



# APRIL FOOLED

# 2

BRING A FRIEND

WILL B. GUNN

# April Fooled 2 – Bring A Friend

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By **Will B. Gunn**

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All sexual participants in this e-book are aged eighteen or older.

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Caroline's boss marched into the office, and the young secretary hurriedly minimized the chat window on her screen, and

straightened herself on her chair.

“I don't care what it takes, Bishop. The CEO of this company expects the prototype to be ready for testing by Friday, and I don't plan to disappoint him.” Miss Grady said without breaking stride.

“But Miss Grady, please, there's no way we can overcome the issues by...”

“If you don't, I trust Miss Reed and her team will. Won't you, Julie?” Miss Grady cut the man's grovelling, and addressed the woman who just entered behind them.

“Not only that, Miss Grady. By Friday you'll have it in a variety of colors and slick designs.” The bespectacled woman said confidently, giving the lightly crouching man a condescending wink.

“Fantastic. You see, Mr. Bishop. This is the kind of attitude I want from my employees. This is why I have different teams compete every now and then. I like to remind you peons how easy it would be for me to thin the herd.”

“Miss Grady, please-.” The man started, but the stern executive cut him short by raising her hand to his face.

“No pleading or sob stories will help you, Mr. Bishop, only meeting your deadline. We are running a business here. Now get to work.” She derisively pointed towards the door, and both team leaders turned around immediately and left the room, back on their way to the research and development floor.

Caroline felt a little bad for that poor, bald man. Not that she was going to say anything to Miss Grady.

“Morning Caroline.” Miss Grady greeted her coldly, barely glancing her way.

“Good morning, Miss Grady. You have no messages this morning. Your first appointment is a ten a.m. with Miss Warner from HR, followed by an eleven a.m. with Mr Turner regarding this quarter's numbers.” Caroline delivered her report quickly and efficiently, with a strong and clear voice. She knew the drill.

“Reschedule Mr Turner to next week. Oh, and remind me to talk to you about something before you leave today.” Miss Grady said and entered her private office.

“Y-Yes, Miss Grady.” Caroline felt a chill running down her spine. She wanted to ask Miss Grady what she wanted to talk to her about, but the powerful woman got in her office before Caroline could even reply.

“Probably for the better. She doesn't like follow-up questions.” Caroline mumbled to herself, and turned her gaze back to her computer.

“Sorry, love, I have to go. Boss seems to be on the warpath today.” She sent a final message to her boyfriend in the chat window she minimized, then disconnected and closed the program.

Miss Grady's department worked like a well oiled machine, and any cog that didn't fit was quickly removed and replaced. That's why Mr. Bishop was so agitated. He knew his failure would most likely cost him his job. Miss Grady had a zero tolerance policy when it came to incompetence, of any kind.

Caroline quickly brought up Mr. Turner's number and called to notify him of the rescheduled appointment.

Inside the locked office, a Miss Grady no one in the company knew sat down. Behind her desk, she reached down under her business skirt, and slowly slid her panties down to her knees.

“Much better.” She said with a relieved sigh, opening her legs on the arms of the chair. She reached into her purse, and took out a dildo and a matching butt plug.

“Keep my cunt nice and wet for master's pleasure.” She rubbed her pussy in circles, her eyes glazed and a dim smile on her face.

“*Mmh!*” She let out a quiet squeal as she pushed the dildo into her. Her pussy lips tightened and quivered around it, keeping it deep in place.

She stood up, using the desk for support. Lightly twisting her lips, she put the butt-plug in place with her free hand. “It's important to train my ass for master's cock. It's my only hole worth fucking.” She droned out, and sat back on her chair, trying to sit as straight as she could despite the stiff intrusion into both her lower holes.

She picked up the phone and dialed her building's super, the man her universe revolved around.

“Hello?” He answered curtly.

“Hello, master. I have arrived at work. Do you have a whim you'd like me to fulfill? I am your obedient slave.” Her cheeks felt hot and her voice dripped with lust and submission.

“Oh hey bitch.” He said with a smirk.

“I hope you are having a perfectly pleasurable day, master.”

“I am, indeed. Fucking April's mouth has a somewhat therapeutic effect to it. Very calming to move her head up and down and hear her gag without giving any resistance.”

“I'm glad, master. Is there any whim you would like me to fulfill?” Miss Grady asked again. “I live to serve you.” She added.

“Did you set the appointment with Rocco?”

“Yes master. I'll be there at one p.m.” She confirmed.

“Great. Make sure the rings he sells you are big enough to thread a hook into.” He stressed.

“Of course, master. I'll be happy to be a useful tool for you.” Miss Grady sounded almost impatient. “Is there any other whim you'd like me to fulfill, master?” She asked again, almost like an automaton.

“What a needy bitch. You're like a broken record.” Her master laughed. “Fine. Why don't you bite your own nipples. Close your teeth on them gently, so they won't be too sore when you get to Rocco.”

“Right away, master!” She exclaimed excitedly, and swiftly took her tits out from under her blouse.

“All right. Fuck you later, bitch.” Her master said and hung up.

“Yes master. I am your horny little cum bucket.” Miss Grady put the phone down and began to lubricate her nipples with her tongue, making sure they were nice and hard.

The rest of the day seemed quite event less. Miss Grady did her best to maintain an outward facade of her former serious, driven self.

Not letting anyone guess that she was not much more than a loyal fuck doll for her master was imperative, to maintain his secret. Thanks to his special audio device, Miss Grady's devotion went far beyond love and adoration.

It was more like a fixation, or a chemical addiction, numbing her mind and making her brain crave his attention. Obedience became as important as breathing. It wasn't easy to maintain her act, especially with the set of sex toys plugging her pussy and ass, but nothing was more important to her than successfully following her master's orders.

Even her personal assistant, Caroline, didn't notice the difference. At least until her stern boss gave her some music she claimed was composed by her friend's band.

"Y-You want me to give it a listen?" Caroline asked, surprised and relieved.

"Yes. I can't see the appeal of this new age, electronic stuff. I figured someone your age would provide a more cogent feedback."

"Oh." Caroline was still a tad wide-eyed. "Sure! I can do that." She said happily, copied the audio files to her phone, and scurried back to her desk.

"Maybe this will elevate my status in her eyes." She hoped as she connected earphones to her phone. "Besides I always like trying new music." She checked the time on her phone. "Gotta hurry, though. And I'd better tell Keith to come pick me up here."

As efficient at multitasking as ever, Caroline put the plugs in her ears at the same time as she sent her boyfriend the message.

Keith arrived about an hour later, bearing a bouquet of roses. He found his loving girlfriend behind her desk, slumped on her chair with a dreamy smile on her face.

"Ready to go, Caroline?" He smiled at her, reaching his flower bearing hand forward.

"Caroline?" He frowned. "Can you hear me?" He gently tugged on the cord of her earphones, yanking one of them out of her ear.

"What?" She asked as if waking up from a deep sleep.

"Ready to go? I booked us a table in that Italian place you like." Keith said.

Caroline stared at him for a few dull moments.

"No. Sorry. I'm really busy." She said in a very business-like manner, devoid of any emotion.

“Uhm, you were listening to music on your phone.” Keith argued.

“I'm doing very important things, and I don't feel like going out with you today anyway. So please, just go.” She rolled her earphones cord into a compact bundle and pocketed it, and her phone, in her handbag.

“Did I do something wrong, Caroline?”

“You are, now. Just stop pestering me and go away!” She snapped at him angrily.

“Okay, I have no idea what's going on, but I'm sure we can work it out if we talk. So let's just go to dinner and...”

“No! Go away.” Caroline clearly couldn't be reasoned with.

“Have you gone mad, Caroline? You wanted a romantic date, and it cost me quite a sum to arrange. Now please.” Keith practically begged.

“No.” Caroline slammed her hand on the table. “I have more important things to do. Please leave before I call the police.”

“The police?! Are you fucking serious?!”

“Leave!”

Keith was speechless for a moment.

“All right, fine.” He said through gritted teeth. “I'll talk to you later, and you'd better have a good explanation for this, or we are through!” He marched outside, angrily popping the bouquet in the trash bin next to the door before leaving.

Caroline donned a carefree smile on her face in the wake of her boyfriend's furious departure. She stood up, and hummed joyfully on her way to Miss Grady's office.

“Yes?” Miss Grady responded to Caroline's gentle knock on the door. The beautiful young woman walked in with a charming smile on her face.

“I am ready to serve master.” She stated plainly.

“Wonderful.” Miss Grady grinned. “Master will simply love using your exquisite body.”

“I hope so.” Caroline nodded, her glassy eyes twinkling. “I exist to serve my master.”

“Yes you do.” Miss Grady stood, and pulled her panties back up. “Let's go. We need to stop by HR, to pick another one of master's presents.”

“Oh?” Caroline sounded disappointed.

“No no, Caroline. That's a good thing. Don't be greedy. We must rejoice at every additional toy in master's collection. His pleasure and happiness is the only thing that counts.” Miss Grady said like a caring matron educating a new initiate.

“You're right. I'm sorry.” Caroline nodded and donned a dreamy smile back on her face. Miss Grady left and locked her office, and her gorgeous secretary followed a step behind her.

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Fred used his key to enter Miss Grady's apartment. Ever since he started using his device to take over the minds of the unsuspecting tenants in his buildings, he had his choice of beds to sleep at night, and an even greater choice of ravishing young women to warm his bed.

Miss Grady's apartment was still his favorite place to hit the sack. Her place was the biggest and best decorated. She also had the best mattress, an ergonomic special edition from one of those expert places that tailor an item specifically for the customer. Fred was actually quite surprised how plushy Miss Grady preferred her mattress, considering how much of a hard-ass she used to be.

“What a pretty sight.” Fred beamed at the three women waiting for him. Two beautifully trim young women bent forward at the waist, their legs lightly spread. They had glistening gift wrapping ribbons around their hips.

Miss Grady knelt next to one of them, her face glued to the younger woman's ass cheek. She fingered the young beauty, pumping two fingers in and out of her precious pink pussy. Miss Grady's tongue worked overtime lubricating the young woman's back door, just in case Fred was in the mood for some anal.

“Master! Welcome back!” She noticed his arrival with a smile, and lashed her tongue to lick her secretary's ass hole with increased gusto.

Fred dropped his pants and walked over to the other young woman, a bespectacled brunette. Her ass and pussy were shiny and moist, having already been properly lubed up by Miss Grady's expert tongue.

"Were they already shaved?" He traced his forefinger along the young woman's hairless pussy. She gave a wet moan and gently moved her ass from side to side in response, shifting weight between her long legs.

"No master, they weren't. I made sure they were properly groomed for your pleasure." Miss Grady said with pride.

"You know me so well." He teased the girl's pussy with his tip, hooking his fingers under the ribbon circling her trim hips.

"Looks like you taught them well, too. Silent and ready for me. Not speaking unless spoken to." He noted with joy, and thrust his crotch forward, stabbing deep into her tight cunt. The young woman let out a gentle squeal of delight, relishing the feel of her master's pelvis pressing against her pert cheeks.

"*Hmm*, that's nice." Fred savored the moment as well, pushing forward with his eyes closed and a blissful expression on his face.

"So, tell me about this one." He lifted his hand and gave her ass a sharp swat.

"Her name is Kirsten. She's the hottest girl in the human resources department." Miss Grady said between licks to her secretary's anus. Caroline's pussy squelched from her boss's rapid fingering.

"She's pretty tight." Fred noted, pumping into Kirsten in a nonchalant manner.

"I think she had a sheltered upbringing, master. Always walks around with long clothes that cover everything and a cross necklace around her neck."

"Ah, a good Christian girl. Lovely." He smacked Kirsten's ass and increased the pace of his pumping. Kirsten held her ankles tight, keeping herself nice and motionless. A perfect fixture for her master to use. A wet, young pussy for him to fuck. Her cheeks were flushed, and her smile bright. Her master's cock plowing into her gave her life meaning.

Fred pulled out of the demure young woman with a grunt, and moved to inspect his second gift. He squeezed Caroline's ass with one hand, and used the other to take a firm hold of Miss Grady's hair. He forcefully guided her mouth to his hard-on, and she took it between her hungry lips without hesitation.

He pumped deep into her face. She choked, but made sure to move her tongue expertly around his shaft.

"And this one?" He yanked her off his cock and asked. Miss Grady's lips detached with a loud kiss, followed by an even louder breath, compensating for the few breathless moments she just endured. Her face was red, and still she looked at his boner longingly. Her tongue lightly stretched in the direction of his tip, and her mouth was positively salivating.

"Focus, bitch." He snapped his fingers in front of her eyes, snapping her out of her hazy dream.

"S-Sorry, master. Her name is Caroline. She's my secretary and personal assistant."

With a wicked half-smile, Fred began teasing Caroline's well lubricated ass.

"Anything else?" He asked.

"She has a boyfriend. They've been together since she started working for me. I heard her talking to her friends about wanting him to pop the question." Miss Grady quietly moved to her master's balls as she spoke, eager for her mouth and tongue to be of further use. She hoped her master would approve of her actions.

"A serious relationship, hmm? Did your boyfriend ever fuck you up the ass?" Fred addressed one of his presents directly for the first time, slowly and carefully inserting himself deeper into her ass.

"No, master. We tried once, but it hurt too much." Caroline said, biting her lips.

"Well your boyfriend has no idea what he's missing." Fred pushed further, and began slowly moving her back and forth, like a toy.

"That's the nice thing about having mind controlled sex slaves." He turned his head to Miss Grady, still kneeling next to the girl she had so diligently prepared.

“No complaints. No conditions. None of the stress of dating, of matching expectations and being 'on' all the time. This is much simpler. I want something, and you give it to me. I command and you obey. No drama whatsoever.” He droned on as he casually fucked Caroline from behind.

“I am happy to make your life easier, master.” Caroline said with tears in her eyes, and Miss Grady nodded up at him, smiling in agreement.

It wasn't too pleasant for the young woman, at first, but the very notion of asking her master to slow down or stop never even crossed her mind. Soon enough, she even started enjoying it.

“I see you got the nipple rings I ordered.” Fred looked down at Miss Grady's massive fun-bags. He flicked her nipple with his finger, making the ring threaded into it jiggle.

“Yes master. I hope you'll find them useful.” Miss Grady thrust her chest out and said.

“Yeah yeah. Start cleaning here. The place is a dump.” Fred said with a smirk, looking around at Miss Grady's stylish and aesthetic living room. He just enjoyed insulting her, and watching her nod enthusiastically and scurry to obey.

“Yes master! Right away, master!” She jumped to her feet and shook her hips over to the bedroom, only to return a minute later with a pair of extremely high heels fastened to her feet. Fred demanded them as part of her housework attire.

Miss Grady ran a washcloth along the wooden surfaces in the living room. She made sure to sway her ass from side to side as she worked, and bend over as often as she could, doing her best to always be in her master's view.

Fred continued enjoying his two new toys, moving between their holes at a whim. It didn't take long for him to reach an explosive climax, and it happened to happen as he was fucking Caroline's freshly shaven, pink pussy.

“*Ohh yeah!*” He let out a series of grunts and plastered his pelvis to her pert behind, pumping his seed into her one blissful spurt at a time. Miss Grady watched with a smile, her tits swinging as she scrubbed the mantle.

“That was nice.” Fred pulled out, playfully grabbing Caroline's bubbly ass cheek. He took a couple of steps back, and watched as his creamy white deposits dripped down from her shiny, wet pussy.

“Clean me up.” He ordered, inviting his new slavegirls with a bright smile and open arms.

“Happily, master.” Kirsten and Caroline gracefully moved to their knees and crawled over. Kirsten began by lowering her head and kissing his feet, and Caroline moved immediately to his cock, still arching and semi-erect from his orgasm.

“Lovely view indeed.” Fred grinned and reached down to fondle Kirsten's ass. The way it perched up as she lavished his feet with kisses and licked between his toes was way too inviting to resist.

“Lick my balls, babe.” He gently tapped on her ass, and the young beauty worshiping at his feet shifted to an upright kneeling position. “Of course, master.” She said with a dreamy smile, her eyes focusing on Fred's crotch.

“Oh, just like that!” Fred closed his eyes and arched his neck up as he felt her tongue begin to dance on his balls. She was such an eager amateur, or perhaps she was an oversexed, horny vixen under the guise of a devout introverted young woman. Either way, the way she moved her tongue so vibrantly and wildly on her master's balls made him feel all fuzzy inside.

“I've got to sit down.” He said with a sigh and let himself fall into the soft embrace of Miss Grady's extremely comfy couch.

“Call Rory and April over, bitch.” He snapped his fingers at Miss Grady, and reached over to grab a fist full of Caroline and Kirsten's hair, pulling their heads in firmly and letting them lovingly double team his cock.

“Right away, master.” Miss Grady quickly strutted to her phone, eager to call her coed neighbors over to serve her master. Fred closed his eyes with a pleased sigh, his hands on Kirsten and Caroline's heads, gently leading their tongues up and down his pole. The gorgeous girls let him move them about like dolls, their tongues out and their eyes glassy as they wetted his cock with eager diligence.

Elsewhere in the building, two roomies and best friends lay on the floor in their apartment, caught in a passionate sixty-nine loving. Rory and April could barely find the time for schoolwork, anymore, let alone any part time intern jobs.

April much preferred spending her time getting Rory's pussy wet for their master, so she was thrilled when Fred told her to quit her job, and any optional course she may have taken at college.

*Our cunts must be kept wet and ready for master's cock.* The thought repeated in her head, nonstop. They knew that at any moment their lord and master might unlock their door and come in for a quick fuck and suck. Or even to stay the night in one of their beds, and one of their pussies.

Ever since he so thoroughly brainwashed them, they built their lives around that simple notion. It was so easy to push everything else away. To let their minds stay in an endless loop. They felt no remorse for being treated like discardable objects. They felt no stress for the time they wasted in the blissful euphoria of mutual service.

They just rolled on the floor, licking and running their soft hands along each other's smooth bodies, occasionally grabbing a handful of firm, bubbly ass-cheek. They even dished a giggly spank every now and then, before diving back to taste each other's soaking pussies.

April nearly missed the phone call due to a shattering orgasm she brought her young roommate to. Rory was an energetic teenaged sex bomb. The nineteen-year-old was like a sexual dynamo. When she came, she did so in the most unbridled, wild manner, writhing her hips into April's face and squealing till her cute face turned red.

"H-hello?" April put the phone to her ear, her face wet and sticky.

"Please..." Rory pleaded and ground her hips toward her roommate's mouth. She bit her lips in frustration and begged for more, her desire nearly insatiable. April looked at her roommate's pussy with salivating lips, hoping to end the conversation as soon as possible, so she could plant her tongue back in the nectar of Rory's special place.

Her desires changed in a blink as she heard Miss Grady on the other end. She looked at Rory with a wide grin, gave a thrilled “Yay!” and hung up the phone.

“Master is calling us.” She told the puddle of young lust still sprawled on the floor. Rory shot up to a sitting position with wide eyes and an open mouth, her lips quickly forming a giddy smile on her flushed face.

“Let's go!” She sprung to her feet as if she got a strong dose of adrenaline.

“She's so cute.” April muttered to herself, watching her roommate's petite ass shake as she rushed to her room to dress in clothes that were easy to strip out of.

As soon as they could get there, the two best friends knocked on Miss Grady's door, restless and aching to serve.

“It's open!” Came their master's gravelly growl. The two let out a girlish giggle as they heard his voice, and charged inside, slamming the door behind them as they fell to their knees and hurried to their master's feet. He already had two naked young women licking and slurping his throbbing hard-on.

“It's not like I would lock the door. There ain't nobody in this building who'll go against me anymore.” He sounded quite pleased. “What are you waiting for, cunts? Get to work on my balls.” He spurred April and Rory with a stern voice and a wry half-smile.

“Yes master!” They responded in perfect unison, with a nearly identical high pitched moan, and swooped forward.

Fred sat back and relaxed, enjoying the four sets of lips and tongues travel along his crotch, kissing his balls and licking his shaft. A quiet ambiance of moist smacks and wet slurps filled the room, as the girls devotedly toiled, their only goal to provide him with the utmost pleasure.

They barely acknowledged one another. Even when their eyes met, they would stare blankly and distantly at each other. They were empty of thought as they focused on servitude, and the windows to their souls reflected that emptiness like glassy, sparkling jewels.

“This is paradise.” Fred said with a groan, gently bringing Caroline up to him. He looked at her, a permanent smile etched on her angel like, and otherwise expressionless face.

“So fucking hot. And in such a deep state of trance. I wonder how it feels like, to be so mindless and receptive. Time must fly for you cunts.” He gave another low moan, gave her cheek a light smack, and pushed her down. The young secretary instinctively parted her lips, taking her master's length down her throat.

Fred fucked her face, moving her head up and down while the other three struggled to lash their tongue on any inch not covered by Caroline's tight lips and throat.

“Your ass is so fucking big, bitch.” He looked at Miss Grady, now dusting the TV screen.

“Yes master. My ass is the only useful part of my body, master.” Miss Grady said, out of instinct, and spanked herself, making her butt cheek jiggle for him.

“Kinda, yeah. You know what's your problem?” Fred felt a bit sadistic.

“What, master?” Miss Grady stopped working and turned to face him. He must have had something very important to tell her.

“Well you look nice for your age. Got nice curves and all, but compared to these lovely girls you are a big titted cow. Nice tits, though, for sure.” He spread his arms over his domain of four helplessly entranced young babes.

“Your words honor me.” Miss Grady smiled and squeezed her tits together. She seemed to completely gloss over his disrespectful insult.

“Sure they do, but that's not the point. I like my women trim and fit. Firm and tight, and soft in the right places.” He pinched Kirsten's ass as she brushed her tongue back and forth at the base of his manhood, the rest of it deep in Caroline's throat.

“I mean, if I was the proverbial beggar, I would happily choose to fuck you, bitch.” He told Miss Grady. “But obviously, I am not wanting for choice.” He gave a chuckle and lay his head back down on the sofa.

“I might redact you from my harem once you've extinguished the supply of pussy you can get me.” He finished, casually lounging

with his eyes closed.

“I will do my best to improve my body, master. I don't expect you to keep property you are displeased with.” She nodded and vowed to follow through. Another nice thing about being completely enthralled to her master's will. Her resolve could not be shaken. She was more driven and determined to meet her master's strict standards than she ever was in her business career.

After spending another sticky load in Caroline's mouth, Fred and his harem of five retired to the bedroom. Rory and April were more than ready for another night under their master's covers.

Miss Grady was ready for another night of sleeping on the floor of her own bedroom, close enough to hear any low rumble her master made, in case he had a hankering for a proper tiffuck, which only she and April could provide. Not that April was half as good as her.

As for Caroline and Kirsten, they were ready for the first night of their new lives. Resting their sleepy heads on their master's chest with a smile on their faces, they made the cold night nice and warm for their god in human form.

\* \* \* \*

The industrious Miss Grady wasted no time. She went to the gym first thing the next morning. She was definitely going to be late for work, but that was all right. She was the boss, after all.

Her usual gym was women only. She hadn't gone there in months, though, finding a short morning jog to be enough for her satisfaction. She came back for her master's satisfaction, of course, not that she could tell the perky receptionist that.

“Told you you'd be back!” The pig-tailed young woman gloated as Miss Grady signed the membership contract.

“I suppose you were right.” Miss Grady gave a fake smile back, dotting her name and details as fast as she could.

“You're kinda different, y'know?” The receptionist said.  
“Admitting I'm right so easily. I remember you used to berate me for chewing gum while serving customers.”

“It is quite disrespectful.” Miss Grady insisted. “Doesn't say much about your customer service.”

“Whatever. My mom owns this place. She's a hard-ass like you, but I think my job is safe. I think she's just happy I'm doing something with myself, now that I'm done with high school.” The bratty teen said and blew a pink bubble in Miss Grady's face.

“Well, your mother is clearly not a 'hard ass' like me. I would have kicked you out the door and made you learn to take care of yourself.” Miss Grady rolled her eyes. “But let's keep this professional, shall we?” She said in an appeasing manner, in response to the ditzy receptionist's frown. Miss Grady had to keep her priorities straight, and working to please her master was orders of magnitude more important than scolding an entitled brat fresh out of high school.

After about ten minutes of spiteful stalling from the ticked-off receptionist, and another ten minutes in the locker room, Miss Grady came out in her workout attire.

She entered the main section and set her bearing to the row of treadmills, ready for a warm up run. She looked around, seeing the gym in a brand new light. Normally, she would put on her earphones, swiftly do her exercise, and move on. She would never pay much attention to the other women working out, and she was certainly not interested in socializing.

Now, however, the gym looked more like a fertile field, a bustling hunting ground. So many athletic babes in tight spandex, stretching and exercising all around. She passed by a yoga class and saw a group of hot coeds in a “down dog” position, or perhaps it was the “ragdoll” position. It's been years since Miss Grady did yoga.

Either way, the class of twenty college aged babes bowed down with their asses up and their faces down.

“Maybe I should take some pics for master.” Miss Grady mumbled to herself. “Maybe I should find a way to give them to him. Such wonderful gifts will make master so happy.” Her smile broadened.

The yoga class switched to an idle position, and Miss Grady directed her focus back to the task at hand.

“Daunting, isn't it?” The woman using the treadmill next to Miss Grady said. Her tits were even bigger than Miss Grady's 36DDs. She was definitely in the triple-D range.

“Pardon?” Miss Grady turned to look at her.

“All these young gazelles with their hard bodies and youthful stamina. Serves as quite a motivator for women like us, I'd say. I'm Vivian, by the way.” She finished with a smile and stretched her hand forward.

“Fiona.” Miss Grady nodded and politely shook Vivian's hand. “You look pretty fit, actually.” She sized Vivian up, looking her up and down. She may have had a few spare pounds on her, but her huge rack and curvy hips easily made up for it.

“Why thank you, Fiona. I do try.” Vivian wiped her face with a small towel. “My husband travels a lot for work. This time, when he gets back home, I decided to surprise him. I'm this close to my target.” She boasted. “Which is good cause he comes back tomorrow.”

“Lucky man.” Miss Grady said. “Hope he appreciates the effort you're putting for him.” She gave off a slightly bitter vibe.

“Trust me, he will. He's the most loyal, considerate, loving husband a woman can have. But I'm sure all people in happy marriages see their spouses that way.”

“Or at least claim to.” Miss Grady chuckled.

“Why are you here, Fiona? I haven't seen you here before.” Vivian asked.

“Yeah, I stopped coming here after I became an executive at the company I work for.” Miss Grady didn't even try to sound humble.

“So what changed? Or should I say, who did you meet?” Vivian winked.

*You have no idea.* Miss Grady stared at the incredibly social woman for a few moments.

“You don't have to answer.” Vivian said after a few speechless seconds. “I get too forward sometimes, I know. We just met. I bet you're already planning a polite excuse to move to another treadmill.”

“Oh no, it's not...” Miss Grady felt flustered. None of her co-workers and subordinates at work ever made her feel that way. Her utter submission to her master greatly helped her cope with it, though. If anything can teach a power hungry executive some humility, it's a total brainwashing, eradication of free will, and elimination of any sense of self worth.

“Relax, Fiona. I need to get back to my workout, anyway. Made myself a special playlist to keep me going.” Vivian turned back to the control panel of her treadmill and pressed play on her phone.

“Playlist...?” Miss Grady stared at Vivian's phone. *If she only knew what was really on my mind. And now she gave me the perfect 'in'. But if I give her to master, mine will no longer be the biggest pair of tits he owns. Master already struggles to find proper uses for me...*

Miss Grady shook her head. *Get a hold of yourself, Fiona. She scolded herself. Depriving master the joy of a new sex toy is ludicrous. Doing so for my own personal, self centered reasons is borderline blasphemy. I should spank myself in my office later.* She made a quick decision, and reached for her phone.

“Hey Vivian, I compiled my own little workout playlist. Wanna try it out?” She offered. Vivian looked at her in mid jog.

“Sure! You can give mine a try, too. I've been looking for a friend around here. Most of the babes here are too young and clueless. It's like talking to my niece's ditzy cheerleader friends.” Vivian said with glee and handed her phone over to Miss Grady.

“There's an app that lets you put a playlist in the cloud, and then you can access it with wifi. Hold on.” Miss Grady said.

“Well you'll have to work that out on my phone, too. Tech really isn't my thing.” Vivian replied candidly. “Maybe you could teach me.”

“Why not ask your niece?” Miss Grady retorted with a snide half-smile.

“Oh I wish she had the patience for that. Besides she relishes every opportunity to make me feel old, that cheeky brat. I keep telling her that thirty-five isn't over fifty like her mom, my sister.”

“And?”

“And she tells me she can't see the difference.” Vivian shook her head.

“Sounds to me like she enjoys teasing you. Here you go, all sorted out.” Miss Grady handed Vivian's phone back. The giddy woman popped her earphones on with a bright grin.

“Ooh, sounds kinda avant-garde.” She said as the first few tunes penetrated through to her eager mind.

“You have no idea, hon.” Miss Grady snickered. “Keep listening. It will help you focus.”

“Focus...” Vivian was already getting slightly glassy-eyed.

Miss Grady gave a strong effort, jogging for almost an hour before moving to other aerobic exercises. Vivian continued pacing slowly on the treadmill. Anyone paying close attention to her would notice she looked a tad warm, and more than a bit flushed.

Her lips were lightly parted, her cheeks rosy pink, and her eyes stared blankly forward into nothingness. Miss Grady knew what was going on in her mind. She felt horny and submissive. Relaxed and docile. Ready to serve. Luckily, nobody paid too much attention to her.

Miss Grady could have stayed and stared at Vivian's silent conditioning for hours, but she had to head to work. She had a big day ahead of her, with plenty of extra obligations she did not have before.

She started off by inspecting the selection of fresh cunts her secretary cultivated. Caroline had plenty of hot friends and neighbors. Today she brought two of her best friends, and one of her neighbors.

They followed Caroline to Miss Grady's office and stripped naked before her, ready to present their feminine qualities.

“Shave your pubes. Master likes smooth pussies.” Miss Grady handed them a pink razor and a canister of shaving foam.

“Sorry, Miss Grady. I didn't have time to prepare their fuck-holes.” Caroline apologized.

“No excuses. I came late today, you had plenty of time. Get their cunts wet and shiny once they're nice and smooth.” Miss Grady gave her secretary an icy glare.

“Yes ma'am.” Caroline nodded, shamefully holding her head down and patiently waiting for her friends to quietly finish preparing themselves. They didn't say a word. They were more like living mannequins, obeying Miss Grady and Caroline as they prepared their trim bodies for display.

“Looks like master's new programming is quite effective.” Miss Grady said, evaluating the smooth, expressionless faces of the girls Caroline brought in.

“Yeah.” Caroline smiled at her best friend's face, her distant eyes staring far away into an horizon only she could see. “Master wanted to check the extent of the control he could exert on their minds. They look so peaceful, don't they? Not a single independent thought between them.”

Miss Grady gave her secretary an inquisitive look. “Did you prepare a summary for each of them?” She asked curtly.

“Y-Yes ma'am.” Caroline responded. “Right there on your desk.”

“Then why are you still here? Go back to your post and continue your usual work. And Make sure nobody comes in here.”

“Of course, Miss Grady. Sorry.” Caroline gave a small nod and moved towards the door. “I thought being a submissive sex slave would make her nicer...” Caroline mumbled.

“Pardon?” Miss Grady snapped at her secretary with a sharp tone.

“N-Nothing, Miss Grady.” Caroline rushed her steps and quickly closed the door behind her, before Miss Grady had a chance to scold her further. Fred gave Miss Grady the authority to dish out spanking punishments, and she already told Caroline to buy a special leather paddle from a nearby sex shop.

“It's not fair.” Caroline sat on her desk and complained. “I'm much hotter and younger than her. My status in the harem should be higher than hers, not lower.”

Her hand instinctively rose to give her a ringing slap across the face.

“Ow!” Caroline looked at her open palm with shaking eyes.

“Yeah. Silly me.” She smiled warmly. “I almost dared to think master was wrong. Good thing master installed a subconscious, automatic self punishing algorithm in his new programming.”

Less than thirty minutes later, Fred received an email detailing the day's acquisitions thus far:

*Name – Alice. A friend of Caroline.*

*Age – 23.*

*Occupation - Student of law.*

*Tits – 32C.*

*Cunt - Barely used.*

*Relationship status - Has a steady boyfriend. Haven't gone past third base yet.*

*Conditioning - Doll mode. Perfect success. Responds to commands and nothing else.*

Below was attached a picture of a demure looking girl with chestnut hair, giving the camera her best come hither smile. Her legs were spread wide as she sat on Miss Grady's desk, shamelessly displaying her freshly shaven pussy lips.

The next description was accompanied with a picture of a petite angel with innocent blue eyes and a warm smile. Her lipstick was bright red and her pussy was pink and dripping wet. She bit her lips and looked at the camera with smoldering eyes, bursting with lust that completely contradicted her pure, pristine looks.

*Name – Elsa. Neighbor of Caroline's.*

*Age – 19.*

*Occupation - None.*

*Tits – 28A.*

*Cunt - Well used. A self proclaimed slut.*

*Relationship status – None. Sleeps around.*

*Conditioning - Doll mode. Perfect success. Responds to commands and nothing else.*

*Comment – Considered a porn career before her conditioning.*

The last one was tall and dark haired. She displayed her flexible body by bending at the waist and tucking her head between her legs, looking at the camera with a beaming smile.

*Name – Zoe. A friend of Caroline's.*

*Age – 24.*

*Occupation – Professional Dancer.*

*Tits – 32B*

*Cunt – Unused. A virgin.*

*Relationship status – None. Obsessed with her career.*

*Conditioning - Doll mode. Perfect success. Responds to commands and nothing else.*

*Comment – Incredibly limber. Very receptive to orders for physical contortion*

Once her report was sent, Miss Grady moved to fashion a very important recommendation letter, only to be interrupted by a text from her master.

“Come over to apt. 5. I want to use you for a job.” She read aloud, her spirit lifting with every syllable.

“Master still finds me useful.” She gushed, and stood up so fast she had to hold the desk to stop her from falling.

“Go back to your lives. Act normal. Master will call you when he wants you.” She told the three dolls who just finished putting their clothes back on. They looked at her for a short moment, and shuffled out of the office without saying a word. Perfect, obedient dolls, at least until the man who owned them fills them with a new, more specific meaning.

“Master called me.” Miss Grady shot at Caroline as she passed by her desk. “If anyone asks, I have out-of-towners over and they’re messing up my apartment.”

“Can’t I just say you had a family emergency?” Caroline wondered.

“And subject myself to pesky questions for my well being? No thank you. Besides, I have an image to maintain around here, especially now. Understand?” Miss Grady paused and turned to look at Caroline.

“Understood. Sorry...” Caroline said, rolling her eyes as soon as Miss Grady went out the door. Her gorgeous friends and the neighbor she brought in paced by her desk without even a look of recognition.

“Now what?” She smacked her lips together, feeling bored. Her eyes darted to the silver pen on her desk, and she felt a tingling

between her legs.

“Keep my cunt wet for master.” She whispered with a whimper and reached over. With one leg on the chair's armrest, she slid her panties aside, and pushed the tip of the pen into her. Soon she was furiously pumping it in and out her pussy, writhing on the chair and touching and squeezing herself with her free hand.

She reached four quivering orgasms before lunch.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Grady entered apartment 5 to find Fred sitting on the back of the owner, Rachel. Miss Grady was quite familiar with the feel of being used as a work bench. She stared at Rachel with envy in her eyes.

“Took you long enough.” Fred greeted her with a shrug. “Hook these to your tits.” He held two small plates that looked like the hands of a scale, attached to a chain with hooks at the end.

“Of course, master. I apologize for my tardiness.” Miss Grady threaded the hooks into her nipple rings. She felt a sting as her tits pulled down from the weight of the small metallic plates. Fred wasted no time and loaded the plates with an assortment of screws and bolts. Miss Grady's face contorted every time new weight was added.

“It's not too much, is it?” Fred noticed her flinch.

“No master. Thank you for your consideration.” Miss Grady forced a smile.

“Well I aim to humiliate you, not cause you permanent physical damage. I'm vengeful, not a sadist.” He chuckled and hooked two fingers in her pants. “Take these off too. I want you fully naked.”

“Yes master. Thank you, master. I am happy to be the target of your vengeful urges, master.” Miss Grady peeled her pants and panties down, trying her best not to let any bolt or screw fall to the floor. Her master had no use for a wobbly shelf.

“Have you met Miss Libber, bitch?” Fred took a screwdriver from Rachel's cunt and proceeded with his project.

“Yes master. Rachel and I have spoken before.”

“First name basis? You must have been good friends. Come to think of it, I don't think I know yours, bitch.” Fred raised an eyebrow.

“Bitch is just fine, master.” Miss Grady reassured with a smile.

“Heh, sure it is. Anyway, so I guess you know *Rachel* here has a connection to a couple pieces of prime teen pussy for me to own. Isn't that right, hoe?” He spanked Rachel's ass and smirked.

“Happily, master. I hope you enjoy Claudia's amazing body.” She barely flinched at the harsh slap on her behind, answering his question with a flat monotone.

“Can't wait for her to come back from college. Glad she decided to stop by before heading out to spring break. I have a brand new device to try out on her.” Fred bore his teeth in a gleeful smile as he picked a screw from Miss Grady.

“A new device, master?”

“Yeah, bitch. I figured I'd try to add a visual component to the brainwashing process, to make it even more...engrossing. Turns out it's not as easy as I thought. Had to brush up on electromagnetic oscillations and ocular physiology. Lucky I'm a genius.” He bragged.

“Yes master. We are all very lucky you are so smart.” Miss Grady ingratiated.

“Never gets old hearing you kiss up to me, bitch.” He grinned at her. “Anyway, Rachel was gracious enough to let me install my device into her cable box, so I can try it on Claudia when she comes back. And by that, of course, I mean I came in, used her tits for a while and then told her to act as a bench for me because I want to make her daughter into my fuck-doll.”

“I'm sure she is happy to provide you with more enjoyable toys, master.” Miss Grady looked down at Rachel. The woman stared ahead with haunted, unblinking eyes, clearly not letting much cross through her mind. Mindless and perfectly obedient. Just the way master liked them.

“I am happy.” Rachel droned out, a slither of a smile forming on her otherwise expressionless face.

“I hit her with a slightly stronger dose of the subliminal messages. She's not in full doll mode, but it may take her a few days to catch up to you, bitch.” Fred told Miss Grady as he focused on screwing a bolt in.

The door opened with a gentle nudge. "I'm home, mo-- Oh hi master." Said the young woman as she walked in and noticed Fred. "I used your device on the two hottest cheerleaders, as you commanded." She said with a bright and sweet smile.

"Good job, Lacy. Are they here?" Fred asked.

"Yes master." She opened the door further, revealing the wonderful sight of two trim, fit teens in red and white cheerleader uniforms.

"Come on in." She told them, and the two robotically stepped inside. Their movements fluid yet oddly lacking in personality, they walked until they reached the center of the marble floor. There, they stood at attention, staring ahead with glassy eyes.

"That's fucking beautiful." Fred checked their perfect features and smooth skin from his seat on Rachel's back.

Lacy meanwhile locked the door behind her and stripped her tight jeans and conservative blouse off. "I'm wearing the lingerie you wanted, master." She beamed at him, thirsty for approval.

"I can see that." Fred could no longer ignore his arousal as he feasted his eyes on the scantily clad teen.

"Introduce me to your friends, Lacy." He got up, grabbing the hard pole in his pants.

"Yes master. This is Georgia, she has the biggest tits on the team." She pointed to the tall dark-skinned girl. "And this is Andrea. She's an ace student and captain of the cheerleading team. Everybody's totally jealous of her."

Fred laughed. "She will definitely make me the envy of all straight men." He said as he checked the super model quality, blue-eyed teen.

"Oh, as long as we're making introductions. Bitch, have you met Lacy?" He pulled on Miss Grady's nipple, to get her attention.

"Yes master. I came to congratulate her on her eighteenth birthday."

"Doesn't really sound like you, bitch. Way too nice." Fred snorted a laugh.

"It was last month, master, before you made me your slave. I wanted to see if Rachel's apartment looked better than mine and

used Lacy's birthday as an excuse." Miss Grady had no secrets from her master, and nothing was too embarrassing to admit.

"That does make more sense. Seriously, if turning anyone into a meek and docile sex slave actually makes the world a better place, it's you bitch." Fred mocked, running his hands along her curves.

"Thank you, master." Miss Grady said with a soft shudder, her skin tingling from his touch.

Lacy put a knee on her mother's back and leaned down to look at the cable box. "What are you working on, master?" She asked, still putting some weight on her knee.

"Just a little something for Claudia to look at. I think she'll find the visual message quite compelling, especially when you play my special file over those big speakers." Fred said and moved over to the mindless cheerleaders.

"Oh, Claudia is coming back? When?" Lacy asked.

"Soon, babe. Soon." Fred moved behind Andrea and pressed his crotch on her scarlet skirt. He took a whiff of her rose-scented hair and wrapped his arms around her, fondling her perky tits through her top.

"I can't wait, master. Claudia will love being your sex slave. I don't think she feels fulfilled in college." Lacy said with the same sweet smile, watching longingly as Fred dry humped her fair-skinned friend.

"I'm sure she'll feel a great sense of achievement once I pump her full of cum." Fred kissed Andrea's neck with a growl. The gorgeous cheer captain tilted her head lightly, still staring forward with wide eyes.

"Are you two ready for master to play with you?" He slid his hand under Georgia's skirt and gripped her ass firmly.

"Yes master." The mesmerized cheerleaders nodded and answered with a dazed monotone.

"*Ohh*, I think doll mode is going to be my favorite. Seeing you two, though, maybe I should call it zombie mode." He gently slapped Georgia's ass, moved between them, and walked over to the couch.

"Time for a puppet show. Lacy, I want your mouth right here." He lowered his trousers, sat down, and unceremoniously pointed to

his erection.

“Yes master. My mouth is your fuck hole.” Lacy skipped over, knelt beside him and lowered her head.

“*Ohh yeah!*” Fred closed his eyes and moaned as her lips touched his hard-on. He rested one hand on her ass and his other on her head, ruffling her locks and directing her movements up and down. He pushed her deeper, making her gag.

“More tongue, sweet thing. I know you're still new to this, but don't forget your tongue.” He cautioned with a gentle slap on her behind.

“Showwy mashter.” She slurped her response and started moving her tongue around his shaft.

“Hmm, much better.” He sighed, and turned his attention back to the two cheerleaders standing before him.

“Lift your skirts up.” He said with a nonchalant tone, as if telling them something as simple as “take a seat”.

“Yes master.” Both responded and hiked their skirts up.

“Plain white panties, hmm? Is it mandatory for the cheer squad?” He raised his eyebrows. “Whatever, take your panties off. Let's see some pussy.”

“Yes master.” They hooked their thumbs under their panties, quickly and methodically sliding them down their smooth legs. They continued standing at attention with their skirts hiked up, showing Fred a full view of their long legs and smooth cunts.

“Nice. Turn around and bend over a bit. Let your master appraise your hot little asses.” He lifted a finger and twirled it, his other hand still casually dictating the pace of Lacy's blowjob.

“Yes master.” Georgia and Andrea obeyed. They had no other option. They exposed their bubbly behinds to their master, wiggling their hips from side to side at his command. They stared straight forward in that compromising position.

“Lovely. I could stand up and plow into you at any moment.” Fred grinned. “You won't even complain.” He relished in the power he had.

“Stand before me again.” He demanded.

“Yes master.” The girls turned back around.

“Tits out, sluts.”

“Yes master.” They lifted their blouses above their fun-bags, and yanked their bras off with resolve only the empty-minded could muster.

“Fantastic. Nice and supple. Andrea, play with Georgia's tits.” Fred continued controlling his puppets.

“Yes master.” The enthralled over-achiever nodded and turned aside to face her ebony-skinned friend. She reached forward and grabbed Georgia's tits with her tender hands, swinging them around, rubbing them, and pinching the nipples between her fingers.

“Lick 'em.” Fred commanded.

“Yes master.” Andrea leaned down and extended her limber tongue. Fred bucked his hips excitedly as he watched her lick around Georgia's pink nipples. Sticky fluid emerged from his tip, and Lacy tightened her lips and closed her eyes with an aroused moan, tasting his pre-cum in her mouth.

“Suck her nipples! *Oh fuck!*” Fred groaned and pushed his hips up, spanking Lacy's ass out of carnal instinct.

“Yes master.” Andrea replied, her voice distant and totally remote from the heat of the scene she displayed for her master. The sloppy kissing sounds of her lips sucking and detaching from Georgia's hardened nipples joined the lustful choking and slurping of Lacy, filling the room.

The dark-skinned goddess stared forward blankly. Her nipples responded to the stimulation of Andrea's tongue, but her face showed none of it.

Fred looked from Andrea's smooth, lightly bent ass, and up to where her tongue wiggled on Georgia's big tits. She tirelessly flicked her tongue back and forth with glazed, unblinking glassy eyes.

“Georgia, spank Andrea's ass for me!” Fred ordered enthusiastically.

“Yes master.” Georgia tilted her head to Fred and Andrea turned around to present her pert butt to her teammate. Georgia lifted her hand like an automaton, and landed a loud smack on Andrea's behind, making her bubbly smooth cheek jiggle.

“*Yeah!* Spank her harder!” Fred grabbed Lacy's head with both hands and vigorously fucked her throat.

“Yes master.” Georgia responded. The next slap she dished on Andrea's ass was louder and sharper, turning Andrea's fair skin slightly red in the aftermath.

“That's it! That's all you fucking are, cunts!” Fred growled. “Mindless fuck-dolls that exist to entertain me!” He roughly fucked Lacy's face and moaned.

“Yes master. Anything you wish, master.” Georgia smacked Andrea's ass again.

“Fucking puppets on the strings of my voice! Waiting to be filled with my will and blessed with my cum! *Ohh fuck!*” He rammed his throbbing rod so deep his tip pressed against the back of Lacy's throat. She gagged loudly, her beautiful eyes wide and tearing up. Drool bubbles covered her cherry lips and saliva slid down her master's cock, yet she never stopped caressing her tongue along his sensitive underside, the tip of her tongue tickling his balls.

“Yes master. Your dolls, master. Empty and obedient.” Georgia continued spanking her captain, with unblinking eyes and an expressionless face.

“*Ahh! I'm cumming! Ohh yeah!*” Fred exploded deep in Lacy's throat, feeling the blissful orgasmic relief of unbridled release. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back, smiling ear to ear.

“Thank you, master. Thank you for blessing me with your seed.” Lacy said in a soft voice, her lips dripping cum. She swallowed most of it, but some still glazed her lips and tapered down her chin.

“Master?” He heard Rachel's voice and lifted his head.

“Hmm? What?” The older woman stood before him, holding a refreshing glass of water.

“You seem rather worked out, master. Would you like a drink?” She offered, her bare nipples tingling.

“Certainly.” He replied with a smile, casually patting Lacy's smooth silky hair. “I see your adoring slave programming is starting to cement.” He noted and took the glass from her.

“Yes master. I love being your submissive sex slave. Please use me and my holes as much as you wish.” Rachel stood before him, fully naked, and declared. Her shimmering eyes focused directly

on her master, completely ignoring her own teen daughter, still devotedly toiling on cleaning her master's cock and crotch with her tongue.

“Hey, Lacy, baby. You did a very good job. Do you want a reward?” He asked between refreshing sips of crystal clear water.

“The only reward I need is your approval and happiness, master.” Lacy said in between wet slurps.

“That's a good girl.” Fred pulled her up. “Lie down, babe. And spread your legs.” He said, running his hand between her thighs.

“Oh, yes master.” Lacy nodded, her smile and eyes projecting vivid elation.

Fred stood up with an audible sigh and set his glass on the coffee table. “Eat her pussy, bitch.” He looked at Miss Grady and pointed to Lacy.

“Yes master.” Miss Grady paced forward slowly, trying not to swivel the plates hanging from her tits too much.

“Hold on.” Fred stopped her. “As endearing as your need to obey me is, it will probably be safer to remove these before you lick her pie” He carefully unhooked the hoops from her nipple rings and lay them next to the nearly empty glass of water.

“You are so smart and generous, master. I am so lucky to be your slave.” Miss Grady gladly accepted a squeeze of her tits and a smack on the ass, prodding her to continue towards Lacy.

“I'll seriously never get tired of hearing you say things like that.” Fred walked over to his entranced cheerleaders.

“You can stop spanking her.” He told Georgia.

“Yes master.” She stopped her hand in mid motion and returned to standing at attention. Andrea remained lightly bent over, her ass cheeks somewhat reddish in hue. He pressed his flagging cock to her smooth skin with a deep moan.

“Nice and warm. You did a good job smacking her hot little ass.” He gently dry humped Andrea's bare cheek, holding her trim hips with both hands.

“Thank you, master.” Georgia said. Her master praised her with a couple of squeezes to her big round tits.

“You like it when I fondle and touch you.” Fred made an assertion to the two mindless, topless cheer cunts.

“Yes master. I am a sex object. You own me, master.” Georgia droned. Resistance was unthinkable.

“My ass is yours, master.” Andrea joined right after, her blue eyes showing none of the intellect that helped her reach the top of her class.

“May I take the glass back to the kitchen, master?” Rachel asked while Lacy thrashed on the sofa, Miss Grady's tongue expertly dancing on her lower lips.

“Sure, whatever.” Fred waved his hand.

“Thank you, master.” She said and got to work.

“Damn, that's a big MILF booty.” Fred watched Rachel's ass shake as she walked back to the kitchen, pressing his length harder on Andrea's ass. He used the cheerleader skirt she still had on to press on his upper side, basically jerking himself off with her skirt and her soft velvety skin.

Rachel's hot ass disappeared around the corner, and Fred turned his gaze to the teen writhing on the couch. Miss Grady moved Lacy's silky panties aside, licking kissing and outright burying her face in the horny younger woman's snatch. Lacy gripped the cushion below her and arched her back, moaning out of breath with a gratified open-mouthed smile on her face.

Surrounded by such a cacophony of blissful passion, Fred got hard again before two minutes of dry humping Andrea passed.

“I'll want to try your tight pussies soon.” He growled at the cheerleaders.

“Thank you, master.” They replied with an almost synchronous unison.

“Mm, yeah. Kneel and play with your pussies. Get yourself nice and wet for me.” He tapped on Andrea's ass with his open palm, and turned around.

“Yes master.” The two dropped to their knees with a thump, turned to face their master, and spread their knees apart. With no shame or inhibition, they exposed their precious lips and began rubbing in fluid, robotic circles.

Fred grabbed his hard-on and walked over to Miss Grady. "Ass up. I need a hole to warm my cock." He told her.

"*Mph!* Yes master." Miss Grady kissed Lacy's pussy and shifted her position, placing her knees on the couch and raising her ass in her master's direction.

Fred casually pushed into her and started leisurely pumping back and forth, slapping her ass with his pelvis.

"Good job on the report on Caroline's recruits, by the way. That blonde slut, Elsa, is quite an alluring treat."

"*Phua!* Thank you, master."

"I did have one complaint though." He stopped fucking her for a second.

"I will implement your feedback with prejudice, master."

"Yeah, whatever. This isn't a conference room, bitch, no need to be so formal. Speaking of which, don't put their fucking bra measurements in the report. I could see their tits perfectly in the picture, except for that dancer girl, whatever her name was." He sighed and continued pumping into her. "Point is, I don't know what's the difference between a 32 B and a 34 A. All I care about is whether I can fuck their tits properly. Kapish?"

"Yes master, I'm sorry. From now on I will gauge your new toys on titty fuckability alone. Thank you for using me, master." Miss Grady expressed her infinite gratitude to the man plowing into her, and dove back down to the young wet pussy he commanded her to munch on.

Lacy lifted her head and looked at Miss Grady until her tongue touched her wet young pussy again. When she felt the sensations of Miss Grady's tongue serving her, she threw her head back and pinched her pink nipple, pulling her perky tit up.

Fred grunted and pulled out with one final thrust. "Keep going, bitch." He put his hand on Miss Grady's ass and walked off.

"Yes master..." Miss Grady tried hiding the disappointment in her voice. Her cunt ached for her master's attention.

Lacy lifted her head again and stared at Miss Grady with a needy whimper and wide doe-eyes.

“How sweet.” Miss Grady's formerly icy heart was easy to melt, ever since her master brainwashed her. She smiled at the cute teen begging with her eyes. She then took a short breath, and got back down to the business of eating Lacy's pink, fresh cunt.

Fred watched Georgia and Andrea play with themselves. Their faces were utterly void of emotion or lust. For the first time in their life, they weren't rubbing their pussies for their own pleasure. It was all for their master. Their teen fuckholes had to be good and ready for their master's delight, after all.

“All right.” Fred rubbed his hands together, and nudged Georgia down to lie on her back on the floor. He then had her hold her legs, spreading them apart. He didn't need to say a word, just move her around like a doll.

“Nice meaty lips.” He slapped his tip on her pussy, enjoying the wet smacking sounds emitted every time.

“Oh so tight!” He moaned as he carefully and deliberately pushed into her. With his cock halfway into her, he paused for a moment, and then rammed the rest of his shaft with one thrust.

“Thank you for fucking me, master.” Georgia droned, staring straight up at the ceiling.

“You're very welcome, doll.” He gave a deep moan. “I love how your tits bounce every time I slam into you.” He said with a feral growl, took a sharp inhale, and began jackhammering into her at a rabid pace.

“My tits are yours, master.” Georgia's voice shook as her master fucked her fast and hard, causing her perfect natural boobs to jostle and slap back and forth. Her red skirt waved back and forth like a flag in a gale of wind.

“Yes they are!” Fred exclaimed with a grunt and took a tight hold of her tits. “Your cunt is sucking me in, doll!” He looked down at the point of contact, and pushed his pelvis forward until his full stick disappeared inside of her wet pussy.

“My cunt is yours, master. I am your obedient cum hole.” Georgia said with the same doll-like monotone, her soaking pussy massaging her master's cock.

Fred pulled out of her with another strong exhale, and swung his hand to give her tits a powerful slap.

“Keep playing with your pussy.” He growled at her and turned his attention to Andrea.

“Yes master.” Georgia nodded without blinking, let go of her right leg, and proceeded to stick two fingers in her pussy.

Fred then took the beautiful angel, Andrea, by the hand and pulled her up to her feet. With a sequence of sharp motions, he swung her around, twisted and held her arm behind her back, and bent her against the wall.

“Such a perfect body!” He smacked her bubbly ass with his free hand and grabbed his cock. “Shiny bright hair, ripe smooth skin, and flashy blue eyes. I bet you’re used to getting whatever you want.” He kissed her slender shoulder and teased her smooth, sensitive pussy lips with his tip.

“Chicks like you never give guys like me a second glance, unless they happen to need something. *Ohh wow!*” He started moving into her with a shudder. Andrea responded with a whimpering shudder of her own. A small sigh of luscious heat came out of her pursed lips, breaking for a mere moment through her mindless doll-like state.

“Such a delicate flower. Were you a virgin?” He whispered in her ear, pressing her cheek on the wall.

“Yes master.” Her voice trembled. “Thank you for fucking me, master.”

“Unbelievable, a hottie like you? I guess you never needed to give your pussy up to make the boys cum, huh?” He snickered in her ear. “You’re all mine now. Beg me to fuck you, slave.” He took firm hold of her hips with his free hand, and tightened his grip of her arm.

“Yes master. Please fuck me, master. Use me, master. I’m your fuck toy. Please. *Ahh! Ohh!*” She broke into a sequence of passionate moans as her master began swinging his hips back and forth, vigorously bouncing his pelvis on her ass and rocking her bendy body.

“Good slave!” He growled and fucked her faster, ramming into her hard and deep. Andrea couldn’t help but moan in response, but

her brilliant blue eyes still told a different story. Wide and somewhat haunted, they told the story of a mind-numbed teen hottie, lost in a thick haze of hypnotic submission. A pure, beautiful sex doll getting her unsullied pink pussy rammed into, for the very first time.

“Fuck I'm gonna cum! Damn it!” Fred pulled out of her and pinched his tip to cancel the explosion. “Shake your ass until I feel like fucking you again.” He ordered.

“Yes master.” Andrea stayed in her flexibly bent over position, and began wiggling her ass in fluid, quick motions, like a dog wagging its tail. A tiny red glimmer could be seen on the rim of her tight pussy lips, the only remnant of the hymen Fred just tore in a care-free manner.

He rushed over to the couch and forcefully pushed Miss Grady out of the way.

“Ride me, babe. Take me in your cunt!” He barked at Lacy with aroused zeal and lay on the couch, trying his best to contain his climax.

“Yes master!” Lacy happily jumped up and made room for him to lie down. Not letting her master wait a single unnecessary moment, she took a tender hold of his cock and plunged it into her well lubricated snatch. She then sat all the way down with a moan of delight.

“Thank you, master! *Oh god!* Thank you, master!” She ground her hips back and forth with wild abandon.

“*Ohh baby!* You fucking rock!” Fred let her do all the work. She was riding him so hard even the couch quaked, and its wooden legs creaked on the floor.

“I'm cumming! *Ohh yeah!*” He pinched her nipple as his orgasm began, squeezing harder with every hot spurt he shot into her.

“Cum in me, master! Impregnate your submissive teen slave!” Lacy moaned as he filled her up. She arched her neck. Her lips twitched, and she had a lust-crazed look in her eyes.

After a moment of pure euphoria which seemed to last forever, Fred's muscles relaxed, and Lacy came down and pressed her perky tits on his chest.

“Did you like it, master?” She asked, her face a bit red.

Fred smiled at her and panted, arranging his breaths. "Yeah. And I hope this time I knocked you up." He added and turned to Miss Grady. "You see, her mom was a real pain in my ass. Not as much as you, bitch, but she really made it difficult to get a hold of Lacy here. Way too overprotective. That's why I decided to take her first, and I promised her I'd knock her innocent angel up, first chance I get. I've been trying to fill her up with sperm at least once a day."

"Is that why you stopped fucking that one?" Miss Grady asked, looking at Andrea, still wiggling her petite behind from side to side.

"Pretty much. But I don't think I'll take too long to have a load for her cunt, too." He looked at the gorgeous Andrea with lecherous eyes.

"This break was long enough, though. Got important work to do here." He tapped on Lacy's smooth body and she swiftly got off him.

"I need my bench!" He called out and Rachel scurried over from the kitchen. "What were you doing there, all this time?" He asked.

"Washing the dishes, master. Sorry, master." The owner of the apartment got on her hands and knees, and crawled over to where her master wanted to work.

"No biggie. Put these back on, bitch." He took the two plates with the bolts and screws from the coffee table, and handed them to Miss Grady.

"Of course, master." She complied with no hesitation, even though her nipples still felt sore from the last time she carried the weight on her mammaries.

"Can't wait for Claudia to join in on the fun." Fred sat on Rachel's back, took a calming breath through his nose, and got back to the task at hand. Miss Grady stood next to him, her tits carrying some of the tools of his trade. Lacy lay on the sofa, rubbing her creamed pie and licking her lips.

The two dolls she brought for her master were right where he left them. Georgia on her back on the floor, and Andrea bent against the wall, still wagging her ass in wait for her master to fuck her again.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Grady went back to the gym the next morning, and found Vivian working out on one of the exercise bikes. Clearly lost in her

own world, she peddled at a medium pace. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips lightly open, and once Miss Grady looked closely enough, it was clear the black spandex of her yoga shorts were soaked.

"I bet she never stopped listening to it since yesterday. It's so addicting." Miss Grady said with a warm smile, and tapped Vivian on the shoulder.

Her face lit up when she saw Miss Grady. "Fiona!" She exclaimed with a high pitched voice, a little breathless.

"How's your exercise going?" Miss Grady asked the horny woman.

"Take me to him." Vivian ignored her question, and said with a pleading voice.

"Pardon?" Miss Grady donned a devilish smile.

"Take me to master, please. I need to serve master. I am his sex slave. I am his fuck toy. I am..."

"Okay, okay. No need to repeat your entire mantra here." Miss Grady stopped her and looked around to make sure they didn't draw any undue attention. "Come with me. Master might have a use for you."

"Oh I hope so..." Vivian said with sparkling, yearning eyes.

It was easy for Fred to find a use for Vivian's vivacious triple D's. And he even found a special use for her mind.

He sat in Miss Grady's living room, enjoying a tight titfuck from the busty housewife. She had an ear piece in each ear, attached to Fred's smart phone.

"So she was working out for her husband, huh?" Fred asked Miss Grady, kneeling at the edge of the couch.

"Yes master. She said he's coming back tonight."

"I bet her husband will be disappointed to return from his long trip to an empty home. But you and your tits have something better to do tonight, right Vivian?" He gently scratched under her chin.

"Yes master." She responded with smiling eyes. "My tits are yours."

"Are you ready to start your reconditioning?" He asked, reaching for his phone.

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” Vivian tightened her big balloons around his shaft, moving up and down more deliberately.

“Great. Here we go.” Fred pressed the play button, and Vivian's face turned slack immediately.

“Hope there are no glitches. I don't feel like having to work today.” He folded his hands behind his head and leaned comfortably.

“What are you testing, master?” Miss Grady asked.

Fred lazily opened one eye and looked at her. “I wrote a new mantra into the programming. I just want to make sure all the messages transmit properly. She'll start soon.” He motioned his head to Vivian with an amused smile.

“Why are you still here, anyway? Did you arrange what I told you to at your office?” He asked Miss Grady.

“I wrote a formal recommendation and sent it to HR, master. I still didn't finish the project proposal before you called me back yesterday.” She bit her lip worriedly.

“Get to it then.” He dismissed her with a wave, not even looking her way.

“Yes master. Right away, master. Anything you wish.” Miss Grady gave him a bow, and strutted to the door. She shook her ass in an emphasized manner, just in case he wanted to watch, and left her own apartment, where she had become no more than a live-in servant.

Fred heard the door lock behind her and lay his head back down, his cock comfortably nestled between Vivian's tits.

A few moments later, she began to speak in a distant, long drawn monotone, moving her tits up and down with every word.

*“I am a sex toy.”*

*“I am a fuck doll.”*

*“Master owns my body, mind and soul.”*

*“I am master's obedient sex slave.”*

*“I am my master's willing whore.”*

*“I am a pair of tits for my master's pleasure.”*

*“I am a wet pussy for my master's pleasure.”*

*“Master decides how my holes are used. I have no say in the matter.”*

*"I am just a sex object. I am my master's property. Master can do whatever he wants with my body."*

Fred shifted in his seat with an aroused groan, his cock throbbing between her tits. "Going good so far. Damn, her tits are so huge and soft!" He grinned to himself, and continued listening to the sweet music of Vivian's mantra.

*"Master gives me purpose."*

*"My life was completely meaningless before master owned me."*

*"I was a worthless cunt who didn't know her place."*

*"I will always be thankful to master for brainwashing me."*

*"I am forever grateful to master for teaching me what my place is."*

*"I will thank my master every time he uses me."*

*"I will thank my master when he cums in me, or on me."*

*"I will thank my master when he chooses to punish me."*

*"I deserve any punishment my master decides on."*

*"I am a submissive member of my master's harem. I am just one more slave-cunt in his collection."*

*"I am proud to be one of master's obedient slaves. One of his willing cum holes."*

*"My existence only has meaning when master uses my body for his sexual gratification."*

Fred chuckled. "Nice. That was a long and complex sentence, and she absorbed it without a hitch. *Ohh fuck damn!*" He moaned, feeling a surge of pleasure in his pulsating manhood.

He exploded between her massive tits without even meaning to, and slumped back on the couch with a satisfied grin.

"Wow..." He let out a sigh, noticing Vivian was still rubbing her tits up and down, even now that the valley between them was all sticky with sperm.

"Quite a gift." He flicked her hardened nipple with his finger. "Maybe I should reward the bitch in some way. She's been doing some great work. I guess that's why she's an executive."

“You can stop now.” He nudged Vivian back. “Heh, hard to tell what's dripping out faster, my cum from your tits or your mind out your ears.” He laughed.

The busty woman knelt back with a warm, dazed smile, and continued absorbing the mantra playing in her ears.

*“All women should submit and serve my master.”*

*“I must recruit as many women to master's harem as I possibly can.”*

*“My first focus should always be my master's pleasure. I am obsessed with making him happy.”*

And he was, more than he's ever been before.

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