

# Hypno Gun Control - Danny Gets Some

By  
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## Sexual content statement

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

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Kylie walked forward on the runway-shaped stage, looking around her with awe. There was so much smoke engulfing the stage she was on, and obscuring anything but the stage from view. It was like a rose scented, white fog.  
Her naked body felt warm, and her pussy felt so wet, so needy, and so desperate.

“Ohh...” She whimpered with shimmering eyes, using one hand to rub her pussy, and the other to pinch her nipples.

She pinched her clit and moaned, white vapor coming out from her mouth and joining the cloudy smoke around her. She didn't know what she was waiting for, but she knew she had to wait. She was to stand at attention with blushing cheeks, her moist gentle tongue lightly peeking from between soft, peachy lips.

Ever since her master pulled the trigger of the hypno-gun, and bathed her in ruby light, Kylie learned the importance of obedience, and the pleasure of giving control over her life away. A good slave-toy waits patiently where she is, with glassy blue eyes and a blank, thought-free mind.

“Go on, Kylie. Your master demands to be entertained.” A godly voice boomed through her, bathing her with warm tingles, and feeling like a barrage of spanks on her behind, spurring her forward.

“Yes master.” She responded meekly, like a good slave.

She strode forward slowly and sensually, moving her hips sexily with every graceful step, just the way her master liked.

A smooth, metallic stripper's pole appeared on the stage before her, and Kylie was starting to understand what she was there for.

The fully nude, skinny and nubile young woman ran her tender fingers up and down along the cold, silver pole, and then leaned her body on it, pressing her cheek and one of her breasts on it, panting with heat.

“What are you waiting for?” The booming voice asked “Start dancing for your master.”

Unlike before, the voice seemed to have a source. Kylie looked beyond the stage, and the thick fog began to clear, revealing a single round table, and the lone patron sitting next to it. It was her master, Danny.

Kylie's friend and fellow slavegirl, Maya, was on her knees before him, wearing a harem girl's outfit. She sucked his shaft while jerking his base and massaging his balls, like a well oiled fellatio machine.

“Dance for my master.” Kylie repeated, her lips touching the cold steel of the pole.

“As my master wishes.” She spanked herself and her butt twerked sexily.

The naked pole dancer used that first twerk as momentum for a hip shaking, tit bouncing performance. She twirled around the pole, writhing her flexible body like a snake.

“Everything for my master...” She mumbled, squeezing her tits around the pole and pushing her crotch on it with a wet moan.

“Anything to make him happy.” Kylie turned around and ran the pole between her butt cheeks, moving her sexy rear up and down. She watched her master fuck Maya's face while enjoying her show, and felt a spark of lust on her clit.

Kylie bit her lower lip, moaned moistly, and tossed her head back, making her long black hair wave gracefully. Looking into the foggy distance, she prayed for her master to fill Maya's mouth with his white cream.

A strong beam of light flashed in the distance, like a lighthouse beacon trying to guide her to shore. It appeared for a second, dazzled her, and vanished in the smoke.

“Don't get distracted, cunt. Keep dancing.” Her master demanded beyond the muffled sounds of Maya choking and slurping.

“Ohh, yes master.” Kylie struck a sexy pose and said, but the strange light flashed again, and took her focus.

It started flickering at an increasing pace, and it's force grew tenfold, nearly blinding Kylie. She

had no idea what was going on, feeling herself being swept away on a wave of light that demanded her attention.

The next thing Kylie felt was the hard, timber floor of her master's bedroom on her back, as she woke up.

She squinted her eyes open, sleepily reaching forward to the light blinking before her, emanating from a special alarm clock that emits light instead of sound in order to wake people up. It was tucked under her master's bed, so only his slaves, who spent the night on the floor beside him, would awaken to the bright flashes.

Danny found very quickly that, as much as he liked feeling his slavegirls' bodies in his arms after sex, he couldn't relax and find sleep like that. He told them to take their lewd bodies to the floor in the middle of that fateful first night, with express orders to wake him up with a nice blowjob come morning, before they start working on his breakfast.

Kylie reached under the bed to turn the flickering light off, finding it hard to move under the weight of her big breasted friend, Maya. The two fell asleep in a sixty-nine position, the night before, with Maya on top. The busty brunette had her face tucked between Kylie's shapely legs, her lips gently touching Kylie's pussy as she slept. Positioned as she was, Maya couldn't see the alarm clock light that woke Kylie up.

"Hey, Maya." Kylie whispered, and gently kissed Maya's pussy. Maya snuggled against Kylie's crotch and whimpered, but didn't wake up just yet.

"Master..." She mumbled. Like Kylie, Maya's enslavement ruled her dreams as well as her waking self, and she had her own dream of meek servitude and submission.

"Maya, wake up." Kylie hissed more sharply, hoping she won't prematurely wake her master up. She rubbed Maya's pussy above her, and stuck one light finger in.

"Oh!" Maya's head jerked up and she awoke suddenly.

"Shh, be quiet!" Kylie hissed again, and silently tossed Maya off of her.

Maya shook her head and rubbed her sleepy, puffy eyes back to full awareness.

"Is it morning already?" She asked quietly.

"Mm-hmm" Kylie nodded "We need to wake master up in two minutes."

"Is master still asleep?" Maya asked.

"I don't know..." Kylie replied with a concerned look in her eyes.

Like two feline huntresses, Maya and Kylie peeked above the mattress with narrowed eyes, and saw their master lying comfortably in his bed, drooling on his pillow and sleeping like a baby.

"Yes! He's still asleep." Maya put her hands up in the air, in triumph, and began crawling up the bed.

"Master said we should surprise him in the morning." Kylie grabbed her friend's ankle, and tugged gently "He wasn't in the mood for a simple 'good morning' BJ, remember?"

"Ohh, right..." Maya said dumbly "What should we do, then?" She asked, absent-mindedly licking her own big tits.

"Don't worry, Maya." Kylie smiled coyly at her friend "I have an idea."

"Oh, goody!" Maya giggled "You're such a better slut-slave for master." She added enviously.

"Don't worry, Maya, your tits are much bigger than mine." Kylie giggled back "Now, listen up..."

It took Kylie and Maya a few days to figure out the light alarm clock method. Danny didn't care how they did it, all he wanted was for their lewd, nubile bodies to be the thing to wake him up. The first thing Kylie tried was sticking a cell phone in her cunt for the night. She set it to vibrate in the morning, but she couldn't stop herself from having a surprise orgasm when the time came. Her moans woke her master up instantly, and though he told Kylie he forgave her, while patting her head as she sucked him off, Kylie could tell he was grumpy about being so rudely awoken.

The special alarm clock under the bed worked perfectly, though. Sure, Kylie had to special order it, and use the college fund her parents saved for her to pay for it. But it was all worth it, just to look up and see his morning grin while she and Maya pleased his morning wood.

Truth is, Kylie seemed to be the only one using her brain and trying to solve such issues. It was weird, Maya was always the better student at business school, but as a slave-toy to master, it was like her boobs had more brains in them than her head. That is, none at all.

That morning, Kylie and Maya were tasked with waking their master up in a surprising, imaginative way, and Kylie knew just the way to do it. A vague memory of the wet dream she had gave her the idea.

Maya and Kylie moved their sleeping master so he lay on his back, and moved his quilt to unveil his already raging morning hard-on. Kylie almost couldn't believe they did all that without waking him up, especially with bimbo Maya threatening to give in to her urges and dive in with puckered lips.

“Okay, let's do it.” Kylie whispered with a wink to her stupefied friend, and spread her legs wide.

Maya did the same, spreading her smooth, long legs opposite to Kylie. Danny's erection was positioned smack down in the middle of the two wet, coed pussies.

The docile coeds gently swayed their hips closer together, with focused precision, until their horny fuck-lips kissed his shaft from both sides, engulfing his hard cock in a warm, pleasant pussy sandwich.

Kylie was the first to whimper passionately, feeling her master's raw rod press against her tender snatch – She could swear she felt his veins on her flooding lips. With a nod, she told Maya it was time to start, and the big breasted slut squealed and started sliding her pussy lips up and down Danny's pole. Kylie did her best to match her friend's fervent hip movements, with her cheeks dyed crimson and her blue eyes rolling up.

Their pussies kissed every time they met at his tip, and with every passing second they pressed harder against each other, and increased the pace of their vertical hip movements. Their hip muscles were beginning to spasm, and their arms ached from being stretched backwards and leaned on, but neither of them cared one bit.

Danny woke up to the pleasant feeling with a loud snort. He quickly lifted his head to see the horny mugs on his two obedient bitches. Depravity and debauchery was practically written on their foreheads, as the two polished his rod between their flooded, fresh cunts, with glowing eyes and blushing cheeks.

The obscene, wet music, that their pussies composed, muffled the chirping of the birds outside.

“Well, good morning. Hrrrm.” He said coarsely, and cleared his throat “You two really took my command to surprise me this morning seriously, huh?”

Kylie and Maya responded with a whorish moan of delight, their pussies quivering on their master's bulging hard-on.

Danny smirked and lay back on his pillow, checking the time to make sure his toys didn't wake him up too late.

“Ahh fuck! That feels good!” He groaned and said, enjoying the two young women scissoring each other with his cock in-between, all for his pleasure and satisfaction. They writhed and ground their hips in desperate attempts to make him cum, but it was not to be.

“Damn, I have an early class today...” He lamented “I’ve gotta get up already.”

“Ohh...” Maya whined sadly – She so enjoyed the new way Kylie devised to make him happy.

“Don’t worry, Maya.” He said, rising to a sitting position “You’ll be doing this thing a lot from now on. You’ll be brushing your twats on my cock, together, until your thigh muscles cramp. It feels so unbelievably good.”

“Ohh yes master!” Kylie and Maya moaned and said together.

“Okay, Kylie, breakfast.” He said simply “I need to take a shower. Maya, with me.”

“Yes mas-Mm! Nn! Mm!” She started saying, but as he got up, he shoved her face down to suck his cock, quickly plugging her mouth.

Danny spanked Kylie, sending her to the kitchen with a bounce in her step, and mouth-fucked Maya to the bathroom. The hot brunette coed walked backwards on her knees, trying her best to smile up at her master, as he led her down the hall.

“Mm!” She whined when her head hit the door frame.

“Oh, sorry, Maya. My bad.” Danny said, forgetting for a second that he could do no wrong in her eyes.

“\*Mphua\* Fhor what, mashter?” She asked with his tip between her lips, rubbing her noggin and licking around his dick’s head.

“Uhm, nothing.” Danny said with a smirk “Get the water going, slut.”

“Yes master.” Maya let his hard cock rest on her forehead, and said.

His shower had separate knobs for the hot and cold water, which annoyed Danny to no end. He felt like he needed to be a chemist to take a shower, find the correct combination of hot and cold, so it was hot enough, without boiling him. Every small twist of the knob could turn it from freezing to steaming, it was almost chaotic in nature, or at least that’s how Danny felt.

Yet another benefit of having Maya and Kylie at his beck and call. Maya stood under the shower-head, and turned the knobs until the water washing over her was just the right temperature for her master. All Danny had to do was casually lean back on the counter with his cock in his hand, and watch the water flow over Maya’s shiny, wet body.

Maya didn’t forget to fondle her tits and move lewdly for her master’s viewing pleasure. Even as the water turned from cold to scorching in a blink, Maya made sure to flinch in a sexy way, and entice her master with her skinny, yet curvy body.

“Ready, master.” She said after about a minute, and smiled at him invitingly.

Danny moved towards her with a smug smile, making circles with his finger, to wordlessly tell her to spin around. Maya nodded under the gushing stream of water, twirled around herself, and waited.

Danny came behind her, took a moment to enjoy the warmth of the water, pushed her upper body onto the marble tiles of the shower wall, and fully penetrated her wet pussy.

“Ohh master...” Maya moaned as soft, splashing sounds echoed throughout the steam-filled, small shower. Danny’s crotch repeatedly spanked her bubbly behind, and his cock pumped deep into her.

“Hmmm...Ahhh...” Danny moaned and groaned, sticking his face under the stream and gargling the water. Maya’s tits pressed against the cold marble, and scraped against the spaces between the tiles as he banged her.

Maya always rubbed herself to orgasm in the shower, even before her hypnotic enslavement, but she never fantasized about a man bending her over and fucking her from behind in a casual, uncaring manner. She didn't even need to get herself wet for him, thanks to her wet dream and how she and Kylie woke him up in the morning.

Her goal was different, too. Before, when she masturbated in the shower, she wanted to achieve her own climax, like the egotistical bitchy cunt she used to be. Now that Danny had tamed her, the joyful slave was just a hot pocket, and her purpose was singular, to tighten her pussy for her master so he could orgasm, and if he allowed her the thrill of climax, that was just a nifty bonus.

“Ohh fuck, so tight!” He growled in her ear and squeezed her big jugs from behind. Maya clamped down and tightened her fuck-hole even more, feeling his cock bulge inside of her as the hot water washed over them both.

“Ohhhhhh...” Danny increased the pace and fucked her like a mad dog, until his cock gushed white sperm into her.

“Hrrm! Hrrm!! Harrrr...” He pushed into her, hard, with every splashing grunt, emptying his balls into her, and popped his cock out with a panting sigh.

“Ohh-kaaaaay...” He sighed again, and spanked her ass “Soap me up.”

“Yes master!” Maya's said enthusiastically, her pussy dripping thick cum that was quickly washed away into the floor drain. It was time for her to gently rub her master's body with the soft sponge, and scrub it clean while accepting his probing, squeezing, and rubbing hands on her sexy body, all throughout the steamy exercise.

Danny came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around his hips, and headed to the small dining table in the kitchen, where kylie had already prepared his breakfast cereals, and set it on the table next to a refreshing beverage.

“Nice, thank you, Kylie.” Danny pinched her nipple and said.

“Anything for you, master!” Kylie said, looking cute and sexy in her white, revealing apron.

“Maya.” He said the name of the woman he just fucked, snapped his fingers, and pointed to the floor under the cereal bowl.

“Of course, master.” She shook her ass to where he pointed, and dropped to her hands and knees.

Danny sat with his towel on Maya's perfectly straight back, slapped her behind, and picked his spoon.

“I nudded in her twat.” He bragged to Kylie, still standing next to the table with an eager-to-please smile.

“Ohhh...” Kylie looked down at Maya's up-turned booty, and felt her pussy drip with lust. She fidgeted in her place and salivated, her eyes nearly popping out of her sockets.

“Heh, hilarious.” Danny chuckled, chewing and staring at her “Go ahead, Kylie, you have my permission.”

“Oh thank you master!” Kylie gasped and shot to her knees, sticking her mouth in Maya's pussy in seconds flat. Kylie used her tongue to drill into her friend's fuck-hole, trying to scrape and salvage the smallest traces and leftovers of her master's yummy cum.

“Ohhhh...” Maya whimpered and writhed, feeling her friend munch on her creampie.

“Don't move so much.” Danny told his sexy seat with a slap.

“S...Sorry...Hmm!...Master.” Maya said, and tried her best to stay still while Kylie ravaged her tight cunt. Danny smiled to himself, he got the hang of degrading his obedient women quite quickly and naturally. Well, he dreamed about such things in the past, admittedly.

Kylie and Maya had to skip their own breakfast, because their master had to hurry to class. Danny's fellow math majors still gawked at him, with his two arm candies giggling at his every word and following him everywhere. He even started hanging out with some Law majors, who were too cool to even look his way, until they saw him with Maya and Kylie.

They were a nice bunch, even if they sometimes talked about things like sports, which Danny never found all that interesting.

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Professor McCarty's lecture was even more yawn-inducing than usual that day, and the only thing entertaining Danny, other than touching Maya and Kylie's legs under the table, were the dirty looks the female professor gave him and his two willing sex dolls. Clearly, she didn't like how servile and subordinate Maya and Kylie acted for him.

She couldn't do anything about it. Even though Kylie and Maya were business majors, and clearly didn't belong in that classroom, they were allowed to stay as long as they didn't interfere with the flow of the class. And considering all they did was copy the blackboard and make notes of what the professor was saying, without making a peep, the busty harpy had no grounds for her clear desire to kick them out on their shapely coed behinds.

Kylie and Maya were like two diligent secretaries, unable to comprehend the complex mathematical constructs being taught, but copying the Greek letters and equations down, nonetheless. Danny was much more focused in classes, now that his sexual needs were so readily and consistently taken care of, but that didn't mean he was impervious to the occasional hard-on in the middle of the day, even during class.

If there was one thing he learned from his past experiences, it was that releasing his sexual tension as quickly as he could was the best way to re-target his mental faculties towards the truly important things, like having a full understanding of the subject matter.

Which is why he had a very easy-to-comprehend signal with his two sexy helpers. Feeling distracted by his carnal desires, Danny stood up and walked to the door, excusing himself to go to the restroom. On his way, he touched Kylie's shoulder, and she smiled sweetly and a bit arrogantly, having been chosen to accompany him.

Less than thirty seconds after he left, she wordlessly got up as well, and left the room to go after him. They met outside the women's restroom, which Danny discovered was leaps and bounds ahead of the men's room, when it came to sanitation and cleanliness.

Kylie walked in and made sure all the stalls were empty, before inviting her master inside.

“How do you want me, master?” She asked with a rosy hue in her cheeks.

“In here.” Danny chose a stall, and sat on the toilet seat.

“Yes master!” Kylie jumped with thrill. Her master didn't use her for sex that day, yet, and her pussy was so eager to satisfy his sexual whims.

She locked the door behind her, and lifted her skirt so he could see her clean shaven, tight snatch. If the other college guys knew a girl as hot as Kylie walked around with a knee high skirt and no panties, they were likely to lose it in their pants.

Patently biding her time, she waited for him to say the word, or make his move at her. He unzipped his pants, lowered his underpants from his hard-on, and let it spring directly up, like a space shuttle waiting to launch.

“Go on.” He said “Ride me.”

Kylie spread her legs atop him before he could blink, and after a moment of teasing her wet cunt with his manhood, she lowered her hips and took him fully into her tight, warm embrace. She knew the drill – Kylie was to bounce on him at a pleasant pace, and try her best not to moan or whimper too much. There was no telling when another woman might come in, and they didn't want to be caught.

“Hmm, that's nice.” Danny said, running his hands along her thighs as she rode him.  
“I'm happy you're enjoying yourself, master.” She looked deep into his eyes and said, her voice dripping lust and her expression projecting unending love and adoration.

“I wonder if we're fooling anyone, you know.” He whispered, reaching around her to grab her bouncing butt “Not leaving together, but rather a few seconds apart. I bet everyone assumes we're doing it.”

“Does it matter, master?” She asked, tightening her pussy's grip of his shaft.

“Not really. If it did, I'd have come up with a better plan to hide it. Ohh fuck, no better way to deal with stress during the day, than your cunt, Kylie.”

“Your words honor me, master.”

“Yes, yes they do.” He agreed smugly “And the best thing is, I'm not really missing anything, because Maya is still there, taking notes for me. It really is the perfect arrangement.”

He lifted Kylie's shirt, to play with her boobies.

“I just hope Maya can do a good job on her own. She's giving a serious 'dumb cunt' vibe, lately.”

“Ohh trust me, master.” Kylie said, her pussy quivering “She was always much better at taking notes than me.”

“Really? Heh, I find that hard to believe. Hmm, that reminds me, what did you end up doing with your own studies?” He asked Kylie about hers and Maya's budding business degree.

“Nothing, master.” Kylie said “Serving you took too much of our time. We couldn't even give it a shred of attention.”

Her voice was not accusing, or even implying any guilt on Danny's part. She simply stated a fact, and kept on riding her master, as it was her most important duty. It wasn't his fault, after all, and he was gracious enough to allow them to continue on their degree, so long as his tiniest whims were fulfilled beforehand, and aptly prioritized.

“I see. So what will you do?” He asked, watching her perky titties bounce.

“I've spoken with Maya already, we'll probably drop out. It doesn't matter too much, we are in our freshmen year, anyway.”

“What will you tell your friends and family?” He wondered.

“Nothing, at first. We'll think of something. It's just that with attending all your classes, to take notes for you, AND serving you pretty much every waking second, there's no time for us to even inquire about lowering our course-load.” She said, once again with no resentment, nor any doubt in her tone.

“Well, I suppose I can take only one of you to each class, so the other one can take notes at your business classes. Thing is, I won't be able to take the other one for a quick fucking, and still have

full notes. So you see, there's really no other way.” He rationalized plainly.

“I understand, master.” Kylie ground her hips on him, and said “I am happy to give my future away, if it means you get a tight pussy to fuck, whenever you get hard.”

“Spoken like a true sex toy.” He said, drowning in the pleasure her tight snatch gave him, and soaring in the heights of ecstasy and bliss.

“Professor Greenberg was so right. All you business school coeds are good for is pleasing and serving a math genius like me.”

“Really, he said that?” Kylie asked.

“Well, more or less. It was right when he gave me the hypno-gun.”

Kylie giggled.

“He must be so smart.” She said, and started bouncing her ass harder and faster “I wouldn't have guessed, with how old and nerdy he looks.”

“Your ass is owned by a nerd.” Danny reminded her with a spank.

“Yes master. Just like all hot, dumber pussies should.” She responded, wanting nothing but to ingratiate herself to him.

“Are you pleased with my pussy?” She batted her eyelashes and asked.

“Ohh fuck yeah! I'm gonna cum soon!” He told her “And to think I used to sit in class like a hopeless horn-dog, just waiting to get back to my room and rub one out.”

“I'm happy to rub as many out of you as you need, master.” Kylie said, increasing her bouncing and adding some circular, grinding hip movements.

When she felt him exploding into her, raw and unbridled, she buried her dainty fingers in his mane, and tensed her lithe, petite body. Danny's muscles tensed as well, as electric jolts hit him with every spurt of his sperm. He grabbed both her butt cheeks and glued her to his crotch, feeling warm and pleasant shivers coursing through his body.

“Haa...Haa...” He panted once he was done. Kylie's cunt was full of cum, but she stayed on top of him, soft and light, waiting for further instructions.

“haa...Just to make sure.” He breathed heavily and said “You *\*are\** on the pill now, correct?”

“Yes master. I was on the pill all along.” She reminded him “Maya was the one who wasn't, until you ordered her to start.”

“Ohh, right. I forgot, heh.”

“It's understandable, master. I wouldn't have been able to tell our worthless fuck-holes apart, too, if three of them hadn't been mine.”

“Hah! You're so amazing, Kylie...” He said, making her blush red with embarrassed pride.

“Phew, okay. Time to get back to boring Professor McCarty's lecture.”

“I'll be right there, master. I'll just wipe your cum off a bit, so it won't drain down my legs.”

“Don't.” Danny said with a wicked smile “I want that prudish professor to see.”

Kylie giggled coyly, and shook her booty out the door, spanking her ass a few times in the empty hallway, in attempts to make the cum drizzle down from her pussy even faster, and thicker.

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After his last class of the day, Danny decided to send his bitches home to tidy his place up, and have a chat with his new buddies from law school over some hot beverages in the cafeteria.

“So anyway, I take her out of the club and fuck her right there in the back alley. I cum on her face, and she just waltzes back in with her face all covered.” Gerard was in the middle of gloating about one of his many sex-capades. The other guys were either shocked, jealous, or suspicious that he was lying.

“No way man.” Danny was the first to talk “The least you could have done was give her something to wipe her face with. Sluts still deserve some common courtesy, you know.”

The guys all laughed out loud.

“See, man, this is what I'm talking about.” Gerard said “I never thought you're the kind of guy who can talk about bitches like that. You know, like one of the guys. I thought you were...You know...”

“A virgin geek?” Danny suggested.

“Exactly!” Gerard said and raised his drink to toast.

“They're called women.” Flint berated “You know, it's funny. I've been to plenty of parties, and I've never seen women willing to walk around with cum on their faces. And yet most of your stories end that way, Ger.”

“Heh, you just don't know how to be in the right place, at the right time, my man.” Gerard boasted.

“Besides, you've got a steady girlfriend, don't you?” Danny asked.

“Yeah, they're tight.” Michael answered instead of Flint.

“Yeah, you know.” Flint said “Some people are okay with just \*one\* girl.”

The guys all laughed again. Danny didn't understand, at first, but that jab was mostly directed at him.

“Yeah, speaking of more than one bitch.” Gerard started “How the hell did you get those two hot tails to wag their booties for you so readily, Danny? I mean, don't get me wrong, but they're way too good for you.”

“You know, that was surprisingly eloquent of you, Gerard. Then again, you are studying law, so you might as well be good with words. How's that going, anyway?”

“Oh, come on, man! Don't change the subject, damn brainiac. Those two hotties from the business faculty are some of the best new meat to join the pool this year. How on Earth did you rope them in?”

“I used a gun-like device to hypnotize them to obey me.” Danny said plainly, and took a sip from his straw.

“See, this is why we ought to get him drunk. He's too smart to spill the beans while sober.”

“Maybe you're just too stupid for him.” Flint suggested.

“Meh, same diff. I'm going to bring you some beer, Danny-boy.”

“I told you, I don't drink.” Danny asserted.

“Oh come on man!” Gerard nearly begged, but Danny simply shook his head, trying not to laugh at the already tipsy Gerard.

“Whatever. I'll be making a proper man of you, yet. You'll see.”

“Awefully nice of you, Ger.” Danny said coyly “But I don't swing that way.”

Danny brought about another roar of laughter from the table, as Gerard departed grumpily to get more beer.

“What's so funny?” A feminine voice asked from behind them.

“Oh, n...nothing, Sweetie.” Flint got up to kiss the flaming redheaded beauty standing behind Danny.

Cassidy, Flint's loving girlfriend was quite a conundrum. Danny only heard about her, so far. A devout Christian, she believed in the sanctity of marriage, and saved herself for it, as he learned from the horse's mouth himself – Flint, that is.

From Michael, Flint's best friend, Danny heard that Cassidy made some money being a swimsuit model. She didn't do anything too provocative, but apparently felt free enough with her smoking body to pose in bikinis for camera. Michael dubbed her a conservative, independent feminist, a creature Danny didn't think existed.

From Gerard he heard that, well, that Cassidy was the hottest piece of ass on campus, and that he'd bang her in a heart-beat, if she wasn't already with Gerard, or if she wasn't such a damn prude. Danny could definitely see his point, now that he lay his eyes on her, with her bright red, shiny, and smooth hair. Her skinny figure tucked underneath cute, conservative, drab-colored furs, and her glowing green eyes.

He felt he could drown in the depths of those eyes. She was like a creature from legends, a fae from some enchanted forest, in human form.

“Danny, this is my girlfriend, Cassidy. Cassidy, this is Danny. He's that genius math wiz I told you about.”

“Oh right! I heard a lot about you.” She stretched her dainty angel's hand for a shake, the crucifix on her neck swaying from the movement.

“Uhm...L...Likewise...” Danny stuttered a response. He left her to dry a few seconds longer, before detaching his gaze from her eyes and realizing she was extending a greeting hand.

“Uhm, yeah. Hi...” He said awkwardly, and took her hand.

“Is everything okay, Danny-boy?” Gerard asked with a smile.

“Uhm yeah...It...It's...It's all good.”

Cassidy giggled, somehow making the room lighter.

“He's funny.” She whispered to her boyfriend.

“He's just nervous with new people. Sometimes.” Flint raised an eyebrow “Anyway, you wanted to ask him something, right?”

“Oh yeah, I did.” She said, and turned to Danny “See, thing is, I really want you to bang my pretty little brains out. Flint is fine with it. What do you say?”

“W—What?” Danny murmured, his cock stiffening.

Cassidy stared at him with wide eyes, confused.

“I said, I'm studying engineering, and I'm having issues with the math they teach us. I figured since you're a mathematician in training, maybe you can help.” She said with a radiant smile.

“O-Oh, I see.” Danny blinked, pulling himself out of his fantasies.

"I've never really been good with math..." She admitted "So, what do you say?"

"Uhm..." Danny felt tingles in his dick, and like Cinderella before midnight, he knew he had better scurry away before he made a fool of himself.

"Sounds, uhm, great. I...I have to go now, though. I'll...Talk to you guys later." He said, and raced outside, to the collective frown of the entire group.

"It's okay. Scientists are known to be eccentric. They'll just chalk this up to me having quirks. I'm still generally a nice guy...It's okay..." He convinced himself as he rushed out to the parking lot, on his way to the dorms, ready to fuck a new hole into his slave-bitches, with the raging hard-on Cassidy gifted him.

\*.\*.\*.\*.\*.\*.\*

Danny made his slaves squeal harder than ever before, that evening, pumping his seed into their mouths, pussies, and between Maya's big tits. After his sixth orgasm, he collapsed on the sofa, exhausted and content. Maya and Kylie were sprawled on the floor, cum stained smiles on their fatigued faces.

They had no idea what sexual demon had gotten into their master, but the two charmed sluts felt so complete and accomplished, after he used them so roughly, that they couldn't care less.

"Ohh gawd, my cock is so raw..." Danny muttered breathlessly.

"Come here and kiss it..." He said with a delirious smile "Gently...It's a little sore..."

"Yes master." Kylie and Maya whispered, exhausted as well. Their hands and knees barely carried them to the sofa, and when they arrived, they collapsed down to plant their soft lips on his limp cock. The black mascara they put on to beautify themselves for their master ran down and stained their cheeks, and their lipstick was smudged out from all the violent face fucking they've endured.

Danny sighed to himself, and contemplated on the events of the day.

"I still can't handle being around beautiful women..." He finally uttered in a resigned manner.

"What do you mean, master?" Kylie, the blue eyed, raven haired, skinny beauty asked.

"Flint's girlfriend showed up at the cafeteria earlier, and I became the same flustered buffoon that first approached you before I zapped you, Kylie. I mean, fuck, Cassidy is so hot, I've never seen such clear, velvety skin."

Kylie and Maya kept on kissing his limp rod, while he fawned over the beauty of another woman.

"Don't get me wrong, the two of you are sexy as hell. Kylie probably has the same quality body."

"Thank you, master." Kylie showed her gratitude by licking his balls.

"Maybe this is just me pining for what I don't already own..." He wondered.

"Why don't you own her, then, master?" Maya asked dumbly.

"Master deserves all the pretty pussies he desires." Kylie agreed heartily, her blue eyes sparkling at the notion of a new toy joining her and Maya, and becoming master's favorite squeeze.

Danny sighed and patted the heads of his devoted pets.

"I wish it was that simple." He said "Even if I could use the hypno-gun on more women, Cassidy is Flint's girlfriend. They're really into each other, and Flint is a great guy."

"Master is such a good person." Maya sang happily, gently caressing his cock with her silky soft lips.

"Yeah, I can't do this to him...Can I? Hrrm, Cassidy is definitely something I'd love to hit." He closed his eyes and pondered for a second.

"Aaargh, no. No way, not going to do that. It will just be...So wrong." He tried convincing himself, but just telling himself how wrong it was sent pleasant shivers through his spine.

"I'm sure there are plenty of hot cunts who are unattached, or attached to men you don't care about. Fuck them instead." Kylie suggested.

"I had a boyfriend until the day you enslaved me, master." Maya reminded him "It was so easy to blow him off, while blowing you at the same time." She added with a wink, and a moist kiss on his helmet.

"You know, my pretty little bitches, that's the smartest thing you've ever said." He praised "Well, as far as I know."

"Heck, I can even find a chick with the same body type as Cassidy, and have her dye her hair and wear green contact lenses."

"I'll be happy to, master!" Kylie jumped the gun.

"Nah, you have the right body, for sure, but I'm not going to exchange my black haired, blue eyed angel, for a spicy red haired, green eyed fae. I want both!" He determined with confidence.

"Which is all nice and dandy, but I still can't use the gun on anyone else, other than the two of you."

"What can we do to help, master?" Maya asked, looking up at him like a loyal puppy.

"Nothing, really." Danny sighed one last time "I guess I'll have to talk to Professor Greenberg about it. These devices are being beta tested right now, apparently, so...Hrrm..."

"Oh well, let's leave that for tomorrow. For now, get my bed ready, and wake me up with your pussies tomorrow, like you did this morning."

"Yes master." The two friendly slaves sang, and began their slow, sensual crawl to the bedroom, to fulfil their master's wishes.

The next morning, Danny showed up at professor Greenberg's office, intent on talking the older man into giving him information about the origin of the marvellous hypno-gun device. He just needed to find the courage to open his mouth, first.

"You've been standing quietly for over a minute, sunny-boy. Is there anything you wanted to speak with me about?" Professor Greenberg raised his eyes from the morning paper, and peered through his spectacles at Danny with weary, yet sharp, grey eyes.

"Uhh, right." Danny looked down at his feet, embarrassed.

"Have you been enjoying those lovely business majors? I'm glad they have enough brains to take notes for you during class. I'm sure they're great in \*ahem\* other aspects, as well, hmm?" He winked at the younger man, and looked back down at his newspaper.

“Yeah, about that. Uhm...” Danny said but pursed his lips, trying to find the right way to approach his request.

“You want me to get the hypno-gun recharged, so you can tame more lovely young women to serve you.” The old man said blatantly, casually flipping a page, not even raising his eyes to see the surprise on Danny's face.

Danny just stood there, speechless and slack jawed.

“This is where you tell me if I'm right, or wrong, Danny.” The old man insisted.

“Oh, right. I...I mean, yes, uhm, I suppose you're right...” Danny said, looking around nervously. Danny was getting tired of feeling his cheeks burning up while speaking to the cool, calm, and collected old man.

Professor Greenberg cleared his throat, closed his newspaper, and stood up in front of Danny.

“I'm disappointed in you, Danny.” He said with a judgemental overtone “I gave you the device to help you block out certain distractions, and focus on your studies.”

“I...I know, but...” Danny started defending his request, but the old man held his palm up, signalling him to stop.

“And now you want to make yourself a harem? Do you think you'll be able to focus on science, with an armada of youthful, feminine bodies aching to please you?”

“How's two different from a dozen?” Danny countered.

The professor laughed.

“Come on now, kid, you don't actually believe there's no difference, do you?”

“I...I just want to know if it's possible.” Danny said with shaking voice, trying to sound as confident and strong as he could.

“Yes, it is.” Professor Greenberg said “But you shouldn't get too greedy. Learn from your elders, I took the one woman I was interested in, and that is enough for me.”

“You're old!” Danny blurted out without thinking.

Professor Greenberg pursed his lips and raised an eyebrow.

“I...I'm sorry...I didn't mean to imply...”

“That I'm too old and fragile to handle more than one energetic and compliant sexual partner?” Professor Greenberg finished Danny's sentence.

“Uhhh...It's just... Well, I do have more, umm, stamina, at my age, don't I?”

The old professor laughed again.

“Haha! That, you probably do, but that does not mean I can't enjoy the same quantity of shapely bosom, even at my old age.”

“Okay, we're straying off of the subject at hand, Professor Greenberg...” Danny was getting impatient.

“Heh, to be young, rash, rude, and reckless. I do miss it.” The professor sat back down.

“I’ll tell you what, young man,” He adjusted his thick-framed glasses and said with a sly smile “I will tell you how to refill the device I gave you, and in exchange, you will lend me your two sexy slaves for a night. What do you say?”

Danny narrowed his eyes, and considered his options.

“Counter proposal.” He embarked like an oily lawyer “I’ll give you both Kylie, and Maya, for a night, and you’ll tell me how to re-fill it. But, you will add the woman you used the device on, whoever she is.”

He considered for a second.

“Wait, she’s not someone your age, is she?”

“Heh, no she’s not. She’s actually younger than you are, only turned eighteen a few months ago.”

“Oh. Good.” Danny nodded to himself and said.

“You do recall that the only reason you have the device, is because I gave it to you, free of charge.” The professor mentioned.

“Didn’t you get it free from your friend? And didn’t you say you had no more use for it?” Danny replied.

“Still, I’d say that was quite a big favor. But you know what, I find myself unable to deny the exuberance of youth. I agree to your offer, Danny. I will await at my home tonight, and I’ll even lend you the guest room, where you can enjoy my personal little crumpet.”

“Uhm, I think I’d rather take her back to my place...” Danny tried not to insult the old man.

“My home is quite large, Danny.” The professor interjected “But you can decide on that once you get there. 7 PM, sharp.”

“Okay then. Uhm, thanks.” Danny nodded briefly, and left without another word, leaving the older, wiser professor to smirk, and return to his reading.

There was something thrilling about returning to his dorm room, and telling his two skimpily dressed maids that he’s lending their sexual wiles, their very bodies, to another man for a night.

“My body is an object in your possession, master. I am so happy you can rent it to achieve your goals.” Kylie responded after being told she was being bartered with like a piece of chattel, and quickly continued scrubbing the floor clean, making it shiny for her master to traverse upon, with his majestic feet, that she lived to kiss.

“I’m so glad you’ll be able to get more silly cunts to serve you, master.” Maya shook her naked booty while rubbing the kitchen counters, and said. She wore high heels, which Danny found made her rear look even better than usual, it gave her ass an extra, pert curve that practically invited him to stick his manhood in her from behind, and pump away.

“I still can’t believe you were so bitchy and rude when you first walked through that door.” Danny stood behind Maya, and slapped his cock on her bubbly behind.

“It is my greatest shame, master. Ah!” She let out a moan as he entered her pussy “I had no idea that I was born to serve you. I feel so bad for all those other misguided pairs of boobs out there, not knowing what they’re hot bodies and comfy holes are really for.”

“Oh, They will find out.” Danny said with a nefarious vibe, roughly squeezing her tits as he rammed into her “They'll all find out, eventually.”

“Y—Yessss masster...” Maya agreed with a sexy hiss, her pussy getting wetter, and tighter around his rod.

Later that day, Danny, Maya, and Kylie arrived at Professor Greenberg's address. Danny knocked on the door, while Maya and Kylie reached under their short skirts and rubbed their bare cunts, preparing themselves for the old man. Danny had a small bag containing the hypno-gun. He wasn't going to let that miraculous device escape his reach for a second.

“The professor was right.” Danny said as they waited “This place isn't a big house, it's more like a small mansion. I guess the college is paying him quite a lot.”

Professor Greenberg opened the door, smiled at Danny, casually touched Kylie and Maya's breasts, lingering on Maya's impressive cleavage, and invited them in.

“So, like I said, you can take the guest room downstairs. I assure you that your privacy won't be compromised, as I'll be upstairs in my bedroom, behind closed doors and sound-proof walls.”

“I'm already convinced, Professor Greenberg. I wouldn't want to sound hasty, but can you please tell me how to...”

“Go to this website, and click the live chat option. Tell them you want to top up your subscription. You'll cope with the rest, I'm sure.”

“Wow, umm, okay.” Danny said with a wide grin, memorized the note, just in case, and then folded and pocketed it.

“Come along, my puppet.” Professor Greenberg called out.

“Yes, your highness.” Danny heard a gentle, feminine voice from the second floor “This puppet is master's stress doll, and it exists for his pleasure.”

“Your highness?” Danny raised an eyebrow.

“I figure if it worked for the most powerful rulers in history, it's good enough for me.” The old man jested, and Danny couldn't help but chuckle in response.

A petite, long haired blonde, wearing dainty black glasses, came down the stairs. She wore a dog's collar on her neck, and a white robe on her skinny body.

“This puppet is master's stress doll, and it exists for his pleasure.” She said again as she walked down the stairs.

“This puppet is master's stress doll, and it exists for his pleasure.” She reached the bottom, and disrobed, revealing her amazingly nubile, naked body.

Her body was covered in artistic tattoos. Her back had red welts on it, clearly caused by cruel whippings, and her small, perky tits had clear bite marks on them. Her hips were so slim, Danny figured he could touch her side and thumb her pink clit with the same hand.

“This puppet is master's stress doll, and it exists for his pleasure.” She said again, and dropped to her hands and knees, quickly pressing her face onto the floor, and wiggling her cute, pink hued butt with blank eyes. Danny looked at her pink pussy, tucked between her soft buttocks, and noticed the lips were pierced with a conspicuous metal stud.

“Please fuck this doll, master.” She droned out as she wiggled her hips from side to side, for her master's benefit.

“You may rise.” The professor said, and the blonde silently raised her head, and knelt before him. “Meet Pussy McCarty, or at least that's how I call her.”

“Nice.” Danny said with a grin “She's hot, and I see you've... Wait, did you say McCarty?” Danny asked with shock “She couldn't be related to...”

“She's her daughter.” Professor Greenberg said plainly.

“The woman you know as Professor McCarty has been a thorn at my side for many years.” He continued “You've been in her lectures, have you not? She's venomous. Imagine being her colleague for 20 years.”

“Scary.” Danny agreed.

“Indeed. But that's exactly why this little bitch is here. Explain to my young guest, Pussy.”

“When my mother annoys his majesty, my master, this worthless puppet kneeling before you is happy to take the punishment for her mother's sins.” She said blankly, her light blue eyes looking to the distance.

“I am a tool for my master to vent his anger upon, because my mother is not attractive enough to suffice. When my evil mother, who I used to wrongfully love beyond all, gives my master a hard time, my beloved master takes pleasure in knowing he can degrade and humiliate me, in every way imaginable.”

“This puppet is happy to be of use in her master's revenge. She is his slave for the rest of her pathetic life.”

Danny stood in silence for a few seconds, staring at the young blonde woman with the perfect body and beautiful, innocent face.

“That was quite a lovely prepared speech.” He finally said, feeling his manhood push against the fabric of his pants.

“I've trained her well.” The professor bragged, and reached his foot forward. The woman he dubbed Pussy McCarty quickly arched her neck down to kiss it.

“Her mom thinks she's busy studying for her medical degree.” Professor Greenberg said “You know, med school tends to take a lot of your time. Well, this sexy chickadee was always a studious nerd, the pride of the pretentious Professor McCarty.”

“So Professor McCarty has no reason to suspect her nightly absences.” Danny realized, as Pussy licked the old man's toes with her lithe tongue, and kissed his finger-joints with bright cherry lips.

“Precisely, Danny. Plus, there's the added value of knowing the degree of corruption I have wrought on that damn harpy's lovely offspring.” Professor Greenberg said.

“Well, let's get started. I want to try these big tits on my tool.” He bounced Maya's tits with his wrinkled hands, to the sweet ambiance of her musical giggles.

“Pussy-slut, Danny here struck a deal with me. You will treat him as you treat me, until the morning

comes. Take him to the guest room.”

“Yes, my master. This puppet is yours to barter with.” She said, and crawled to the spacious guest room.

“If you're thirsty, you can get drinks from the kitchen, or send little miss McCarty to get it. Have fun in there.” The old man winked at him, stood between Kylie and Maya, pinched their bubbly behinds, and walked them upstairs with his hands pressed gently on their butts.

“We're going to have lots of fun today, whores.” He told them as he walked up.

“Yes sir.” Kylie agreed with a giggle “Hot business-school coeds exist to serve their intellectual betters.” She uttered the words Danny taught her, desperate to help her master in keeping his end of the bargain, to the best of her lewd, seductive abilities.

“You're not going to leave any marks on them, are you?” Danny wondered, concerned for his priceless property.

“Relax. I'm only a cruel lover to the devil-spawn awaiting you in the guest room.” The professor said before vanishing into the second floor's hallway.

Danny shrugged, sighed, and skipped over to the guest room, eager to enjoy the soft touch of the angelic blonde waiting for him there. He had no problem admitting that he too had some resentment and frustrations to unload upon the precious med-school coed, who happened to be the daughter of his most hated professor.

When he entered the room, he found the hot, somewhat nerdy, blonde back in her position on her knees, with her face pressing hard, this time against the soft linen covering the king sized mattress of the guest room's bed.

“This puppet is master's stress doll, and it exists for his pleasure.” She droned again, and used her dainty hands to spread her butt cheeks.

“Fuck my holes, master. I am yours.” She said, both her pussy, and her ass invitingly open.

“What, already?” Danny sat down on the bed “Wow, this mattress is so soft and bouncy. Guess that's the quality someone with this huge house is used to.”

“Anyway,” He reached for her with a spank on her raised tush “I'd rather start with a little BJ first.”

“A blowjob, my lord?” She raised her head and looked at him, and he nodded “As my master commands.”

The woman he only knew as Pussy McCarty slithered along the silky sheets of the bed, and with the precision of a surgeon sent her tongue to his pants. She licked his fabric, and then helped him remove it.

“Ahhh...” Danny moaned as she took him in her wet, well trained mouth.

“I live to worship my master's cock. My mouth has no other purpose.” She bobbed her head a few times, then plopped her lips off, and said.

“That's right, honey.” Danny said, patting her golden hair “I wish your mom was as silent and obedient as you. Her feminist rants during class can be a real pain in the ass.”

She plopped her mouth off again.

“I apologize for her stupidity, master. My ass is here for you to take your anger on.” She said, and returned to her sucking.

“Heh, I'll keep that in mind.” Danny closed his eyes, and kept on brushing her brilliant, silky hair with his fingers, reaching her twat with his other hand, to casually finger her while she blew him.

“You know, if she at least had proper context for her shrilly rants. But when we're in the middle of an advanced statistics class? Why does she turn everything to politics? Honestly, it should be banned by the administration.” He said.

“Keep sucking, no need for you to agree with me.” He quickly told her, feeling she was about to raise her head and speak in subservient agreement.

After another few seconds of slow head bobbing, accompanied by pleasant tongue twirls around his shaft, she raised her head again.

“I live to worship my master's cock. My mouth has no other purpose.” She said her mantra again.

“Yeah, okay, keep going.” Danny impatiently pushed her head back down, and she meekly took his cock back in her mouth, and kept on sucking.

That is, until a minute later, when she plopped his cock from her mouth once again.

“I live to worship my master's cock. My mouth Mm! Mm!”

“I get it! Fucking suck my cock hard and stop repeating things all the time! Fucking bitch, I guess professor Greenberg likes it, but seriously, just fucking choke on my cock, and let me quietly imagine your mother's face if she saw this.”

“Yes master. Sorry master.” She said, and her obedience surprised even Danny, who was already used to Kylie and Maya's oral ability to gag and choke themselves mercilessly on his manhood.

“Ohh fuck! Wow!” He gasped as the hot blonde took him all the way in, and licked his balls with her outstretched tongue. He couldn't help but hit her head a few times, instead of patting her. In fact, he began drumming on her blonde head while she speared her face on his cock. He had never thought a woman's mouth could be such a perfect cock-glove.

When he exploded in her throat, she barely even flinched, and when she plopped her cherry lips from his manhood, not a trace of white remained un-swallowed.

“Damn...He wasn't kidding when he said he trained you well.” Danny admitted, his forehead sweating.

“This puppet is happy you enjoyed it, your highness.”

“Oh, I've only started.” He said with ferocious eyes “In fact, I'm still rock-fucking-hard!”

“This puppet will oblige in any way you please, master.” She said, and like a mindless automaton, returned to her place, pushing her ass up, her face down, and wiggling sexily.

“This puppet is master's stress doll, and it exists for his pleasure. Fuck my holes, master. I am yours.” She uttered again, parting her cheeks in his direction once more.

He knelt behind her, and slapped her perfectly formed, petite ass with his dick. He was about to

penetrate her, but then frowned and furrowed his brow.

“Did the professor train you in, uhm, anal service?” Danny asked, running his tip along the rim of her shiny, soft, and somewhat gaping anal entry.

“Yes, my lord.” She answered “His majesty likes fucking me up the ass, hard and good. Especially after an argument with his nemesis, my villainous mother. He often has me go back home with anal beads stuck in there, and sit through dinner with a sore behind while recording my mother.”

“He's having you record her?” Danny asked.

“Just in case she spills something that might help him destroy her career.” She said “And also for the pleasure of knowing that while she casually converses with her only daughter, I am sitting with dildos and other sex toys stuck in my lewd orifices, and dreaming of her top rival lording over my nubile body.”

“I see.” Danny smirked “I never fucked a chick anally before.” He admitted.

“My ass belongs to you, my lord and master.” She said, and raised her hands a bit, to open her ass up even further.

“Heh, well, I guess it wouldn't hurt to try...” Danny determined, and aimed his cock at her inviting fuck-hole.

“Well, wouldn't hurt me!”

It wasn't as easy to breach her ass as it was to penetrate a wet pussy, so Danny rubbed her moist pussy, gathered some pussy juices on his fingers, and rubbed them on his cock and along her rim. He inserted himself into her slowly, inch by inch, until he was balls deep inside.

“Ohh, here we go. Fuck this is tight.” He groaned.

“My ass is yours. I obey my master.” She said, whimpering.

“Oh, yeah, keep saying that!” He spanked her and ordered. He didn't mind the mantra repetition, as long as her mouth wasn't supposed to be busy sucking him off, at the same time.

“My ass is yours. I obey my master.”

“My ass is yours. I obey my master.”

“My ass is yours. I obey my master.”

She said again and again, her voice moist and dripping lust, as Danny banged her ass from behind, smashing his hips down on her repeatedly, drilling into her with prejudice.

Upstairs, Maya and Kylie were given mantras of their own.

“Please fuck us, your highness. We obey your every whim.”

“Please fuck us, your highness. We obey your every whim.”

“Please fuck us, your highness. We obey your every whim.”

They droned out with blank, glassy eyes, on their hands and knees on his bed, swaying their hips from side to side and waiting to be used.

Professor Greenberg first fucked their luscious mouths, plugging their noses as he pumped his hips, to see their faces redden as their lungs ran out of air. After making them gag and once tears

welled in their eyes, he moved to pump his old cock into their fresh, well lubricated pussies. He fucked them until he was inches away from orgasm, then brought their round asses closer, and glazed them with cum.

One was enough for the old guy, so he lay down to sleep, using Maya's fun-bags as pillows, of course.

The night was still young for Danny, though. After filling the room with constant sounds of flesh hitting flesh, as he fucked the hot, four-eyed blonde's ass, he turned her around roughly and plugged her lips with his cock.

“You don't mind that I just rammed your ass with it, do you?” He asked, gripped her nose between two fingers, and shook her head from side to side as she made obscene suction sounds.

“No, you don't.” He said playfully, as the sex-puppet known as Pussy McCarty slobbered and slurred breathlessly.

He made another run through all her holes, cunt, ass, and mouth, pumping each orifice for a few deliciously blissful moments, and then commanded the obedient love-doll to make love to his balls while he pleurably rubbed his cock all over her gorgeous face, until he came.

“Lick your glasses clean.” He said once he was done.

“Yes, your majesty.”

She licked the clear glass and the thin, plastic frames, slowly, and sensually, until they were bereft of cum. Danny tested his limp cock for more action, by having her take her tongue out and slapping it with his tip. Unfortunately, he was utterly depleted, at that point.

“Well, guess I'm done for now. Go get me a refreshing glass of water.”

“As my master commands.” She said, and began crawling to the kitchen. Danny was about to tell her she didn't need to crawl, but upon seeing her graceful, lithe body move to the door, he reconsidered.

“Hey, is this computer connected to the internet?” He inquired before she left, noticing for the first time that there was a desktop computer in the room he was in.

“Yes master.” She paused, gave her answer, and kept crawling.

“Great, time to make sure the old man kept his end of the deal.” Danny said. He did trust Professor Greenberg. If he didn't, he wouldn't have gone online in the old man's home. Well, he also figured the old gizzard had the computer skills of most older people, so he wasn't very much concerned about spyware and such.

He sat down on the chair, and watched her ass wiggle away to bring him his drink.

“Professor McCarty's class tomorrow will be so fucking fun. I might have to go to the restroom with Kylie very often, though.” He told himself, and laughed quietly.

“Now, let's see what this website is all about.”

He opened the internet browser, and typed the address the professor gave him.

“Alright. Live chat option. Dum di dum di dum.”

A live-chat window opened, and a man from the company manufacturing the hypno-gun told Danny that their chat is fully secured, and blatantly gave him a few options of adding “blank profiles” to the gun, ready to be filled by those women Danny wished to have an undeniable, and

total influence on.

Danny decided he could afford five new profiles, and gave his credit card information. It was fortunate he brought the hypno-gun with him, because apparently it had a serial number on it, hidden under a plastic cover. Using that number, the nice person he chatted with could top-up the device remotely, using the cellphone network.

Once the payment was approved, the chat was closed with a message stating that the top-up will become active in ten minutes or less.

Danny sat and stared at the gun for what seemed like 30 minutes, expecting some indication telling him it was done, and wondering if perhaps it was all a scam perpetrated by his trusted professor.

He was starting to worry he paid so much money for nothing, but then the gun lit up, made a subtle, but hard to ignore noise, and a screen display that he hasn't seen before showed "+5" in bright green letters. Those letters vanished as soon as they came, but it was all Danny really needed. He would have jumped and screamed in cheer, if he wasn't certain Professor Greenberg was already sleeping.

He looked at the beautiful blonde, readying her pussy on the bed, just in case her master wanted her again, and crawled into bed beside her.

"It's a wonderful day."

"I belong in the service of my master. No scholar ambition can ever match my glee when his majesty utilizes my body." Was her response.

"Heh, he really did a number on you. Maybe I should zap you with the gun, just to program you to fit me better, for tonight. I mean, this is the gun he used on you, so it should still entrance you just fine."

"I am an obedient fuck-puppet." She said, leaning her tits on him, her glasses sliding down her nose.

"You've got a point." Danny jested "You don't need any further reprogramming. Come here."

He embraced her like a teddy bear, and breathed her sweet scent deeply. He was about to send her to the floor, so he could sleep, when a loud noise made him jump to a sitting position.

*BANG!*

"What the fuck was that? A gun shot?!" Danny's heart skipped a beat, and he could almost feel it sliding down to where his trousers would be, if he wasn't naked.

"I am a fuck-puppet for his highness."

He heard a door slam noisily, and swallowed nervously.

All his questions were answered when a familiar voice let out an unfamiliar shriek of fury and disgust.

"WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER, YOU PERVERTED MANIAC!?" The mad woman screamed, and her voice was followed by another gun shot.

"TELL ME OR I WILL BLOW THE HEADS OF YOU, AND YOUR TWO WHORES!"

"Professor McClain?" Danny mumbled, his heart racing.

"The villainess is trying to kill master. I must save him." The petite blonde whispered.

“Don't move, and be quiet. I'm your master for tonight, remember?”

Her pupils shook in her eyes, and she clearly wanted to argue, but her mind itself did not allow her to.

“Yes...master.” She said, and calmed down.

“Don't worry, I won't let your mom kill Professor Greenberg, not after all he's done for me.” Danny could barely believe what he was saying, but somehow, he was filled with courage he never thought he'd have in such a situation.

He was also filled with other emotions, as a wicked smile formed on his face. He was smart, calculated, and logical, and he knew he had more than one ace in the proverbial hole.

“Besides, your mom isn't bad looking for a MILF her age. I don't know why Professor Greenberg didn't zap her, himself, but perhaps it's time to rectify that mistake.” Danny raised his hypno-gun menacingly, and looked at the docile blonde coed.

“It's go time. Follow me.”

“Yes, your highness.”

*To be continued...*

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Danny's life is getting more and more exciting with the help of the hypno-gun, and he is finding many new things about himself.

Will his sudden courage be the death of him? Will Professor Greenberg, Maya, and Kylie be okay?

Will Danny zap Professor McClain, and if so, will him and Professor Greenberg double team her, once she's docile and obedient?

All that, and much more, in the next thrilling instalment of Danny's College Adventures.

Here's a sample of another one of my books:

### **Slumdog Hypnotist**

“Where the fuck did she go? That annoying little...Gahh...”

Scarlet Rogers blew off some steam, looking around frantically within the crowd of mall goers, trying to locate her ward, eighteen year old Jean Wave, daughter of the multi-billionaire, Francis Wave.

The brash young woman may have been a rich, spoiled brat, but she wasn't stupid, and if she knew anything, it was the landscape of the gigantic local shopping centre.

“Come on, Scarlet, you found HVT's in down-town Baghdad. Finding a silver spooned rich chick in a west coast mall should be a breeze!”

The ex-military chick berated herself begrudgingly. If she had known that the only occupation available to her, after she quit the army, would be chaperoning the snobs of the top one percent, she'd have enlisted for another tour in the middle east.

She had to admit one thing, though, her latest assignment wasn't too bad. Unlike other wealthy clients, Jean was young enough to treat Scarlet like an actual human being, rather than an insignificant meat shield against the poorer drags of society. She had a sort of innocent charisma to her, that beguiled men and women alike – Another reason Scarlet had to find her, quickly.

Scarlet would never admit it to her young ward, but she mostly enjoyed being her bodyguard. Well, except for when Jean slipped away from her, like the irresponsible 18 year old youth she was.

“There she is!” Scarlet said through gritted teeth, spotting Jean's bright, light brown, well groomed, flowing long hair, and skinny figure. She almost grabbed her shoulder and turned her around, before realizing that the clothes didn't match. Sure enough, when the young woman turned around, somehow sensing the sudden appearance of someone behind her, it was not Scarlet's billion dollar maiden.

The woman frowned suspiciously, and Scarlet smiled apologetically, and walked away, back to her scan of the massive crowd.

“Oh, I should have known!” She growled when she saw Jean in a shop selling up-scale designer hand-bags and purses.

This time she saw her ward from the front, and her deep, light blue eyes and pristine facial features were unmistakable.

Scarlet wanted to pounce in front of Jean and start screaming, but the younger woman was not her friend, nor her family. Jean was the daughter of Scarlet's employer, and Scarlet knew not to step on her toes, for fear word of it may itch the toes of the wealthy and powerful Francis Wave.

She simply walked over to the young woman and stood next to her, giving her a meaningful greeting nod that carried just the right amount of veiled resentment.

“Oh, Scarlet. I thought I lost you.” Jean smiled cheekily, appraising a purse that might bankrupt some families out there, but amounted to peanuts when compared to the Wave family fortune.

“You did.” Scarlet said with pursed lips and narrowed eyes.

“Hey, don't look at me like that.” Jean giggled at her “Not my fault you can't keep up!” She sweetly winked at her fuming bodyguard.

“Oh, I can keep up. Trust me.” Scarlet assured with a confident nod, her eyes unblinking and fiery.

Jean stared back at her with coy, and somehow innocent eyes, holding the expensive purse casually with a sheepish half-smile on her face. There was a moment of silence, and then Scarlet sighed and rolled her eyes, giving off a chuckle and lightening the mood, essentially defusing any remnants of drama that Jean didn't already eliminate with her carefree attitude.

The two shared a short laugh, until Scarlet cleared her throat, and gave her ward a serious look.

“You know, I'm paid to protect you. I can't do that if you spend half your time trying to get away from me.”

“Protect me from what?”, Jean asked, “People don't know I'm rich. I don't give off a super wealthy scent, do I?”

“You'd be surprised...” Scarlet mumbled under her breath.

“If anything, you being near me makes me more of a target, doesn't it?”

“Are you saying that, when people look at me, they naturally see a goonish bodyguard? I look young and well kept, I could just as well be an older friend of yours.”

Jean edged closer to Scarlet and whispered “You'd be surprised” in her ear.

“Oh, please...” Scarlet smirked and shook her head, turning around to assess their surroundings a bit, and hide her lightly blushing cheeks.

That sort of verbal exchange was the reason she liked guarding Jean Wave. She would never tell Jean, but she did feel like they had some chemistry, almost as if they were sisters, or close friends.

Scarlet was sometimes worried that she was sending a certain vibe that made Jean think it was okay to evade her and play with her, thus putting both of them in danger.

Still, she just couldn't bring herself to put a mean, unemotional, and professional face, and be stricter with the light-hearted, happy younger woman.

Unsurprisingly, Jean bought the most expensive purse and spent a solid twenty minutes transferring the contents of her old handbag to her new one, giving her old one to Scarlet, to hold.

"You look good with it." Jean lied. Scarlet was holding the designer hand-bag as if it was a satchel. She always did feel more comfortable with a gun in her hand than a make-up kit. Not to say she didn't know how to look her best, but it was never at the top of her priorities, especially in her previous line of work.

"I'm pretty sure it's worth three times my monthly salary." Scarlet curled her lip and said.

"You can keep it, if you want." Jean suggested with a smile and a small shrug.

"I doubt your father will agree." Scarlet replied with a nudge of her shoulder, making Jean giggle cutely.

This time, as they walked along the row of mega stores, Scarlet didn't allow her eyes to stray away from Jean for a single second.

At least, until she felt a not-so-subtle pinch on her behind. She grabbed the rogue hand, tossed it away, and turned around to glare at the shameless man. He was lucky she restrained herself before drop-kicking him straight to an emergency room bed.

"Feisty! Me likes!" The man was somewhere between Scarlet and Jean's age, and could clearly use some re-educating when it came to approaching the ladies.

"What did you say?" Scarlet seethed.

Scarlet was tall, very tall, lanky even, but her body was skinny, lean, and in her tight get-up, very attractive. This wasn't the first time she noticed a man had his eyes on her, even before leering at the even more beautiful, younger Jean. Scarlet had a feeling that her new make-up and attire, picked by Jean, was getting her all the wrong attention.

"Dude, trust me, you do not want to bark up that tree." Jean interjected, her cherry colored, glossy lips smiling with a rare mix of innocence and coyness. Both her and the pervy pincher were about a head shorter than Scarlet.

"Oh, my, I didn't even get a good look at you." He turned his body to Jean and shamelessly stepped much closer to her than she expected him to.

"You're even hotter than your friend." He put his hands on her hips and breathed alcohol on her face. The guy was clearly drunk as a skunk, and it was barely evening.

"Get away from me!" Jean shoved him away with both hands, and recoiled back.

"Oh come on, girl..." He tried approaching her again, but Scarlet had had enough

Quick as a panther, the tall ex infantry grabbed him, turned him around, and twisted his arm behind his back. She wrapped her other arm around his neck, and held him in a choke hold.

"Ow! This hurts, bitch!" He complained.

It was her turn to whisper something in his ear.

"I'm going to push you away in five seconds. After that, you have 10 seconds to either get out of my sight, or have both your arms broken. Am I making myself clear?"

"Y-yeah..." He said with a grunt of pain.

She shoved him forward and he fell to the ground, nearly failing to stop himself from crashing face first on the floor. He looked back angrily, but also showed quite a bit of fear. Wobbling back to his feet, he mumbled "Whatever, I felt your fucking tits on my back."

"What was that?!" Scarlet asked angrily.

"Nothing, miss, nothing!" The drunken young man was already scurrying away as fast as his unstable legs could take him.

Scarlet turned back to Jean, and they shared another silent moment, before bursting in laughter.

"Lucky you were here." Jean said.

"You see? That's why you shouldn't try and get away from me." Scarlet tried to pierce the perfectly formed shell of obliviousness that the young, gorgeous Jean made for herself.

"Oh, I meant lucky for him, not me." Jean joked.

"Oh brother..." Scarlet face palmed.

"I mean it! I was just about to knee him in the groin. I don't know how to do that soldier arm-twist neck-hold thing you did." Jean explained, nodding at her own words.

"I see. So you're saying me being here protected his crown jewels." Scarlet retorted with a jest of her own. Seeing as she couldn't beat the sharp tongued Jean, she figured she might as well join her.

"Precisely." Jean winked at her bodyguard, and turned to walk away, still having some stores she was eager to check. Scarlet looked down, shook her head with exasperation, and followed suit. Something told her Jean wasn't going to try and elope again that day, and so Scarlet could at least let her guard down, in that regard, and concentrate on protecting the billionaire heiress.

Two hours later, Jean and Scarlet crossed through the parking lot with nearly more shopping bags than fingers and toes.

"You know, Jean, with me holding these many bags, I'll have a problem if something happens." Scarlet bemoaned, weighed down by the multiple stylish, opaque, colorful plastic bags.

"Well, I am dainty and delicate. Besides, I need to hold my new awesome purse." Jean held her swanky hand-bag up with a big, radiant smile.

"Jean, watch out!"

It happened in a split second, or at least that's how it felt for Jean. A blurry shade emerged from behind her, and before she knew it, absconded with her new purse. The purse snatcher was 20 feet away from her before she could even gasp, but Scarlet was already on him, sprinting a mere few feet behind him.

"You didn't have to toss the bags so violently, Scarlet!" Jean shouted at the two figures receding from her view.

Jean moved her gaze between Scarlet's athletic back and the bags at her feet, and finally grunted,

took off her heels, and ran after them.

“Wait for me! Damn it!” She ran barefoot as fast as she could, with her heels in her hands, but she could barely keep up.

The young rich chick was in great shape, and that was the only reason she managed to reach the fence where Scarlet had cornered the perp with enough of her breath to scoff and give him a scornful look.

“Got you!” Jean declared triumphantly, and Scarlet gave her an incredulous stare.

“Okay, okay. You got him.” She admitted with a smirk.

The man wore a black hoodie, but now that he stopped running and faced them, the girls could see his face. He looked like a deer in the headlights, his wide eyes moving between their faces, ready to zip out of there the second he saw an opening.

He wasn't unattractive, Jean had to admit, and was much closer to her eighteen years than Scarlet's twenty seven.

“There's no way to go.” Scarlet asserted, standing firm and staring at him dauntingly “Give me the purse, and I'll think about, maybe, not calling the cops.”

A single bead of sweat rolled down his cheek. He was clearly not accustomed to being chased down, and actually being caught. With his speed, that was no surprise.

Jean could almost see the wheels of his mind turn, considering his next course of action. It almost looked like he was about to surrender, but instead he glanced to his side, frowned, and looked back at Scarlet.

“No way to go, you say?” He said with a coy and confident half-smile, though his dark pupils trembled in his eyes.

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