

Chapter 1

There were two major reasons why I hated waking up.

First, I was taking the most boring diploma on the entire planet—Mathematics. Why hadn't I taken computer science? Wasn't that my passion in life? I guessed that I had thought math would interest me, since I already knew all there is about computers.

Besides, I was pretty decent at math.

Second, waking up at seven almost every morning was NOT fun. I could only wonder how people slave away in the typical nine-to-five job.

Why the hell had I taken this course, anyway? I wasn't even fond of math. It was more of an 'Eeny, meeny, miny, moe' kind of decision.

There was one major pro to majoring in Mathematics though, and that was Karen Thompson, the lecturer of Calculus, and the most attractive teacher in the entire college.

Probably all the colleges in the country combined.

She was hot, with a capital H, bolded, and increased to size 40. You get it.

No one, or at least no males, skipped her classes, and it wasn't because Quantum Mechanics was interesting.

I guessed most of the guys in the class imagined dating her was in the realm of possibility. She was in her mid-twenties, only a few years ahead of most of us. Hell, some of her students were older than her. Sometimes, I would see the bolder guys asking her out, or at least cunningly fishing for her phone number, with the excuse of 'I need it in case I get stuck on homework.'

It was a dull grey Wednesday with heavy clouds overhead threatening a storm. I watched Ms Thompson waltz around the front of the classroom, making random gestures with her hands while she explained some polynomial equations.

Maybe it was the weather, but I was feeling a little down. I took a moment to ponder upon the decisions I made in life to reach this point. I didn't have a lot of friends, I had no girlfriend, I didn't know what to do in life, and the only reason I even bothered to attend class was because of my teacher.

No one was really paying attention to what Ms Thompson was saying. A couple of people were constantly cutting her off by making jokes, thinking it would impress her or something. Ms Thompson's forced smile was visibly straining as she told them to cut it out.

That was another thing—she was always nice. I don't think I ever saw her raise her voice or even slip a frown.

The dude on my right was secretly taking photos of her, then sending the pictures to some group chat. He was giggling and grinning as his fingers danced over his phone.

My first reaction was disgust at what he was doing, but I had to remind myself that I had done it too—not the sharing photos part, since I didn't really have anyone to share them with, but I had a dozen photos of Ms Thompson on my phone. I didn't sneak pictures as often anymore, but I also didn't do the right thing and deleted them. Instead, I use them as ammunition for my spank bank.

Yeah, it was sick and wrong. But I wasn't the only one doing it, and could you really blame a guy for being horny? Especially today. Ms Thompson was sporting a bright yellow blouse that made her breasts seem even larger and a grey pencil skirt that clung too tightly to her ass. She was like a magnet—it was impossible not to stare at her.

Calculus class was over before I knew it. Ms Thompson ignored the guys that were still trying to make jokes and assigned all of us homework, only to be greeted by groans. She ignored that, too.

As I packed up to leave for my next class (Advanced Algebra, ugh!), I had to wonder if Ms Thompson was single. It seemed impossible that she was, but during the rare conversations in classes where she talked about her personal life—mostly about church and Jesus—she'd always stated that she was busy and had little time to herself.

"Tom?"

I snapped my head up, only to see Ms Thompson right in front of me. When had she walked up to me? I should have noticed her perfume—all sweet, smooth, and creamy.

"Hey, you awake or what?" She was still smiling that forced smile of hers. I met her eyes and suddenly felt queasy.

Woah, her eyes are much prettier this close up. They were bright green and so vivid, like an emerald.

"Uhh, yeah," I stammered, still awestruck by the color of her eyes. "Yeah, I'm awake." It took me a second before I remembered to breathe, but not before opening my damn mouth again. "Nice perfume."

Nice perfume? What the fuck, Tom?

Her smile slipped for a second and she looked at me all weirdly. I was taller than her, so I had a pretty decent view of her cleavage, along with a silver cross that sat nicely in between them. I was trying as hard as possible to make eye contact and not glance at the two sex globes below.

I wonder how she would look naked.

No, stop it.

"Thanks," she finally responded, her smile slipping back into place. There were several people staring at us. A few guys behind her gave me the thumbs up, which added to my growing nerves.

"I would just like to say good job," Ms Thompson continued. "You know you scored the highest in the class, right?"

"For the test?" I replied. "Oh yeah. Honestly, I have no idea how I did so well. I didn't really study."

She gave me another weird look before handing me something. It was a small white badge with the words 'Good Job' printed in big, bold letters.

Really?

"Well, better study and do well for the next test," she said, all sweet and cute, before flashing me a smile that didn't reach her eyes and walking away. I watched her honey blonde ponytail bounce around and her delicious ass sway for a moment before picking up my bag and heading to my next class.

What was that?

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Mom picked me up after classes ended.

People always assumed that either I was too young to have a driver's license or I couldn't afford one. Neither were true.

I have a driver's license and even own a car that I'd bought after saving up from creating and designing websites for companies. It was just that I HATED driving. I would often doze off journeying through the same boring roads every day.

Mom was dressed similarly to Miss Thompson. A bright blouse that showed too much cleavage, accompanied by a dark pencil skirt. Mom worked as a CPA, and that was her professional attire. I didn't know what was 'professional' about it since all it did was show off her stunning body and turned more eyes than warranted, but whatever.

Mom's eyes were hidden behind sunglasses and she was reapplying her lipstick as I hopped into the vehicle. She greeted me with her usual 'So, how was school?' as I entered the van. I have no idea why she drives a van to work since she owns a BMW. There were only two of us, so why get a van in the first place? Sometimes her logic drives me crazy.

I grunted in reply, then whipped out my phone—my usual response.

After Mom dropped me off at home, I made a beeline towards my room while she hurried to take a quick shower before heading to the gym. Again, why take a shower before the gym when she would end up all sweaty and dirty anyway?

As I heard the shower start up in the Master's bedroom, I closed my room door, locked it, grabbed my laptop, then plopped down on my bed.

YouTube was slow today. Only a couple of channels I subscribed to had uploaded, and the trending page was just packed full of movie trailers. After browsing some trailers, I dumped my laptop away and retrieved my second laptop—my 'work' laptop.

Everyone has a secret. I have a lot of them.

Everyone who knew me knows I was good at computers. I earned a decent living out of it. But what I kept tightly in wraps was that I was better, way better, than I let off.

I knew I was special when I could master programming languages faster than my classmates could learn what a 'float' was. With my knowledge, I could earn A LOT more money.

So, you might ask, why would I, Tom Davis, computer genius, go to college?

To be honest, I didn't know myself. I guess I wanted to experiment with what college life would feel like. And it doesn't feel great. I was sure I would be a drop-out if it wasn't for Miss Thompson.

But that wasn't my biggest secret.

That would probably go to my hacking activities. I had learned how to hack just last year, just to swirl around the juices in my overactive mind.

My first few months of hacking, I tested my newly learned ability to hack into websites, then I evolved into hacking banks.

I never skipped across the legal line. Well, that wasn't exactly true. Hacking IS illegal. But, once I had managed to bypass their securities, I would just take a peek, then leave with everything intact. It was safer that way, and although I used a private VPN and have security measures of my own, it was still risky. The last thing I wanted was to get caught and face legal consequences. Just the challenge of breaking in was enough reward of itself.

Eventually, I started hacking into government websites. The amount of highly confidential information I found in them was crazy, and the temptation to sell them was always a bothersome nugget to bear.

I unlocked my computer and was greeted with the sight of files after files of top-secret government folders.

Rookie mistake. I must have forgotten to exit the page when I had last used the laptop. But it shouldn't be that big of a deal. I was years ahead of their security, and me still being logged in to the page wouldn't break any of the alarm bells.

I scrolled through the list of folders. I had already taken a peek at almost everything, so nothing was particularly interesting.

I was about to click away when something at the bottom of the page caught my eye.

[DISCONTINUED] #4132-142-12

Weird. That number was new. That file must have been uploaded today.

I clicked on it.

MIND CONTROL EXPERIMENTS

My eyes grew wide. Mind control experiments? Now, that was interesting.

I clicked again.

* * *

The next couple of hours were mind-blowing.

I read reports after reports on hypnosis, subliminal recordings, chemical stimulations, all kinds of weird stuff.

The CIA was conducting mind control experiments on enemies to use them as spies or to reform them to become normal civilians.

The craziest part was that it worked. They were using hypnosis to open the subject's mind, and normally, that was all hypnosis could do. But when combined with a top-secret drug they had developed, the effect of hypnosis was multiplied tenfold.

Along with a powerful adrenaline rush, the subject's inhibitions would be greatly reduced, along with their judgements, decision makings, and the subject would be rendered extremely suggestible. Suggestible enough to completely change loyalties.

The first ten subjects ended up in a vegetative state because the drug had been imperfect. Then, after changing the drug's formulation, subjects were completely stripped away of their free wills, becoming nothing more than puppets. The higher ups thought what they were doing was inhumane, so they shut the project down.

As I read up on the drug's formula, I realized most of the ingredients to make the serum could be retrieved off the counter. The rest required searching for.

Some would be difficult to find, but not impossible.

And given my ability to absorb knowledge, learning hypnosis shouldn't prove too difficult, along with creating the special subliminal recordings I needed to influence the mind.

I could do it. I could make them.

I could use it on...

My mind drifted off to Miss Thompson. Miss Thompson with her beautiful breasts and all-too-perfect ass. I could hypnotize her, inject her with the mind control drug and strip her of her free will.

I could make her do anything.

I could make her have sex with me. A dream come true.

But it couldn't be a one time thing. I want to fuck her over and over. Every position. Every day.

I wanted to make her into my personal sex slave. Someone whose sole purpose in life was to get me off.

Would that work? Was that possible?

I read and reread everything in the folder. It seemed possible. The drug would make her do anything, make her believe anything.

I have to do it. I have to try.

Instead of masturbating to her pictures, I could have the real thing. Just imagining her cute ponytail swinging left and right as I feel her soft, luscious lips enveloping my cock for the first time... oh god... she was worth the risks. She was worth any risk.

But I needed a test subject first. Someone 'safe' that I could practice hypnosis and use the drug on.

But who?

My mind drifted off to numerous women I knew.

Ava? No, she wasn't close to me.

Linda? No, she wasn't close to me either.

Who was close to me? Who would let me hypnotize them?

No one. Fucking no one.

"Tom?" I heard knocking on my door. "Tom? I'm heading to the gym now. Do you want any takeaways? There's a nice Chinese place near the gym."

I smiled. Of course.

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