



Dr. Damaster's

Hypnotic
Metronome

Jennifer's Sentence

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

Chapter 1

“Will the defendant please rise for the reading of the verdict.”
the fat bailiff said.

Jennifer stood up. She couldn't believe this was happening. It was so unfair.

So she lost control and smashed her ex-boyfriend's stupid face with a pan. Does that mean she should be put on trial like some sort of criminal?

Besides, he totally deserved it. The bastard was always blatantly checking other girls out. He never even tried to hide it. Jennifer never complained or told him she was upset, thinking that as long as he kept his hands to himself, it wasn't that bad. It took a crazy coincidence for her to find out he wasn't even keeping his cock to himself, dipping it in any floozie he could while Jennifer was not around.

She was outraged, and told him that it was over, that she didn't want to ever see him again. But after he apologized and begged for forgiveness, she decided to make the mistake of giving him another chance. It took him a week to forget all his empty promises, and return to his old ways. He wasn't cheating on her, as far as she knew, but his attitude made her blood boil.

The last straw came a certain Wednesday. She was watching Next Top Model, her favorite show, and he just waltzed in and changed the channel to some boxing match, right when they were about to announce that week's elimination. By the time she wrangled the remote back from him, she missed the entire ending. She completely lost it and went into a rage, leaving the rest of the matter to be settled in front of a judge, or by a plastic surgeon in her ex-boyfriend's case.

Jennifer looked at the judge with concern as he opened his mouth to speak.

“Jennifer Riley, It is obvious you are no hardened criminal” the judge started “And I wouldn't want to ruin your life with a severe conviction, let alone jail-time, at such a young age.”

At twenty-two years of age, Jennifer did her best to dress the part of an innocent and sweet young maiden, who just made one silly mistake. At the same time, she tried sending somewhat demure looks to the aged judge, just in case he is the lecher type. *If I can't touch his heart, maybe I can touch him somewhere lower,* She figured.

Jennifer used everything she had in her arsenal, and her state-appointed lawyer tried to do the same. In all honesty, she had a better chance than her lawyer, with her natural blonde hair, hazel eyes, and smoking body. Ironically, her good looks were probably the reason she attracted so many douche bags like her cheating ex.

The judge continued delivering his verdict.

“And so, I've decided to be lenient with your verdict”.

That's a good start, She thought.

“Of course, you seriously injured a fellow human being.”

Fellow human being?! Calling him a dirt-bag would be an insult to bags of dirt all across the world!

“And such an act cannot go unpunished.”

oh brother...

“I hereby sentence you to forty hours of anger management. It is my hope that it will help you learn how to control your temper. Or at least teach you that your actions carry consequences.”

Right! And some actions mean you get your nose bashed in!

She felt no remorse towards her jerk of an ex. The only thing that truly bugged her about what happened, was that all her so-called friends took his side. Serves her right for only having guy friends, and actually dating one of them. Then again, she rarely got along with other women, for some reason. Jennifer always told herself they were jealous of her beauty.

Actually, the only girl she could call a friend was Amy Dovani, her boss's daughter. They worked together as waitresses at Mr. Dovani's diner, where Jennifer felt like part of the family. Now Amy

became Jennifer's only friend. All her other “friends” cut all connections with her, and were busy supporting their bruised mate. They blocked her on social media, and refused to answer her calls.

With his verdict, the judge poured salt on an already festering wound.

What a load of crap! This is the worst thing that ever happened to me. Jennifer thought and grumpily stared at the judge.

Chapter 2

It would've been funny, if it wasn't so infuriating.

Anger management is a bunch of nonsense, anyway. Jennifer thought *If it worked, there wouldn't be any angry people left in the world. And I actually have to pay for the sessions myself. It's complete bullshit! At least I didn't go to jail, though...*

Despite her reservations and frustration, Jennifer decided she'll cooperate as much as she could. In twenty weeks time, she will say goodbye to this sordid chapter of her life, and move on. She didn't have anger issues, anyway - Her outburst was a one time thing, and completely justified.

Looks like this is it, she arrived at the clinic that the court appointed her to.

The sign read “**Dr. Damaster's relaxation clinic. Because nothing is more important than being relaxed.**” *Damaster? What kind of a weird-ass name is that? And what a stupid slogan,* She decided to ignore it, as strange as it was. *Only 20 weeks.* She kept reminding herself, as hope mingled with her desperation.

Inside the room sat a middle-aged man in his early forties, and five young women, about Jennifer's age. The man was the only one who seemed to notice her arrival. The other girls just sat on their chairs and focused their eyes on him, beaming with big smiles on their faces.

“You must be Jennifer.” the man said “I'm Dr. Eugene Damaster. Please, take a seat.”

She sat down in the empty chair, and all of a sudden, all eyes were on her.

Twenty weeks, and then it's all over...

“Um hi, I'm Jennifer Riley, it's a pleasure to meet you all.” she forced an awkward smile on her face, and said.

“There's no need to be nervous, Jennifer. We are all friends here.” Dr. Damaster said.

A Friend wouldn't charge me your fees, “doctor”, she thought derisively.

“Well, Jennifer, ” he continued “We usually start our sessions with the new girl”.

Oh, of course you do. She so wanted to roll her eyes at him.

“So tell me, Jennifer. Why are you here?” he asked.

“A judge forced me.” she replied.

I'm going to cooperate with this farce, but I'm not going to pretend like I really belong here.

“Well, why did the judge feel you needed these sessions?” Dr. Damaster asked in his mellow voice.

She stared at him, trying to come up with a witty, deflective response.

“I would guess it had something to do with your anger issues.” He said after a short moment of silence.

“I don't have anger issues. It was just a one time thing.” Jennifer asserted, bringing about snickers and giggles from the other women.

“What's so funny?!” she asked angrily, realizing the irony of her reaction a little too late.

The doctor chuckled.

“Well, You can tell us about it later. Right now, I think the other girls will want to introduce themselves.”

He motioned for the girls to start talking and the first girl jumped in her seat in a manner that seemed way too enthusiastic. “I'm Becky, it's nice meeting you” said the pigtailed blonde with the huge knockers. *If those are real, thought Jennifer, then I'm a flying pink unicorn.*

Becky smiled from ear to ear and seemed cheerful almost to the point of psychosis.

And if she has anger issues, then I'm a jar of creamy care-bear cookies.

The second girl to introduce herself seemed to fit the scenario much better. She had short dark hair and a slim, flexible figure. She had an assortment of stud and ring piercings in her nose, lips, and tongue. A tattoo of a black bird-of-prey adorned her shoulder, and her tight clothes were dark as the night, just like her lipstick. Jennifer couldn't decide if she was goth or emo, but she was clearly freaky, and quite hot.

"I'm Sabrina. And you'd better be nice, first timer" her words would've been threatening, if she didn't have an almost cute smile on her glossy black lips, and a slightly dazed look on her face.

"I'm Shelley, I'm an intern in the Mayor's office." said the long haired, bespectacled brunette. She would have seemed like a respectable businesswoman, if she didn't wear a skirt that was so short, it looked more like a prop from a porn production.

The two remaining girls returned to stare at the doctor shortly after Jennifer introduced herself, and didn't seem to want to do anything else.

"Uhm, and these are Andrea and Sophie. They had a rough day, you'll have to forgive them." he said.

"Yes, forgive me." Andrea said with a slight Russian accent.

"Had a hard day..." Sophie echoed without taking her eyes off the doctor. She had red hair and a gymnastic body. She looked younger than the rest of them, and Jennifer figured she was eighteen or nineteen years old, at most. *This is getting weirder and weirder. Only twenty weeks and then I'm home free...*

"Well, I think we should get started." Dr. Damaster reached into his bag and pulled out a metronome.

"Let me explain my method to you, Jennifer. I believe that the key to calmness and relaxation lies in keeping a steady rhythm throughout your life." he said

"This may sound like mystical babble to you, at first, but I assure you it's true. We all have our own natural rhythm, and when we lose our temper and get angry, that rhythm is disrupted. Our heart-rate increases, and we feel uncomfortable in our own skin. We

feel the need to explode upon the world in destructive ways. Throwing a temper tantrum is just our instinctive method for bringing balance back, and returning to our steady, comfortable rhythm. In our sessions, I will teach you to maintain a special rhythm, one that can never be shaken, let alone broken. Eventually, you will learn to maintain that rhythm of relaxation at all times, regardless of the circumstances.” he finished his explanation with a smile.

Great, and I thought this was going to be complete and utter bullshit. Jennifer thought sarcastically.

“Therefore, throughout our sessions, this metronome will make sure we are all in-sync, maintaining a calm and relaxed rhythm. If you feel your anger rising, focus on the metronome and let its rhythm calm you down. In time, you won't need the metronome, and you'll be able to live by its rhythm of relaxation every moment of every day.”

Or I'll kill you all. Honestly, after listening to this ridiculous mumbo-jumbo, the only thing stopping me is that if I commit a multiple homicide I might get more anger management hours...

He activated the metronome and the session began.

Dr. Damaster continued his rhythm babble and added some idiocy about how life is better and happier for people who are always calm and relaxed. He started giving examples and spoke of the experiences he had with the other girls. Apparently, Sabrina used to be quite the delinquent until she was sent to anger management. Today, she is a clerk at the courthouse.

Oh right! Her shoulder was covered and she had no piercings so I didn't recognize her. She looks so different in her Goth costume. Wasn't she the one who recommended this clinic? Well, that explains a lot...

He moved to Andrea and her difficulties of coping in a strange country. And then to Shelley and the stress her ambitions put on her. It didn't take long for Jennifer to start dozing off. The doctor's monotone drone seemed to be in-sync with the metronome. In fact, even the girls breathing seemed to align to its rhythm.

Jennifer would have wondered more about how strange it all seemed, but she was so bored that she nearly fell asleep. The only

thing keeping her awake and focused was the metronome, and the fear that if she dozed off, they will tell her to redo the session.

The more time passed, the calmer Jennifer became, which she attributed to her increased boredom and sleepiness. The session didn't go according to her expectations at all. The doctor did all the talking, and there weren't any of the tropes she knew from movies and TV shows - The whole "My name is Jennifer, and I have anger issues" with the mandatory "We love you, Jennifer" response.

It was just him, giving a two hour long pep talk, as the girls listened intently.

Without realizing, Jennifer started paying close attention as well, soaking his every word in.

"There is nothing more important than being relaxed. Nothing makes you happier. If you follow my instructions, you will reach the ultimate state of relaxation. By listening to me and doing as I say, you will achieve ultimate happiness."

He might be right. I've been listening to him for over an hour and I feel really relaxed, and that does make me happy. No reason to be snide about it. I do want to be happy, after all. Jennifer concluded.

"You are very happy because you are relaxed. You are relaxed thanks to the rhythm of the metronome. You have to focus on the metronome to become happier and more relaxed"

That makes sense, the metronome is making me much more relaxed, and much happier too, Jennifer thought and turned her gaze to the metronome.

"Keep looking at the metronome, as it's moving from side to side, and feel yourself becoming more and more relaxed."

Jennifer heard, and gave her full focus to the metronome.

"That's it Jennifer, breathe in and out according to the pace of the metronome. Breathe in as it moves to one side, and out as it moves to the other. Keep doing that, until your rhythm perfectly matches that of the metronome, and you reach a state of perfect relaxation."

Jennifer felt as if she was floating in the sky, amidst the clouds. Adjusting her breathing to match the metronome was so easy. It was really fun, too, and made her so very happy.

*In and out...
side to side...
in....and out...
side...to side...*

"I can see you are tired, Jennifer. You can go to sleep, but you'll have to keep listening to my voice. After all, you are in the middle of MY session" he emphasized.

Jennifer's eyes started closing, but she had to keep listening to the doctor.

"That's it Jennifer. I will count from one to three, and when I reach three, you will be asleep and perfectly relaxed, but you will still hear my voice. Do you understand?"

Jennifer nodded, her eyes almost shut.

"Good...one...two....and three." he said slowly. Jennifer's head slumped down. Her eyes were closed, and she fully asleep, but still listening intently.

"Now, Jennifer, why are you here?" The doctor asked.

"I hit my boyfriend's face with a pan and sent him to the hospital." she droned.

"That doesn't sound like something a good girl like you would do. Why did you do such a horrible thing?"

"He cheated on me, and kept treating me bad even after I forgave him. I missed the elimination in Top Model because of him." she answered sleepily.

"So you assaulted him just because he had some pussy on the side, and didn't want to watch a stupid reality show? To me, it sounds like you're just a stupid bitch begging for punishment." The doctor said casually.

What did he call me?!

Jennifer's eyes shot open, and she felt a flash of anger pulse through her veins. But as her eyes opened, they immediately fell on the metronome, and she remembered the doctor's words.

If I get angry, the metronome will help me return to the rhythm of perfect relaxation, She knew.

So, she focused on the metronome and synced her breaths to its rhythm. She quickly returned to a relaxed state, no longer caring

about what the doctor had called her. In fact, she barely even remembered it.

Something she saw in her peripheral vision did give her pause, however. *Was Sabrina sucking the doctor's cock?*, She wondered. Jennifer wasn't sure, but she thought she saw the Gothic young woman kneeling next to his feet, her black lips tightly wrapped around his junk, as she moved her head up and down with an unblinking, doe-eyed expression.

No way. I must have dreamed it. Jennifer decided, just as the doctor's voice filled her head again.

"Very good Jennifer. You used the metronome to calm your anger down. You are a good girl. *Go slower, Sabrina.*" He said, and then mumbled something at a quieter voice.

Jennifer felt a warm rush of renewed happiness coursing through her veins, reacting to his praise.

"Yes master" A nearly inaudible whisper that Jennifer easily ignored.

"Remember, when you get angry you must think of the metronome and its rhythm." he reiterated.

"Many things make you very angry, Jennifer. All day long." he continued.

"Very angry." she repeated.

"From big things like missing your bus in the morning, to the smallest nuisances. Anything that doesn't go your way simply enrages you in an unreasonable fashion."

"Enrages me." she nodded.

"But that's fine, because when you get unreasonably angry, all you need to do is think of the metronome, and you'll be perfectly relaxed and happy again."

"Relaxed and happy again." she said with a big smile forming on her face.

"Also, you must return here for more sessions, so you won't forget the rhythm of the metronome."

"Return here...Mustn't forget the rhythm..."

"Good girl. I will now count from one to three. When I reach three, you will wake up, happy and energized. You will not remember anything that happened while you slept, but you will still follow all the

instructions I gave you. Without following my instructions, you won't be able to remember the metronome. Without remembering the metronome, you will always be angry, and you will never be happy again."

"Must follow instructions...not remember them...can't be happy without the metronome...need your instructions to remember the metronome...." She sorted the new facts in her head. It made so much sense.

"Ohhhh" she heard the doctor moan, but didn't pay it any attention.

"Swallow it." He mumbled.

"Yesh, my lord." A weak whisper responded.

"Good girl." he said, sounding pleased. Jennifer assumed the praise was meant for her, and smiled.

"One...two...and three" he said slowly.

Jennifer woke with a start, realizing she completely fell asleep. The doctor was still talking, and the metronome was still moving. *Is it possible nobody noticed?* She wondered. It sure seemed that way. *I can't let that happen again, I won't always be so lucky.*

"Well, that's it for today, girls" the doctor said, looking at his watch. He turned the metronome off, and placed it back in his bag.

"Aww!" the girls all whined together, disappointed.

Jennifer didn't join their whiny sigh, but she had to admit, the session was surprisingly helpful. She felt extremely happy and relaxed, for the most part. One thing did begin to grate on her, though.

What's with their stupid reaction? The session is over, there's no need to respond like a bunch of pathetic kittens! Are they fucking morons?! Gah!

She could feel her blood beginning to boil, the more she thought about it. It was strange, Jennifer never obsessed over such trivial things in the past, and now she felt dangerously close to punching someone. Just before the fury took over, Jennifer forced herself to think of the metronome, and remember it's monotonous

rhythm. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and began sorting her breaths according to her memory of the metronome's pace.

It worked like a charm. Jennifer felt herself calm down almost instantly, and a merry smile formed on her face again.

It was kinda cute, actually, She reconsidered, They like these sessions with doctor Damaster so much, that they are upset when it's over. It's sweet. Nothing to be mad about.

Her eyes shot open, and she let out a gasp of realization. *Wow! Maybe what the doctor said wasn't complete bullshit after all. It's like all the anger I felt completely dissipated! Vanished! Gone! It's amazing!*

"I'll see you all next time." The doctor said. "Andrea and Sabrina, I'll take you home tonight."

I'm taking the bus home, Jennifer thought, a little jealous. "Yes, Dr. Damaster, thank you for taking us home." Sabrina said, and Andrea nodded with meek consent.

Jennifer walked out the door and clenched her fists.

"Why can't he take me home, too?! I'm the new girl in the group!" She muttered angrily under her breath, feeling her rage rise to new heights.

"Now I'm fucking stuck taking the bus all the way back to my crummy apartment, for fuck's sake! And the fucking station is two blocks from here! Argh!"

She imagined herself punching the wall next to her (most likely breaking her own fingers) as she sunk fast into mad fury, but before she could sink further, she pulled herself together, and thought of the metronome.

"Just relax and breathe, Jennifer." She told herself, pacing slowly forward and adjusting her breaths.

"It's not the doctor's job to chauffeur you around town, silly." She giggled "Besides, taking the bus isn't so bad, and I could use some fresh air."

Happy and calm again, Jennifer skipped her way to the bus station with a song in her heart, one that oddly mirrored the rhythm of Doctor Damaster's metronome's.

Chapter 3

That night, Jennifer had a good night's sleep for the first time since she had her explosive break-up with her ex. She woke up energetic and refreshed. After everything that's happened to her, she finally felt like she was starting to heal.

That's why she was so surprised at how annoyed she got at her favorite morning show. She watched it every day, as she prepared her breakfast and got ready for work. They usually had two hosts discussing the matters of the day, from politics to sports and everything in-between. It wasn't the show that pissed her off, though, it was the commercials.

One commercial in particular always rubbed her the wrong way. It was an ad for a mobile phone company, and Jennifer always mocked how stupid it was, and moved on. Today, however, she almost had a larger tantrum than the one that got her ex's face smashed.

She nearly took her plate and threw it at the TV screen, intent on smashing both to smithereens.

Fortunately, before she could do something regretful and costly, she remembered her anger management meeting the other day, and began to think of the metronome. Recalling its calming rhythm, she started breathing in the correct pace, and calmed herself down.

Why did I react like that? It's just a stupid commercial. I never cared that much about it before, did I? Lucky I had the doctor's metronome to think about.

It was her first day back at work. She was given a week off because of the mess she got herself into. Her boss was a really nice guy, and he treated her like family. He even kept in touch with her, throughout the ordeal. She told him of the verdict and they decided she can come back to work, first thing the following week.

She actually felt a little bad for not working the entire week. The diner must have been hectic at lunch time, with only Mr Dovani to cook and his daughter, Amy, to wait the tables. It was the smallest of businesses but it payed Jennifer's rent, as well as Amy's college tuition.

Jennifer started feeling really mad at herself for not being there, to help them fend against the slimy customers that often frequented the diner. In fact, she started feeling outright infuriated by it. The anger felt foreign to her, and there didn't seem to be a good reason for its intensity. Nevertheless, she quickly concentrated on the metronome, and calmed down before things got out of hand.

Noticing the time, she rushed to the bus and narrowly made it. She was a little pissed at having to run to make it, but thinking of the metronome easily took care of that. She actually found a seat next to a young man, a rare occasion in the morning's rush-hour.

She sat down, and gasped. *What the hell?!* She thought. The young man next to her placed his hand on her seat, palm facing up, right before she parked her shapely behind.

Does he think he can claim it was an accident, and get away with groping me? In Jennifer's mind, this was a perfect time for honest, necessary rage. *Just try not to break his nose this time*, she told herself.

She was just about to stand up and slap him when the metronome and its rhythm pushed into the front of her consciousness. Thing is, it wasn't her who summoned it this time. She was more than happy to let her anger out on the brazen young man, and felt no need to try and calm herself down. Having control of her temper didn't mean she should just roll over and let anyone walk over her any way they wanted, after all.

And yet, the metronome intruded and disrupted her thoughts, quickly subduing her righteous fury. Her breathing adjusted and slowed to a monotone, almost against her will, and she found herself reconsidering her next actions.

I shouldn't make such a fuss about it, I guess. I mean, it's completely humiliating and degrading, but it's not something to lose my cool about. She thought as she became more and more relaxed.

I can just get up and go stand somewhere else. She thought and almost did just that *On second thought, that might cause a whole scene. And besides, why stand when you can sit, right?*

So she remained on her seat for the rest of the bus ride, to the complete shock of the young man sitting next to her. It didn't take

him long to take full advantage of the situation, squeezing her butt as much as he could, until the bus reached his stop and he got off.

“Umm...e..excuse me.” he stuttered, motioning to Jennifer that he needed to take his hand back from under her bubbly, round ass. She lifted herself a bit and gave him a shy smile. She stared at the floor as he left with a big smile spread across his flushed face.

I can't believe I just let him do that. She started getting really mad, until the metronome crawled back into her mind and calmed her down. This time, as she relaxed, she felt herself become slightly happier, for a reason she could not pinpoint.

“Good morning.” Jennifer walked in through the employee door, grinning.

“Good morning, Jen.” Amy said, coming up from behind the counter. “It's good to finally see a smile on your face again.”

“Thanks. You're looking great too, Amy.”

She is such a sweet girl, Jennifer thought.

“What are you up to?” Jennifer asked

“Inventory...” Amy answered with a defeated voice, dripping with boredom.

“Aww. Well, I'll help!” Jennifer rolled her sleeves with a smile.

“Jen!” came the bellow of Mark Dovani, the owner. “I'm so happy to see you. Are you doing okay?”

“Yes Mr. Dovani, I'm doing just fine. Don't worry about me so much.”

“How many times do I have to tell you, it's Mark! And you know exactly why I'm worried.”

“It's all okay now. Water under the bridge. I need to have some anger management sessions and then everything goes back to normal.”

“And how was your first session?” He asked

“Surprisingly good, actually. The relaxation methods the doctor showed us work wonders.”

“That's fantastic! And don't feel bad, I wouldn't charge anyone for reacting the way you did, after what that bastard did to you!”

“Too bad you weren't the judge.” she laughed.

Mr. Dovani was always nice to Jennifer, and made her feel good about herself. She had so much respect for him, which is why she insisted on calling him Mr. Dovani. He was actually one of the few people in her life that she truly and honestly respected.

Her shift started with an old lady that took her sweet time deciding just what kind of coffee she wanted. Jennifer almost poured it on her head before the metronome stopped her.

The next customers were much worse. Businessmen in swanky suits, thinking they own the world, and everyone in it. One of them ordered some chicken breast, and suggested he will also pay for a "different kind of breast", if Jennifer was offering. Instead of her usual snide retorts, she just smiled and told him that her breasts weren't on the menu.

His friend was even worse.

"And what will you have?", she asked with a courteous smile.

"I'll have the omelet and toast meal." He said, talking mainly to her ample, young breasts.

"Anything to drink?"

"Maybe some milk, if you got it." He smiled, his eyes popping out at her rack.

Jeez, What a creep. Jennifer rolled her eyes and thought.

"Sorry," she said, biting her tongue and thinking of the metronome "we don't sell the kind of milk you seem to be referring to." she smiled a bit, pleased at the restraint she was showing.

"Then I'll have an espresso. Two sugar." he said.

"Anything else?" Jennifer asked like the good waitress she was.

"Nah, I think that's all."

She turned around and started walking away.

"Go get it, sugar-tits." he said loudly, and then...

SMACK

She felt a sharp, stinging slap on her behind. Instead of poking his eyes out with her pen, she took a deep breath and calmed herself down, the same way she did countless times that morning.

"Right away, sir." was all she said, looking back at him with a smile and a wink. His face showed a mix of pleasure and

astonishment that Jennifer really enjoyed seeing. *Hah! wasn't expecting me to ignore it, were you?* She snickered at how his smugness seemed to wane a little. It actually made her quite happy, reacting in such a mature and restrained fashion.

Naturally, he saw it as an invitation for more.

"Waitress!" he called with a grin.

"Yes sir. Is there anything you wish?"

"Do you serve any desserts?" he asked. His hand creeping back to her shapely behind.

"Of course, sir." she said and started listing the items on the dessert menu.

Meanwhile, he was boldly grabbing her ass.

Should I tell him to stop? He might cause a whole scene. It might actually be worse than it already is. Besides, the more I manage to relax instead of getting all worked up, the happier I seem to become.

She decided to cope with it and not make a fuss. Honestly, she wasn't sure if she was ever this happy, and it was all thanks to some mature restraint on her part.

Word spreads like wild fire in the age of social media, and only thirty minutes after the pervy butt groper left, the place was swamped with men waiting for Jennifer's service. *They probably all work at the same office as the first two,* She figured.

Jennifer moved from table to table, taking orders while having her ass fondled by every single customer. Even the shy ones didn't stay shy for long. Soon enough, the men all took to the habit of giving her a sharp spank whenever she turned around to walk away from them. Her butt was starting to hurt, but Jennifer remained perfectly polite and calm.

Some of them kept calling her back under the pretense of wanting to change their order. It made it almost impossible for her to get orders to the kitchen.

She knew she should have been furious at them for treating her like some sort of public squeeze toy, but after coping with it for so long, she thought it would seem weird if she all of a sudden demanded they stopped.

Besides, it's not like she was capable of getting angry, with the metronome popping up instinctively whenever she even got close to getting peeved. It felt humiliating and embarrassing while they touched her. Afterward, however, she always felt a rush of happiness at how relaxed and calm she managed to stay, in spite of the awkward situation.

Amy was busy working the cash register, which was acting up as usual, so she didn't notice what was happening. It was rare for all eyes to focus solely on Jennifer. Usually the men focused most of their lecherous gaze on Amy. She never seemed to notice how men stared at her, for some reason. Either that, or she was really good at ignoring the way they often undressed her lithe teen body with their eyes.

"Dad! The stupid register isn't working again!" She called out desperately.

"I'll be right there, honey." Mr. Dovani's voice came from the kitchen "It's a busy day. I have to cook the food, you know"

"Yeah well you need this stupid thing to work if you want to get paid for that food!" Amy said, banging on the register to try and get it to open up.

"Fine, fine " Mr. Dovani rushed from the kitchen "Banging on it will only make it worse, you know, this isn't a movie." he said as a joke, trying to lighten the mood. It didn't take him long to adopt the 'hit it and hope something will happen' routine, himself.

Meanwhile, Jennifer continued taking orders and having her ass fondled every which way. Some of the customers gathered the nerves to touch her breasts, too. *I suppose after so much ass groping it doesn't really matter*, she told herself, though she couldn't deny it added to the degradation.

"We might need to call a technician this time." Mr. Dovani said with a resigned sigh.

"Here's a crazy idea, how about we buy a new one?" Amy suggested.

"I'm not made of money." He told his spunky daughter "Although I must say, if we have more days as busy as today, we might..."

He looked around, proudly canvassing his unusually crowded diner, and suddenly stopped talking. His face turned white with sullen shock, which was quickly replaced with red hot anger.

“What on earth do you think you're doing?!” Mr. Dovani roared at the top of his lungs, grabbing everyone's attention. He rushed over to Jennifer, causing the customer groping her butt to quickly move his hand away.

“How dare you?!” he screamed “You think you can just touch her like that?! Who do you think you are?! That's sexual harassment!” spit flew from Mr. Dovani's mouth and rained on the customer. This was the first time Jennifer saw Mr Dovani get so angry.

“I-It's fine, Mr Dovani.” Jennifer tried calming him down.

“I-I don't really mind it much.” she only half lied, still finding it odd how calm and happy she was, despite the humiliation she experienced.

Mr. Dovani looked at her with confusion that quickly changed to obvious pity.

“See? She doesn't mind it at all.” said another arrogant and conceited customer.

Mr Dovani took another hard look around the diner, and realized all the customers were men, and they all either looked at him with brazen cockiness, or stared at their feet with shame.

“Is there anyone here who didn't...touch you like that, Jennifer?” he asked, catching his throat.

“Umm, there's really no need to make such a fuss about it, Mr. Dovani.” She blushed and fiddled with her pen, clearly embarrassed, trying not to look at anyone directly.

“That's it. ALL OF YOU! OUT! BEFORE I COMPLETELY LOSE IT!” He exploded at the customers.

“Oh come on man, don't be such a buzz-kill. If the little slut wants to help this place make more money, why would you stop her? What kind of businessman are you?” said one of the customers. Jennifer quickly focused back on the metronome, to calm herself down after that little slut remark.

“Yeah! Just thank the skank by giving her a hefty bonus, like we do with all our loyal secretaries!” Another customer agreed, laughing

jovially.

Mr. Dovani did not adhere to the customer's advice, though. It took fifteen minutes for them all to leave, and by the end of it he was out of breath and red in the face. He sat down and wiped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Amy, mind going to the kitchen and sorting it out? I left it in quite a hurry."

"Um...S..Sure dad." Amy said, looking like a deer in headlights - An understandable reaction after what just transpired before her.

"Jen, listen to me." he said with a reassuring tone "I understand if what you've been through scared you a little. It can't be easy to stand before a judge in court, just because of one hot-headed mistake."

Mr Dovani figured she was cautious because she almost went to jail after the last time she lost her temper. He spoke to her like a caring father would, telling her she should stand her ground and not let people step over and molest her.

"Just because you had a single unfortunate altercation with the law, that doesn't mean you should let people trample you and do whatever they want." He finished his speech "Okay, Jen?"

As he talked, Jennifer felt her rage brewing, not towards the customers, but towards Mr. Dovani. *How dare he think I'm just a scared little girl who'll let men grope her for no reason! I agreed to it because I didn't want to cause a scene in HIS damn diner! I feel like breaking a fucking plate on his stupid head!*

As always, the metronome appeared in her mind, and subdued her rage. *Holy shit, what's wrong with me? How can I get mad at Mr. Dovani for caring about me? And to actually want to hurt him? I really need help...*

"Okay Mr Dovani" she said, looking down and feeling quite ashamed of herself.

"Hey, look at me." he said, and she did "It's okay. Water under the bridge, as you said. Let's get back to work."

She smiled and nodded, wordlessly thanking him for his concern.

The rest of the day wasn't as eventful. Jennifer decided to politely ask customers to not touch her, stating that her manager did not approve. It made sense, she certainly did not want Mr Dovani to get riled up because of her again. They still sometimes did it, but only when they were sure Mr. Dovani wasn't there to notice. Jennifer became even happier, being able to keep everyone pleased and calm.

When she got home Jennifer immediately collapsed into bed. Exhausted, she contemplated about her day. *Dr Damaster was right. Relaxation brings true happiness.*

With a grin on her fatigued face, she fell asleep, dreaming of happiness, serenity, and the good doctor's wonderful metronome.

Chapter 4

The next anger management meetings were not different from the first one. Jennifer started the meeting by listening to the doctor's usual speech, and practicing her focus on the metronome. She always ended up falling asleep in the middle of each session, no matter how hard she tried staying awake. It really started to frustrate her.

She really felt bad about showing such disrespect, especially once she warmed up to the doctor, and realized he was only trying to help her. She was sure he noticed how she always fell asleep while he spoke, and was immensely grateful to him for never mentioning or complaining about it.

That wasn't the only thing Jennifer was grateful for. Even though she couldn't, for the life of her, stay awake through a full session, she found the doctor's methods to be extremely helpful with her anger issues.

For starters, she was no longer denying that she had a problem. Up until their third meeting, Jennifer still held on to straws, claiming that she merely had a very stressful few weeks. Her rage kept rising in the most awkward of times, though, and for the strangest reasons. Her problem became undeniable, and the only salve that cured it was the metronome and its rhythm.

She sometimes wondered if perhaps she was subconsciously trying to get angry, just so she could feel the powerful, blissful serenity the metronome had to offer. She was like an addict, only the metronome was her cocaine, and it made her so happy she often felt melancholy when it faded into the background. Thankfully, with each session it was getting easier to let the metronome control her rhythm at all times, to keep it in her head every second of every day. Even while she slept, Jennifer found that her dreams followed the monotonous tune of the metronome.

The doctor appeared in her dreams as well - In her most vivid ones, in fact. Most of those had a very explicit, adult nature. It surprised her, because she was never interested in older men. Perhaps it was his piercing eyes or soothing voice that drew her in. Either way, it was an attraction Jennifer could not shake, even if she wanted to.

He showed her the secret to happiness, after all, and in her wet dreams, Jennifer showed him just how much she appreciated it.

She saw herself kneeling before him, his raw, hard cock in her mouth, pushing against the inside of her cheek. She would look up at him and see his smile, surrounded by an aura of bright light, and it would make her feel so good.

Jennifer was never the submissive type, but when she dreamed of the doctor, she was always on her knees, or on her back with her legs spread, or bent over with her head down and her ass up, serving her pussy up like a docile slavegirl. She had other dreams, too, about having hot lesbian sex with the other girls in the group while the doctor watched, and then helping him as he fucked the others senseless.

It was the ninth meeting and, as usual, all the girls were already sitting when Jennifer arrived. *Darn it! Do they live here?*

"Sorry for being late..." she said, even though she wasn't really late. She felt so bad for arriving last. Just once, Jennifer wanted to honor the doctor by arriving first to their meeting.

"It's okay, Jennifer." the doctor reassured her as she sat down.

"Let's begin." he said, and turned the metronome on.

This time, Jennifer fell asleep almost instantly.

“Can you hear me, Jennifer.”

“Yes, doctor.” she said monotonously.

“Did you follow your instructions from our last session?”

“Yes doctor. I started touching myself thinking about you.

Whenever I got angry and thought about the metronome, I reminded myself that I could only use its rhythm to relax thanks to your instructions. I know I would forget the metronome and the true happiness it brings if I disobeyed you. There is nothing more important than being perfectly relaxed and happy. There is nothing more important than obeying your instructions.”

“Nothing is more important than obeying my commands.” the doctor emphasized.

“Nothing is more important than obeying your commands, doctor.”

“That's a good girl.” her heart leaped as she heard his words of praise “I think you are ready for the next phase of your treatment, Jennifer.”

“Really, doctor?” Jennifer asked with a hopeful smile, feeling a sense of achievement.

“Yes, Jennifer, and that makes you happier than ever before.” He said, and as if hit by the stroke of a magic wand, Jennifer felt it – Sublime happiness she never imagined existed.

“And it's all thanks to me, Jennifer.” The doctor continued.

She sighed happily, a big smile on her face.

“Thank you, doctor. Thank you so much.”

“When I count to three, you will wake up. This time, you will remember your instructions. You will remember that obeying me is the most important thing in your life, because you want to forever stay happy.” he said.

“You will listen to me intently, as if your life depended on every syllable. Everything I say will make complete sense to you, and become your truth. Do you understand?”

“I understand, Doctor Damaster.”

“Okay Jennifer. One. Two. Aaand, three.” he counted slowly.

Jennifer woke up and opened her eyes. Still happy and relaxed, she remembered exactly what the doctor taught her. It wasn't just the metronome that allowed her to be happy and relaxed.

I have to obey the doctor's instructions. No...His commands. If I don't, I won't be able to be happy, ever again.

“As I was saying” the doctor acted as if he was mid-sentence, when Jennifer awoke “In this place, we make sure to get rid of our aggressions. Nothing we do here is ever weird or inappropriate. Everything I tell you to do, is right and proper. Not only that, it is one of your most basic urges, to follow my wiles and adhere to my authority.”

All the girls nodded happily, including Jennifer.

“Today,” he said, focusing his gaze on Jennifer “I must confess that sometimes even I find it hard to stay calm.”

Jennifer stared at him with shocked disbelief.

“The reason is simple, really. Being around young, hot women like you lot, it gets me really aroused.”

Jennifer nodded. It made complete and total sense to her. *But how can we help?* She wondered.

“In fact, Jennifer, it sometimes makes me outright angry that I can't take you and fuck you till I pop a nut in your tight holes. And if I'm angry and agitated, then obviously you can't hope to remain calm and happy. Your happiness is completely dependent on my own, after all.”

Jennifer nodded again, fully accepting his premise.

“What can be done?” she asked, feeling distraught. She needed the blissful happiness bestowed upon her by the doctor, more than she needed air to breathe.

“Don't worry, Jennifer. The other girls have been helping me sate my desires. So I can, in turn, help you be happy and relaxed”.

That's good, She thought, *otherwise I would've gone mad.*

“But how, doctor?”

“I'll show you.” he said with a smile.

The doctor unzipped his fly and took his dick out. He had a raging hard-on.

“Andrea, Sophie, pleasure me with your mouths. Oh, and I wanna see your tits.” He said plainly.

“Yes, master” Andrea said in her Russian accent, taking her top off and kneeling before him.

“I obey, my lord.” Sophie said, and did the same. Jennifer learned in a previous session that the petite redhead was barely nineteen, and she had the fair, pristine body to match.

Sophie's tits were perky and firm, like two apples. Her nipples were pink and small, and the tips pointed out, almost begging to be pinched. Her lips were dyed with bright red lipstick.

Andrea had larger tits, but just as defiant to gravity. She opened her mouth and moaned, looking up at the doctor as if he was a god.

They stretched their tongues from either side of his shaft, and started licking up and down, kissing softly every now and then. Sophie's lips left distinct, red imprints of her puckered lips on his steely rod.

The doctor guided their heads with his hands, practically using their mouths as masturbatory proxies. Andrea and Sophie complied without hesitation, as cute slurping and kissing sounds filled the room.

“W-Why are they calling you that, doctor?” Jennifer asked hesitantly.

“Because it makes them happy, Jennifer. Happier than the metronome ever could.” the doctor replied.

He had Sophie and Andrea kiss each other, with his tip between their wet lips.

“Andrea, suck my cock. Sophie, tend to my balls.” He ordered.

“Yes master.” The two slurped a response, and moved to obey.

He pushed Andrea's head back and forth, dictating her pace as she choked on his cock. Sophie tenderly kissed and licked his balls, arching her neck in a way that would strain her muscles, if she wasn't a flexible nineteen-year-old youth.

Jennifer watched the two salivate on the doctor's cock, their expressions filled with euphoric bliss.

“It'll make you happy too, if you call me your lord and master. Happier than you ever felt before.” the doctor assured, and told the two kneeling before him to switch. Sophie quickly plopped her lips off his balls and took his cock deep in her mouth, just as soon as

Andrea parted her lips from his tip with a kiss, and knelt lower to make love to his testicles.

Is that really possible? Can such happiness truly exist? Jennifer thought in awe. *If the doctor says so, then it must be true.*

“But there is only one way to achieve such happiness, Jennifer.” he said while Sophie loudly gagged on his cock.

“The only way is to become my slave, Jennifer. Live to serve and please me, and you will never be sad or angry again.”

All five of them were now on their knees, all topless and ready to serve.

“Once I own you, heart, body and soul, you will never be able to make an independent decision. You will be a puppet, moving according to my whims. Life will be much easier once you become an object in my possession, Jennifer.”

That makes so much sense.... Jennifer thought, her grin widening.

“Ride me, Shelley.” the doctor ordered. The slim brunette stood up, peeled her tight skinny jeans off, and dropped her pink G-string down on the floor.

“Yes master.” She walked over to him while rubbing her smooth pussy in circles, making sure it was wet and ready for his pleasure. She spread her legs above his crotch, grabbed his cock, and slid it into her tight cunt as she mounted him.

Andrea and Sophie licked and kissed his balls while Shelley rode him, gyrating her hips in vigorous circles, and letting the doctor's manhood roam and throb in her wet cunt.

“Ahh! Hmm! Mm!” Shelley moaned. Her pussy clenched and tightened around the doctor's cock. Juices ran down his trunk and onto his balls, only to be lapped up by Andrea and Sophie's devoted tongues. Sabrina and Becky knelt behind the two eager ball-suckers, feeling left out. They begged the doctor with their eyes, and their bare breasts, desperate to be of use.

Jennifer sat and stared incredulously, not sure what to do.

“Ohh yeah. Go ahead and try it, Jennifer.” said the doctor as he enjoyed Shelley's tightness “Being my slave will make you so happy, you'll never want to go back.”

He spanked Shelley's ass as she rode him "Tell her, Shelley."

"Ahh! Yes master." she moaned "When master first...Nghh!...explained how the metronome can help me relax, I thought it was ridiculous."

"Ah!" He slapped her ass again, and she let out a yelp.

"But, when I saw how happy it made me, and how happy obeying my master made me, I realized how misguided my life was." She continued with a shaky voice, forcefully writhing and gyrating her hips back and forth, in fervent attempts to maximize the doctor's pleasure, with no regard for her own muscle fatigue.

"I wanted to be a politician one day – That's why I chose an internship at the mayor's office. I had dreams of being a beacon for change, and gaining the respect and adoration of the masses. It was so silly of me, to think such things would make a horny sex toy like me happyaaaa-ahhh!" She felt the doctor's teeth gently bite her nipples, squealed, and continued riding him like a whore, taking it deep and hard in her squelching pussy.

"Ahh! I'm so grateful to my master for teaching me, Mm!, that my only goal in life should be to please him. That I can only be happy if I'm on my knees kissing his feet! And his coooock! Fuck me maaaster! Ahh!"

"We all feel that way" Sabrina nodded, never taking her eyes away from the doctor.

"I used to be such a bad girl. I always partied in the bad side of town, where all the gangs hang and bang. I was so defiant to my lord and master, at first. I even dared to knee his groin when he first tried to help me with my anger issues." She said, sorrowful regret in her eyes.

"But today," her eyes lit up "I am master's sex toy. I work for him at the courthouse, and make sure only hot girls are forwarded to his anger clinic. My most important duty is still to be his tool for sexual relief, though." the goth looking, former vandalizing gang-banger said, looking up with a submissive smile.

"Today, I kneel before him, waiting to be given the honor of shoving my face in his groin." She finished with tears of happiness rolling down her cheeks.

The doctor smiled sadistically, peeked around Shelley's bouncing body, raised his leg, and stuffed his big toe in Sabrina's mouth. She sucked on it eagerly.

"It will be the same for you, Jennifer." the doctor said, squeezing Shelley's ass with both hands.

It all seemed to make so much sense to her. But still, something stopped her.

"I...I don't know."

"Hmph. Well, that's okay, Jennifer." the doctor said, but sounded a tad disappointed.

"I forgive you. After all, it's your choice if you want to take the final step, and reach the ultimate state of happiness. Completely your choice, heh." he chuckled and spanked Shelley again.

He's so kind and considerate. Jennifer thought, as Shelley's moans filled the air.

"Just keep watching the metronome, Jennifer. And remember, for the metronome to make you relaxed and happy, you must obey my commands."

"Yes, doctor. Thank you doctor." Jennifer nodded and turned her dazed, glossy gaze back to the ticking metronome.

She watched the metronome, thinking about how wonderful Dr. Damaster was, while the other girls did their part and kept him happy with their young, feminine bodies.

"I'm gonna cum inside you, bitch!" he told Shelley with a strong, ringing spank.

"Ahh! Thank you master! Ahh! I exist to please you. I am nothing but a receptacle for you to dump your cum into!!!"

"That's right, you worthless whore!" He spanked her repeatedly, as if her buttocks were a couple of bongos. He moaned hoarsely, embraced her tightly, pushing her skinny body down on his pole, and blew his load deep inside her.

Shelley stayed on his cock until he ordered her off. She returned to her knees with his huge load dripping from her wet twat. Her bubbly butt was red from the spanking it received.

"Thank you, master." she panted, and bowed down to kiss his feet.

They all got dressed and Dr Damaster ended the session, giving Sabrina and Sophie a ride home. He always picked two girls to drive home with him. Jennifer left the clinic happier than ever before. She remembered exactly what happened, and under different circumstances, it would seem weird. The doctor using his patients as his personal docile cock-holsters, such a thing might have actually offended her, if she didn't know it was okay, and normal, and proper.

Like everything else that happened in the doctor's anger management meetings.

Nothing is weird or inappropriate. The doctor said so. She thought as she skipped her way to the bus station.

Chapter 5

Jennifer never got angry any more. Obeying the doctor and controlling her temper made her so happy, it was worth any slight or set-back she may have incurred, due to her new timid behavior. Sure, the bus groping only escalated, when her fellow morning commuters realized she never uttered a word of complaint or tried to resist, and at the diner she gained a reputation as the waitress who wouldn't mind if her customers sneak a grope, or a friendly slap on the tush, every now and then.

But the momentary insult was nothing compared to the bliss she felt by centering her mind around the doctor, his metronome, and his commands which enabled her to feel such overwhelming happiness.

Besides, It wasn't all bad. Some mornings on the bus, the random guy who took her aside for some dry-humping ended up groaning, and clearly cumming in his pants. It made her feel weirdly accomplished, and somehow superior. Plus, their expressions afterward were simply priceless, as they tried ignoring the stickiness of their crotch area until they got off the bus. Usually it was the younger ones who creamed their pants, but once Jennifer called one of the older molesters "daddy", with a sexy, breathy whisper, and he nearly had a heart attack as his body trembled in orgasm. Jennifer

actually had to hold him up and help him to a seat. His grateful smile almost made her feel proud.

She even got better tips at work, nearly gaining fifty percent more pay just from her shameless customers and their probing, lecherous tentacles. It was almost respectable, the way those businessmen made sure to reward her compliance – It's not like they had to, after all.

Like a junky anxious for her next fix, Jennifer counted the days, hours, minutes and seconds between each meeting of her anger management support group.

The meetings changed quite a bit since the doctor made his confession. Jennifer never fell asleep anymore. Instead, she sat on her chair with wide eyes and a radiant, somewhat delirious smile. She spread her legs wide, and rubbed her pussy through her panties, to the pace of the metronome.

The doctor stopped giving his usual speech, and instead spent each meeting fucking his servile slavegirls, while Jennifer watched and panted, frantically rubbing her juiced-up snatch. Without fail, Jennifer always brought herself to multiple orgasms, and ended up walking back to the bus station with wet, sticky panties.

It seemed, at first, that the doctor enjoyed all his obedient sex dolls equally, and gave them the same amount of attention. The more Jennifer watched, however, the more apparent it became that he had his preferences, and his favorites.

She noticed, for instance, that he took a rather sadistic joy in humiliating Sabrina. He often had her lick his feet while the others worshiped his cock. He would derisively stick his toes in her mouth, or rub his bare soles across her outstretched tongue. He always made her beg for his cock, and when he finally let her have it, he violently rammed it in her gaping ass, or choked her drooling lips.

More often than not, the doctor fucked Sabrina's ass just so she could gag on it a second later. He would plug her nose and tell her to taste as much as she could, and what followed was some of the loudest sucking and slurping Jennifer ever heard. When he wasn't busy inserting his cock or his toes in her secondary fuck-

holes, the doctor had Sabrina get on her hands and knees, so he could sit and lounge on her slender back.

It was clear to Jennifer that the doctor still begrudged the former bad-ass goth for her past mistakes, specifically an incident involving her brutally harming an area of his body that is only meant to see the tender and docile care of a woman's touch. The doctor never stopped punishing her for it, and Sabrina never stopped begging for more.

Sophie was, by far, his favorite pussy. Her incredible flexibility allowed the doctor to fuck her in all sorts of imaginative positions. He would simply outline what he had in mind, and the bendy teen contorted her body to accommodate his fancy. He spent half of each meeting gleefully pumping in and out of her tight cunt.

Jennifer didn't know why, but the doctor seemed kinder to Andrea, and he always ordered her to orgasm at least once each meeting, even if he didn't fuck her at all. The Russian goddess always thanked him in her sexy accent, rolling her R's like a tamed kitten.

Becky, he used purely for her big tits, in the down-times when he felt too lazy or tired to actively fuck any of them. He had the giggly young woman squeeze her jugs around his cock and bounce them on his crotch. She kept going like a perpetual motion machine, keeping the same pace until he told her to stop. Sometimes, she kept it up for nearly fifteen minutes. It was as if the concept of fatigue was foreign to the perky pair of heavy hooters.

They all did their job so well, keeping the doctor happy and pleased, so he in turn could keep Jennifer anger-free and content.

Content, but jealous. She was envious of the sublime bliss she saw on the rosy-cheeked faces around her, because she knew the other girls felt happiness she couldn't comprehend.

Every meeting, that was the only thing that bothered Jennifer, the only thing that cracked through her aura of delight. She would sit, rub her pussy, and yearn to join the others. She longed to give up on everything she ever had or held dear, and call the doctor that one simple, perfect name, that described him so well.

Every meeting, it became harder and harder to resist, harder and harder to remind herself that what she'd be giving up is valuable

too.

The night before her nineteenth anger management meeting, Jennifer was watching her favorite reality show, Next Top Model. She couldn't concentrate on enjoying the show, however. Her thoughts drifted away to the upcoming meeting, and the doctor. She saw herself kneeling before him, and kissing his cock with moist, adoring eyes.

Her pussy got so wet, she had to turn the TV off and quickly rub one out. She rubbed her raw pussy in circles, fantasizing of the doctor pinning her to the floor, her legs up in the air and her tight pussy sucking him in as she begged for more. Then, he pulled out, and forcefully flipped her over, fucking her from behind like a whore.

By the time she erupted in a screeching orgasm, they already announced which of the models was eliminated, and went to commercials. Jennifer completely missed it.

No big deal, She thought, The finale is next week. I'll definitely watch that from beginning to end.

Chapter 6

The doctor started Jennifer's nineteenth meeting by fucking Sophie in one of his favorite positions. She stretched her right leg straight up and held it next to her torso, spreading her legs in a one-eighty degree vertical split.

"Your pussy is the perfect height." The doctor said as he teased Sophie's moist lips.

"Thank you, master." Sophie said, easily balancing herself on one leg. She was like an interactive doll.

The doctor grabbed her right leg, the one she lifted straight up like a ballerina, and rammed into her like a jackhammer.

"Ohh fuck yeah!" He cheered and started thrusting. Sophie's pussy made wet squelching sounds, and gentle whimpers escaped her lips.

"It's amazing how pink and fresh your pussy still is, considering how much I fuck it! Hrrm!" The doctor grunted and growled, stabbing her young honeypot with his steely spear.

“Moan for me cum-doll!” He demanded.

“Ahhh! Yesss masteeer!” Sophie squealed and screamed, breaking her silence with a rush of passionate pleas.

“Please fuck me, master! Use me! Ahh! Use this teen pussy, master! Plow into my tight cunt master! Fffhaaaa!”

“I'm gonna fucking cum! Be quiet now.” the doctor said after a short moment, and Sophie bit her lips and quieted down instantly, once again her master's docile, silent, glassy-eyed doll.

“Hrrm yeah! Ohh fuck! Take that!” The doctor moaned and grunted with every thrust, pumping his seed into her pussy without holding anything back.

He thrust deep into her one last time, before letting her fall down on her side, jizz oozing from her well-fucked twat down to the floor.

His other slaves knelt before their chairs, and watched with cheery smiles. They did not feel the envy Jennifer felt, as she spread her legs wide and rubbed her cunt so fast her arm muscles spasmed.

Give up. A voice in her head said. Just say it. Submit to him. It will feel so good!

“Sabrina. Chair.” The doctor said hoarsely, a tad out of breath from pounding Sophie.

“Yes master.” The goth girl nodded happily, and positioned herself as ordered.

“Becky. Tits.” The doctor gave another simple command, right after plunging down on Sabrina's back with his full weight.

“Right away master!” Becky cheered, grabbed her tits enthusiastically, and waddled over to him on her knees.

She started by kissing his tip, and slowly licking his flaccid side, sensually coaxing him back to a mild erection. Once she got his blood flowing, the big titted slave tightly wrapped his manhood with her boobies, let out a dumb giggle, and started hopping her D-cups vigorously.

“Does it **Pant** feel good **Pant**, master?” She asked after a while.

“It sure does. Telling you to get a boob job was the best thing I ever did!”

“Thank you so much, master! **Pant** My body is yours to modify as you please.” Becky said happily.

Jennifer was soaking wet. She watched Becky's back move up and down, and slid her panties aside, to finger her needy pussy.

They're all so happy. To serve him. To please him. She let out a desperate moan.

He grabbed Becky's fun-bags and tossed her aside.

“Ride me, Andrea.” He said, spanking his living bench.

“Yes masterrr.” Andrea purred, and moved to straddle him.

“Turn around. I wanna see your ass bounce.” He said. Andrea nodded, and wordlessly complied.

“And feel free to orgasm as much as you want, sweet-cheeks.” He said, running his fingers in her hair as she slowly lowered herself, inserting his cock into her slick and welcoming pussy.

Just say it! Give up! A voice screamed inside of Jennifer. Look at how happy Andrea is, shaking her hips up and down on his cock.

“C-Cock...” Jennifer mumbled and moaned loudly once again, thrusting her fingers deeper in her cunt.

Andrea looked at Jennifer as she rode the doctor's pole, taking the occasional playful spank with a squeal of delight.

Be his slave. Like them. His fuck-toy. His sex doll. His cum dump. The voice in her head became more assertive, more demanding.

Bringing him pleasure is such a noble goal. It's worth anything I may lose in the process. It's worth my existence a thousand fold.

Jennifer's eyes widened as the epiphany struck her.

*Why have I been hesitating? My friends? My family? My future? Can anything even compare to the importance of **his** happiness, and the bliss serving him brings? I've been such a fool!*

She slid off her chair and slumped to the floor, her cheeks pink and hot. Her limbs trembled as she crawled the short distance to where the doctor sat.

“I am your slave, master.” She took a deep breath, to calm her nerves, and said, kneeling before him in pitiful submission.

A sense of titillating warmth rushed across her body, as she said those words. She looked up, locking eyes with Andrea who was gleefully bouncing up and down, her pussy making splashing sounds with every deep penetrating hop.

Wow.

Jennifer 's voice echoed in her head as the swirl of blissful arousal conquered every inch of her body, and every speck of her soul.

Is this what I've been missing? It...It's paradise.

Soaking her new-found euphoria with a few panting breaths, Jennifer opened her mouth again. The doctor stopped Andrea's frantic bouncing, and grabbed her lithe body to tilt her aside, so he could look down on Jennifer, as she made her final vows.

“From this moment on, I will be your toy, master.” She said with twinkling eyes.

“I will consider myself an object, made to give you pleasure.”

She leaned down to kiss his feet, and rose back up.

“Please, master, use this slave in any way that gives you pleasure. It's what I exist for.”

As a last testimony to her total subjugation, Jennifer stripped out of her clothes, without even standing up, and knelt fully naked before him, staring blankly ahead, her mind in a permanent and unyielding state of hypnotic happiness.

“Good girl.” The doctor looked down at her and said. His words were nearly enough to send Jennifer into a blinding orgasm.

“Now lick my balls, cunt, while I fuck Andrea here. Milk my spunk into her.” He placed his hands on Andrea's trim hips, and the Russian hottie resumed her sensual gyrations, slowly picking up speed once more.

“With pleasure, master.” Jennifer said in a raspy voice, eager to obey her master's first command.

The doctor groaned deeply, closing his eyes as he felt Jennifer's soft lips cups his balls, her tongue lashing out like a twister.

“Mmh! Mff! Phua!” Jennifer panted as she slurped. It was so delicious and perfect, being in her place, serving her master on her

knees, that she nearly forgot she also needed to breathe. Her pussy tingled and lubricated at an increasing pace, cramping and tightening like a starving mouth. She did not dare touch her pussy, her master's prime property, without his permission, so instead she loudly slapped her ass, hoping the vibrations of her bubbly behind would radiate towards her needy cunt.

Andrea was soon back to bouncing heartily, her tight lower lips deeply penetrated every time her skinny thighs slapped against her master's crotch. He still grasped her hips strongly, almost painfully, and she, in turn, buried her hands in Jennifer's golden mane, squeezing Jennifer's slutty, juicy mouth on his balls.

Andrea's eyes rolled up as she achieved a deafening orgasm, being privileged by their master to do so as she pleased. Jennifer could see Andrea's pussy lips quake and tremble, just before her eyes were forced shut by the squirting juices gushing out right in her face. Jennifer was shocked for a second, but quickly recomposed herself and continued loudly sucking and gobbling her master's balls. It was *his* orgasm she was born to help out, after all, not a fellow slave-cunt's shameless climax.

"I'm cumming! Argh! Hrrm! I'm gonna fucking nut in your cunt!" The doctor grabbed Andrea's tits and growled. Jennifer could feel his balls growing a tad hotter in her lips.

"Thank you master! Ahh!" Andrea moaned, rubbing her clit in anticipation for her master's creamy deposit.

The doctor let out a sequence of deep, breathy grunts, his cock lightly jerking into Andrea's pussy with each one. Jennifer knew that each grunt and jerk meant another successful spurt of jizz her lips milked from his balls, straight into the willing pussy of the gorgeous Andrea.

Whimpers echoed through the room as all the slavegirls gyrated their hips and desperately humped air. Watching their master's orgasm made them feel light-headed, nearly to the point of fainting from arousal.

He slowly lifted Andrea by her spread legs, edging his cock out of her creampie inch by inch. When his cock plopped out of her

pussy, the excess cum dropped in thick blots on Jennifer's face. Her heart leaped, it was like she was touched by sticky drops of heaven.

“Clean her pussy, slave.” He said, spreading Andrea's legs before Jennifer, serving her pussy for Jennifer to munch on.

“I-I've never...” Jennifer started. She was not a lesbian, and did not want to disappoint him with poor service.

“Shut up and shove your face in her cock-mitten, whore!” The doctor said with utter disrespect, which Jennifer's mind easily ignored.

“Yes master!” She said, angry at herself for angering him.

Without hesitation, she slurped and tongue-fucked Andrea. She pursed her lips on Andrea's folds and lightly nipped at them, sucking every speck of white cream adorning the young Russian hottie's fuck-hole.

Depleted for the moment, the doctor returned to his favorite pass time, humiliating Sabrina. This time, he had his other slaves do the work while he relaxed on his chair. Since Jennifer was new to sexual slavery, he let her stay on her knees between his legs, and calm down as she tended to his limp member.

The girls took turns spitting on Sabrina's face and spanking her ass. The servile Goth's pert behind was as red as the sun at dusk even before they began their show – A testimony of her constant self punishment.

“Master! I live to entertain you!” Sabrina moaned, her cheek pressed against the floor, tears welling in her eyes.

“Stop wiggling your ass, you worthless cunt.” Becky said sharply. She spanked Sabrina hard, and shoved two fingers in her ass, making the humiliated rag-doll squeal like a sow.

Jennifer made passionate love to her master's flaccid cock. She kissed, licked, and sucked the helmet while tenderly grasping his rod with her gentle hands. She wordlessly worshiped it, begging and grovelling for it to harden again, so she could finally feel it impaling her newly owned cunt.

Her eyes lit up when her master's shaft began to turn rigid. She let out an awe-inspired gasp, and lunged back down, eager to increase the flame of his erection.

“Oh fuck that feels good.” He said and looked down at her, his sensitive cock fully re-energized and ready for another cum-pumping.

He had only one question on his mind.

“Now, which hole will I fuck first, huh Jennifer?” He wondered aloud.

“*Phua* Any hole you wish master! *Slurp* I am your sex doll!” She worked her tongue overtime, flicking it back and forth at a mad pace.

He narrowed his eyes wickedly, and his lips curled in a nefarious half-smile. He lightly nudged her head back and took hold of his hard-on.

“Stand up against the wall, and push your cute little butt out.” He said, casually slapping her lips with his cock as he spoke.

“Ohh yes master.” She hissed sexily, her cheeks flushed and her eyes moist. Her pussy was positively flooded with juices.

Jennifer crawled to the wall, swaying her ass from side to side, her sun-streaked hair dangling down to the floor. She kept her head low, as any slave would.

When she got to the wall she stood up on her feet, pressed her tits on the hard surface, and popped her ass out in the most inviting way she could muster.

“You see, this way, I don't have to choose a hole until the very last moment.” He crept up behind her and said, teasing her ass with the tip of his cock.

“You are so smart, master.” Jennifer cooed dumbly, feeling like she could just melt away into a puddle of used, abused lust.

Her heart skipped a beat in a moment that seemed to last forever. The doctor traced his pre-cum glazed tip over her bubbly cheek, down to her quivering lips, and with a sucking kiss to her graceful neck, entered his full length into her pussy with one flowing thrust.

“Ahh! Master!” Her back arched towards him and her eyes rolled. She bit her lips, squeezing his cock tightly while trying her best not to climax before getting permission. What she wouldn't give to beg at that moment for the pleasure of orgasm, but Jennifer

watched enough sessions from the sidelines, to know such behavior will only award her a reprimanding spank on the rear.

He glued his body to hers, humping her from behind while grabbing her neck with his hand, and kissing her slender shoulder. His free hand slid down her side until it reached her ass. He grabbed a handful, let go, and brought down a loud spank that made Jennifer squeal. Her squeals only got louder when her master grunted, and began drilling into her like a rampaging jackhammer.

“Mm! Ahh! Bang this pussy master! Fuck me hard! Ahh!” Jennifer was not used to such rough treatment, especially with her master's hand clenching her throat. Her face became red and her tongue lulled from her mouth.

I'm going to faint at this rate. I'm going to faint from pleasing my master. That's so...so...hot!

A depraved smile formed on her face, and her eyes whited out. She was limp for a fraction of a second, but her master's next thrust revived her consciousness.

What...? What's going on? Who...

Her pupils danced in her eyes, confused. Doctor Damaster grunted and groaned behind her, riding her ass hard. Her pussy was so wet and warm, she couldn't stop from moaning in delight.

Oh right! I was serving my master. She remembered, her programmed mind catching up with reality. Serving my bimbo pussy to master. So he can fuck and fuck and fuck until his cock is happy and empty like my brain!

“Ahh! Master! I'm so happy to be your toy!” She cried happily.

He panted behind her, and chuckled.

“That's all you're good for, cunt. I can't believe you ever had the gall to defy your boyfriend.” He teased her.

“I'm so sorry master. I will never disobey, ever again! I know my place...” She sobbed and moaned as the relentless banging resumed at full force.

It was very sudden when he stopped pumping into her and leaned his full weight on her back, pressing her to the wall.

“I'm tired.” He panted “You do the work from now on, cunt. And while you work that cute little ass of yours, think of all the ways you

will appease me, so I won't toss you away and make your life meaningless again.”

“Y-Yes master.” Jennifer said. The doctor took a step back, and Jennifer pushed the wall with her hands. With a delighted whimper, she started rocking her body back and forth, smacking her bouncy behind on his crotch. She completely lost herself in the perpetual, robotic motion, nearly forgetting the little crease in the doctor's orders. It was okay, though, since the answer was simple in her mind.

I will do anything to appease master. Anything he needs, anything he wants, anything that pleases him. I will give him any other pussy he desired, and I will never be jealous. I will bend over backwards and contort myself in any way that I can to follow his whims. I will be his fuck-hole for as long as he pleases, and strut my worthless ass out of the way when he decides I'm no longer useful. It feels so good to be owned by him. There is no doubt in my mind that my entire life led me to this role, as my master's willing cum-dump.

A harsh spank from her yawning master cut her train of submissive thought.

“Faster, slave.” He demanded.

“Yes master!” Jennifer cried out ambitiously, took a sharp, steeling breath, and hastened her movements a few folds. Her new speed was enough to make her pussy juices splatter around every time she took his cock all the way in. The doctor stood rooted in his place, flailing his arms like a spanking machine, smacking Jennifer's butt as she worked it off to please him.

“I'm cumming you stupid cunt-bot! Hah!” He pulled out, spanked her again, and jerked his cock, aiming it on her bubbly round booty.

“Paint my ass white, master! My life is nothing without you!” Jennifer wiggled her ass like a thrilled puppy, serving her pert bottom on a silver platter.

The doctor whimpered and moaned, but his cum remained in the hose. He teased her anal hole, lubricating it with his glossy pre-cum.

“Maybe I need a little more encouragement.” He said with a smirk, and started slowly penetrating her ass.

“Fuck my ass master! Your cock is amazing! Ahh!” Cried the anal virgin, right before he took that virginity away from her.

He brought his fingers to her mouth and played with her tongue, feeling her warm breath as she howled. He used her ass for less than a minute, and pulled out again.

This time, his cock shot sticky cream on her smooth ass cheeks almost immediately. He groaned as he sprayed his jizz on her, dismissively dumping his load on her bubbly bottom.

“All right, that was fun.” The doctor said, lightly out of breath, and wiped his cock on her thighs.

“I’m glad you enjoyed my body, master.” Jennifer slurred out. Her pulse was racing, and her pussy and ass felt warm and tingly. She looked back, in a haze, as her master sat back down on his chair.

“Andrea, clean my cock. Becky, give me a shoulder rub with your mammaries. Sabrina and Sophie, lick my feet. Shelley, clean my cum off your new slave-sister.”

“Yes master.” The girls sang in a chorus, and moved to obey. Jennifer continued to lean on the wall, presenting her sexy ass quietly.

Shelley's expert tongue slid across Jennifer's buttocks with long, broad strokes, shoveling and guzzling the doctor's cream into her mouth. She gave Jennifer's well-fucked cunt a few kisses as well, making the hot blonde weak in the knees. She was on the edge of orgasm for almost ten minutes now.

The doctor lounged on his chair as if he was in a spa. Sabrina and Sophie ran their tongues between his toes, and gently kissed his heels. He rested his head on Becky's soft boobs, as she pressed them on his lower neck and shoulders like the pleasure tools they were. Andrea barely blinked, licking his flaccid cock and his depleted balls with glazed, vacant eyes.

He looked at the clock, and pushed Sabrina away with his leg.

“Okay, time to go.” He said and stood up “Dress me up, cunts, and I’ll be taking Jennifer and Sophie home today.”

“Yes master.” Their submissive response never failed or faltered.

He is so kind to take us home. Jennifer thought, beaming with a radiant smile.

“It's laundry day, and you'll have to do the usual cleaning. Plus, Jennifer needs to learn how I like my place cleaned, so be prepared for more work than usual, Sophie.” He added as they buttoned his shirt and buckled his belt for him. He didn't even need to move a muscle as they flocked around him and dressed him up.

“I understand, master.” The nubile teen nodded and said, giving Jennifer a warm smile. That was the first moment Jennifer realized the doctor was actually taking them to *his* home, so they can continue serving his every wile.

How silly of me, She mocked herself, I get to serve my master beyond our weekly meeting. master is even kinder than I thought.

Once they were all dressed again, Jennifer followed the doctor out, alongside Sophie. She swayed her hips in an accentuated manner, rolling them very deeply. Her pussy still ached with need to orgasm. This time, her plight was finally visible to her wonderful master.

He smiled at her smugly, and with his next word, Jennifer soiled her silky panties, and cried out in gratitude she could never properly express with words. Her climax marked the end of her life as she knew it, and the beginning of a better, happier, and simpler existence for her.

Chapter 7

Jennifer sat on the couch in her apartment. The TV was off, and she was deep in thought, swimming in the wonderful memories of her night of serving as her master's in-house concubine. He had them strut around his huge house in sexy french maid outfits, watching their perfect, scantily clad bodies as they cleaned and cooked.

Their revealing attire left their desirable parts exposed, so that he could just poke their holes whenever he felt the need to. He fucked Jennifer from behind as she dusted his living-room, and blew his load on the floor. At his command, her and Sophie licked the

marble tiles clean, like a couple of kittens, and only continued their usual chores when it shined and sparkled.

Whether they were separating his clothes before the wash, mopping his floor, or standing before a hot stove, the two were always open and willing to get the fucking of their lives. And unless he told them otherwise, they were instructed to seamlessly multitask – Continue their chores as if they weren't being banged like common whores, and accommodate their master's cock in their holes as if nothing else kept them busy.

It wasn't an easy instruction to follow, but Jennifer did her very best to excel on both fronts. She was actually surprised at how well she fared, and quite proud that most of her master's attention focused on her, considering the young, gorgeous Sophie was also there, her flawless body just as available and ready to be used as Jennifer's was.

Her saddest time of the evening was when she folded her master's newly cleaned clothes into his closet in the bedroom, and he was no longer there to objectify and admire the body she put on display just for him. She could hear muffled moans from downstairs, where he bent Sophie over his regulation pool table. Jennifer heard her beg him to fuck her harder, and stick the pool cue deeper in her ass. Apparently, they played a mock game of 8-ball, which Sophie lost quite brilliantly.

Jennifer sat on the couch in her apartment, stared at the TV, and rubbed her pussy, remembering how he fucked them both before sleep, and how she fell asleep softly snuggling against his crotch, already in position to gobble up his morning wood.

She rubbed her cunt in circles as the minutes turned to hours. She barely noticed the passage of time anymore, with the metronome dictating the pace of her life, and fantasies of her master dominating nearly all of her conscious, and subconscious moments.

“Ohh fuck! I almost missed the beginning...” She noticed the time. The season finale of Next Top Model was about to start.

Ten minutes into the show, and Jennifer was already imagining the three finalists serve as her master's top-model sex slaves. She

didn't even spare her own favorite to win the show, Vivian, from her dirty fantasies of utter submission.

It was certainly a new way for Jennifer to watch TV. Wearing no bottoms and a flimsy pink top, and stuffing two fingers deep in her pussy. She barely listened to what the host was saying as she visualized all those beautiful women carrying out the most submissive, perverted acts of sex imaginable. All at the whim of their master, Eugene Damaster, of course.

DING DONG the door bell rang.

"Fuck, who could it be?" Jennifer muttered to herself. In her current state of undress, not to mention her elevated arousal, she was in no state to greet someone at her door, let alone play hostess to a guest.

"I'll just pretend I'm not home." She decided and turned the TV's volume down to a whisper.

DING DONG the person at her door was clearly not buying it.

DING DONG

DING DONG

DING DONG

A barrage of angry ringing and knocks on her door then came. Jennifer rolled her eyes, closed her legs, and stood up with a smile. She wasn't going to get angry at such a silly thing. She'll just open the door a crack, tell the person it was a bad time, and hope whoever it was won't notice she was half naked.

Her attitude changed the second she peeked through the peephole.

"Oh god!" She cried out in shock, opened the door in a hurry, and fell to her knees.

"I'm so sorry it took me so long to answer the door, Master. I didn't know it was you. Please forgive this worthless slave." She leaned down respectfully, planting her lips on his leather shoes.

He smiled arrogantly, his hands squeezing the round butts of Shelley and Sophie, who hanged on his arms from both sides like two bimbo eye-candies. He marched them in and closed the door behind them. Jennifer straightened her back and kept her head down, in shame.

“Nice place. A little too nice for a cunt like you.” He said, looking around, appraising Jennifer's humble abode.

“Yes master. Thank you master. I'm sorry master.” She said.

“Don't worry, fuckdoll, you had no way of knowing it was me at the door. I forgive you. Besides, I'll find a way for you to make it up for me.” He said.

What a relief...

“Strip.” He ordered, and spanked Sophie and Shelley.

“Yes master.” The two said. They never averted their eyes from him. It's highly possible they weren't even aware they walked through Jennifer's door.

He sat on the couch with his pants down, and the two already naked hotties sat on either of his sides. They looked at each other with glazed eyes, and immediately leaned down to polish his hardened rod. Unblinking, they rubbed their lips all over his cock, as if it was the only thing that existed in the world.

“Get me some chips, cum-lips.” He told Jennifer, gently patting Sophie and Shelley's heads like the two docile pets they were.

“I don't have any, master. I'm so sorry...” Jennifer said sadly, feeling bad for disappointing him.

“You should get some next time you grocery shop.”

“Of course master. My home, like my body, must fit your preferences and accommodate your needs perfectly.” Jennifer replied with a small nod, watching with envy as the other two passionately locked their lips around his tip.

“Hrrm, that's nice.” He groaned “What *do* you have in the snack department?” He wondered.

“I have some popcorn, master.” Jennifer hoped that would suffice.

“Good. Get me some, and then kneel between my legs and lick my balls.”

“Yes master.” She said and rushed to obey.

Once she placed the popcorn in her master's reach, Jennifer knelt as ordered and snacked on her master's balls. With the three of them working together, not an inch of his junk went without their warm, tender love.

He folded his hands behind his head, and looked at the TV.

“What is this crap?” He asked, grabbing the remote.

“Next Top Model, master. My favo~Mmbh!” Jennifer said between wet slurps, until her master impatiently pushed her lips back on his balls.

“Pfft, ridiculous reality shows, destroying our culture. Plus these cunts in bikinis can't even hold a candle to my adorable Sophie,” He said and ruffled Sophie's silky red hair with pride “and I'm not just saying that because she happens to be my sex slave.”

He proceeded to change the channel and watch an NBA game. Jennifer wasn't big on basketball, not that it mattered. She continued dutifully muffling her lips with his balls, only breaking contact for a second to remove her shirt. A slave like her had to be fully naked for her master, unless he commanded otherwise.

He had them change positions throughout the game, and fucked them during half-time and time-outs. He also kept sending Jennifer to bring more refreshments, beverages, and snacks.

As the game went into overtime, Dr. Damaster ordered Jennifer to choke on his cock, and told Sophie to feed him grapes like a traditional harem girl would. Jennifer choked on his cock as if she had no gag reflex. He started out by mouth-fucking her with his hands, showing her the depth and pace that brought him most joy, and she kept to it like a programmed automaton, ignoring any physical difficulty she may have incurred.

It was ironic. Only a few months back, Jennifer broke up with her boyfriend in the most volatile of ways, because he dared to change the channel on her favorite show. Now, she was missing the grand finale of that very same show, because her master decided to drop by and watch a basketball game on her couch.

She had grown, and matured. She knew her true worth now, and her real purpose. She knew what her mouth was for, and it was not for complaining or bitching about the other cunts her owner happened to be dipping his pecker into. Her mouth and tongue were meant to worship and adore, with words or without. Anything else was secondary, and insignificant.

Jennifer looked up at the man her world revolved around, and speechlessly thanked him with her moist hazel eyes. He was busy

switching between plucking grapes with his teeth, and using those same teeth to nibble and suckle on Sophie's perky teen tits and perfect nipples. He paid no attention to the blonde head bobbing between his legs, and her grateful eyes.

And yet, as if the universe was trying to tell Jennifer she finally fulfilled her true destiny, that was the moment her master groaned, and shot a mouthful of sticky sperm into her open, welcoming lips. His muscles tensed every time his hose pumped another thick dose into her throat, and his groping hold over Sophie's lithe body tightened.

Jennifer made sure to gulp every single drop of spunk, barely letting a smidgen glaze her lips. His climax was so massive, that at one moment she nearly lost control and allowed his gift to overflow her mouth. She fought through it valiantly, with one thought guiding her ambition. *What kind of lousy cum-dump am I, if I can't take my master's full load in my mouth?*

With his exertions down her hatch, Jennifer smiled proudly, kneeling before him and awaiting his whims.

"You have a bath here?" He asked, slapping her chin with his sensitive, flaccid snake.

"Yes master." She nodded and said.

"Get your cute little ass over there and run one for me." He said, and leaned back on the comfy sofa cushion.

"Right away master. Do you want a bubble bath?" Jennifer asked.

"Do what you think will be most pleasant for me."

"Your trust in my ability to satisfy your needs gives my life meaning, master, and makes me feel accomplished beyond words." She bowed graciously, and kissed his feet.

"Yeah yeah." he waved his hands dismissively "I also happened to bring my favorite bath toy." he added, pointing to Shelley's heavy, round hooters. The bespectacled brunette spent the last hour standing at attention, thrusting her chest out like an object on display, waiting to be of use.

"Her tits are really fun to squeeze and fondle in hot, steamy water." He said, and Jennifer could see how good it made Shelley

feel to hear those words.

“I'll have it ready for you as soon as possible, master.” Jennifer said, kissed his cock one last time, and scurried off to the bathroom.

“Being sentenced to master's therapy group is the best thing that's ever happened to me.” She told herself as she began filling the tub with hot water.

She didn't even care anymore who won Next Top Model, all her focus went to wondering how her master will use her in the upcoming night. Her pussy got so wet just thinking about it.

“I can't wait.” She mumbled “I will serve my master forever.”

###

While Jennifer is happy in her new life, Dr. Damaster is far from being done. I hope you enjoyed this tale enough to check up on his next adventures. Don't hesitate to write a review for this book, if you want to. It can greatly help the success of the author.

Thank you for your support :)