

Enslaving My Hot Roommate

Chapter 2: The Second Syringe — Trust

Her voice was slurred, husked in a low monotone. I leaned back slightly and closed my eyes, taking a couple of deep breaths to compose myself.

This is happening. This is really happening.

My gaze lingered back to my entranced roommate. Amber was paying no attention to me. She was still matching the rhythmic movement of the pendulum.

Left, right. Left, right.

Compared to our previous hypnosis sessions, this was the quickest Amber had verbally replied to a suggestion. Usually, I had to repeat myself several times before I had gotten even a simple 'yes'. On most occasions, I even receive no reply. It was actually quite infuriating.

Amber was responding well to the super drug. This was definitely the deepest she had even been in.

Fuck. Just thinking about that made me horny.

I didn't want to push things any further. It was too risky. I don't fully know the limits of what I can or can't do yet. If her mind resists too much, who knows what would happen. She might even start experiencing side effects.

The second dose would come in a few days. I needed to make sure the super drug had completely left her system before I injected more into her. Overdosing her was the last thing I wanted.

I was going to wake her up right there and then, but part of me was screaming for me not to. Even though I already achieved what I had planned with the first dose—giving her a trigger word—letting her go like that would just leave me completely unsatisfied.

I could fuck her, experience how her pussy would feel around my cock. Amber was completely under my power. Half of me just wanted to cave in, to let go. Let the animal part of me do its own thing. But, I just... can't.

It felt so wrong.

Ugh. Fuck you, brain.

At the same time, I didn't want to waste this opportunity either. So, I couldn't fuck her, but what about—

My eyes lit up.

Like in a trance myself, I leaned closer to her, my heart speeding up as I envisioned what I was about to do.

I brought up my free hand to one of her cheeks. It felt soft. Wet. Amber momentarily stopped her swaying as I lowered down my pendulum hand, completely transfixed at her beauty. Those blue eyes, soft cheeks, perfect features... My thumb swept her face, wiping away some tears that had been staining her cheeks.

I dropped the pendulum to the ground. It went with a soft 'thud' as it hit the carpet. I brought my now unoccupied hand to the back of her head, feeling up her soft, smooth hair and enjoying the full body shiver that had produced in me, working all the way from my fingertips down to the soles of my feet.

Slowly, I drew my hand down, running my fingers down the smooth curves of her back and then finally down to her ass. I started fondling those cheeks for a moment before cupping them firmly. I was delighted to hear my roommate responding with a soft moan escaping her lips. I tightened my grip, squeezing those beautiful, round cheeks, and Amber gasped in surprise. Even in a trance, I could see hints of pleasure running through her eyes.

I brought her closer to me, a moan slipping out of me as I felt her breast pushing up against me and her smooth blonde hair tumbling down. Amber smelt divine—a mix of mint and nature. This was like a dream come true. I had never been this close to her, this intimate. I looked at her and her unblinking blue gaze burnt into mine, transfixed and unfocused. And for a brief moment, lust overcame me. I kissed her.

It was everything I had dreamt of—and more. Her lips felt soft, smooth. Heavenly. I leaned forward, desperate for more, taking more of her into me, my mind in complete ecstasy. My tongue skimmed the seam of her lips, seeking entry, but Amber wasn't having any of it.

My kiss softened, and I pulled back, confused. Amber hasn't reacted in the slightest. Why hadn't she? I looked at her angrily, but her expression hasn't changed. Her eyes just stared back at me, stiff, unfocused, emotionless.

I sighed and released her, my lips still wet from hers. Her gaze dropped back down to the ground to where the pendulum was. I picked it up, raising it over her head, and she immediately resumed her swaying.

Left, right. Left, right.

Time to wake her up.

"Amber," I finally said. I was hurt and disappointed. I wanted to give the command for her to just fuck me—screw the consequences. But I knew I had to be patient. I will eventually get what I want, sooner or later.

"I am going to count to 10, and with each number that passes, you can see the tunnel slowly illuminating, getting brighter and brighter. I want you to feel yourself waking up, and once you do, you will feel very refreshed. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

I slowly counted to 10, glumly watching her as I did.

Amber blinked and rubbed the sleep away from her eyes. She blinked several more times, more tears rolling down her soft cheeks and onto her lap as she did so.

She squinted at me, frowning.

Whoops. I had completely forgotten about making my exit. I turned around, quickly pocketing all the items as I did so.

"Dave, what are you doing?"

Shit.

Her frown deepened. "Why were you watching me sleeping?"

"Uhh, no, I wasn't. I was just... you know."

God. I was such an idiot. I was so caught up in everything that I had completely forgotten to leave.

Amber suddenly broke out laughing, giving me a playful nudge. I recoiled back in surprise. "You were going to do something to me, weren't you?"

I looked at her blankly.

"Come on, Dave, stop playing innocent. You creep! Tell me, what were you going to do? Draw penises on my forehead again?" She paused and started furiously rubbing her forehead, then bringing her hands down to examine them.

I finally managed a nervous chuckle, trying my best not to show panic. "Yeah, something like that. You got me. I surrender."

I brought both my palms up and slowly retreated backward. My heels made contact with the coffee table.

"Owwww!"

Amber broke out laughing again. "God, David. You are such a klutz. Get out of here." She waved me away. "Shoo!"

I turned back around and made a beeline back towards my room, quickly locking the door behind me, my heart throbbing like a jackhammer.

Holy shit, that was close.

I ran my tongue along the edges of my lips. I could still taste her. Fuck, it just made me want her more.

Sighing, I discarded the now empty syringe. One down.

I walked over, unlocking my desk drawer and peered down at the rest.

Four more to go

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"You seemed awfully quiet today," Amber remarked, absentmindedly toying with her ponytail. "What's wrong?"

I shrugged. "I'm fine. Just a little sick, I think."

"Want me to drive you to the clinic or the pharmacy?"

"Nah, I will be fine. Really."

"You sure? The pharmacy is just a couple of blocks away. It won't take long"

I smiled. Amber was a good person. I really felt bad.

"Yeah, I'm sure. Thanks Amber."

My roommate gave me one more worried look before walking away, her hips swaying as they always did. My gaze trailed on her until she was out of sight. I couldn't help it. That damn sexy hip walk always drove me up the wall.

It's been three days since I put her in that trance. Three days of repeatedly beating my dick over and over and over in my room while vividly recalling the session. Of course, after the abuse my dick had to endure, all those thoughts and emotions went away, seeping out of me, like a deflating balloon—only to be replaced with guilt. Guilt, disappointment, and hollow emptiness.

I needn't do this to her. I could just use the drug to make her fall madly in love with me. Marry. Have kids. Live a normal life. No need to put my sick thoughts into her head and rob her of her will.

But, no. I couldn't do that.

I couldn't guarantee that she would forever be sexually active. I couldn't guarantee that she would be happy to fulfill all of my sick fantasies. I was a selfish man. With a wife that looked like a Goddess, sex personified, I would demand sex multiple times every day, and I couldn't care less about Amber's own fantasies—if she had any.

I only cared about my own pleasure, and to use her as a tool to fulfill it. I would imagine myself feeling all powerful watching her obey my every command and catering to my every single whim. Every desire.

I could imagine waking up every day to breakfast in bed, then followed by a blowjob for dessert... it would be a dream come true.

I finally let out a sigh, leaning back towards the wall. I was a terrible person. I had never imagined myself being capable of such things. But alas, power corrupts men—and I was not trying to be the exception. I would imagine people doing much, much worse things if they had gotten hands on the super drug. They could have imaginary wealth, be kings or queens, enslaving nations. All I wanted was to get laid by the hottest woman in the world.

That wasn't so bad, was it?

Even if I wanted to go back on my decision, it was too late now. I couldn't imagine myself turning back, especially when I had been making good progress. The second dose was going to be injected tonight.

* * *

Amber was sprawled in her usual spot that night, tapping away on her phone. I was sitting down on a different couch, nervously twiddling with my thumbs, pretending to be interested in the Korean drama that was playing in front of us, every so often shooting her a glance.

"So let me get this straight," I said, trying to make conversation. "This woman, Yi yoyo, has the ability to foresee bad things happening to anyone she touches. Now, she is trying to break up with her boyfriend because she foresaw him getting into a car accident?"

Amber glanced up from her small screen and laughed. "It's Ji-yeon, and yes, she thinks staying with him would cause the future accident, but plot twist! Breaking up with him will actually be the catalyst. Thank god he didn't die though, and they lived happily ever after."

"Did you just spoil the whole thing for me?"

Amber stuck her tongue out at me, and fuck me, I wanted to jump on her and suck on it. "Oh please. It's not like you are going to continue watching with me. You're always in your room, doing god knows what."

I shrugged. "A man needs to have his alone time."

Amber turned her attention back to her phone.

"You know, relationships are complicated." I said quickly, changing the subject. She seemed to be already bored with our conversation, and it felt like a personal attack to me. Does she always find me boring?

That got her attention. Amber tossed her phone away and turned towards me, arms crossed, curiosity drawn on her face. "What? Why? You finally got a girlfriend?"

I laughed, but it was forced. "Nah. Ever since breaking up with Kim? There's no hope for me now."

Amber's face distorts into one of disgust at the mention of my ex. "Don't say that. You will find someone. Besides, that little bitch Kim never deserved you, anyway."

"How about you? Found THE one yet?" I asked, teasing her. "There must be hundreds of guys lining up for you by now. Surely you fancy one of them."

"All of them are just so boring," my roommate laughed. "Besides, I'm not really looking for someone right now."

"And why is that?"

"I'm going to use my time being single to improve myself and try to be more productive."

I grinned. "Oh, how very mature of you."

Amber reached over and playfully punched me on my shoulder. "Shut up, Dave. I'm being serious."

I faked an injury, rolling around the couch in agony.

Amber rolled her eyes. "Really funny. Ever considered a career in comedy?"

There was a buzz from her coach. She scooped her phone up and continued her typing, a grin slowly playing on her face.

Amber stood up, dropping her phone in her pocket and retrieved her purse that was sitting on the coffee table. "Well, funny man, I have got to go. John and Quinn are in a

bar just a couple of minutes away from here.” She paused, exploring her purse before taking out a lipstick. “Enjoy the drama.”

Shit! There’s no telling when she would come back. This wasn’t part of the plan.

“Hey, wait.” I desperately called out as she was heading for the door.

“Yeah?” She turned around. “What is it?”

I strode towards her. I really didn’t know what I was doing. “Amber sleepyhead.”

Amber’s reaction was instantaneous. Her eyes rolled back and her knees started buckling, threatening to collapse inwards. I caught her just as soon as she started falling.

The trigger word actually worked. I have had my doubts whether it would.

Gently, I carried Amber back towards the couch and sat her like I did the first time, carefully resting her head against the pillow. I rummaged through her pockets for her phone.

Damn it, there was a passcode.

I headed towards my room, grabbed everything I needed, and started the process. A long moan escaped her lips after I gave her the shot. She half opened her eyelids and her blank blue eyes greeted mine.

Left, right. Left, right. I started swinging the pendulum in front of me. She immediately reacted, following the motion.

“Amber, can you hear me?” I started.

“Yes.” my roommate whispered, her eyes blank and her voice a dull monotone.

“What is the passcode on your phone?”

“3708.”

I entered the numbers and, sure enough, her home screen popped out. I was greeted by a selfie of hers as the wallpaper. Amber was wearing a tight blue bikini with a

matching blue hat and was posing on a beach. She had probably used a selfie stick since the picture was taken from above, giving me almost a full unrestricted view of her cleavage. Good lord. I wanted to search for the source image in her photo gallery and transfer it to my phone. It would still be an excellent addition to my fap collection.

Now was not the time, though.

I opened her text messages only to see a whole screen of unread messages from various names. I recognised some of them. Taking a quick scroll through the long list of unread text, I felt relief.

No wonder Amber takes an eternity to reply to my texts. At least I wasn't the only one.

I scrolled up and clicked on a chat group that was on the very top. Sure enough, John and Quinn were in the group.

Sorry, guys. I began typing. Change of plans. I am staying home. Enjoy yourself though! I considered what appropriate emoji to use before shaking my head and putting the phone away.

Time for business.

Amber was still matching the motion of the swaying pendulum. Like before, both her arms had fallen limp to her sides and her eyelids were twitching every few seconds, begging to be released. Tears were free falling down her eyes and off her cheeks.

It was so hot seeing her like that.

"Amber." I started, drawing myself up to a sitting position. "What do you think of David?"

"I think he's a nice guy. No problems living with him, unlike the others I have had. I like him."

I smiled at the compliment. "Do you have any feelings towards him?"

I tensed up, ready for disappointment.

"I feel friendly and love towards him. David's a great friend."

That's not what I meant. "Do you feel any sexual attraction towards David?"

"No. He's not my type."

"What is your type?"

"Attractive women."

Wait, what? "You don't fancy men?"

"No. I experimented with a lot of men, but I never actually really liked it."

"Then why are you only dating men?" I asked her, completely flabbergasted.

"I was scared of dating a woman. I really wanted to like men. So, I kept trying, hoping my feelings would eventually change."

"Did it?"

"No."

Well, this wasn't all bad. The drug could alter her thoughts and thus her mind. I would force feelings of sexual attractions towards me. And fucking a lesbian, for some odd reasoning, seemed much, much hotter.

"Have you tried with a woman, then?"

Amber smiled dreamily. "Yeah, recently, it was great." Her hand started towards her crotch. I stopped her.

"Have you told anybody that you were gay?"

Her smile disappeared at the mention of 'gay'. "No. I'm too scared to tell anyone." She replied softly.

Okay. Now was the time to do it.

"David's a great friend, isn't he?" I said, eager at the idea of influencing her perspective on myself.

“Yeah, he is.”

“You trust him completely.”

She just stared at me silently.

“David is generally a trustable guy, right?” I repeated.

“Yes.” She finally answered.

“Do you trust him?”

“I guess.”

“You trust David, so that means you can trust him with anything.”

She paused and pursed her lips, the gears of her hypnotized brain turning. I prayed they would see sense in the flawed logic. She still wasn't replying, and I thought it was a no go. Glumly, I started thinking of another way in, but she finally opened that rosy lips of hers.

“Yes.”

“You trust David completely.” I spewed out, almost asking it instead. I was shocked that it had actually worked.

“Yes.” she responded, barely pausing this time

“David would never tell anyone your secrets, no matter how dark you think they were.” That was not true. I was generally a big mouth. Amber didn't need to know that, though.

“Mm-hmm.”

“You can trust David with your secrets.” I said again, making sure.

“Yes.”

“You completely trust David.”

“Yes.”

“Only David. You trust no one else.”

“Only David.” she echoed.

Perfect. This was almost too easy. Establishing trust, I knew, would greatly benefit me on the end goal of turning her into my sex slave. Trust always comes first. With her trust in me established, she would find it much easier accepting of inevitably being my slave. I had to not rush things, however, as tempted as it was to.

Okay, now to wrap things up, but first—

“Amber, have you ever written in a diary before?”

“Diary?” she murmured.

“Yes. A diary. Something you can write your thoughts and stuff in it.”

I grimaced at myself, saying ‘stuff’. That was a poor choice of word. Hopefully she gets it.

Thankfully, she did. “Yes... dairy. When I was little.”

I didn’t know that. Could things get much easier for me? “Good. Imagine yourself being little again, writing in your diary. It makes you happy, writing your thoughts down, doesn’t it?”

Her face displayed an innocent smile. “Mhmmm.”

I really wished she would stop moaning. I don’t know how many more of those I could take. My cock already felt it was ready to burst at any moment.

“You will start writing in a diary again.” I told her, trying my best to make my voice sound authoritative. “Every day, you will write your thoughts and, uh, whatever’s relevant to your day in that diary. Do you understand?”

“Yes. Write in the diary every day.”

“Good.” I continued. “And every day, after finishing writing in your diary, you will hand it to David because you trust him. You will think nothing strange about it”

“Okay.”

“Think nothing of it,” I repeated. “Don’t write with the thought of handing it to David later in mind. Just write normally, as if no one will read it. Do you understand?”

“As if no one will read it.” Amber mouthed.

The idea came to me just yesterday. Having inside knowledge of her thoughts throughout her programming would help tremendously. I would read the diary daily, analyzing her thoughts and emotions, and change my strategy accordingly.

My shoulder was starting to hurt, and my hand lowered slightly. It was tough having to hold the pendulum for long periods of time.

“Amber, start counting to ten.” I informed her, repeating what I had memorized on the script. “Now. Slowly. You see the tunnel slowly getting brighter and brighter. I want you to feel yourself waking up.”

I quickly added. “You will feel very refreshed when you do and the last thing you will remember is talking with David and rejecting John and Quinn's invitation just so you can spend more time with him.”

I stood quickly, pocketing the pendulum and syringe. I was not going to make the same mistake twice.

Amber started blinking and used one of her arms to wipe away the tears from her face.

She looked up at me and squinted. “Dave?” she said, new tears still forming in her eyes. “What were we talking about again?”

I gave her a gentle smile. “Women. You were talking about the lady that you hooked up with recently.”

Amber frowned, still rubbing her eyes. They were turning a shade of red. “I did? Oh yeah, I told you. Right. It was a one-night thing.”

I nodded.

The conscious part of her brain couldn't remember anything in between her programming and thus, her subconscious part will start filling out the time gap with whatever information she could process, feeding the conscious part with it. It was kind of like the memory wiping device in the movie, 'Man In Black'.

She completely trusted me now. Why wouldn't she tell me about her sexuality?

"Don't worry Amber," I assured her, leaning over and giving her hand a gentle squeeze. "I won't tell anyone. It's normal. I completely understand."

"I know," she whispered, peeling her gaze off mine and looking down.

I grabbed the tv remote and turned up the volume. "Let's continue watching some of the drama. It looks like things are getting interesting." I added, pointing to the big screen where a bunch of the characters were arguing with each other.

Amber looked up at the screen, then back at me, her face blanketed with several emotions. I couldn't tell what she was thinking.

She suddenly threw her hands around me and gave me a hug, her breast pushing up against me. Amber was sobbing on my shoulder. She had never done that before. I could feel the bulge in my pants growing and hoped she wouldn't notice.

"Thanks Dave," Amber said in between sobs. "You're the best friend I ever had."

"No problem," I replied, stroking her head gently and inhaling her exotic scent.

Finally, she released me and managed a small smile. Her makeup was running down her face, but Amber still looked beautiful. She gave me one last hug and sat down. I sat down with her.

She leaned against me, her head resting on my left shoulder, and I wrapped an arm around her.

We watched the drama for a while, but I couldn't concentrate. I should feel guilty. Terrible. I was a monster. The worst one in existence. Amber had no idea what I was doing to her, and she didn't deserve any of this. She was a good, innocent person.

Her snores interrupted my thoughts. I could feel her head slowly slipping off my shoulder. Gently, I laid her on my lap. She gave a soft moan and sighed.

I had expected to feel remorse, or maybe even unpleasantness. Anything negative, really. But in that moment, as I sat there with her, I felt nothing. Absolutely nothing. I had already gone too far for any chance of redemption—my soul was tainted forever.

I briefly wondered if there was a God, or a heaven and a hell. If there was one, He would definitely prepare a special room down in the fiery depths below. Just for me. I would imagine He would be waiting for me. Waiting for my time. And I knew I deserved it. I wouldn't go kicking and screaming, begging for forgiveness. No. I would stride in with purpose, with my head held low and my shoulders resigned.

And whatever was held in that room.

I knew I deserved it.