

WILL B. GUNN



**MIND
CONTROL
DRAFT**

Mind Control Draft

By **Will B. Gunn**

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

Chapter One – Taking A Chance

Mitch hid amidst the green shrubbery and looked on at the beautiful scene unfolding before his eyes, at the foot of the cliff right where the crystal clear stream of the river fell and met the small pond.

In the shallow part of the clear, sparkling spring, the beautiful Angelina frolicked. Her long golden hair waved in the wind as she splashed water around. Her wet, fair skin sparkled in the sun, and her smile radiated an aura brighter than a thousand stars.

Mitch could barely believe his eyes. He vigorously rubbed them and pinched himself, but even that did not change the utterly divine vision before him.

“I had no idea she had sisters. And they're freaking identical.” He uttered with sheer wonder, as the beautiful college coed he has been pining for laughed and gambled about with two identical clones, all three of them wearing the same skimpy bikinis, giggling and wrestling about, like a sexy triplets of bunnies.

The young man drooled on the soft ground, hiding among the dewy leaves. He ogled the three youthful babes as they swayed and moved in play. Their fresh, round tits were barely contained in the dainty fabric of their bikini tops, and their shapely behinds painted upon by their tight and wet bikini bottoms.

Mitch felt no shame, peeping as he was. He was fully focused on engraving every image in his mind, so he could call upon it whenever he felt like it. A big smile drawn on his face, he tried his darndest to avoid blinking, as a formidable tent grew in his trousers.

A shiver went through him when one of the steaming hot, soaking wet blondes looked straight at him with her deep blue eyes, and her sweet cherry lips curved with a playful smile, filled with mischief.

“She didn't see me. She didn't see me. She didn't see me.” He muttered to himself, almost hoping his words would magically force reality to comply.

Angelina poked both her gorgeous twins and pointed to Mitch's hiding spot. He shut his eyes, tensed up, and braced himself for what's to come. He expected hearing gasps and distressed squeals, or at least a barrage of shrilled screams filled with insults shot in his direction.

He certainly did not expect to hear the same sweet, playful triple giggle.

“Oh, Mi~hiiiiitch.” The alluring musical voice reached his ears and caressed his lobes. He opened his eyes and saw the three fair maidens smiling at him with perfectly sparkling teeth and shiny sky colored eyes.

The Angelina in the middle stretched her hand forward with a sexy swing to her trim, athletic hips. His eyes widened. She was inviting him over.

“Come on, Mitch, let's have some fuh~un.” The leftmost twin said and grabbed her breasts with both hands, shaking them seductively.

“I'm sooo horny.” The one on the right said, running her hand across her inner thigh.

Mitch wanted so much to jump to his feet and run towards them, intent on ravaging them like a mad beast, but for some reason his feet felt grounded to the floor. He couldn't move, and his mouth had gotten so dry that he wondered if he would ever be able to speak again.

The coy little vixens had a look of dishonest disappointment on their faces. They looked at each other, and the middle one bit her lower lip, stared straight at Mitch, and with steamy eyes she reached to her bikini top, swiftly unclasping it.

Before long, the other two did the same. They blew Mitch suggestive kisses as they held their breasts in their hands, teasing him to no end.

“Hey, Mitch!” One of them said. “Want to see my tits?”

He could do nothing but nod like a buffoon, speechless.

“Heeeey Mitch.” The one to her side said with an angelic moan. Mitch ogled them with wide eyes for so long, it was a miracle his eyes could take it without stinging like hell.

“Helloooooo...” The last one said, her voice sounding weirdly baritone. Mitch figured not all identical twins can have the same identical, feminine voice.

“Hey, Mitch!” The three of them said and prepared to drop their tops, but their voices combined to that of a man, and Mitch felt a sudden sharp pain at his side, like an elbow out of nowhere.

Mitch gasped and jumped up, confused and disoriented. The three Angelinas were gone, and so was the waterfall, and the spring.

He rubbed his blurry eyes and looked around. He was sitting in class, next to Rob, a friend he met on the first day of college.

“Good morning.” Rob jested. “Pay attention. If I have to go over the entire lesson with you later I'll become very uncomfortable to be around.”

Mitch adjusted himself in his chair and read what Miss Madden wrote on the blackboard.

“Now I'm scared.” He replied with a smirk. Mitch scanned the blackboard and was quickly up to date with the lesson. He was a quick learner and quite the autodidact, so he had no issues with learning the material, despite daydreaming every now and then.

He didn't like having erotic dreams about a girl sitting a few seats in front of him during class, though. Mitch was always scared he might start talking in his sleep, and let slip an embarrassing nugget that will stick to him, for life.

Miss Madden still had the same sour, stern face, looking as if she'd rather do anything else instead of teaching a bunch of bachelor degree freshmen. The university forced her to work as a TA while she studied for her PhD, and her mousy frown told Mitch how she hated that fact.

She wasn't bad looking, and relatively young compared to other instructors they had. A bespectacled redhead in her late twenties, with soft pillow-like breasts and an otherwise slim figure. She always stood tall and proud, her posture regal and holier-than-though, her dark red hair neatly bundled. Her icy glare was known to freeze the balls off of many crotches, belonging to students and university staff alike.

Mitch wasn't much affected by it, however. The way she got students was by catching them unawares and asking them a question that would make them feel stupid and bring their confidence level to a minimum.

She tried doing that to Mitch, at first, but his perfect answers and rebuttals to her criticisms of his apparent “laziness” got her off his back. Perhaps she realized a student of higher education who can sleep through class and still soak in the material learned can afford a smidgen of laziness.

He still didn't dare to glare at her sizable cleavage as much as he wished to, however, and after Rob woke him up from his little nap, he did his best to not catch her eyes directly. It was still impolite of him to sleep right in front of her, after all.

Mitch had other things to ogle at, anyway, namely the object of his dreamy fantasies, sitting her perfectly small butt on a seat in the second row, diligently copying what was written on the blackboard.

Angelina wore her usual slim-fit blue jeans. Mitch knew her wardrobe better than he knew his own, at this point. There was nothing he liked more than to see her petite behind tightly wrapped in a thin layer of cloth.

Although, recently she bought a new skirt which was much shorter than her usual ones. When he saw her pristine long legs like that, he could think of nothing other than spreading her open and pinning her to a desk. He would fuck her so well her brain would melt down to the honeypot between her legs.

Her tops always complimented her slender and fit physique, though they hardly ever showed any of her divine cleavage. Mitch was left to imagine it, based off of the heavenly, firm-looking mounds outlined by her tight top.

It was more than enough for him, though, especially since he mostly enjoyed looking at her pert rear swing from side to side, as she walked away. It was much easier to focus his attention on her body like that, without having to worry about her noticing.

At the moment, she was busy writing and casually rubbing her thighs, biting her lower lip and trying to understand what Miss Madden was teaching. Mitch didn't dare to offer her some tutoring, for fear he might step over the line, brush against her in a pervy manner or something, and find himself in jail.

He counted the seconds for the end of the class, ready to jump to his feet so he could get a perfect view of Angelina as she picked her stuff up and walked out. Yeah, he was horny, and after the very vivid dream he just had, it was hard for him to focus on anything else.

Miss Madden dismissed the class a few minutes late, as usual. People often complained, but she said they are always free to leave, and students learned pressing the subject would be meaningless. Angelina picked her stuff up and moved to the door at super speed, as always.

Luckily, Mitch didn't really have any stuff of his own to sort out. He trusted Rob to write everything down, and so he could jump right after her, at a safe distance, that is.

“Hey, Mitch, wait for me!”

Rob stopped him in his tracks, scurrying to gather his pens and notebooks to his bag. Mitch knew he couldn't possibly come up with an excuse to his rush, so he just sighed, and glanced one last time as the door nearly hit Angelina's bouncy ass as she left, or perhaps that was just his wishful thinking.

He turned around and gave his friend a disgruntled look, waiting for the damn nerdy slowpoke to get a move on.

By the time they left the classroom Angelina and her eye-candy skinny jeans were long gone. Mitch and Rob walked side by side in the hallway, on their way back to the dorm.

“So, I think we should do Miss Madden's assignment right now. What do you think?” Rob asked.

“Nah I need to take a little nap.” Mitch said, meaning he needs some time with his porn and his imaginary Angelina, and perhaps some of her identical friends.

“How little?” Rob pressed “We have a three hour window...” Mitch's pushy friend hinted.

“I don't know, man. I'll give you a call when I wake up.” Mitch didn't even try to hide his exasperation.

“Fine.” Rob shook his head. “I'll start on my own, then.”

“You do that.” Mitch turned his head away and rolled his eyes.

They passed by one of the many posters spread around campus, inviting everyone to the regional college women's basketball championship game.

Angelina was the poster girl for the team, and her bright smile shone in all the advertisements for the big game. The most popular pic was a still shot of the gorgeous goddess in mid air, shooting from the 3-point range in the local team's uniform.

Mitch had to stop and stare, and Rob found himself doing the same. Angelina was a beauty no straight man could ignore.

“She's so fucking hot.” Rob said, wide eyed. “I'd spank that hot ass till my hand felt numb.” He added. One thing Mitch could say about Rob, he was certainly honest.

A throat clearing behind them made the two freshmen jump. “That's a star athlete of this school you're talking about. That is wholly inappropriate.”

It was Miss Madden, and she gave Rob a look of loathing, hatred, and perhaps topped with a dash of disgust.

Rob turned so red Mitch was wondering if he was actually breathing. Mitch himself decided to just look away. He could possibly argue with the older woman about freedom of speech and the definition of what is inappropriate, but he wasn't really looking to open a battle front with the frigid, humorless TA. He was content with their current status-quo.

“Well, what do you have to say for yourself?” She demanded.

“M-My ears are itching.” Rob squeaked like a frightened mouse.

“What?” She snapped at him. “Maybe I should have you explain to young Angelina what you want to do to her, and then apologize for your disrespect.”

That was the moment she crossed the line, Mitch decided.

“We aren't kids, Miss Madden, and this isn't high school. You have no jurisdiction to do something like that.” He told in a factual tone, trying his best to respectfully stare her down.

She gave him a bone chilling glare, huffed angrily, and walked away.

“Thanks man. I wish I knew how to handle these situations as naturally as you.” Rob said, still flushed and embarrassed.

“Heh, if I was the one she got mad at, I would freeze up just like you did. For the record, you have no idea how much I agree with you about Angelina. I've been dreaming of tapping that ass since I was a high school freshman.”

“You know her from high school? How am I just finding out now?” Rob accused.

Mitch chuckled. “*know* may be an over statement. We went to the same school.” Mitch said, tore his eyes from Angelina's poster, and walked away, with Rob following closely behind.

Mitch figured he may as well take some blank papers and a pen from his locker, seeing as Rob seemed eager to start on their new home assignment immediately.

Rob watched Mitch open his locker, appearing puzzled. “I don't get it, why do you pay for a locker in campus when you barely ever write anything? You're missing half the required books!”

“Why not? It's dirt cheap and my room is messy enough as it is.” Mitch retorted.

“And if you need anything you have to come all the way here and get it. I don't know, it just seems off to me...” Rob said as he waited for Mitch to take his stuff out.

Mitch wasn't listening anymore, he stared at a small, discrete note left for him in his locker, right next to a similarly discrete opaque case, bearing no unique marks.

The note was simple and concise.

“*You have been given a life changing opportunity.*” Was all it said.

“What is it?” Rob asked when he noticed Mitch's dumbfounded face. Mitch swallowed nervously and tore the note up to tiny shreds.

“Nothing, nothing.” He said quickly, and subtly slid the mysterious case into his pocket.

“Are you sure?” Rob asked suspiciously.

“Uhh, yeah, yeah. It's fine.” Mitch wrecked his brain, trying to come up with an excuse Rob might fall for.

He couldn't. “Listen, man. I have to go...somewhere.” He said, for the sake of vagueness, and also because he still had no idea where he will actually go.

“What do you mean? What did that note say?” Rob interrogated him.

“Look, I'll explain later. Just go back to the dorms and start the assignment, okay? I'll be there in a couple of hours, maybe.”

“Maybe? Come on, Mitch, tell me!” Rob begged.

“Sorry, man, can't. Trust me, it's not as important as you seem to think.” Mitch lied, and turned to go, hoping Rob won't try to follow him.

“Okaaaaay.” Rob let a drawn out sigh, and continued on his way to the dorm, making Mitch breathe a sigh of relief as he saw his friend vanish around a corner.

He took the nondescript casing from his pocket and stared at it.

“Come on now, Mitch, don't get your hopes up.” He mumbled as he fumbled the small latch to open the casing. He was more than ready for this to be some elaborate prank. It didn't just seem too good to be true, it was outright unrealistic.

And yet, Mitch figured it was a chance worth taking, so long as it's free. After all, what man can be blamed for accepting such a fantastic and dreamy deal?

Inside the casing was what seemed to be a silver, simple pocket flashlight, which emitted surround light rather than a pinpoint ray. Instead of an on/off button, there was only one red button on the side. Mitch traced his thumb on it, his pupils shaking in his eyes, and his skin tingling with excitement.

He almost pressed it, just to check, but then he remembered what the website said. He was to be careful and mind his surrounding, he recalled, since the device will affect any potential subject who may be standing nearby, and the effects it induces are permanent.

Mitch smiled ear to ear as he thought of those words, reminding himself that “potential subject” really refers to “any woman”.

Never expecting this to happen, Mitch gave little thought as to what he will do when the time came. Well, he knew who was at the top of his list, but he was still afraid of making a fool of himself in front of her. He ended up standing there for five long minutes, becoming rather agitated.

Mitch was never extremely fortunate, but his aimless standing at that very spot was the brightest stroke of luck in his life. Had he not stood there like a jackass, he would never have overheard the phone conversation that gave him a clear and undeniable direction.

“I’m sorry, honey, I forgot to tell you I have an extra practice with the girls today.”

Coach Sandy Summers, who trained the basketball team, walked by slowly, speaking to someone on the phone. By the nature of the conversation, Mitch assumed it was her husband. She held a large gym bag under her surprisingly dainty arm, wearing a long pencil skirt and a conservative blouse over her sizable tits. Mitch has been dreaming of shoving his cock between those heavy jugs in ages.

“Yeah, the big game is tomorrow, and I hear some WNBA scouts will be there. I have to make sure my girls are in tip-top shape.” She said in an apologetic tone, very remote from her usual tough demeanor.

“Aww, you’re the best, honey. I promise I’ll make it up to you tonight after I put Jasmine to sleep.”

She giggled just as she passed by Mitch. He pocketed the device hurriedly, and tried to pretend he wasn’t listening.

“Oh, you know just what I mean.” She said in a suggestive manner, making her meaning clear not only to her husband, but to Mitch as well.

“Okay, sweetie, I love you. Bye.” She said and hung up. Mitch followed closely behind, working to get his confidence up with every passing second.

The coach had medium length chestnut hair and jade green eyes, and though she had already been through a pregnancy, her body was slim and well toned. She was young, and still very much in the prime of her life. Mitch could only guess, but he figured her impressive bust was, at least in some part, a result of her recent child birth.

It was hard for Mitch to pinpoint her age, because her face looked so young and cute. Her features had a glamor model quality to them. He would be surprised if she turned out to be over thirty, though.

“Are you following me?” The athletic young mother turned around and asked, causing Mitch's head to jerk upwards awkwardly. He was so used to stare at her ass that he barely noticed he was blatantly walking three steps behind her.

“Uh...Uhm...” He mumbled, nearly fumbling the ball. The hot coach leered at him, waiting for his ineligious response.

“I...Yes, I wanted to talk with you, if I may.” Mitch said.

She seemed quite doubtful as she looked at him. “What about?” She asked with a dismissive tone.

Mitch took a moment to think. “A-About Angelina.” He finally said. Coach Summers frowned.

“Angelina? What about her?”

“It's...” He paused. “Quite personal, so...” He moved closer to her and whispered secretively.

It felt like forever, but the coach finally sighed and took a calm breath. Mitch did his very best to keep his head up and his eyes off of the coach's impressive melons.

“Come into my office, then.” She said “But I need to prepare for the team's practice in ten minutes or so.”

“When will the girls arrive?” Mitch asked, and realized too late it was a weird thing to ask.

“Half an hour, why?”

“Uhm, no reason.” Mitch said quickly.

“Okay then.” She said, rolling her eyes, probably thinking Mitch didn't notice.

He didn't think it would be so easy to get some alone time with her, but here he was, sitting across from coach Summers, her desk the only thing separating them. She probably underestimated him, and she was about to discover how great a mistake that was.

“So, what about Angelina?” She asked again.

Mitch was hesitant to spring the device out of his pocket just yet, still worried it may all be one big sham.

“Well, you know, me and her went to the same high school.” He said, smiling as his confidence rose, slowly but surely.

“So?” The impatient coach said dismissively. “Who are you, anyway?”

“Oh, right.” He smirked. “Name's Mitch.” He said with a smile, reaching his hand forward. Coach Summers stared at him with curled lips and folded arms, obviously not interested in shaking his hand.

“Well, here's the thing.” He lowered his hand and adjusted himself in his seat.

“Her mom is really over protective, and she cajoled me to check that she's doing well on the team. She really wasn't expecting her little Angelina to be the school's basketball star.”

The coach seemed surprised, and very doubtful.

“You can tell Angelina's mother she's doing extremely well. She's one of the best shooters I've ever had on my team, and she's been improving steadily since she joined. I couldn't believe she never played at high school.”

“Oh, she never did.” Mitch said. “She was a cheerleader from our first day to our graduation. I never knew she even liked basketball.”

The coach cleared her throat, and leaned on her desk.

“Why would her mother ask you to do this? I have never even seen you two together. Angelina has other friends on campus who went to high school with her.” She clearly didn't buy his story.

“She's worried her close friends will lie for her, you know.” He said, but it was clear Coach Summers found his reasoning dubious, at best.

Mitch had something wicked turn within him. He decided that if he's going to make a fool of himself, he may as well have some fun with it.

“Okay, okay, I was lying.” He said, and could sense the coach was getting pissed at him wasting her time.

“Here's the thing, I really want to bang Angelina. She has such a sweet body, doesn't she?” He said shamelessly.

“What did you say?” Coach Summers asked, seething in barely bridled fury.

“I said I wanted to fuck her tight pussy till my balls go dry. I mean, come on, I know she's a star athlete now, but let's face it, she's a prime piece of quality fuck-meat, first and foremost.” Mitch jumped into the water without a life boat, and quite frankly, he was having the time of his life, as the wide grin on his face testified.

Coach Summers was so shocked, she was rendered outright speechless. The college freshmen before her seemed dishonest before, but he at least spoke respectfully, if a tad awkwardly. The shift in his attitude was like a rude unmasking.

“What are you bitches doing playing basketball, anyway?” He continued digging a hole he knew nothing could save him from, unless the device worked. He didn't even care anymore. He might not have truly believed all those things he said, but the sexy MILF's reaction was deliciously priceless.

“Cheerleading, I can get. Dancing, sure, especially on a stripper's pole. But basketball is a man's sport! Women should stick to physical activities that fit them. Stuff that involve writhing their hot bodies in lewd ways, or being put on display like sex objects for men to ogle at, or fucking. Especially that last one. Best use of a woman's body, I'd say.” He stared at her fiendishly, enjoying every single moment of his speech.

“And you know...” He continued, but Coach Summers had taken more than enough for her liking.

“*How dare you!*” She screeched, her beautiful face contorted with anger. She still looked incredibly cute, though.

“You worthless little twerp! You disgusting swine! I don't even know what to call you that will be bad enough!”

She shot up to her feet in absolute rage and rushed forward, and Mitch immediately reached into his pocket, clutching his only saving grace. He already took it out and had his thumb on the red button by the time she got to him. Mitch honestly expected her to try and beat him up. He wouldn't blame her.

Coach Summers had enough restraint though, and instead she hurried past him and flung her office's door open so strongly, that the adjacent window shook vibrantly and nearly broke.

“*Get out!*” She demanded. “*And don't think for a second you'll get away with this! I don't care if this was meant as a joke or a prank or whatever!*”

Mitch stood on his feet calmly, though inside he was starting to get nervous. He might be expelled if this doesn't work, he realized. He checked no one was looking through the open door to her office. Fortunately, the sports courts and gym were both completely vacant, probably reserved by Coach Summers for the team's important practice before the big game.

Mitch stretched his arm out, placing the flashlight between him and her, like some sort of a shield.

“Here goes nothing.” He said with a shaky voice, smiled at the furious woman before him, and gave the button a solid, confident push.

The light was so bright it was blinding, and Mitch instinctively closed his eyes shut. He heard a shocked, feminine gasp coming from the coach. It was followed by a perfect, serene silence. The shiny burst vanished as quick as it came, and Mitch opened his eyes again, eager to see the result.

While the white light did nothing but bother his eyes in the same way any strong light would, its effect on Coach Summers was clearly more profound. She just stood there, her eyes bright and shiny, as if they trapped the blinding flash of light within them.

The angry expression was gone. So was any other emotion, it seemed. The turmoil going on in her mind was completely invisible, underneath the calm and unassuming posture she assumed. Like the flash of a camera, the light in her eyes slowly faded, until her eyes returned to their original gemstone green.

She blinked a few times, looked at Mitch, and smiled brightly.

“Thank you for enslaving my mind to your will. How may I serve you, master?” She cooed softly and submissively, her gorgeous face filled with naught but adoration, her eyes showing nothing but unwavering worship.

“Holy fuck, it actually worked.” Mitch muttered under his breath, his cock so hard it was aching as it pushed into the fabric of his underpants.

The amazingly hot, busty basketball coach stood before him in endless patience, ready to be commanded.

“C-Close the door.” He ordered, and with a wiggle to her pert rear she gave the door a decisive nudge, slamming it shut.

“Anything you wish, master.” She said, staring at him with lightly parted lips and aching desire in her eyes.

Mitch touched his crotch and took a shuddering, sharp inhale.

“Lock the door.” He said slowly “Slut.” He added with a wicked smirk.

“Right away, master. I am your slut.” Coach Summers said with a distant voice, dripping with subdued lust.

With a hormone filled grunt, Mitch lunged at her from behind and took a strong hold of her wondrous love cushions through her blouse.

“Lock the door, bitch!” He raised his voice, mashing his crotch onto her, the bulge in his pants pressing against her bubbly, firm behind.

“*Ahh!* Yes master!” She squealed as he dry humped her, using his powerful hold of her tits as leverage to forcefully swing his hips into her.

Mitch violently pulled on her blouse, freeing one massive bra-clad breast. He lifted her skirt all the way up so he could press his crotch directly on her silky panties.

“Lock the fucking door, you whore!” He raised his voice yet again, and spanked her so hard it echoed throughout the building.

“Yes master! *Ahhh!* Your whore obeys!” There was no shred of self respect left in her, as Mitch rained slaps and blows onto her owned piece of ass.

Every time he told her to lock the door, Sandy Summers tried twisting the key in the lock again, as if she did not have it locked already. Her slender fingers twisted against the key as she tried forcing the key to turn further, to no avail, but that pain was dim compared to the constant squeezing of her sensitive breasts, and harsh smacks on her panty-clad buttocks.

All of it was dwarfed by the love and devotion she felt for her master, though, and so she took the harsh treatment with a willing and eager smile. It took Mitch about a minute of mad dry humping, fondling, and spanking, till he was finally off the initial high of his absolute triumph.

He was so rough with her, that when he finally let her go and took a step back, her knees buckled and she fell to the ground with a tired and relieved moan.

“Did you enjoy me, master?” She asked, her master's approval being the most important thing in her meek and simple existence.

“Oh, I haven't even started, slave.” Mitch said with an arrogant grin.

“Yes master. I am your slave.” Coach Summers said with the same intoxicated smile she wore since the light shone in her face. Her cheeks were flushed hot, and her mesmerized eyes showed a wishful glint, yearning to bring happiness to the one she served.

Slave Sandy felt very comfortable on her knees, before her master, but she forced herself back to her feet once she caught her breath. When her

master wants her on her knees, he will specifically command her to kneel. She had no right to make decisions based on her own measly comfort.

Mitch looked her up and down as she stood at perfect attention before him, her shirt stretched out with one of her massive fun-bags hanging out of it, clad in the cup of her black bra.

“Now, where were we?” He walked over to her.

“Ah yes!” He pinched her nipple through her black bra. “I was saying that all women were good for is erotic dancing, fucking, and sucking, didn't I? Wait, did I say sucking?”

Sandy shook her head slowly. “No master, you didn't.” She said, her mouth getting dry from the mere thought.

“Oh well, my mistake. But I do recall you had a very bad reaction to my honest and true words, didn't you?”

He grabbed her throat. He didn't squeeze nearly strong enough to choke her, just enough to assert his dominance.

“I mean, all I was saying was that women shouldn't waste time on basketball when they can have their holes properly fucked every which way. What's wrong with that, huh?”

He let go of her for a second, just to give her face a solid slap, and resumed his grip of her throat.

“Nothing, master. I'm so, so sorry.” She said in a choked out whisper, apologizing with absolute sincerity. “A woman's body is a man's sexual plaything, master. Fully fitted with three warm, tight, and comfy holes ready for the grind, and two squeeze toys on our chests. I am your gift wrapped toy, master, ready for you to open me up and play with everything I have to offer.”

Mitch's eyes popped out as his slave slobbered her demeaning speech, his hand still clutching her neck.

“Attractive women should only do sexy things with their hot bodies, master.” She finished, and Mitch let go of her.

“That's right, bitch, and soon Angelina will know the truth too.” He said, taking a few steps back to look at the mentally defeated woman.

“Yes, master. She will fulfill her role perfectly as your fuck-slave.”

He looked at her with predatory eyes.

“Let's see those tits, slave.” He said, ogling her disheveled chest, half covered by a messed up blouse.

“Of course master! My tits are yours!”

She nearly tore her blouse off as she violently peeled it off of her. Her bra wasn't as lucky, or sturdy as her shirt. The obedient slut tore it away and tossed it aside, ripped beyond repair. Her big boobs jostled and bounced with the recoil force of the swift movement, reaching a stable state a few tantalizing seconds later.

Mitch spent a short moment just staring at her bare breasts, in silence. It's not that he never saw a woman topless, but having the formerly strong willed coach stand before him, in perfect silence, while his eyes feasted on her bare chest gave it a certain added charm.

“So fucking big...” He said and took her jugs in both hands, squeezing fondly before burying his face between the soft mounds.

“*Ohh* master.” Sandy moaned and gently caressed his hair with her dainty hand, her fingers massaging his scalp.

Mitch stood upright again, and placed one hand on her curvy hips.

“Lets get rid of this useless piece of fabric.” He said, staring deep in her eyes.

“Of course, master.” She whispered and unzipped the side of her skirt, casually letting it drop to the floor.

“That's nice.” Mitch said and reached to her back side, squeezing and fondling her ass cheeks with both hands, his cock poking through his pants and touching the front of her crotch.

With a light slap he walked back again.

“Lose the panties, bitch.”

“Yes, master!” She quickly hooked her thumbs in her black satin panties.

“Turn around.” He told her before she could start taking them off “and do it slowly.”

“Yes master.” She hissed and slowly turned around, shaking her hips every time she stepped in place, gyrating and writhing seductively.

She slowly and alluringly lowered her panties, keeping her legs straight so her master could see the pussy lips peeking from between her bouncy butt cheeks. She slid the soft fabric down her long legs until it reached her feet, her blonde hair scraping the floor and her ass up in the air.

“Freeze right there.” He told her, and grabbed her ass with both hands.

“Yes master.” She said, her panties still hanging on her feet.

Mitch slowly moved the bent over slut back and forth, dry humping her at his leisure, ignoring her whimpers.

“That's a good bitch-slave.” He said and slapped her ass, the tip of the bulge in his pants getting wet from the constant kisses Sandy's pussy lips gave it.

“Thank you master.” She said, her face getting red from the blood rushing down to her head.

Mitch grunted and hastened his humping, moving her like a sex doll, swinging her back and forth until his cock throbbed in his pants.

“Oh fuck!”

He forcefully released his grip of her hips, almost causing her to fall forward, ass first. He couldn't contain himself in his pants anymore. Mitch unbuckled his belt and lowered his pants and underpants like a hurricane, his raging hard-on springing out like a bolt of lightning.

“Kneel before me, Sandy.” He said in a mocking tone that was totally lost on the brainwashed coach.

“Yes master!” She bent her knees and dashed towards him in a brisk crawl, her ass wiggling like that of a hyperactive puppy.

She knelt at his feet with her back straight and her tits proudly thrust up, looking up at her master with sparkling eyes, her red lips slightly parted, giving her a delicate, innocent, and adoring look. Her face was squarely before his crotch, her mouth perfectly aligned to his cock.

“Good girl.” Mitch praised her, and flapped his erection in her face, before patting her smooth cheeks with his rod.

“Thank you, master.” She said meekly and respectfully.

Mitch slapped her face a few more times, and brought his tip to her lips.

“Kiss.” He said simply.

“Happily, master.” Came her tender and soothing voice, right before her likewise tender and soft lips kissed his tip passionately, wet smacks sounding every time her lips left his dick to take a breath.

She showered her master's shaft with kisses, leaving red lipstick stains on it. The dumb slave was so proud to see her full lips drawn on her master's hard-on, a testimony of the pleasure he was receiving from his owned sex toy.

“I bet you never even did this for your husband, huh?”

“Who?” She blinked dumbly and kissed his tip again. “Oh, him. No, master, never. My love for you exceeds anything I've ever felt. I worship your cock like the god you are, master.”

Mitch moaned and looked down at her, drunk with lust. He was about ready to shove his cock deeper in her lips, when his gaze fixed on her massive tits hanging under his rod.

“Did you ever give your husband a titfuck?” He asked.

“No master.” Her response came after another steamy kiss. “My breasts were always really sensitive, and they got even more tender after I gave birth. I recently asked my husband to try not to touch them while we're having sex.”

“Hah! I bet he just loved that.” Mitch laughed.

“I was thinking of getting a reduction surgery.” She added.

“No way I'm letting you do that, bitch. Besides, I squeezed your tits pretty roughly earlier, didn't I?” He asked with a smile.

“My tits belong to you, master.” Sandy said, not seeing a reason for her discomfort to stop her master from enjoying what he owns.

Mitch chuckled at her.

“Wrap your tits around my cock and start working, then. And make it good – This being your first time is no excuse.”

“Of course master.” She said with a nod, and took her delicate, heavy jugs in her hands. “I will do my very best. There's no excuse for displeasing my master.”

Happily resigned to be nothing but a sex object, Sandy let her tongue lull out of her mouth, to wet and moisten the valley between her tits before she tightened them around Mitch's cock.

She started off gently and slowly, but quickly picked up the pace, moving her entire body up and down for him. She whimpered every now and then, her lips curling in slight discomfort, but her eyes never lost their worshipful glow as she looked up at her master.

“It's a good thing you're in such a great shape. That looks exhausting.” He moaned and smirked at her.

Clear liquid already emerged from Mitch's tip, joining the slick moistness between coach Summers' pillowy breasts. Sandy knew she will soon be showered with her master's cum, seeing as his pre-cum was already coating his tip. It was inviting her tongue to lick and worship.

“I’ll be in any shape you wish, master. You own my body, and my soul.” She panted, trying her best to keep a good pace going, hugging his rod with her big boobs and massaging it pleasantly.

Mitch growled and took hold of her shoulders, joining his own strength to direct his slave's motions

“*Hnnng!*” He grunted as his climax began.

He moaned deeply every time cum squirted from his tip, painting her white from her neck to her tits, every spurt accompanied with a blissful sensation on his part, and thankful whimper from his submissive slave.

He closed his eyes as he cherished the amazing sensation. Sandy made sure to keep him warm and pleased throughout his climax. When he opened his eyes and looked down, he wasn't surprised to see his willing sex toy covered in white.

“What the hell is that?” He frowned suddenly.

There was a different, less thick liquid, of a different shade of white oozing from her nipples and down her soft mounds.

“Milk? You were lactating while giving me a titfuck?” He asked, astounded, and realized some of her mother's milk did stick to the root of his crotch, where her nipples repeatedly hit as she served him.

Sandy took her eyes from her master's face for the first time, and witnessed her nipples slowly oozing milk, in horror.

“Oh...I-I'm so sorry master! I'm still lactating, even though my daughter stopped breastfeeding months ago.” She apologized profusely.

“My body has no right to submit to biology instead of your will, master!” She declared, squeezing her tits hard in a desperate attempt to make amends.

“Please master, this slave will take any punishment to atone for the sins of her defiant body!”

Cum mixed with milk dripped from her large breasts and onto the floor. Mitch looked at the puddle with a wicked half-smile, and knew just how to punish her.

“First thing's first, clean my cock with your tongue.” He said. “Then, you can get a rag or something and clean the floor on your hands and knees.”

Sandy smiled. “I am your toy, master. Thank you so much for using me, master.” She said and went to work, following his orders to the letter.

Chapter Two – The Tall, The Dark, And The Petite Virgin Dyke

Coach Summers didn't prepare for the practice the way she had planned. Instead, she spent the time licking her master's cock, worshiping his balls, and shaking her ass for him as she wiped the floor back and forth. Her sensitive mammaries swung beautifully with every swash of the mop she held in her hands.

“The girls will arrive soon. Put your clothes back on, Sandy.” Mitch towered above her, looking down with a patronizing smile.

“All of them, master? Even those that cover my tits and my cunt?” Coach Summers asked, keeping her head as low as her master's feet and her ass up.

Mitch looked at the pathetic woman and chuckled. “Of course, you stupid whore.” He extended his foot an inch forward.

“As you wish, master.” She said in a resigned manner, and kissed his toes. Even though he ordered her to, it still felt wrong to use fabric to hide what her master owned from his own eyes. But she had to obey.

The first three to arrive were Trisha, and the sisters Mary and Beth. Mary was Beth's older sister, only a year ahead of her. Mitch knew Beth from some of his classes, but since Mary was a sophomore, he barely ever saw her.

Beth had short, dark hair, hazel eyes, and was surprisingly short for a basketball player. She was a tomboy, and often walked with torn, loose jeans and rags that left one shoulder bare.

That was what she wore for the practice, as well, apparently not even expecting to do anything, seeing as she was the last member of the team's bench. Mitch often heard her tell Angelina she joined the team on her older sister's behest. Her current outfit featured a tighter than usual blue jeans, torn at the knee, and a pink top with only one shoulder strap.

Unlike her younger sister, Mary came fully clad in team uniform, blue sports shorts and a white sports shirt. No one would guess her and Beth were sisters. She was a full foot taller, had long dark hair, and although she was the team's guard, she had a certain feminine grace to her, especially when she jumped to block. Her light brown eyes were the only thing she shared with her younger sister.

Mitch knew Trisha much better than the sisters, seeing as she graduated from the same high school as him and Angelina. Unlike Angelina, Trisha knew from the get-go that she wanted to play pro basketball. She formed a team in their high school for the first time ever, for girls, that is, and served as their coach and captain.

Trisha was the only one in the team as tall as Mary. Her black hair was tied in a pony tail, her body was lean, strong, and smoothly muscular, but not enough to deprive from her youthful femininity.

Her fierce eyes made her look like a wild cat, and she always stood tall and confident. She was always stern, ambitious, and utterly unforgiving.

Of course, Mitch never looked at those parts of her. He was more interested in her perfect bubble butt and her medium sized tits. She was always a little tall and lanky for his liking, but he certainly never shunned her away from his dreams if she happened to make an appearance.

He often wondered how a burst of his white jizz would look like on her smooth, caramel skin.

She showed up wearing knee high yoga pants and a sporty sleeveless shirt, which made it easy for her to quickly change to her team uniform in the locker room, before practice.

Coach Summers called the three to her office as soon as they stepped foot in the building, and inside she waited with Mitch. They sat together, behind her desk.

“Uhm, coach? Is everything okay?” Mary asked with a concerned look, while her little sister took a seat on the only chair left, looking bored and uncaring. Trisha and Mary stood to either of her sides, and Trisha gave Beth an angry glare, which was utterly ignored.

“Huh?” The coach said dreamily. “Oh, I'm fine.” She added a giggle.

None of the girls believed her. Even Beth raised her eyes and gave the coach an inquisitive look.

Why? Well, it had a lot to do with the fact that coach Summers wasn't even looking at them. Her whole body was tilted sideways and directed towards Mitch, and her eyes never strayed from his face, even as she answered Mary's question. Her expression was that of a love struck fool.

Trisha looked at Mitch and sneered.

“Don't I know you?” She accused. “What the hell are you doing here with coach Summers?”

“Do you know me?! Seriously?” Mitch asked, a little pissed. “We went to high school together.”

Sandy seemed to react to Mitch being upset with restrained panic. Mary noticed the busty coach was tilting her body awkwardly, but couldn't put her finger on the reason.

“So did hundreds of other buffoons, what's your point?” Trisha asked derisively.

“This is unbelievable, you know. You actually threw eggs on me once, as a prank! Were you acting like a bitch to so many people that...”

“Shut your mouth, asshole!” She interrupted him. “If you call me a bitch again I'll shove an egg down your fucking throat! You dweeb!”

Mitch calmed himself, and gave an arrogant smirk.

“Hey, Sandy, why don't you tell these *bitches*,” he emphasized to spite Trisha, “what their practice will involve today.”

“Gladly, master.” Coach Summers said. “Today we'll learn how to properly worship master's cock with our bodies.”

“W-What?” Mary gasped, wide eyed.

“Oh it's going to be so great.” She added with a happy sigh, still not even turning her head to the other girls.

Mitch gave Trisha a dirty look.

“Truth be told, I was never all that interested in you, either. I'm much more interested in Angelina, and you girls are going to...”

“Pfft, I remember you, now.” Trisha sneered, cutting him off again. “You used to always follow Angelina around like some sad cross between a pathetic little puppy and a creepy stalker. I always figured it was her prissy little butt you fancied. Was I right?”

“Jealous much, Trish?” Mitch mocked. “Turn around and show me that juicy ass of yours, then. I promise to give it a good, long look.” He laughed in her face, eager to see the tides of her fury overflowing her senses.

“Fuck you, you pig!” Trisha stomped her foot, but her own tirade was soon cut short by an even higher pitched shrill.

“Shut up, shut up, *shut up!*” Coach Summers squealed nervously, almost crying.

“Coach?” Mary asked again, even more worried than before.

“What's going on, Coach?” Trisha asked in a much more judgmental tone. “Why is this worm here?” She nudged her head in Mitch's direction.

“Don't speak to master like that, you worthless bitch!” Sandy hissed, looking at Trisha with infernal scorn in her previously docile eyes.

“Now now, Sandy, don't be rude unless I command you to.” Mitch patted his pet's shoulder. “You were a mean girl before I showed you the light too, remember?”

“I...I was?” Coach Summers turned her face back to Mitch with a mix of shock and remorse. “How can you ever forgive me, master?”

The three young women all looked dumbstruck.

“Master? What are you saying?” Trisha asked, starting to be a little scared, herself.

Mary knew she was missing something, but it was her little sister, Beth, who solved another piece of the puzzle.

“C-Coach, are...” The punk tomboy teen stuttered. “Are you jerking him off?”

Mary gasped and looked down at her sister, ready to slap her senseless for her insolence. But then she looked back at the coach, and realized in shock that the busty MILF's hands were both under the desk.

Coach Summers smiled at them. She didn't even try to hide it. Instead, she hastened her movements, which increased the volume of the whooshing, rubbing sounds emanating from under her desk, her arms clearly working overtime.

“Master allowed my worthless, useless body to please him. I'm so happy he gave me such a wonderful purpose.” She said. “I can't wait for master to find more uses for my body. Being his slave makes me so happy.” Her eyes shone as bright as her smile.

“That was, *Ohh fuck!* That was a yes, by the way.” Mitch clarified, groaning at the increased pace of the service his slave was giving his shaft and balls.

Utter shock was written on Mary's face.

“B-But what about your husband, and your daughter?” She asked, her voice trembling.

“Hmm?” Sandy looked at her, puzzled. “Oh, them. I don't care about them anymore. I belong to master, now.”

“What?” Mary asked. Beth was speechless, her mouth agape.

“Maybe in seventeen years or so Jasmine can replace me. I would be so proud if my daughter could replace me when my body is too old and overused to please master.” coach Summers added.

Mitch looked at his adoring doll.

“Why don't you stop talking and do something useful with your mouth.” He said, putting a hand to the back of her head, and nudged her down.

“Anything you wish, master.”

Sandy quietly slipped from the chair to her knees, and knelt under her own desk. Mary, Beth, and Trisha didn't need to see under the desk to know what she was doing. From the loud slurping and gagging, it was clear she was vacuuming his cock so wildly it was a wonder she could breathe.

The flush rising into Mitch's face and the way he moaned as his eyes rolled back in their sockets also didn't leave room to wonder how good it felt.

Mitch looked down at Sandy, her cheeks collapsed into dimples as she sucked and gobbled his rod at a blinding rhythm, thinking of nothing but his pleasure. She was screwing her throat so roughly that her own eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she nearly fainted more than once.

Mitch turned his gaze up to the three girls, and smiled.

“W-We should go.” Beth moved to get up.

“You are quite perceptive, Beth, and very quick to act.” Mitch complimented. “But it's too late. You really should stay.” He took hold of the flashlight on the desk, and pressed the red button, this time covering his eyes so the flash won't bother his eyes.

Once the bright light was gone, Mitch focused on Sandy, slobbering on his crotch. He wanted to see how she reacted to a second flash in her vicinity. He was happy to note she never even stopped bobbing her head, ignoring the flash altogether.

It seemed it was a one-shot, one-way treatment, and by the time Mitch lifted his eyes, all three young coeds before him were already smiling. The flash that burned their eyes and scorched their minds already gone, leaving nothing but unquestioning obedience.

“Master, may I please be your sex toy?” Trisha asked with a slutty smile.

“Hehe, I'll think about it, bitch. You don't mind that I'm calling you bitch, right?”

“Oh, of course not, master! I'm a bitch! I'll be your horny, stupid bitch forever and ever!”

“M-Me too, master!” Beth said, her cute ass falling back to the chair with a gentle thump.

“I'm your slave, master!” Mary said and blew a kiss to him, her hands between her legs, clearly trying her best to not touch herself without permission.

“Now they know what you meant, Sandy.” He looked back down at Coach Summers. The busty slave nodded with his cock in her mouth.

Her fun bags, which she was using as a stand for his cock while she sucked on it, were oozing milk from the nipples again. This time, at least, it didn't soil her master's cock, being only two small drizzles, one from each nipple.

“What's up with you milking up whenever your lips or tits touch my cock?” Mitch asked, somewhat rhetorically, but that didn't stop her from coming up with an answer.

“I'm sorry, again, for my body's impudence, master. I-I think it's my maternal instincts, master. Whenever I treat your cock with the tender care it deserves, nurturing it until you reward me with your precious cum, I start lactating uncontrollably.”

Mitch had to admit, he loved the idea of his cock taking the place of her baby as the reason for her milk squirting.

“Well, my cock isn't interested in your milk, cow. Maybe I'll have one of these bitches try it and tell me how it tastes” He mused, and looked at the eager trio. “Hmm, maybe later. Right now I want to have some fun before more bitches show up.”

He adjusted himself in his comfy chair, and leered at each of the adoring, youthful faces before him. The three whimpered from the mere honor of having him look at them.

“Do you whores want to show me your sweet little bodies?” He asked, his cock still gently cradled in Sandy's mouth.

“More than anything, master.” Trisha said, striking an alluring pose.

“My body is for your pleasure, master.” The young Beth said meekly, her cheeks reddening, in unbridled lust rather than shyness.

All Mary did in response was moan and nod, her tongue lulling from her mouth as she smiled lewdly and rubbed her knees together, as if her pussy was on fire.

“You'll have to properly beg for it, then.” He said with a sadistic grin. “Let's start with your hot little asses. Make me want it, and maybe I'll let you strip your bottoms off and shake your juicy booties for me. I hope you do a good job, tramps. For your sake.” He finished with an ominous warning that flew past their simple heads.

Even if they failed to please, any punishment he gave them, no matter how humiliating or painful, they will gleefully obey like the masochistic slavetoys they now were.

The three teen coeds were so grateful to be given such a chance, they nearly squirted in their panties.

“Yes master!” They chimed together and spun around, ready to perform. They immediately started begging together, loud and desperate, creating a cacophony through which no words could be made out.

“Shut up, whores!” Mitch raised his voice, causing the three miserable slaves to quiet down instantly.

“You will keep your eyes on me, and only beg when I happen to stare at your ass.” He decided. It was a good way to moderate their wonderfully pathetic begging match.

“Yes master.” Beth was the only voice responding, since his eyes just happened to be locked onto her sweet, trim tail.

Beth knelt backwards on the chair she previously sat on. Leaning on its back, she pushed her cute little buns in Mitch's direction. She looked back at him and wiggled her petite behind, showing him a lustful face the little brat never thought she'll don. It was a good thing she decided to wear one of her tight jeans for practice. It perfectly emphasized her petite yet bubbly curves.

“Please let me strip for you, master.” She cried silently. “My body is nothing unless you can view it directly.”

Beth's lewd display looked so good, that Mitch nearly forgot to look to her sides and appraise the other booties shaking for him. He got so

engrossed in the thought of grinding the petite looking punk pussy to dust, that he raised his hips and speared the coach's mouth without even noticing it, causing her to bang her head on the top of the desk.

“Should I switch my tits with my mouth, master?” Coach Summers asked, fighting the urge to rub the bump on her head.

“What?” Mitch was distracted from Beth's desperate attempts, and looked at the pair of boobs below his crotch.

“No need, Sandy. Just let my cock rest on your love cushions. I'm busy appraising better, younger slaves. Don't interrupt.” He told her in a dismissive manner, lacking a single iota of respect for her.

“Of course, master.” The degraded woman said and placed her tits under her master's hard-on, like a pedestal.

“I'm sorry I'm not as young and good as them, master.” She added without a speck of sarcasm.

Mitch looked at Trisha, popping her big bubble but and shaking it vibrantly, like a thong-clad dancer in the Rio carnival. She put so much effort into her energetic shaking, that from her mouth came nothing but weird and intelligible huffs and puffs.

“What's that Trisha? I can't understand what you're saying.” Mitch said in a mocking tone. Up until that point, he had no idea how much he resented her, and how wicked and complete he wanted his revenge to be.

Trisha panted her response. “My bouncy ass is all yours, master!”

“Yeah. So?” Mitch tried to sound nonchalant.

“S-So...” She breathed heavily, and apparently decided to just shake her ass up and down even faster.

He looked over to Mary, who showed surprising flexibility, shaking like a belly dancer, moving her ass in slow, circular motions. Her sports shorts were baggy and unappealing, though, and Mitch returned to look at Trisha almost immediately.

“I was right, wasn't I, Trish? You were jealous of Angelina's pert little ass, huh? Getting all that attention from me.”

“*Oh, yes master!* I'm so sorry for trying to hide it, master!”

“Spank yourself, then. Show me how sorry you are.” Mitch demanded.

“I always dreamed of you staring at me, using me, dry humping me as I go about my day like the pleasure slave I am!” She shook her ass vibrantly

and spanked it multiple times, clearly aching to fold her pants down and beg to be fucked.

“Please let me strip for you, master!”

“I would, really, but look at Beth. I never knew she was such a cutie-pie.” He looked at the ravishing tomboy, and she didn't even say anything. She didn't need to. All she had to do was wiggle her petite behind from side to side, and look at her master with a coy smile and puppy eyes.

He stood up, leaving Sandy nude under her desk, circled the desk, and leaned back on it, a feet away from his begging slaves. The three coeds squealed. Their master was so close, yet so far.

“Trisha, Mary, take Beth's jeans off, and get rid of her panties, too.”

“Yes master.” Trisha and Mary said with a smile, stopped their own booty shaking, and turned to face Beth.

They slowly lowered the petite eighteen year old's jeans. Mary made sure to hook her thumb in Beth's panties, sliding them down along with her jeans. A wet stain adorned the center of her soft, pink panties, showing how wet the previously indifferent young woman has gotten, just from begging her master's affection.

“Fuck! Look at that!” Mitch said, rubbing his cock as he looked at the perfectly smooth, petite behind of the lolita-like Beth, her smooth and barely touched pussy peeking from between her skinny legs.

Mitch realized he had no need to even touch his own cock anymore.

“Mary, take those annoyingly baggy pants off and suck my cock. Trisha, prepare Beth's holes for me, with your mouth.”

“*Ahh!* Thank you so much master!” Mary said with her gentle voice, dropped her trousers to reveal her own shaven cunt, and dropped to her knees to choke on her master's cock.

“I exisht sho sherve you mashter!” She tried to utter, holding Mitch's base in her hand and sucking him as deep as she could.

“Finger your pussy.” Mitch barked down at her with a joyous shudder. She nodded with his rod in her mouth and quickly snuck two fingers into her tight cunt.

Trisha, still trying to show off her juicy piece of ass, bent down with her legs straight and stretched her tongue to lick Beth's pink pussy lips.

“*Mhh!*” She kissed Beth's wet cunt, pointing her ass in the air and wiggling it.

“Ready both her holes.” Mitch told Trisha and spanked her juicy ass, making her butt cheek jiggle.

“Yes master!” Trisha went up for air and said. It was a short second, but Beth had already wiggled her butt and whined in need, her pussy dripping with lust.

Trisha chuckled at Beth's sweet response, and gently spread her pristine cheeks. She shamelessly stretched her tongue to lick the rim of Beth's anus.

“How does her tongue feel in your ass, Beth?” He asked.

“Good, master. I can't wait for your cock to ram into me, master.” Her lips were moist and alluring, and her shiny hazel eyes moved from her master's face, to Mary's shameless gagging on his cock.

“You're so sexy, Beth. Why did you never make these faces before. You have such a perfect, girl next door mug. I never noticed!”

Trisha rubbed Beth's pussy lips with two fingers, and continued getting her ass just as ready and moist for penetration. Beth's asshole was wet, shiny, and slightly agape in no time.

“I'm so sorry, master.” Beth apologized. “I was just never that interested in guys.” She moaned as Trisha spat on her ass, and rubbed it all the way down to her pussy, making sure the petite coed's holes would be ready for a fierce and instant pounding.

Mitch stared at the petite sex doll with wide eyes, absentmindedly taking hold of Mary's head and spearing his cock into her face even deeper than before, making her cheeks bloat as she gagged.

“Are you saying you're a lesbian?” He asked Beth.

“I was, master.” She said with a song in her heart. “I'm your cock-toy, now. The only thing that brings me happiness is your pleasure, master. I can't think of anything better than lowering myself to my proper place, and passionately make out with your majestic cock.”

Her words sounded so sincere and dripping with desire, that Mitch couldn't help but shoot a single spurt of cum into Mary's throat.

“*Ahh, wow!*” He moaned, and clogged Mary's nose with his fingers. His cock was still rock hard, and only barely sated.

“Keep it in your mouth.” He ordered cruelly, as her face began to redden. “And when I let go of your nose, go and share it with your sister.”

He smirked wickedly, and pushed hard into the choked girl's mouth.

“And when I say share it, I don't mean with the lips on her face. I want you to share it with the lips between her legs, understand?”

“Hm-mm!” Mary weakly and desperately nodded, gagging on his cock and struggling not to swallow the small load in her mouth.

He kept her like that until he could see her eyes begging release, and then allowed her to push her head back. Mitch was surprised that she barely took a breath before spinning around to follow his commands.

Feeling slight faint, the breathless coed found the strength to not crumble and fall, and instead took a measured breath through her nose, and shook her ass to the chair where Beth knelt.

“My cock is all wet.” Mitch complained. “Trish, bring your juicy ass over here.”

Trisha smiled and gave Beth's supple ass cheek a gentle bite, and then a kiss, before walking backwards to her master.

“My ass, master. Do with it as you please.” She served herself to him, and shuddered when she felt his hands on her curvy hips.

“Be faster next time. I don't want to wait for your worthless ass to get here.” Mitch complained, intent on demeaning the former bully in every conceivable way. He pressed his still raging erection onto her soft, cushy behind, and moved it in circles, wiping his rod on her ebony tights.

“Yes master. I promise to haul my worthless ass over as fast as possible, whenever you wish to use it.” She said, lightly bending herself forward, pushing her ass in her master's direction.

Mary, who was never told to stop fingering herself, had three fingers frantically rubbing her cunt. She knelt behind Beth, her face inches from Beth's small and perfect ass. Her master's small, accidental ejaculation still in her mouth, she brought the white, creamy load to the front of her mouth, and puckered her cum-glazed lips.

She looked onto Beth's perfectly pink pussy lips, and leaned forward to give a french kiss that she would normally wait two dates to even consider.

Beth clutched the back of the chair and gave out small whimpers and sweet moans, her body shivering and her knees twitching. As soft as the kiss was, the young dyke felt jolts of electrifying pleasure running all the way up to her small, perky tits.

Mitch held Trisha by her ponytail, pinning her luscious behind to his raw shaft as he watched the beautifully depraved display. Beth still kept her eyes fully focused on her master, her head bobbing sideways cutely as she enjoyed the tender cunnilingus. Her tongue stretched out of her open mouth, and her cheeks were flushed red.

Beyond Trisha's words of gratitude, for her master's usage of her clothed ass as a cock-wiper, Mitch could hear the soft kissing and indecent slurping Mary made. She munched on Beth's fresh honeypot with passion and zeal, making the younger coed squirm with delight.

“Such a nice display of sisterly love.” He captioned the image before him as he dry humped the caramel skinned goddess. As gorgeous and well toned as she was, Trisha realized she was nothing more than a piece of furniture to him, at that point, and remained adequately quiet while he used her to keep his cock warm.

Mitch suddenly spanked her ass hard, making her yelp.

“You know, Trish, there's something I always wondered about.”

Mitch said, sounding hesitant.

“What, master?” She asked, and received another quick smack on the rear. “*Oh master!* smack this jealous ass of mine! I'm your slave, master!”

Mitch looked at her, and pushed his hips towards her while simultaneously letting go of her hair, causing her to fall forward to her knees.

“How it would feel to slap my cock on those nice full lips of yours. Pucker up, cunt.” He pressed his tip on her cheek.

“Yes master. My lips are yours.” Trisha blew a kiss for him and tilted her head back, so her puckered lips would point straight up.

Mitch wasted no time in slapping his meaty helmet on her pillowy red lips.

“I love the smacking sound your lips make every time I tap on them.” He snickered.

Her eyes lit up at him and her puckered lips curved in a small smile. Her master's words honored her to no end.

“Are those your real lips or have you had them done?” Mitch wondered. “They are just so perfectly thick and smooth and full and bouncy.”

Trisha waited patiently for Mitch to finish another bout of dick-slaps on her lips, and gave her answer. “They're real, master.” She said with pride

and puckered her lips right back.

Mitch laughed and took a firm hold of the back of her head. “Why did you ever waste your time yammering when you have such a perfect mouth for fucking, then!” He said with a deep grunt, and pushed his cock deep in her throat. She gave no resistance. She didn't even raise her arms to push against his thighs, even as he pushed her face so forcefully down that her nose mashed against his lower belly.

“Fucking take it, bitch!” He pumped into her with a groan and yanked her away with one swift motion. Her lips detached from his tip with a loud, wet kiss.

“Yes master!” Trisha grinned, her eyes teary, and lashed her tongue to lick her master's balls.

“Move aside.” He shoved her away. “And don't talk anymore. Your voice pisses me off.”

Trisha nodded and receded to the corner, rubbing her thighs back and forth in needy desperation.

Mitch charged forward with a feral grunt. He gently moved Mary out of the way. A string of pussy juice extended between her tongue and Beth's precious pussy lips.

“Time for me to have my way with this well kept lesbian treat.” His eyes popped as he tickled Beth's pink lips with his cock. She tightened her grip on the back of the chair with a kittenish moan. “Yes master. Have your way with me. Do whatever you want.” She whispered, biting her lower lip and looking back at him with love in her eyes.

He hardly needed her invitation. His bulging manhood pulsed with heat and the veins on it positively popped. He aimed himself with a euphoric groan, took hold of her trim hips with both hands, and slowly pushed himself into her.

He rested his hand on her pert buttock, leaned down to kiss her upper back, and shoved the rest of his cock deep into her with a moan of delight.

“*Master! Ahh! Fuck me, master!*” Beth moaned and moved herself back and forth, massaging the cock plowing into her with her fresh teen pussy.

“Oh fuck! This is the best fucking pussy I've ever fucked!” Mitch reached around and grabbed her tiny tits, which were just large enough for him to have a satisfying handful to squeeze.

“I'm so happy, master! Fuck my pussy, master!” Beth begged, tightening her cunt for her master's benefit.

“You know what makes it even better?” He panted in her ear as he fucked her at an increasing pace.

“What, master?” She asked with a weak, timid voice.

“Knowing you would never have done this before, you pretentious little dyke. You would never even be attracted to me, and now you're eagerly letting me take any liberty I want, so long as it gives *me* pleasure.”

“It's the only thing I'm good for, master.” She smiled back at him.

“Keep saying things like that and I won't be able to hold back.” Mitch warned. He was already stimulated from the fun he had with Mary and Trisha.

Beth took it as a challenge. “Use my pussy, master! My body is your sex doll, master! I exist to fuck and suck at your command!”

“*Ohh fuck yeah!*” Mitch called out, flung his head back and pushed himself balls deep into her sweet cunt. He hastened his rhythm, pumping into her faster than ever before.

“It's all right to cum in me, master! My womb is yours to use and exploit as you see fit!” Beth continued encouraging her wonderful master to derive the utmost pleasure from her service, and Mitch was already at the end of his rope.

“*Oh god! Fuck! Hmm! Take that!*” He thrust into her with full force, and let his explosive climax flow out with no restraint.

“I could never cum in such an unbridled manner with anyone else.” He hugged her lovingly and kissed her shoulder, blissful spurts of sticky spunk still shooting from his hose.

“You can cum in me as much as you want, master. I am your cum receptacle.” Beth said, proud to bring her master to such a magnificent orgasm. She didn't even care that she didn't orgasm herself, yet.

Mitch pulled out and leaned on Coach Summers' desk, sorting his breaths.

“Clean my cock with those fat lips, Trisha.” He commanded as he enjoyed the view of Beth's pussy overflowing with his cum.

Trisha nodded and crawled over in silence, dedicated to never annoying her master with her voice ever again. She took tender hold of his softening manhood, and began working on polishing it with the lips her master liked so much.

“Keep this up until I get hard again.” Mitch patted her with a smirk.
“You worthless little bitch.”

She nodded again, with a beaming smile, and back to work she went.

Chapter Three – An Unexpected Contingency

As usual, Angelina arrived at the practice fashionably late. She knew the coach and the her teammates would forgive her. She was the star, after all, and she had a lot of other responsibilities to take care of. Being an ace student was hard, even for an intelligent girl like her, and reaping so much accolades from all her volunteer work took some time, too.

Even just outside the college's sports center, she was stopped by an old Sociology professor who wanted to shower her with thanks and compliments.

She's just like the rest of them, wants some of my local celebrity glamor to brush on her. Angelina found herself thinking as she shook the old hag's hand.

I have half a mind to guilt her into donating money right now, and blow it off on a new dress! She had to stifle a laugh. She wasn't really going to do it, but thinking it was the only way she could stomach the banal chitchat she had to endure whenever some commoner wanted to waste her precious time.

Angelina was always misunderstood by people, but that worked well for her. She was good at pretty much everything she did, and she relished the attention and reverence it brought her.

People liked to assume she was a good Samaritan. A nice girl with a kind heart who simply loves to help the less fortunate. It fit their little philanthropic fantasy perfectly. The beautiful over achiever who seems to turn everything she touches into pure gold goodness must be a selfless Disney princess, right?

She couldn't possibly be an opportunist pragmatist who sees her saint-like social status as the best way to make her own wishes come true, could she?

She never even liked basketball that much, or cheerleading for that matter. But the latter made her popular in high school, and thanks to the

former she is practically a hero to students and faculty members alike in college.

“Keep it up, Angelina. We're counting on you!” The gray haired woman gave her two thumbs up and a smile so wide it made Angelina's cheeks hurt just by looking at it.

“Will do, Miss Abbot. And if I have a problem handing the paper to Professor Blunt in time...”

“I will make sure to talk with him, don't worry. He owes me one.” She promised with another enthusiastic thumbs up, and walked away.

Of course you will, peasant. Angelina huffed derisively. And people wonder why some people become royalty, while others toil at their feet as servants. Gosh I wish I'd been born a noblewoman in a more aristocratic era.

Still fantasizing about having a stable of servants waiting on her, hand and foot, Angelina managed to open her locker in the changing room before she noticed anything peculiar. It was the soft sound of wet kisses that alerted her to the locker room floor.

Two of her teammates, Tanya and Paige, were locked in a passionate embrace, each of them burying her face between the legs of the other.

“What the...” Angelina left her locker open and walked over to the pair embroiled in lustful sixty-nine lesbian loving.

She stood above them and tapped her foot on the floor. “That's a bit shameless, even for you two.” She said with a bemused smile, trying to appear unimpressed.

“Hey I'm talking to you two.” She frowned. She wasn't used to being ignored. The lewd duo continued licking and kissing each other's pussies with blank expressions and empty eyes.

Another curious voice came from the corner of the room. A weak, subdued voice coming from the usually fiery Bonnie, a dark skinned vixen who would have been the team's point guard, if not for Angelina. She liked to see herself as Angelina's rival, which Angelina found utterly laughable.

Still, it was surprising to see Bonnie assuming such a defeated pose. Fully nude, on her hands and knees, with her legs spread.

“Face down, ass up. Are you finally done trying to compete with me?” Angelina walked forward, to hear what Bonnie was mumbling. Even right on top of her, it was nearly inaudible.

“I am a mindless cunt. A brainless bimbo. I live to make master happy. I am a mindless cunt. A brainless bimbo. I live to make master happy.”

She repeated those words in an endless loop, completely oblivious to Angelina's snarky mocking.

“Master? Is this some sort of a prank?” Angelina didn't know what to think anymore. Her teammates seemed to be in a genuine trance, an obedient stupor they could not, or would not, escape from.

Well I know I'm not dreaming or anything. Is it actually possible? Controlling people like this? I know this bitch wouldn't humiliate herself like this for anyone. Look at her, she's completely under.

Angelina grinned with a wickedness she usually did her best to hide from the world that adored her.

Adoration was never enough for her.

“Hey slave. Lick my feet.” She extended a leg forward, placing her foot under Bonnie's mesmerized face.

“I am a mindless cunt. A brainless bimbo. I live to make master happy. I am a mindless cunt. A brainless bimbo. I live to make master happy.”

The stupid bitch is ignoring me. How fucking rude.

“Hey you worthless peasant, master commands you to lick my feet.” Angelina tried.

“I am a mindless cunt. A brainless bimbo. I live to make master happy. I am a mindless cunt. A brainless bimbo. I live to make master happy.”

Damn it!

“Master said you should kneel before me, Bonnie.” She nudged Bonnie's face with her toes.

“I am a mindless cunt. A brainless bimbo. I live to make master happy. I am a mindless cunt. A brainless bimbo. I live to make master happy.”

Oh for fuck's sake! Angelina angrily stomped her foot down. All right, calm down. You can figure this out.

She clenched her fist and bit her lip. *This is a big opportunity. I'm getting all excited.*

“Angelina, finally. Master has been waiting for you.” A cheerful voice derailed her train of thought. She turned around and saw a naked

Beth, the aloof brat who never treated Angelina with the proper respect.

Has he now? Angelina looked the petite teen up and down. Cum ran down from her smooth pussy lips, down her inner thighs.

Whoever this master is, he's clearly potent, and doesn't care at all about using birth control with his fertile subjects. And since she seems much more interactive than Bonnie...

“Good girl, Beth. Master ordered you to kneel before me and answer all of my questions.” Angelina stood tall and said with the confidence of a practiced con artist.

“Nice try, but I only obey master's direct orders.” Beth smiled. “And I know you are not one of master's slaves yet.”

Angelina sent daggers at Beth with her steely blue eyes. “Yet?” She gritted through her teeth, getting annoyed.

“Master is very keen on owning your hot ass.” Beth nodded cheerfully. “And, before you get any silly ideas, we are all under strict orders to bring you to him by force, should you choose to struggle.”

“Is that so?” Angelina already had her fists clenched and muscles tensed, ready to charge. She looked around and realized Bonnie, Paige, and Tanya all stopped what they were doing and stood around her, single minded determination in their otherwise glassy eyes.

There was a tense moment of silence, as Angelina weighed her options. She had a high opinion of herself, but she was smart enough to realize she couldn't take all four of them, and as much as she hated to admit it, Bonnie was always the fastest sprinter on the team.

“Lead the way.” She finally said.

“Happy to.” Beth turned around and began walking. Angelina followed a step behind her. Bonnie followed behind Angelina, and Paige and Tanya escorted her from her flanks.

I've had dreams like this. Of course in those I was a queen or a princess being escorted to a royal ball.

She looked around cautiously, ready to jump at any opportunity to get the upper hand.

They don't seem to have any visible markings on them. She took a keen overview of the four naked chicks around her. Which means it's not some kind of sub-dermal implant or chip controlling them. Or maybe I just can't see it, although I can't see where they'd hide it, being naked as they are.

“So how did your master persuade you to be his slaves?” She asked.

“He showed us the light.” The four answered, almost in unison.

“Meaning...what?”

“Meaning we saw the light and realized we exist to make master happy.” Beth replied with a cute shrug.

“Thanks, that clears things up.” Angelina sighed.

Okay, assuming it's not an invasive process, I should be able to resist it. I am not one to be controlled like some worthless slave-toy. She resolved.

Beth led her through the basketball court, in the direction of Coach Summers' office. Angelina tried walking as slowly as she could without alerting her escort. She looked around for clues, for information she could use to get out of this unexpected pickle she found herself in.

A few steps away from the office's door Angelina started hearing moans, and a somewhat unorthodox conversation between a man and a woman.

“Use my pussy, master. Fuck me, master.”

They reached the door.

Sounds like they're getting busy. Good. He will be distracted.

“Change cunts.”

Beth took hold of the door knob, and started turning it.

“Yes master. Thank you for using me, master.”

The first thing Angelina saw was Mary, vacating her master's lap after being discarded by him with a derisive spank on the rear. He used Trisha as a bench, and she didn't seem to mind supporting his weight on her back.

He got her too, huh? Angelina looked at Trisha, and felt a slight pinch of empathy for her old friend. They've known each other for a long time.

Well, whatever. I need to worry about myself now. She looked up to see who it was, sitting on Trisha's back. She recognized the smiling, slightly blushing man instantly.

Him?! Are you kidding me? The loser geek I always egged Trisha to bully. He's the one doing this? What was his name again?

Coach Summers was about to walk over and offer her pussy for Mitch's use, but he stopped her with a non verbal gesture.

“Finally. I've been waiting for you, gorgeous.” He said with a smile that made Angelina feel all slimy.

“I'm sure you have. So tell me, how did you manage brainwashing the entire team to be your slaves?” Angelina stood with a sexy tilt to her hips and asked, trying to project confidence.

“Straight to business, huh?” Mitch chuckled. “Don't worry, you'll find out soon.”

He clearly tried looking nonchalant and in control, but Angelina could see he was still the same horny boy who would follow her around like a mewling puppy.

This couldn't have been better. Manipulating this idiot will be a piece of cake.

“I was just wondering, because I love what you've done.” She walked forward slowly, shaking her hips seductively. “I always wanted to have servants. I always felt I deserved to be worshiped as a queen.” She said with a sultry voice, looking at him with her steamy blue eyes. Being naked from the waist down, it wasn't hard to see he was responding well to her teasing.

“R-Really?” He croaked.

Angelina sat on his lap, feeling his hard-on poke her hot ass. It made Mitch shudder. She could practically sense his heart rate skyrocketing.

“Yeah. Totally.” She wrapped her arms around him. “It was always so annoying, walking around pretending to be equal to the riffraff losers all around me.” She said.

Not having to actually lie makes this even easier. She thought to herself, amused. *Mitch! That's his name. Good timing.*

“I always thought you were a loser too, Mitch, but now I see you were always meant to be a king. Only a king would be capable of turning a group of strong willed female athletes into his own personal harem of love slaves. You don't have to brainwash me, honey. I'll be happy to rule by your side, so long as you let me have my own fun with *our* slaves.”

She sealed the deal by planting a passionate kiss right on his lips. She could feel his cock jump in response.

Too easy. I already have him wrapped around my little finger.

“So tell me, how did you manage to do this, stud?” She whispered in his ear.

Mitch swallowed nervously, clearly unprepared for Angelina's very direct approach.

“I, uhm...” He mumbled. “Get me the flashlight, Sandy.”

“Yes master.” Coach Summers took a slick looking silver flashlight from her desk and handed it to Mitch.

“Now why should I take the risk, Angelina?” He asked, his voice stabilizing. “Trisha here told me you were the one encouraging her to pull all those horrible pranks on me. It seems you may look like an angel from heaven, but inside you're quite a fiend.” He patted the single red button on the flashlight ominously.

He's smarter than I thought. But I have him right where I want him.

“Come now, Mitch, we both know how you feel about me. Wouldn't it be more rewarding to have me as a real partner, rather than a mindless drone?” She batted her eyes at him.

“I'm sure your special flashlight has destructive effects on a girl's imagination, if you know what I mean.” She pressed her cheek to his, and gyrated her hips on his lap.

“It...It doesn't, actually. *Oh god.*” He growled. “Or at least, I don't think it does.”

“So it just usurps the subject's will to resist, making them docile and submissive?” She asked, gently ruffling his hair, pushing her breasts in his face.

“Y-Yeah, I guess.” He nodded into her perky breasts.

Bingo. Angelina gave a wicked smile, and with one swift motion she snatched the flashlight from his hand and jumped back to her feet, making some distance between them.

“Hey!”

“I'm almost embarrassed for you. This was easier than I expected.” She gave him the most patronizing smile she could muster.

“What?!” He glared at her, but clearly found it difficult to get up, what with the throbbing pole between his legs.

“Your reflexes are pathetic. I mean, I know your mind was elsewhere, and you're a fucking fatass, but still! The flimsy grip you had on this miraculous device was absolutely pathetic.” She looked at the flashlight in her hand. “So I'm guessing this is the button I should press, hmm? And then I'll finally be able to dominate my so called *peers* the way I always deserved? No need to pretend to care about silly things like other people's emotions, or keeping appearances and being the good natured popular girl everybody expects me to be”

Mitch looked at the object of his desires with wide eyes. “Wow. You are outright comic book villain level wicked, aren't you?”

“I'd rather think I'm realistic about the world and my place in it.” She retorted. “And finally I have the right instrument to show the rest of you the light, as Beth so aptly put it.”

She dramatically directed the flashlight like a magical wand at her target.

“Get ready to assume your proper place in this world.” She declared and remorselessly pressed the red button.

Say goodbye to your mind, loser!

The eruption of light was overwhelming. It quickly consumed the office walls and advanced closer to the center. Angelina focused her triumphant gaze on Mitch's face, intent on savoring his paralyzed, befuddled expression.

Wait...Why is he...Smiling? She squinted through the thick white fog, but soon Mitch vanished into the ether along with the rest of the world.

“What the hell?” Her voice echoed through the void.

I must listen and obey.

“What?”

Nothing is more important than obeying my master.

“Is that...my voice?”

I must obey, and serve.

“No!” She clutched the flashlight in her hand.

My master owns my body, mind, and soul.

“Nobody owns me! You hear!”

I must kneel before my master, and serve his every whim. The disembodied voice that sounded so much like hers continued unfazed. If anything, it got stronger.

“No...I'll never kneel before anyone...It's others who should kneel before me.”

Kneel! The voice boomed, somehow quaking the nothingness around her.

Angelina's eyes lost some of their blaze. “Knee...No!” She shook her head. “It cannot end like this. I will not end up like...”

KNEEL BEFORE MY MASTER

A massive shock wave blew through her, shattering her defenses and decimating her resolve in a single moment.

“Uh--” It took her breath away. She fell to her knees and let her head slump forward.

“Kneel before my master.” Her lips moved, and the softest of voices emerged. She breathed easily, slowly, calmly. Feeling her will drain away came with a sense of relief, like climbing under the silky covers of a luxurious hotel suite's bed after two days without sleep. She was so tired. So ready to let go. Her powerful mental fortitude. Her smug vanity which was borderline psychopathic. It was all gone in an instant.

Nothing is more important than obeying my master.

“N-Nothing is more important than obeying my m-master.” She repeated with a slight stutter.

I am my master's submissive instrument.

“I am my master's submissive instrument.” She resisted no more, and the more she repeated those words, the harder it became to find a reason to fight.

My master owns my body, mind, and soul.

“My master owns my body, mind, and soul.”

My master can use me in any way he desires.

“My master can use me in any way he desires.”

I am his willing subordinate, his obedient tool, his sexual plaything.

Anything he wishes, I will do.

“Anything he wishes, I will do.” She nodded, a dreamy and somewhat vapid smile slowly forming on her face.

I will now begin my eternal service to my master.

She stood back up.

“I will now begin my eternal service to my master.” She said, and waited for the world to return.

From Mitch's point of view, the process was significantly shorter. The flash appeared in her eyes, and then gradually vanished, giving way to her natural sapphire blue color. The whole process lasted mere seconds.

“Funny, I was just about to tell you the same thing.” He said with a smirk. “Very well, slut, go ahead and 'show me my place in the world'.”

Angelina looked at him with a smile. “Yes master. Anything you wish, master.”

She did the only thing she could think of, that was bound to show the great difference in their stations. She fell to her knees, lowered her head, and kissed his feet like the lowly slave she was.

“I thought so.” He grabbed Trisha's ass and adjusted himself on her back. “Put the flashlight back on the desk.”

“Yes master.” She crawled behind him and set the silvery device down. Her and Trisha shared a smile, and Angelina returned to her master's feet.

“Kiss my balls, beautiful.” He lightly touched under her chin.

“Of course, master. I am your sexual plaything.” She moved forth with no delay, planting a soft wet kiss.

“Oh wow! Your kisses alone could make me cum.” Mitch rubbed his shaft up and down as Angelina made sweet love to his testicles.

“Come here!” He forcefully grabbed her golden locks and shoved her face down on his cock with a grunt. Angelina opened her mouth wide to accommodate his bulging manhood, and offered no resistance as he pushed her all the way down. She tightened her lips around his base and gagged, doing her very best to move her tongue around his shaft in a pleasing manner.

“You thought you were so smart, didn't you?” He fucked her mouth vigorously. “Didn't consider the device might only work on women, hmm? And look at you now, face full of my cock and your lips clinging to me as you suck. Not so high and mighty anymore, are you?”

He pulled her up to give her a chance to answer, but Angelina simply flapped her tongue in desperate attempt to lick his tip.

Mitch laughed. “You insulted my reflexes, but I must say I kinda like yours.”

“You like how I worship your cock, master?” She asked between licks.

“Not sure what I enjoy more, your cock worshiping skills or savoring how much you've fallen thanks to the device.”

“I am worthless, master. I will never think I'm better than you again.” Angelina vowed and dove back down, taking him deep in her mouth and twirling her tongue at full throttle.

Mitch gave a deep moan. “That's settled, I definitely prefer your cock worshiping skills!” He rocked up and down, shoving himself into her mouth in time with her head bobbing.

Angelina's impressive oral skills brought her master to an explosive climax in no time. His orgasm was so massive there was no way she could have swallowed it all.

“Thank you, master.” She looked up and said, white sticky cum running down her chin and neck.

Mitch gave a long drawn, satisfied sigh.

“Now that you're all here, girls, perhaps it's time to start your practice. The big game is tomorrow, after all.” He said with a wicked grin and stood up.

“Yes master!” They all said together, except for Trisha who just had the burden of her master's weight relieved from her back. She didn't stay silent because of fatigue, but solely due to the fact her master never wanted to hear her voice, ever again.

Chapter Four – A Spark Of Ambition

Mitch got bored quickly from watching, and occasionally groping, the team members as they went through their routines in the nude. It was a lovely view, especially with Beth and Paige double teaming his flagging manhood with their sweet lips. He was hard again in no time, and quickly came up with a much more exciting practice routine for the girls.

“Okay, cunts, pair up and choose a spot on the parquet. Assume a sixty-nine position and start eating each other out. First to make the other girl cum gets to be on the opening five in tomorrow's big game. Angelina, you're with me.” He clapped his hands authoritatively.

“Yes master!” A cacophony of happy squeals followed. Bonnie tossed the ball aside and let it bounce to a stop in the sidelines.

“I could get used to coaching these bitches.” Mitch chuckled, watching as Angelina scurried to kneel before him.

“What can I do, master?” She asked with worshipful eyes.

“Get on your back and spread your legs.” Mitch dragged his throbbing tip along her parted lips.

“Right away, master.” She said with a seductive tone, and leaned back to lie down.

“Look at you. Spreading your perfect legs with a bright smile on your face.” Mitch grabbed his cock and got on his knees between her legs.

“Such perfectly smooth skin.” He ran his fingers along her inner thigh, teasing her by barely touching her quivering pussy.

“Ohh master! Please!”

She didn't have to wait long. Mitch rammed himself into her with one powerful thrust. Angelina gave a loud wet squeal of delight as she felt him fill her up.

“Thank you master!” She beamed at him, sparkling tears in the corners of her eyes.

Mitch gripped her hips and savored the sensation of having his cock balls deep in her tight pussy.

“Such perfect silky pussy lips.” He used his fingers to play with her as he hastened his thrusts. “And you are finally as eager as I always was to have me plow into you.”

He grabbed her tits, leaned down to face her. “Such perfect titties.” He kissed the nape of her neck, and pecked down to her chest. “And such perfect, pink nipples.” He licked around her nipples and closed his lips around her perky breast. “And you're all mine!” He finished with a feral growl, and rammed his pelvis forward.

“Yes master! Ahhn! All yours!”

Mitch shuddered, his throbbing manhood so excited he could barely move without feeling an impending explosion of lust from his rock-hard boner.

“I'm cumming! Oh fuck I'm cumming!” He growled, semen gushing out of his tip in a nearly constant flow as he spoke. He gave a coarse grunt and collapsed down on her, pinning her to the wooden floor and discharging a few powerful, thick bursts of cum into her.

“Fill my womb, master! Use me, master. I'm your obedient cum dump!” Angelina ran her dainty hands in his hair, ruffling his bushy mane and writhing under him in ecstasy.

With the most euphoric orgasm in his life done, Mitch lifted himself up, leaning on two outstretched arms, his hands on either side of Angelina's head. He looked deep in her bright blue eyes, taking in the reverence reflecting in her needy gaze, so desperate to please him.

“Yay! I win!” A triumphant shout made Mitch jump in surprise. He looked sideways just in time to see Beth rush towards him with a jubilant

grin, leaving Mary to lie on her back with pussy juices coating her disappointed face.

“I made her cum before me, master! I'm finally going to get to be on the court!” Beth hopped like a bunny around him, gleeful and carefree.

“Congratulations, cunt.” Mitch smiled at her, his heart still racing. He looked down at Angelina. “I was so fixated on fucking you I forgot about the other sluts on the team.”

He laughed as he watched Beth running laps around the court. “She's pretty cute.” He said, casually slapping his softening manhood on Angelina's creampie'd pussy.

“I didn't know she cared so much about getting off the bench.” Angelina looked at Beth, gracefully keeping her perfect legs open.

Beth heard her. “I never did!” She responded. “But now I want to make master happy! It's the only thing I want!” She said with a chirpy voice.

“What about me, master?” Angelina looked up at him, worried.

“What about you what?” Mitch frowned.

“Do I get to open in the game tomorrow?” She asked with wide eyes.

Mitch gave a snort of laughter. “Of course you do, silly. Why do you think I paired you with me? Can't start the game without our star slave-cunt, can we?”

“That makes sense, master.” Angelina nodded up at him, a tinge of pride creeping back to her humbled heart.

He was about to stand up and watch the other three pairs of lithe feminine bodies compete for their place on the team, but then he heard the door open behind him. He turned around with a start.

Two women in short and skimpy sheriff outfits and dark sunglasses strolled in, walking forward in step. Mitch was just about ready to dash to Coach Summers' office to fetch the flashlight, but something told him it might not be necessary. The cheeky smiles on the two sexy cops was the heaviest hint that the two were not there to interfere with his fun.

“Looks like he's enjoying himself, huh, Cadence?” One of them said, tilting her shapely hips in her friend's direction. She had dark brown hair, long and silky.

“He certainly knows how to treat hot-to-trot mind controlled sex slaves, Jules. The company definitely made a good pick.” The other one

replied, gently touching her hips with the brunette next to her.

“Y-You're from the company?”

“Indeed we are, Mitch.” The one called Cadence answered. “Two thoroughly brainwashed twats in the employ of the MS corporation. Here, look.” She lifted her glasses to show him her eyes. They were completely whited out.

“Can you even see like that?” Mitch wondered.

“My every action and reaction is fully guided by the will of my masters and of the company.”

“Meaning...what? Can you see or not?”

“Exactly.” She answered with a sort of cryptic coyness.

Mitch raised an eyebrow. “Okay. So what now? Are you going to take them for processing and sale or something?”

“Don't be silly...sir.” Jules said.

“Sir?”

“Well your verdict is in, and seems like it's a positive one. I figured I'd start addressing with the respect a slave-drone like me should show her superior.” She said in a matter-of-fact kind of way.

Cadence cleared her throat to get his attention. “What she is trying to say, is that sending an entire college basketball team to be sold abroad would attract too much attention, and likely leave too many loose ends.” She explained. “Besides, sending them to be reassigned right away would constitute quite a waste of good local revenue. The company usually likes using new subjects as discrete escorts in their local community for a while, and periodically send a couple away for their final assignments. Your job will be to manage the local college's branch of our operation. Consider me and Jules your advisers, unpaid interns, and of course willing fuckslaves.”

Jules butted in. “And for the record, 'discrete escorts' doesn't mean you can't properly whore them out like the hardcore fuck toys they are.” She said with a giggle.

Cadence scoffed at her friend and shook her head. “Yes well, do keep in mind we are also in charge of monitoring your progress. The more revenue you generate for the least amount of unwanted attention, the quicker you'll rise up the ranks and score that coveted pay upgrade. If you do a good enough job, eventually you won't even need our guidance and advice. For now, however, we urge you to adhere to our council.”

“We'll help you build the bestest harem of high-end college aged prostitutes this world has ever seen!” Jules exclaimed.

Cadence sighed. “What my friend is trying to say...”

“I think I understand.” Mitch interrupted. “How should I continue, then? I've been going by my whims mostly, so far.”

“You started out nicely, sir.” Cadence said.

“Yeah!” Jules cheered. “Starting out with the basketball team if fucking hot! I bet they've got lots of local fans who'll love to use them, for the right price. You should go for the cheerleaders next.”

“And more pragmatically, taking a full team and the coach keeps your circle of slaves tightly knitted, limiting possible loose ends and making it easier to run your 'team' of hookers in secret. It's a great basis to start on.” Cadence reassured with a kind smile. “I would recommend sending one or two of them to the company soon, however, to appease the higher ups for giving you this opportunity.”

“Good point.” Mitch agreed. “Can I decide where to designate them?”

“You can only give a suggestion, sir. But as long as you diversify your suggestions enough, the company will usually just go with what you propose.”

“So say I wanted to send Trisha here to be trained as a lowly gangbang crack whore for orgy rentals?” He looked at the ebony skinned coed with scorn.

“I can fashion a recommendation letter for her, sir.” Cadence nodded.

“And I can help run her reputation through the mud, so in a couple of weeks no one will be surprised in the slightest the loose and easy slut decided to drop out and be a cock-pump for a living!” Jules said in her usual endearingly perky style.

“Cool. Trisha, heel!” Mitch called out.

Trisha threw Tanya off from her and crawled over like an energetic puppy.

“You're off the team. Follow Jules here and do as she says. You're not going to wear the sexy cop outfit all the time, are you?” He asked Jules.

“Nope! We just thought you'll enjoy seeing us this way. I'll go change to something more appropriate. Follow me, Trisha. We're going to have lots of fun destroying your reputation!” She bent down and kissed Trisha on the lips.

Trisha stood up and hurried after Jules, her juicy ass swinging from side to side with every step.

“I'll have Coach Summers write something about how she asked to be off the team because of personal matters or something.” Mitch turned to Cadence and said.

“Good thinking, sir. The vaguer the better. I can help her write it up if she's still too horny from the flash to think straight.”

“Fantastic. Any other advice?”

“Those with power in college belong to the teaching staff and management. It would be safer to take some of them, first, while making sure they keep their conversion properly hidden from students and fellow professors alike.”

“Since Jules isn't here, what do you think she would say? Apart from the cheerleader team, that is.” Mitch wondered.

“She'll probably advise you to go for the hottest, most desirable coeds and have them market themselves online, offering their bodies for five hundred dollars an hour, at least.”

“Maximize profits, then?” He surmised.

“Yes, but I reckon you should start more cautiously, sir.”

“Of course you do. It's what you're supposed to reckon, isn't it?” He smiled at her.

“Sir?”

“I just figured, since you and Jules are clearly completely brainwashed, I'm assuming your personalities are such polar opposites by design. I assume my goal should be a proper balance between the two of you.”

Cadence stared at him for a moment, and then smiled. “You are very perceptive, sir. That's good. I think you have a great future in the company.” She said.

“Let's hope. And as for going after some of the teaching staff. I know exactly where to start.” Mitch said, feeling more ambitious than ever before.

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