

## Teacher

### Chapter 5

If I were to ask you to define good and evil, how would you explain the two antipodal concepts?

I always thought of myself as a good person. I never outright broke the law. Sure, I hacked into banks when I was younger and eventually into the government. You could argue THAT was breaking the law. But I never harmed anyone.

Was I harming my mother, who was on all fours in front of me with my cock ramming into her pussy? Judging by the erotic moans coming from her lips, she was clearly loving every second.

But she never asked for any of this.

Using mind control technology combined with hypnosis and subliminal recordings, I changed her entire personality to suit my pleasure. The more I did anything sexual with my mother, the more I was starting to see her as a mere sex object for my own needs.

Was that evil?

All those thoughts ran through my head as I pounded into my mother, grunts leaping from her lips after every thrust. We were in her Honda minivan, and she had just picked me up from school. The first thing I did when I hopped into the vehicle was to dominate her lips, then drive to the nearest abandoned parking lot where I brought her to the back of the van, stripped off her clothes, then fucked her.

I never had much sex throughout my life, and the sudden change of having sex every single day, multiple times a day, with my smoking hot mother had sent my hormones into overdrive.

I used to frown upon sex addicts, but now I truly understood them. I couldn't go more than a couple of hours without having to do *something* with her.

"Oh, Daddy!" Her moans filled the minivan. "Harder, Daddy! Please, fuck me harder!"

My forehead was beading with sweat and my hips were already thrusting back and forth inside her fleshy hole as hard as I could, so I did not know what to do with her request. Clenching my jaw and hissing an exhale, I drove a powerful thrust forward, as hard as my thin frame could handle.

“YES!” Cindy rolled her hips backwards, meeting my cock as I plunged into her. She threw her head up to the ceiling, screaming out her pleasure. “YES! YES! OH YES!”

Her cries were so loud, they drowned out my grunts as I pummeled savage thrust into her pussy, my heavy balls pounding against the lower curve of her ass.

She orgasmed first, her moans growing in volume as her inner walls clamped down onto my cock and her juices leaked out from her pussy, dripping down onto my thighs. I came a second later and my knees buckled under me. Digging my fingernails into the sides of her thighs, I drove into her mercilessly, like a wild animal. The sounds of moans, grunts, screams and flesh pounding filled the vehicle up.

They were music to my ears.

I finished blowing my load with a full-body shiver, releasing my grip from my mother, causing her to fall forwards, lying limp on the ground. I sighed and settled back against the hard leather seat, wiping sweat off my brow and watching my mother pant quick breaths on the ground, the toned muscles on her back visible.

It took several minutes for me to regain my composure, but my mother still needed more time.

“Okay,” I said, standing up on shaky knees and smiling down at my sex slave.

Sex *slave* that word seemed like a fitting title to label my mother. “Let’s go home, shall we? I need to prepare for my date tonight.”

The smile that she returned almost melted my heart.

“Yes, Daddy.”

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I couldn’t prepare properly for my date with Karen tonight. At least not with my mother around me.

As soon as we arrived home, she was clearly craving for more of my cock. Her lips were never far from my skin. Either she was making out with me, offering me her savory taste, or she was kissing my neck, ticking me with quick swipes of her tongue and the soft suction of her lips.

And her hands... oh god her hands.

They always found a way to my cock. When we were sitting on the couch, she would lean towards me, and her hands would snake their way under my shorts. I would already be so hard,

and she would make me even harder with her skillful fingers, tickling the tip of my cock, drawing light circles around my length, and tenderly kneading my balls.

Ultimately, I would always end up fucking her, even when I promised myself that I would control my urges because I wanted to save up energy—and semen—for my beautiful teacher tonight.

“Daddy!” Cindy giggled like a schoolgirl as I squeezed her beautiful tits for all they were worth.

It was almost six in the evening, but I wasn’t even dressed yet. Karen told me to come at seven, so I still had an hour to kill. And what better way to pass time than to play with my sex slave?

“Oh, Daddy,” my mother moaned. She wasn’t giggling anymore. Her eyes were closed and her lips were ajar as I kneaded and pinched around her teardrop breasts. We were on the couch and she was sitting on my lap, straddling me.

I felt a tingle of guilt as I leaned forward to suck on her right nipple. She wasn’t my mother anymore. Everything that made her, *her*, was long gone, replaced by a personality that existed to please me.

But when she opened her eyes, and her dark pupils focused on mine, all my guilt disappeared. The utter vision of love and submission in those eyes... nobody had ever looked at me like that. I now had a woman who was so deep in love with me, she would do literally anything I asked of her.

*Money couldn’t buy loyalty like that. And so what if it was induced love? The type of love doesn’t matter to me when I was balls deep inside her*

And she was happy. I have never seen my mother smile and laugh so much ever since her enslavement. She was getting multiple orgasms a day, and she was free from stress. Comparing her old self, looking utterly exhausted after coming home from work every day and then stressing about normal people’s problems, and right now to her new self, the difference in her happiness was night and day.

*She was happy, I was happy, so there should be no problem, right?*

“Master.” Cindy was now on my neck, trailing soft, wet kisses. It was the first time she had called me Master. My cock twitched at the word. She was still talking to me in a high pitched, little girl’s voice, and it just sounded so fucking hot. I couldn’t wait for my teacher to address me as her Master and Owner. “You look distracted. What’s on your mind?”

She looked up, and I smiled, grabbing her cheeks and pulling her towards me, sealing our lips together.

“Nothing,” I told her.

“Anxious about your date tonight?” my mother asked, murmuring against my lips.

“A little.”

“You deserve more than just me, Daddy,” my mother said, reaching for my cock and pumping me with slow strokes. “You should have a harem of beautiful women serving your every need and catering to your every whim ”

I should be shocked at her display of loyalty. Two shots of syringes and she was completely mine, the very definition of a dedicated slave. I had used two doses on Karen too, and I was going to inject another shot into her tonight. Three doses should be more than enough to turn my teacher into my personal fuck toy.

I couldn't wait.

My slave's lips came crashing back into mine and I gripped her ass and caressed the curve of her back, my nails biting into her skin as she pressed her tongue into the seam of my lips. Cindy brushed her lips against mine, before parting them, sucking on my bottom lip.

I moaned, and she used the opportunity to slip her tongue past my lips, meeting mine. It seemed like every kiss she gave me was better than the last. Her tongue played with mine, shifting between slow, sensual licks to quick flicks.

She began pumping my cock faster and pre-cum started oozing from my tip. Cindy broke the seal of our mouth to look down, smiling when she saw how soaked I was.

There was a sexy glint in her eyes as our gaze met, and an even sexier smirk playing on her lips.

“Where do you want me, Daddy?” she leaned forward and whispered the words into my ear. “My pussy?” She grind her sex against my stomach, trailing her wetness all over me.

“Or my ass.” She moved her lush ass against my thighs, rolling her cheeks back and forth, taunting me. My mother batted her long eyelashes at me. “Anywhere you like, Daddy. My body is yours.”

Six days. It had been less than a week since finding out about the government's secret drug. It had been six days since my life turned from a normal, boring one to something I was sure no

one else was experiencing. I mean, who else had turned their perfectly normal mother into a raging sex maniac.

“Daddy?” She rolled her hips down, grazing her pussy against my cock, and causing me to take in air urgently. My cock was throbbing so hard, begging to be inside her. “Just tell me where you want me.”

I battled to find some air. And some words.

“Your ass,” I said, choking the words out, my voice wavering. I had only done anal with Mom once, and I had to fight my urge not to cum, just imagining what it would feel like being inside there again. “Your fucking ass.”

The smirk she gave me sent shivers running all over. She kissed me one more time, a deep, loving French kiss, before getting off me and settling her stomach on the ottoman, and spreading her ass cheeks apart, giving me a premium viewing of her ass.

I would get lube, but with my cock completely soaked with my pre-cum, I wouldn't think it was necessary. Standing up, I gripped the left thigh with my hand, the other holding my cock and guiding it towards her gaping asshole.

I didn't find her as tight as the first time I fucked her anal, but it was still a tense squeeze. I gritted my teeth and pushed through her, and the moans my mother made lit up our entire house.

I was halfway in already. I tried to take a breather, but my mother was having none of it. She seemed eager to have me fully inside her because she rolled her hips backward and took more of me in. I gasped from the shot of pleasure that I felt all the way down to my toes, and it switched on my animal instinct.

Thrusting forward with a wild grunt, I drove myself all the way in before withdrawing halfway and slamming back with more force than intended. Cindy both gasped and moaned. Her hands flew to mine, gripping me tightly, her fingernails biting into my hands.

If our neighbors couldn't hear my groans, my mother's moans would certainly be picked up on. She was loud, screaming and moaning her pleasure out, and it drove me wilder and soon I was fucking her with brute force. The word 'gentle' or 'tender' was ripped from my dictionary.

“Master!” my mother cried out, almost a plea for me to slow down.

I thrust, slamming my heavy balls against her ass.

“Fuck!” I could almost hear the tears in her voice.

I didn't care. I was so close to my release, and the building pressure was overwhelming me. I rammed my cock three more times in quick succession, causing my mother to bow her back from the pleasure and pain.

That was it. I exploded into her with a scream of rapture, splitting the house with my cries that became wrapped with my mother's long, erotic moans. Geyser of semen spilled from my cock and into her asshole. My mother must have came too, because I felt her becoming even wetter and juices squirted from her pussy, soaking my entire thigh.

I shot more ropes of cum, and when I was done, the world was spinning and I was lightheaded.

"Fuck," I breathed the word out, withdrawing my deflating cock and gripping her plump ass cheeks for support.

I dropped to the couch behind me and laid there, dripping with sweat while my mother slumped against the ottoman, barely moving, just moaning softly, as drenched with sweat as I was.

Fuck, I shouldn't have fucked her. There was no way I had enough left in the tank for Karen. But it still felt worth it. This was an orgasm I would never ever forget. It was the highest peak of pleasure any man could have hoped to achieve. People would kill to fuck my mother, and I shouldn't take sex with her amazing body for granted. It was a blessing, and I knew that.

My mother finally gathered the strength to turn towards me. Her hair was a wild mess, cascading all over her face, but I could make out the words she formed on her lips.

"Thank you."

I should be thanking her since she was the one providing me the pleasure with that insane body of hers, but it felt right for her to show me gratitude.

After all, she was my slave. And slaves should thank their Master.

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The drive to Ms Thompson's apartment wasn't far. She lived in a little condo a mile away from the campus and we had to just bypass security at the entrance, which was a simple enough task if you were a hot woman driving an expensive BMW.

"Take care, Daddy," my mother said, leaning forward and giving me a nice, long kiss.

When she pulled back, I could take in a nice amount of cleavage. Cindy was wearing a sexy black sheath dress, but her hair wasn't done up. It was still a mess from the fucking I gave her earlier, and somehow the wild look made her look even hotter.

If I still had the energy after having sex with my teacher tonight, I would definitely fuck my mother in that dress tonight.

I hopped out of the BMW and rode the elevator to the fifth floor. Karen's apartment was at the end of the hallway and I pressed the button for the doorbell, fidgeting with my phone as I waited.

I didn't need to stand long. Within seconds, I heard footsteps from inside and then the door opened, revealing my young teacher in a white T-shirt with the words 'Jesus Saves' written on the front and dull gray joggings covering her legs. Her hair was done up and held in place with a pin.

Fuck me. Even with most of her skin covered and not a touch of makeup on her face, she was still devastatingly beautiful. Along with my mother, Karen was one of the few women who possessed natural alluring beauty. Makeup pushed her look over the edge, but even without it, there was no denying her sexyness.

"Tom." My teacher's smile widened, and I swore I got harder. "Please come in."

I kicked off my dress shoes and walked into her apartment, examining the interior. The place was clean and cozy, with a small fireplace crackling softly in the middle of the living room.

"Please, sit." Ms. Thompson pointed to her leather couch. "I will make you some tea."

She turned around and walked into her kitchen. My gaze automatically went to her swaying ass, the sight mesmerizing. Ms Thompson had a petite frame, but her ass was so busty and looked so firm, it seemed impossible that it was natural. But from questioning her under hypnosis, it was clear my teacher would never go under the needle.

She was just a freak of nature. One in a billion.

A moment later, she appeared from the kitchen with two cups in hand. I thanked her when she handed me one, but I was disappointed when she sat on a different couch, the one directly opposite mine.

Things were silent as we sip on our cups, the only sound coming from the crackling of burning wood and the rhythmic tick of the mounted wall clock.

My teacher spoke up first.

She set down her cup back into the saucer and smiled at me, her dimples showing. "You're dressed really nicely today."

I looked down at my outfit. I was wearing a black dress shirt tucked under beige chino pants. It was what I thought would look suited for our date, so I was surprised to see Karen dressing so casually.

Truth be told, I felt a little out of place.

Her emerald eyes journeyed me up and down, making me fidget even more. There was something about having a sexy woman taking me in that made me extremely self-conscious.

"I like how you dressed," she finally said, sipping her cup. "It makes you look very mature and clean. Though you might be a little overdressed." Her smile widened, showing perfect white. "What did you think tonight was?"

I shrugged, leveling my gaze at her. "I don't know. What is tonight?"

She looked away. "I don't know, Tom." Interlacing her fingers, she blew out a shaky breath. "I guess... I... I just wanted to clear the air."

She looked back at me when I didn't answer. I just waited until she opened those exotic lips of hers again.

"Tom..." She looked away again. "What we're doing... it's wrong."

Even though what she was saying didn't matter in the end, I still felt my heart sink.

"Is it because you have a boyfriend?"

Her shoulders slumped. "I broke up with Dom yesterday."

Wonderful. "What? Why?"

When she finally met my gaze, her eyes were stained with tears. "I-I don't know. We were going to have kids, and he was going to be a great father. But then..." She shook her head and wiped away the tears. "I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm telling you all this."

Exhaling a long sigh, she composed herself. "Let's get back to the topic at hand. Tom, I think I've been leading you on and this has to stop. You have to understand that I'm your teacher and this cannot continue."

My fingers toyed with the small glass bottle containing the drug I had hidden in my pocket. I could have her slip into a trance right then, but I entertained our conversation. At least for a little while longer.



"Why, Karen?" I asked my teacher. "You're a few years older than me. Why can't we have something..." I paused and thumbed my bottom lip. "... special?"

"Because I'm your teacher, Tom. It's wrong."

"But you want this, don't you?" I stood up, walked forward, and settled on the couch next to her. Reaching over, I touched her thigh and her breathing quickened. "You like this. So, what's stopping us? Nobody needs to know."

Her hand came down on mine and when she pushed my hand off her thigh, I knew the conversation was over.

It was amazing, really. I have implanted extreme sexual thoughts into her mind that were centred around me, and she was fighting them off with just pure willpower. Usually, just one dose of the drug was more than enough for completely stripping off a subject's will, and I had used two on her. Ms Thompson was a fighter.

"No, Tom." She shook her head at me adamantly. "We cannot continue this."

I sighed and nodded. "Okay."

My teacher relaxed and offered me the faintest resemblance of a smile. "Thank you, Tom."

"No, it's okay." I looked at her emerald eyes. "Sleep time little Karen."

I caught her as she slumped forward. She smelled so fucking good. All sweet, smooth, and creamy. My cock throbbed.

Settling her upright on the couch, I started speaking. "Karen, can you hear me?"

Even her monotonous voice was an enormous turn on.

"Yes."

"Good." I fished the drug out of my left pocket and the packet containing a syringe from my right. I tore the plastic away and took a few moments to load the drug into the needle.

Just like the last time, my teacher gasped as the needle penetrated her, the drug entering her system. Her eyes fluttered open, showing unfocused pupils. I used my palm to close her eyes before continuing speaking.

"Karen, do you have sexual thoughts towards me?"

"Yes."

I smiled. The thoughts I had implanted in her mind were clearly working.

"How often."

"All the time."

"Describe them to me."

She became visibly aroused as she talked. One hand slipped under her shirt to her left breast and stroked. "I can't visualize sex properly because I never had sex and I don't watch porn. But I just imagine him on top of me, fucking me with his cock."

That was a great image.

"But you're ashamed of these thoughts?"

Even in her monotone, she sounded sad. "Yes."

I have told her before to not shy away from dirty thoughts. Clearly, she was resisting the commands.

"Karen, listen to me," I started. "You're not ashamed of your urges. You will stop feeling guilty about these dirty thoughts. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You are eager and hungry to explore your sexuality, but with only one person. Me. You will dream of me every night. Erotic dreams. Serving me, pleasuring me, fucking me. You're only happy when you surrender yourself to me. My will is your will. You live to please me. You want to submit to me, Karen, body and soul."

I took a pause to regain my breath. "Do you understand?"

"Yes."

I unbuckled my belt and fished my cock out. There was no way I wasn't going to masturbate with my hot teacher completely under my control.

Stroking my cock, I continued her brainwashing.

"Are you ashamed of your sexual urges, Karen?"

"No"

“Karen,” I said, feeling my confidence growing. I masturbated faster. “Who do you want to fuck?”

“Tom.”

“Who do you want to surrender yourself to?”

“Tom.”

“Good girl.” I slowed down my pumps because I didn’t want to orgasm right then. I planned to release my load inside her. “You feel submissive around Tom. You want him to take control. You want him to lead you.”

“Yes.” She shivered, and my name fell from her lips in a breathy whisper. “I want Tom to lead me.”

My heart pounded in my ears as I looked at her. I was going to do this. I was going to finally take her virginity.

“Karen, when I count to three, you will wake up. You will feel the horniest you have ever been in your life. All you want to do is to fuck Tom. Do you understand?”

Her hand left her breast, and she slipped it under her joggings.

“Yes.”

In truth, I didn’t need to implement that thought in her mind. Being under the influence of the drug, she was already going to be extremely horny, but I wanted the certainty that I was going to be laid tonight. I was not taking any chances when it came to having sex with my teacher.

I counted to three, and Karen’s eyes flew open. She straightened herself, her lips curving into a frown, when she realized she was fingering herself. But then she looked at me and her jaw dropped.

“Tom?” She shook her head and blinked at me as if she had forgotten I was there.

“Yes?”

“Why are you?” She used her free hand and pointed towards my cock. But she didn’t stop masturbating. “Why—what?”

I jerked myself in slow strokes. “Do you want to try?”

My question caught her off-guard.

“T-try?”

“Yes. Do you want to try jerking me off? You have never touched a cock before, have you?”

She whispered the next word in a ragged breath.

“No.”

I stopped touching myself and took her hand. She didn’t stop me when I brought her fingers to my cock, moaning as I felt her soft flesh on my length.

Fucking hell, her fingers felt good. So much pre-cum was oozing from my tip, she would have to forgive me if I were staining her couch.

Karen stopped fingering herself and took out her hand from her leggings. Her fingers were soaked, but her attention was on my cock. She seemed unsure, her fingers around my cock in a loose grip.

Slowly, she tightened her grip, her fingers circling around my cock. I couldn’t help it. More moans leapt from my throat and I grit my teeth as I fought back my release with my entire willpower.

“It’s so hard,” my teacher whispered, her eyes fixated on my boner. She gave me a light squeeze and I almost orgasmed right then and there. “And so warm!”

Our eyes met.

“Are you liking what you feel?” I asked her.

She nodded, giving my cock another light squeeze.

Reaching forward with my free hand, I gripped the back of her hand, feeling her lush honey blonde hair under my palms. She never resisted me, even as I pulled her near. She even angled her head to the side as our lips closed in on each other.

Her lips were soft and wet, and my taste bud exploded as I tasted heaven. She tasted fresh with a beautiful tang of sweetness. She started pumping me as I bundled up her hair with my palm and pressed my tongue forward.

She moaned, her lips parting, and I slipped inside, greeted by her tongue. I could tell that Karen was inexperienced. Her pumps were awkward and her kiss was sloppy, a stark difference from my mother, but I was kissing probably the hottest woman on earth, so it didn’t bother me at all.

After all, she had a lifetime to learn how to please me well.

I sparred with her tongue, and my other hand roamed to her back, down all her curves until I found plush flesh, squeezing her ass while we licked and sucked.

Finally, I withdrew, because I couldn't hold myself back any longer.

I *needed* to be inside her. My cock was practically screaming for it. It almost hurts to not be inside my beautiful teacher.

"Are you ready to lose your virginity, Karen?" I asked her bluntly. My voice was so raspy and deep, and I was sure my eyes were wide and filled with lust.

She didn't even pause before she nodded. My teacher was breathing hard, practically panting, her blonde hair a sexy mess, and her green eyes had the glint I so easily recognized from Mom.

It was the 'please fuck me' glint.

Our clothing disappeared in a matter of seconds. I wrestled my dress shirt and pants away and Karen took off her Jesus shirt and threw off her leggings. I didn't pause to admire her nakedness. All I could think of was to fuck her, and fuck her now.

She squealed as I shoved her forward, her back crashing down onto the couch. I was on top of her in an instant, pre-cum dripping from my tip and all over her stomach, marking my territory.

"Fuck me, Tom," my teacher said, gripping my ass and pulling me closer to her glistening sex. "Please. I need you so bad."

I needed no more convincing. Accepting her invitation, I thrust in with a grunt.

Holy.

Shit.

She was so damn tight. Way tighter than mom, and mom certainly wasn't lacking in that department.

Karen gasped as I penetrated her, and when I dug deeper, burying my cock, her gasps turned to screams.

I was hurting her, but that didn't matter to me at that moment. She felt fucking amazing, and with the added knowledge that I was the first who had ever entered her made me feel more

primal, more animalistic. I was the first to fuck her, and I was going to make certain that I was also going to be her last.

Her inner walls tightened and squeezed around my cock. I shoved my length further in until I physically couldn't anymore.

"Tom." Tears leaked from her eyes. "Tom... Ah—shit!"

I pulled out halfway and began fucking her properly. My balls slapped against her skin as I began a rhythm, slow at first, then gaining tempo quickly. Soon enough, I was thrusting in and out of her, feeling my orgasm rising quickly.

I couldn't believe it. I was fucking my teacher. All of my dreams, all of my fantasies. Everything. It was becoming a reality. Thank god for that drug.

Karen's moans and groans filled the entire room. She was louder than mom, and that was saying something. Her hips started moving against mine in erotic sways. Karen pushed past the initial pain, her screams fading and turning into moans and quick cries. She was beginning to enjoy this.

"Tom!" My name fell from her lips in a loud groan. "Harder! Fuck me harder!"

What the hell? She wanted me to go harder?

Wish granted.

I quickened my tempo, slamming my cock into her over and over. Every thrust filled with aggressive intent.

"Yes!" she screamed. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Her eyes flew open and zeroed in on mine. "Oh, fuck!"

That was it. The moment she went over the edge and experienced her first orgasm in her life.

Karen threw her head back and her eyes rolled to the top of her head, showing whites. She screamed as her orgasm took hold of her. Her inner walls clamped shut, squeezing my cock even tighter, and I felt every muscle in my entire body stiffen.

*Holy shit, this was it.*

I cried out as my cock jerked inside her.

I exploded.

I shot hot ropes of cum into her as she took it all with ear-splitting screams. Karen's hips slammed into me harder and faster as she milked my cock for what seemed like hours. She squeezed me, desperate for more, until I physically couldn't produce any more cum.

The beautiful moment passed away quicker than I wished. My cock stopped throbbing and the last jet of semen spilled out. I fell limp on top of her slick, sweaty body, feeling her breasts rising and falling rapidly against my chest. Karen was drained, but I wasn't. Having sex constantly with Mom should have made me exhausted and sapped, but fucking my teacher seemed to have re-energized me. My cock was still rock hard inside her. I wanted to fuck her again.

"Tom..." she whispered against my skin, her voice deeper than normal. "You were right. Sex feels fucking amazing."

Hearing her say 'fucking' was so damn hot, since she practically never swears.

"Round two?" I asked the panting woman below me. I pulled out of her and gazed into her green eyes. In truth, she didn't have much of a choice. I was going to fuck her again whether or not she wanted to. If she declined, I had another syringe in my bag.

Karen gave me a tired smile and nodded. The suggestion to make her a submissive and allowing me to take the lead was clearly working. Helping her up to a sitting position, I turned her around and guided her to all fours. Sweat was dripping down her entire body, and her hair was a complete mess. But even in her messy state, she looked like a total babe.

The perfect female specimen.

I lined up my cock against her swollen sex, preparing to penetrate.

I was going to take my little pet again.

Doggy style.

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After blowing my load into Karen once more, she was too tired to continue. She had passed out on the couch, snuggling with me. I spent the next hour inhaling her scent and worshipping her body.

Her breasts were deliciously large, and I spent half an hour licking and sucking on her tits. The rest of the hour was dedicated to cupping and kneading her curvy, firm ass cheeks in different places. I could have continued doing it for the rest of the night, but I had work to do.

Carefully, I pried her hands off me and rolled off the couch. She groaned and shifted, but didn't wake up. Giving her a long look, I tucked a few messy strands of hair behind her ear and

ran my thumb along her cheekbone. Karen was devastatingly beautiful, and soon she would be completely mine.

I walked to the other couch where I had dumped my bag and fished out the hypnotic recordings.

Inserting the earbuds into her ear, I pressed 'play'. Karen groaned again and ran her tongue along her bottom lips before rolling to her side.

I kissed her cheek, got dressed, and gave my beauty one last long look, studying her perfect nude body. I still lusted for sex. Twice was definitely not enough. I could have fucked her till sunset and it wouldn't even sate my undying lust.

Sighing, I left her apartment.

I wondered how much things have changed now between me and her. I had now taken her virginity and made her more submissive.

Would she break early like mom? Or would she put up a good fight?

Only time would tell.

#### **Karen's tape:**

**I love Tom  
Tom is sexy  
Tom is wonderful  
Tom is everything  
I want to fuck Tom  
I feel horny all the time  
I want Tom's cock  
I want to taste Tom's cum  
I am a fuck toy  
I love to fuck Tom  
Tom is my Master  
I want to serve Tom  
I want Tom to think for me  
I am Tom's slave  
Tom is good to me  
Tom is my Master  
Tom is my Master  
Tom is my Master  
Tom is my Master  
Tom is my Master**



