

Chapter 3: The Third Syringe — Submission

I circled my finger around Amber's labia and gasped at how wet she was. Amber moaned, and I had to remind myself that I would not take her right then—no matter how badly I wanted her.

Stick to the plan. Make her your personal servant by the end of this session.

Someone needed to cook around the household, anyway. Watching Amber in the kitchen, naked, hair tied into a sexy French braid and cooking for me...

Christ.

Hell, she didn't even need to touch me. My goddess of a roommate could bring me to climax just by using that voice of hers.

Amber was responding well to the finger fucking. She was moaning—just barely, but it was audible enough to get me hard. Her eyes were still glued to the moving pendulum, glazed and unblinking. Combined with the super drug, she was in an extremely suggestible state.

I slid my finger in her cunt, then another, pushing them in and out. Slowly. She stiffened, her moans getting louder and hotter. Her hands were limp by her sides, fingers twitching. I had commanded her not to move them while I was fingering her, and she couldn't disobey.

The voice inside my head was begging me.

Fuck her now. She's all yours

But I couldn't. Well, I could have. But I wasn't sure if there would be consequences. As hard as it was to accept, Amber would never willingly have sex with me, and the research I did on the government showed severe side effects after test subjects resisted orders they didn't agree with.

Slow and steady. The goal of this hypnosis session was to make her addicted to obeying me—and I had the perfect plan for it.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" I said, moving the pad of my thumb to her clit and rubbing tentatively.

"Mhmmm."

I needed her to say it. "Amber, does it feel good?"

“Yeah...”

I smiled. I doubted it. This was my first time fingering a woman, but in her drugged state, combined with the deep trance, she would think anything felt amazing if I said it was.

I needed to emphasize what she was feeling now. Capture it.

“How amazing does it feel?” I circled her labia while paying special need to her clit.

“Mhmmm... very good.”

My roommate shifted her weight, sliding down and arching her lower back, giving me better access to her swollen sex.

I let out a long exhale.

Here goes nothing.

“When your roommate, David, orders you to do something, what would you do?”

Amber paused, frowned, then furrowed her brow, probably wondering what kind of question that was. “I-I don’t know.”

“Would you obey his orders?”

She frowned. “Not orders. He isn’t my boss. It’s more like I’d do favors for him.”

No surprises there. My roommate was an outspoken feminist. All the better for me—it was so much hotter converting one to be my personal fuck toy.

“What type of favors?”

She was still frowning. “Depends.”

“If he asked you to get groceries, would you?”

“Yeah, sure. But only if I’m in the supermarket. If not, he can just drive there himself.”

“Anything else?”

“Well... if he asked me to massage his back when he is sore or something...”

“If he told you to get coffee for him, would you?”

The answer was immediate.

“No.”

“Why?”

“I’m not his secretary.”

I had been so caught up in the questioning that I had completely forgotten about fingering her. I started rubbing her clit again, and my roommate’s expression changed instantly. A dreamy smile and low moans replaced the frown.

“You like this feeling, right?”

“Mhmmm.”

“Amber?”

“...yeah?”

“Whenever you obey David, you will feel exactly this.”

I held my breath. This was it. This was the motivation to get my roommate to obey me. The first step towards her being my personal slave.

Amber didn’t respond. Hell, I think she didn’t even hear me; she still had that dreamy look and was still moaning lowly, and it was getting me so damn hard.

“Amber?”

“Yes?”

“What you are feeling now... You will feel this whenever you obey any of David’s commands.”

I changed my tone to the last word. I needed to make sure she knew it was for a command, not a favor. A friend asks for a favor; A superior commands his subordinate. Her conscious mind may not take notice, but her subconscious would.

“Yes...”

I was taken aback. She responded almost right away.

Her voice was now high pitched, desperate. “Please, please...”

Whoops. I stopped fingering her again. I resumed the finger fucking.

“Mhmm.”

As much as I hated to repeat myself, in fear of somehow annoying my roommate, I had to. I needed to make sure that her mind fully accepted and understood the suggestion.

“You will feel this good, this horny, whenever you obey any of David’s commands.”

“Yes.”

Okay, that was easier than expected. I didn’t want to push anymore—her mind already accepted the suggestion. But I needed one more incentive. Something to make sure obeying me was her number one priority in life.

“Whenever someone else touches your cunt, you won’t feel anything at all. None of this”—I rubbed her tender spot, causing her to twitch and grunt—“Even for yourself. Whenever you masturbate, you will feel nothing. Nothing at all... just nothing.”

“Nothing,” my roommate echoed.

“Yes,” I said, grinning broadly, drunk on the power I had over her. I knew my life was about to change soon. “Except for David. You will feel this good, only under three scenarios. Nothing else.”

I paused to look at her. Amber was still following the motion of the pendulum, her piercing blue eyes now a puffy red, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

Left, right. Left, right.

I cleared my throat and continued. “Number one: When David touches your cunt. Number two: Whenever you obey any of David’s commands. Number three: Whenever you think about David sexually. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Repeat it.”

She did, and I had to use every ounce of my will not to cum there and then.

“Will you get horny when you see an attractive female now?”

An immediate response.

“No.”

“What gets you horny?”

“When David touches my cunt. Whenever I obey any of David’s commands...”

I let her drone on, telling her to repeat it until I was satisfied.

This was easy. Too easy.

I withdrew my finger from her sex, and Amber pouted. Time to wake her.

“Amber,” I began, my own voice a drone from the number of times I had to repeat the line to wake her up. “I’m going to count to ten, 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....”

* * *

Since the session last night, I had only given her a single order: Get me coffee.

I wasn’t particularly surprised—but still disappointed—when I was told to fuck off and go do it myself. She hadn’t realized the hidden command in her yet, but she will, once she tries to masturbate.

* * *

Day three. My roommate was now clearly upset about something.

I plopped myself down on the sofa and cuddled up next to her. Amber didn’t mind—she thought of it as nothing more than a friendly cuddle. My roommate was sitting in her usual spot, but the tv wasn’t on; she was just staring into nothingness.

“Hey,” I said, adjusting myself for a good view of her boobs. Even under her pajamas, they looked ravishing.

“Hey,” Amber replied, not bothering to hide the glumness in her tone. She completely trusted me now. I was the first person she confided in whenever she was troubled.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” A long pause. Then she looked away from the blank screen and met my waiting gaze. “Okay, don’t laugh at me, but... I’m just... I can’t feel horny anymore. I don’t know what’s wrong.”

She told me everything I already knew, eventually breaking down and sobbing on my chest. I felt a pang of guilt, but quickly dismissed it. She will be happy soon. This was just a necessary suffering.

I calmed her using soothing words. It took awhile, but she finally relaxed. I promised to take her to the doctor first thing tomorrow, though I knew it wouldn't accomplish anything.

Amber hugged me tightly, and I hoped she couldn't feel my boner pressing into her stomach. She told me how lucky she was to have me, how good of a brother I was to her. My heart bled at the first part, but hardened at the second.

Brother?

I steeled my resolve. Time to get her addicted to obeying me. "Amber."

"Hmm?" She was still buried in my chest.

I gently nudged her. "Go get me some coffee."

I half expected a snarky comeback or a 'Fuck off, Dave' like she always did whenever I asked her for a drink. But my roommate just sniffed, nodded and pushed herself up onto weary feet, walking to the kitchen. Amber handed me the steaming mug, a confused expression on her face.

"Oh my god," my roommate said.

I faked curiosity. "What is it?"

She shook her head. "Nothing. It's... oh god..." Amber slipped her hand under her pajama shorts.

I watched as my roommate ran towards her room, slamming the door shut behind her. She came back five minutes later, with tears on her face again. "Dave... I can't. I can't get off."

"What?"

"I don't know. When I gave you your coffee... I felt... I don't know. Then I went to my room..." She didn't finish her sentence. Instead, she burst into tears.

"Hey," I said, trying to make it sound soothing. I patted the spot beside me—where she had just left. "Sit down."

She did, and her eyes went wide. "Oh, fuck...."

“What is it?”

She turned to me. “You...oh my god..” She started to get up, but I stopped her.

“Amber Sleepyhead.”

My roommate fell back onto the sofa, her head lolling forward and her breathing slowing down to a heavy rhythm.

I was already panting at the sight of my entranced roommate. Amber was completely defenseless and under my control. I wasn't planning to give her the fourth syringe just yet. The second dose had been fruitful; she completely trusted me now and hypnosis is all based on trust. I didn't need a super drug to work wonders with her mind anymore. My little thrall's mind was always open to me, and only to me.

Time to tinker with it.

“Amber?”

“Yes?”

Christ. Even in a monotone, she still sounded so hot.

I steadied myself and continued, “How do you feel when obeying David's commands?”

A pause.

“Good. Horny.”

“What do you think about that?”

Tears streamed down from her unblinking blue eyes. “I... I don't know.”

“Are you submissive in nature, Amber?”

I already knew the answer even before her immediate response.

“No.”

“Then explain why you feel so good obeying David?”

Silence. No answer.

“Could it be you’re discovering yourself? Starting to become submissive?”

That got her thinking. Her fingers twitched by her sides and a disgruntled frown played across her pretty features. “It... it can’t be.”

“How do you feel when you obey David’s commands?”

Another pause. Even in her entranced state, she knew what I was getting at. “Good...”

“Maybe you are a late bloomer. Maybe you always have been submissive in nature,”—she bristled at that, and I added quickly—“but only to some special person. Most submissives only have one dominant. It can take years to find the right one. But when you do, it just clicks, and sometimes it clicks late—even when you’ve known that special someone for years.”

Amber didn’t answer me, the gears in her hypnotized brain turning. I waited a minute for it to sink in before continuing, “Have any of your past relationships worked out?”

“...no.”

“Maybe that is the reason” I pushed. “Deep inside, you’re unsatisfied and now it’s finally starting to show. A way of your body telling you what you’ve secretly wanted all along; to be a submissive to someone. A special someone. And your special someone is—”

“—Dave,” she breathed.

I nodded excitedly. I had no idea if my flawed logic would work or not, but it had before. A person in a trance as deep as this could accept even the most specious of arguments.

“Amber?”

“Yes?”

I held my breath. “David is your Dominant.”

I waited for her answer. One minute. Two. I started tapping my foot. Three.

I frowned. “Am—”

“Yes.”

I was visibly shaking. Did she just agree? I took a moment to compose myself. I was sweating and trembling, and my heart felt like it was going to explode. “David is your Dominant?”

"I suppose. It makes sense. He makes me happy, and it felt so good when I got him coffee, and when he ordered me to sit."

What if I woke her up right now? Would she let me fuck her if I gave the command to?

"... But god, I'm scared."

I jumped. For a moment I thought she had woken up. Amber had never spoken out of turn before while in trance.

"Scared?"

"Yeah. Dave doesn't seem like the dominant type." She suddenly broke out of the monotone, her voice becoming shrill. "What if he refuses me? How can I live feeling like this? I would—"

"How well do you know David?"

"A lot. Pretty much everything."

I almost laughed. How wrong she was. "Do you know his sexual preferences?"

That got her thinking.

"...no."

"Maybe he is into this kind of stuff. Maybe he's single now because he was looking for a submissive all along."

I caught a hopeful look in my entranced roommate's eyes, but it quickly disappeared. "No, it can't be. The chances are too slim."

"Why don't you ask him then?"

"I'm scared."

I tapped my finger impatiently. "If you don't ask him, you will never know. Can you live like this for your whole life? Sexually unsatisfied?"

"No." My roommate shivered. "I guess I have to ask him then." A pause, then in a low tone, "I hope he will accept me."

Fuck yeah, I was going to. Who in their right mind would refuse her?

My job was done, so I woke her up. I tensed myself as she blinked the sleepiness out of her eyes, then looked at me.

What was she going to say?

“Dave, I—” I watched her struggle to find words. “It’s getting late. See you tomorrow.”

I watched her delicious ass sway as she hurried back towards her room. That wasn’t what I’d expected. What was going through her mind?

I sighed. Guess I’ll have to read her diary.

* * *

Wednesday, March 5th

Dear Diary,

I felt like complete shit for the whole day. I don’t know what’s happening. I don’t even know how to explain it. It’s like all my life has been sucked out of me. Hell, I can’t even orgasm anymore! It’s freaking me out.

I read that one already, so I flipped to the current entry.

Saturday, March 8th

Dear Diary,

I am such a loser. Just a few hours ago, I broke down in front of Dave. Like always, he was very understanding. That’s when it happened. After he consoled me, he told me to fetch coffee. I did. After all, he’d already suffered through my bitching—it was the least I could do for him. And when I did, it felt... god... it felt amazing!

It’s like... I had been living in black and white for the past few days, and in that moment, colors started forming back around me. I became so horny. I tried masturbating. Like, I really needed the release. I broke down, when I realized I couldn’t orgasm again. Then it happened the second time. Dave told me to sit. His voice... so firm and commanding. I felt so damn good again after I did what I was told.

Could it be? There is only one explanation. Am I a submissive all along? Is that why my past relationships never worked out? I was always so in control. Maybe I needed someone to do it instead. I’ve got to be honest—losing control, not thinking about all the shit life has thrown at me... letting all my problems go away...let someone do the thinking for me... it kinds of feels... hot.

Maybe I should try it with Dave? My first D/s (is that what they call it?) relationship. He would definitely laugh at me. Hell, I am not even his type! I am a lesbian, for god's sake! Dave knows it too!

But... I don't know... I don't get turned on by women anymore. I am ashamed to admit it... but after I told Dave goodnight... I masturbated to... oh god... I have been replaying Dave's command in my head over and over.. getting so turned on by it... It just makes me feel so good.

* * *

Two days after putting her into that trance, Amber finally confronted me.

We were doing our usual thing at night—watching K-drama and cuddling when she nudged me on the shoulder with her own.

“Dave?” She sounded very nervous. Little did she know, I was too.

My heart started thundering in my chest. Was she finally going to ask me?

“Do you, uh,” my roommate exhaled sharply. “This is kind of weird, but.. umm, do, do you think I'm pretty?”

Fuck, yeah. You're the hottest girl I had ever laid my eyes on.

I played it cool. “Yeah, I do.”

She balled her hand into a fist and coughed. “I'm serious, Dave. Do you find me attractive?”

I looked her dead in the eyes and tried to sound as sincere as possible—which wasn't hard. “I think you're very attractive.”

She raised an eyebrow, her lips turning into a grim line. “Really? I am asking you seriously. This isn't a joke.”

I sighed. “What else do you want me to say, Amber? I am telling the truth. I really think you are hot.”

“Okay...” She coughed again. “Would you like, you know, date me?”

“Hell yeah, I would.”

“Really? You would. Like, you really would date me?”

“Yes.”

“Um, okay. Wait here.” She got up and hurried to her room. She came back holding a piece of paper. I frowned at it.

What was all this about?

“Here.” My roommate handed me the paper and my eyes widened as I scanned through the words.

“I haven’t told you this, Dave. Actually, I just found this out about myself recently, but uhh..” Amber shuffled her feet around, shifting her weight from side to side, “I’m kind of a submissive, I think. I know, I know, it sounds weird. Maybe that’s why I never had any success with my previous relationships. I haven’t found a, you know, a dominant. And I thought, maybe you know... could you... would you, like, be mine?”

My heart was beating so loud in my ears I had to strain to hear her. My fingers were shaking, and I unsuccessfully tried to steady them. I returned my focus to the paper to distract myself.

The words were printed out in neat, bold letters and the paper smelled light and flowery—just like her.

“It’s nothing fancy,” my roommate explained nervously. “Just an agreement with a list of specific rules I came up with last night. You can change your rules as you see fit until we both agree on them, but my rules stand firm.”

Rules:

For the Dominant (David Book) :

- No cheating. That means no flirting, kissing, having sex, or any kind of sexual activity with others (regardless of gender).

- No having other submissives or partners other than Amber Rose.

- Respect your submissive’s safe word. That means halting whatever and whenever the safeword is used.

- Respect your submissive in public and in private.

- The dominant must always ensure the submissive’s safety and well being.

- No choking, hitting, or any kind of physical/mental abuse or punishment that would otherwise cause physical/mental damage to the submissive. Slapping (as punishment) is okay.

- No lying to Your submissive. Always be honest.
- No unnecessary punishment of the submissive if the submissive has not done anything wrong.
- The Dominant is required to give His submissive a symbol of ownership (choker, ring, collar, anklet).

For the submissive (Amber Rose):

- No cheating. That means no flirting, kissing, having sex, or any kind of sexual activity with others (regardless of gender).
- Not having other Dominants or partners other than David Book.
- Calling your Dominant 'Sir', 'Daddy', 'Master', 'My Lord', or whatever appropriate title that the Dominant finds fitting.
- Respecting your Dominant in public and in private.
- Required to always wear your symbol of ownership twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week in public and in private, unless otherwise specified by your Dominant.
- Obeying any and every one of your Dominant's commands.
- No lying to your Dominant. Always be honest.
- If the Dominant asks something of the submissive they are not comfortable doing, the submissive is required to speak up, and the Dominant will find a compromise.
- The submissive is required to take care of herself and her health for her Dominant.
- Any wrongdoing, or rule the submissive breaks, the submissive is to immediately inform the Dominant for appropriate punishment.
- The submissive must not come until the Dominant does first, unless given explicit permission by the Dominant.
- The submissive is not allowed to touch herself sexually without permission from the Dominant.

I finally looked back up at Amber. Her face was bright red, and she raised a hopeful eyebrow. "Well?"

“Yeah, we can do this.”

She frowned. “Just like that? No ‘what the fuck is wrong with you’ or ‘is this a joke’, which, by the way, it isn’t. Just like... that?”

If I ever had need of my best poker face, now was the time. “Yeah. I kind of like it. I mean, I’m not going to lie, having a hot girl to do whatever I want? Fuck yeah.”

Amber’s frown deepened. “It’s not just that, Dave. It’s a serious commitment, and I need you to be serious about this. Please. I trust you and I’m giving all of my control away. Being a dominant is not just ordering his submissive around—you need to take care of me.”

I mirrored her frown. This wasn’t what I was expecting. I didn’t want a relationship. Especially one with multiple rules. But if it meant having sex with her for the time... I could play along for a while—until the next injection. Besides, the rules were vastly in my favour, and I agreed with most of them—except the ones where I could only have one slave. I wanted more.

I exhaled, steadying my thundering heartbeat. My cock was still throbbing madly, and I felt a drop of pre-cum oozing down my legs. “Sorry. Yeah, I will take this seriously.”

Amber nodded seriously. “Thank you, Dave. You have no idea how much this means to me. So, a one week trial. And if you like it, we can do a proper contract.”

I nodded. “Okay.”

“Okay.”

An awkward pause. Amber looked at me, then at the paper, then back at me, all the while shuffling her feet, her cheeks becoming more flushed.

“So... is there anything I can do for you?” A pause. “What should I call you now? Sir?”

I tried to maintain eye contact, but it was hard. “Uh, ‘Master’ will do just fine.”

Amber smiled, a wicked grin with hints of naughtiness. “So, is there anything I can do for you, *Master*?”

I almost came. The way she said it... Amber basically purred out the word, layering it with a soft, seductive tone that made the back of my neck prickle up with goosebumps and my cock throb even more with hot desire.

“Uh, yeah. I want a, uh...” I tried to think of several things I wanted her to do. A blowjob, sex, a French Kiss, “...coffee?”

Amber laughed, the sound of her voice carrying through the room and releasing the tension in the air. "Of course, of course. At once," -she winked at me- "Master."

Like always—it was a ritual for me now—I ogled her ass as she went. And for the first time, she caught me. As if she sensed it, she looked back over her shoulder, an unreadable expression on her face. I almost apologized out of instinct, but remembered my position with her now. Amber gave me a flirty smile—the first one I had ever received from her. Then another wink. Then she was gone, off to fetch my coffee.

This week was going to be fun.