



# Master mind Adventures

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**WILL B. GUNN**

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By **Will B. Gunn**

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

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## The Interview

Paulette sat in the driver's seat of Barbara's car, leaned her elbow on the window, and sighed.

"Why am I here again?" The skinny blonde asked her friend.

"I told you." Barbara sounded exasperated, "This guy I'm supposed to interview might be a creep, so I figured some back-up could help."

"But you're meeting in a crowded coffeehouse downtown." Paulette argued.

"Look, I didn't put a gun to your head." Barbara retorted in a snippy manner. Paulette rolled her eyes, shook her head, and gave another sigh.

"Who is this guy, anyway?" She asked.

"Some lunatic who claims he has the power to brainwash people." Barbara sneered mockingly.

"What?" Paulette was sure she didn't hear right.

This was Barbara's turn to sigh.

"He called me, and said he wanted me to write an exposé on him and his so called 'unique skills'. He said he didn't want to live in the shadows anymore."

"Why the heck did you agree? You're a serious journalist, aren't ya?" Paulette was quite shocked.

"Sure I am."

"Well?" Paulette pressed.

Barbara frowned.

"I'm not sure." She said after a moment of silence.

"What do you mean you're not sure?"

"I guess. Uhm, I guess I want to see, uh, see if I can turn this into a story. A story of...of how people with mental disorders don't get the proper attention by the state, and by society as a whole. Yeah, that's the ticket. You know, seeing as this guy isn't institutionalized or anything." Barbara claimed.

"That's a pretty roundabout way of doing that." Paulette argued  
"And it sounds like you just made it up."

“Oh my dear naive Paulette.” Barbara said smugly “Sometimes an investigative journalist has to follow her gut instinct, in search for her next scoop.”

“So you're basically agreeing to any random interview you can put your hands on, and then try to somehow bend it into a story? Written media today really is desperate, huh?”

“Oh shut it. I think this might actually turn into something, as long as the crazy guy isn't too creepy.”

“Maybe he's got you brainwashed.” Paulette jested.

“I can't believe you dragged me into this.” She complained again.

“Again, no one...”

“Put a gun to my head, I know. Next time you might need a gun, Barbs.”

“I'll keep that in mind.” Barbara said, and both of them laughed.

They parked down the road from the coffeehouse, and started walking the short distance.

“Hey didn't you say that you knew the woman who owned that coffee shop?” Paulette asked Barbara.

“Yep. She used to be my neighbor. Why do you think I chose that place to have the interview?”

“Wow you're taking a lot of precautions with this guy.” Paulette sounded impressed.

“I'm a careful, crafty girl, doncha' know?” Barbara bragged in a joking fashion, and Paulette giggled at her.

“So wait, what am I supposed to do, once you start the interview?” She asked.

“Umm, be quiet, listen carefully, and kick his nuts with one of those Karate mumbo-jumbo of yours, if he gets too rowdy.”

“What if I want to ask the crazy guy a question? Like what softener to detergent ratio should I use, to properly wash a brain without shrinking it?” Paulette snickered at her own joke.

“Why don't you leave the questions to the professionals.” Barbara said and gave Paulette a friendly shoulder nudge.

“If only we could find one of those...” Paulette mocked.

“Hilarious.” Barbara retorted snidely.

“I'm not going to beat him up, by the way. That's how martial artists get in jail. And I practice Kung Fu, not Karate.” Paulette said with a sudden aura of self-importance.

“Potato, patato. At least look menacing if he tries something.” Barbara said.

“I'm five foot three and weigh a hundred pounds. How menacing do you think I can be?” Paulette swiftly disillusioned Barbara from that notion.

“Can't you stare him down with some sort of Zen thingy, and make his balls shrivel?” Barbara asked.

“Do you think we live in a Japanese anime?”

“I thought Kung Fu was Chinese.” Barbara raised an eyebrow.

“That's really not the point...”

They stood outside and looked through the windowpane into the coffeehouse.

“Is that him, in the middle?” Paulette asked Barbara.

“Yep.” Barbara responded, looking at the stocky man sitting at one of the round tables.

Paulette narrowed her eyes.

“Isn't that...Weird?” She asked.

“It does seem a bit...Awkward. But I can't really put my finger on it.” Barbara said.

They looked at the spectacle before them, confused. The average looking man had one of the coffeehouse waitresses on her knees under his table, and she was busy sucking his cock. Not only that, but at least six busty women, waitresses and patrons alike, stood topless in a disorganized row, and bounced their tits up and down like mechanized amusement park rides. The smiles plastered on their faces were so broad and forced, it was almost creepy. He was even sitting on one of the waitresses, instead of a proper chair.

“I would've thought this place would be more crowded.”

Paulette said “I mean, considering the great location.”

“That's true.” Barbara agreed, staring at the cock-sucking waitress's behind wiggle as she bobbed her head back and forth.

“I guess they're having an off day.” She concluded.

“Guess so.” Paulette shrugged “Well, let's go in and meet this delusional maniac.”

“Right behind you, Karate girl.”

“Kung Fu.”

“Whatever...”

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I sat and lounged in what I knew would become a favorite hang-out of mine, a quaint coffeehouse in the middle of downtown. The waitress I chose to serve as my chair planted her sturdy hands and knees on the floor, and provided me with an unusually non-wobbly sitting experience. I reached into her mind, and wasn't surprised to find that she lifted weights and jogged frequently.

“That's a good chair.” I praised her, and spanked her bent-over ass. I believe in giving credit when credit is due, even to mind-fucked furniture.

“Thank you master.” I heard her say, and spanked her again, just for fun.

The waitress working between my legs was indeed a vibrant one.

“Phua! Mphh! Fua! Mphh!” She gave me such a loud and wet blowjob, that the floor tiles under her already needed a mop. She stared up at me with those wide honey-colored eyes, and gagged and gasped on my cock as if she needed it to breathe.

Even as she took me all the way down her throat, she still found the tenacity to stretch her wild tongue past her muffled lips, and lick my balls. I rarely found a girl so proficient in the oral arts of giving head, even with my unique skills.

“Ohh ho ho ho.” I closed my eyes and laughed jovially, relishing the moment. Once I reopened my eyes, I lay them on the row of bouncing titties I had standing about. My current selection of tits to choose from comprised of the coffeehouse's bigger chested waitresses, and a few hot patrons.

Their jugs were all so well-formed and round, and none were even a bit saggy. In fact, the coffeehouse owner's double D's stood

so perkily, that I was almost certain they were the result of plastic surgery, but I was too lazy to sift through her mind to check.

I had so much fun, that I completely forgot I was there to meet someone. A journalist or something, I barely even remembered. Until I saw her staring at me through the coffeehouse's window, that is. She was as hot as I remembered her, with her shiny, dark, shoulder-length hair, her hazel eyes, and her smoking body.

The real treat stood next to her, however. A petite, skinny blonde less than five and a half foot tall. She looked so flexible and compact, I figured I could fit her in a suitcase, and take her on trips as my in-room squeeze.

They looked at me, a confused expression on their faces. It made sense, I generally maintained a perimeter around me, making sure no passerby noticed what I was doing, unless I wanted them to. And if they did notice, for whatever reason, they wouldn't see anything wrong with the way I conducted myself, even if I was to, say, get a steamy hummer from their loyal wives.

The journalist and her friend had to notice me, since they were there to meet me, but they still somehow felt something was off about me getting my cock sucked by a hot waitress, in the middle of a public venue.

The journalist, whatever her name was, was inquisitive by nature, so her higher sense of awareness was understandable. Her friend, however, well she was clearly stronger than the usual petite blonde. Nothing I couldn't easily handle, though, as I reached over and gave their minds a small nudge in the proper direction.

The two smiled, and opened the door, so I got up to greet them. The disappointed moan of the waitress whose mouth I vacated was music to my ears.

"Nice of you to show up. I've been waiting." I started out with a complaint. What can I say, I'm egoistical that way.

"Sorry for being late." The journalist said, and reached her hand forward.

She took a gentle grip of my hard cock, and jerked it a few times. I found that to be a suitable replacement to the mundane and

boring nature of handshakes, at least for when I was greeted by hot chicks.

She let go of my junk, and introduced her limber blonde friend.

“This is Paulette. She is nineteen years old and works as a martial arts assistant instructor. She is five foot three and weighs a hundred pounds. I met her while writing a story about local dojos, and we've been friends ever since.”

“You are being overly informative.” Paulette whispered to her friend, and turned to me.

“Nice to meet you, sir.” She said respectfully, and gave my cock a few pleasant shakes.

“Martial artist huh?” I grabbed her tits as the cockshake continued. They were tiny, but firm. Definitely a fun pair of cans to squeeze on.

“Yeah I'm here as her bodyguard, so no funny business, got it?” Paulette bragged and winked at her friend. I didn't like her attitude, so I pinched her nipples until the pain showed on her face. Her eyes twitched, but she ignored it.

“Got it.” I said, and fondled her trim hips. She wore one of those tight work-out yoga pants.

“What was your name again, toots?” I disrespectfully asked the dark haired beauty.

“I think you know me as Barbi-cunt, sir.” She didn't even realize what she had said.

“Oh right! Now I remember. We met at the basketball game. The cheerleader's pussies were so tight that night.” I reminisced.

“I don't think we've ever met.” Barbi-cunt said, exchanging weird looks with her friend, Paulette.

“Well of course, I had you forget about it.”, I revealed, “I told you to come here for a special 'interview', and bring me your hottest friend. And look at that, you did!” I reached between Paulette's legs, and gave her crotch a sleazy rub.

“Right, of course, because you can brainwash people.” Barbi-cunt rolled her eyes and said in a sarcastically mocking tone, giving her blonde friend a look that said “Didn't I tell you this guy was crazy?”

Paulette smiled coyly and giggled in agreement, thinking I was so pathetically deluded. Her cheeks began to flush a little, as I continued rubbing her pussy through her clothes.

“Mind control, brainwash, mentally master. Whatever you want to call it.” I answered casually, and slapped Paulette between the legs.

“Ow! Ohh...” She jumped and clenched her skinny legs together around my hand, standing on her tip-toes.

“Let's start then.” Barbi-cunt said, and invited me to sit back at the table.

“You sit down. I want to pump my cock between Paulette's thighs.”, I told her, “She's so skinny, that the gap between her thighs is almost like another pussy.”

“Whatever.” Barbi-cunt said and took a seat. I turned Paulette to face away from me, grabbed her tits from behind, and pressed my length on her petite ass.

“Keep your legs close together now.” I told her, and jabbed my cock between her thighs.

“Okay.” She gave a small nod and said, her eyes a bit glassy. It was a common side effect of the twister I blew in her mind, to make her accept my actions as normal.

The owner of the coffeehouse, J-something, came out from the back to greet Barbi-cunt. She was topless, naturally, and her big tits were still glazed with my cum.

“Jessica, Long time no see!”

Right, Jessica was her name. Barbi-cunt stood up and gave Jessica a couple of kisses on the cheek.

Jessica focused on me, completely ignoring Barbi.

“You have a customer, Boobies.” I told her. I was still busy feeling Paulette up through her clothes, and fucking her thighs.

Jessica blinked as if shocked, and looked sideways to the woman who just kissed her cheeks.

“Hello customer, would you care for something?” She asked Barbi-cunt.

I reached into Barbi-cunt's mind and made sure she didn't waste my time on gasps of befuddlement.

“Yes, one moccachino please.” She told the topless woman, as if she was a stranger.

“I'm sorry, miss. Women can't have real drinks in this establishment. You can only have products containing cum, and our stock currently consists of the sperm on my rack.” Jessica held up her tits, presenting them to Barbi-cunt.

“Yeah her tits were a great fuck.” I complimented, and gave Paulette's hips a hearty smack. Her sweet whimpers were simply sublime.

I sensed Barbi-cunt's desire to protest against Jessica's new and somewhat sexist menu, so I squelched it before she could even open her mouth. The sexy journalist was still thirsty, though.

“I suppose that's okay.” She relented and pointed to Jessica's glazed cans “May I?”

“Be my guest.” Jessica said courteously.

Without hesitation, Barbi-cunt leaned down and pursed her lips on a blot of sticky man-juice. She straightened back up, smacked her lips together a bit, to get the full flavor, and swallowed.

“Mm, not bad.” She sounded impressed, and turned back to me “Now let's start the interview.”

“Right on.” I said, and shoved Paulette to bend over the table.

Barbi-cunt took her laptop out, and started typing something. I casually dry humped Paulette as I waited, holding her shoulders and smacking her soft, sexy behind with my raw cock.

“Let's start with the basics.” Barbi-cunt said “Tell me about yourself.”

I pressed my crotch to Paulette's firm, bubbly rear, and gave a contemplative sigh.

“My name is Tyson Sinclair, and I have a unique talent, a gift that bloomed within me when I started college, and flourished ever since. To put it simply, I am capable of bending the minds of others to my will, with about as much mental effort as the average Joe takes to recall his own name.”

I grabbed Paulette's long blonde hair, and pulled her up to me. Her back was arched up, and her hands hung limply to her sides, like a flexible human doll.

“And your so called 'powers' manifested in college for the first time, you say?” The still skeptic Barbi-cunt asked.

“Yes. But of course, once I realized what I can do, my interest in studying took a back seat to playing with my new-found powers. I dropped out soon enough, taking a fair share of the more attractive students and staff with me, from nubile cheerleaders to busty professors.” I kissed Paulette's neck as my cock buried deeper between her still clothed buttocks. Her yoga pants were so flexible and accommodating to my needs.

“I may have dropped out, but I still visit plenty of colleges, even today. I show up to examine the year's new crop of eighteen-year-old cuties.” I added, and gave Paulette's cute ass a lovely slap.

“It took me a while to hone my raw skills, but today I can pretty much remodel a person's entire psyche to fit my needs, in mere seconds. It comes naturally to me, like moving a fifth limb around, shuffling and remaking people's minds. It doesn't have to be a full brainwashing mind wipe, I can go as subtle as controlling people without them even realizing it.” I said and smirked playfully, rubbing my junk on Paulette's well-toned body.

“Forgive my skepticism, master, but that all sounds a bit farfetched. Actually, that's an understatement, it sounds outright crazy. Can you give me an example of these so called powers you claim to have?”

“What did you just call me?” I asked cheekily.

“I called you master. What of it?” She answered, and started unbuttoning her blouse.

“I told you my name is Tyson, though. Why not use that, or at least mister Sinclair.”

“Master feels more comfortable.” She said, unbuttoning her final button. She took her blouse off, and discarded it on the floor.

“It's nice of you to show up with no bra, like I instructed when we first met. You've got a nice rack.” I told her, brazenly staring at her bare breasts. I could feel a jolt of increased arousal in my shaft,

and forcefully humped Paulette's sexy behind a few times, before pressing myself onto her even tighter than before.

"Hrrm yeah!" I growled, kissing her neck. Paulette stared forward without blinking, her sweet lips curved in an absent-minded smile.

"Thanks." Barbi-cunt said, looking down at her tits with a raised eyebrow "But again, we've never met before, so stop this nonsense. Now about a proof for your powers." She demanded.

"How about the fact you're showing me your tits?" I asked.

She frowned and looked at me as if I was stupid.

"That has nothing to do with you. I was just a bit hot." She stated outright.

"Or maybe I just made you think that." I dropped Paulette back down and grabbed her hips again, bouncing her bubbly ass on my throbbing hard-on, at a rapid pace.

"Don't be ridiculous. Now unless you have some proof, I think me and Paulette will go." She closed her laptop and moved her chair back, ready to stand up, "I just hope you get some help, master." She added derisively.

"How about I prove it to you, with the help of your cute young friend here." I suggested slyly.

"And how will you do that?" Barbi-cunt huffed arrogantly.

"Like so." I spanked Paulette, "Paulette, honey, what does your martial arts training tell you to do, if a man has a strong grip of your hips, is bending you over a table, and is dry-humping you with his raw cock?" I asked the petite blonde.

With her cheek pressed down on the wooden surface, Paulette looked up at Barbi-cunt, and answered.

"Nothing master. My training dictates that I must stay docile, and allow the man to do as he pleases."

Barbi-cunt's chin dropped, and she let out a dumbfounded gasp.

"Paulette what are you saying?" She asked her friend, and noticed for the first time how incredibly empty her eyes were.

"Is this a joke? Are you just playing along because you think it's funny?" The topless journalist wondered with wide eyes.

“Answer her, Paulette.” I spanked her again, and drummed on her ass cheeks with the underside of my erection.

“Yes master. I am not playing or pretending, Barbara. I am now my master's obedient, mindless sex slave. I am an object in his possession. I am nothing but a warm, good-looking, dainty body for him to enjoy.” Her voice was flat and monotone.

“See?” I said, showing off.

“That's...Amazing!” Barbi-cunt said “There might be a story here after all...” She mumbled to herself, thinking I couldn't hear her.

I felt myself reaching an orgasm, so I pumped Paulette's yoga-pants a couple more times, and as I was about to explode, I pulled back and jerked my cock on her ass.

“Ohh fuck I'm gonna paint those black stretchy pants white!” I bragged with coarse voice, feeling the hose in my hand fill up.

“Cum on me, master.” Paulette wiggled her ass invitingly, her beautiful pupils edging upwards toward her eyelid.

“*Ohh fuck yeah!*” I burst out like a geyser, spraying my spunk all over her tight pants. Some of my spurts shot up and landed on her lower back. By the time I was done, Paulette's perfect teen ass was drenched with sticky white. One thing was certain, her yoga pants were beyond ruined.

Another thing became certain to me, as I calmed down from the force of my incredible orgasm. Barbi-cunt's silence was the first sign I had of my little mishap, and the ghost-white color of her eyes was the second.

“Oh man...” I lamented “This never happened to me since my college days. Your body really got me going, Paulette. I completely lost it in the throws of my climax.” I spanked Paulette's ass, and sat back down on the waitress's back.

“Thank. You. Master.” Paulette droned out in a robotic monotone, her eyes as white as chalk, and her pupils nowhere to be found.

“You're welcome, cunt. Pfft, I shouldn't spank your ass when it's covered with my cum...” I sneered and rubbed my hand on the top of

her blouse, wiping the cum splatters off.

“Take those dirty yoga-pants off, cutie-pie.” I said.

“Yes. Master.” Paulette said and moved to obey.

“Actually, strip naked. Both of you.” I revised my command.

“Yes. Master.” Both Paulette and Barbi-cunt answered in tune, and soon enough they both stood naked before me, at perfect attention. Their eyes were whited out, and their minds totally eradicated. Paulette's lower lips glistened. They were shaven clean, and as pink as a strawberry. Barbi-cunt's naked body was thin yet curvy, and quite alluring.

“Well that sucks. I wanted to have more fun with the interview role-play.” I berated myself.

It happened to me before, in my younger days. I would reach a magnificent climax, and in those delirious moments of utter bliss, my mental powers would explode upon whoever was next to me like a tsunami, rendering them catatonic. They became mindless dolls, capable of nothing besides receiving my orders and following them. My voice became the only thing the empty shells could conceive as actual thoughts.

I was really distraught the first few times it happened, trying to sift through their minds once I cooled down, looking for a way to bring them back. I rarely enjoy the service of a truly empty and mindless husk.

The good news is I quickly found that, although I couldn't find any trace of their sense of self, it was rather easy to rebuild them anew. I was surprised at how simple it was to re-fill an empty mind.

I could make anything I wanted of them, like untouched slabs of clay waiting to be molded into wonderful masterpieces. Most of the times I simply told them, telepathically of course, who they used to be, filling them with all the details I could remember about their lives, and checking their social media profiles to fill in some blanks.

The result may have been a tiny bit different from the original, but close enough to give me comfort. In fact, I dare say many times I made them better, and happier. And considering my ability to see

through to a person's deepest thoughts and fears and mental shortcomings, my opinion on the matter is pretty reliable.

I actually learned how to do it without reaching a blinding orgasm first. It's not so hard, and I sometimes use it on my permanent slaves at my home, giving them new roles to act out, every day.

I once made one of my slaves think she is a treasure hunter and that my mansion was actually a palace in a long lost city. I pretended to be a mummy. Long story short, the heroine of that particular story ended up getting her treasure in the form of a mummy's hard bone in all her tight holes.

But I digress...

"Paulette, get your pussy over here and sit on my cock." I told the blank, fit blonde.

"Yes. Master." She didn't quite recognize her name, but my mind called out to her, and her own was ultra receptive, in her empty state.

"It's amazing I'm still this hard." I reached my arms to grab her as she came to me, "I must be extra horny today."

I turned Paulette around when she reached me, and had her spread her legs above my lap.

"*Ooh yeah.* That's a good pussy." I groaned as I pushed her down in the reverse cowgirl position.

"Put your legs on my knees. That's it. Now ride me."

"Yes. Master." The incredibly skinny nineteen-year-old started to mechanically bounce her ass up and down on my lap, gyrating her hips and taking my cock into her fresh, pink pussy.

"I would ask you if you were a virgin, but I've got a feeling you don't remember. Heh. *Hah! Hrrm!*" I jested, panting with joy as the meek young thing rode me, taking me as deep as she could into her.

"Fuck it, I really wanted to keep this 'interview' going." I lamented again.

"You know what? Barbi-cunt, kneel before me."

"Yes. Master." The dark haired slave did as she was told, while Paulette's teen pussy made some lovely and moist squelching

sounds.

“I'll fill you up a bit, in a different way than Paulette here, so we can continue my fun.”

“Yes. Master.”

“Paulette slow down a bit. I've got to concentrate.”

“Yes. Master.” Paulette slowed her movement until she seemed to be moving in smooth slow-motion. It was amazing that her one-hundred pound body was strong enough to sustain such strain, but then again she was quite the athlete.

My chair began to wobble as I filled Barbi-cunt's mind, so I scolded her with a spank, and told her to shape up. She apologized, and immediately improved her performance. Paulette was light as a feather, so I knew the devoted waitress could handle it.

Moments later, Barbi-cunt's eye-lids began to flutter. She blinked slowly, and then opened her eyes wide, her beautiful hazel pupils re-centered in her sockets.

She looked up at me.

“Sorry master.” She said “I must have dozed off. Let's continue the interview, shall we?”

“Yes. Let's.” I smirked, and whispered in Paulette's ear, telling her she can ride me faster again.

The coffeehouse owner brought Barbi a pen and paper, since it was easier to write on, while on her knees.

“So master, now that Paulette is your obedient slave-toy, I'm sure our readers would love to know what kind of life expects her.” She said, no longer skeptic about the realness of my powers. I seem to have forgotten to fill that into her mind, silly me.

“That's an excellent question, fuck-pet, remind me to fuck your throat later, as reward.”

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” She bowed down respectfully, and kissed my feet.

“Well, as my mindless slave, Paulette here will enjoy a very simple existence. She will be assigned a role among my stable of sex slaves, and be taught how to best fulfill her duties by my other slaves. She may be assigned to the kitchen, or the cleaning staff, or to my entertainment division.”

“Ooh! What do they do in the entertainment division?” Barbi-cunt asked. I did give her mind an ample amount of curiosity, perhaps more than she had before.

“Precisely what it sounds like. They entertain me, with costumes and sexy shows, or simply by being there, on their backs with their legs in the air, or bent over with their asses wiggling. I even have a small squad of shower slaves who please me as I bathe.”

“So Paulette can expect to be fucked quite a lot, huh?” Barbi asked, looking at Paulette's cock-filled pussy as it went up and down and up and down.

“It looks like she'll be good at that!” She cheered.

“Ohh yeah, I'll be having a lot of fun with Paulette while she's tight and young and hot. And I think she likes it, her pussy is really tightening up on me. *Ohh gawd yeah!*” I arched my neck and moaned, grinning at the ceiling.

“What happens to your slaves when you're done with them, master?” Barbi-cunt asked.

“Depends.” I said “If they're still hot enough, and I'm just temporarily bored of them, I might keep them for a while. All slaves get old and unappealing eventually, though, it's the way of life, even for sex objects. Once matter fatigue sets in, I usually send them away to be cheap hookers.”

“You are so generous, sharing the wealth with less fortunate men not born with your abilities.” She said, dotting something down on her little piece of paper.

“I suppose that's true. Those less fortunate blokes deserve my sloppy seconds, at least.” I said, creeping around Paulette's lithe body to rub her precious clit. I could feel my cock well up again, and I knew soon I'll hose my load inside her pussy.

“Uhg yeah! Fuck!” I clenched my muscles and started pumping into her myself, letting her focus on her back-and-forth hip gyrations.

“Plus, the money I get from them fattens my wallet and helps fund my lavish lifestyle.” I lied. I did get some money from my former slaves-turned-prostitutes, but it was my richer slavegirls who funded my luxurious lifestyle. I could get my hands on billions of dollars with the flick of a thought.

“I'm sure those cheap hookers are happy to know that, master.” Barbi-cunt bowed again, and kissed my feet once more.

“I have one last question, master.” She said “Will I become one of your new slavegirls, as well?”

“Hrrm! *Ohhhh!* Cumming! Take it in your cunt you hot little cum bucket!” I grunted and moaned, my sensitive shaft convulsing and pumping jizz into Paulette's pink pussy.

“Yes. Master.” Paulette said. Her twat-lips started drooling white cum down on my rod pretty quickly. Her slick, tight cunt couldn't hold my entire load, even if she tried her hardest to hold it all in.

This time, I managed to cum without wiping any of the minds in my close vicinity. I hoisted Paulette's light body from my lap, and let her drop to the floor. Like a kitten, she landed on her hands and knees, her cute butt popping in my direction, and her pink pussy lips oozing cum.

“Where was I?” I asked myself “Oh right, your question, Barbi-cunt.” I stood up, grabbed Barbi-cunt's tits, and pulled on her nipple. She understood what I wanted, dropped her pen and paper, and wiped my cock between her shapely round boobs.

“With your looks, do you even need to ask?” I said as she squeezed her tits around my cooling shaft. She looked up at me with a questioning expression.

“Of course I'll take you as my slave.” I patted her cheek “And I have a feeling it'll be years before I toss your hot ass out, and have you join my ring of cheap street walkers.”

“Oh thank you, master. I am honored by your words.” She smiled gleefully, and gave my tip a passionate kiss.

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I spent a moment reminding Paulette a bit of who she was, since I wanted to see if the dojo where she practiced had any more worthwhile treats for me. I found out the name of her boss (or “sensei”) and the dojo from her phone.

Smart phones made it much easier for me to glean certain details. People literally kept their whole lives on those little electronic

devices. My only problem was that I didn't quite know how to re-fill her with actual martial arts knowledge. I was hoping there was something to the whole muscle memory thing I heard so much about.

"I'm ready to go, master." Paulette returned from the ladies room, all washed up, wearing her cute red panties. I chucked her soiled yoga pants in the trash. It was easy as creampie for me to make the world ignore her lewd attire, on our way home.

The topless waitresses still bounced their tits for me, in perfect unison, along with the owner, Jessie or whatever her name was.

"Make sure to sign this place to my name, and call me if you ever get really hot patrons. I'm talking super-model or Hollywood starlet good looks." I told her, feeling her breasts with both hands.

"Yes master. My life is yours." She obediently replied.

I picked the two hottest waitresses, squeezed all the tits down the row of bouncing mammaries, and walked out of the coffeehouse with Paulette and Barbi-cunt in tow.

"Barbi, bring that cunt over here. I wanna fuck it on my walk home."

"Yes master!" She skipped perkily, stood before me, lowered her bottoms and nudged her bare ass as a cushion for my crotch.

"Good girl." I smacked her ass, and stuck my cock in her pussy.

I pumped into her as I continued the short march to one of my homes, a high-rise luxury apartment ten minutes away, where I intended to stay for the night. my half-naked entourage followed me like ducklings.

As I let another load of spunk loose, this time in the hot journalist's pussy, I contemplated the irony of her situation. She wasn't even aware that she quit her job that morning, per my command, making her bid to interview me for a story quite moot.

What can I say, I love my life.

###

## **A Stroll In The Park**

I tend to spend a lot of my time at home, sometimes for several days straight. No, I'm not a shut-in. I actually enjoy the occasional hike to the great outdoors, but that's a story for another time.

Thing is, with my in-house slaves tending to my every sexual need, doing my shopping, cooking my meals, and taking the trash out, I have no real need to ever go out. I get plenty of entertainment from the internet, from TV, and from fun video games.

I've gotten so good at those games, that hardcore difficulty, for me, means trying to beat the highest level in the game while getting a blowjob from two of my sexy slaves at once. And yes, it's just as hard (and fun!) as it sounds.

Even if I'm bored with my current stable of slaves, I have plenty of hot pieces on retainer, just waiting for me to summon them, and you'd be surprised how many hot girls work in all sorts of online delivery companies. I order junk, pay for it with my slaves' credit cards, and add the hot delivery girl to my private collection.

One day, about a year ago, I suddenly felt so suffocated and claustrophobic, I went out the door and walked for about an hour straight. Then, I got in the car with this hot chick and told her to just drive, while her hotter friend went down on me in the back seat.

I came back home the day after, tuckered out and quite satisfied. I realized that day, that letting myself rot inside for too long may as well drive me crazy, and not the kind of crazy I would want to be. I promised myself that I'd make sure to go out twice a week for a walk around the block, and have not regretted it since.

Some mornings, I feel the urge to go further than usual, so I walk all the way to the nearest park. It's a pictorial little patch of green, with a well tended pathway, and a little kiosk that sells ice-cream all year long. I like to slowly stroll around the small lake, turn my mental powers off, and just carelessly drift upon the morning breeze.

It was at the end of one of these strolls that this story begins. I stopped by the kiosk to get myself some vanilla ice-cream with chocolate chips on top, when the woman in line before me caught

my attention. Well, I'm giving her too much credit, it was her huge knockers that caught my attention.

I shamelessly stared at her cleavage, not taking my eyes away for a second.

"Ahem, you know my eyes are up here." I heard her say, and lifted my gaze. Her eyes were brown, nothing too spectacular.

"Yeah, not bad." I said rudely, "No offense, but your tits are much more interesting. Are they double D's, or are they actually considered E when they're this, heh, E-normous?" I asked.

I looked at her chest again, but I'm pretty sure I heard her grit her teeth at me.

"I would punch you, I really would." She said, quite calmly, "But then you'd be able to sue *me* for assault. So instead, how about I'll call the police and sue you for sexual harassment? Hmm?" She threatened sternly.

I looked back up at her and raised an eyebrow. I could see on her face, and in her mind, that she felt triumphant. She figured she could either scare me straight and have me run away, with my tail between my legs, or go to court, ruin my life, and get some extra cash in the process. She was banking on the kiosk cashier to be her witness, not realizing that I made sure the man wasn't even paying the slightest attention.

I gave her a nefarious glare, and smiled gleefully.

"Thank you, miss, for making this even more fun than it would normally be." I said and winked at her.

"What the heck are you...talking...about..." She blinked a few times and shook her head.

I finished rearranging her thoughts, and reached my hands forward to honk her big titties, waiting for her new state of mind to fully set in. She pulled down on her blouse, looking ashamed, and stared at me with wide, apologetic brown eyes.

"Now, where did you say your tits were?" I asked coyly, flicking her jutting nipple through her shirt.

"I'm sorry, master." She said meekly "They're right here, master. Please look at my tits as much as you like."

She gave her blouse another strong tug, and her massive tits spilled out like two jostling coconuts.

“Nice.” I said, squeezing and fondling to my heart's content.

“Well this made me hard.” I informed the rude big breasted chick, “Buy me some ice-cream and let's go sit on the bench.”

“Yes master.” She turned around obediently, and faced the kiosk owner with her tits laid bare. I already made sure the dude wouldn't notice anything was odd about her behavior, or her state of dress.

“One chocolate chip ice-cream, vanilla flavored please.” She asked kindly.

I wrapped my hands around her, pressing my crotch on her big ass and squeezing her exposed tits.

“Good bitch.” I spanked her, “I can't wait to feel these fun-bags engulf my cock.”

“*Ohh* yes master.” She said, wiggling her behind on the bulge in my pants, “I'm so sorry for being so rude before.”

I sat on the park bench, licking my ice-cream, and the rude busty lady knelt on the dirt road before me, squeezing her amazing mammaries around my hardened shaft.

“*Ohh fuck!* I tell you, cunt, if you squeezed me tighter with these big balloons of yours, my cock would turn to diamond.” I told her, using my free hand to pull, press and pinch her nipples.

“I-I'm sorry master!” The pair of big tits cried “Should I hold your manhood softer?”

“No, you dumb cunt. I like it. *Ahh*. Just move up and down a bit more. Geez, it's like you've never given tiffucks before.” I criticized. I tend to be harsh and pedantic when it comes to tiffucking, especially with such an ill-mannered bitch.

“I-I haven't, master.” She admitted shamefully “I'm so sorry!”

“Well you should be, you fucking tease! Walking around with these fun-bags and not letting anyone have any fun with them. From now on you'll make sure to use them like this at least twice a day, got it?”

“Y-Yes master.” She nodded, bouncing her cushiony hooters up and down.

“Thank you for using me, master.” She added, leaned her head down, and pursed her lips around my tip.

I fucked her tits and her lips, and looked around at the marvelous nature around me. From my right, a sight that interested me far more than any tree approached at jogging speed.

“Would you look at that hopping bunny.” I said, eyeballing a jogger in her early twenties, wearing tight work-out clothes and a cap. She was quite hot, so I reached into her mind as she passed by the bench.

She came to a stop and stood quietly before me, staring at me with a bored, yet patient expression, waiting for my command.

“Pour your bottle of water on your clothes. I want your jogging outfit wet.” I told her, completely ignoring the mounds of breasty flesh pleasing my cock.

The jogger responded robotically. She didn't even nod. She opened the bottle of water, and poured it all over her blouse and shorts, making the already tight outfit cling even closer to her stunning body.

“Nice nipples.” I told her, “And that camel-toe isn't bad either.” I looked down at her crotch. The features of her lower lips were visible through her soaking tight shorts.

“Thank you, master.” She nonchalantly looked down at her body, and said.

“Jog around the bench a bit, while I enjoy these bitch's tits.” I said.

Once again, without a word, the soaked young woman obeyed. She started jogging again, making perpetual circles around the bench I sat on, like a battery operated toy.

“See that pert, spirited ass, cunt?” I spoke to the rude lady kneeling before me, and stared at the jogger's small, bubbly behind as it bounced around the bench.

“I bet that with such a hot booty, this jogger-cunt is a pro at taking it up the ass, or at least great at doggy-style fucking. Isn't that

right, jogger-cunt?”

“Yes master.” The jogger said as she ran around the bench  
“Doggy style is my favorite position. I am an anal virgin, though.”

“Really? You saved it for me? How nice of you! I'll bend you over the bench as soon as I'm done with my ice-cream.”

“Thank you, master.” The jogger said monotonously, running around me at a steady pace.

“Yeah this stupid rude cunt doesn't deserve my cum on her tits, anyway.” I scolded the big breasted hottie. She gave a pathetic whine, and worked even harder with her amazing hooters.

A minute later, I allowed miss big-jugs to calm down on the side, commanding her to forcefully pinch her nipples, as punishment for her haughty rudeness. I had the hot jogger strip and bend over the bench, and told her to use her hands to spread her ass wide.

“I'll just pump this pussy first, for good measure.” I said, and plunged my cock in her tight twat. It was nice and wet, ready for my pleasure.

“Yes master! *Ahh!*”

“You know, it's been a while since I had a real workout. A sporty one, I mean.” I suddenly thought, and fucked her even harder.

“Yeah. *Ohh*. Maybe It's time to call my personal trainer again.”

“*Mm! Mm! Ah! Nn!*” The hot jogger moaned every time I thrust into her.

“Okay, time to fuck this hot piece of ass.” I pulled out, and teased her smooth, clean hole.

“Use me master. Pop my anal cherry! *Ahhhhhh!*” She let out a deafening squeal, as I rammed all the way into her with one push. I didn't think I could do it, but she spread her cheeks so nice and wide for me.

“Ohh yeah! It's definitely...*Hah! Hah!*...time for me to visit the gym again!” I panted as I pounded her ass, feeling myself going out of breath.

“Move that fucking ass, cunt!” I bellowed coarsely.

“Yes master! *Ahhn!*” The gorgeous jogger started moving on her own, meeting my thrusts halfway.”

“Yeah! Take this! And that! Hrrm!” I spanked her with every grunt.

“I’m cumming! *Argh!* Take this, you fucking cum-dump! Ohhhhh!” I pounded deep into her, leaned down on her back, and enjoyed blissful release. In a sitcom-like moment, my coarse moan caused some birds around us to fly away.

“Heh.” I chuckled breathlessly, and kissed her upper back, before hoisting myself back up, and popping out of her ass.

“Get down on the road, face down, ass up.” I ordered the jogger, and moved towards my busty ice-cream provider. She still ingratiated herself to me, by inflicting nipple-pinching pain on herself.

The jogger planted her cheek on the pathway, and wiggled her ass from side to side. My cum oozed from her ass and glazed her smooth pussy lips and inner thighs.

“Go ahead and lick the cum from her ass.” I told the rude pair of tits kneeling before me, as I wiped my cock on her hair.

“Yes master.” The busty lady crawled heavily towards the grounded jogger, her heavy tits swaying from side to side.

I watched her smile and clean the jogger’s ass till I got bored, and left the two alone. I left the jogger with a compulsion to get dressed, finish her jog in her wet clothes, and show up at my doorstep. I intended to have much more fun with her, at my own private abode.

The big breasted lady was to take a long trip around the world, and give her tits out to any schmoe with a hard cock. I saw in her mind that she had enough money for such a grand trip. Good thing, too, since I forbade her from charging any money for her titfucking services.

She was lucky I happened to cross her path. Without me, she would never have learned how to properly utilize her best assets. That would have been such a waste, of such a good pair of tits.

###

## Master judge

I rode the back seat in my brand new SUV, fully equipped with tinted windows to ensure my privacy. That way, I could get some good head without having to maintain a psychic perimeter around me.

“Your wife isn't a bad cocksucker.” I told the driver.

“I am happy you approve, sir.” The man said, keeping his vigilant eyes on the road ahead.

“It was very nice of your husband to give me this car for free.” I told the hot redhead sucking me off. She lifted her head and kissed my tip.

“Anything you command, master.” She said, her eyes wide and unblinking.

I reached over to her panty-hosed behind, and slipped my hand under it.

“Hmm, I'm gonna want some pussy soon.” I informed her, checking her moistness with my fingers.

“Yes master.” She lifted her head again, just enough to get those words out, and then dove back down to gag on my cock.

“Why aren't we moving?” I asked, suddenly noticing a very unusual traffic jam. We weren't on a main road, and it was certainly not rush hour.

“I am not sure, sir.” The driver said “Perhaps there was an accident.”

“Let's hope it will clear out soon.” I said, buried my fingers in the redhead's hair, and started fucking her throat at my own pace.

Its been ten minutes at least when I finally lost my patience.

“Fuck it, I'm getting out to see what's going on. Make sure to pick me back up if it's moving again.” I said.

“Understood sir.” The driver replied

I pushed his redheaded wife back to her seat, and opened my door. I didn't even bother to zip up, and instead simply made sure no one around me would be bothered by it. It was a simple thing to do, while traveling at walking speed, at least.

I didn't need to walk for long to hear the angry screams. People were honking all around, until I walked by and shut them up. A mere forty feet from my new SUV, I found the source of the congestion. It was no accident, but rather a very heated parking dispute.

Two cars apparently tried occupying the coveted spot at the same time, and the drivers of said cars were as stubborn as mules, it appears. To my glee, they also happened to be two beautiful women.

“Tell those damn bitches to get out of the way!” One of the less civil drivers, stuck behind the two disputing cars, called out.

One of the “bitches”, as he called them, was a very serious looking businesswoman, wearing a pants-suit. Though her clothes weren't very sexy, her big breasts and otherwise thin physique made her extremely appealing to me.

The other was clearly a college coed. She wore her college uniform, full with a cute skirt and a blouse with a crest on it. She drove an expensive sports car, and clearly attended a very prestigious private college. Blonde with blue eyes, she looked radiant like a movie star. The kind of pure, unblemished beauty that can only arise from a pampered, spoiled upbringing.

“Well well, sometimes great things fall into my lap when I least expect them.” I mumbled under my breath, and donned a wicked half-smile. With a playful chuckle, I moved forward, ready to resolve their silly dispute, in my very own special way.

\* \* \* \*

Melisa glared at the brash young woman, fuming.

“Listen to me, you brat. I've been dealing with silver spooners like you my entire life, and if you think I'll let you trample on me as if I were a peasant, you've got another thing coming! Now move your damn toy car out of the way! ” She screamed at the college coed who tried to sneak into her space.

The young blonde huffed.

“Boy, someone has some unresolved issues.” She said with snarky derision, texting on her phone as if she didn't care she was stopping traffic.

Everything that smug coed represented rubbed Melisa the wrong way. Her pure sense of entitlement was the worst.

“You think just because your parents can afford to send you to a private college, and give you a shiny luxury car, that you're better than all of us? I had to work hard to get to where I am, missy. I fought for it! So if you think you can...Hey! Drop that damn phone before I break it on your face!” Melisa lost it, and threatened.

The blonde looked at her with a mischievous smile.

“I just recorded that threat, bitch.” She said, and Melisa realized the spoiled brat was filming her with her phone's camera.

“You have a serious inferiority complex, you know that? And where did you get with all that hard work anyway, huh? I bet your boss's boss's boss would wish to be my dad's caddy, just to be there when he golfs with his friends. Face it, no matter how hard you work, I will always stand above you. And I've got all the time in the world to wait for you to move out of my way.”

“Argh!” Melisa wanted to punch her so bad. Not only was she an entitled posh cunt, she was actually proud of it.

“Tell those damn bitches to get out of the way!” A man yelled and gave a long, angry honk.

“Who are you calling a bitch? You fucking slime!” Melisa shouted right back, “Stay out of this if you know what's good for you!”

“Ladies please, it's just a parking spot.” An old man walked over from the sidewalk.

“Oh it is hardly just a parking spot! I'm teaching this brat a lesson she will never learn in her uppity college!” Melisa shrieked.

“Who the fuck are you?” The coed provoked. Melisa was about to lunge at her, but the old man stopped her.

“Please listen to me. Be reasonable here. I am sure you can...” He suddenly stopped talking, as if his breath was abruptly cut. Melisa was afraid he was going to drop dead on her.

“Are you okay, sir?” She asked.

He nodded quietly, and hurried away, as if he just remembered he had to be somewhere else. In fact, in a matter of seconds, all the

curious bystanders vanished from Melisa's sight. Even the angry, insulting honker didn't make a peep anymore.

It was almost eerie, how silent the street became. Only one man was left before them. He was a stocky man of average height, and his cock hung out of his zipper like a snake. Melisa looked at him, trying hard to figure out what was wrong with that image.

Failing at that, she turned back to the coed.

"Move your damn car!" She said again, "I'm late for my meeting as it is!"

"Than you'd better hurry and find another parking spot." The brazen youth smirked spitefully.

"No way. This is a matter of principle!" Melisa said, and turned to the man with the open fly, suddenly feeling a great need to get his support.

"Don't you agree, sir?" She asked.

"No! She's wrong, sir! I'm right! Please say I'm right, sir!" The coed suddenly burst out, almost begging the man to take her side. She threw her phone away, and focused all her attention on him, her wide blue eyes begging for approval.

Melisa looked at the gorgeous blonde coed, and slowly moved her gaze to the man. She could almost feel her entire world turning upside down. Everything she thought she knew about herself, her core values and principles, suddenly felt foreign and insignificant.

She was a strong, independent woman who did not need to rely on any man's opinion. And yet, that man's decision was the most important thing to her, tantamount to her drawing her next breath.

She was a respectable, classy, and demure businesswoman. She was always a good, lawful citizen. And yet she was willing to break any law, and lose all her well earned respect, if she could only convince him she was right.

It was a frightening moment of confusion, of delirium, but Melisa managed to come to her senses. The man before her will be the ultimate judge in this matter, she realized. And she was willing to do anything to appease him, to persuade him to side with her. Nothing else mattered.

Her mind's tumbling reached a sudden stop, and her world made sense again. It wasn't the same sense as before, but Melisa didn't care. She looked at the man with moist eyes, ready to do anything to win his approval.

To Melisa's distress, the stunning college coed beat her to that conclusion. She gave the man a seductive smile, and lifted her skirt.

"Do you like my panties, sir?" She asked with fake innocence, flashing her pink, lacy undies.

"It's not bad at all." The man said.

"Wanna look down my shirt, sir?" She let go of her skirt and leaned forward, pulling her shirt down to reveal her bra.

*Please god, don't let him like it.* Melisa thought with great concern.

"Hmm those are some nice little titties." He said and reached down the coed's crested blouse, "Firm and round, like two big peaches."

The hot blonde giggled as he squeezed her breasts.

"Thank you sir." She winked, gyrating her hips like a wanton whore.

Melisa knew she had to retaliate. She had to do something big to get the upper hand from the insanely attractive coed. She grasped her top from both sides, and pulled as hard as she could, tearing it apart.

Her buttons flew everywhere, one nearly cracking the window of a parked car, but Melisa didn't stop there. She tore her bra away, and let her breasts bounce freely before him.

"Do you like these, sir?" She held her melons before him, using her hands to shake and swing them.

"They're much bigger than that silly girl's peaches, sir. You can use these as floatation devices, if you want." Melisa was great at selling her product.

"My my, look at those fun-bags." He left the coed's tits and reached over to fondle Melisa. She could feel herself blush as he

shamelessly groped her tits, but the important thing was she was winning.

“Yes sir! I can jump up and down and bounce them for you, sir! I can-nnyaaa!” She squealed as he pinched her sensitive nipples.

“Does it hurt?” He asked, not sounding concerned at all.

“N-Not at all sir!” She lied “Please, pinch my nipples more!”

Melisa thought she had won, but the gorgeous coed had more arrows in her quiver. She took her fancy, crested top off, and threw it on the roadway gutter. Then, she slid her panties down her legs, and exposed her cute, bubbly ass for him.

“Sir do you want to spank me? I've been such a bad girl.” She wiggled her bottom from side to side, inviting him over to drum on her petite, bouncy cheeks.

“Oh have you?” The man pinched Melisa's nipple one last time, and turned to watch the coed.

He walked over to the young treat, and playfully slapped her spoiled, pampered ass.

“Ah! Spank me sir! Spank this bad girl!” She encouraged him.

*Damn it!* Melisa bit her tongue, her face twitching with anger, *two can play in this game!*

She decided, took off her shoes and pants as fast as she could, and bent over her own car.

“Sir! You can spank me, too! Please discipline me!” She cried out.

“In a bit.” The man said, busy fondling and spanking the coed, his hard cock poking her thighs occasionally.

Melisa was losing, and she had to act fast. She marched her hot ass over to the coed's sports car, and bent over right there, placing her ass in the man's reach.

“Spank me, sir! Please, I need it!”

He smirked.

“I guess if the man won't come to the slutty piece of ass, the slutty piece of ass will come to the man.” He mocked, and a second

later Melisa felt a stinging swat on her over-worked behind. She felt so accomplished.

He continued reddening both their asses, and both Melisa and the coed kept begging for more, eager to be on top when the man was ready to deliver his verdict. Melisa was worried, though. After all her hard work, she wasn't going to let that spoiled brat win just because she was younger and cuter.

*I've had my fill of people getting ahead based on their looks rather than their effort!* She decided, and slid her panties aside.

“Sir, if you want, you can fuck my pussy.” She said, “I can see that you have an erection. Please use this pussy, sir.”

Melisa felt his cock slap against her ass cheek.

“Want me to fuck you, huh?” He asked smugly, and gave her ass another dickslap.

“If you want to, sir.” Melisa said.

“No!” The coed squealed.

*Too late, little bitch!* Melisa thought, triumphant.

Little did she know, the already panty-less coed had a trump card Melisa couldn't hope to match.

“Please use my pussy, sir!” The coed cried out, spreading her pristine pussy lips with her fingers.

Then, she said the words that made Melisa's heart skip a beat.

“It's brand new! Nobody's ever used it before!” She smiled at him, her pink lips coated with clear-colored wetness.

*No no no no no!* Melisa couldn't believe it. She never expected her whorish suggestion to come back to bite her like a boomerang.

“Oh my, you're a virgin!” The man exclaimed, and Melisa knew he was about to abandon her. She had to move quickly.

Losing whatever shred of dignity she may have still harbored, the nearly-nude businesswoman dropped to her knees on the hard pavement, and took the man's erect cock in her hand.

“Please sir! Use my mouth! I'll suck your cock! I swear I'll do better than that unskilled tart!” Melisa begged.

“I'll do anything for you. Degrade myself in any way! Please!” She proved her words by slapping her face with his cock.

“Please sir!” She rubbed his manhood all over her face, smearing her lipstick a bit.

“Want me to fuck your face?” The man asked, taking hold of his cock and using it to slap her cheek a few times.

“Yes sir. Please. Please fuck my—Mmh!” He rammed his cock between her lips, and started pumping back and forth with no restraint or inhibition.

“Mmh! Ulp! Mhp!” Melisa choked and gulped.

*Move your tongue, Melisa! Make sure to move your tongue!* She encouraged herself, ignoring her own gag reflex and doing her best to please him.

He stopped thrusting, and towered above her with his arms folded and an arrogant expression on his face. He looked down on her, and Melisa knew it was her cue to impress.

“Phua!” She pulled back, and started making passionate love to his cock, tenderly kissing and licking him from root to stem. She took his shaft back in her mouth and started sucking again, using her hands to jerk him off and fondle his balls at the same time.

She could smell victory beyond the strong aroma of his manhood, until she was blindsided from her left.

“I'll show you how to suck cock, bitch!” The coed said and shoved Melisa away, taking his cock in her cherry lips instead. Melisa had to admit, she was impressed by her tenacity and perseverance, not to mention the depth to which she took his rod into her throat, without any help. The blonde goddess gagged and slurped, tasting Melisa's saliva on the man's staff.

*Now is not the time to appreciate your opponent, dummy!* Melisa berated herself.

“Move away, you bratty cunt!” She shoved the coed right back, kissed the man's balls, and quickly took him right back down her throat.

The coed tried pushing her back, but this time Melisa was ready, and the blonde was thin, fragile, and weak in comparison.

What she lacked in strength, however, she more than made up for in flexibility. The nimble coed arched her back below Melisa, and brought her soft lips to kiss the man's balls.

“Ahh, that's it girls. Hrmm.” He moaned and expressed his approval, but below him Melisa and the blonde coed still struggled for dominance, shoving each other while lavishing his cock with love.

“Hey Stop that! You stupid twats!” He suddenly grabbed both of them by the hair, and put them in their place.

“Work together!” He barked, “Remember what your goal is.”

Melisa and the coed looked up at the domineering man, exchanged glances with one another, and nodded.

“Yes sir.” They resigned in unison, stared at each other one last time, and like a well-oiled machine, dove back on his cock in a synchronized manner.

The spoiled brat may have been a virgin, but she was not a stranger to giving head. Her and Melisa reached a silent agreement, and began sliding their lips on either side of the cock they intended to worship.

When Melisa twirled her tongue around the tip, the nimble coed ran her limber tongue along his underside, and when it was the coed's turn to bob her head back and forth on his shaft, Melisa leaned further down and kissed his balls.

She observed the young coed working, and tapped her shoulder.

“Hey, move your tongue in circles, like this.” She whispered and showed her, “It's more about consistency, than about speed.”

“Th-Thanks. Mph! Ulp! Mmmh...” The blonde nodded, and dove back down. Melisa was proud to see how well her advice worked, as the man standing before them closed his eyes and groaned with pleasure.

It felt good, to teach the younger woman how to better adore him with her tongue. It was almost like a bonding moment between her and the spoiled coed. In fact, Melisa could sense the animosity she felt towards her subside, just a little bit.

The hot blonde invited Melisa to replace her, with a sweet, kind smile, and Melisa took over sucking the man's cock. The coed gobbled his balls, and looked straight up with her wide, blue eyes, looking like a tamed puppy.

He showed his approval by patting both their heads, lightly guiding their lips on his raging hard-on. He looked down at them, and smiled.

“Time for some pussy.” He said, and just like that, the fire of competition was reignited between the two. They bent over the swanky sports car again, lifted one leg up, and spread their pussy lips invitingly.

“Fuck me master! Please!” Melisa called out. It's not like she thought referring to him as master would gain her some extra points. It just felt so natural.

Evidently, the virgin bending over beside her thought the same.

“No master! Please fuck me first! Pop my cherry master! Fuck this untouched twat and make me squeal for more, master!”

*Gotta give it to the little cunt, she knows how to beg for sex.*

Melisa was impressed. She wasn't surprised when she heard the coed moan in gratitude.

“Ahh! Thank you master!” She cried out as he teased her pussy lips.

“Hrrm! You're such a good slut!” He gave her a spank, and wrapped his arms around her.

“Here. We. Go!” He spanked her again, and rammed into her with full force, tearing her hymen with no holding back.

“*Ahhhh! Ahh! Fuck me master! Nyaaa!*” The coed screamed with delight. Melisa couldn't help but smile, knowing her master was having so much fun with his brand new toy. She presented her own bare ass for him, her pussy ever ready to take his cock.

His cock plowed deep into his deflowered slave, and his hands roamed all over his two dolls. He gave Melisa a spank that made her buttocks wobble like jelly, and moved his fingers closer to her pussy.

“Ahh! Master!” Melisa moaned when he started fingering her, pumping his middle finger and his index finger into her wet cunt.

“Mm! Finger-bang this pussy, master!”

“Hrrm!” He groaned, and banged the coed so hard the whole car started rocking.

“*Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!*” The coed howled, her tongue lulling limply from her mouth.

Melisa never saw such a roughly squeezed cherry in her life, and the crazed, stupefied expression on the coed's face did not surprise her at all. The blonde's beautiful blue eyes nearly vanished in the back of her head, by the time their master pulled out of her.

He thrust into her one last time, and moved back, letting the nubile thing limp down on the leather seat, her cheek sticking to it and her ass up in the air. She panted, and deliriously mumbled for her master to use her.

“Use...Cunt...Master...Mhaaaaa...”

He took Melisa by the hair, arched her back up, and rammed into her cunt with nary a warning.

“Ahh! Master! Fuck this cunt, master!” She begged, and moved her own ass back and forth to accommodate his needs.

He spanked her repeatedly. Melisa never liked being fucked doggy style, like a bitch in heat, and she certainly never allowed the men in her life to spank her. It was so degrading.

With that man, however. With her ultimate judge. With her master, Melisa was willing to take a hard pounding from behind, one that would leave her too sore to even sit down.

*Who needs to sit down, anyway. Kneeling feels much more appropriate.*

It was as if he could read her mind, and began tenderizing her ass with no mercy, fucking her so hard she could barely manage to breathe. Her pussy tightened and quivered around his shaft. She was about to orgasm, but just then he pulled out, and parked his cock back in the coed.

“Yes master. Fuck this tight pussy.” The blonde said with a gentle voice, already recovered from her rough cherry popping.

“You're not allowed to cum without my permission.” The man said and spanked Melisa, holstering his cock back in his other wet cunt.

“Yes master! I-I'm sorry master!” Melisa realized her crime, and repented by spanking her own ass. Her pussy tingled with desire, soaking wet, but she waited for her master's permission.

“Now you, my lovely little pet.” He pulled the coed back up and nibbled on her ear.

“You can cum for me.” He said, and the newly deflowered toy let her flood gates open.

“Yesss mast~er!” She moaned out of breath, her pussy shaking and squirting juices. He never stopped fucking her, even for a second.

“Ohh fuck I'm gonna cum too!” He announced, and Melisa and the coed squealed with glee.

“On your knees! Both of you! Press those perky tits together!”

“Yes master!” Melisa and the lithe blonde chick answered unanimously, and dropped to their knees as swiftly as they could.

Melisa squeezed her tits together and pushed her chest forward. The coed's blue eyes sparkled, and her skin glistened. Her smile was positively luminous, and Melisa had to admit that the recently deflowered young woman looked simply ravishing.

They smiled at one another, their dispute all but forgotten, and turned their sights up.

Their magnificent master stroked his cock, aiming at their tits.

“We are your slaves, master.” Melisa said and kissed his tip. His slick shaft had streaks of red on it, signs of the virginal blood he spilled as he fucked the tight coed for the first time.

“Use us, master. We are your property.” The adorable coed said with a pleasant song in her voice.

“Ohhh Hrrrm!” He groaned, and his warm gun began spraying spunk all over them. Their tits, their faces, and their knees all received a healthy dose of cum.

“Ohh thank you, master.” Melisa licked her lips and said.

“Thank you for cumming on us, master. We live for your pleasure.” The blonde said.

“Kiss each other. Share my cum.” He told them.

“Yes master!” They nodded.

The hot blonde leaned down to gobble some sperm that gathered between Melisa's tits. She looked at Melisa with passion in her eyes. Melisa gently patted the young woman's cheek, and moved in for a loving kiss.

*I was wrong about her. Me and her, we are the same. We are both our master's obedient slavegirls.* Melisa determined. She couldn't for the life of her fathom any other option. She entwined her tongue with the naked coed, and swore to teach her everything she knows about sexual pleasure. She brought her hand down between the blonde's legs, and brushed her fingers on her tight, fresh pussy lips.

"Ooh..." The coed whimpered and looked down. Melisa giggled, moved the coed's face back up, and kissed her again. In that moment, the two formed the deepest connection they ever could. They were one in their meek submission, and in their need to obey.

They made out until all the cum was slurped down their hatches, gave each other one final peck on the lips, and looked back up at their master.

"Good slaves." He said, and Melisa felt elated.

"Now get up. It's time to go" He ordered.

"Yes master." They rose to their feet, hand in hand, and followed their master to his car. Their bare asses smacked each other with each accentuated step, and the frisky coed even took the liberty to playfully spank Melisa's ass. Melisa jumped and giggled, smiling at the blue-eyed angel.

They left their clothes behind. Left the crested blouse of the luxurious college, and the business pants-suit. They left their bras and panties lying on the pavement, and left their mundane lives and boring personalities behind as well.

They were happy to live the rest of their lives in their master's harem.

\* \* \* \*

I smiled and walked back to my new SUV, relishing the fun I've just had with those two cuties. I didn't know their names, and I didn't

really care. I'll probably give them new names later, anyway.

It was a lot of fun, slowly edging them towards submission, making them think I was going to help judge which of them was right. I couldn't really care less, and neither could they, by the time I was done.

"Get in, bitches." I said and opened the door for them, spanking them as they crawled inside.

"Hmm, no more room in the back." I realized.

"Okay, you will drive." I told the current driver's wife "And you go and drive this little hottie's sports car." I commanded the man who 'sold' me the SUV.

"Understood, sir." He said like a loyal employee, and walked towards the blonde coed's expensive vehicle.

"By the way, thank you for giving me those two brand new cars, cunts." I thanked my two new slaves.

"Everything for you, master." The businesswoman said, still holding hands with her formerly bitter opponent.

I reached out to the driver behind us, and had him take the other car, the one vacated by the businesswoman. It was a simple private, but in mint condition, so taking it for myself seemed like a good idea.

Besides, I had to make sure the way was clear for our exit, hopefully before the cops showed up to inquire about the odd traffic jam. Not that I couldn't easily handle the cops, but honestly I wanted to get home as soon as possible, and enjoy my newly acquired toys.

The previous owner's wife took the wheel, and I sat down between the coed and the businesswoman. I put gentle pressure on their shoulders, and they both went down to lather my flaccid cock with kisses.

"When we get home, I'll have you sixty-nine each other on the carpet." I told them.

"Yes master." The businesswoman said, getting wet from the very idea of munching on the posh blonde she used to despise.

"Anything you command, master." The blonde agreed with the same timid reverence.

“Let's get moving.” I ordered the driver once traffic started moving again.

“Yes master.” She said.

“Three new slavegirls, three new cars.” I sighed and closed my eyes.

“Oh how I love my life.” I said, and drifted off to a well deserved nap.

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