

## Chapter 4: The Fourth Syringe — Obedience

“Do you like it like this... or like this?” The sound of my roommate’s voice was heated, erotic, even more so when she was giving me the best handjob of my life, and, at the same time, kissing me with soft, sensual pecks on the lips.

“Mhmm.”

I pulled her in again, to taste her heavenly lips, but Amber resisted, frowning at me.

“Hello? Earth to David.”

I mirrored her frown. “What?”

“I’m asking an important question here.” My roommate started massaging my balls again, causing me to moan. “Do you like it if I do this?” She ran her manicured fingernails lightly over the skin of my testicles, ever so gently curling inwards, teasing them.

“Or this,” Amber held them with a gentle, but firm grip. I immediately felt the warmth enveloping my balls and almost came when she began rolling part of the skin with her thumb and index finger. I closed my eyes and tilted my head back, moaning out my delight.

“Okay, I’m guessing you like this one more,” she said, a wry smile tugging at her glistening lips. She increased the rhythm on her right hand that was jerking me off while still rolling my testicles. “Noted.”

“I’m going to cum,” I breathed, my eyes still sealed shut in pleasure. I felt her lips claiming mine and her tongue greeted my mouth, and I savored her unique taste.

Her tongue retreated, and she cupped my balls, squeezing them gently. I felt the wet slide of her tongue again, but this time on the crown of my cock, ready to taste me.

My roommate looked at me, her eyes glowing. “Come.”

That one word. So breathy, so full of lust, and coming out from my own roommate’s lips. The woman who I’d lusted for years. The woman who claimed every single one of my wet dreams, the woman who was the center of every masturbation session. Just a month ago, she never would have kissed me, probably would never talk to me again if I tried. She was a closet lesbian and saw me as a brother. Not anymore. I had changed that.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck.” My hands on the back of her head, pulling on her French braids as I erupted into her mouth. She enthusiastically swallowed it all down. The pleasurable eternity

finally ended, and she began expertly lapping up my entire length, making sure not a drop of semen was to be wasted—one of my rules she agreed upon.

Her tongue ran the underside of my softening cock, then out, then in again, wrapping her lips around it, pushing her tongue down to guide the firm tip into her mouth.

When she was done, I was hard again.

“Well?” Amber said expectantly, straightening her spine but still maintaining her kneeling position. I was sitting on the edge of her bed, which was a dream in and of itself. My roommate was VERY adamant about her privacy. Over the years I have known her, I couldn’t recall a single instance where she’d let anyone in her room. According to the agreement, there were to be no secrets hidden from us, so she made the effort of regularly inviting me to her room, which I now see as the ‘fuck room’ since all the sex so far happened right here, on her bed.

Of course, I couldn’t share my secrets.

“Yeah,” I panted, still struggling to catch my breath. “That was great, as always.”

“Good,” she smirked, pushing herself to her feet and heading to her bathroom. “Wait here while I clean myself up.”

I nodded, watching her delicious ass go. I might be biased, but my roommate had the absolute sexiest hip sway. If I could, I would stare at those juicy cheeks all day, but she had chores to do now. She was clad only in thin lingerie; lingerie that I would choose for her to wear every day, along with a various assortment of high heels I hadn’t realized she owned. I proposed for her to go naked around the house, but she quickly shut that down, saying there was no way she’d be naked 24/7 since she gets cold easily and that it was ‘uncomfortable’.

Bummer.

I could, of course, change all that with the next injection. Make her unable to disobey any of my commands anymore. Make her believe that whatever I say was the right thing to do. And I was planning to do that. Tomorrow.

She will be totally and completely mine then. Forever.

I studied her room while she rinsed her mouth with mouthwash. Another one of our agreements. I didn’t want to kiss her and taste my own semen.

Her room had the same color scheme as mine—blue. A floor to ceiling bookshelf filled with various types of books covered the right side of the room and a huge flat screen TV dominated the other side. I could only wonder why Amber bothered to watch her Korean dramas in the living room since the TV here was so much better.

I also didn't know why she was so insistent on keeping her room so private. I couldn't see anything worth hiding. Aside from pictures of her graduation and some family photos on her desk, there was nothing 'personal' here.

I sighed and lay back lazily on her bed. I enjoyed being in her room, not only because it was the fuck room, but also because it smells exactly like her. Flowery, minty. The smell you would get when you stroll through an exotic garden.

Amber finally came out of the bathroom and I looked up, taking in all of her like I always did. She was naked now, having discarded her lingerie. Her French braid, perfectly done up how I liked, fell down to the smooth curves of her lower back. Her breasts, a sight that I could gaze upon forever, looking so full and perfect, stared back at me, her hardened nipples poking up. Her natural, toned body that came from ruthless dieting and countless blood, sweat and tears from the gym. Her sex, the instrument that had created countless rippling orgasms, was now completely shaven and looking soaking wet for me.

She was perfection itself.

She frowned at me. "What?"

"Nothing," I said innocently. "Just admiring how beautiful you are."

She snorted, but I could see she was struggling not to smile. "Get up. I prepared a bath for us."

I raised an eyebrow. "Really? That will have to wait since I want you bent over first."

"We don't have time."

"What?"

"Our date." It was her time to raise an eyebrow. She crossed her arms over her beautiful breasts and tapped her right foot. "You didn't forget, did you?"

"Uhh..."

"Really? We have a reservation for six thirty at the Italian restaurant downtown. We only have forty minutes."

I gave her a smile. "Forty minutes? Plenty of time. Come here."

She was not amused. "Don't make this hard, Dave. Come on, let me wash you. Then you can choose my dress. You know I hate to be late."

I could have commanded her to just shut up and let me take her. I could fuck her anytime and however many times I wanted, as long as it's in the house and there were no guests present. One of the rules that she'd reluctantly accepted.

She probably was thinking of that too because her eyes changed from determined to pleading and her tone became angelic, high pitched.

"Please?"

I sighed. "Fine. But I'm fucking you first thing when we get back."

She walked over and pulled me up. "I have no problems with that."

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Amber, at the very least, allowed me to play with her tits while she washed me, the pounding jets of warm water cascading down on both of us. It was tempting not to do more than just sucking on her nipples or kneading her full breasts as I was getting rock hard again from her determined fingers sliding up and down my chest.

"Let's cancel the date," I said, moaning softly when she kneeled down to wash my throbbing cock. "I want another blowjob."

My roommate made a frustrated sound. "Come on. You know how much I love Italian food. No way we are canceling."

She stood up. "Okay, turn around."

I did so with just a scowl, rather admiring the view of my roommate naked than the dull bathroom walls. She began running delicate fingers down my back, before drawing them back up and massaging my neck that was sore from all the fucking we did recently.

Amber was really serious about our new relationship, waking up every day at the crack of dawn, dutifully completing all her chores before sliding back with me in bed, snuggling close until I woke up. She would then get up to make me my breakfast in bed, then assist me in completing my daily rituals, which was a major distraction more often than not—it was hard to complete flossing my teeth or bother getting up at all when I'd rather be in bed all day fucking a smoking hot blonde.

"Master?"

I could never get used to her calling me that. "Hmm?"

“Am I better than Kim?”

I winced at the name. Kim. My ex-girlfriend. It was a messy breakup, ending with arguments and things being thrown around. I shuddered, shoving the memories out of my mind.

I snorted. “What do you think?”

“I mean sexually.”

I turned towards her, reminding myself to hold her gaze instead of drawing them down to her more... eye pleasing features.

I told her the truth. “You’re the best I ever had.”

And it wasn’t even close.

“Kim was your first.”

“My statement still stands.”

“You are a douche, you know that?” But I knew she was joking. Oh, if only she knew...

I drew forward, catching her hips and claiming her sweet lips.

Amber resumed washing me again, kneeling down to clean my legs. “But really, how has the sex been so far?” she said, without looking up. “Am I pleasing you enough?”

“Yeah,” was all I could manage. She was grazing my thighs, occasionally touching my balls with her fingers. I recomposed myself. “You’re fucking amazing.”

Her smile was radiant. “Good.”

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The attire of the night I chose for her was a red silk dress that showed off her lean shoulders, hugged all her luscious curves, and had a huge slit which showed off her long, toned legs. I vividly remembered her talking about wearing it only on very special occasions, and now I could understand why. She looked irresistible in it. I wanted to make people gawk at her and know that she was off limits.

Amber pouted a little, begging me to choose a lesser dress, but eventually relented, grumbling her way to silence when I gave her my best poker face.

"It's too tight," my roommate moaned again when we got into her Chevrolet. I leaned back in my seat while she put the car in gear.

"Would you rather me choose some lingerie for you instead?"

She gasped. "You wouldn't dare."

"No?"

"You know people will be staring at me all night, right?" she chided, trying to change my mind one more time. "When I wore this to prom, I was uncomfortable with the amount of drool from all the men gawking at me."

I laughed. "That's the whole point."

She raised an eyebrow. "You wouldn't get jealous?"

"No. I like it when people stare at you, then find out that you are mine."

"Fiend," she said, turning her head forward, but I caught her smiling.

Dinner was superb—and very expensive—but made worth it by all the men (and women) giving me the 'you are so damn lucky' look. Amber also couldn't resist touching me. She ran her foot up and down my calves all throughout dinner. It was then I figured out that eating with a raging hard on was tougher than it sounded.

Amber jumped me as soon as we arrived home, shoving me to the wall with a hard kiss.

I took it, loving how she felt and tasted in my mouth. I ran my hands around her hips, feeling up her curves for a few beats before drawing up to unzip her dress.

"Maybe you should close the door before someone spots us," I mumbled into her mouth.

Amber ignored me, her tongue doing wonders to mine. One of her hands cupped my raging hard on and did a few sloppy pumps through my jeans.

My hot roommate finally drew back, winking at me and shutting the door with her foot.

"There. Can we fuck now?"

I looked at her, then the door, then back at her. "Lock it?"

She made an exaggerated groan and locked the door. "You are soooo demanding sometimes, you know that?"

I smiled, then led her by the small of her back down the hallway.

“Not in my room?” my soon to be fucked toy asked.

“No.”

I had fully pulled down her zipper by the time we got to my room. It smelt unfamiliar. For the past three days, I had only slept in Amber’s room.

“You haven’t even put your laundry away,” she grumbled, pointing to the pile of clothing that was neatly stacked on my chair.

“That’s not my job anymore, remember?”

“I don’t know where to put your shit. Your wardrobe is a mess.”

“Then fix it.”

I pried off her dress and soon enough—except for her midnight black high heels—she was naked. I stared at her awe-inspiring beauty as if seeing it for the first time.

Amber wasn’t paying attention, staring at my open wardrobe with the mountain of messy clothes lumped inside. She tapped her pretty chin. “Hmm.”

“Get in bed, now.”

“Alright, alright.” Amber put up her hands in mock surrender, as if she wasn’t the one who had been excited for sex. She kicked off her high heels before climbing onto my still freshly made bed.

I didn’t waste time. I pulled off my tie, shrugged out of my dress shirt, and unbuckled my belt as fast as I could. My cock was throbbing so badly for her.

Amber draped her hands over my shoulders as I climbed on top of her. She was panting and my chest lit with pride as I noted the sexy gleam in her blue eyes, telling me how much she lusted for me, how much she wanted me in her. Right now. The super drug was producing incredible results. In just a couple of weeks, I went from being only a friend whom she couldn’t even imagine being naked in front of, to now, someone she has no problems fucking.

My life was completely changed. And I still had two more shots to give her.

“Your cock goes in here. You know that, right?” Amber said, pointing one finger to her already glistening cunt.

“Shut up. I was just thinking about how beautiful you are.”

She laughed. “I’m going to puke.”

I didn’t know how she was always wet for me; sliding into her was so easy. Amber reacted by inhaling sharply, like she always did when I entered her. I rolled my hips, pushing deeper and deeper, my hands palming her perfect breasts, relishing how snugly they fit in my palms and how good they felt under my touch.

Amber grunted, biting her bottom lip in a way that made me go wild. She grunted again, pressing her heels against the bed, churning her hips, working to fit me until I was fully inside her. Amazing. She felt fucking amazing.

“Oh, fuck,” she blurted out in a single breath, low and hot, tilting her head backwards and shutting her eyes as I found my rhythm, pumping my hips into her. “You feel so good, Master.”

I leaned forward and claimed her mouth, tugging her lips with my teeth. She startled a bit at the touch, her eyes still closed. Then she relaxed into me, parting her lips, demanding my tongue to seek entry. I obliged.

Her tanned skin was already slick with perspiration and I was so close to the edge, which frustrates me. I never lasted long inside her. I thought that experience would wisen me up. But it never did. Three days later and I was still orgasming just one or two minutes in. I had hoped to break five by now. She just felt that good. But that wasn’t an excuse I was comfortable with. I wanted to ride her for hours on end, fucking her till dawn crept in and I still wanted to keep going.

I was dragged back down towards my partner’s inviting lips as she banded an arm around my neck, pulling me into hot, deep kisses.

“Come in me, Master,” she said, her voice raspy and needy.

“Not yet,” I grunted, clinging onto her lips. Her hands drew down to my ass and her fingernails dug into my skin as I swallowed her hot moans.

“Please.”

“Not yet.” I decided to punish her for that. Later. I didn’t want to end my enjoyment prematurely.

Amber made a sound of annoyance as I drew back, pushing off the arm that was so keen on keeping me on her lips.



“Kiss me,” she pouted.

I ignored her, drawing my hands back to her breasts and giving her pebbled nipples a hard squeeze as a small punishment. My roommate half moaned, half grunted. I went back to cupping her breasts, feeling her thundering heartbeat beneath my palms, enjoying how excited I was making her.

“I’m going to come,” my submissive said, her voice almost drowned out by my own heartbeat drilling in my ears.

“No.”

“Please.”

“No.”

Her cunt tightened around my cock, threatening release. I gave a low warning growl, and it softened back up. She stuck her tongue out at me, even though her lips were visibly quivering.

“I’m going to punish you later,” I grunted out, not being able to hold back the impending orgasm anymore.

“Punish me...” she echoed, her eyes glazing over. “Oh, my god...”

I came, exploding into her and her folds tightened up again. So tight. Her own orgasm came through, milking my cock in a welcoming squeeze. Our grunts and words, laden with lust, filled up the room.

My orgasm finally subsided, rolling down slowly in multiple waves, spurting cum into her until I was completely dry.

“Jesus,” Amber finally managed out after a moment of silence, only broken by our heavy breathing and the smell of after sex. A grin formed on her perspiration covered features. “That was fucking amazing. Let’s do that again later.” She paused. “In a different position, perhaps. But, of course, it’s your call.”

With a groan, I slid out of her and rolled onto my side of the bed in a breathless pile. Amber slid behind me, her slick breasts pressing into my back and her swollen sex to my ass. She started humping me, giggling, when I gasped.

“Are you hard again?” I felt her sit up, glancing over to see my cock. “No?” she slid back down and started sensually sliding her still wet sex over my buttocks, taunting me.

I turned towards her. “Stop it.”

She stopped and frowned. "What?"

"I have to punish you."

"For what?"

"For trying to make me cum as quickly as possible and almost coming before me."

"I did not."

"You did."

I watched my roommate grumble inwardly, then sat up, straightening herself. "Okay, Master. What's my punishment?"

I watched her boobs jiggle as she waited for my answer, her nipples still hard and as swollen as her cunt. I tapped my chin exactly the way she does it, pretending to think.

"Umm... you are to go grocery shopping tomorrow wearing just lingerie."

She stiffened. "No."

I drew my hand to her wet folds. She didn't make a move to stop me. I circled her labia with teasing circles before rubbing her clit with the pad of my thumb, making her squirm.

"Yes."

"No..."

I raised an eyebrow. "Remember the agreement?"

She was already panting, her words tumbling out in a breathy rasp. "Yeah. And I have the right to say no. Then you have to find a compromise."

"Okay." I stopped rubbing her clit. "If you don't obey, I will stop fucking you for a month."

She gasped. "You wouldn't."

"I will."

"That's not fair, Dave. And you know it."

"Will you obey or not?"

She let out a defeated sigh, gripping my thumb with her two fingers and using it to rub her clit again.

"Fine. But don't choose something super revealing."

"I will make you wear that sexy number you had on last night."

She stopped moving my thumb. "No..."

I couldn't take it anymore. I started laughing. "I was joking! You really think I would do that?"

"That's not fair, Dave." She gave me a look, then started using my thumb to rub her clit again, this time faster, angrier. "You threatened to withdraw sex. How is that taking care of me and making me happy?"

I was still laughing. "I was joking."

She stuck her tongue out at me. "Not fucking funny."

"Okay," I pulled my hand away, sat up and patted my lap. "Lie across my lap."

"What?"

"Your punishment."

She frowned. "Isn't torturing me with that stupid joke punishment enough?"

I licked her juices off my thumb. Fuck, she tasted divine. From her mouth to her cunt.

She grumbled at my silence, then grumbled all the way crawling to me, laying herself face down across my lap. I was getting hard again, my erection poking near her navel. I could feel semen dripping down the sides of my left thigh, but I ignored it. Amber would clean me up after, then my sheets later.

I took a moment to admire those mouthwatering ass cheeks, right there, just staring up at me, begging to be fondled. I ran a hand over her left cheek, feeling how smooth it felt, how firm they were when I squeezed them in my palms. They jiggled and bounced as Amber shifted in her new, uncomfortable position.

Then, without warning, I drew my hand back and delivered a hard smack to her right cheek.

My roommate gasped and pulled away from my lap, practically jumping off the bed.

“What the fuck?” she cried, rubbing her right cheek and glaring at me.

I remained stone faced. “Lie back down.”

“Seriously?”

“This is your punishment,” I said simply, still maintaining my passive composure. Inside, I was screaming, my heart throbbing in my ears, and my right hand still tingling madly from the contact.

“What type of fucking punishment is that?”

“Lie back down, Amber.”

“Fuck that.”

I faked a sigh. “Do you want this relationship to work out or not?”

I knew she would say yes. Not being with me would mean a lifetime devoid of pleasure and happiness.

She furrowed her brow. “Yes, but that doesn’t mean insane punishments.”

I smiled inwardly. I knew she was very sensitive about people touching her ass. She liked it when people stared at it—which many, many people do. It wasn’t hard—but touching it was an entirely different matter. On the first day of her submission, she was very reluctant about me fondling her cheeks, but gradually became comfortable with it after hours and hours of me worshipping them.

“Are you going to obey me or not?” I said flatly, and she threw me a death glare.

She said something under her breath but slowly shuffled forward, resting gently back on my lap.

I didn’t wait for a beat. I drew back again and slapped the same cheek, causing her to gasp.

“Are you going to cum before me again?” I inquired, drunk on the power I have over her.

A small whimper. “No.”

A slap on her left cheek, that one still pink and ready. She jerked forward, but I held her down using my free hand.

“Are you going to let me cum in my own time now?”

“Yes.”

Another slap, another whimper. “Apologize.”

“I’m sorry, Master.”

I slapped her one more time, just for the fun of seeing her squirm and the feeling of her jiggling cheeks beneath my palm.

I didn’t want it to seem like I was slapping her for nothing, so I quickly said, “Say it again.”

“I’m sorry, Master.”

“Okay, get up and prepare my shower.”

She did so quickly, rubbing her ass and running towards my bathroom.

I let out the breath I’d been holding when she was out of sight. My cock was throbbing madly; I was so turned on. Slapping had always been a fantasy of mine, and doing it to the girl of my dreams was a godsend. Sadly, she didn’t seem to enjoy it as much.

Amber washed me in unnatural silence. Usually, she would throw me a wink, a flirty glance, or would graze my cock ‘accidentally’ while washing near my stomach. She didn’t do any of that, her head held down and her eyes focused on her hands.

“Amber?”

“Yeah?” She didn’t meet my gaze.

“Are you angry with me?”

A pause.

“No, Master.”

She said ‘Master’ without her usual unique purr to it. Just saying my title with a flat, rigid tone.

“I’m sorry.”

Her fingers steeled for a second, then resumed their washing.

“Okay.” A beat passed. “Master.”

She completed washing me without meeting my gaze, her fingers mechanical and none of the teasing to my still throbbing cock when it was time for her to wash it.

Amber gave my body a final look over, making sure she had done her job well, then left, leaving me feeling like complete shit.

I wanted to scream. She promised me she would fulfill my every fantasy, but now she was sulking when I was doing what turned me on.

She wasn't waiting in my room when I stepped out of the bathroom. My gaze immediately flitted to the locked cabinet in the corner of my room, where the two unused syringes still lay.

I made my way to her room and turned the knob. It was locked. I frowned and knocked on the door.

I waited for what felt like an eternity. Finally, the door opened a little, showing the pretty features of a red-eyed Amber.

"Yeah?"

"I want to sleep with you."

"I'd rather not tonight, but I will if you command me to."

"I want to sleep with you."

"Okay," she whispered hoarsely, opening the door fully, revealing her in pajamas. "Would you prefer if I was naked?" She wasn't meeting my eyes again.

"Whatever you feel comfortable with," I said simply, giving her an option to choose and, hopefully, easing the tension.

"Okay," she said again, then slumped down on her side of the bed, still in her pajamas.

Frowning, and feeling like the worst human being who ever existed, I climbed into bed with her, scooting forward so that I was boning her ass. She started, but said nothing.

I draped my hand over her stomach. "Amber..."

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry."

“Okay.”

God dammit. It wasn't okay.

“Turn around.”

She didn't turn around. “Is that a command?”

I stiffened. She really knew how to make me feel like shit.

I didn't say anything, and soon after, I fell asleep with her back turned towards me.

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Amber seemed to be in a better mood the next day. I awoke to breakfast in bed, which still seemed bizarre to me. A smoking hot woman in lingerie serving you breakfast would be a dream come true to anyone.

My roommate greeted me with a small smile.

“Hey.”

I returned that smile, glad to even see her smiling at me.

“Hey.”

“Tell me how the bacon tastes. I hope I didn't overcook it.”

I studied her through the corner of my eye while chewing on the bacon strip. It was good, but I took my time chewing. She had that sexy gleam in her eyes again.

And on cue...

“About last night...” Amber said hesitantly, shuffling her feet. She paused, then handed me a paper, which I took with a frown. Whatever it was, it wasn't good.

I opened the folded paper to see a copy of our agreement, this time with red ink slashed through one line of the ‘For the dominant’ section.

- 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.

She had drawn a red line across ‘Slapping (as punishment) is okay’.

I looked up at her. My roommate held my gaze uneasily, biting her lower lip. "I really want this to work, Master." She sat down facing me on the bed, looking at my feet. "I knew you enjoyed slapping. I thought I was doing you a favor by writing it down, then thought nothing of it later. But... I just can't. You have to understand, I'm just not comfortable with people touching my ass. You can still touch it... but.... no more slapping." She looked up at me with hopeful eyes. "Okay?"

It wasn't okay. Things got off to a rough start on the second day, where I demanded anal and she refused it, spluttering apologies and compromises. It wasn't just slapping her pretty ass cheeks. I wanted her to completely submit to me, make her know that her body belongs to me, that she has no say about it.

Tonight, I repeated to myself. Tonight.

"Yeah, it's okay," I managed out through gritted teeth.

"Thank you." My beauty hugged me, careful to avoid the breakfast tray. "I knew you would understand. What happened last night... It's my fault. I should have been more clear." She cleared her throat. "I think it's time to establish our safe word, don't you think? So nothing like that will ever happen again."

I could only nod.

"You can choose it. I can't think of anything right now."

"Umm... unicorn?"

Amber laughed, the sound of it music to my ears. "Unicorn? Really?"

I shrugged. Too glum to think of anything else.

She gave my shoulder a playful punch. "Hey, you're the Master." She studied my tray and at me picking on my food. "So, how's the bacon?"

"Great."

"Good! Do you want me to do anything? If not, I will resume my chores, then come back once I am done."

"Yeah, sure."

I received a peck on the lips before she walked out of the room, her light, flowery scent trailing behind her.



I sighed when she was gone. I hated this. The rules and the refusal to completely submit to me. The goal was to make her the perfect sex slave. I had the relationship, the sex, but it still wasn't perfect. I left my half finished breakfast on her table and walked back to my room, making sure the door was locked before making my way towards the drawer.

I unlocked it and stared at the green liquid, seemingly bubbling in the little containers.

Two left, but one was more than enough to complete the job.

I didn't wait for tonight. I didn't even bother reading her diary. I grabbed the pendulum, filled the syringe up and made my way towards my soon-to-be thrall, my strides strong and filled with purpose.

She was ironing my clothes when I reached her. Damn it. Just seeing her in that black lace lingerie made me horny as hell. Her face lit up when she saw me, but she frowned when she noticed the syringe and pendulum in my hand. "What's th—"

"Amber sleepyhead."

I caught her with one hand before she could fall, then carried her to the sofa.

Amber sighed when I injected her with the drug. The session began.

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"Why didn't you like it when your Master punished you by slapping your ass?"

My roommate squirmed in her seat. Sunlight was streaming down on her face, making the soft blond strands of her hair glow like burnished gold.

"I just don't like it when anyone touches me... there."

"But he owns you."

A frown. "No, he doesn't."

"You are his slave."

"His submissive," she corrected, a dangerous sharp edge to her monotone.

Time to make her drugged mind see sense in my flawed logic.

"David Book is your Master."

"Yes."

"Say it."

"David Book is my Master."

"What does a Master have?"

"Umm..."

"What is the opposite of 'Master'?"

"Umm..."

I answered for her. "Slave."

She frowned, but otherwise nodded.

"So a Master owns a slave, right?"

"Yeah..."

"Do you have a Master?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"My roommate. David Book."

"Who are you to him?"

"His girlfriend."

"And?"

"His submissive."

"Wrong."

Her frown deepened. "Huh?"

"A Master owns slaves right?"

"Yes..."

"Only slaves."

"Only slaves," she echoed.

"You have a Master, yes?"

"Yes."

I tried to hold my dick still with my free hand. It was throbbing like crazy and making it damn hard to concentrate.

"What does a Master own?"

There was a short pause. Then...

"A slave."

"Doesn't a slave obey her Master's every command?"

"Yes."

"Do you obey your Master's every command?"

She didn't answer.

"Do you obey your Master's command?" I rephrased.

"Yes."

"So you obey your Master's command?"

No pause. "Yes."

"What does that make you?"

I waited. No answer.

I mentally counted to ten, forcing myself to relax.

"You have a Master, yes?"

"Yes."

“Who has a Master?”

Her lips didn’t move.

“What does a Master own?”

“A slave.”

“What does a slave have?”

“A Master.”

“Who is your Master?”

“David Book.”

“And what does David Book have?”

“A slave.”

I froze. Did she just...

“What does David Book have?”

No hesitation. “A slave.”

“Who is his slave?”

“Me.”

\* \* \*

I spent the next thirty minutes redefining and refining what a slave was.

By the time I was done, my shoulder was throbbing painfully from holding the pendulum for so long and my throat was raspy and dry from talking too much.

I exhaled. “What is a slave?”

“A slave is a person who is owned by a Master. A slave obeys her Master. A slave’s only thoughts are of her Master. A slave’s sole existence is for her Master. A slave...”

I let her drone on, tired from the number of times I’d had her repeat it.

“Okay,” I said when she was done. “What are you?”

“A slave.”

“Whos slave?”

“David Book’s”

“Who do you only obey?”

“My Master.”

“Can you disobey your Master?”

“No.”

“What are your only thoughts?”

“Of my Master. How I can please Him, how I can serve Him, how I can make myself more desirable to Him, how I can—”

“What is your sole purpose in life?”

“To serve and please my Master.”

“Who owns your body?”

“My Master.”

“Can your Master do whatever he wants with your body?”

“Yes.”

Time for a trick question.

“What does a slave own?”

“Nothing.”

I gave myself a tired smile. Time to wake her up.

\* \* \*

“Amber?”

I watched as my slave rubbed her eyes, blinking up at me.

“Master?”

I tensed, expecting anything to happen.

Amber blinked a few more times, before exploding in a wide smile, showing her perfect whites. “Master!”

I smiled at her. “Hey.”

“Are you horny, Master?”

“...yeah.”

My slave drew in for a kiss. It was deep and ravenous, having a desperation I’d never felt from her. She finally drew back, nipping my jaw, sliding a sly hand to my crotch.

“Where do you want me, Master?” she whispered into my ear. Oh, fuck.

I decided to test it. Ask her something that was forbidden for her.

“In the ass,” I breathed. “In your fucking ass.”

“Of course, Master.” she purred back, gave me one last sensual kiss. Amber drew back and started stripping before going down on all fours.

A breath caught in my throat. Just an hour ago, she would have screamed at me for breaking the promise that I would never demand anal sex. And now... she just... accepted it like it was normal.

“Master?” Her purr gave me goosebumps. I watched Amber wiggle her delightful ass at me. “Your slave is waiting.”

“Uh, yeah,” I said, pulling down my shorts then catching her by the hips. Given the new programming, I had expected her to agree to this. Even so, I was sweating bullets.

I lined up my cock with her ass, reluctantly pressing myself to the seam of her butt, going in slowly, carefully. My slave wiggled her ass left and right, then backwards, making entering her much easier.

I gasped. Fuck, she was tight. Tighter than when I first entered her three days ago. Maybe I should have applied lube.

I went in her compact hole another inch, then another. I was halfway inside now, and Amber was making exaggerated moaning sounds, which was so unlike her, filling the house with our fucking. I hoped the neighbors wouldn't hear us.

I pulled out, my breathing hectic and heavy.

"Master?" Amber looked over her shoulder with a confused expression. "What is it?"

Suddenly, fear took over her expression, and she crawled towards me, settling herself in a kneeling position. "Master, are you dissatisfied with your slave?"

"No," I muttered, and she beamed at me like I'd just said the best thing in the world.

"Where do you want me, Master?"

I sighed inwards. "Let's just... do the normal thing, okay?"

My slave scrambled to her feet, dragging me to her room with an excited hand.

"Yes, Master!"

\* \* \*

I grunted in between thrusts, hearing Amber's groans as the orgasm rolled over her, tightening her cunt in the perfect way and milking my seed out in a huge burst.

Exhausted from my third back-to-back orgasm, I rolled away from her and my slave immediately followed, curving her body against mine in the way I liked. I gave in, turning back around and pressing her mouth over mine, making me claim her in a ferocious kiss.

I broke the seal of our mouths and clicked my tongue. Immediately, my slave got up, gave me one last lingering kiss, before making her way to the bathroom to prepare my hot bath.

I watched her go. It's been six days since we agreed to the contract and three days since she received her fourth shot. Three days of perfection, three days of nonstop sex. She has been the perfect slave, every single action she took, every thought she had since then... all for me.

She never orgasmed anymore, which was a side effect I hadn't foreseen. She did cum, but only for my benefit, since it couldn't be a coincidence that she always orgasmed just a second every time I came. Every time.

Amber was perfect now... so why was I empty inside? I haven't touched her ass since that day, not even daring to fondle it, always jerking back like touching something hot whenever I instinctively did. Why?

Amber was confused at first, asking me why I didn't want to feel up her ass. I told her I didn't want to, and that was that. She never spoke of it again. No explanations needed.

My slave never argued with me either, accepting whatever I said with a cheerful, 'Yes, Master!'

Maybe what's bugging me was the conversations we had now, or lack thereof.

Everything that came out of her mouth was about me—how could she please me more, how could she possibly suck my cock better, how could she improve kissing me, if I wanted a blowjob, if I wanted to be inside her when I woke up the next morning. I couldn't get an actual conversation going. She would always divert the conversation back around to me. I mean, why wouldn't she? I was her living God now, and she believed the sole reason for her existence was to please me.

"Master, your bath's ready." The purr of her voice carried through the bathroom and into the room that reeked heavily of sex.

With a sigh, I went inside, plopping myself down next to her. The temperature was perfect, of course.

"Do you want to fuck me now, Master?"

"No."

"Yes, Master."

She laid her head on my chest instead, unconsciously rubbing her hand up and down my shaft, making it hard again.

I tried one last time to make conversation.

"Are you going out with your friends tomorrow?" I frowned. "Uhh.. what were their names again?"

"Mike and Fletcher?" She shook her head. "I'm canceling it to be with you. Unless you want me to go out with them, Master?" She looked up at me.

I shook my head numbly. She nodded and laid back down. The decision was settled in an instant.



Amber was a sex slave now, my sex slave. Isn't that what I wanted all this time? Now I have it. Then... why was I feeling so empty? Why were the orgasms I was having with her now way less enjoyable than the ones before? Why?

Because I liked the old Amber more.

I jerked, the realization hitting me like a tidal wave. Amber looked up at me again. When I didn't say anything, she smiled and tilted her pretty chin back down, her hands now committed to my cock, jerking me off with determined finesse.

I orgasmed without a moan, without a grunt, without a twitch, not even a sound. Amber's mouth was already on my cock, swallowing every drop, making sure none leaked into the water.

I miss the little arguments, the debates we had about the ruling of our new relationship. The cute grumbles she did when I told her to do something she didn't like, but she always submitted; except for anal, she always relented, always made sure I was happy. It was artificial love, but she was happy. Genuinely happy.

I was going to get the old Amber back.

My Amber.