

At His Command

Mind Control

by M. Wills

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At His Command

It was against every rule of our laboratory to test an experiment on myself but I was desperate. I was alone, my schedule cleared, the door locked. If this trial didn't show results I was certain I'd be fired.

While I waited for the computer to run its diagnostics, I checked over the helmet. It was a crisscross of metal braces connected to sensor pads that would lie against the neck and forehead. Between the braces was a mess of wires and circuit boards, connected in a way that was functional but not aesthetically pleasing. A prototype. Others could worry about design later.

I checked my phone again on the off chance that my wife, Amber, had responded to my messages. She hadn't. Still mad at me, I guessed. Our marriage hadn't been going that well these past few months. I admit I was partially to blame. The pressures my boss were placing on me to show results made me a nervous wreck and that pressure led to some screaming matches with my wife. Honestly, though, even before that we were having arguments about stupid things: I bought the wrong brand of milk, she spent all her time scrolling the internet, I parked the car in the wrong spot, she didn't put out the trash cans in time for the truck. Last night was a particularly bad one when I tried to initiate sex for the first time in weeks and somehow that resulted in a screaming match about who took care of who more. I'd slept on the couch. Amber hadn't come out of her room by the time I left for work so I sent an apology text. No response. That meant she was still simmering.

The computer beeped to alert me the diagnostics results were complete. All the lights were green. Time to try this.

I strapped the helmet onto my head, adjusting the sensors until they sat against my skin and tightening the straps until the whole thing was firmly in place. The helmet was unwieldy and I held onto it with one hand so it wouldn't overbalance and fall while I typed in the last of the commands with my other hand. In theory, the helmet was supposed to stimulate my neurons and increase the connections between them. Basically, it should supercharge my brain and make me more intelligent.

That result would also assuage my boss, Beth Ferndale, that my research was worthwhile and 'financially viable'. Gah. She was a representative of the investment firm that had purchased my lab and all she cared about was how much revenue we could generate. Science for its own sake was anathema to her and the other investors. Every conversation I had with her was rage-inducing. I hadn't yelled at her but I'd come close. She didn't respect me. I was just a lowly scientist at the bottom of the totem pole who was losing her money.

I pressed 'enter' and the helmet hummed as the system started up. The readouts on the screen changed but everything was still within parameters. I felt...nothing. Was it even working? I dialed up the intensity. Heard the hum increase. Was that a tingling in my forehead or was I imagining it because I so desperately wanted proof this was all working? I bumped it up another few notches, pushing the readouts to yellow, still just within the margin of safety.

The hum filled my ears and made my teeth vibrate. But as for more intelligence I couldn't tell. I let it run for a few minutes and was reaching out to turn it off, resigned to failure, when something

popped and sparked behind the computer. I jumped back. Then the helmet sparked, sending a jolting vibration I felt all the way down to my toes. Fuck, I was electrocuting myself.

I jammed at the 'stop' button but nothing happened. The system was frozen. Desperate now, the vibration making the whole room fuzzy, I scrabbled for the straps to rip off the helmet. In my haste I knocked over the table, the whole system crashing to the floor. There was one last spark and an explosion that threw me off the chair as the entire room went dark.

I must have passed out. Gradually, I became aware of an insistent beeping sound and the harsh white glow of the emergency lights. I was lying on the floor, my head crooked at a funny angle thanks to the unwieldy helmet still strapped to my skull. My head ached, a deep throbbing in my forehead that made stabbing pain and nausea shoot through me whenever I moved. It was like a migraine but centered at the front of my skull.

Someone knocked on the door outside. A woman's voice called out to me, sharp and crisp: "Mason? Mason are you in there? Are you okay?" Of course it was fucking Beth.

"I'm okay," I called out, my voice hoarse.

I struggled to sit up, each motion threatening the wave of pain and nausea to overwhelm me. After a few seconds with my eyes closed the room stopped spinning and I carefully reached up to remove the helmet. The braces were scorched black from where something had fizzled. I was lucky I hadn't been electrocuted. I didn't *feel* any smarter. Sitting on the floor with the scorched remains of my experiment I actually felt like a complete idiot.

The doorknob jiggled and then the door opened. A security guard stood in the doorway, the keys in his hand. Beth stood beside him. She wore a slick green pantsuit, her brunette hair up in a bun so tight it seemed like it was pulling her face back into a pinched scowl. But no, that was just her normal look. She'd be pretty if she ever dropped that severe look she wore at all times, like everyone was trying to put something over on her. Her deep green eyes surveyed the mess of the room.

The security guard came over and helped me to stand. The pain and nausea were subsiding slowly but I staggered and clasped my hand to my forehead. The security guard helped me into a chair while Beth glared at the mess of my instruments.

"What the hell was going on here?" Beth asked.

"Trying something," I said.

"Doesn't look like it worked," she glowered. "Looks like you destroyed a hundred thousand dollars' worth of equipment."

"I'm okay. Thanks for asking."

At least Beth had the decency to look ashamed in front of the security guard. I never had much respect for Beth. She was a nepo baby, given a huge trust fund and every opportunity. She'd got the job because she could cut the most costs.

"You need first aid?" The security guard asked.

"No, thanks, I'll be fine. You can go. It's more embarrassing than anything."

The security guard glanced at Beth for confirmation, who nodded. When the security guard left, Beth turned to me. "Your experiment almost fried everything on this floor."

“That’s what emergency systems are for,” I mumbled. The pain was subsiding but I was too depressed to give a shit about anything anymore. It hadn’t worked. I’d blown up the lab and was probably going to get fired. My life was shit.

“Mason, this is serious. You’re not following protocols and, even worse, you’re not showing any results.”

“Shut up and go away,” I said.

“No,” she shook her head. “You need to clean all this up and file an incident report. I want to know exactly what kind of experiment you—”

“I said *shut up and go away!*” Something buzzed in my head with those words and I could practically feel the force of them leaping out towards Beth.

Beth’s mouth snapped shut mid-sentence. She turned sharply on her heels and practically ran out of the room. I’d never seen her move like that before. Probably I scared the hell out of her. Well, at least she would leave me alone.

The whole fiasco had shaken me up. I needed to go home. By now someone had reset the system and the emergency lights were replaced with the harsh overhead fluorescents. Maybe that was the buzzing in my head and the source of the headache.

I left my office in chaos and locked the door behind me. With the mess in there, it would probably be the last time I’d be allowed back in the office but I didn’t care.

The headache faded as I drove home. By the time I pulled into my street the it was gone. Jess, our know-it-all neighbor, nearly sideswiped me as she pulled out of her driveway just as I was pulling in. She was all dolled up, her blonde hair glistening as she shot me a glare like I was the one who almost sideswiped her before driving off in a huff, her perfect nose in the air. She was so fucking entitled it was enraging. A gossip. A busybody. A little model housewife. Spent all her money on clothes and all her time at the gym or the salon. Okay, I might have wanted to rage fuck her, though I wondered how much of my rage was directed at her and how much was pent-up frustration from my life.

By the time I walked through my front door the headache was gone. Amber’s was on the kitchen table. That was odd. Usually my wife wasn’t home this early.

As I moved around the corner the living room came into view. Two people sat on the couch, unusually close together. I recognized the back of Amber’s head with her wavy black hair, but the other guy was a stranger to me. Amber must have heard my footsteps because she jumped up off the couch and looked up at me in surprise as she tugged her grey sweater down.

“You’re home early.” Her eyes were wide, like she thought she was in trouble.

“So are you,” I said. My eyes flicked to the guy on the couch, who was also standing. “Who’s this?”

“This is Darryl,” Amber said. “He’s...he works in my office.”

I looked at the two of them. Darryl was young. Barely out of college. Full head of dark hair. Chiseled jaw. He looked guilty as hell. There was no doubt what was going on here. Amber’s surprise had been replaced with defiance as she thrust her chin forward, her fists balled, ready for a fight.

“How long have you been cheating on me?” I growled because fuck subtlety. This day was awful already, may as well go all the way.

Darryl glanced at my wife. My wife remained staring at me. “You can’t be surprised.”

Of course. Whenever she got caught she wouldn't cower. She would fight. Bluster. Bully her way through. Well, I wasn't about to let her get away with it this time.

"I thought maybe you'd be a fucking adult and talk to me, not run around fucking... assholes behind my back."

"I'm just gonna..." Darryl said, his hands up as he slowly edged towards the door.

"We'll talk tomorrow," Amber said, nodding at him as she folded her arms beneath her tremendous breasts.

"No!" I growled in a fit of rage, turning to Darryl. I felt that buzzing building behind my forehead and I pushed it out with the force of my words: "*You'll never see her again.*"

He blinked once and took a step back. His gaze swung back to Amber and his brow creased. He glanced around the room. "Amber?" He turned to me. "What did you do to her?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"You made her disappear!"

"I'm right here, Darryl," Amber said.

He turned to the sound of her voice but his gaze swept the room as if he couldn't see her. "Where?"

I didn't know what the hell he was doing but I wanted him out of my house. I grabbed him by the shoulder and ushered him to the door. He turned to grab my arm and began grappling with me. I unleashed that buzz in my forehead, my words almost a physical force as I grunted, "*Get the hell out of my house.*"

Immediately he stopped resisting and nearly ran for the door, not even closing it behind him as he hurried out of the house. I slammed the door and turned to face my wife. She'd now crossed to the kitchen and was standing right behind me, scowling.

"There's nothing in our marriage left saving," she said.

"We had a bad patch. Every relationship has bad patches."

She shook her head. "This has been going on for a long time. We don't talk anymore. We hardly see each other. You're at work all the time." Her voice was rising, taking on that bossy tone that always drove me a little nuts. It wound me up. I couldn't help it.

"And this is somehow all my fault?" I said, rage beginning to boil in me. "So I'm responsible for you having an affair? Great. Okay. How long has this been going on?"

"If you would bother to talk to me maybe you'd know I felt," she retorted, her voice rising with mine.

"I won't talk to *you*? That's a fucking laugh. It takes two to have a marriage you know. But I guess there's no point in saving a marriage if you can just fuck around on the side."

"Maybe if you were better with intimacy—" She began and I fucking lost it.

"Are you listening to yourself? You're the one who's never in the mood, who's always on the internet or out with your friends. How am I supposed to be intimate when you're never around?"

"There you are blaming me again. You're not even listening to what I'm saying."

That intoxicating buzz built up behind my forehead and I unleashed it: "*Oh, suck my dick!*"

“There you go again,” she spat even as she got to her knees. “Everything comes back to a childish insult,” she railed as her hands unzipped my pants and reached for my dick. “You can’t even—mmm, mmmph, mmm.”

Her retort was cut off as she crammed my cock in between her pretty lips. Her eyes went wide with surprise as she jammed her lips down my shaft and I began to grow hard in her mouth. She placed her hands on my hips like she was trying to push away but her head continued gliding back and forth, sliding her mouth up and down my cock.

I was just as astonished as she was but that didn’t stop me from growing hard in her wet hot mouth. Christ, when was the last time she’d done this? I paused in awe, my gaze locked on her pretty face as she sucked my dick, still struggling to talk around the cock in her mouth, brow furrowed as if she couldn’t figure out why she was doing this. I had to admit I didn’t immediately know why, either, but it had been too damn long and felt too damn good to ask her to stop. It wasn’t the best blowjob she’d ever given me. She seemed to be fighting herself, her lips sliding up and down my shaft reluctantly.

It hit me then, looking down at her as she took me inside her, that the buzzing in my head had given my words the force of power. There was making Brian leave the office. And suddenly Darryl couldn’t see Amber after I’d told him he *couldn’t see her again*. And now I’d done the same thing to my wife, commanding her to suck my dick and she’d obeyed, though hesitantly. It seemed impossible and yet.

And yet.

I collected that buzzing in my forehead, this time doing it consciously. “*Enjoy giving me a blowjob,*” I commanded Amber.

Instantly, her eyes closed and she slowed down. The hands on my hips loosened their grip, slid around to my ass and began pulling me towards her mouth. Her tongue undulated beneath my shaft as she swallowed me down, until her nose was pressed deep into my pubic hair. Christ, it was so hot seeing her take me all inside her. She moaned, sucking hard, enjoying this as much as I did. How long had it been since my cock was inside her pretty mouth?

She withdrew slowly, lips following the curve of my shaft, before gulping me down again. Her head bobbed up and down my length, my cock disappearing between her beautiful lips, travelling across her warm tongue to the back of her throat. I gazed down at her, watching my cock disappear between her lips as she caressed it with her tongue.

She swirled her head around, moaning in delight as she enjoyed sucking me off, enjoying it more than she ever had. She’d always been hesitant, even during the good times. But now she was a beast, sucking and dragging me forward, stuffing her mouth with my dick, slurping me down wetly, worshipping my dick. My balls tightened with each stroke and then the ache was too much to ignore.

I thrust into her wet mouth and she dragged her lips all the way down, burrowing her head in my pubic hair and taking me completely inside so that my dick lodged at the back of her throat.

“*Swallow it,*” I commanded as I came inside her mouth.

My cock pulsed inside her mouth as my hot seed jetted down her throat and she swallowed in greedy gulps. She hated swallowing but now she had no choice, keeping her lips wrapped around my dick until I’d emptied myself completely into her gorgeous mouth. Fuck, it was hot watching her swallow my load, feeling her tongue skate across the underside of my shaft and lick me clean. When I was done she released me and I pulled out. She remained on her knees on the floor, staring up at me as a look of astonishment slowly crossed her face. I grinned down at her.

“What-? I didn’t...why did I do that?” She whispered to herself as she got to her feet, tears glistening in her eyes.

“*You wanted to do that,*” I commanded her.

The command made the tension headache pulse behind my eyes but it was worth it to watch her astonishment and anger soften. She smiled, her little pink tongue darting out to lick her lips.

“I did want to do that,” she agreed.

“Was that my apology?” I asked.

“I...guess so,” she said.

I gathered that force and gave another order: “*You only want to have sex with me.*”

The spike of pain was more immense and made the world flash white for a second. Amber pushed me back against the door, kissing me madly, her hands wandering up and down my body.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” I laughed. “I’m spent right now. Maybe after dinner.”

But she continued kissing me, rubbing herself against me, her tits bouncing against my chest. She was hungry for me. Desperate for me.

“I just want to have sex with you,” she begged.

“Dinner first,” I laughed, pushing her away but she pushed back, gripping me.

“I don’t need dinner,” she murmured between desperate kisses. “I only need sex with you.”

It occurred to me then that I’d phrased my last command badly. By telling her she ‘only wanted to have sex with me’ she’d taken it to mean that all she wanted to do was have sex with me. Despite the headache I gave another command: “*Forget the previous command. You don’t want to have sex with any other man but me.*”

The pain was tremendous, making me clench my eyes shut and grip my head. But Amber backed off. She led me to the couch and went to get medicine and an ice pack. She was more attentive to me than she had been in months, doting on me as I lay on the couch, offering to make me dinner, give me a back rub, anything I wanted. It was like I had my old wife back.

Even though the tension headache was agony, I still felt the best I had in years. I had such tremendous power. It was too much to let something like this loose in the world for anyone to have. It was a power that demanded responsibility.

The next morning I went into the office as usual. It still smelled faintly of smoke as I booted up the computer and systematically deleted all the files before formatting the entire hard drive. Once I was sure all the data was destroyed, I dismantled the helmet. If this technology got into the wrong hands it would be devastating.

Beth's assistant, Clarissa, poked her head into my office as I was taking apart the last of the helmet.

"Beth would like to see you in her office," Clarissa said, glancing at the mess of parts on the floor.

"Good. I'd like to see her, too." I smiled confidently. Beth was about to see who was in charge here.

Clarissa seemed nervous as we made our way up to the top floor where Beth had her office. I figured I was about to be fired. I was fine with that. Relished the confrontation, even. I didn't think I'd have much trouble finding money with my new powers and there were some things I wanted to do to Beth first.

Beth was behind her desk tapping at her computer when I entered.

"Close the door," she said without looking up.

I closed the door behind me and waited with a patient smile as Beth finished whatever it was she was typing. Today's outfit was another pantsuit. This one in navy blue. For the first time I didn't fear her and I let my eyes play over her figure. She actually seemed to have an impressive bust tucked away beneath her top. Her lips were squeezed together as if she was sucking on something sour but that was just her usual expression. There was something attractive about her in a schoolmarm-ish way.

When she finished typing she sat back and looked up at me. "Have a seat." She gestured to the chair in front of the desk. When I sat I was noticeably lower than her. Typical power move from a grandiose narcissist.

She folded her arms on the desk and looked down her nose at me. "Mason, you've made a mess of your office," she started without preamble. "Your record-keeping is a disgrace. I'm not even sure what you're working on and, frankly, I don't care. I've seen enough to know that you are not right for this laboratory. You haven't given us anything useful in...how long have you been here?"

I smirked at her. "Of course you're firing me. You're a small-minded idiot more focused on profit than anything that might benefit humanity."

She gaped at me for a beat, her cheeks flushing red with anger. "I'm focused on results and, as far as I can see, you've been completely useless. Security will escort you out."

She reached for her phone to call security but I interjected with a command: "*Don't pick up that phone.*"

Her hand paused in mid-air and she looked at it quizzically. I saw her straining to grab the phone, the muscles in her arms trembling until she gave up. She recovered admirably, looking toward the door and beginning to call out to her assistant: “Clar-”

“Don’t try to call anyone.”

Her mouth closed suddenly, snapping off the last syllable. She reached up to her lips and looked at me, astonishment registering on her face. It was much prettier than the scowl.

“I did have one successful experiment,” I said. “An important one. So important there’s no way in hell I’ll let you have it.”

She managed to recover again, glaring at me as she spoke. “You’ll find that everything you’ve worked on during your time here is property of the company. If you walk out with so much as an empty envelope I’ll sue you into oblivion.”

I laughed. “I don’t think so. I think you’ll be too focused on other things.”

“Are you threatening me? This is a billion dollar company. I will ruin you. I will—”

“Show me your tits.”

She gasped and her face darkened even as her hands came up and began unbuttoning her suit top. “What? How dare you! You disgust me. I can’t believe—” By now she noticed that her hands and body were moving while she’d been talking, slipping out of her jacket and then unbuttoning her blouse. She looked down at herself in astonishment just in time to see her fingers unbutton the last button. She flung the blouse aside and reached behind her to unclasp her bra. “What’s going on?” She cried, the anger bleeding into fear.

Her body shrugged the bra off her shoulders and her hands lifted it off and dropped to the floor. Her bare breasts bounced free and I ogled them. They were huge. I knew she had nice tits but I had no idea they were so big.

“Your outfits really have hidden the best part of you,” I laughed.

Her breasts bobbed as she reached up and covered herself with both hands, fingers splayed to try to hide herself from me.

“Your nipples are super sensitive and the merest touch gives you an orgasm.”

A slight pressure built up behind my eyes but it was well worth it to watch her cum. She threw her head back and moaned, her entire body shivering once as she dropped her hands away. I gazed at the two huge breasts swinging from her chest as the orgasm sizzled through her. Her pink areolae were wide, her skin jiggly, a stretch mark or two here and there. No surgery here. And with that last command she would never be able to cover those amazing tits ever again.

She came down, breathing hard and gaped at me with wide eyes. “What have you done?”

Instead of responding I sent another command: *“Act like an incredibly horny bimbo slut.”*

That command sent a sharp spike of pain through my forehead that made me grimace. Immediately, Beth’s eyes glazed over and her mouth puckered open slightly, giving her a vacant look. Her face softened, the scowl gone. She looked at me and giggled. I’d never heard her giggle in my life.

“Ooh, Mason, you’ve been a naughty boy,” she said in a higher pitched voice.

She got out of her chair and slunk toward me, hips swaying seductively, breasts bouncing at each step. I grinned as she came to stand over me, gazing up at her enormous tits. She leaned down,

placing both hands on the arms of my chair so that her tits swayed down between us. Her face was so close to mine.

“Do you know what I do to naughty boys?” She asked.

“What’s that?” I grinned, my cock twitching in anticipation.

Her little pink tongue darted out and circled her lips briefly. Then she leaned in and kissed me, opening her mouth and sucking my tongue in. I reached up to grab a soft round tit and squeezed, letting my thumb graze her nipple. She moaned into my mouth, her entire body quivering again with orgasm. She straddled me, wrapping her arms around my shoulders and pressing her tits against my chest while she ground her pussy against my crotch. When her tits pressed my chest she came again, her eyes rolling up in her head, hanging on to me so she wouldn’t pass out as pleasure ripped through her again. Her pussy was gushing now, leaving a damp spot as she rubbed herself on me. When the orgasm ebbed she resumed kissing me while slowly rocking back and forth on my rapidly rising.

I reached up to grab her, my hands caressing her soft body, down to the flare of her hips to that squeezable ass and then up her back. Her kisses grew more desperate, her hands greedy for me as she grinded harder, soft whimpers escaping her as I grasped for her soft body. She unbuttoned my shirt, pushing it aside to press her hands against my chest. My hands glided around to caress her tits, squeezing them, pinching her delicate pink nipples between thumb and forefinger and making her body rock with another orgasm, bigger this time. She moaned like a whore, voice rising in pitch as she was overcome with lust.

I pulled back and stared into her vacant eyes, my thumb caressing her cheek. My dumb fuck doll.

“Are you still in there, Beth?”

“I’m here,” she giggled stupidly.

I’d only told her to *act* like a slut. The real Beth was still inside, still aware of what was happening.

“Good. Then you’ll enjoy it while I fuck your brains out.”

“Oooh!” She grinned. “Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

She jumped off my lap only long enough to yank my pants off. My cock sprang to attention and she gazed at it, tongue circling her mouth. Then she straddled me again and lowered herself onto the head of my cock. She was so slick, so warm as I nestled against her entrance. She lowered herself slowly, throwing her head back and crying out in a fluttery voice as I entered her. Each inch of my shaft travelled up inside her, until I was completely surrounded by her wet heat.

“Oh, Mason,” she purred, grabbing my shoulder so she could lean back and rock on me, filling herself with my cock.

I gripped her back as she wiggled and thrust, rocking in a slow rhythm, her mouth open in ecstasy. My eyes traced her wonderful bouncing breasts, the curve of her chin, the stupid smile on her lips. I leaned forward and wrapped my lips around her nipple. She moaned, long and low and the orgasm wracked her body with another tremble. I continued sucking her nipple, tracing around it with my tongue and sending wave after wave of orgasm through her. She was my horny slut, cumming again and again, gushing now as I fucked her brains out. Her little sighs and vacant cries made me mad with desire and we grew faster together.

She rocked on me and I thrust up, sliding in through her slick canal again and again. Her moans grew louder, grew into soft sighs, then higher-pitched cries of lust until she was dragging herself on me fast, desperate for me.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Yessss! More! Please! Keep going!” She cried as I fucked her hard, pumping up into her tight cunt.

It was delightful watching this intelligent, put-together bitch begging for my dick like a dumb slut. My balls tightened as pressure filled me, the tension concentrated at the base of my dick.

“*Cum hard and loud,*” I commanded, the sharp spike of pain overwhelmed by the sheer physical desire.

She cried out, screaming in absolute pleasure like a brainless bimbo as she gripped my back and quivered around me. I was sure she could be heard outside her office as she rocked on me, wailing out in a series of sharp cries as I emptied myself into her, pumping her full of my seed. She twisted and wiggled on top of me, driving down, her tits bouncing madly. She was desperate to fill herself as her entire body twisted with need and desire. I gripped her fat tit, squeezing hard while my cock finished pumping into her, sending yet another orgasm shooting through her that made her clench my dick inside her as I filled her.

When I finished I was breathing hard and she remained on top of me, holding me inside her as she rested her head on my shoulder.

“Oh, Mason,” she cooed in her dumb voice. “That was amazing.”

She climbed off me and we got dressed. She went to put her bra on but orgasmed the minute the cup touched her nipples.

“Oh!” She cried out, quivering, letting the bra slip down until the orgasm passed. She tried again and the same thing happened. She couldn’t get dressed without cumming.

“What’s going on?” She asked, dumbfounded as she stared at her bra as if that was the problem.

“You orgasm every time your nipples get touched, remember?” I said, buttoning my shirt. “That means you can never wear any sort of top again.”

“Oh, right!” She slapped her forehead and giggled stupidly. “I’m such a dummy.”

“Yeah, you are,” I agreed. “You’re a dumb bimbo slut who will fuck anyone she sees.”

“I am” she giggled, covering her mouth. She stood there in just her suit pants. Her fat breasts swung free every time she moved. “Ummm, what do I do here now?” She asked, looking around the office.

“How much money do you have?”

“Me?” She asked, wide-eyed. “I don’t know. Like, millions?”

“Right. *Transfer it all to me.*” I ordered.

The pain was excruciating and I dropped into the chair behind me, clutching my head. Beth dutifully went to her computer and began transferring her wealth to me. There would be lawyers involved and I would sign whatever I needed to, but I was sure it would happen. I’d commanded it, after all.

When the headache eased a little, I told Beth I was going home. When I came out of the office, her assistant looked up at me, hiding a smile. She’d heard us fucking in the office. Clarissa gathered some files and went into Beth’s office as I headed towards the elevator. I heard Clarissa gasp as she saw Beth sitting topless at her desk. I grinned to myself as I stepped into the elevator, imagining how people would react when they saw the new Beth, and watched her throw herself at anyone with a dick.

I didn't need a job anymore. So what did I want to do? As I pulled into my driveway I caught sight of our nosy next-door-neighbor, Jess. She was just getting out of her convertible and walking up to her front door with an armful of shopping bags. Suddenly, I knew exactly what I would do.

I thought about how I would word my commands as I walked next door. As I'd discovered, it was important to choose my words carefully. The tension headache was gone, which I hoped meant I'd recovered.

Jess's husband had to be at work. If not, I would command him to leave. I didn't think I had the stamina to control two people at once for any length of time.

I rang the doorbell and waited. A few seconds later I heard light footsteps approaching. The door unlocked and then Jess stood in the doorway. She wore a light blue sundress that clung to her slender body, the neckline cut high in her usual conservative manner, but still revealing the light outline of her breasts. She was a vision, her dark blonde hair falling down past her ears in an adorable bob, her expressive green eyes, the perfect upturned nose. Just as pretty as always.

"Oh, hi Mason" she smiled, revealing gorgeous white teeth. "How are you?" She was so chipper, so confident, as though nothing could defeat her.

She cocked her hip and leaned against the door and I forced my eyes away from the curve of her hips.

I concentrated and spoke the words I'd carefully rehearsed, pushing my commands into her mind: *"You will think all my commands are your own thoughts and give in to them without hesitation but you will not realize I have spoken."*

I felt that funny pulsing in the front of my skull again and was pretty sure the command had worked but she didn't react. She just blinked at me as I stared at her. There didn't seem to be any change. Her smile faltered and she repeated, "Are you okay?"

Of course. I'm an idiot. She wouldn't acknowledge I'd said anything because it was part of the command.

"Oh, yeah, fine. Sorry, just spaced out there for a minute," I chuckled. "Is your husband home?"

"He's still at work. It's just me right now. Shall I pass on a message?"

"No," I replied, anticipation making me shiver. *"Invite me in for a drink."*

"Would you like to come in and have a drink?" She asked, opening the door wider.

"Sure, that would be great."

Jess closed the door behind me and then I followed her down the hallway towards the kitchen. God, she looked fantastic in that dress. It was cut to her slim figure, highlighting her hips and her perfect figure. She was barefoot, and the dress whispered against her perfect peach of an ass at each step.

“We’ve got bottled water, fizzy water, beer. Milk if you want it,” she added with a giggle that made my heart leap.

“Fizzy water would be good.”

Jess grabbed the bottle and put it into the carbonator. There was a hiss and a gurgle. With her back to me I hit her with another command.

“*You’re feeling a little horny.*”

There was a subtle shift of her hip, a slight twist of one of her long legs beneath the dress but no other sign of my command. Good. I wanted to go slow. Build her up. She turned and handed me a cup of water.

“Here you go,” she said.

“Thanks.”

I sipped it, watching Jess over the top of the glass. She chewed on her lower lip, leaning on the counter, fingers of one hand slightly drumming the marble countertop. She was usually so calm and collected. This must be what a slightly wound-up Jess looked like. Her face had a slight hunger to it. She wanted something and I wanted to encourage that wanting.

“Job going all right?” I asked, making small talk, watching and waiting.

“Last week was busy,” she shook her head. “So many appointments. You know how it is.”

This must be slightly strange for her. Just the two of us standing in her house. We’d never had any real interactions. Some empty chat at a barbecue. Random ‘hellos’ as we passed. I was sure she’d never thought of me at nights like I thought of her. I would change that.

“Sounds rough.” Then: “*You’re feeling hornier.*”

Jess giggled at nothing and shifted from one foot to the other. She wiped a lock of blonde hair off her face and then fanned herself with a hand. I set the glass down on the marble island between us and leaned my hands on it.

“Is it hot in here?” She asked.

“I’m fine. What did you get up to on the weekend?” And: “*You’re even hornier and you think it would be hot to see me naked.*”

“We, um, are planning to go out for a, uh, hike,” she said, her tiny pink tongue flicking out to lick her lips. Her eyes flashed down my body before she blushed and looked away, shifting those elegant hips again. “Go down to the, uh, waterfall,” she glanced back at me again, eyes darting down my body before glancing away. A smile flashed across her lips. Disappeared. It was incredibly arousing seeing this aloof woman suddenly intensely attracted to me and trying to hide it. “Maybe have a picnic or, you know...” she trailed away and swiped her blonde hair back out of her eyes. “How about you?” She leaned towards me and squeezed my hand once, briefly, before pulling back. Her sky blue eyes were wide with want and I could see her fighting internally to remain in control. I kept pushing.

“*You’re extremely horny for me and you desperately want me to fuck you.*”

Now Jess’s mouth dropped open slightly and I watched as she suppressed a gasp. She came around the corner of the island, closer to me, and paused.

“Sounds like a nice weekend,” I said, enjoying the sight of her fighting for control of herself.

Jess bit her lower lip, eyes flicking up and down my frame. She twisted her legs together. It seemed she couldn't stop moving. Filled with a restless energy. She flicked her head to toss her hair back, ran her hand along the back of her swan-like neck.

"What about you?" She asked, reaching out to touch my arm, letting her fingers linger for a beat too long. "Are you, um, doing anything?" She laughed again and leaned towards me.

"Probably not. Just sitting around watching television."

Jess laughed a sparkly, tingly laughter, though what I'd said wasn't funny. "Sounds relaxing."

"You're imagining the two of us fucking and it's making you so wet."

The front of my head pulsed, warning me that I was reaching my limits. That was fine. Jess's reaction was priceless.

Her mouth dropped open and she let out a short gasp as she leaned her hip against the counter. Her hands slipped between her thighs, pressing the dress against herself. She was trying to be nonchalant but she desperately needed to rub herself.

"Sorry, I, hee, don't know, uh what's come over me." Her restless fingers wandered up and down the front of her thighs and a wet spot blossomed beneath her touch.

"It's fine. I like it, actually. I've always thought you were hot."

"Really?" Her face broke into a relieved smile, as if I'd granted her dearest wish. God, she was gorgeous. Her cheeks were flushed and one hand wound up her body, tracing her own curves.

"Yes. You're always so put-together and perfect. Maybe a little stuck-up but cute."

She laughed and touched my shoulder again, her hand sliding down my arm to rest on my hand. The other hand continued restlessly stroking between her legs. She wanted me so badly but that last bit of her reserve was fighting it. She knew it wasn't right but, God, she *needed* me. Her need made my balls throb.

"Beg me to fuck you," I commanded, my head throbbing once.

"Please, Mason," Jess said, her lower lip trembling as she looked into my eyes and moved closer to me, until our bodies were nearly touching and her hot breath hit my cheek as she looked up at me. "Please will you fuck me?"

She bit her lower lip and gazed at me, waiting to hear my answer. Her hesitance was gone, overcome by the lust for me filling every inch of her.

I said nothing, but leaned down and kissed her. Her lips were soft, her breath hot and she fell into me, sighing with relief into my mouth as she pressed herself close and wrapped her arms around me. I gripped her tight as we made out, my tongue gliding into her welcome mouth, tasting her as she rubbed herself against me. My hands slid down her back to that gorgeous rear and I squeezed it, pulling her closer. She gasped into my mouth, her fingers clutching at my back as need forced her on. She kissed me madly, deeply, desperate for me, hands exploring my body as I explored hers. My cock strained against my pants and she reached down between us to stroke it.

I unzipped her sundress and she shrugged it to the floor. She stood in just a bra and panties, her gorgeous body on full display. I took my time admiring her and she blushed beneath my gaze, awaiting my judgement.

"You're gorgeous," I breathed.

Jess smiled and jumped back into my arms. Her skin was warm as she grabbed me again and resumed kissing me. I unclasped her bra and slipped it off her shoulders then reached for her tits. They were glorious, fitting perfectly in my hand. Taut and bouncy and so, so squeezable. She moaned into my mouth as I squeezed her tits. My erection was raging in my pants and she reached down to free me, unzipping my pants and snaking her hand in to grab my cock.

Now it was my turn to gasp into her mouth as she freed me and stroked me, slender fingers wrapping around my shaft. She shivered in delight and want as her hands trailed up and down my veiny manhood. I squeezed her tits harder, urgency overtaking me. I needed her now. Needed every inch of her.

Her panties were soaked with her desire as I slid them down her long legs, kissing my way down her body as I did so until I was on my knees in front of her.

“Turn around,” I said.

I didn’t even have to command her now. She turned and her ass was right there. Round and taut. Perfect. I’d coveted it for so long. The tight flesh. The exquisite curves. The creamy thighs. My cock leaped to attention, so hard. I *needed* to be inside her tight little pussy.

I stood and dropped my pants, guiding my cock between her legs from behind. She moaned as I slid against her wet pussy lips, lubricating myself on her juices, teasing her without entering. My cock slid up and down her entrance, the head brushing against her swollen clit. She leaned on the counter, arching her back, presenting her perfect ass to me. The pink puffy lips of her pussy were visible between her thighs when I pulled out. I guided the head of my cock against them, pressed against her entrance, and then slid inside with a quick thrust.

I groaned with relief as her wet heat surrounded me and I sunk deep inside until my groin pressed against her ass. I gripped her ass cheeks, smacked one lightly, watched it bounce. Then I withdrew and slowly sank in again. She raised her head, mouth dropping open as she welcomed me inside. I moved slowly, taking my time, savoring her heat, her scent. As my balls throbbed with pressure I sped up, gripping her ass cheeks and thrusting deep inside, my cock filling her wet canal as she cried out beneath me in a voice that rose in pitch with each deep thrust.

“Oh fuck. Oh! Oh! Oh!” Her voice was high pitched and needy. Gone was the staid rich blonde, replaced with my own personal slut. “Oh Mason! Mason!” She cried, her entire body bouncing, tits jiggling at each powerful thrust.

“*Cum for me,*” I ordered.

Her voice broke, her whole body strained and went taut, her pussy gripping my cock tight, and then she cried out in absolute pleasure. She shook, whimpering as I continued fucking her through her long orgasm, holding on, not done with her yet. It was all I could do to stop the roaring tension pulsing through me as she howled in pleasure beneath me, thrusting herself back to impale her sweet pussy on my dick, desperate for me as the pleasure burst through her. It slowed gradually and I continued pounding into her in short, powerful thrusts.

As I continued fucking Jess, a man’s voice broke in. “What the hell?”

I paused, balls deep in Jess, and turned to find Jess’s husband, Adam, gaping at us, his face twisted in rage.

“*You love watching me fuck your wife. You think about it all the time.*”

My head throbbed and instantly his rage vanished. He dropped his briefcase and gaped at us both in desire.

“Adam!” Jess squeaked in surprise and fear. She was terrified her husband had seen her fucking another man but she was still so, so wet for me.

I turned to her. *“It makes you hornier than you’ve ever been for your husband to watch me fuck you.”* Sharp pain in my head but it worked.

She gave in, driving her ass back on me as a quivering moan shook her entire body. I felt her drip down me, a gushing torrent as she desperately impaled herself on my dick, trying to sate the deep, unrelenting need I’d just instilled in her. She gripped the counter and pushed back, begging me for more, harder.

“Oh keep fucking me! Keep fucking me!” She cried out.

I continued pounding her, the slap of my groin on her ass so wonderfully loud as she twisted and moaned and bucked beneath me. My balls tightened. Need overtook me. I wanted her more than anything. The pressure rose as I slid into her tight wet cunt and gave one last command.

“Have the biggest orgasm you’ve ever had.”

She howled out as I sank in and came inside her, my cock throbbing, filling her with cum as she shook. Her head dropped onto her hands, knees going weak as I fucked her senseless. All she could do was moan as I emptied myself into her, my cock throbbing, sweet relief flooding me as I pulsed into her sweet warm pussy and she cried out in absolute ecstasy, the walls of her cunt squeezing my cock madly.

She came for half a minute, wiggling and twisting as the pleasure blasted through her. Juices dripped down her thighs and I gripped her ass to hold her up as she became boneless with pleasure, tongue out, eyes rolling back in her head as the orgasm racked her. When she finally stopped howling she could barely stand.

I slid out of her and helped her to sit on the floor, her legs spread, cum leaking out of her as she gazed up at me, a dazed expression on her face. It looked like I’d fucked her brains out.

I gathered myself up and got dressed. “It looks like you two have a lot to talk about,” I said as I headed for the door.

“Can you come back later?” Adam asked.

I turned, saw the desire in his eyes. He now loved watching me fuck his wife. “It would be my pleasure.”

Later that evening I began getting text messages from Jess:

[Mason I need you]

[I can't stop thinking about you]

[I want you. Please come over and fuck me again]

I even got a message from Brian:

[Can you come over and fuck my wife while I watch tonight?]

I'd left them both on, my commands still intact. I chuckled to myself imagining Jess sopping wet, still thinking about me. Desperate for me. Obsessed with me. Nothing else would do. And her husband wanted to watch me fuck her. He *loved* it. I would have to turn them off but decided to leave it for now. Let them sleep on it. Or try to, anyway. I bet Jess would toss and turn all night, her hands between her legs, trying futilely to sate her desire for me. Adam would lie beside her, unable to think of anything except how much he loved seeing me balls deep inside his wife.

Over the next few days, my boss's lawyers gradually transferred her assets to me. I potted around the house, letting my mind rest, with no real goals yet. I would find something, but for the first time in a long time I had no anxiety. No worries about coming up with results. No deadlines. No stress.

I let my mind rest and enjoyed everything I'd set up so far. I had so much power now. I wanted for nothing.

About a week after I'd last seen Beth, she showed up all over the internet. People were sharing clips from the news where this crazy topless CEO had to be dragged out of her office. They'd covered her with a jacket and had two men on either side holding her arms. She thrashed back and forth as they took her down the steps outside the office and into a waiting police car. The jacket covering her kept sliding against her tits and she stumbled, moaning and orgasming, the cops holding her up, practically dragging her to the car as she came hard at each step.

"My tits! My tiiiiittss!" She wailed in her new bimbo voice.

I smashed that 'like' button.

Without any responsibilities, I spent some time out in the garden working on the lawn and getting things in order. I enjoyed working with my hands, getting into the soil and smelling the rich earth. I was seeding the grass when my attention was drawn to a light gasp from the neighbor's window. I looked up to find Jess peering down at me. She had one hand on the window sill, her mouth open, the other hand somewhere out of sight. She gazed at me and I realized she was touching herself as she watched me, working herself up into a wet, horny frenzy. I still hadn't turned her off and I felt my cock twitch watching her so horny for me, remembering how I'd taken her.

Amber came out with a glass of water. I accepted gratefully. As I drank, Amber looked up at Jess and her brow furrowed.

“What is she doing?” Amber whispered to me.

Then Jess let out a low moan and shuddered, leaning heavily on the window sill as she tossed her head back, silky hair cascading down her shoulders, and the answer to Amber’s question was obvious.

“Disgusting,” Amber whispered.

Not really, I thought, and then made my first command in days. “*You want to have a threesome with us and Jess.*”

“What?” Amber said, turning to me. “Eww. No.”

That was strange. I mustered my concentration but it was hard to grasp that force in my mind. It was weaker, more difficult to find. I summoned my strength and tried again. “*You want to have a threesome with us and Jess.*” The pain was sharp and immediate and I clenched my eyes shut. After a few seconds I managed to open them and saw Amber shyly glancing up at Jess.

“How did you know?” She asked quietly.

At least my power had worked, but it was clearly diminishing, getting harder to use each time. I wished I hadn’t been so cavalier about destroying the records of my experiment. Not that I could replicate the freak overload that had caused this. For now I had one final command to give.

I rushed through my house and over to Jess’s house where I knocked frantically on the door until she opened it. Her cheeks were blushed and her eyes were wide with want.

“Hi, Mason,” she purred.

God, I wanted her right there. My head still ached but I mustered everything I had for one final command, a command I’d been considering for days: “*Whenever I start a sentence with your name you will gladly obey me.*”

The pain was blinding, making the whole world go white. I must have passed out because I blinked back a few seconds later to find I was lying on the floor, Jess leaning over me looking hysterical.

“Mason? Mason?”

“I’m...I’m all right.”

It took an effort to speak. The pain still reverberated through my skull. I wouldn’t ever be able to use the power again. I was sure it would kill me. But I had to know if my last command had worked.

“Jess,” I said, “Suck your thumb.”

She immediately popped her thumb into her mouth and sucked, still staring down at me with a worried look in her eyes. I coughed out a laugh watching this grown woman sucking her thumb. She was all mine.

“Jess, stop sucking your thumb and help me up.”

With Jess’s help I got to my feet, leaning heavily on her. Her hands steadied me, gripping me a little more than was necessary, pressing herself a little closer than needed. She was still horny for me.

“Jess, come back to my house and have a threeway with my wife.”

I hobbled back to my house. Amber met us at the front door.

“Mason, are you okay?” Amber asked, worry flooding her face.

“I’ll be fine in a second. Just a migraine.” Indeed, the pain was starting to ebb. “Look who I brought home with me.”

Amber smiled shyly at Jess. Jess smiled back, eyes travelling up and down Amber’s curvy body.

“Let’s go to the bedroom,” I suggested.

I could walk on my own by now, but Jess still insisted on holding my arm, on clasping my hand. I sat on the bed as Amber and Jess stood awkwardly next to each other. Amber fiddled with her hands. Jess glanced back and forth between us.

“How should we...?” Amber asked nervously.

“Why don’t you two start kissing and I’ll join in when I’m ready?”

Amber giggled and glanced up at Jess. Her cheeks were flushed. She was so nervous. Jess took command, leaning down and gently brushing a lock of dark hair out of Amber’s face before kissing her. The kiss was tentative at first, as each gently explored the other until my wife sighed into Jess’s mouth and their tongues met.

They clasped each other, hands caressing their soft bodies. Fuck, it was hot watching my wife make out with the hot neighbor. They both had their eyes closed, enjoying the moment as their bodies wriggled slowly and they clutched each other. Watching them, I could forget the headache. My cock stiffened beneath my pants and I stood to nuzzle my way in between them.

They parted and then surrounded me. I kissed Amber first, her warm breath mingling with my own while Jess nipped at my neck. Then she gently nudged Amber out of the way and kissed me. Their hands caressed my body. As we made out they slowly undressed themselves and me, until the three of us were naked.

I was greedy for them, squeezing my wife’s plump butt while bending to lick Jess’s taut nipples. Amber lowered her lips and sucked on Jess’s other nipple as she sighed above us. We teased her body into warm desire. It wasn’t hard. When my fingers skated down between her legs, I found she was already slick from thinking of me.

I kissed my way up Jess’s body to her warm lips and we made out. Amber ducked down between us and a second later I felt my manhood surrounded by her wet warm mouth. I moaned into Jess’s mouth as Amber sucked my dick while I squeezed Jess’s tits. Jess placed her hand on my chest, the other one winding through my hair as she pressed herself close, her bare tits crushed against my side. Fuck, Amber was so good with her mouth, slowly sucking up and down my length. I fought to control myself, straining to stop my cock from throbbing inside my wife’s perfect mouth.

Before I could lose control I pulled out and instructed Amber to lie down on the bed. She did so, lying on her back, her ample breasts spilling down either side of her chest. Her neatly trimmed bush drew my eye, the curly hair already glistening with desire.

“Jess,” I said, cupping her cheek as she nuzzled into my hand. “Lick my wife’s pussy.”

Jess pulled away and knelt between my wife as I lay down beside Amber. I gripped one of her fat tits, squeezing it and popping my mouth over Amber’s pink ripe nipple. As I gently sucked, I watched Jess lower her face and stick out her tongue to make a long, luxurious lick up my wife’s entrance. Amber shuddered beneath me.

Jess seemed hesitant, and I wondered if it was because she wasn’t attracted to women. That wouldn’t do.

“Jess,” I said, popping Amber’s nipple out of my mouth, “Love eating pussy.”

Her face softened, eyes closing in enjoyment and she moved slower, now really tasting Amber's musky desire. Her ass wiggled in the air behind her as we both tasted my wife's body. My cock was rock hard and I gently rubbed myself against my wife's side, desperately needing to burrow into her warm, wet cunt.

Amber shivered beneath me, moaning as Jess undulated her tongue against Amber's swollen clit. Jess opened her eyes and gazed at me as she ate out my wife. The desire in her eyes was fierce as her tongue ran a steady rhythm up and down my wife's entrance, flicking gently across her velvety folds. Amber moaned beneath us, her body twisting with pleasure, moans rising in pitch as we teased her body up, up towards orgasm until her voice broke and she shuddered. I nipped her nipple while Jess redoubled her efforts, pressing her face deeper into Amber's cunt, swirling her tongue through my wife's folds as she vibrated with orgasm beneath us.

When Amber stilled I was full of the delicious tension. I needed relief and Jess's little wiggling ass was too tempting to resist.

"Jess, make out with my wife," I commanded.

Jess crawled up my wife's body and began kissing Amber. Amber resisted at first as the scent of her own pussy hit her nostrils but soon gave into the pleasure as Jess expertly tweaked her nipples and grazed her skin with soft hands.

I moved around behind Jess and grabbed her butt cheeks. Her puffy pink pussy was visible between her thighs, hovering just above my wife's own slick pussy. I aimed my cock for Jess's entrance, sliding in balls deep as I grunted with relief. She clutched me, her pussy hot and wet around my dick while she continued making out with my wife. I pumped slowly while Jess moaned into Amber's mouth, her body shivering with a sudden climax as days of need for me suddenly broke within her.

I pulled out and slid into Amber's cunt without hesitation, their juices mingling as I fucked my wife. Now it was Amber's turn to moan. She clutched Jess closer, fingers gliding up and down Jess's taut body, groping, squeezing as they continued kissing. My balls thumped against Amber's ass, making both their bodies ripple with each thrust. Just at the edge of climax I paused, then pulled out and slid back into Jess's tight warm body.

I moved back and forth whenever I desired, sheathing myself to the hilt in one then the other as they touched each other and continued making out, moaning occasionally as another orgasm spilled through them. I sped up inside Amber, tension spiking within me. Amber cried out as she came, which pushed me over the edge and I came with her. I pumped hard and fast, emptying myself into Amber's sweet cunt

"Jess, cum," I moaned as my cock pulsed inside my wife.

I was rewarded with the high pitched cry of Jess as she arched her back and joined us in orgasm. All three of us quivered as my wife took my entire load, bucking beneath our neighbor, their lips still desperately locked together as Jess grinded her dripping pussy across my wife's mound. My orgasm was immense, doubled by the sight of Jess and Amber naked and kissing. I gripped Jess's ass as I plunged into Amber, yanking her against me, feeling her slick pussy juices dripping down her thighs.

At last I finished and pulled out, lying next to Amber on the bed. We were both breathing hard, Jess, still lying on top of Amber.

"Jess," I said, "Lick us clean."

Jess climbed down between my wife's legs again and licked her, drinking my cum from her pussy and swallowing it down. Then she did the same to me, popping my flaccid cock into her mouth and

licking our mingled juices off. I watched that know-it-all bitch as she worshipped me, happily drinking my cum. When she'd swallowed every last drop she lay down beside me.

Both women nuzzled up to me and I stared up at the ceiling, happy for the first time in years. I had a wife who loved me, a sex-slave neighbor, and millions in the bank. Even though I didn't have my mental powers, I still had everything I ever needed.

#

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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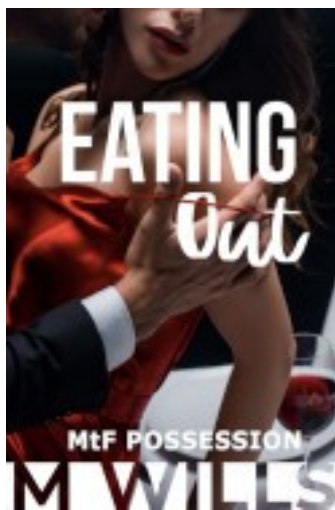
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