

## Chapter 5: The Fifth Syringe—Slavehood

“Amber?”

That throaty, sexy purr. “Yes?”

Argh. This wasn’t the time to get hard. I needed to concentrate; this was the one syringe I had left, and I needed to make sure everything went smoothly. The goal was to restore my roommate to the way she was before I fucked everything up.

But I couldn’t help it. Amber was getting used to being in a trance, her voice was less of a monotone now and closer to her normal tone—sexy as hell with a breathy, throaty rasp to it and a low, hot purr that triggered my cock every single time. For a moment, I lost focus, recalling all the moments that happened this week when she orgasmed, moaning out my name in that magic voice of hers. Hearing words of lust coming out of her full lips seemed to make my orgasms go on longer and harder.

Everything about Amber was sexy, from her breathtaking facial features that rivaled those of a supermodel, to a body that possessed curves almost too dreamy to be real, to breasts which fit perfectly in my palms, as if they were made specifically for me, to a exotic ass, smooth yet firm, and by far her best feature.

My roommate had deemed it forbidden for anyone to touch her there. Except me. She gave me enough trust—more than she’d given anyone else in her life—to touch it, fondle it, and play with it for hours on end. Although I made the mistake of pushing her boundaries too fast. It just seems to be much hotter like that.

Like the saying went, the forbidden fruit always tastes the sweetest—and that sweetness was the full, curvy ass of Amber Rose. I wanted the whole fruit, not just pieces of it. I want to ravage her ass, inside and out. But the main priority for now was to get Amber back to ‘normal’, the way she was three days ago, before the fourth injection.

I snapped back into focus, watching my drugged, entranced roommate swaying her head with the pendulum, her eyes dull and unblinking, tears free falling down her flushed cheeks and off her chin.

“Amber?” I repeated.

“Yes?”

My cock throbbed a little, pre-cum leaking out from the tip. The little voice inside of me was telling me not to go through with this, that she was perfect now. He was right; Amber was

perfect. She would do literally anything for me right now. All her thoughts were of me, how she could please me better, how she could be a better slave.

But I wanted my Amber back, the one who argues over the littlest things, the one who makes me laugh, the one who gives me 'real' affection compared to the blind, stiff devotion now.

Even if she was going to be a worse sex slave, I still want her back.

I took a deep breath, going over the script in mind.

"You're going to forget everything that happened after March 13th."

March 13th was the day I punished her, the day before I snapped and injected her with the super drug earlier than I had anticipated.

Forgetting everything after that fateful day meant forgetting the punishment I gave her that day and everything she did afterwards while she was completely brainwashed and all my sick hidden commands I'd engraved in her mind. The ones that morphed her into what she was now.

"Okay."

"It will be a haze. All that you remember is that you had the best time of your life with David Book."

She smiled at that. I improvised.

"You can only remember bits and pieces after March 13. The best sex you ever had in your life with David, long talks with him in your bed, kissing him until the sun rose, snuggling with him every day while watching K drama."

She nodded, still smiling.

That was it. It only took a couple of minutes to erase her memories and replace them with vague ones. Her mind would fill in the rest.

I went through my thoughts again, running through every single scenario for the hundredth time. This was the last syringe. If I fucked this up, it will be a long before I could make another.

Nope. I couldn't think of anything that would break her mind once she wakes up, or any side effects that would occur—aside from the obvious memory loss.

Time to wake her up and hope for the best.

“Amber, I am going to count to ten, and with each number that passes, you will see the dark place you are in slowly illuminating, becoming brighter and brighter. I want you to feel yourself waking up, and once you do, you will feel very refreshed and the last thing you remember is you and David making out and that you are extremely horny. Do you understand?”

Post-trance Amber with her heavy eyes and hoarse voice had always been fun to fuck.

“Yes.”

I slowly counted to ten, holding my breath as I did, sweat dripping down my forehead, making the pendulum shake a little.

“Eight... Nine... I let out a long exhale... Ten...”

Amber blinked, rubbing away the sleep from her eyes. I quickly tucked the pendulum into my pocket, shifting myself on the couch where we were sitting. She blinked several more times; more tears rolling down her soft cheeks and onto her lap as she did so.

She squinted at me. “Dave? Master?”

I forced a smile. “Hey, I—”

Amber was on me before I could say more. She pinned me on the couch, laying me flat on my back, her piercing blue eyes boring through mine, her breathing heavy and fast, and I could only imagine what she was thinking. And as if breaking free of a spell, my roommate shook her head, the last bit of the trance fading away and she leaned down, claiming my lips and dispersing all my internal worries. Her tongue slipped into me while her hands roamed freely all over my body, going under the hem of my shirt and desperately trying to pry it off me.

I held my arms up before she could rip my favorite shirt. A moment later, it was on the ground, along with hers.

“Amber...” I whispered. I wasn’t sure if the memory wipe had worked or not.

“Shut up and relax.” My roommate was already unclasping her bra, lifting herself up for a moment to discard her black laced panties. She began pulling down my shorts. I wasn’t wearing any underwear, and she stared at my throbbing cock, a sly grin tugging on her lips. “I’m sooo going to fuck your brains out.”

I smiled, more relieved than horny. Slave Amber would never have told me to shut up.

She positioned her slit mere inches above my cock, so close that I could feel the searing heat of her sex and her warm juices dripping out. Amber glanced back up at me, already panting, already soaking wet.

“Are you okay with this position, Master?”

“Yeah, I—”

She pushed down, my cock entering her in a rush.

“Oh, fuck...”

Amber began rolling her hips, working to fit me in her, biting down on her lower lips, a soft moan escaping through them.

She didn’t break eye contact, her intoxicating blue eyes showing that ‘fuck me’ gleam. “Just relax,” she repeated, softer this time, almost a purr. She pecked my lips, and I savored her unique taste. “I’m going to ride you until you come inside me. I will try to hold out until you orgasm first, okay?”

I could only nod.

Her lips claimed mine again, softly this time. Lightly. Just clinging on my lips, kissing me with a compassion and fervor no one has given me before. I didn’t take her kisses for granted, no matter how abundant they were. I never will.

I remembered just weeks ago, where I would do anything just for a taste of her lips, then finally kissing her for the first time when she was in a trance. Amber didn’t kiss me back, being a closet lesbian, but now she couldn’t get attracted to anyone. Except me. It was cruel, but it ensured her loyalty and attraction. It was a small price to pay, and I didn’t feel bad about it in the slightest.

I groaned as her cunt finally engulfed my entire length, then tightened around me, enveloping me in its warm, glistening folds. I shuddered with ecstasy, using everything I had to push back my growing orgasm.

Amber leaned back, straightening her spine and began riding me, thrusting her hips back and forth, slowly at first, then picking up pace, eventually ramming herself onto me, grunting hard and spewing words of lust—music to my ears.

“Slower,” I gasped, finally getting my voice back. “Slower. I don’t want to cum so fast.”

She obeyed, slowing her rhythm, then keeping it, her French braid bobbing back and forth as she worked on my cock. “We can go for round two, Master. No need to end the fun after only one.”

I shook my head and braced myself for an argument. When none came, I looked back at my roommate questionably.

She shrugged. "You make the calls. I just follow them. That's the deal, remember?"

I smiled, then beckoned her forward, wanting to grab her juicy breasts. Amber enthusiastically obliged, surprising and delighting me. But she leaned forward too much, and I realized why she had been so eager.

I pushed her back. "I want your tits, not your mouth."

"I just wish you would make out with me more," she grumbled. "For you, it's all about tits and ass."

But she obeyed, arching her back to allow me access to her full, round breasts. I kneaded the outer areas, slowly closing in and then thumbing her hard nipples. "I enjoy making out with you. Your tits and ass are just more fun."

I pinched her nipples, causing her to throw her head up to the ceiling and let out a long, primal moan. We fucked on and on, slowly but steadily, until I could take no more, spurting out my load, filling her up completely. Possessing her.

Amber came a few seconds after I did, clutching my cock in an iron grip, taking all of me with happy grunts and long moans.

"How long did we fuck?" I asked her when she collapsed on top of me, her forehead touching mine.

"Maybe six minutes or so." She frowned, shifting a bit. I was still inside her, and that simple thought made me happy again. "Why do you ask?"

I sighed, running a hand across her sleek back, pausing over each delicate curve. "I hoped for at least ten."

Amber laughed. "Is that why you keep telling me to slow down? Because you are embarrassed that you always come in, like, a minute?"

"Give me some credit. It's always at least two or three."

She was still laughing, then paused as she kissed me sweetly. "If it makes you feel any better, the other girls I fucked never lasted long, either."

I furrowed my brow. "Don't talk about other people. Especially the ones you fucked."

“Jealous?”

“No shit.”

We stayed silent after that, relishing the feelings after sex, savouring the smells, our chests falling and rising in sync with each other, my cock still hard inside her. This was it. Heaven. I remained there with her for a couple of minutes longer.

“Okay, get off.”

Amber made a frustrated whining sound, but pushed herself off of me. She stretched, and I could see some of my come leaking from her cunt, rolling down her thighs. She winked at me. “You felt good as always, Master. I love how your cock feels in me, and the sounds you make when you come... Fuck, I get so wet just thinking about it.”

I sat up, groaning from my stiff back. For some reason, I felt a little heavy, like my heart was weighing me down. What I did to her, what I am doing to her, was unforgivable.

“Amber, babe...” I started.

She tilted her head. “Yeah?”

“I’m sorry.”

She frowned, coming back towards me and raising a hand to caress my cheeks. It felt so soft, so warm. Comforting. “Why?”

I couldn’t even look her in the eye. “For everything.”

“What do you mean, everything? Is it... oh, you meant the spanking that day? It’s nothing. I am over it. Honestly, you can spank me again if that’s what you want.”

“No, it’s not that.”

She leaned closer, brushing over my lips with her own, giving me a brief sample of her. “What is it?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“No secrets between us, remember?” She gave my hard cock a comforting squeeze, then started stroking her thumb over the sides. Pre cum oozed from the tip. “Master... you can tell me anything. You know that. I will forgive you for anything.”

“Babe...”

“Did you cheat on me?” Her voice cracked, her face twisting like she was about to break down. “Is that it?”

Fuck. Amber was never this emotional before. These couple of weeks have been a rollercoaster of emotions for her: insanely happy when I praise her and the next minute, crying when I fucked something up.

“No, I didn’t cheat on you.”

“Then what is it, Master?”

“It’s nothing. I just wanted to say that I’m sorry and that you mean a lot to me.”

She smiled, but it was forced. I could tell that she was annoyed. I wasn’t telling her everything.

“Okay. I will prepare you a bath now. If you want to talk, we can do it while I’m washing you. Or fucking.” The gleam in her eyes was there again. “Your choice.”

“Okay.”

Amber gave me a little bow.

A bow? That was a little odd, but I wasn’t complaining.

I took a moment to wonder if Amber was even sore—she never showed any signs of fatigue. Maybe the drug increased her stamina or something. It certainly increased her sex drive to near lunatic levels. If I let her have her way, Amber would fuck me until our bodies lacked the resources to produce any more come. She would beg and beg for sex all day. Only chores and errands kept her busy. Who knew sex with the hottest woman on the planet could get tiresome?

As was tradition, I watched her go as she turned and sauntered towards the bathroom, her bare ass swaying in that seductive motion that made everyone look her way; it was impossible not to. She glanced back, slapping her right butt cheek with her palm, the contact creating a sharp noise that stung the air. I watched the cheek jiggle and bounce. Amber winked, blowing me a kiss and mouthing the three words I thought I would never hear from her, or anyone else.

Then she was gone, leaving me with a trail of sweet, flowery aromas mixed with the musky scent of sex.

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I woke up in Amber’s bed again, naked, with my roommate’s breasts pressed closely against me.

My beauty smiled at me. "Hey, sleepyhead."

I flinched, then forced a smile. "Hey."

She pecked me on the lips, then pulled the comforter away from her, getting up and stretching. She had already gotten ready, having done her hair in a sexy French braid and her body all clean from a shower.

"Today's the last day of our agreement," she said against my mouth.

"Uh huh."

Amber retrieved a paper from the desk beside the bed and passed it to me.

It was another agreement, this time more formal. A contract. I looked up at her, surprised.

"I want to renew our relationship," my roommate said, shuffling her feet. "The one week we had was just a test run and I'm really happy with how it turned out. Really happy. So I'm giving all of myself to you."

I looked at the contract again. There were still a lot of rules, but the majority of them were directed at the Submissive and with only one for the Dominant. I looked back up at her.

She shrugged, her cheeks flushed. "I only have one rule: you can have only me as your submissive. You know I'm the jealous type. Other than that, you can do whatever you like with me."

I raised an eyebrow. "No more safe words?"

"No. I trust you."

"How about spanking?"

Amber gave me a smile. "You can do whatever you want with my ass. Anal included. It's yours now, along with everything I own." She pointed to the paper. "Read on."

I did. She was serious. The contract stated that everything Amber owned was now mine, her body, her money, her assets, her stocks—all mine, if I agreed.

"So... how long will this last? I can't seem to find anything stating the duration."

"There's none because I want it to be indefinite."



That got my attention. “What?”

“I want to be yours forever, Master. Body and soul. I really believe this can work out. I promise I will be a good girl. I—”

She blew out a breath, then steadied herself, meeting my gaze. “I’m in love with you. I can’t imagine being with someone else. You.. you make me so happy. Nobody can bring me joy anymore. Only you. I completely trust you and... and I love you.”

I pursed my lips, trying not to show any emotion. The ‘love’ she was feeling was completely artificial. Did I feel bad? A little bit. But what’s done was done, and she even said she was happy, so what’s wrong with that?

*She is happy. I am happy, and—*

“Dave...”

I looked back up at her. A pained look was etched across her face, and it hit me that she was expecting me to repeat those words back.

“I... I don’t expect you to love me so quickly. We have known each other for almost three years, but we just got so close these past couple of weeks. It happened so fast... and I just... fell in love with you. It’s okay if you only see me as a fuck toy. I will be one if that’s all you want me to be. But in time, I believe you will love me as I love you.”

I shook my head. “No babe, that’s not what I meant.”

Amber forced a smile. “It’s okay. I understand.” She gestured to the contract and handed me a pen. “So... can you sign it? I already did.”

I took the pen but stared blankly at the contract. Should I do it? Should I be an asshole and push for more? I already hurt her when I failed to reply that I loved her back.

Amber, as attentive as ever, noticed my hesitation. “You don’t like it,” she said, almost snapping. “What is it? Is it the length of the contract? If you are afraid of long-term commitment, we can do ten year increments instead.”

I stayed silent.

“Five?”

“It’s not that, babe. It’s something else.”

Amber got back on the bed, sitting beside me and frowning. "What is it then? We can discuss the terms now. I don't know what else you want. I already offered everything."

"It's the one rule I have that is—"

"Jesus, Dave." She shoved my shoulder, her voice cracking. "You only have one fucking rule to follow, I have at least fifteen. One fucking rule, Dave. One."

"I know." I held up a hand, tentatively running it along her breasts. She didn't stop me. "I just... I want more."

"Am I not enough?" She snapped, glaring at me through tear-stained eyes. "Is that it? What is it? Is it how I perform during sex? I can do better, you know that. I—"

"You're amazing in bed."

"What is it then? Is it our arguments? I promised I won't argue with you anymore. I will do everything you say. Just look at the damn contract. I can't disobey—"

"Calm down, babe."

"Calm down? Are you insane, Dave? I am literally offering you everything. All you have to do is not cheat on me and you are saying you want to? What the fuck? How can I 'calm down'? Tell me that, oh wise one?" She slammed her fist down on the mattress, then ran her hand through her hair. "Fuck."

"You're right. I'm sorry."

There was a lull in the air, only broken by Amber's occasional sobs. I didn't know what to do, so I raked my hand across her back, smoothing her hair, trying to comfort her. That didn't seem to help. I was such an asshole. She didn't deserve any of this.

"I can do one."

I snapped my head up. "What?"

"You can have one other woman. Honestly, I don't know if I can live with that. But if you really want someone else that badly, then I guess I will have to learn to."

I snuggled myself next to her. She was trembling. "No, I didn't mean it. I'm sorry."

"Don't bullshit me, Dave. If you didn't mean it, you wouldn't have brought it up in the first place. One. That's all you can get."

"I only want you."

That got her crying again, and I held her for god knows how long, whispering soft words of apology to her. Finally she wiped the last of her tears away, leaning her forehead to mine. "Are you sure you don't want one other woman?"

"I only want you," I repeated.

"Okay," she sniffed.

She kissed me again, shoving her tongue into me and tasting me in long, heavy strokes. I squeezed her breasts in response, kneading them in gentle circles, feeling how supple they felt under my touch, teasing her for a few seconds, then squeezing her tits as hard as I could. I swallowed her surprised moan.

"Fuck me, Master," she said in a breathless whisper, laying back and spreading her legs, showing me how wet she was. Heat and desire rippled through me and I looked at her soaking wet cunt, back to her face, then back to her cunt, not sure if it was a good idea to fuck a sobbing woman.

"Please, Master. This is all I'll ever ask of you. Please fuck me until my heart is whole again."

I didn't need any more convincing. If sex with me would make her feel better, I was all up for it. I settled over her trembling frame, gently dipping my cock into her waiting cunt, already anticipating the soft gasp she always let out when I entered her.

She did, gasping my name, pressing her heels onto the mattress, driving downwards, taking all of me in one fell swoop, her cunt rippling frantically around my cock, grasping me with ravenous greed then clamping down as soon as she took all of me in.

"I love you, Master," she gasped in between hot grunts as I rolled my hips, so deep inside her, so close to coming. I closed my eyes and took a moment to relish the heated flare between us, the fleeting feeling of paradise. "I love you so much it hurts."

I nuzzled against her neck, kissing and licking my way down, worshiping her breasts with my tongue. Amber writhed under me, clearly enjoying what I was doing to her, moaning out words of encouragement, groans trickling from her lips, groans so filled with ecstasy and lidded lust that they gushed against my ears, filling me with an animal drive as I plunged into her over and over and over until I could take no more.

I came with a cry, opening the dam and spurting geysers into her. Amber held my gaze with her piercing blues, her heavy eyes glazing over as she took me. "I love you, Master," she said, then she came too.

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"Can I please have one with, like, diamonds or something?" Amber grumbled, staring nervously at the item I was holding.

I looked at the collar, admiring its plain black leather finish. The small silver ring that was attached to the front sparkled from the lights above. "I like it."

"It's so plain. You know I am going to wear that thing for the rest of my life, right?"

"Yes."

She huffed. "Fine."

I handed the collar to her, and she took it with a poorly hidden frown. I laughed. "You won't be wearing that all the time, babe. I am also getting you a nice, tight black choker for when we go out on dates and stuff."

"Does black turn you on or something?" Amber began, then deepened her voice, trying to imitate me. "Black high heels, Amber. Wear a black bra, Amber. Don't forget the black laced panties."

I shrugged, giving her ass a swat at that comment. The guy behind the counter raised his eyebrows at that. "Black just looks good on you."

After a couple minutes of choosing, I picked up a choker I liked and tossed it to my roommate. She caught it, then studied it at arm's length, the frown still heavy on her pretty features.

The guy behind the counter coughed when Amber went up to pay. He eyed her from head to toe as he took the items from her hands, pausing slightly as their fingers made contact. I didn't blame him. Even with the plain black Nike tank top, skin tight grey yoga pants and the half assed hair bun she was rocking, having not bothered to style it to a French braid after the shower sex we had, she was still a vision.

"Hey," the guy said, smiling up at Amber as he scanned the two items in slow motion.

Amber stayed silent. Instead, she looked at me, seeking permission to reply, just in case I would get displeased if she did. I just shrugged then half nodded.

"Sup?" she said, not returning his smile.

"You live around here?"

My roommate gestured to the collar in his hand that he still hadn't scanned. "Mind if you, like, hurry up? My boyfriend and I are in a hurry."

Hurry for the day's ninth sex session. My dick was already throbbing sore.

His smile disappeared at that and he looked at me, shooting daggers like it was my fault. He said something under his breath and scanned both items quickly, shoving them in a yellow plastic bag.

"That will be \$43.50," he muttered.

Amber handed him a fifty, told him to keep the change, grabbed the bag and strode out of the shop, her flowery scent trailing behind, now mixed with fresh shampoo. I sniffed. The guy did too. He looked at me again. I gave him a shrug, then followed her out.

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"It's kind of tight," my roommate grumbled as I wrapped the collar around her neck.

"I like you tight," I said, smiling. That earned me a swat on the shoulder.

Amber fingered her new collar, tilting her head left and right in front of the mirror. "You could at least have used some of the money I transferred over to you to get me a nice diamond one."

"You're a slave, not a queen."

"Your slave," she corrected. "Your one and only for the rest of your life"—she raised an eyebrow—"right?"

"Yeah," I muttered.

My slave sighed, turning from the mirror and facing me. "I just want you to be happy, Master. That's my main priority. If you wish for another submissive, we could work it out."

"We talked about this."

"Yeah, and I am glad about that." She walked towards me, wrapping her arms around me and seeking my lips. "How would you like me?"

"I always prefer the usual."

Amber raised an eyebrow. "You know you can have anal, right? You've never asked for it again. Just know that I am completely yours now. The complete package, everything, and that's

including my ass.” She grabbed my wrist, moving it to her bare buttocks, making me feel her up. “You can have this. Just say the word.”

“I just want your cunt right now,”

“My cunt it is then.” Her lips went back to mine. “For like, what? The fifteenth time today?”

“Ninth,” I mumbled against her mouth.

“You keep track?”

“Mhmm.”

We kissed for a while, her lips moving sweetly against mine, her hands on my cock, pumping me, making me ready for what was about to come. I didn’t need to finger her. She was already wet. Always ready for me.

“Master?”

“Hmm?”

“I’m sorry.”

I looked up. Her hand had left my wrist, but I was still fondling her ass. “For what?”

“For putting you through this. I know it’s fast. Just last month I was screwing around with random chicks, and then the next month, I am suddenly proclaiming my eternal love to you and making you agree to lists of shit and stuff.” She nuzzled her nose against my cheeks. “I don’t know. I was so sure I was a lesbian, but now... all I want to do is fuck you and be with you all day, everyday, for the rest of my life.”

“Mhmm,” I said, abandoning my hand from her plump ass and plunging a finger into her soaking sex. Then another, pulsing them back and forth gently. I hoped she would take the hint and stop talking.

Amber just smiled and arched her hips a bit, giving me better access. “Maybe it’s fate. We were meant to be together.” She giggled childishly. “All this time, the man of my dreams under my very own roof. If only I had known earlier, so I wouldn’t have wasted both our time.”

Frowning that it wasn’t working, I took the extra step and rubbed her clit using the pad of my thumb. She moaned a little, but still continued talking. “It feels that we are married. You know, instead of a ring, you gave me a collar.” She fingered her collar, smiling dreamily. “Then instead of vows, we signed a contract. It’s all the same anyway, agreeing to be together forever through thick and thin. Now, it’s like we are in our honeymoon phase, fucking like teenagers in love.”

I walked her backwards until she fell in bed. I climbed on top of her, growling hungrily.

"I know I've said this a million times already, but I'm just in love with you so much. I would literally do anything for you, kill for you if need be. I've never felt like this before, never loved someone as much as I love you. Never. I just want you to know that. And one day you will feel the same about me."

"Babe."

"Yes, Master?"

"Shut up and let me fuck you already."

Her smile grew wider, naughtier. "Yes, Master." Amber wrapped her legs around my hips, goading me closer to her swollen sex. I didn't wait, I was done with that. She was completely mine now. And not the kind of mine like she was when she was a fully brainwashed sex slave, devoid of any real emotions, and stripped out of her will. She was still brainwashed, yes, but at least she still had some sense of self. Just the Amber I wanted. Mine. All mine, and I was just taking what I owned.

I came in her again that day, and again, and again, and again. I fucked her until dawn came, until our bodies were forced to shut down due to soreness and fatigue. Amber was passed out in my arms, our limbs entwined. I was still inside her, my cock laying cozily halfway in.

I didn't know if I wanted another slave. I could just hypnotize Amber to accept me having as many as I wanted. But I didn't want to tinker with her mind anymore. She was absolutely perfect now, and I was scared to take any more of her will.

Not like she had much left.

Will I be content with Amber for the rest of my life? Having only one slave when I knew I could have more? Many, many more. There are still super hot girls out there, waiting for me to enslave them. I could have supermodels, powerful rich women, or even just sexy stewardesses. It will take time to make more of the super drug, but it could be done. I could have a harem full of girls, all fully dedicated to me, worshiping me as their God, make them exactly like my roommate.

Will I? I don't know. We will see. For now, all I could think about was the woman in my arms, inhaling her unique, flowery aroma, embracing the moment as it was. I could love her. Hell, I was falling in love with her already. I could have many, many more women, but for now, I was perfectly content with Amber. My roommate. My submissive. My slave.

Mine. Forever.

**END**