

fHiring Mom as my new maid

Chapter 1

I was pretty sure what I was doing was illegal. But god damn, why does illegal stuff always feel so fucking good?

I moaned as my hypnotized bitch bobbed her head up and down on my cock. I had to wonder if her husband received the same treatment. It didn't take me long to orgasm, and I came with a grunt, spurting my load into her mouth. The whore swallowed every drop mindlessly, her eyes glazed and unfocused.

Of course, she wasn't actually a bitch. Or a whore. Or anything like that, really. Cassy was a happily married woman, with two kids, and a great husband, at least from what she told me. And yet here I am, forcing her to give me daily blowjobs. Today, it was behind an old McDonald's in a deserted parking lot.

Cassy wasn't aware that she has been my fuck toy for almost three months. I knew who she was when she first volunteered to be hypnotized. Another one of those foolish people who think that they couldn't be put under, and they were trying to prove hypnosis wasn't real in front of a live audience. I think they think it would make them feel good or something.

I don't know. Never bothered to ask.

I did my work to her then, making her fall into a trance and making her do stupid things that people expect to see in a stage show such as clucking like a chicken, or forgetting how to speak, or making out with a wall. That last one always got the best reactions.

After the job was done, I had to wake her up. Normally, I would just snap my volunteers out of the trance and send them on their way, but when there was a hot chick, I had to take advantage. So instead of immediately snapping her out of it, I'd whispered words in ear, giving her the necessary trigger to fall back into the deep trance.

Cassy groggily got up when she was done, and I had to steady her.

"Cassy," I started, going into my hypnotic voice. Low and gentle. "You're going to start counting to twenty. When you're done, you will not remember any of this. Instead, you will ignore the strange taste in your mouth and go order some McDonalds, enough for you and your family, then go back home. Do you understand?"

“Yes.”

I left her at that, quickly slipping away before she could finish counting and wake up to find the stage hypnotist from a few months ago right in front of her.

Questions would arise, and I don't like questions.

I knew something was wrong when I arrived back home. The living room floor was not swept, things were out of place, and most importantly, when I headed into my room, I was very disgruntled to find that my bed wasn't made.

As I debated what to make of the poor state of things, Mom came into my room, still in her work uniform, her hands on her hips.

“I fired our maid.”

I turned to her. “What? Why?”

“Because Mary convinced me you need to start taking control of your life. I have spoiled you for far too long. Twenty-two, and you still don't know how to handle a broom.”

I cringed. My aunt was always complaining about me.

“I have a well-paying job, and I can damn well afford a maid service.”

She let out an exasperated sigh. “I know, and I'm proud of you for that. But, really, Gabe, having a few chores around the house will do you some good. You have so much spare time.”

I looked around at our huge open space apartment. “A few? Have you seen the size of this place?”

Mom brought out a broom out of nowhere. “Then the sooner you get started, the better. Come, I'll teach you how to use this.”

I groaned but followed her out into the living room. There was no way I was going to do chores. I would probably get another maid service, except Mom would shut that idea down. So, I would get Cassy to do it, but Mom would shut that down too.

“Gabe!” My Mom’s voice snapped me out of my scheming. “Are you listening?”

I scowled at her. Mom was pretty. Still in her late thirties, blonde, wore cute, nerdy glasses, and had a great body due to a strict gym regimen and diet. She looked exactly like those hot secretaries, especially with her rocking that ponytail. But she wasn’t a secretary, she was a dentist, and was very busy most of the time.

I had hypnotized Mom a couple of times before, though she never remembered them. It was for simple stuff, making her my personal chef since she was a pretty good cook (even though she was busy, she would find an irresistible urge to cook for me and would try to spare time out of her busy schedule to do so). I was too lazy to get takeout. Oh, and also to get rid of some bad habits that I dislike about her.

Basically, just making my life at home a little easier. She was pleasant enough to live with, and a little programming here and there to smooth out the rough edges wouldn’t hurt.

“Yeah,” I muttered. “So you just hold the broom and sweep like that?”

“Yes.’

I decided I was going to hypnotize her to make her rehire our maid. The problem would be solved in a day, and I wouldn’t have to do stupid chores. But our maid wasn’t attractive at all, and it would be a huge upgrade to watch a hot woman cleaning your room.

“Okay then,” Mom said, handing me the broom, which I reluctantly accepted. “Start sweeping. I need to go to bed.” She groaned, much like I had moments before. “Have to work early tomorrow.”

I watched her make her way back to her room, undoing her ponytail, her white dentist coat swinging. Mom hated her job and was looking for a new one. She never was successful because her job paid very well and it was hard to find another one which pays better and was close to home.

I sighed, putting the broom away. Mom would surely raise a storm when she found out I hadn’t done the assigned chore, so I had no choice but to do what needed to be done.

Hypnotize Mom again.

Mom's door wasn't locked, so I pushed in. That proved a big mistake. She was in her bra and panties and was studying herself in the mirror. She shrieked at my intrusion, and I quickly backtracked, closing the door behind me. A moment later, I heard the lock click.

I had never seen Mom naked before. That was the closest I had ever gotten. I knew she had a great body, but god damn... in that black bra and panties, and with her hair let down like that...

I had the weirdest boner. She was hot. I knew that, but I had never thought of her sexually until now. I closed my eyes and resurfaced the image of her in her underwear. Those glorious curves, that perfect, perfect ass...

God, she was way hotter than Cassy. Mom was in a league of her own.

Then it hit me.

Mom hates her job... I need a new maid.

A sexy one...

Why hadn't I thought of that before? The sight of Mom, in a maid uniform, cleaning my room. Now, that would be a welcoming sight to come home to every single day. And suddenly, I had this craving to want my cock buried deep inside her. Badly.

I knew it was disgusting, but compared to the things I've done in the past two years? It was nothing. At that very moment, I lusted for my own mother like I never lusted for anyone before.

The door opened, revealing Mom in her pajamas, her cute nerdy glasses still on, and her hair let down sexy. I had seen this sight many times, but somehow it felt like I was seeing her with fresh eyes.

"Why did you do that?" she snapped. "Why didn't you knock?"

"Sorry, Mom," I said, tapping her right shoulder quickly, disguising it as an apology.

She frowned at the contact, but said nothing. I kept my gaze leveled with her dark eyes.

"What time is it?"

Her frown deepened at the question, but she looked down at her watch to check.

“It’s ten, and shouldn’t you be sweeping?”

The moment she looked back up, I was already scratching my head with my left hand, turning my head sideways so the first thing she would take notice of was my ring. And the shining quartz crystal adorned on it.

Thank god, I had hypnotized her before. If not, I would have to go the old fashion route of the crystal pendant, and right now, that would be pretty much impossible to accomplish. The ring was my chosen visual trigger I used on subjects who had been in a trance before, and her main trigger was exactly that.

“Yeah, I should.” I tapped her right shoulder again, in the exact same way. She went woozy at that, and her arm gripped the door frame for support.

“It’s ten,” I repeated, layering my voice with the hypnotic tone I had mastered over the years. “Isn’t it your bedtime?”

“Yeah...”

The moment she replied, I was ready and tapped her right shoulder again. Her gaze was now fixated on the ring, and I swung my knuckles back and forth. Her eyes followed.

“You should be sleeping.”

“Sleeping...” Another tap on her shoulder and her knees collapsed. My hand immediately came down, catching her by her hips. Mom was basically leaning on the door frame now, and I pushed her cute, nerdy glasses back up her nose, then began swaying her back and forth, in sync with the ring.

“Aren’t you sleepy?”

Back and forth, back and forth.

“Sleepy....” my Mom repeated, her eyes now half closed.

“You should be sleeping.”

Back and forth, back and forth.

“Sleeping...”

“Yes, that’s right. You are tired, aren’t you?”

“Yes...” she whispered, her breath hot on my cheeks. “So tired...”

I clicked my fingers with my left hand and tapped her right shoulder at the same time. “Sleep.”

Mom fell forward, and I caught her, my erection pressed hotly between her legs. I could swear she was wet.

She was completely in my control now, and for the first time in years I felt excited, giggly even. I had hypnotized so many women that I lost count, and yet, this felt like my first time. I carried Mom to her bed and laid her there. Her eyes were already closed, but I knew she was still conscious, deep in a trance. I hoped that this was going to be easy; from the first two times that I had put her under, she responded well to my suggestions.

“Alana,” I said, referring to her by her first name. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

“How do you feel?”

“Sleepy,” a dreamy smile appeared on her face. “Relaxed.”

“Isn’t it hot, Alana? Doesn’t the room suddenly feel unbearably warm?”

Her smile disappeared, and she did like I hoped. Mom quickly took off her pajama top, and to my delight, slipped her pants off too. She wasn’t wearing any underwear.

I started in astonishment at the sight before me. Holy fuck, she had a hot body. I was going to take her. Right now.

“Alana.”

“Yes?”

“When I say the words ‘Slave Alana deep’, you are going to go back into this very state. Sleepy, relaxed, happy. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

I needed to give her a motivation to want to be mine. And what better motivation is there than pleasure? I was going to make her addicted to it.

Very, very addicted.

“Alana, what’s the most erotic moment in your life?”

“When I was twenty-one. I had a threesome with two hot guys.”

“Okay, I want you to relive that moment now.”

She smiled.

“How do you feel?”

“Horny.”

“Capture the feeling. Relish it. Play the memory over and over in your mind.”

With an exhale, I brought my fingers down south, and sure enough, she was soaking wet. I started stroking her clit with my thumb, my other fingers circling her labia. The moan that escaped soon after was so damn erotic. From my own mother. But I couldn't get distracted.

“I want you to count to ten, and with every number that passes, you will feel yourself waking up. As you do, you will also feel yourself getting hornier and hornier, and hornier. So horny that it will soon become unbearable.”

Her cunt was practically leaking as I said the words. I pushed two fingers inside, then out, slowly, relishing her wetness, my thumb still stroking her throbbing clit.

“You will be the horniest you've ever been in your entire life. More horny than when you had that threesome. So very horny.”

“Oh shit.... Oh my god...”

“So very horny,” I repeated. “You will find yourself in a lustful haze, and the only way to relieve it is to fuck someone, anyone. You don't care who. You will soon find the feeling to be so unbearable, so much so that it starts to hurt.”

Mom came with a shout, her walls tightening around my fingers, her juices soaking out from her cunt.

I ignored it. She would have to orgasm again, this time with my cock buried deep inside her. “Count now.”

I mentally counted with her, stripping off my clothes as I did so, my dick already hard as steel. I was so nervous, my heart a jackhammer. I had done this exact thing to so many women, so why was I feeling anxious?

I reached ten at the same time as Mom. I watched her open her eyes, having the 'fuck me' look that I recognised so clearly from other women.

"Oh my god," Mom exhaled, her finger immediately slipping in her sex that my fingers had left seconds ago. "Gabe, why are you here?" Her gaze went to my throbbing arousal. "And naked?"

"I don't know, Alana." I addressed her by name. "You told me to come in here to help you with something."

She started furiously masturbating in front of me, biting down on her lower lip hard. "No... oh my god..." Mom shook her head. "... I don't need... shit... I don't need any help."

"Okay." I slowly got up, and Mom eyed my cock the whole time, still biting down hard on her lip.

I was halfway out when Mom stopped me.

"Wait."

Triumph blossomed in my chest. I turned around, holding back a smile. "Yeah?"

"Do you have a condom? I'm not on the pill."

"No, I don't have a condom."

I watched Mom struggle, her facial features conflicted, her fingers still buried inside her cunt. Then she got up, strode to me, and embraced me in a deep, furious kiss, her soaking fingers now at the back of my head, gripping my hair.

Mom's tongue pressed past my lips quickly, giving me a taste of her. Light, sweet, a hint of fresh mint. Fucking amazing. Her tongue caressed mine with deep, long strokes, her hot arousal grinding against my erection. My own mother was kissing and humping me. I had never fantasized about her, but my god, I should have. She was amazingly hot and her skills with her lips and tongue... fuck, they were unmatched.

Mom broke the kiss, grabbed my arm, and started pulling me to bed. "Come," she gasped. "Let's fuck. Oh my god, I can't believe I'm doing this."

I resisted, and she turned back to me, frowning.

I gave her a quizzical look, not being able to hold back a grin now. "You want to fuck?" I taunted her.

"I know this is wrong, Gabe. But please, help me. I'm so horny, I don't know what's happening." She was basically panting out the words. I looked on in delight at her breasts, rising and falling rapidly, and at her sex, that was dripping juices onto the floor, forming a small puddle under her. Mom zeroed in on my eyes, hers wide and desperate. "Please, Gabe. Fuck me."

"I will fuck you on two conditions."

"What? What are they?"

"First, you know I hate cleaning, and you just fired our maid. I want you to be my new maid. You will quit your job in favour of being my personal servant. You will clean the, uh, my house, do all my laundry, make my bed, cook all my meals, fulfill all my needs, attend to my every desire; basically do everything I tell you to do."

Even in her extremely horny state, she was dumbfounded. "What?"

"Be my personal maid. That's condition number one."

"What about money? How are we going to afford the bills?"

I smiled at her, my teeth showing. "Don't worry about that. I will take care of it. So, what's it going to be?" I turned my body away, so I was half facing the door. Mom immediately reacted.

"Wait, wait. Okay, I will do it."

"Do what?"

"I will quit my job."

"And?"

"Be your new maid."

"Understand that this is a serious job. Twenty-four hours shifts, seven days a week. You will have to wear a uniform, and I'm going to work you hard. Displease me and you will be punished."

"Okay," she panted. "I'm sorry for making you clean. I will do it now. I will do it all." Mom was getting wobbly on her feet. "Please, Gabe, please fuck me now. It hurts."

"Second condition. Beg for it."

“Beg?”

“Get down on your knees and beg me to fuck you.”

I expected resistance, but Mom immediately got down on her knees, her hands together, like she was praying. “Please Gabe, please... oh god... please fuck me. It’s burning, Gabe. My pussy is burning. It hurts. Please.”

Not bad.

I walked over to Mom and pulled her up to her feet. I furiously kissed her again, and she retaliated, kissing me back desperately, like I was her lifeline.

I backed her until she fell onto the bed, my body on top of her. I broke the kiss and gestured to my cock. Pre cum was oozing out of the crown and dripping all over her stomach, marking her. “You want this?”

“Yes, please.”

“Say you want it.”

“I want it, I want it. Please, Gabe. I need it.”

I didn’t want to wait any longer, and it wasn’t for her benefit. I thrust into her, hard, burying myself to the hilt, and we both moaned at the impact, mine long and drawn out, hers a shrill wail.

I was inside my mother. Holy fucking shit. And she was tight, so damn *tight*.

I shifted my hips, trying to find a deeper spot, and I hit something hard. She gasped, her moans becoming screams, her movements more erratic, but she didn’t stop. Instead, Mom wrapped her legs around mine, her hands behind me, squeezing and pushing my buttocks, seemingly trying to make me go in deeper still. I thrust again, and again, and again. Mom took it all, accepting my thrusts with erotic sways of her own. She was so hungry for me. I knew that when she sought my lips again, shoving her tongue into me. I swallowed her loud, wild moans as I squeezed her breasts that fit perfectly under my palms.

I came quickly, exploding my load into her. Mom came a second later, our moans wrapped together, our tongues stroking and licking, her walls tightening and squeezing around my spasming cock. Her hands were on my balls now, squeezing them too, and it was clear she was finding some sick pleasure in trying to milk more cum out of me.

It was the longest orgasm of my life, which was a wonder because I was getting sexual pleasure, sometimes multiple times, every single day. It would be logical that my balls were overworked and overproducing, but no. Not with Mom. She fucked like a goddess and knew exactly how to work my cock, moving her hips back and forth, every movement calculated to maximise pleasure.

After what seemed like an eternity, I finished, and we laid in each other arms, still making out until I finally broke the seal of our mouths, both of us panting heavily. I inched back and studied my prize, my hands now on her deliciously warm thighs. I should have done this long ago, made her my fuck toy. Why hadn't I?

I stared into Mom's eyes and saw the lust and desperation slowly dying out, replaced by multiple emotions, namely shock and regret.

"Oh my god," she whispered, my lips still so close to hers. "What have I done?"

I tried to kiss her again, get another exotic sampling, but Mom pushed me off, retreating to the opposite side of the bed, her expression full of horror. She covered her mouth. "What have I done?"

"Nothing bad," I said, my voice calm.

"I fucked you," Mom said slowly, as if trying to believe it herself. "Oh my god."

Suddenly, she climbed off the bed, and paced around the room, whispering random words that I couldn't make out.

"Alana," I said, climbing out of bed myself and cautiously making my way to her.

She held out a hand and backed away. "No, stop. I need to go."

"Go where?"

"I don't know. Far from here. I fucked you, Gabe. You're my son. What have I done? Why did you even do that? Oh my god... I could get pregnant. What was I thinking?"

I was getting worried then. She was wide eyed and looked to be in shock. Her delightfully nude body was now trembling, and she looked so frail and scared.

Mom suddenly pushed past me, grabbed her keys, and ran into the living room.

I followed her out and saw that she was trying to unlock the main door. I didn't even think she realized she was still naked. I had to stop this.

“Slave Alana deep,” I said, and the effect was instantaneous. Mom slumped forward, her knees collapsing, and I quickly caught her before she could hit her head.

“Alana, can you hear me?”

A dull, monotone response. “Yes.”

I got to work.

Three Days Later

“Gabe, I am ready.”

I watched Mom—Alana—walk out of the servants’ quarters, fully in her maid’s uniform, her new three inch black high heels clicking on the tiles. My cock throbbed at the sight.

The uniform comprised a black buttoned up blouse, with short sleeves and white opened up collars. The top three buttons were undone, as per my rules, revealing a delicious portion of her breasts. Her skirt was all black too, and quite modest, ending three inches above her knees, and was covered by a simple plain white apron that was tied perfectly, both knots symmetrical—if they weren’t, and I hope they weren’t, I had an excuse to punish Mom on her first day on the job.

Alana still wore her glasses, because I thought she looked hot in them, and still had her cute ponytail, giving off that perfect ‘sexy secretary’ look.

I circled my new maid, checking for any faults in her uniform. There were none. Her knots were indeed perfectly symmetrical and there was not a strand of loose hair in her ponytail. I wondered if she would look sexier with her hair let down, or maybe with a French braid.

Hmm. So many options.

I finally circled back to her front and took hold of her pretty chin, bringing her gaze leveled with mine. I had written down an extensive list of what I expected of her, and Alana executed all of them. Light makeup only, so that her natural beauty would shine, minty red lip gloss, earrings removed, rings gone. Even her pose, hands clasped in front of her apron, and her insistence on not meeting my gaze showed her dedication to her new subservient role in life.

Can maid even be the right word? I had—or was going to have—complete control of her money and life. Alana was going to the bank tonight to do all the paperwork of transferring me ownership of the house, her car, her money, everything. Slave seems like a more suitable word. After all, slaves owned nothing.

Slave Alana. That's a pretty fitting title.

Then the realization hit me. I had a slave now. I had never brainwashed a woman before. All I did for years was put them under a trance, make them horny as hell, fuck them, then make them forget that it ever happened. Done.

I let go of her chin, having finished studying my newest possession. My fingers trailed down the sides of her neck, to her collar, the only key that could unlock it hidden away in my room. It was expensive. A thick black leather collar that was perhaps too tight around her neck. I could see that she was uncomfortable, with it strapped so tightly, but she was going to have a lifetime to get used to it, anyway.

Was brainwashing even the appropriate word? Mom—Alana—still had her personality intact. I just made her addicted, very, very addicted to one thing, and I made sure that I was the only person who could satisfy it.

With a couple more sessions of hypnotic programming, blurring out a few moral boundaries (okay, maybe a lot), and manipulating memories of the night we fucked, which she now believed was the best night of her life, I struck her with a deal: I would relieve her new, unbearable addiction for the rest of her life, and in return, she would serve me for the rest of her life. After a day of saying no, because she was only willing to give up partial control, instead of my demanded full control, she finally realized that she had to agree. The pain was too severe.

I was lucky. Mom was a natural born submissive. She didn't show it at home, but questioning her under hypnosis about her past relationships made it clear. It was a simple enough task to direct her submission towards me, and only me.

I grabbed her ponytail and took a long good sniff. Alana had done some shopping yesterday, to look—and smell—perfect for me. I think I was going to make her use this perfume. It had a light, flowery scent. Feminine and submissive. Perfect for the new her.

"Are you satisfied with me, Mr Ward?"

"Mr Ward," I mused. "Is that what you are going to address me as?"

"What should I address you as then?"

I arched an eyebrow, giving her hair another long whiff. The scent was like a drug. "What do you think?"

"Sir?"

"Sir..." I slipped a hand into her blouse and pinched her nipples. Alana gasped in pain and tried to back away, but I held her tight with my other hand. "You call a police officer, 'Sir', or even a random stranger." I pinched harder and a cry of pain escaped from her lips. "You're now my personal servant. I'm now your owner. Somebody unique to you. So, think carefully. What should you address me as?"

Tears sprung from her eyes. "...Master?"

"Good. I want you to say that title with respect and authority." I released her nipple and touched her wet cheeks. "Never forget who you are."

"A maid calls her employer, 'Sir'. 'Master' seems a little too derogatory."

I almost laughed. Here she was, willingly allowing me to collar her, and wearing a maid's uniform, and she thought that calling me 'Master' was degrading?

I put on a hard expression, or at least I hoped it was. "If you don't call me 'Master', the deal is off. I won't fuck you. Do you understand?"

"Yes." There was no mistaking the fear in her voice.

I slid one hand to the luscious curve of my mother's ass, and squeezed, hard. The other went to her collar, the unique item that signified the absolute power I had over her. I pulled her towards me, her lips brushing mine. "Say it."

"Master," she whimpered.

"Again, with more respect."

"Master."

"Again, not too sharp. Say it softly, like a seductive purr, but with respect."

"Master."

I almost came. "Good. Say it exactly like that from now on."

"As you wish, Master."

I smiled and kissed her softly.

“Master?” she murmured against my lips.

“Hmm?”

“Can we... can we please fuck now? My cunt is hurting. I’m on the pill.”

“Not until you clean my room.”

“But you said-”

I slapped her. Not hard enough to cause any real pain, but enough to make her splutter into silence. “Never talk back to me. I will punish you for that later. Go.”

“Sorry, Master,” she said softly, then quickly went to complete her task.

I went back to the Mom’s old room—the master bedroom, my room now—and retrieved my belt. It looks like I can punish Mom on her first day on the job after all.

Two Weeks Later

Holy shit, my cock is sore.

That was my first thought when I woke up. Nonstop sex with Mom had taken a toll on me. Maybe I should dial her addiction down. Wayyyy down. Her maintenance was sex nine times a day, and if I did anything than the required quota, she would cry from the pain.

I quickly showered and got dressed. Nothing too fancy. Just a plain white t-shirt and blue shorts. Having completed my morning ritual, I went out into the living room and sat down on the couch, watching Alana sweep the floor.

“Master,” she said, lowering her head for a brief moment as a way of greeting.

I beckoned her closer, and my fingers went under her skirt once she did, stroking her already wet, and very sore cunt.

“Does it still hurt?”

I might have fucked her too hard over the past few days.

“A little.”

I slipped my hand to her ass and gave it a light squeeze. She grimaced. “How about your ass? Does it hurt?”

I also might have spanked her too hard last night. She had left out a few specks of dust on my room table, and so I had an excuse to punish her.

“A little bit,” she whispered, not knowing if that was the answer I would like.

“I’ll fuck you later. Finish up your chores first.”

She offered me a genuine smile. “Thank you, Master.”

Just then, the doorbell rang, and Mom jumped up, startled.

“Master, are you expecting anyone?”

“Yes.”

“I have to go put on my coat.” She set aside the broom and dustpan but stopped at a sharp command from me.

“Master, I’m in uniform.”

“So?” I got up and closed the distance, running a hand over the luscious curve of her ass, my new favourite hobby.

“What if it’s someone I know?”

I squeezed her right ass cheek, and she inhaled sharply. “Are you ashamed of your new job, Alana?”

“No.”

“Then why do you want to hide your uniform?”

The doorbell rang again, and I shouted I was coming.

“Because it might be one of my friends, or Mary. They would ask questions.”

“And you will tell them you accepted a new job as my maid.”

She went silent at that, and I lifted her chin with a finger.

“What would you tell them?”

“That I’m your new maid.”

“What is your sole purpose in life?”

“To serve you, Master.”

“And you’re doing a very good job. You should be proud.”

She blushed a cute shade of pink. “Thank you, Master.”

I sought her minty lips and found them. “Who do you belong to?”

“You, Master,” she murmured against my lips.

I grinded my boner against her apron and she replied ecstatically.

“What is your sole purpose in life?”

“To serve you, Master.”

“Would you do anything for me?”

“Of course, Master.”

“Good girl,” I pulled back, my tongue running over my now minty lips. “Now, go get the door.”

“Yes, Master,” Alana smiled, then walked away with renewed confidence.

