

Enslaving My Hot Roommate

Chapter 1 — Amber

I could feel my heart racing as I held the pill over Amber's mug.

Was I really going to do this? There was no going back.

I let the pill drop from my fingers and watched as it sizzled in the water.

The drug was mostly tasteless, so she wouldn't notice that it had been spiked. Amber was in her favorite PJs laid back lazily on the couch, a pillow hugged tightly to her breast, completely engrossed at the tv screen and at her phone, her blond hair covering most of her pretty face.

Amber was watching some kind of Korean drama while her fingers danced on her phone. Most of her time home was spent like this, if she wasn't at work, clubbing with her friends, or grinding away in the gym.

After making sure the pill had been completely dissolved in her mug, I headed towards my room, comprehending what I was about to do, my emotions a raging war against each other.

Am I really going to do this?

I probably had asked myself that a couple hundred times by now.

I had never been this nervous in my life. Never. Not even my first kiss, or the time I had to perform a song in front of my entire school. Both didn't even compare to what I was feeling now.

Everything was set. I had been planning this for months. So many sleepless nights, brainstorming on my bed in complete darkness, then getting up the next morning to write all my plans and ideas in an encrypted folder on my laptop.

I walked towards my desk and grabbed the syringe. The strange green ooze almost seemed to bubble inside.

This could actually kill her. I would be a murderer.

I shook the thoughts off.

No. The payoff was too huge for that risk. Any risk. If it worked, it would completely change my life forever. Besides, the documents stated that no one that was subjected to the super drug has ever died prematurely. Severe side effects and hallucinations, yes, but not death.

I mourned over it for a couple more seconds before reconfirming my decision.

Yeah, I am doing this. The payoff is just way too big.

Years of dreaming of this very moment would go to waste if I back out now.

I have always been obsessed with mind control. I have been fantasizing about controlling a woman for so long, specifically Amber. They were too many wet dreams of turning my hot roommate into my personal subservient sex slave. The end result would be her, completely devoted to me emotionally and physically, pleasuring me whenever I needed her to and obeying my every single command. If I commanded her to jump off a cliff, she should follow through with it enthusiastically. Not that I was going to do that, though.

You get the point.

Because of this obsession, I had spent all my free time researching on the web for a way to achieve this. Years and years of dedication finding a way to get laid by my roommate.

Anyone would probably think it was a fantasy that could never be achieved. Mind control was not possible... right?

I almost believed that. I had almost resigned myself to the fact that my journey was a pointless endeavor.

Finally, I decided I had to look deeper. So, I started scouring the dark web. I came out with nothing. Hell, I even went to those shady run down stores that proclaimed to sell dark magic and charms—all a bunch of hocus pocus.

Eventually, I came across hypnosis. I learnt how to perform this technique that science couldn't explain, eventually mastering it, using my friends and random strangers as test subjects.

Obviously, one believed me. Some bold ones even volunteered upfront and dared me to hypnotize them. And, oh man, was it satisfying to see their smug, skeptic look on their faces disappear when I actually delivered what was promised.

After gaining confidence that I could hypnotize anyone, I pleaded with Amber for me to put her in a trance. She was suspicious and probably weirded out at first, but she had a smoking addiction and I convinced her I could help her out with that.

It took a lot of time and effort for her to loosen up and to trust me. Hypnosis was largely based on trust, and without it, you couldn't achieve much. Sure, you could make someone quack like a chicken or forget the alphabets, but all those were just temporary rewiring of the mind. Those effects would disappear as soon as they snap out of the trance.

After a couple of successful hypnosis sessions, she realized it was working. She was finding it easier and easier to stay away from a cigarette. My roommate started asking me for more sessions, mainly to help her relax after a long, stressful day at work.

With my plan working out, I started experimenting with more risky things while she was under. I tried to manipulate her thoughts and emotions by giving out the suggestions that she was happy to complete tasks and chores for me.

That was the first step towards the end goal of making her being my obedient slave. Sadly, the closest I had Amber obeying me was to raise her right hand whenever I said "up".

After more weeks of hypnotizing her and reinforcing my suggestions, I took it a step further and asked her to perform simple tasks for me, like making me coffee or cleaning the dishes, but my efforts proved futile. I would receive the same old reactions from my roommate. A snort and then a retort for me to do it myself or her favorite comeback, "suck my dick," followed by a laugh.

She thought that was hilarious.

My efforts at hypnotizing her was a complete fluke.

At least she remembered nothing about her hypnosis session, so she wasn't aware of what I was actually trying to accomplish. If I continued experimenting with her, I might come up with a breakthrough.

And I had exactly that when I made a last ditch effort to learn how to hack. I did minor projects at first, hacking into websites with poor security, then gradually, as I grew better and better, I hacked into the government's most secretive records.

Scrolling through the government's top secret files revealed a ton of mind blowing information. It was where I learnt that they actually performed mind control experiments on death sentenced criminals. The end game was to create world peace, brainwashing dangerous criminals and leaders, so that they would become docile and good contributing members of society.

They were successful. They created a formula, "XI11", and when injected, will render the victim completely susceptible to suggestion. When combined with hypnosis, it will amplify this effect tenfold, manipulating the person's will itself.

It was really fucked up reading what happened to the criminals who were forced to undergo the procedure. They were aware of what's being done to them and begged to be released from the hell they were subjected to.

Over the months of being influenced by the super drug, they became sheeps, completely sapped off their wills and emotions, unable to perform even the basic necessities, like eating or even sleeping, without being commanded to do so. They finally closed down the operation and it was never revived.

After finding out about all this, I managed to gather all the materials needed to create the XI11 formula and now I finally have enough for 5 syringes—more than enough for Amber.

I was going to make Amber my sex slave.

What I was going to do was fucked up, but I convinced myself that I had already done a lot of research and theorize that I could use the drug on her without causing any serious psychological damage. Amber wouldn't have to suffer. She might enjoy being my slave. I would be kind to her.

Amber... I knew I wouldn't be fantasizing about any other girl ever since setting my eyes on her. We first met after I answered an online ad about a person desperately trying to find a roommate.

She was gorgeous. GORGEOUS. The most beautiful woman I have ever seen, before or since. And I was not the only one awestruck by her beauty. I have seen

countless guys having double takes, their jaws dropping, whenever she walked down the streets.

And when we enter bars, she would always turn several guys' heads, sometimes even the ladies, the bolder ones coming over to us and offering to buy her a drink. I was jealous, but Amber never had taken any interest in any of those advances and just waved them away.

My roommate was petite, just five feet, five inches tall, with the most beautiful blonde hair. She had always enjoyed shortening it to shoulder width, and fancied nothing longer than that.

"It always gets everywhere" was her reasoning for long hair.

Amber had the features of a model, with perfectly symmetrical facial appearance that held piercing blue eyes and the smoothest skin that was complemented with a body to die for, being a regular at the gym and all. Hell, she even had perfect white teeth. At the ripe age of twenty-three, I always wondered why she didn't pursue a modeling career. She would have made a fortune.

I have known Amber for almost two years since that fateful day and I have only seen her naked once. I will never forget that moment, when I turned back to our apartment after forgetting my wallet. I had been in a rush and had quickly unlocked the door, barging into the living room only to see my roommate, completely naked, lying on the couch.

I could see everything, but only just for a split second. She had let out a gasp and tried to cover all she could with a pillow, but that second was more than enough for me to take her all in and I lost count of the number of times I had masturbated to that mental image.

She didn't have large breasts. Amber was always in the medium range. I didn't prefer large breasts, anyway.

Her ass, however, was definitely her best and defining feature.

Her hard work at the gym, performing squats and other glute work for years, had really paid off. Her cheeks looked exhilarating in yoga pants, though you could argue she would look great in any pants. But seeing her ass cheeks bare... it was something else.

Both her cheeks were firm, large, round and they protrude from her backside, making her body's sexy curve possible. They looked incredibly smooth, and I wondered how nice it would be to just squeeze those perfect cheeks.

My roommate never paid much romantic attention to me, despite my best efforts and both of us being single. I wasn't the best-looking guy, but I wasn't that bad either. I had bought a gym membership just to improve the way I looked, received a new hairstyle, and even changed my entire wardrobe—all just for her.

But Amber never even commented once about my improvements. She treated me like a friend—not the super close gay best friend that the hot girls all seemed to always have—just a normal friend. We talked, but it was just normal conversations that were never particularly interesting.

I craved for more.

Now everything is going to change. I had planned everything to the very last detail. Even prepared a script on what to say when she was under. I had envisioned almost every single scenario.

The first step of slipping a strong sleeping pill to knock her out was done. Now, all I had to do was to wait for her to pass out and inject the super drug into her system.

I started pacing through my room, occasionally taking a few peeps outside to see whether she had taken a sip of her mug.

She finally did. Amber leaned over and reached out to her cup. She took a sip. Then another. She gulped it all down and set the mug aside, yawned, then lazily slid back to her comfortable position.

She did it. She finally did it.

I resumed my erratic pacing, going back and forth across the room, my heart feeling like a jackhammer. I was getting worried about my health.

Would I get a heart attack? That would be hilarious. All the planning and work ruined just because I couldn't control my anxiety and excitement.

Minutes passed, and I heard Amber let out her first yawn. I peeked out and saw that a frown had crossed her beautiful features. She was probably wondering why she was suddenly so tired, especially when it was just half past seven at night.

After half more dozen yawns, she gave in, shutting off the television and laying back, pushing pillows around, trying her best to make the sofa into her bed for the night. Moments later, she was snoring softly.

God, even her snores were so cute.

No time to waste. I had to act quickly.

I grabbed the syringe and the crystal pendulum that I performed hypnosis with before heading to the living room.

One of Amber's arms had fallen limp on the side of the sofa. Gently, I leaned down and nudged her slightly.

"Amber?"

No reply.

I waited a second or two before slowly aiming the needle over her right shoulder. My arms were shaking so much, I had to force an exhale out to steady myself. Carefully, I pressed the needle into her, the green liquid slowly escaping the syringe and into her bloodstream.

There was no going back now.

I withdrew the needle and let out a gasp. I hadn't even realized that I was holding my breath the whole time.

I studied Amber. She hadn't reacted yet. To be honest, I don't even know how she should even be reacting.

My heart dropped. Was she dead?

I quickly checked her pulse, but fell back in surprise when she let out a soft moan, her eyelids fluttering open.

“Amber ... Amber, are you ok?” I asked, my voice hardly more than a whisper.

She was staring hazily at the ceiling. Her eyes were blank and lips dropped ajar. She was breathing slowly through her rosy lips and I watched her breast rise and fall steadily.

The super drug seemed to be working.

Forcing another exhale, I reached over and pulled her up to a sitting position. Amber's whole body was limp and both her arms fell to her side. Carefully, I leaned her head against the pillow, making sure her gaze was in front. Her pretty blue eyes were unblinking and strained, causing tears to roll down her cheeks.

My cock was straining against my pants, almost painfully. I was so tempted to take her there and then. I would have gotten away with it too—she wasn't going to remember anything and she certainly wasn't going to break out of her trance, not with the super drug fresh in her system.

But, I cannot let temptation take me.

Not yet, anyway.

And as weird as it sounded, I would just essentially be raping her and the thought of that disgusted me.

I know, I know. What I was doing was already fucked up. My moral compass could be a little junky at times.

I wanted a more permanent solution than just a quick fuck. I wanted Amber to beg me to fuck her. She would be on her knees, wearing a black lingerie and pleading with me, listing out various reasons why I should have sex with her and how much she wanted it all—and only with me. She wouldn't be interested in other men ever again. I would be the center of her universe.

I retrieved the pendulum from my pocket and started swinging it back and forth in front of her. She started instinctively swaying her head to match the movements. We had done this many times before in our hypnosis sessions, but this time, it was going to be different.

She would leave this trance as a very different woman. A different Amber.

“Amber,” I began, trying my best to keep my voice as steady as possible. “I want you to pay attention to my voice and only to the sound of my voice. You will feel and pay no attention to anything else other than my voice.”

That was crucial. I didn’t want any other factors breaking her concentration—like an object falling or maybe even police sirens in the distance. I want her as deep as possible. No distractions.

“You will find yourself in a dark tunnel with only a dim light ahead of you.” I continued, holding the script in front of me. I didn’t need it. I had already memorized everything. “Count towards ten. When you’re done, walk towards the light.”

I watched and waited. After I mentally counted to ten, I continued speaking, “Now, slowly, one step at a time. As you are walking towards the light, you will find yourself walking in a decline. The deeper you head inside the tunnel, the light glows dimmer.”

Like she was actually walking, Amber's legs started back and forth.

“Soon, you will reach the deepest part of the tunnel,” I told her. “It’s dark everywhere and cold. You stop walking”

Amber’s legs stopped their movement.

“Amber,” I continued. “You feel lost and scared. But the sound of my voice gives you comfort.”

The tips of Amber’s mouth twitched, and she let out a small smile.

I smiled too. “Yes, that’s right. The only thing keeping you safe and warm is this voice. Listen to it. Obey it at all times and you will be safe”

“Now, Amber, listen to me,” I said, my voice getting higher as I got more excited. “Whenever I say the words ‘Amber sleepyhead’ you will immediately fall back into a deep trance and you will come back to this very same place, deep in this dark tunnel, where you see and hear nothing but only hear to the sound of my voice. Do you understand?”

At first, Amber didn’t react. Her half closed hazy eyes were still glued to the swaying pendulum, her head moving in sync with it. The cute smile was still plastered on her face.

Slowly, she opened her mouth.

“Yes.”