

Chapter 8

I stood outside Karen's apartment, not knowing how I should feel. Anger was bubbling inside my chest, but I could also feel the anxiety whirling around in my stomach, and I had to slow my breathing to avoid throwing up.

Where had my little beauty gone?

I had tried calling her phone. She answered after my tenth attempt. When I asked Karen where she was and attempted to communicate with my teacher, there was silence on the line. I could only hear her heavy breaths, and that was enough to make me rock hard.

My body and my mind were already addicted to my young teacher ever since I took her virginity. It had been half a day since I had touched her flesh, and my body was already experiencing withdrawal symptoms. My fingers were twitching to grope her firm breasts, my lips were cracked dry from not kissing her plump lips, to sample her exotic sweetness. And worst of all, my cock had been throbbing ever since I woke up.

I had to be inside her within the hour, or it would be the death of me.

My mind wasn't handling the loss any better. I couldn't go a minute without images of her delicious naked body floating around in my head.

Where the fuck did she go?

The obvious place was her apartment. As soon as mom and I searched our place and confirmed that Karen had left without as much as a note, I grabbed the car keys and drove here.

My teacher's Nissan was nowhere to be seen in the private parking lot, but I didn't go through the effort of looking at the entire space. Once I had parked mom's BMW at the first convenient spot, I made a dash towards the lift where I closed the doors before a couple could enter in with me.

Courtesy was the last thing on my mind.

I wished I had made a copy of Karen's keys, but I had been too busy fucking her to do anything else.

Should I knock? Ring the doorbell? Would she even answer if she was indeed inside?

I dug out my phone from my pocket and rang her for the fifteenth time that day. When the recorded message prompted me to leave a voice note, I felt like kicking the front door down and storming inside.

Karen was *mine*. I owned her like I would own furniture. She had no rights to leave my house without my permission. A slave didn't have that right. And the worst part was that she was ignoring my phone calls. It should be a capital punishment for a slave to ignore her Master like that.

I couldn't care less if my skinny frame could even bust the steel door open. Her door was my door. Everything she owned belonged to me. Inhaling a deep breath and holding it in my chest, I took a few steps back and prepared to slam my body against the damned thing when it hit me.

I had forgotten a crucial detail. Today wasn't just any other day.

Today was Karen's birthday.

She turned twenty-six today, tipping past the halfway point to a ripe thirty.

Shit, how could I have forgotten? All the guys in my class were obsessed with Karen, so we figured out her birthday fairly quickly. She wasn't on any social media platform, so one of us had to do some deep digging to extort the information out, especially since our teacher's lips were sealed whenever her personal life came into discussion.

Was this why she had suddenly left the house? Has my beauty gone somewhere to celebrate? But even if she wanted to mark the special occasion outside, it made no sense for her to do it alone. I had made sure she was as obsessed over me as I was with her. She should have wanted me to be with her during this special day.

No, the day couldn't have had anything to do with her Houdini act.

I exhaled a short burst of air and began preparing myself to lunge forward when a loud bang from inside the apartment startled me.

She was inside. My beauty was inside her home.

I was about to shout her name when another deafening clang leaked out from inside the apartment.

What could she possibly be doing?

Then a frightening thought hit me.

Was she hurt?

I slammed myself against the door. I had to be making a fool out of myself because the door didn't even budge and my right shoulder throbbed from the pain. I sighed and tried the doorknob, expecting nothing. When it twisted fully and the door flung open, I shouted my surprise as I tumbled into the apartment.

Now my shoulder was screaming for help, but I ignored the jolts of pain as I picked myself up and looked around her living room. It was in ruins, with smashed flower pots, overturned furniture, and a messed up rug.

What was once a clean and modern apartment had been turned upside down. There were even clothes strewn inside the fireplace, but luckily, it wasn't turned on. When I peered through the glass, I realized the clothes were sex red laced lingerie, no doubt Karen's.

For a strict Christian woman, it was a surprise she even owned such sinful clothing. But the nightwear looked brand new, and I had to wonder if she had gone shopping after I had begun brainwashing her.

I didn't need to call out for my pet. A shrill cry came from my left and I cautiously made my way towards the source, half-expecting danger.

I turned a sharp corner towards a corridor, entering the first room to my left, where I heard footsteps.

There stood my Karen, and delightfully naked. Her hair was disheveled, but her room was messier, even worse off than the state outside. If her living room looked like a tornado had run through it, her room was a complete war zone.

Multiple suitcases were opened and scattered around her bed. Large amounts of clothing were piled in a heap inside all of them and more attire was strewn all over the

floor, mixed along with her blanket, several pillows, and an overabundance of self-improvement books.

I watched my lovely pet bounce around the room for a few moments, admiring her beauty. Even with her hair a wild mess and not a lick of makeup on her face, Karen was still the sexiest woman I have ever laid my eyes upon.

As my discriminating gaze journeyed the length of her deliciously nude body, I realized she had her shoes and socks on, already laced. Karen paid no notice that I was there, grabbing her car keys from the bed, all the while muttering something under her breath. She paced a few more steps before placing both hands on her temples and then shrieking again.

I spoke up. "Karen, what are you doing?"

I tensed up as she whirled around towards me, her eyes wide, red from weeping, and filled with...

Fear?

She seemed unable to speak as she choked out words. Her car key slipped from her grip, falling towards the messy ground with a 'clang'. I watched her as she stuttered gibberish, trailed off, then opened those lips of hers again. But this time, she couldn't find her voice.

I interjected again. "Karen, are you going somewhere?"

I wish I could tell what was on her mind. I have never seen my teacher like this before, amid a breakdown. The super-drug must have fucked her mind beyond imagination, but at least her exterior was unaffected. Her skin still looked creamy smooth, and her face, although a mess, still held that natural beauty other women would kill for.

Now all I needed to do was regain control over my slave. She looked like she wasn't in her right mind to obey me, so I would have to resort to her trigger word if things went out of hand. That was my trump card. For now, I wanted to take things slow, and if possible, domesticate her without resorting to extreme methods.

Her fear seemed to deepen. When she spoke, it was so low, I had to strain to understand her.

"I..." Her breathing seemed to quicken, and I watched those lovely breasts of hers heave in and out. "I-I have to go."

The words hit me like a truck. She wanted to leave me? After all the injections and subliminal programming, her will still didn't belong to me. I admired her stubborn strength, but there was no way this would end well for my little Karen. I still had a drawer full of the super-drug, and the hypnotic trigger was still engrained deep in her mind.

I won't let her leave me. Either I have her, or no one else will.

I felt my whole body tensing, my hands clenching by themselves. I tried to quench the rising anger from her rejection, mustering up as much of a level tone as I could manage.

"Why are you leaving, Karen?"

She sobbed. Her entire frame trembled, and her own hands balled into little fists. "You... you have done something to me."

"Have I? What have I done?"

Karen spoke through choked sobs. "I don't—I don't know." Even though fresh tears were streaming through her eyes, her gaze burrowed into mine, a fierce intensity in them.

"I didn't use to be this way. I didn't used to have these... these thoughts! I was a Christian woman, then... then you—you hypnotized me after class one day, and everything started to... started to..." She buried herself into her hands, collapsing down to her knees in distraught confusion.

I thought I was too far gone to feel any empathy. I certainly was, but seeing my beauty hurt like that had my heart aching.

I went over to Karen and knelt down beside her. I had no experience in comforting someone, especially a woman, so I just stroked my hand through her messy blonde waves, watching her lean shoulders go up and down.

"Shh," I said. "It's okay, love."

“Please,” she choked the word out between trembling sobs. She hiccuped, then begged me some more. “Please, please, please have mercy on me.”

When I said nothing, she looked up from her soaked palms, her teared filled emerald eyes staring up at mine. She looked so innocent. So beautiful.

“Please,” she sobbed. Her gaze dropped and she must have noticed my massive hard-on through my shorts because she extended her right hand and rubbed my erection using her thumb and ring finger.

I groaned, and she leaned forward and captured my lips. I felt her hair tickling my face as she sucked on my lips desperately. When she pulled back, I was the hardest I have ever been since waking up and all I could focus on was my cock screaming to be inside her.

Karen was still crying, tears free falling down her cheeks. “I’ll do anything for you now. But please... please let me go after this. Please set me free. *Please.*”

Set her free? Her logic was to give herself to me right then so I would let her go after? Didn’t she know how fucking addictive her body was? If she gave anyone an exotic sampling of that addictive pussy, who in their right mind would want to see her go?

Definitely not me.

“Come,” I said, getting up to my feet and then helping my teacher stand up on shaky knees. She was very docile, holding my hand and meekly following me to the bed.

I pushed down the multiple open suitcases off her bed so that we could have space. Her bed smelled like her, all sweet, smooth, and creamy. I knew that no man had ever slept with her on this very bed, and once again, being her first just overloaded the excitement in me.

When I was done clearing her bed, I sat in the middle of it and motioned to her with a finger. Karen was still sobbing, her chest trembling in and out as she sniffled loudly. Nodding meekly at my gesture, my teacher climbed onto bed on all fours, then slowly crawled towards me, resting on her knees once she was close.

I could tell she wanted to say something. We held gazes for a moment before her trembling lips parted.

“Please,” she begged.

“Shh,” I told her, leaning forward, my lips reaching her neck. Her flesh felt hot, almost feverish. I trailed down soft pecks on her neck while my hands gripped her sides for a moment, sliding up and down her curves, before I went to her front and groped those plump breasts.

She must have liked that, because her sobs had stopped, replaced by soft moans. It was music to my ears, and I applied pressure on her big tits, squeezing them softly at first before clutching them hard, her moans increasing in volume the more pressure I applied.

“Master!” she gasped, her lips parted wide, her nipples pebbled hard beneath my greedy palms.

She loved this. My teacher loved what I was doing to her, so why did she want to leave me? I was giving her pleasure and making her happy. Her moans and gasp proved it. So what if her feelings were artificial? Did it really matter in the end?

“Fuck, you smell so good.” I trailed kisses up her neck, on her chin, then towards her lips, sucking on her bottom lips. I groaned when her sweetness hit me again, causing curses to tumble from my lips. Abandoning her breasts and digging my hands into her messy hair, I pulled her closer and deepened her kiss, meeting her eager tongue and sparring with it aggressively.

Fuck. I couldn't get enough of her lips, her scent, her crazy moaning...

My cock throbbed and pre-cum spilled from my tips, signaling me to abandon foreplay and get straight to the fucking. I listened. Karen mewled when I pulled back. If she liked what I was doing to her, she would *love* what came next.

I pushed her forward, and she gasped when her back hit the mattress. I didn't mean to shove her that hard, but I couldn't think straight. Lust had me tossing her legs over my shoulders and a drugging desire for her pussy had me ramming my hips forwards, penetrating her.

The shrill scream that shot through her lips would definitely wake the neighbors. I leaned downwards and captured what belonged to me, swallowing her wails and seeking her eager tongue to resume our dance.

Every rough thrust forward had Karen grunting. Her pussy was tight, but her inner walls relaxed quickly as she got accustomed to my girth. Her body was getting used to my cock, and the thought that I was her first and last just had me all fired up.

I hit something hard from a hard thrust forward. Karen jerked her back off the mattress and pulled her tongue back to bite down hard on my lower lips, her muffled screams leaking out of my mouth and lighting up the room.

From the stinging sensation on my lips and the slight metallic taste in my mouth, I knew she had drawn blood, but we never slowed down. Karen was moving her hips like a woman possessed, meeting every hard thrust from me with erotic sways of her own. Her toes were pointed towards the ceiling and her calves were pressed tightly against my neck, but I didn't fucking care.

This was on another plane of pleasure. Even Mom, with her ridiculously fit body and tight cunt, couldn't make me feel like this.

Finally, Karen released her teeth from my lips and I took the opportunity to lean backwards and look upon my beauty. My teacher had her bottom lip between her teeth, enthusiastic grunts shooting out from her mouth every time our hips connected. Her green eyes were filled with lust, and her pupils were dilated and focused on mine.

She was loving this. There was no way she actually wanted to leave me.

No way.

"Fuck! Karen!" I screamed when I couldn't hold back the pressure anymore.

"Master!" was her reply. She squeezed her eyes shut and her pussy clamped down onto me, squeezing my cock so goddamn hard, I knew it was game over for both of us.

I hadn't had an orgasm for over twelve hours by then, a record-breaking time ever since I had discovered the super-drug. So much initial semen bursted from my tip, I knew it was going to overflow her tight cunt the second I exploded.

My teacher accepted it all hungrily, her moans sounding so loud, raw, and sinful, especially from a dedicated Christian girl. She drove her hips over and over and over even after cum spilled from her greedy cunt, soaking the bed sheets and driving me fucking insane.

My toes curled and my back bowed as bolts of pleasure tore through me, ripping me from the insides and melting my bones. I shattered apart with my beauty, my hands finding her breasts amid all the moans and grunts. I squeezed them for everything they were worth.

Finally, time resumed, and my vision cleared. I panted, hard and loud, staring at my slave who was also catching her breath, beads of sweat on her forehead, her hair now even more of a mess.

My beauty met my gaze, our harsh breathing becoming the only sounds in the room. I enjoyed the peace, but that only lasted a minute before Karen opened her swollen lips.

"Please," she begged, her eyes watering again. "Please let me go. I have given you what you wanted."

"You also want this. Don't lie to me. No one can fake an orgasm like that."

She shook her head slowly. "This... this isn't me. These thoughts in my head telling me what I want are not my own thoughts."

I sighed, bringing a hand down and stroking her tear-stained cheeks. "I'm sorry, Karen. I cannot allow you to leave. I want you, and I'm going to have you. Don't worry, baby. You'll be very happy."

She was shaking her head faster now, throwing her hair around as she did so.

"No... please, Tom. Please, please, please." Tears flowed down from her eyes again, wetting my fingers. "Please let me go."

"I'm sorry, baby."

A hard push on my chest. My cock slipped out from inside her, and I fell backwards, crashing on the soaked bedsheet.

I could hear Karen tumbling out of bed and when I had my bearings, I looked to the side, only to see my naked beauty making a dash towards the door.

Oh, no, she won't.

I spoke fast. "Sleep time, Little Karen."

She never made it to the door. Her knees buckled under her and her limp body crashed towards the ground. Luckily, she didn't hit her head, because her right arm and shoulder took the blunt of the fall.

I walked towards my teacher, sighing as I squatted down, looking at her closed eyes and peaceful expression.

"I'm sorry, Karen," I told her. "But I never desired something more than you. Don't worry, my love. You'll be happy. I promise."

I sighed again when I thought of what I had to do. It was time to break her for good this time.

It was time to inject her with the super-drug again. This time, I'll give her a dosage no one has received before. It might kill her, but I had to take the risk. I couldn't see another way to break her unwavering will. She had to be so addicted and dependent towards me, the thought of escape should never cross her pretty mind again.

Time to break her for good.

Luckily, I didn't need to carry her back to the car. There was no way I could lift her body up for long with my skinny frame.

In her suggestive state, I made her put her clothes on and walk hand in hand with me out of her apartment, down the lift, and towards my car. No one would have guessed she was in a trance and not conscious. They would have to look deep into her eyes to figure out that something was odd about them.

Her emerald eyes were glassy, and she was only blinking once every minute. Occasionally, saliva would pour down the edge of her lips, but that was all taken care of with a swipe from a tissue paper.

By the time we got back to our house, Mom was waiting for me, naked, and on her knees. In normal circumstances, I would have been so turned on by that welcoming sight, but Karen was more important than fucking my mother.

It was a quick conversation with my mother. I told her to leave the house for a weekend getaway. She didn't ask questions, just said 'Yes, Master,' and went to her room to put some clothes on.

I didn't want Mom around for this crucial phase of Karen's brainwashing. All my focus had to be directed to Karen, and unfortunately for Mom, she was a distraction. A beautiful, naked woman willing to fuck me in any way I wanted was just a recipe for disaster.

My beauty was still deep in a trance as I led her into the bathroom, where she relieved herself. I even afforded the time to clean her, trying my best not to give into my urges and fuck my entranced teacher in the shower while I soaped up her body with my hands. Thankfully, I cleaned her and patted her dry with little fuss.

Then I brought her down to the basement. Our house was in a modern suburb. Although the surroundings were bustling with people and teeming with life, we lived on the very outskirts of the housing area, away from the noise. So even if Karen screamed for help, with the thick walls in the basement, and the nearest neighbor a distance away, no one would hear her.

As my beauty stood there, swaying gently, her eyes still completely glazed, I prepared everything.

I brought a wooden chair down, along with zip ties, ropes, gags, and even a dildo. I had Karen sit down on the chair where I strapped her ankles, wrists, neck, and head.

The dildo was vital, and I had it tied to the center of the seat, and in between her milky thighs. I inserted the dildo gently, very gently, into Karen, and secured it onto the seat with ropes and zip ties. This way, she was free to move, but she'd have to rub herself against the dildo if she did.

I got two standing lights and placed each one in front of her, one on the left and the other on the right. I also went to the storage room and grabbed a piece of unused surveillance camera and prepared them in the basement, placing three in total around the room.

With all that done and feeling the first bead of sweat forming on my forehead, I went back upstairs, into my room, where I prepared a shot of the super-drug along with a headset that had her subliminal recordings downloaded inside.

I walked back down into the basement, where I wrapped a gag around her mouth, then snapped her out of her trance. If she had been frightened before, she was terrified now. Karen tried to turn her head, but after realizing that she couldn't, her eyes grew even wider and muffled screams could be heard through the gag.

I kept my voice calm and my words clear. "Karen, you're in my basement. No one will hear you. The reason you are here, tied up, is because I want you here until you learn how to be a proper slave."

I didn't know if she was listening to me. My teacher was still struggling in her restraints and still letting out muffled cries.

I sighed. "I love you, Karen, and I'm sorry that I have to resort to this. But you're stubborn, and I want you to be mine. I *need* you to be mine."

With that comment, I took the syringe I had prepared on the table beside her. She freaked out after seeing the syringe, and her muffled screams increased in intensity.

I had only injected her while she was in a trance. So far, that hadn't worked in fully breaking her will. My theory was that I had only broken her subconscious mind, but her conscious part in her brain was fighting back, thus her insubordination.

To dominate the subconscious part in her mind, I had to inject her while she was still awake.

"Shh," I told my beauty as I used one hand to keep her left arm still, and then impaled the needle through her left shoulder. I tried to ignore her screams, and thankfully her screams died down after the super drug coursed into her system and attacked her mind.

She was just breathing heavily now, but her eyes were still wide. I took out her mouth gag. She was silent.

"Now, Karen, my love," I said. "The less you fight, the quicker it will be."

She spoke then, her words shaky and low.

"Please, Tom... please let me go."

A tear fell from her right eye.

I shook my head. "I'm sorry, love. I'm so sorry."

With the parting comment, I turned on the bright lights in front of her and placed the headset on top of her head and over her ears before heading towards the stairs.

She suddenly shrieked. "No, Tom! No, please don't! PLEASE! TOM! HELP! PLEASE!"

I shut the door behind me, feeling my heart break into pieces. I hated what I was doing, but it had to be done.

The recording would play on repeat while the super drug forcefully opened her mind up for programming. She would get no sleep and no food until she submitted. I had to weaken her will as much as possible for Karen to truly break.

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.**

Happy Birthday Karen.

I watched Karen through the live surveillance feed in my old room. It had been three hours since I had left her there and Karen was still struggling in her chair and screaming for help.

Her wails were strained from using her voice for so long, but my little angel stayed persistent. It was impressive how strong her will was. Even with the strongest mind-altering drug ever created, combined with powerful hypnosis, she wouldn't falter.

But I was sure she would break before the day was up. She was the only human that could withstand the full brainwashing effects of the super-drug. Now, combined with sleep and food deprivation and the mental knowledge that no one would save her, it would be impossible for anybody to not break.

Right?

I had to imagine what it would be like to have Karen fully committed to me. With an insane will like hers, she would be fiercely loyal towards me. She would be my most dedicated servant. Every breath she took would be for my sole benefit.

I grew hard with those wishful thoughts in mind. Mom was an already amazing slave, but I had no doubts Karen would be top-tier.

"Help!" Karen's cries came from my computer speakers. "Someone, help me! I'm in the basement! Please, help!"

I sighed, shaking my head and looking toward my second screen, where a horror flick was playing. I loved horror movies, but couldn't seem to enjoy it no matter how hard I tried.

Hours passed agonizingly slowly. Soon it was almost midnight and Karen was still impossibly crying for help. It wasn't as loud or as consistent as the first six hours, but every once in a while, she would scream for someone to save her or she would pray to God for help and strength. Eventually, she stopped struggling. My angel was just sitting there, her shoulders slumped.

It wouldn't be long now.

I woke up with a gasp and immediately checked my phone for the time.

It had been a little over twenty-six hours since I had trapped Karen. Looking at the surveillance feed showed she was still conscious, moving around ever so slightly.

With a sigh, I stood up and headed towards the basement.

My teacher was silent as I walked in, making my way towards her and going around to her front. The lights were bright on her face and her expression showed exhaustion.

“Karen?” I said. “How do you feel?”

I knew it was a stupid question, but I just wanted to hear her talk. She didn’t. She kept her mouth shut even when I brought out the syringe into view. My teacher just stiffened and her eyes went wide.

I injected her on the other arm, then dabbed the spot with a cotton swab before setting the instruments aside and opening a bottle of water I had brought with me.

Even though Karen would get no food, her body needed water. I tipped the bottle towards her and she drank it eagerly until the bottle was empty.

Since she didn’t seem to want to make conversation, I didn’t bother with it. I just kissed her on the forehead before heading up the stairs to make breakfast for myself.

It was almost five hours later before I was back in the basement. I had brought a bucket for my beauty to relieve herself in. I thought of putting her into a trance before I untied her bonds, but she was both physically and mentally weak, so I was confident I could handle myself.

Besides, I had the trigger word to use if she became aggressive. Aside from the occasional barely audible moans and groans, she was otherwise silent as I untied her.

I half-expected her to jump me as soon as I undid the last rope, but she was still. Her eyes were half-closed, and she looked like she would drop unconscious any second.

Helping her up to her feet, I told her to relieve herself in the bucket. She did, and then I patted her pussy dry with a towel. I had to hold Karen throughout it all because her frame was trembling and I feared she would slump to the ground without my support.

After she was wiped clean, I made her drink another bottle of water and had her sit on the chair. She never protested or made any moves to stop me as I tied her back up.

I kissed her on the lips this time before I left. She responded by lightly sucking on my lips, but otherwise, it felt like I was kissing a corpse. But she had responded positively, and I left the cold basement happier than I had entered it.

Exactly fifty-five hours since Karen's final training had started.

I had only received a few hours of sleep. Karen certainly couldn't afford that luxury.

I went down into the basement and injected the third dosage of the super-drug into her left arm. She didn't even react when she saw the needle, or when the cold steel penetrated her skin.

I helped my teacher relieve herself again before securing her back into the chair. She never resisted me once.

Seventy hours in.

When I entered the basement to give her water and check on her, Karen was moaning something under her breath. I had to lean in close before I realized she was repeating the words playing in her ears.

"Tom is my Master... I want to please Master... I'm in love with Master... I worship Master... I want to fuck Master..."

Almost there. She was almost completely mine.

A hundred hours. One hundred fucking hours and she would still not break.

I had gone down to the basement several times in between taking power naps. I helped her urinate and gave her water. She looked on the verge of collapsing, her eyelids spasming and her body completely weak, but she never broke.

Karen was still muttering the words on the tape under her breaths and that made it fucking hard to focus when I was around her. I masturbated every single time after I went back upstairs.

But I was getting tired. My sleep quality was piss poor, I couldn't eat well, and I certainly couldn't enjoy my movies.

At this rate, I might break before her.

A hundred and fifteen hours since trapping Karen in the basement.

I woke up to sounds of grunting and heavy breathing. The monitor showed Karen enthusiastically thrusting herself against the dildo and having a fierce orgasm.

I entered the basement, clicked on the overhead light, turned off the bright lights in front of her, and took the headset off her head. Karen settled back in her chair limply, staring at me with watery eyes and whispering, "Master, Master, Master...."

I delicately withdrew the dildo, took off her binds, and helped Karen up.

Was she broken? Judging by the way she was looking at me, there was no mistaking the emotions in her green eyes. There were the eyes of a broken woman.

I needed to feed her, then get her to sleep. And quickly.

But Karen had other plans. She smiled at me, kneeled, and fumbled for my zipper.

"Karen," I said warily, wanting to stop her, but also didn't want to. "Don't you want some rest?"

She pulled the zipper down silently.

"Karen, I have some food for you."

She pulled my erection out.

“Karen, don’t you want some sleep?”

Karen took me in her mouth. She gave me a fantastic blowjob. I had no idea how the hell she mustered so much energy and enthusiasm after what I had put her through, but her tongue did wonders and she finished me quickly, swallowing every drop.

After she was done, I fed her a grilled chicken sandwich and put her to bed.

She slept for fifteen hours.

I had won. Karen was all mine.

The end.

One year later

When I enrolled into Jackson college, I never would have thought I would be happy to participate in the pre-graduation ceremony.

There was no way in a million years I would imagine a scenario where I would be fucking the sexiest teacher in the school just minutes before the ceremony. And inside a storage closet, of all places.

Why a storage closet?

The simple reason was that I had fucked Ms Thompson in almost every single room in the school. The only place we hadn’t had sex was in a storage closet, so I had to sample the experience at least once.

The notion of fucking a teacher in her own school was always strangely erotic to me. And now I get to fulfill my dream with a young hot blonde who was willing to get fucked in any and every position I could ever want. All I had to do was speak the words out and Karen would make my words into a reality.

We had almost been caught. Several times. But that was the fun of it. I loved the adrenaline spike when someone walked past the room where we were performing the forbidden act in.

One time, the janitor had walked in on us. But he had earbuds in, so he didn't hear the moans or the rhythmic sound of my balls slamming against her ass. We hid under the tables while he hummed the tune he was listening to and retrieved the trash before heading back out.

But there was no janitor present right now. It was just me and my beautiful Karen in a cramped space.

"Master!" Karen gasped, much louder than she intended. She placed a hand on her mouth and continued moaning me out while I fucked her against the wall. "Oh—Master!"

I was rough with her like always, slamming myself against her with reckless abandon. My slave responded by melting at my touch and allowing me to own her in every way.

Sweat was dripping from her and I licked a couple salty beads off her neck before her needy mouth came down and found mine.

Sex was indescribable with my sexy teacher. The first month of sex with her was nothing compared to the pleasure I was receiving now. She had been inexperienced and awkward, but her pussy was just too fucking good, compensating for her lack of experience. After all, she had just lost her virginity to me back then. But over the months of fucking countless times a day, every day, Karen quickly gained experience, and she was now a literal sex goddess.

She knew exactly how to twist or angle her body to maximize my pleasure. She knew exactly how to move her hands around my body to really get me going. And she knew precisely how to work her tongue to perform magic to mine.

We had probably had sex in every position imaginable a hundred times, but I had always resorted back to the old and trusty doggy style. But in the cramped space, there was no room for her to bend down on all fours, so pushing her back against the wall and fucking her against it was the only solution.

Her pussy still felt fucking amazing, even after being inside it for thousands of hours. I still felt the same overwhelming shot of pleasure when I had first entered her, and I was confident I would never tire of her pussy.

I was reaching maniac territory, trashing against her repeatedly and mercilessly. Karen expertly moved her hips with mine, and she was licking the inside of my mouth just the way I love it.

I felt my body locking up. I tried to pin down the rush of pleasure steaming forward, but I knew it was fruitless. There was no way I could hold myself back when it came to having sex with my young teacher. She had always finished me fast, and I didn't see that changing anytime soon.

I came with a roar, momentarily forgetting that we had to be quiet. Karen adjusted quickly, swallowing my screams of pleasure and skillfully contracting her inner walls to clamp down hard on my cock, squeezing me so hard, I thought she would break me apart.

"I love you, Master," my beauty whispered against my lips after I had finished my load inside her.

"I... fuck—" I tried to catch my breath. "Yeah, I... love you too."

That was another thing. I had to get used to the constant 'I love you's' from my youngest slave. She had fallen head over heels for me after that basement torture she had gone through. Karen was completely broken after that, developing a fierce loyalty to me—and also an unhealthy obsession.

I wasn't joking when I said Karen was never more than fifty feet away from me after that day. She was always glued to my side, and the only time she wasn't touching me was when I had to attend another class in school, or when we were at home and I had to go pee. It was impossible for my cock to deflate when she was in the bathroom with me, so I had her stand outside while I went through the torture of waiting long minutes until I could get her out of my mind and finally relieve myself.

Then, as soon as I open the door, my slave would leap towards my arms and shower me with kisses as if we hadn't seen each other for ages.

I had found out the hard way that I couldn't leave her alone without consequences. One day when I decided to spend the night with mom, I had woken up to Karen screaming from a nightmare.

When I asked her what the nightmare was about, my little Karen, shivering and crying, told me she had dreamt of me getting bored with her and disowning her.

Since then, I had made sure that Karen always slept in the same bed with me.

After all, I promised her I would take care of her and keep her happy.

Yeah, her love for me was conditioned into her. But so what? When I was fucking her, that thought never crossed my mind. When I received one of her bright smiles, or when told me she loved me more than anything else in life, the thought that her love was fake had never once lost me a wink of sleep. When I went to bed with my cock buried inside her and with her big firm breasts crushed against my chest, I fell to sleep with a big smile on my face.

Implemented love or not, it didn't matter to me.

"I love you, Master," she repeated, kneeling down in front of me and licking my cock clean. "I really do."

"I know, love," I told her, petting her on the head while she lapped around my entire length, even giving my balls the same courtesy. "I know."

When she was done, I gave her another deep, long kiss, not even caring that I could taste myself on her lips. Her juice had an overpowering sweetness to it, so I could tolerate making love to her after she had given me head.

Karen helped button up my dress shirt, and I firmed out her blouse.

"Are you ready..." I said, nodding at the door. "*Ms Thompson?*"

Obviously we had to act like our normal selves when inside school grounds. But that didn't stop Karen from giving me long looks in classes and flirty touches whenever she passed by my table. Whenever classes ended, I would always pack up my stuff very slowly until everyone had filed out. Karen would walk towards the door, lock it, and then I would have my way with her on the teacher's table.

Every. Single. Time.

She loved it.

“Yes, Ma—” Ms Thompson smirked at me, then corrected herself. “Tom.”

I exited the storage closet first, made sure the coast was clear before coughing into my fist and making a quick exit. My teacher would hear the signal, wait a few seconds, then exit the room, going back to her ‘teacher’ mode, smiling at students and greeting her colleagues as they greeted her.

I was proud of that. The brainwashing I had done on her was exceptionally well done. Karen still kept all her quirky traits and personality and wasn’t just a mindless, dumb sex toy for me to use. She could revert to her normal self as quickly as I could snap my fingers. She still indulged in her own hobbies and was bright as ever.

I had worried about any long-term side effects from injecting an ungodly amount of the super-drug into her, but so far, she displayed no symptoms. We had gotten extensive blood work on her, and aside from a slight deficiency in zinc, she was healthy and happy.

I entered the school hall just in time for the ceremony to begin. As the headmaster greeted us on stage and went on a long speech, I afforded a quick look around the enormous hall.

I spotted my angel after a few seconds of searching. It wasn’t hard. Karen stood out like a sore thumb with her unmatched beauty and tight clothes that accentuated all her wonderful curves.

My beauty was already looking at me before I even saw her. When my eyes landed on her, she winked at me before giving me one of her bright smiles.

I smiled back. I thought of whipping out my phone to do some dirty sexting when a feminine voice on stage caught my attention.

I didn’t even realize the headmaster had handed the mic to someone else. And that someone else made my eyes bulge wide.

“First off,” the beautiful Latina on stage said. “Congratulations to all of you for graduating! My name is Camila Garcia and I’m one of the lecturers at Sierra University. I’m here to tell you why you should further your studies in our prestigious institution...”

She listed off several reasons why her university was great and everything, but I could only focus on that slutty voice of hers and her jaw dropping features.

Camila was an elderly woman, probably in her late thirties and slightly older than Mom. But fuck me, her skin looked smooth as butter and was tanned to perfection. Her features were perfectly symmetrical and her long dark hair was beautifully lush. And her body... oh god her body.

Those curves could almost rival Karen's, and those long, toned legs were stunning. I wished her dress didn't cover half of them. It should be an insult. Those legs deserved to be shown off.

Camila just screamed sex, and although I believed Karen was still much more attractive with her youthful look and equally sexy body, I wouldn't be surprised if people preferred the older woman.

As she talked, she waved her right hand around and I caught a glimpse of diamond.

So she was married. She probably had kids, too.

Her husband was a lucky man.

Well, he's fortune was about to run out. Because I was in search of a new girl to add to my collection. Mom and Karen were amazing, but the greed inside me was just too much. Two beautiful women were not enough to completely satisfy my needs.

I needed more.

As Camila's stunning beauty captivated my attention, I could only think of what her pussy would feel like. With looks like hers, there was no doubt she had tons of experience in the sex department.

I had no doubts our first time would be out of this world.

It was time to apply for Sierra University and hope I get accepted. I could be that extraordinary Latina's student.

If not, well... it doesn't matter.

Camila would be mine sooner or later.

And I would have three slaves to satisfy my every need.

END

