

Chapter 6

Have you ever had those wet dreams where you wake up in the most pleasurable way possible, with your skin heated, your cock throbbing, and your mind in a whole different realm?

It was the pinnacle of pleasure waking up like that, but it would all come crashing down as you regain your senses and realize that the hot woman you were fucking was just a figment of your imagination and that you have wet your bed and you had to clean your mess up.

I have had dozens of those, and as I woke up that day having the dream of a beautiful woman giving me a top tier blowjob that had sent shivers racing through me, I had assumed it was one of those damned dreams.

So, I groaned my displeasure as I cleared the cobwebs from my head and struggled to sit up in bed. It would be a terrible start to my day if I had to go through the motions of taking a long cold shower and then cleaning my soaked bed sheets when a sudden realization hit me. The shivers hadn't stopped running through me, and I still had goosebumps on my arms.

Not only that, but the feeling of someone enthusiastically sucking my cock hadn't disappeared. I still felt her soft, plump lips sucking around my length, and the warm sensation of her tongue as it licked and twirled around my head, causing another groan to force its way out of my throat.

What the fuck?

Frowning, I reached over and pulled the thick blanket away, revealing my beautiful mother in between my thighs, her head bobbing up and down my cock. Her passion was visible as she sucked me off, the intensity of her dark eyes burning against mine.

Right. In my groggy, semi-awake state, I had completely forgotten all about the super-drug or the fact that I had been hypnotizing my mother and my teacher for the better part of a week.

I didn't need to experience those terrible wet dreams ever again because all my fantasies had become a reality. I had a personal sex slave at home to fulfill all my desires, and I had taken my teacher's virginity.

But that wasn't enough. I had already injected Karen three times and used two tapes on her. If she was following Mom's trajectory, she should be completely enslaved to me now. I would attend classes and find out if my sexy teacher was willing to cross the line with me, just like my mother had.

I took a few beats to admire Cindy. Even without makeup, there was no denying my mother's attractiveness. With her long brown hair, alluring dark eyes, and a model-like physique that took years to build, she was a stunner, a woman that many men would dream of fucking. Just a week ago, Cindy was a normal mother with an ordinary life and would barf at the thought of doing anything sexual with her son.

My mother noticed me staring for far too long. Withdrawing her mouth from my dick, she held me in a taut grip and offered an angelic smile.

"Good morning, Daddy," she said in a sing-song like voice.

"Good morning, Mom," I replied, reaching over and cupping her cheek.

She shivered from my touch and extended her tongue to give my length a long lick.

I was just a couple of minutes away from ejaculation, so I pulled myself up and nodded to my naked mother. "On all fours. I want to finish inside you."

I received an excited giggle before her ass was facing me, her pussy glistening in the morning sunlight.

I didn't waste more precious seconds admiring her perfection. Gripping the sides of her thighs, I lined up my cock that was lubricated with her saliva and rolled my hips forward, penetrating her, causing both of us to inhale air.

Her back bowed as I pushed deeper, the familiar sensation of her inner walls clamping around my length as I drove myself to the hilt before pausing and releasing a shaky breath.

My mother, though, being the hormonal sex demon I had turned her to, was having none of it. Looking back at me with wild, unfocused pupils, she moved her hips forwards, withdrawing half of me, before rolling her hips backwards, driving me back inside.

At the same time, she contracted her pussy muscles to clamp down around my cock, and that accelerated my orgasm.

I wanted slow, loving morning sex, but with my mother, that seemed impossible. I met her erotic hip sways with my own, slamming my cock into her with maddening lust. Her moans turned to shrill screams as an orgasm flushed through her. The sight of my mother unraveling pushed me over the edge and my own release overtook my senses.

I felt myself melting away, the bones in my entire body liquefying into mush as pleasure shot through my body in massive waves.

As I shot an influx of semen into my fertile mother, she released her own wave of wetness, squirting her release. Screams of pleasure accompanied her rapture.

By the time my orgasm ebbed away and my mother had stopped convulsing, the bed was soaked from our combined juices and our bodies were dripping with sweat. I slumped beside her and wrapped my arms around her slick, heaving body, allowing myself to enjoy the firmness of her teardrop breasts crushed against my chest as I regained my breath.

We laid there for a while, making out lightly, sucking on each other's lips, inhaling each other's scents until I caught a glimpse of the clock and pulled myself and my mother out of bed to head for the shower.

I had classes to attend to, and I didn't want to be late.

Even though I had practically done everything with my mother in under a week, fucking her in every important hole, owning every inch of her skin, and tasting everything her intoxicating tongue had to offer, I had never showered with my beauty before.

So it was weird feeling a little awkward and out of place as we got under the nozzle and the streaming jets of hot water rained down upon us.

I was about to say something to break the awkward silence, but my mother's lips silenced me. She pumped me with slow strokes while she sucked on my lips.

"Allow me to clean you, Daddy," my mother whispered as we broke apart.

I nodded and what came next was a bizarre experience. I had thought the 'cleaning' she mentioned was her lathering her hands with soap and for her delicious fingers to roam around my body. But the reality was ten times better.

She started with my neck. Extending forward with her tongue, my mother took a lick on the flesh of my neck, then lapped around. It felt ticklish, but also strangely erotic. She finished licking my neck and then went down to my back, making sure every inch of my skin experienced the expert flicks of her warm, wet tongue.

It was slow, but we had some time to kill, so I allowed her to lick my entire body. She even did the extra service of cleaning my asshole with that tongue of hers. She left my cock for last, and it was probably best that she did, because finishing a shower with a superb blowjob was an experience I swore every man should receive at least once in their lifetime.

I had tingles all around me as we stepped out of the shower. It felt like I had just received an amazing massage, feeling amazing and ready to conquer the rest of the day. I dried myself with a towel while my mother cleaned herself using mouthwash and a toothbrush.

Breakfast was cooked quickly, but it was delicious. My mother had always been busy with work to cook me meals, but after quitting her job to commit herself as my full-time servant, she now had all the time in the world to focus on me. At home, she was my personal maid and cook, and outside, she was my trophy girlfriend.

I had brought my mother out to a date a couple of days ago, and although we received double takes, we weren't the oddest sight. My mother was in her mid-thirties, but with no wrinkles or pimples in sight, she looked much younger than that. So, people would just assume I had a slightly older girlfriend that was way out of my league.

Little did they know.

My mother was really settling well into her servant role.

As I munched and chewed on the eggs, and swallowed the bacon, she stood at the corner of my eye, a jar of water at hand, her nipple perked from the cool air-conditioned room. Every time I downed my glass, she would refill it, and when I finished my delicious breakfast, she offered dessert.

I raised a brow. "Dessert?"

Her smile was radiant. "Yes, Daddy."

I watched, eyes wide. My mother pushed the plate aside and hopped onto the dining table, spreading her thighs wide and showing me pinkish, swollen flesh.

"Dessert," she whispered sexily, batting her long eyelashes at me. "Does Daddy wish to—"

She didn't need to say more. With her legs spread out like that and her pussy looking so ready, no sane man would deny her request.

Her gasp shot through the room like a whip as I licked over her throbbing clit. She was already spread so nicely for me, but I gripped her thighs and pushed them apart wider, giving myself the most premium angle before I flicked a swipe into her depths, causing her to squirm excitedly and utter me out in a ragged breath.

My mother tasted sweet, just like everything about her, and I knew that after an extraordinary sampling like that, I was hooked. Licking my lips, I dove in and her cries of delight sounded even shriller than our bedroom sex just moments before.

I explored her depths with my lips and tongue, tasting everything my sexy mother had to offer, flicking my tongue around and lapping her up. She quaked in front of me, trembling and shaking so much that I had to hold her tight to keep her from falling over.

"Daddy!" Her moans were so fucking sexy and loud. "Oh Daddy. That feels s-so FUCKING good!"

I have almost never heard my mother swear. Whenever she uttered the F word, it was because she was seething with anger, but now I knew the word would also escape her lips when she was bubbling with pleasure.

"FUCK!" My mother rocked her hips, fucking my mouth. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

Her curses drove me on. I gripped her even tighter, my nails digging into her skin as I lapped my tongue around, occasionally paying special attention to her clit, and when she came, she squirted her wetness all over my face and clamped her thighs around me. Her moans morphed into wails of gratitude and my slave screamed out 'fucks' and 'thank you' as she unraveled around me.

What was left of my vocal mother became a shivering, whimpering mess after I was done with her. I withdrew my mouth away and looked up at her. Cindy met my gaze. Parting her trembling lips, she uttered another token of gratitude.

“T-thank you, D-daddy,” she said the words so softly, it was barely a whisper.

I let my beauty recover while I entered the master bedroom to clean myself up and then prepare the kit I had for Karen. I slid the cylinder carrying the super drug into my bag, along with a sealed bag containing the syringe, before slipping in the final tape that held my hypnotic recordings.

There was no need for these since Karen should wake up completely enslaved to me. The subliminal recordings I had forced her to listen to all night long should have been engraved in her mind and she should recognise me as her Master and Owner by now.

But it didn't hurt to bring an emergency kit just in case.

I slid my bag over my shoulder and headed towards the dining room.

“Get dressed,” I ordered my recovering mother. “Wear something sexy for me. Black. Then send me to school.”

I received the reply that I expected from her.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Karen's Second Tape:

Tom is my Master.

I want to please Master.

I am in love with Master.

I worship Master.

I want to fuck Master.

I want Master to fuck me.

I am loyal to Master.

I will never betray Master.

My Master thinks for me.

**Master is always right.
Master's will is my will.
My body belongs to Master
My sole purpose in life is to serve Master.
All my thoughts are dedicated to Master.**

I watched Ms. Thompson waltz around the class explaining some mathematics concept. It was fruitless. There was no way anyone could listen to what she was saying, not when she was dressed like *that*.

Our teacher was wearing a skin-tight beige dress with a V-neckline so low, anyone could get the full view of her wonderful tits at the right angle. Not only that, the leg slit of her dress revealed long, toned legs and whenever she took a long step, a flash of black laced panties would show. Four inch red high heels completed her sexy outfit, and I had to take a moment to wonder how she was allowed to walk on campus' grounds.

Some of the guys were literally drooling. Some were taking pictures, and some were just staring, mouth ajar. Karen had always strictly stuck to professional outfits—a blouse and a pencil skirt—so it was a huge surprise for all of us when she entered the classroom dressed like a high-class escort.

It wasn't just her dress sense that was odd, her demeanor was different today. Karen's two selves were at war with each other. It was clear she was trying her best to teach, but on the other hand, she kept making eye contact with me and that would make her stutter and her words would trail off. She would look confused, tear her gaze away from mine, then resume her lecture—or attempt to. Rinse and repeat. It was so endearing watching her like that.

Class was dismissed before I knew it. There was a collective groan from guys when Ms Thompson dismissed us. I didn't think anyone wanted to leave the class. She was putting on a show for us just by existing and we had all been transfixed by her.

Begrudgingly, the crowd trickled out of the classroom, leaving my teacher, me, and Kevin, the damned jock.

He had both his palms on the teacher's desk and was leaning over, a leer playing on his face.

As I neared them, I heard the conversation.

“... come on, Ms Thompson,” Kevin was saying, the smile still plastered on his face. I was sure other girls would melt from that dazzling grin, but it was having no effect on our teacher.

“No means no, Kevin,” Ms Thompson said. “You will not have my number and that’s final. Now leave before I report this to the dean.”

With a grumble, the jock stood up, his smile slipping and turning into a deep frown once he caught sight of me. He walked towards me and bumped his boulder of a shoulder against mine, almost making me topple to the side.

“I’m sorry, Tom,” my teacher apologized as Kevin disappeared out of sight.

“It’s fine,” I said, walking over to the door to close it. My teacher raised a brow when I clicked the lock.

“Tom...” she warned me, but I ignored her.

My dreams of fucking Ms Thompson in her own classroom was finally going to be a reality. I had envisioned my beautiful teacher bent over her teacher’s desk wearing her typical uniform of a blouse and a pencil skirt while I fucked her from behind. But with her slutty outfit today, it might be even better.

I started unbuttoning my shirt.

“Ride that dress up so I can see that pretty pussy of yours,” I snapped the command at her, peeling off my belt. “After that, bend over with your hands on the desk.”

“Tom... no.” Her eyes were wide as I fished my cock out. It was already hard and ready for the better part of an hour.

I didn’t get why she was not following my orders. Hadn’t the previous tape that she had listened to for the entire night reinforced that she was my slave and I was her Master?

Did it not work?

With my trousers and underwear tossed to the side, I walked up to my teacher, grabbed her hips and spun her around so that she was facing her desk.

“Bend down,” I grunted, placing a hand on her lower back and applying pressure. “Hands on the desk. Now.”

I knew I was being authoritative and just barking commands. But, fuck me, with her looking like my wet dreams, I had no control over myself. Taking her virginity yesterday had been the best night of my life, but I had a feeling that having sex with her in the classroom was about to top that experience.

She gasped when I shoved her forward and down. The only thing Karen hadn’t changed about her wardrobe was her hair. She was still rocking her usual low ponytail, and although it looked amazing on her, I wanted something new. She was a new Karen Thompson starting from today.

My Karen Thompson.

Using my other hand, I took off the band off her hair, and her lush honey blonde hair cascaded down, making her look even younger and fucking sexier.

“Tom...” she whispered again, more urgently. “Please don’t.”

I ignored her warnings, my hands going under the hem of her beige dress and riding it up so that her full ass was in view, only restricted by sexy black laced panties.

“Naughty,” I murmured before I tugged down her undergarment. The action seemed to stir my teacher to life. She whirled around, making me release my grip.

“Tom,” she said, almost angrily. Her emerald eyes flashed a determination that made my heart sink. “I told you. We can’t! This is so inappropriate.”

Why wasn’t the fucking drug and hypnotic recordings working? Why was she resisting me? She should be saying ‘Yes, Master’ and allow me to use that body of hers however I please, just like how my mother had submitted to me.

“Appropriate?” I said the word like it was an offense. “Karen, I took your virginity last night and you call this inappropriate?”

“That...” She looked down, and I saw shame. “I-I don’t know what overcame me to...” When she looked at me, her eyes were glistening. “That was a mistake.”

A mistake? Who the fuck did she think she was?

I didn’t even think before I said her trigger words.

“Sleep time little Karen.”

I caught her as her body went limp. Sitting her down on her chair, I zipped open my bag and prepared her fourth injection.

She really was a tough subject. Four doses on a person was already overkill, but at that point, I didn’t care.

Just like the first three doses, she gasped as the drug entered her system and her eyelids opened, showing glassy pupils.

“Karen,” I said, a little impatiently, my voice layered with frustration. “Can you hear me?”

An immediate response. Her voice was low and a monotone.

“Yes.”

“Who is Tom to you?”

“Tom?” Her brows lifted. “He’s... he’s...”

I tapped my foot on the ground. Why the fuck was she resisting? “He’s your Master, isn’t he?”

A full minute before she parted her lips. “Yes.”

See? The drug had worked! She accepted me as her Master, so why the fuck was she so rebellious?

“He’s your Master,” I said again, more like a statement than a question.

She answered quicker this time, only pausing for half a minute. “Yes.”

Using a thumb, I wiped the tears away from the edges of her eye. “And you’re his slave.”

Another pause, but this time she was answering quicker and quicker. “Yes.”

“A slave is owned by her Master, correct?”

Twenty seconds this time. “Yes.”

“And so a Master decides what happens to His slave’s body, correct?”

Ten seconds. “Yes.”

“Tom is your Master. Tom decides what happens to your body.”

Five seconds. “Yes.”

“If He wants to fuck you, you allow Him to fuck you.”

Three seconds. “Yes.”

“If He wants to fuck you, what would you do?”

No hesitation. “I let Him fuck me.”

I nodded, finally satisfied with my disobedient slave. Holy fuck. Four shots to fuck her twice. According to the government’s records, it took two doses to turn someone into a mindless sheep.

I didn’t bother easing her back to consciousness. I was fucking impatient and my cock almost felt like it was hurting as the seconds ticked by.

“Wake up,” I told my entranced teacher.

She inhaled sharply and jerked upwards. Karen seemed confused, not recognising where she was.

“Tom?” she said, almost fearfully, as she noticed me standing beside her. “What are you—why are we here?”

“Shh,” I comforted her as her eyes darted around the room, her expression puzzled. Ushering her up, I swiped at her hair that was blocking my view of her beautiful face. “It’s okay.”

Gripping her hips like how I had moments before, I swirled her around toward her table.

“Hands on the table,” I told her.

This time, she didn’t disobey. Like a good girl, she placed both her hands on the table as I bent her forward and down. I rode the hem of her skirt up, and when I pulled her black laced panties down her legs, she made no attempts to stop me. Karen was just breathing heavily, looking confused but resigned.

She sucked in air when I pressed my throbbing erection against the crack of her ass, my tip rubbing against her pussy.

And when I entered her, gritting my teeth as I pushed through the tightness of her opening, papers went flying off the table as my teacher tried to find a better grip, spreading her hands wider until they clutched the ends of her teacher’s table.

Just like last night, she gasped in pain as I penetrated her. I shifted my hips, digging myself deeper into the tight squeeze. Every few seconds, my teacher would jerk her body whenever I hit a hard spot, or whenever I successfully pushed through another inch.

It was endearing watching her try her best to keep as silent as possible. Like me, she was gritting her teeth, her jaw clenched, her eyes squeezed shut. But, try as she could, muffled moans still escaped her lips in rapid succession. She afforded the luxury of releasing a hand off the table to cup it over her mouth. It reduced the volume from her cries, but I wasn’t practicing the same level of caution.

Grunts left my throat, and my moans filled the room as I inserted myself fully into her tight depths. I could feel her walls squeezing around me, and I enjoyed it for a second before pulling out halfway and ramming myself back into her. Karen’s back bowed at the impact and a muffled moan escaped between the cracks of her fingers.

Her suppressed cries were strangely erotic to my ears. They drove me on, and within a minute, I was full on fucking her, the sound of my balls slapping against her

curvy ass ringing around with my cries of pleasure. A rough thrust into her got Karen to drop her hands and jerk forward fast enough to cause more papers to scatter from her desk.

“Oh!” Karen let out her first audible moan before more came spilling out from her lips. “Oh—shit! Ah! Tom!”

My name burst from her lips in a moan filled with pleasure and pain. Her virgin pussy wasn’t used to being fucked, and certainly not with this force.

I didn’t care. I rammed against her with as much power as I could muster up. Mom could handle my brutality, but Karen was having trouble. Her body shook and jerked from every thrust, and her pussy was tender from trying to swallow my girth and accommodate my length. And when she finally was becoming accustomed to the fucking, precious minutes had passed, and I was already over the edge.

My hands repositioned from her hips to the sides of her ass cheeks and my nails dug into her flesh as I screamed my release. Karen gasped as a flood of cum entered her. It must feel like a strange sensation taking in semen for the second time in under twenty-four hours, especially when she had never even seen a cock before yesterday.

I filled her so much that semen came spilling from her sex. I kept going, moaning out my pleasure as I made my bitch take rough thrust after thrust. Finally, a full body shiver ran through me as I withdrew my cock and pressed my sweat filled back against the hard wall.

I had done it. I had checked one of my goals off my life’s to-do list.

Fucking Ms Thompson against her desk in school. And oh boy, it had been worth the anticipation.

I frowned when I heard sobbing. Controlling my breaths, I stumbled forward and held my trembling teacher, who hadn’t moved from her position. One of her hands was still clutching the edge of her desk, and the other was still cupped around her mouth. Semen leaked from her swollen pussy and onto the ground while her lean shoulders trembled.

“What’s wrong, Karen?” I asked, wrapping an arm around her waist and steadying myself beside her.

My beauty didn't reply to me. She continued choking back tears, but was unsuccessful. I watched as more tears escaped her green eyes, rolling down her soft cheeks.

I sighed. I didn't have time to deal with all these emotions. The reason I used the drug in the first place was to make her my sex slave. And a sex slave was basically a dedicated wife without the 'wife' part.

When my continued attempts at comforting her didn't work, I changed tactics.

"Sleep time little Karen," I told my weeping teacher.

That made her stop crying. She slumped limply onto the desk, her lush hair covering her face.

"Karen, can you hear me?"

I could hear the traces of her crying even under a monotone.

"Yes."

"Good. You will wake up feeling refreshed and happy. You will remember having sex with Tom, and you think it's the greatest experience in your life. You do not regret it. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You will also listen to these new tapes as soon as you get home." I placed the recording down on the table beside her limp body. "You will listen to them the whole night, even when you're sleeping. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good. On the count of ten, you will wake up."

When I reached 'ten', Karen gasped and shot her head up. Her green eyes were wide as she stared at me, but she calmed down once she looked around for a bit.

"Tom?" She looked at my deflating cock, and then towards the ground at the small pools of semen. "Did we just...?"

I nodded. "Yeah. And it was great, right?"

She seemed unsure, wiping the drying tears away from her face. "I—I guess..."

I walked over to where I dumped my clothes and put them back on. Karen watched me until I buckled up my belt.

"See you later?" I asked my confused teacher.

She nodded, scratching her head. Her hair was a wild mess, a stark contrast to her usual clean outlook.

"Enjoy the weekend," I said the parting comment as I left the classroom, feeling like a man at the top of the world.

Karen's Second Tape:

**Tom is my Master.
I want to please Master.
I am in love with Master.
I worship Master.
I want to fuck Master.
I want Master to fuck me.
I am loyal to Master.
I will never betray Master.
My Master thinks for me.
Master is always right.
Master's will is my will.
My body belongs to Master
My sole purpose in life is to serve Master.
All my thoughts are dedicated to Master.**

The unexpected call came the next night.

I frowned when I saw Karen's name on the caller ID.

"Who's that, Daddy?" Mom asked, right underneath me. She was breathing hard, beads of sweat dripping from her neck, and she positioned herself to allow me room to lean to the side and grab my phone.

"Just someone," I replied, answering the call and pressing my phone close to my left ear. "Hello?"

"Tom." My teacher's voice was so deep and husky, as if she had just orgasmed.

"Yes, Karen?"

"Can I... can I see you now?"

I looked towards my mother, who stared back at me submissively. We had been in the middle of an intense fuck, and I was seconds away from cumming until we had been so rudely interrupted.

I swiped wet strands of hair away from my eyes and rubbed my chin. "Hmm."

Obviously I wanted to see my dream girl, but I also wanted to finish inside my mother. She deserved at least that much from pleasing me so much.

"Please?" my teacher pleaded. "Can't we get together?"

"Can you drive over to my place? I will send you the location"

"Thank you, thank you." She sounded on the verge of tears. "Thank you, M-Master."

It was the first time she had ever called me that.

"Honey, remember never to call me that in public."

