



APRIL FOOLED

WILL B. GUNN

April Fooled

By **Will B. Gunn**

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

April walked into the lobby with a relieved sigh.

Just a short elevator ride away from bed, finally! She yawned.

“What the hell?” The elevator doors were open, and inside was a man standing on a ladder, tinkering with some wires.

“What's going on, Fred?” April asked. Fred jumped in surprise and hit his head. The screwdriver in his hand dropped to the floor with a loud clink.

“Oh, April. I didn't see you there.” Fred said, rubbing the bump on his noggin. “Could you be a doll and pick that up for me?”

“Sure.” April shrugged and bent down.

“Thanks.” Fred said as she handed it to him. “Now can you bend over the other way. I didn't get the best view that time.” He gave her a sleazy look.

April narrowed her eyes and twisted her lips.

“Watch out, creeper. I had a rough day at work. I might just take it out on you.” She threatened the overly blunt handyman.

“Work? I thought you were in college.” Fred frowned.

“I have an internship job that works around my studies, and if I were you, I'd keep my eyes away from...” She paused, staring him down with flaming eyes.

“Your rack? Boobies? Tatas? Fun-bags?” Fred suggested with a smirk, undeterred.

“If I were you I'd shut up before something bad happens.” She wagged her finger at him, trying to keep a straight face.

“Lucky you're not me, then.” Fred said with a slimy smile, and winked at her.

Does he think he's flirting with me? Is he that delusional?

April was about to curb the pervy building super's enthusiasm, but one of her neighbors walked in and interfered.

“Fred, when are you going to fix my air-conditioner?” Miss Grady, a stern and ball-busting business executive, asked Fred in a berating tone.

“At some point.” Fred said dismissively.

“Unacceptable!” Miss Grady raised her voice. “You know, this whole thing started because you didn't install it properly!”

“Hey, I didn't have to install your freaking air-con, missy.” He replied with a sneer.

“Don't you dare take that tone with me. I eat worms like you for breakfast.” She raised her voice.

“You should probably switch to cereal, then. Might help with your attitude.”

“Don't talk back to me. You work for the tenants of this building. Do you want me to call the tenant association and file an official complaint?”

“Hey lady, I know my job. I have to fix the lift first. It's a safety issue.” He scolded the angry woman.

“Fine. But I expect this to be done by the end of the week.” She said, and turned to April.

“You and your little roommate better not make noise tonight. I've got an important meeting tomorrow.” She told April with a menacing raised finger.

“Whatever...” April curled her lips disrespectfully, and watched as Miss Grady stormed off.

April and Fred shared an eye-roll at their common enemy. Miss Grady was such a bitch.

Their camaraderie didn't last long, however, as April noticed where his eyes immediately strayed off to. She stomped her foot on the floor, her blood boiling.

“Stop staring at my breasts!” She demanded.

“Wow, you really have no patience today, huh?” Fred chuckled. “Well, I'm sorry, but I'm a lonely, middle-aged man. I'm not going to avoid ogling your bouncy cans, especially from this angle, and especially when you're wearing that low-cut top. I can see your pink bra from up here, actually.”

“Pervert!” April covered her breasts and yelled.

“Squeezing them isn't helping your case.” Fred chuckled.

“You know I can probably sue you for saying that...” She said with a clenched jaw, gritting her teeth.

“Go ahead, but then I won't be able to fix everything around here.” Fred argued, somewhat smugly.

April raised a dubious eyebrow.

“Are you even supposed to fix elevator issues? Isn't that something the company needs to solve?” She asked with a frown.

“Hey, I could stop, if you want me to. But I'm better than anyone they might send, and seeing as you live on the fourth floor, do you really want to spend days walking up and down, and up and down, every morning and every night, and...”

“All right, all right. Are you almost done?” April said, exasperated.

“What? Of course not.” Fred said. “It's gonna take me a few hours, and I'm not saying that just because I want to see you shake that juicy ass away from me.” He mimed grabbing her ass with his hands.

“I hope you fall and break your neck!” April stormed off angrily.

“Oh yeah, that ass shakes like a couple of maracas when you march away like that.” He shook his head with a smile, and continued working.

April heard his last words, and grunted with fury, stomping her way up the stairs. She slammed her apartment door shut behind her, still fuming.

“You look like you've had a good day.” Rory, April's roommate, said sarcastically.

“It wasn't half bad, actually. I mean, the boss had me work overtime, but I learned a lot.” April nodded and said.

“Why are you so angry, then?” Rory asked.

“Fred.” April said plainly, and it was enough for Rory to understand.

“What did he do this time?” She asked.

“The usual. He's the worst.” April said, expecting her friend to join her rant.

“He's not so bad.” Rory surprised her.

April looked at her roommate as if she had gone insane.

“Who are you and what did you do with Rory?” She asked jokingly as she walked to the kitchen, and added “I thought you hate him more than I do.”

“Oh, hate is such a strong word.” Rory said, following her. “He fixed my phone a couple of days ago. He's okay.”

“Didn't know your approval was so easy to buy.” April rolled her eyes, and opened the cupboard to get a snack. “He is just such a

sexist pig.”

“You're just shy.” Rory claimed.

“No I'm not!” April protested. “Well, I am, but that's not why he annoys me.”

“Can you really blame him for looking, April? How many smoking hot college babes do you think he sees on a daily basis?” Rory asked with a coy smile.

“Flattery will get you nowhere.” April said, taking a crunchy bite of a snack chip.

“Flattery will get me everywhere, baby.” Rory said confidently.

“Whatever.” April shrugged. “Besides, you're one to talk. You could moonlight as a swimsuit model. I'd kill to have your figure.”

“Which is why I don't get mad at Fred for glancing at my cute lil' butt, every now and then.” Rory said and tilted her hips sideways, with a whip-like shake.

The girls looked at each other for a second, in awkward silence, thinking about all the reasons they had to be jealous of one another. April was twenty one years old. She had long hair, as golden as the midday sun. Her eyes were like two sparkling sapphires. Her breasts were large, and yet perfectly buoyant. She was thin, smooth, and perfectly bendy.

Not as flexible as Rory, however. The nineteen-year-old was so trim and petite. The gap between her thighs when she stood with her legs straight was a perfect heart-shape, especially when she wore her night-time pink panties. April couldn't help but get a little bi-curious, every time she caught a glance of Rory's pussy lips, practically painted on by the pink fabric.

She was very free about her body in the privacy of their small apartment. Her eyes were rich caramel, and her hair was long and black. Her legs were creamy and flawless, and perfectly merged with her pert, yet bouncy behind.

“Would you do me if you were a lesbian?” Rory asked April, making her eyes pop with surprise.

“Or how about a less embarrassing topic. Please.” April begged, resting the snack bag down on the marble counter.

“Are you heading out tonight?” April asked.

“Yup. Got a date with Carlo.” Rory said giddily.

“Ohh, Carlo. How are things with him?”

“Oh, he's amazing. He's so different from all the guys I dated before.” Rory gushed. “He's considerate, kind, romantic.”

“And Latin.” April added.

“Yeah.” Rory agreed with a dreamy sigh.

“Are you still worried he might lose the perfect gentlemen act, you know, once you open your legs for him.” April asked.

“A little bit. But even if that happens, his patience and perseverance are admirable.”

“You're saying your pussy is an apt reward for your boyfriend treating you with respect?” April asked sheepishly.

“Well, when you say it like that.” Rory rolled her eyes.

“What about you? Any plans for the night?” She asked April.

“Finish this snack and head to bed. It was a pretty rough day.”

The conversation dissolved, and they both just nodded at each other.

“So if you were a lesbian.” Rory started again.

“Have fun on your date, Rory.” April said before Rory could finish the sentence. “Good night.”

“Oh, she would so do me if she was a dyke.” Rory mumbled with a smile, as April headed to her room.

April got in bed, and waited to hear Rory lock the front door behind her. When she did, she put her headphones on, and turned on her laptop.

“After a day like this, I've got to relieve some tension.” She whispered sleepily, her left hand already inside of her panties.

She chose a movie file titled “brainwashed slut 3”, and navigated to the part that she really liked. It featured a young porn actress, sitting on a sofa with her legs spread wide, reciting a mantra in a mindless, hypnotized monotone, while stabbing her pussy with a purple dildo.

“I obey my master.” She said.

“I am only good for my body, and my body belongs to my master.” Her eyes were so blank and entranced.

April rubbed her pussy lips, dreaming about being that girl in the movie, fantasizing about losing all control, of giving sovereignty of her body and mind over to the hidden master behind the camera.

“Master can fuck me whenever he wants.” The woman said, breathing heavily as she neared an orgasm.

“Don't come yet, sex slave. You only cum when I tell you to cum.” A distorted male voice demanded.

“Yes master.” April said at the same time as the actress in the movie, writhing her hips under her quilt.

“That's a good slavegirl. It feels so good to be my pet, to dedicate your body to my will.”

The notion of being so blissfully mindless, of feeling like her body was a puppet, tied to strings in the hands of a stranger – It always made April so horny. She always thought she was a freak, until she searched for hypnosis and mind control porn online, and found that she was far from the only one.

There were guys who liked to control, chicks who liked being submissive, and vice-versa. Secretly, April was quite a submissive, herself. She enjoyed watching long inductions, seeing those women slowly fall under the spell of their master, and then serve him unconditionally. Even though she knew it was fake, it gave her the most pleasant goosebumps.

Of course, she didn't always have the time to watch the whole thing, so most of the times she just went straight for the best part of the movie.

“When I count to three, my slave, you will have the biggest orgasm you've ever had, and then you'll thank me.” The man said, and the teary eyed April joined the woman on the couch with a moan.

“One.” April rubbed her pussy faster.

“Two.” She breathed heavily, watching the dildo go in and out of the woman's pussy, on screen.

“Three.” The man's voice boomed in her ears, and April psyched herself to an amazing climax.

She writhed and shook for a few seconds, as her body tensed, and then she relaxed and lay back down, tossing the headphones

away and shutting her computer off.

“Phew, that was good.” April told herself, sweating lightly.

“Maybe I *am* mad at Fred because I'm a little shy.” She admitted, staring at the ceiling.

“Heh, if he knew what I was into, he would get all sorts of wrong ideas.” She yawned.

“I suppose he's mostly harmless.” She finally decided, and with that, fell sound asleep.

* * * *

April always had a hard time in the morning. She was like a zombie, and not the good kind. She waddled off to the bathroom, washed her face, brushed her teeth, and took a short, lukewarm shower. Only after that, was she even capable of feeling like she was awake.

With a towel tied around her head, and another around her rack, she walked at a brisk pace towards the living-room.

“Must focus on the spiral.” She heard Rory say from the couch, in a deep, drawn, sleepy monotone.

“Can't look away. Falling into a hypnotic trance.” The nineteen-year-old droned mindlessly.

April let out a shocked gasp, putting a hand to her mouth. She slowly crept further down the hallway, and peeked around the corner into the living-room.

“Holy shit.” April croaked, her lips barely moving.

The scene that unfolded before her left her mouth dry. Her gorgeous roommate, Rory, sat slumped on the couch before the TV, her arms hanging limply to her sides, and her eyes dull and glassy. A blue-silver spiral spun endlessly inwards, into a dark center, and the young woman's dull eyes were fixated on it.

“Obedient. Loyal” Rory said, and April gathered the nerve to emerge from the hallway.

“I will obey my master.” Rory continued her mantra. April paced slowly, like a cat burglar, though it was clear that Rory did not even notice her.

“I am a hypnotized slave. I have no will.” Rory said, barely blinking.

April tried her best not to look at the spiral, although a part of her wanted so much to stare at it, just to see what will happen.

“Rory?” She nudged her friend. Rory showed no reaction - Her head tilted slightly, and returned to its perfectly centered place, still staring blankly at the TV.

“Rory, you have to wake up! You're being brainwashed!” April's voice became a nervous shrill.

“I know.” Rory droned. “Master wants you to join me.” She said “I showed him a picture of you. He likes blondes.”

“W-Who is your master? Is it your boyfriend? Is it Carlo?” April interrogated, hiding the spiral from her eyes with the palm of her hand, as if shielding her eyes from the sun.

A mesmerized smile appeared on Rory's face.

“Carlo...” She repeated happily.

“So it *is* him.” April took her entranced friend's reaction as an admission.

“Watch the spiral, April. You know you want to.” Rory began pushing her friend.

“Watch...The spiral?” April swallowed nervously. The light of the TV bounced off the walls of the dimly lit room.

“Yes. It will feel so good. So empty. So relaxing to let go of everything.”

The mesmerized Rory pushed all of April's buttons. The confused girl could feel her pussy lips moisten in response. She tugged on her towel, and bit her lower lip, wrecked with indecision. This was the realization of so many of her fantasies.

Being on her knees, waiting with a permanent smile on her face, for the word of her master, waiting to do his bidding without question or hesitation. She imagined how it would feel to really let go, to feel calm to the point of numbness, to be a slave, just because her roommate met a man with hypnotic capabilities.

“But...But I have plans.” She whispered. “I want to do things. I want to start a career, and find love, and know how my favorite TV

shows end.”

“I did, too.” Rory droned. “None of that matters now. I am a slave. I am happier than I've ever been. Watch the screen, April.”

April saw the bliss on her roommate's face, and lowered her hand. She looked at the spiral and focused her eyes, letting it draw her in.

“Yes. A slave.” She nodded, her voice soft and drone-like.

Rory continued her mantra, and April tried her best to follow.

“I am a slave. I obey. My master's word is my only truth.” She said.

“I...I don't understand.” April didn't get it. She let herself relax, as she did so many times in the past, while watching her favorite fetish porn. She hypnotized herself many times in the past, so she knew how to put herself in a calm trance. Not the kind that can turn her into a mindless slave, of course. She always thought it was impossible to go that far.

She expected the real thing to feel much more gripping, but she found herself wondering if the spiral was even doing anything.

Even weirder, she expected the mantra would somehow flash before her eyes, so she'd know how to speak it, in monotonous unison with her already enthralled friend. She expected it to slowly sear everything else, burn all her thoughts away until naught but the mantra remained.

And yet, she didn't see any of it. She found herself trying to mimic Rory's words, and it served more to distract her from her desperate attempts to fall under, rather than help her. At that point, it felt more like role-playing. She did not truly feel ready to sail off into the distance, and completely let go, no matter how much she tried.

“What's going on, Rory?” She turned her head and asked.

“Master has a message for you.” Rory said, a mischievous smile forming on her face.

“April fools, dummy.” She said, turned her head to April, and burst into a giggly bout of laughter.

April's jaw dropped. She sat like a statue, shocked, as Rory turned the TV off.

“I...I don't...” April looked down at the floor, embarrassed.

"It's the first of April, silly. Come on, you knew I'd do something." Rory jumped to her feet perkily.

April felt her cheeks getting warmer, as her embarrassment grew, and it was not just because of how gloriously she fell for her roommate's prank.

"But, but why? I-I mean..." She still couldn't bring herself to look at Rory.

"Why did I choose this prank?" Rory finished April's sentence.

April looked up at her roommate, still trying to deny what she knew to be true. Rory giggled, and sat back down next to her.

"I just happened to hack into your laptop." She said. "Well, when your password is one through six, it's not really hacking. Anyway, I found your hidden trove of porn, and it was quite a, shall we say, educational journey."

"I hate you." April looked straight forward, sulking.

"Ow, come on, don't be like that. We're best friends! I told you all about my kinks." Rory said, patting April on the shoulder.

"Not that I ever asked you to." April narrowed her eyes at her roommate.

"Best friends don't need to ask." Rory joked with an adorable smirk, almost making April forgive her.

"No!" April suddenly shot to her feet, and shouted. "You completely betrayed my privacy and trust! I didn't want anyone to know about...About this! You can't just make some jokes and expect this to be okay!"

"You know, the way your cheeks are now, we could probably use your face to defrost our freezer." Rory said, took a cherry from the fruit bowl on the coffee table, and tossed it to her mouth.

April tried to stop herself from laughing, which resulted in an awkward snort.

"No! I am upset!" She tried convincing herself. "And you're not telling anyone about this, got it?"

"I promise! Scout's honor." Rory gave a two finger salute, just as her phone rang.

“Hey, Carlo!” She answered enthusiastically. “Oh yeah, she fell for it! It was brilliant, she actually tried to join me in my 'mindless trance', it was priceless.”

April threw her hands in the air and marched to her room, exasperated. “Unbelievable!” She screamed.

“Gotta go, hon, April's being melodramatic.” Rory took another cherry, and got back on her feet.

“I know! With a name like April, you'd think she'll like April Fools a little more. Bye bye.”

Rory hung up the phone, and pranced to her roommate's locked door.

“April! I'm sorry, okay? I didn't think you'd care this much. Please, don't be mad at me.”

“I'm not mad.” April shouted through the door.

“I'm just...embarrassed, Rory. I kept this thing a secret for a reason.”

“It's not that bad. Some of those clips were kinda hot. You know, if you like being degraded and treated as an object.”

“Shut up already!” April howled.

“Come on, open the door.”

“No!”

Rory leaned on the door.

“Are you shy about it, because you don't want guys to think you want to be their slave?” Rory asked curiously.

“I mean, do you? Is that the kind of guy you're looking for? I'm just wondering...”

April buried her head in a pillow, trying to cover her ears with it. This was all happening very fast for her. She'd considered, in the past, how her friends might react if she shared her secret fetish. Of course, in her mind, she was always much more nonchalant and cavalier about it, explaining all about how hypnosis works and why the notion of losing control charms and arouses her.

In reality, she wanted to recede back to her shell like a frightened turtle.

“Like, if a guy was to call you his toy on a date, and order you around, would you like it?” Rory kept inquiring, and as much as April

tried, she couldn't block her roommate's voice.

"Please, stop talking!" She shouted again, got up, dropped her towel, and started dressing up in a storm.

"I can't. Doctor's orders. Apparently I'm allergic to silence." Rory said, making April laugh again.

"Now *that* is something I can believe." April said, "How about we change the subject..."

"Okay then." Rory said. April could practically see her shrug, in her usual carefree way. "So if you were a dyke, would you let me be your mistress?"

April opened the door, fully dressed, with an unamused expression.

"Let's just go. And if you say anything until we get to college, I'm kicking you to the curb."

"Is that any way to talk to your mistress, slave? I might have to spank you." Rory said with a giggle.

"This is going to be a long day..." April sighed and walked past her mischievous roommate.

All things considered, the day didn't start too bad. Once April and Rory had each gone to their separate classes, April could let her mind forget about the fact her roommate, and her roommate's boyfriend, both knew about her secret hypnotized slavegirl kink.

Still, she couldn't completely avoid thinking about it.

"Seriously, even if I'm fine with Rory knowing, her boyfriend. I barely know the guy." She lamented, sitting alone in the campus cafeteria, eating lunch.

"Rory can be so childish and careless sometimes."

"Hey there, slave." Rory brought her own tray, and sat next to her.

"Will you be quiet!" April hissed.

"What? No one can hear, and besides, what are you afraid they might think?" Rory asked, taking a sip of her juice.

"Just be quiet about it, okay?" April pleaded.

"All right..." Rory relented, but April was dubious.

"So I've been thinking." Rory continued after a mere moment of silence, to April's audible huff of exasperation.

“What now?” She asked.

“Is this why you almost never date? Are you embarrassed? Are you scared the guy won't be into it?” Rory inquired, ignoring how April rubbed her temple, as if suffering from the world's peskiest headache.

“Please shut up.” April begged.

“We've been through that already, April. You know that doesn't work on me.” Rory said.

“What does work?” April looked at her friend desperately.

“Not sure. How about you actually talk to me?” Rory suggested.

“Fine. Yes, it's definitely part of why I don't date much. I'm worried guys might misunderstand what I want from a relationship. For the record, it's not what you saw in those clips on my computer.”

“I get that.” Rory said with a supportive nod. “You like it as a sexual role-playing thing, but you still want a normal romantic relationship.”

“Well, yeah.” April said with a frown, surprised at how easily Rory accepted her premise.

“It's not that hard to fathom, you know.” Rory buttered a piece of bread. “And I'm pretty sure any guy worthy of you will understand, too. They aren't as dumb as you think.”

“I suppose that's true.” April relented, suddenly feeling like a weight has been lifted from her heart.

“They are precisely as dumb as I think they are, though. But that's just cause I'm an amazing judge of character.” Rory added.

April laughed. “Why are you even wasting your time here. You should go be a stand-up comic.” She suggested to her younger friend.

“I'm pretty sure my mom just put out a hit on you, April. Too bad, I kinda liked you.” She shook her head, and took a bite of her toast.

“You know, I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm starting to feel good about this whole thing.” April sounded surprised.

“I know.” Rory said “I'm very smart.” She added smugly.

“It just feels good to know you didn't freak out, or get the wrong idea. It feels good to know you understand.” April said, catching her throat a bit.

Rory looked her deep in the eyes, getting a little teary-eyed herself.

“What are best friends for?” Rory asked with a smile. “Let's change the subject before we start a whole scene here.” She rubbed the wetness from her eyes, and said.

“Yes mistress.” April cooed, and they both snickered.

“So if you were a dyke,…” Rory started.

“Don't ruin it, Rory.” April face-palmed.

“Copy that.” Rory nodded and returned to her lunch.

* * * *

April woke up late the next day. It was Saturday, so she could afford to sleep in. By the time she finished her morning primping routine, and stepped out of the shower, it was nearly noon. She walked down the hallway with a towel tied around her chest, wiping her golden locks dry.

She heard Rory mumble something in the living-room.

“You know, yesterday I felt so free and untethered. I didn't think hiding my hypno fetish was weighing down on me so much.” She said, slowly pacing down the hallway.

“Still, I did have a problem with, you know, getting down to business before sleep.”

April emerged from the hallway and walked to the kitchen. She saw Rory sitting on the couch from the corner of her eye, as she walked past her.

“Not saying that I have to do it every night, but somehow knowing that you know, and that you were in the next room. Made it feel awkward.” She opened the fridge, and bent down into it.

“Fingers crossed that I can get past it, otherwise I might be in a bit of a problem. We're out of yogurt, by the way.”

April put her fingers on the butter, but something stopped her. She frowned, and tapped the stick of butter with her finger. Something was strange.

“You're awfully quiet, Rory.” She said with a frown. “I just told you I'm having performance issues when I masturbate, and that we

are out of yogurt. I expected about a dozen indecent yogurt sex jokes, by now.”

Still no response. April raised her head, and looked at Rory with a furrowed brow. The beautiful young woman sat silently, staring into the distance.

“Rory?” April walked closer. It was only then that she noticed Rory had earphones on, which were connected to her mobile. Her lips were moving, and as April crept closer, she heard the words Rory uttered.

“I am a sex slave.” She droned monotonously.

“I am my master's sex doll. I live to please my master.”

April chuckled. “Come on, Rory. I'm not going to fall for this again. Besides, it's not April Fools day anymore.”

“I have no past, and my future belongs to my master.” Rory continued as if April was thin air. There was something different about her eyes, and her expression.

“I've got to give you props, your mindless bliss face is better today.” April crossed her arms “I'm not buying this for a second, though, so you'd better give up.”

“Yes. Give up. No will. No mind. Just master, and his voice.” Rory echoed.

“Oh, so you *can* hear me. I thought you had some mind-wiping music in those headphones.” April said triumphantly. “Called your bluff, Rory!”

“Yes master. She is here.” Rory said, and looked at April with dull, empty eyes.

“Oh please.” April sneered. “You're persistent, I'll give you that.”

“Yes master. I understand.”

Rory unhooked her earphones from the mobile phone.

“Master wants to speak with you, April.” Rory said with pleading eyes, handing her phone up to April.

“Whatever, I'll play along.” April shook her head and took the phone from Rory's stretched hand.

“Is that you, Carlo? This isn't as funny as you and your girlfriend might think.”

April turned around, and slowly paced in the other direction.

"I have no idea who Carlo is, but if he is Rory's boyfriend, then she will have to dump him." A familiar voice said.

I-It Can't be... She told herself.

"F-Fred?" She asked hesitantly.

"Oh, you recognized me over the phone. I'm so flattered." Fred said.

"Rory roped *you* into one of her pranks? Seriously?" April asked incredulously.

"Again, no idea what you're talking about. How is Rory doing?" Fred asked.

"What?"

"Turn around, and tell me how Rory is doing." Fred said impatiently, his voice strong and assertive.

"Okay." April said with doubt.

She turned around to look at Rory.

"Oh my god!" April gasped.

"Tell me how she's doing." Fred insisted.

"She's naked." April said. "Her legs are spread. She is using one hand to rub her pussy in circles, and the other to pinch one of her nipples. She is still repeating a mantra of submission under her breath."

"Must obey my master. Must be his sex-doll. Must dedicate my future for my master's pleasure." Rory mumbled, naked and lewdly playing with herself.

April heard Fred smirk. "Very nice." He said. "Describe her pussy for me."

"What?!"

"Describe her pussy for me." He repeated, calmly and casually.

"Uhm, it's...it's smooth, and tight, and wet. I-I'm really not comfortable staring at her bare, umm, pussy like this." April wanted to say vagina, but the word pussy came out of her mouth nonetheless.

"Describe her legs for me, then." Fred demanded.

"They're smooth, and long, and trim."

"What about her tits?" He asked.

“Small and round, like two firm, perky apples. Her nipples are pink and pointy. She is rubbing one of them between two fingers.” April said, and felt her own pussy moisten beyond her control.

“What sounds is she making, other than her mantra?” Fred wondered.

“She is making sweet whimpers and moans. Her eyes are blank, but wetter than usual. She looks so calm, and yet so aroused.”

April shook her head, still gluing the phone to her ear.

“What's going on?!” She demanded with a shaky voice.

“I'm making you and your cute roommate into my sex slaves.” Fred said plainly. “Soon you'll happily give up your free will and become my submissive bitch, just like her.”

“What? Are you crazy?” April asked, feeling her voice weakening.

“Am I? You spent the last couple of minutes describing, in some detail, how your roommate was fingering herself, all because I told you to.”

“Told. Me. To?” April half repeated, half asked, pausing between every word.

“Here, I'll put it on full volume. It took your friend about two minutes to fall completely under my control. Have fun.”

“Fun?” April whispered back.

What came next was like a full frontal assault on April's cognition. The noise in her right ear was so captivating, she could almost see it. She could feel it with all her senses. April knew immediately that this was the real thing. It was so easy to slip away, to fall down. A genuine smile appeared on her face, as the realization dawned on her.

It was so easy for her to perceive her mantra, this time. It wasn't some silly parlor-trick spiral that Rory found online. This time, the words were so vivid, they were impossible to ignore.

“I am a sex slave.” She heard, and repeated.

“I have no mind. I have no will. I live my life for my master.”

Every sentence she uttered became a part of her, and pushed more of the unnecessary dribble away. Unlike the day before, April did not think of her future plans. Career, love, friends and family, none of it remained for too long. Whatever reservations she had about her innermost fantasies were thoroughly removed. She wasn't even worried that the man she was swearing to obey was the pervy building supervisor, Fred.

"I have no past. I dedicate my life to my master." She said, as all the things that may have made her cling to her independence drowned in infinite oblivion.

"I am always wet and ready for my master. I am a sex object, and my master can use me whenever he wants." She droned on, her blue eyes mindlessly staring far away into nothingness

That was when she felt it. The epitome of all her fantasies. That numb feeling taking over her body, telling her that it no longer belonged to her. That blissful sensation of losing all control. She knew, in her heart of hearts, that she would do anything her master ordered, no matter how demeaning or unpleasant.

Her master deserved to know just how much he now possessed her.

"I am your slave, master. You own me. Mind, body, and soul." She said, a meek smile on her face. "Please, use your new toy as you see fit."

"Very good. Heh, lucky Rory needed her phone fixed." Fred said, his words of praise filling April's docile mind with happiness and glee.

"Strip naked, and get yourself wet for me. I'll be there in a few minutes." He commanded.

"Yes master." She hung up the phone, and moved to obey.

She dropped her towels, and sat next to Rory, spreading her legs until their knees touched. She started touching her own smooth pussy, lubricating it nicely. She began sticking her fingers in, soon enough, and her cunt made some very obscene, wet sounds as she fingered herself.

This time, April and Rory naturally synced to a perfect, unified mantra of submission. They stared forward and prepared their precious cunts for their master's pleasure, side by side. To each of them, the other girl was nothing but another set of holes and a hot, lithe body for their master's use. In a way, their bond became even stronger than it has ever been before.

* * * *

The click of a lock and the jingle of keys joined the symphony of moans and whimpers coming out of April and Rory's lips. As the building's super, Fred had keys to open each and every lock on the premises. He was not allowed to enter a tenant's home uninvited, but he had a feeling that the two college coeds were not going to complain.

He walked inside, and locked the door behind him.

"Beautiful." He said in awe, looking at the two stunning girls, playing and fingering their pussies like a couple of sex machines.

He walked towards them. "Your tits are amazing, April, even without a push-up bra to squeeze them together." He giddily cupped a handful of April's gravity-defying fun-bags.

"Thank you, master." April looked up at him with sparkling eyes.

He moved his burly handyman fingers to fondle Rory's smaller tits. "They're like two perfectly round stress balls." He said, squeezing her perky tits shamelessly.

"Use me to relieve your stress, master." Rory said, her peachy lips curved in a sweet, oblivious smile.

"Make me some room, cunts." Fred said, nudged them aside, and sat between them.

"Hrrm, that's nice." He sat comfortably, spread his arms, and rested his hands on each of their shoulders, pressing their gorgeous naked bodies to him.

"Naked, quiet, and obedient. It doesn't get any better than this." Fred moved his fingers along their smooth, fair skins with a deep sigh. He closed his eyes and basked in the moment, looking like he was settling into a warm, pleasant bath. April and Rory were like two

dolls, obedient and pliable as they rested their pretty little heads on his broad shoulders.

A couple of minutes of slowly rubbing Rory and April's naked bodies, and Fred's cock threatened to tear through his pants. He opened his eyes, and kissed April's smooth, golden hair.

"Open my zipper and take my cock out, April." He ordered.

"Yes master." April reached for his crotch with no hesitation. She opened Fred's zipper, lowered his underpants, and let his raging hard-on spring out.

"Jerk me off, slave. Show me how you use these tender, loving hands of yours." He ran his fingers through her silky locks.

"Yes master." April nodded happily.

She wasted no time, taking a firm yet soft grasp of his raw erection. She drooled some saliva down to lubricate it, and started rubbing his shaft up and down with swift vertical motions. Her big tits bounced up and down, in tune with the pace of the handjob she served her master.

"*Ohh!* Rory, join her." Fred instructed with a low groan.

"Yes master." Rory nodded, and brought one of her petite hands to rub and massage his balls.

He growled happily, folding his fingers behind his head while his sexy toys worked their arms tirelessly.

Every inch of his cock and balls enjoyed their devoted, loyal touch. He raised his head from the comfy back-rest, grabbed both of April's nipples, and twisted them like the knobs of a car's radio. April never flinched or stopped jerking him off, and she did so at the same rapid pace, absentmindedly looking straight ahead with glassy, crystal-blue eyes.

"Good slave." He said, gently slapping her cheek, hooking a thumb in her lips. She stared straight forward as she let out a flat "Thank you, master" from her strawberry lips.

They felt his hands creep up their naked backs, all the way to the back of their heads.

"Suck my cock." He nudged them downwards excitedly.

“Yes master.” Rory and April said together. They slid down to his lap until their faces were both an inch away from his shaft. Without pause, they lashed their limber tongues together, and engulfed his cock with soft, passionate love

They could feel each other's tongues entwined, as they licked up and down his hardened rod. Rory continued fondling his balls as she lavished his dick with wet, hot love.

“*Ohh fuck!* This feels amazing!” Fred let out a roar of delight, spanking Rory's pert, bubbly behind.

“Here's the deal.” He squeezed their asses. “When I grab and play with your ass, you slap your lips around my cock. When I don't, you just watch your fellow slave deep-throat me. Understood?”

“Yes master.” Both of them said, their lips tickling his throbbing hard-on.

“Great.” He spanked them both, and they returned to double teaming his manhood.

Fred sighed again, shuddering with pleasure.

“This was so worth the work.” He said, taking his hand off of April's rear, and giving Rory's a sequence of light smacks and fondles.

“Do you have any idea how long it took me to succeed? To complete my invention?” He asked the thin air, because April and Rory were in no shape for an intelligent conversation.

April watched Rory choke on his cock, hearing her gag every time she took his cock deep in her throat. She watched the raven-haired angel with empty blue eyes, her lips an inch away from the action, ready to take over at a moment's notice.

That moment arrived when their master next spoke.

“It was all worth it, though.” He said, let go of Rory's shapely behind, and let his other hand rest on April's ass. They switched their mouths seamlessly, and just like that it was April who took his cock deeper than she ever dreamed she was capable of, while Rory watched and waited, thick bubble-filled saliva tapering down from her lower lip.

“I studied it for quite a while, figured out the frequencies that would open a person's mind to suggestion. Figured how to embed that white noise with subliminal messages that would be soaked right into the core of a person's psyche.” Fred bragged, patting April while she moved her talented tongue in a perpetual twirl around his cock.

“Yeah, people never think a lowly building super can be a world-class technical genius, who simply hit a few rough patches. Always underestimating my capabilities, telling me I can't fix the fucking elevator, complaining that I didn't install their air-conditioner properly. Stupid bitches. Haha!” He bellowed, grabbed April's ass-cheek with one hand, and spanked her other cheek with his other hand.

He moved his hands away, and April rose back up with a slurp. She watched as Rory took her place, her mouth lightly open, waiting patiently. Fred used both hands to fuck Rory's face on his own, for a few short moments, relishing in the loud choking sounds she made as her jaw felt the strain.

Just as her face started turning red, he let go of her, and slapped both their asses. The two did not waste a moment to breathe, and instantaneously charged together, slurping together, licking together, and pleasing their master with their mouths, together.

“Now listen carefully, my slave-toys.” Fred said, his booming voice surpassing the soft licks and kisses coming from his lap.

“I am going to wake you up from your trance. When you wake up, you will be happy to be my slaves. All the things you said in your mantra will become your absolute, undeniable truth. You will be happy to devote your existence to me. Understand?”

“Yes master.” April slurped loudly.

“Yes master.” Rory followed a second later.

“Good girls. Now awaken.” He said, and snapped his fingers.

April and Rory blinked twice, and stared at each other with confused expressions, as the grinding wheels of their minds raced back to full power. April was the first to give her friend a beaming smile.

“Thank you for enslaving us, master.” She said, and leaned down to kiss his cock.

Rory gave a wide grin, as well, and a coy giggle. “We are your fuck-toys, master. Please use our bodies.” She said with her trademark playful smirk, and joined April.

“I'm so sorry for being so mean to you, master.” April apologized profusely for her past behavior, kissing his balls as she begged for forgiveness.

“I had no right to hide my cleavage from you, master. My tits are all yours.” She cooed in her sexiest voice.

“Wrap them around my cock, then. I've been wanting to see *and* feel that, ever since I laid my eyes on you.” Fred said, patting her arched back like he would a pet kitten.

“Happily, master. Anything you wish, master.” April finished with a giggle, and let her tongue drool and lubricate the valley between her sizable knockers.

She squeezed her tits tight around his shaft, and began bouncing them up and down.

“I've never done this before, master.” She said, panting. “I hope I can still please you.”

“*Ohh* man, it feels awesome!” Fred said. “And it looks great, too. Your fun-bags are a fucking work of art.”

“I am your property, master. My tits are all yours!” April felt his cock pulsate between her boobs. Her back was starting to ache a bit, but it was all worth it, knowing her body was being put to good use.

“I just love seeing you like this.” Fred hissed at her, pre-cum oozing from his tip. “Aren't you happy I made you my enthralled sex toys?”

“Oh, master I am so happy!” Rory said, and leaned down to try and kiss his tip between April's tits.

“Thank you so much master!” April joined, looking up at Fred with worshipping eyes.

“All right, get off. Get on your knees, April.” Fred suddenly sprung to his feet, pushing them both back.

“Yes master.” April hurried to obey. The feel of the cold floor on her knees was euphoric.

“Okay, Rory. Lie on the couch, and spread your legs for me.”
He ordered the petite girl.

“Yes master.” Rory obeyed with an eager nod.

“Good girl. April, show me how you eat her pussy. Get that tight snatch ready for my cock.” He commanded.

April did not even hesitate. “Yes master.” The staunch heterosexual said, and lunged forward, burying her face between Rory's spread legs.

“*Mmm! Phua! Ooh!*” She kissed and licked Rory's precious pussy, flicking her tongue along her pristine folds and circling the teen's pink clit.

“Yeah, ravage that teen snatch, cunt!” Fred encouraged April with a sharp spank. She gave a high-pitched, muffled moan in response, wiggling her ass for him. She didn't even notice Fred going to his knees behind her.

“Stick your ass out, slave!” He squeezed her cheeks and took hold of her hips.

“Mmh! Yes master!” April set both her knees firmly on the floor, pointing her butt in Fred's direction, her dripping pussy ready to take him in.

“*Mmmm! Master!*” She moaned when she felt his cock tickle her wet lips.

“Beg for it!” Fred insisted.

“Please master!” She kept making out with Rory's pussy-lips, slurping her youthful sex juices. “Please use me, master! Give me your cock, master!”

Fred gave a deep growl, tickled April's lower lips with his tip, and rammed into her with one powerful thrust.

“*Ahh!*” The horny hypno-slave moaned happily, tears welling in the corner of her eyes.

“*Oh fuck! So tight!*” Fred took firm hold of her hips, and started slinging his pelvis back and forth, indulging in every thrust into his willing sex toy's pussy.

April moaned so deep and wet, that Rory's juices flew out of her mouth with every high-pitched squeal of blissful joy. She looked

up at Rory with lust-filled madness, her face hitting Rory's flooding pussy lips with every one of Fred's deep thrusts.

"Eat that tight nineteen-year-old pussy, cunt!" Fred barked, took hold of April's hair, and pushed her, mouth first, in between Rory's legs. The nineteen-year-old writhed like a flag in strong wind, her eyes crossed lightly and her tongue dangled aimlessly from her lips. It was clear the young puddle of lust has never experienced such euphoric, orgasmic sensations before in her life.

"Yeth mashter!" April's voice was muffled by Rory's quivering pussy lips.

April was great at multitasking, but even she barely managed to ravage Rory's pussy with the ferocity her master demanded, and also flex, clench, and tighten her pussy whenever he thrust into her. Still, her master's moans of pleasure were enough to motivate her, and make her efforts worthwhile.

"Move aside!" He suddenly pulled out and pushed her out of the way.

"Time to test Rory."

"Yes master." April gave way immediately, kneeling at the foot of the couch like a discarded piece of fuck-meat. Rory's bright smile could not be extinguished by all the water in the ocean, and twice as much water could not cool the furnace burning between her long, shapely legs.

Fred dick-slapped her pussy lips a couple of times, and used his thumb-pad to gauge how wet April made her. Rory panted like an eager puppy, gripping her legs tightly to keep them nice and spread.

"Great job, April. Her tight teen cunt is ready to be nailed hard!" Fred howled cheerfully, rubbed his tip on Rory's opening, and rammed his hips forward with a low groan.

"*Ahh!* Master! Please, master, give me more!" Rory begged as he speared her fresh coed cunt, looking straight up at him with her glittering caramel eyes.

"*Hrrm! Hmm! Yeah!*" He took hold of her thighs, and began pumping, deep and slow. Rory stretched her tongue out at him, as if

begging for a kiss. He stuck two fingers in her mouth, instead, and let her suck on them.

April watched her best friend and roommate get fucked hard from her comfy kneeling place on the floor. Rory once told her that she liked being on top, during sex, because she felt that if the guy was on top, then it's like he dominated her.

As tiny and fragile as Rory seemed, she was always very strong and confident, and certainly not the kind of girl to be tamed by just any stallion. And yet as April looked at Rory now, she saw nothing but a broken whore. On her back, with her legs in the air, squealing and moaning as Fred fucked her hard like his own personal plaything

She held her legs firmly in place, and let her master rule every single movement, as he relentlessly plowed into her juicy pink pussy.

“Hang on to me, Rory. I'll take you for a ride!” Fred said with a coarse voice.

“Yes master!” Rory let go of her legs, wrapped them around Fred's hips, and wrapped her arms around his neck, holding on to him like a koala bear holds the trunk of a tree.

“Here we go!” Fred got on his feet with one motion, like a weigh-lifter, and reached around to grab her petite ass with both hands.

“Whee!” Rory showed her humorous side, squealing in glee as he lifted her up.

Fred bounced her up and down on his steely spear, firmly holding her ass with both hands. The gentle nineteen-year-old arched her neck up and moaned, scratching his back with her fingers.

April looked up at her towering master, mesmerized by Rory's booty bouncing up and down, up and down.

“Don't just stay down there doing nothing, you lazy slave-bitch!” He looked down at April “Tend to my balls!”

“Yes master! Right away master! Sorry master!” April apologized for her complacency, and scurried to obey.

She stood on her tip-toes, with bent knees, like a dog standing on two legs, and lapped at Fred's balls earnestly. She looked up as she lashed her tongue in all directions, her view fully obstructed by Rory's bouncing, lithe body. She felt so small and insignificant, and it made her feel so good inside.

"I'm cumming! *Ohh fuck!* I'm cumming!" Fred moaned, his beefy thigh muscles convulsing and trembling.

"Fill my pussy with your cum, master! *Ah!*" Rory begged, and felt burst after burst of hot cum shoot inside of her.

His climax was so intense and heavy, that cream oozed from Rory's pussy before he even finished dumping his entire load. It glazed his balls, and April sloppily lapped it up like a hungry kitten.

"Ohh fuck...Ohh fuck, that was amazing." Fred panted, basking in bliss.

"Thank you, master." Rory batted her eyes at him. "I am your cum dumpster."

"Yes you are." Fred smiled at her, easily holding her light-weight body.

He lifted her up so his cock slipped out of her. Her creampied lower lips dripped with his man-juice.

"Eat her creampie, April." He commanded.

"Yes master." April looked up, and a blob of cum nearly hit her eye.

Once again, without a smidgen of hesitation, April raised her head to lick Rory's pussy like vanilla-glazed ice-cream.

"How does her pussy taste?" Fred asked with a chuckle.

"A little bitter, master." April said honestly.

"You don't like it?"

"Obeying you is the sweetest thing my slave-mouth can taste, master." April said, making Rory moan as she slurped another thick drop into her mouth, and gulped it down. She didn't care that what she said made no real sense.

"How lovely, April. You certainly know how to please me with your words."

"I'm glad, master. I live to serve."

Fred dropped Rory to the ground and went to the kitchen to have a drink. April's cheeks were covered in cum and glistening with pussy juices, so he ordered the two to kiss passionately, and lick each other's face clean.

"So, April," Rory said in-between warm, wet pecks. "If you were a dyke, would you eat master's load from my muff?" She asked with a giggle.

April giggled back at her, and licked her cheek.

"In a heart-beat." She whispered salaciously, and shared another lust-filled kiss with her playful roomy

Fred walked back from the kitchen with a drink in his hand.

"Sixty-nine each other." He ordered casually, taking a sip from his cup and sitting on the couch to watch.

"Yes master." Both Rory and April said together, wearing a kind, eager smile on their pretty faces. Before long, they were both between each other's legs, lapping away. None of them would ever go back to the way things were.

* * * *

It has been a week since April 1st.

Rory broke up with her boyfriend, and both her and April dedicated their days to helping Fred with his job, and their nights naked in his bed.

Miss Grady, the thirty-five year old executive from apartment 3-C, complained that Fred still didn't fix her air-conditioner, and called him a lazy bum. So, naturally, Fred and his two eager helpers were now in her apartment, working on it. Rory and April showed up first, insisting that their neighbor listened to some music from Rory's phone.

Miss Grady became very helpful after that, serving as a naked working-bench for Fred to sit on. She kept her back perfectly straight, and planted her hands and knees on the floor. Sure, her limbs trembled under the weight, from time to time, but the busty woman weathered it nicely, and quietly.

Her loose, sloppy pussy and gaping anus also served as adequate containers for Fred's working tools, making it easy for him

to simply reach and grab. Fred stored a pair of pliers and a couple of small Philips-head screwdrivers in her pussy, and had a flat-head screwdriver in her ass.

Still, her holes weren't enough to hold all the necessary equipment.

"April, be a doll and get me the Allen key." He reached his hand out.

"Sure thing, master!" April and Rory were aching to be of use. They both wore empty tool belts, with no pants or panties, and tight, see-through tube-tops.

April skipped to Fred's open tool-box, and bent down with her legs straight, wiggling her perfectly round ass from side to side. She found the Allen key quickly, but stayed down longer. It wasn't about fetching the tool for her master, it was about him getting the view that she stupidly hid from him, a mere week earlier – The view of her tight, smooth pussy, peeking from between her long, smooth legs.

When she finally rose back up, April walked over to Fred, sexily swaying her hips from side to side.

"There you go, master." She stretched her hand, and Fred copped a feel of her breasts.

"Wasn't enough. Rory, you pick it up for me." Fred said.

"Sorry master." April said with sadness in her eyes, and lay the wrench on the floor for her friend.

"Yes master!" Rory said with thrill, and bent down as well, presenting her precious pink pussy and her petite behind for her master's pleasure.

"Bend down with her, April." He ordered.

"Yes master!" April jumped with joy, and bent down right next to Rory.

"Slap your asses together." Fred let his desires be known, and the two exquisite coeds began shaking their bubble-butts into each other, making soft smacking sounds and giggling happily. April and Rory's work was much more physical than Fred's, but they were so young and vibrant, they could bend all the way down and wiggle their asses for hours on end.

"Okay, bring it over." He finally said. April and Rory fought for it for a second, before coming to a speechless decision that they'll

both hold on to one end, and give the Allen key to their master, together.

Fred took it, and sighed. "You know, it wouldn't have taken this long if you had more room for my tools in your tight ass." Fred complained, and gave Miss Grady a punitive smack on the rear.

"Yes master. I am so sorry, master. It's all my fault, master" She droned monotonously, her normally stern eyes projecting weakness and timidity.

"Think about that, next time you call me a lazy bum. All you had to do was get your ass fucked more frequently, and it would have made a much better tool-hole for me."

"Yes master. You are right. I am a lazy whore." She uttered in self degradation.

"No matter. From now on, I'll train your ass properly." Fred said with a wicked half-smile. "It's the only hole of yours worth fucking, anyway."

"Yes master. Thank you, master." The powerful executive told her building's glorified handyman.

"And next time you get a little hot because your AC is broken, why don't you strip and run an ice cube on your big tits for me? You know, as long as I'm not using 'em as crotch cushions."

"That is a great idea, master." Miss Grady said, her eyes shimmering, and her nipples tingling.

Fred unscrewed a couple of bolts, and set them next to him on miss Grady's back.

"Okay, all this talk is making me hard. Time for a pussy break." He said, after a mere ten minutes at work.

He got up, took April by the hand, bent her over Miss Grady's kitchen counter, and started giving it to her hard.

"Miss Grady, while I fuck April here, I want you to punish yourself by spanking your big ass till it's red and swollen."

"Yes master." Miss Grady said, and stood up on legs that were still trembling from muscle-strain.

"And make sure my tools don't fall off from your holes."

"Yes master." She nodded, her legs wobbly.

Miss Grady bent over her sofa, and began swatting her ass with no mercy. Fred plowed deep into April's tight cunt, watching the spectacle with wicked eyes and a wide grin.

"You will get rings pierced into your nipples, so I can hang stuff from them." He told the owner of the house.

"Yes master. Use this bitch for whatever you wish. I am your tool." Miss Grady spanked her ass so hard and good, it made Rory flinch from the ringing, loud smack.

Fred turned his attention to April.

"This is the great thing about having sex slaves. Whenever I'm hard, I can just take a break, and stick my cock in one of your tight holes. And you are always ready for it, whenever that may be."

"Yes master!" April agreed, her body moving back and forth "I am always wet and ready for you to fuck me!"

April found herself contemplating about the past week, as her master repeatedly rammed into her from behind.

This couldn't have turned out better. I get to live out my deepest fantasies, with no remorse or regrets. Plus, I get to watch that harpy, Miss Grady, degrade and demean herself in the most pathetic ways possible!

She looked at Rory, rubbing her teen pussy frantically, probably wishing Fred would toss April's ass aside and fuck her, instead.

I wonder if she is as happy as I am, deep down. It's not like we shared this fantasy.

Rory's face told the whole story, though.

*Who am I kidding? she's loving it more than I do. Besides, it's not like it's my fault. Master used **her** phone. It would have happened, regardless of my secret fetish, right?*

"You know, it's funny." Fred said. "You are the reason I got this idea in the first place."

Oh?

"I got in your apartment one day, while you were at college, and got hold of your computer. I figured I'd check what you like to watch

when you're horny and alone. It was so goddamn hot! I just had to figure a way to make those fantasies real.”

“That makes me so happy, master!” April moaned, and felt her master's cock ejaculate into her.

Oh well, I guess it was all my fault. At least everyone's happy. She thought with a smile, feeling her tight pussy get filled, and listening to Miss Grady properly punish herself for her past rudeness.

“All right, bitch. Go back down, we've got plenty of work to do.” Fred spanked April, and slipped out of her cunt.

Miss Grady returned to her proper place as a work-bench. Fred wiped his cock on her lips, face, and hair, and sat back down.

One thing was certain, Fred's submissive, horny helpers had a long, tedious day ahead of them.

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