collection.

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The weird guy was there again today. Luna glanced over at where he sat, looked him up and down, glanced away. As always, he was wearing a business suit.

There was something odd, unnerving, about the man. Whenever he was there, it felt like he was staring at her. She'd never caught him looking, but she was sure he was. Even now, this very moment, she could feel his eyes on her.

She did her best to ignore it.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much to distract her. Ever since the heat wave began, people had stopped coming in. There were a few, every now and then, but the last few days had been slow to say the least. The place was dead - which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been great. Same pay for less work.

Only she had to deal with the heat, too.

She waved her hand in the air, fanned her face as much as she could. It didn't do much to help.

As always, her shift dragged on. By the time it was over, all Luna wanted to do was

collapse, sleep, and pray an ice age happened while she was unconscious.

She walked into the women's rest room, splashed her face with cold water, was tempted to strip off her top and splash her chest and arms, too. Today, she was the only woman working there, and there had been no female customers, so it was unlikely anyone would walk in on her.

Just as she was thinking it, Luna heard the restroom doors open behind her.

She turned around, saw the odd man standing there.

From the look on his face, he hadn't walked into the wrong restroom by accident. He'd wanted to come in here, with Luna.

"Sir," she began, keeping calm. "This is the ladies-"

The man lifted his hand. He was holding something. Some kind of laser-pointer. He pointed it at her face, clicked a button.

Flashing. Every colour in the spectrum flashed before Luna, blinding her. She was so stunned by the action, by the light, that all she could do was stand and watch.

When she came to, Luna found herself alone in her bedroom. Not remembering how she got there, or anything after walking into the women's restroom.

She stood there a long moment, confused.

How had she gotten here? Why didn't she remember?

The questions made her head ache.

She was tired, too tired to think. Luna walked over to her bed, collapsed on top of it. Fell asleep within moments.

During the night, she woke several times. Jarred awake by dreams she couldn't remember. The only thing she could recall was a face. The face of the odd man, the one who was always looking at her during work.

She'd fallen asleep still wearing her work uniform, the blue fast-food chain getup along with a pair of shorts. So, in the morning, she stripped the clothing off, walked into her bathroom, washed her face, took a shower.

It was early, earlier than she usually woke up.

Luna used the spare time in front of her mirror, dolling herself up for work.

For some reason, she felt nervous. Uncertain.

She ignored it, finished getting ready, left for work a full hour before she usually would.

There was a note waiting in her car, written in her own handwriting. An address. Her work address. Luna read it, set the destination into the satnav.

Twenty minutes later, she was pulling up outside a huge mansion. Fenced walls surrounded the building, guards and dogs patrolling the perimeter. That felt weird, off. Still, Luna climbed out of her car, she parked in front of the main gateway into the mansion grounds, rolled down her window to speak to the guard waiting there.

"Name?" The guard asked, looking Luna over, eyes lingering on her chest for a little too long.

Luna answered, crossed her arms over her chest.

The guard didn't seem to notice the gesture. Instead, he checked a clipboard, nodded his head. "Go on through."

A moment later, the gate opened.

Luna drove in, parked, walked to the large front doors.

From there, she was led to the Master's study.

It was a large room, filled with books and art, with a single bulky wooden desk at its centre. Sat at the desk, reading through piles of paper, was the odd man she'd seen so many times before.

Her Master.

She'd come. That was always the most uncertain part of the process I'd developed. If the woman would come, or if she'd go back to her usual life. More than once, they'd rejected the offer he'd implanted in their minds. Thankfully, Luna had accepted the deal, even if she wasn't aware of it.

When I'd first started building my collection, I'd needed an easy, sure-fire way to convince the women to go along with my plans for them. Bribery might work in some instances, most people had a price they'd do anything for. But that was costly, ineffective. Not to mention there were always some who refused to accept money for sex and servitude.

That was where the offer came in.

Awake and alert, a person was proud, self-righteous, unable to see the bigger picture. When they were placed into a hypnotic trance, that changed. The mind, at that subconscious level, was all logic and reason. Morality, pride, all of the things that prevented a woman taking money for sex disappeared. They could look at the choice I gave them objectively, rationally, and come to their own decision.

Some accepted, some did not.

Luna, it appeared, accepted the terms I'd given her.

In exchange for a sizeable wage, far more than she'd receive flipping burgers, she would be mine. Body and mind, Luna would give herself to me entirely.

I looked her up and down.

Luna was wearing her fast-food uniform, as I'd instructed. A buttoned-down polo shirt, no bra, along with a pair of shorts and a hat. Her white hair was thick and full, covering one of her eyes and contrasting with the black mascara of the other.

"Well then," I said, my eyes wandering lower. "Let's begin."

Luna moved forward, crawled on hands and knees under Master's desk. He was wearing a business suit, belt holding his trousers up. She began with unfastening that. As she pulled his belt off, Master moved his hips and body to make it easier for her, all while never looking away from the documents on his desk.

His trousers came down and Luna couldn't help but gasp.

Master's cock was long. Long enough that his boxers could not contain it, even flaccid as it was. The head poked out along Master's left leg, purple and smooth.

As she removed the boxers, Luna got to see the entire length of Master's flaccid cock. She took in the sight, feeling herself getting wet just at the sight of it. Flaccid, it was longer than her last boyfriend was hard. How big would it be once erect?

The thought caused a rush of excitement, and a hint of fear.

Would it be *too* big?

She ignored the thought, took the cock in her hands, began massaging it.

It was odd, holding Master's cock. She'd given hand-jobs before, but nothing like this. She'd never needed to use both hands before, that was for sure, but it was something else. Almost surreal, dreamlike.

Slowly, the cock began to get harder.

When it was at full mast, Luna's eyes bulged. It wasn't just long, it was *thick*. Something about that, the sheer size of the thing, made her tremble. It was as if the cock was challenging her, daring her to try taking it all.

She bit her lip, leaned in and kissed the bulky head.

Positioning herself under the desk wasn't easy, but she managed it. Kneeling between Master's legs, his cock held in her hands, Luna leaned in, mouth open.

At first, she couldn't fit more than an inch or two into her mouth, the thing was so wide it filled her mouth and then some. But she refused to lose, to be beaten. Luna forced her mouth open as far as she could, pushed her head further down onto it, forced Master's cock deeper.

And deeper it went, inch by inch.

The size of the thing made breathing next to impossible without wet, choked grunts. And that was before the tip got to her throat. When she felt it there, pushing against the back of her throat, Luna climaxed.

She hadn't even been aware that she was close, but when she felt that pressure, the overwhelming girth, it pushed her over the edge. She had to pull the cock out of her mouth with a sloppy, audible pop. Had to gasp for air.

And, a moment later, she was back at it, determined to fit the entire length down her throat.

Eyes watering, saliva dripping down from her mouth, she pushed and pushed, unable to even move her tongue at points. And, as she half-suffocated herself on cock, she set about swallowing down the whole length of Master's cock.

I was impressed. Few of my girls managed it on their first try, but Luna did. Either she was a natural cock-sucker, or she'd had a lot of practice.

She got to her feet, and I took in the sight of her face with hidden glee.

The girl's thick mascara had run down her cheeks, faded black lines down to her jaw. Saliva trailed down her chin, lipstick ruined. She was panting, eyes unfocussed from the asphyxiation and the pleasure of many orgasms.

Most of my collection had to be 'convinced' to enjoy giving me head so much. Luna hadn't been hypnotised to enjoy it, and yet she seemed to have loved sucking my cock more than I had.

A fine addition to my little collection.