

WILL B. GUNN



Reflections
of **GRANDEUR**

Reflections Of Grandeur

By **Will B. Gunn**

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

“So Willow, how are you doing?” The silver-haired host asked once the audience stopped clapping and cheering.

“Not bad. You know, plugging along.” Willow answered with a sarcastically cool tone.

The host laughed jovially at her response.

“Lovely!” He exclaimed, “but you must be sick of being interviewed by funny guys. How many shows like this have you done this past month?”

“Oh, I'd say...” Willow pretended to think, “You know what? I stopped counting after the first fifty.” She joked, flashing her charming, radiant smile, eliciting another round of laughter from the audience.

“But even if I *was* sick of it, I wouldn't admit it on the top rated late-night show in the world.” She gave the host a thinly veiled compliment.

“Well you saved the best for last.” He quickly replied with a quip of his own.

“Obviously.” Willow agreed.

“All right. Time to ask you some very original questions from my previously prepared cards, as befitting the top-rated late-night show in the world.” The host lowered his vocal pitch, and gave the camera a coy wink.

“Go for it.” Willow said with a shiny smile.

“Okay, here's one I bet you've never heard before. What's the one question you wish someone would ask you in an interview?”

“Oh wow. I never thought of that. Let's see...” Willow rubbed her chin, contemplating.

“Just kidding! I have all the usual questions here.” He said before she could continue her response, reaping a wave of laughter from the audience, and from Willow herself.

“Go ahead.” She said with a giggle.

“You were a first-year business school student up until a year ago, weren't you?” He asked.

“Yeah.” Willow nodded.

“And you just got up, one day, decided to drop out, and try your luck at Hollywood? What made you go for it?”

Willow crossed her legs, leaned forward, and began retelling her story.

Later that day, Willow sat on her new sofa, cuddling with Cindy as they watched the show on TV.

“Well, I think I can speak for all of us, when I say I'm happy you listened to your gut.” The host told Willow with a smile, and turned back to the camera, “Willow Knight, everyone. Bloodletter - Two Fangs, on cinemas this weekend!” He announced, and sent the show off to commercials.

Cindy turned the TV off, and set the remote on the coffee table.

“Not bad. You're getting good at this.” Cindy complimented, crossing her legs and grinning at Willow.

“You get used to it.” Willow shrugged.

“Oh stop pretending to be so nonchalant.” Cindy fist-bumped Willow's shoulder, “I love what they did with your hair. Why don't you wear it puffed up like that more?”

“I like it straightened.” Willow said, running her slender fingers in her silky, golden hair.

“Your answer to the 'why did you decide to go into acting?' question always cracks me up.” Cindy chuckled, twirling her dark hair around her forefinger.

“What was funny about it?”

Cindy struck a pose and started mockingly mimicking Willow's interview voice.

“Oh I just woke up one day and knew I had to try, or I'll regret it for life. I just knew I'd succeed because I'm all awesome and great and stuff.”

“I didn't say that last part.” Willow protested, “besides, what was I supposed to say? A magic mirror showed me a vision of myself as a successful movie star, and convinced me to go for it?”

“Right, believing in a mirror that can tell the future would really put you at odds with the usual eccentric Hollywood crowd.” Cindy jested.

Willow quieted down for a second.

"I don't think the mirror can tell the future, actually." She said with a frown.

"What do you mean?" Cindy raised an eyebrow, "the mirror shows you a vision of yourself as a movie star, and a year later you have your first main role. It showed me a vision of myself playing classical piano in a fully booked recital, and a year later I am considered the best young talent in the country. Which is apparently not enough to interest any TV show. Not enough to invite me as a guest, at least."

"Bitter much?" It was Willow's turn to mock, "I'm sure they'll invite you if you can show your talent in a two or three minute bit."

"I'm a classical pianist. I don't have any two minute bits!" Cindy proclaimed with pride.

"I know, I know." Willow rolled her eyes, and quickly continued her premise, before Cindy embarked on yet another lecture about classical music, and why it's so superior to any modern tune.

"Anyway, I think the mirror shows a person's true desire. The pursuit that will never end up becoming a boring, routine grind. Something you'll love waking up in the morning for, even after forty years of doing the same thing, even if the road is bumpy and stuff don't always work out. That kind of unwavering ambition will normally lead to great success, unless you're completely untalented." Willow hypothesized.

"So you're saying it's a magical career councilor?" Cindy asked.

"Pretty much." Willow nodded, "I mean, I always dreamed of being a famous actress, but I never thought of actually going for it. It was a fun fantasy, but I was determined to get a 'real job'."

"I see what you mean." Cindy nodded, "I figured studying computer science was the safest thing for me, cause I was always good with math and algorithms. It just takes so much talent and luck to make ends meet as a classical pianist."

She sighed.

"But when I looked into the mirror, and saw myself play in front of such a large crowd, so vividly. It just filled me with such desire. I

knew it was worth the try, even if I ended up failing epically.” Cindy finished, her eyes sparkling as she recalled the fateful day.

“Armed with such optimism, you don't need more than a freckle of talent to reap great rewards.” Willow asserted poetically.

“You've got that right. I'm making quite a lot of dough, too.” Cindy bragged, “Not enough to afford a gigantic two-story Beverly Hills estate like this one,” she looked around the spacious sunken living-room, “but a pretty nice heap for a classical musician.”

“This is the payoff of starring in a summer blockbuster, bitch. Jealous much?” Willow said coyly, and winked at Cindy.

“Why would I be? It's my home, too, and I get to share it with the blonde babe from that new vampire flick.” Cindy brought her lips closer to Willow, “and I get to share her bed, too.” She added, and they kissed each other with passion.

“*Mm*, don't forget I was also voted one of the ten sexiest women in the world.” Willow whispered with a breathy voice, and dove back down to taste Cindy's lips.

“*Mmmm*, thanks for reminding me.” Cindy purred, and reached over to open Willow's blouse.

“*Mph Mm!* Wait, Cindy! Jerry can be here any moment.” Willow told her overzealous lover.

“So what? He knows we're involved, and the door is locked.” Cindy said, “I'm so fucking horny!”

“Still...I don't want you to get my motor running just to stop in the middle of it, when he arrives.” Willow reasoned. Cindy gave her another peck, and backed off.

“I suppose that makes sense. But my motor is always running for you.” Cindy said with a sultry hiss, rubbing her hand up Willow's thigh.

Willow nodded with a smitten smile, and took hold of Cindy's hand. She was too shy to admit it as blatantly as Cindy, but she was getting quite wet, herself, in response to the pianist's professional touch.

Willow locked eyes with Cindy, her blue marbles sparkling brilliantly.

“See, if the mirror could tell the future, it would have told me, back then, that I've already met the love of my life.” She said, and placed Cindy's hand on her heart.

“I guess that's true.” Cindy said, playfully cupping Willow's firm, perky knocker, through her top, “I didn't even know I was into women, back then.”

Willow gave a smirk.

“I always had lesbian stuff mixed in my fantasies. Always knew I was bi. But I never fantasized about *you* in that way. Well, not until...” Her voice trailed off, her blue eyes twinkling with emotion.

“Yeah.” Cindy nodded, and gave Willow a loving embrace.

They cuddled, snuggling each other on the couch and staring up at the stars, through the large skylight.

Cindy sighed again, and pressed against the lithe body of her movie star girlfriend.

“Just think, if Jerry hadn't snooped into that basement at the condemned faculty building. If he hadn't dragged us to see what he found. I would have been a computer science sophomore, right now.” She said with a chuckle.

“And I would have been in my second year of business school.” Willow replied with a smirk.

“We kinda owe him a lot, huh? Even if it was all just dumb luck.” Cindy said.

“Yeah. That's why I invited him today, so we can all take another look at the mirror.” Willow admitted.

“Didn't you say you were curious to see if the mirror had any new visions for us?” Cindy asked with a frown.

“I doubt we'll see anything different, if I'm right about the mirror's true powers.”

“Then why?” Cindy asked again.

“For Jerry. I want him to take another look at it.” Willow exhaled slowly, “He didn't seem to get the same clarity as us, the same resolve.” She said.

“Obviously.” Cindy agreed, “He never even told us what he saw in his reflection. As if he was embarrassed by it or something. And I mean, I was proud of what I saw. I couldn't wait to tell you guys.”

"It's just weird." Willow said, "He didn't make any drastic changes to his life. He stayed in college, even though his psychology major seems to bore him, like two-thirds of the time. He isn't talking about changing majors. It's like he's afraid of making the move."

"So you figure another look at the mirror will encourage him to follow his true ambitions, whatever they may be." Cindy understood.

"Pretty much, yeah."

"Oh Willow, sometimes I think I'm too depraved for a nice girl like you." Cindy giggled and kissed Willow with a cheeky smile.

"What if he saw himself as a corrupt hedge fund manager or a serial killer? Or even worse, a pop singer?" Cindy asked, clearly amused.

"Let's see. He's awful with money. He's a terrible liar. He cringes at the very mention of blood, let alone the sight of it, and he's got the singing voice of a moose with a smoking addiction. I think you can put your worries to rest." Willow gently flicked Cindy's nose with the pad of her forefinger.

Cindy looked at the clock and then stared at her piano, sitting proudly in the best lit corner of the living-room. Willow turned her gaze to the empty lounge-chair facing the sofa, with a sense of eery recognition, and a frown on her face.

"Maybe the mirror showed Jerry a future where he is never late, and the notion of consistent punctuality scared the heck out of him." Cindy suggested, rolling her eyes

"Seriously, where is he? He was supposed to be here forty-five minutes ago." She complained.

"I'm right here, Cindy."

They suddenly heard Jerry's voice, and jumped in surprise.

Cindy and Willow stared at the previously empty chair which faced their sofa, with wide eyes and slacked jaws. Jerry sat on it, leaning his chin on his fist and his elbow on the arm-rest, leering at the two with a pleased grin.

Between his legs knelt a naked, busty brunette. She looked up at him with helpless, adoring eyes, and moved her torso up and

down at a steady pace. She slid her sizable breasts along the length of his raging hard-on, letting her tongue drool on his tip and lubricate his rod. She used her perfectly round cushions to massage his cock, her eyes sparkling with a sense of joyous duty.

"I am a sex doll. My body belongs to my master." The brunette mumbled under her panting breath.

Willow frowned at him, fidgeting slightly.

"When did you get here, Jerry?" She asked.

"About an hour ago. I've been sitting here, watching you and Cindy frolic as you watched TV. Is there a problem?" He asked them with a coy smile, casually patting the brunette like a cliché movie villain would pat their cat.

"Uhm..." Cindy frowned at Willow, and they both shook their heads slowly.

"No, I guess not." Willow said with a shrug.

"Sorry for saying you were late." Cindy said, looking around the room awkwardly.

"No problem. I thought it was funny." Jerry said.

"*Hmmm*, yeah. Squeeze those fun-bags tighter, babe." He moaned, and pinched the brunette's jutting pink nipples.

"Yes master. Anything you wish." She answered immediately, and pressed her round jugs together with full force.

"Uhm, can you maybe do this later?" Cindy asked all of sudden.

"What do you mean?" Jerry pretended not to know.

Cindy narrowed her eyes at him.

"Don't play coy. That girl. Her tits." She pointed to his lap, "Could you please save all that for later, maybe when you are in the privacy of your own home, or at least go to the bathroom and do it there, or something." She suggested with a judgmental tone.

"What's wrong with my mesmerized doll serving me here?" Jerry questioned, clearly amused.

"Well, it *is* a bit inappropriate." Willow joined in, "I mean, we're good friends and all, but there's a limit..."

"But you two sitting before me in sexy lingerie, spreading your legs, and playing with your pussies is all right? That's a bit

hypocritical. *Hmm*, go faster, babe.” Jerry accused, gave a deep groan, and murmured an order to his devoted doll.

“Yes master.” She responded meekly, drooled some more between her tits, and hastened her breast-swings considerably.

Cindy and Willow looked at each other, frowning their brows.

“Jerry, what are you talking--*Oh!*”

Cindy let out a baffled yelp.

She suddenly noticed what she and Willow were wearing. They were clad in their most revealing lacy thongs. Willow wore a tiny pink nighty as a top, and Cindy wore a garter-belt around her hips and thighs, attached to a pair of see-through white stockings.

Their right hands were stuffed between their legs, their fingers fiddling and fingering their wet, pink honeypots. Judging by how sticky and wet their fingers felt, and how warm and tingly their pussies were, it was obvious they had been at it for a while already.

“*Wow! Mff!* I-I had no idea. I didn't notice.” Willow stared down with a perplexed expression. Her panties were slid aside, exposing her raw lips, which she fervently rubbed in circles.

“M-Me neither. I guess that explains why I was so horny.” Cindy agreed with a kittenish giggle, giving her breasts a squeeze through her white push-up bra. Her pussy was so soaked, juices running down from it had soiled the couch's skin, creating a darkly-hued, wet stain.

“You're wearing your whorish make-up, too.” Willow noticed, looking at Cindy.

“Really?” Cindy looked back with wide eyes, and looked around to find a convenient reflective surface.

“Yeah. The red lipstick that makes your lips drip with lust. Fucking irresistible!” Willow lunged at Cindy, planting a ravenous kiss on her crimson lips. They made-out with sizzling passion, running their tender fingers in each other's flowing manes.

“Ahem.” Jerry cleared his throat. Willow and Cindy jumped up, suddenly remembering they had company.

“Oh sorry. Got lost in the moment.” Willow said, one hand between her legs, and the other rubbing Cindy's shoulder and slender arm.

“I suppose we owe you an apology, Jerry.” Cindy admitted with a seductive wink, “I didn't realize we were dressed like such sluts. I guess every man would need some relief...” She relented, and moaned, “god! I can't take my hand away!” She exclaimed with a happy giggle, her right hand fingering her pink snatch as if it had a mind of its own.

“Does that bother you?” Jerry wondered, his brunette fuck-toy fervently polishing his cock between her impressive mammaries.

Willow and Cindy stared at him incredulously.

“Does what bother us?” Cindy asked.

“That you didn't realize what you were wearing. That you didn't notice you were rubbing your pussies, this whole time. And last, but not least, that you can't seem to stop touching yourselves.” Jerry clarified.

Willow and Cindy stared at each other. Willow's majestic blue gems met Cindy's beautiful opal pupils, in a moment of unblinking soul searching.

“No.”

“Not really.”

They gave their unanimous answer with a casual shrug.

“That's great.” Jerry said, “Isn't that great, Mia?” He looked down at the curvy Latina between his legs,

“Yes master. **Pant** Your doll agrees.” She droned out, breathlessly keeping true to the rapid pace of her movements.

“Mia? That...sounds familiar...” Cindy frowned.

“Yeah. *Mm!* She looks familiar, doesn't she?” Willow agreed, her hand still working on her sopping pussy like a possessed, kinky appendage.

“Heh, I guess hearing her name jogged your memories.” Jerry chuckled, “Interesting.”

“Our memories, *mff*, of what?” Cindy asked.

“Of the third chickadee in your trio of best friends. Mia here, and you two, used to be inseparable.” He said, staring at them with curious eyes, as if wondering how they will react.

Cindy and Willow stared at each other again, and had a joint epiphany.

“Ohh right! I remember now! *Mmh!*” Willow said happily, pumping her index finger in and out of her perfectly smooth twat.

“Yeah! Mia was with us when we found the mirror. How did we forget that?” Cindy chimed in.

“Dunno.” Willow said with another careless shrug.

“Does *that* bother you?” Jerry inquired again. This time the girls answered much quicker.

“Nope.”

“Why would it?”

“Oh, no reason.” Jerry chuckled.

“Yeah, Mia was our best friend for like, forever. How did she become your sex doll, again?” Cindy wondered, her pussy gently dripping wet, clear-colored juice onto the already stained couch.

“Tell them, Mia.” Jerry looked down at the pair of tits between his legs, and commanded.

“Yes master.” Mia rolled her tongue back from lapping at his tip.

“When we found the mirror in that abandoned basement, I saw the most wonderful vision of my true purpose, reflected in it.” She said, cradling her master's cock between her bouncy breasts.

“Yeah, I remember.” Willow said, her pussy squelching as she repeatedly plunged two fingers in it.

“We took turns looking at it, as if it was a drug.” Her eyes shimmered as she fondly reminisced.

“But you said you saw yourself as a world renowned surgeon.” Cindy remembered, “Didn't you say it was the thing that convinced you to change majors, to follow your dreams of becoming a doctor? *Mmm. Phua. Mm.*” She asked, giving her sticky fingers a few licks, before sticking them back in her snatch.

Mia looked up at Jerry, still cherishing his manhood betwixt her bouncy pillows.

“I was lying. I was too embarrassed to admit the truth.” She confessed, teary eyed, “when I looked into the mirror, I saw myself serve my master. I saw him fucking my throat so hard, my eyes rolled to the back of my head. The image of my mouth being rammed into like a sloppy, used fuck-hole was...true bliss!”

She gave his tip a long lick, and continued.

“I saw him bend me over the kitchen table, after finishing a meal I prepared for him, and giving me my reward in the form of a rough, spank-filled, doggy-style pounding from behind, before feeding me his wonderful cum.”

His cock throbbed between her tits, nearly bringing her to a massive orgasm.

“*Nhh!* I knew what my purpose was, at that moment. To be an object. To be his sex doll. To be owned, forever.”

“Is my service pleasing to you, master? I live to satisfy your every whim.” She lavished his hard-on with love, and asked for approval.

“As always, doll.” Jerry looked down at her with a smile.

“That story was all rubbish, however.” He looked up at Willow and Cindy, “the truth is, she really did dream of being a doctor, and she was still in med-school up until two months ago. That was when I finally felt confident enough in my abilities, to bring her compliant slave persona to the forefront, permanently, and have her erase her former self from her enthralled mind, for good.” He said with a wicked glint in his eyes.

“Of course, in her current state, she can't even fathom what I just said. The notion of her being free, and having dreams of her own, is simply not something her little mind can compute. Is it, doll?” He playfully tickled Mia's chin.

“Yes master. I always wanted to be your fuck doll. There is nothing else I am good for.” Mia responded blankly, and stretched her tongue down again to lick the pre-cum crowning on his tip.

“See? Completely oblivious.” He bragged.

Willow and Cindy stared with slightly opened mouths. Willow was the first to speak.

“That's rather wicked of you, Jerry. *Mmmhh!*” She said with an uncharacteristic giggle, gyrating her hips in circles while rubbing her cunt furiously.

“Does it make you horny?” Jerry asked, making the sizzling blonde grin.

“Y-Yesss! It's so, *Mm!* So kinky! *Mmff!*” She squealed with joy. Beside her, Cindy nodded, biting her red lips and writhing in pleasure.

“So, *oh god!* So what did you see in the, *mmm!*, mirror, Jerry? You never told us...” Cindy asked, panting, her fingers relentlessly fiddling with her soaking, pink folds.

“Actually, I did. You simply don't remember it.” Jerry said.

“Wha'? *Mm...*” Willow asked, puzzled.

“I told you right away, back when we found the mirror, precisely one year ago. Well, I didn't tell you exactly what I saw, but a more demure, less debauched version of it.” He shifted in his seat, straightening his posture.

“You see, I was always fascinated with the concept of mind control. The ability to make someone obey any command, regardless of their own will, motives, or moral values.”

“I admit, fantasies of having incredibly hot women, who were otherwise way out of my league, worship the ground I walk on and serve my kinkiest sexual desires. It's always been a large part of the allure.” He moved his gaze between the three nearly naked women.

“I never thought to actually try it. Never had the guts to even consider it. I took my, some would say, dark fascination, and directed it in an innocuous, benign direction. If anyone asked me of my dreams, I claimed to be intrigued with the human mind, and as a result chose to pursue a career in psychology.”

“It turned out to be so unbelievably boring. All I was ever truly interested in was testing the limits of hypnosis, it was the closest real world application to my deepest fantasies, after all.” He casually tweaked Mia's nipple like a radio knob.

“But you can't make, *mh!* Someone do something they don't want to, even under hypnosis, can you? *Mmf!*” Cindy asked, looking down between her open legs. Her right hand still worked on her tight twat, like a battery-operated machine.

“That's the prevalent theory, yes. Of course I knew it, even before I enrolled in the faculty. But I figured I would still get some form of satisfaction, devoting my life to the research of the human psyche. I was fine with it, not thrilled or ecstatic, but content. Until I took a look at my reflection in that wonderful mirror, of course.” He said, his smile broadening.

“You...*Mmh!* You told us...*Mm...* You saw a vision of yourself as a, *nnh*, a stage hypnotist!” Willow suddenly remembered, tugging at her flimsy pink top, revealing her perfectly round, perky breasts.

“That's correct, Willow. I'm impressed you remember that.” Jerry spoke as if praising a dim-witted puppy.

“*Hrrm*, I wonder how much money I could make, selling a topless, pink lingerie pic of *the Willow Knight*.” He looked at her bare breasts, “men all around the world are jerking off to a mental image, and I have the real thing right here in front of me. Heh.”

Willow smiled at him, her pink pussy splashing juices with every thrust of her slender fingers. She liked hearing his praise.

“It's true.” Jerry continued, “while you auditioned for every role you could, and Cindy explored her piano passion, and Mia here dropped out of law-school, to enroll into med-school, I studied hypnosis. It took me about a month before I was confident enough to approach you three, and ask if you would let me practice on you. I bet you don't remember *that*, do you?” He asked with a knowing smile, gently slapping Mia's cheek.

“No master. *Hah! *pant* Hah!*” Mia responded, bouncing her tits on his pelvis.

Willow and Cindy took another moment to think, but they came up empty as well. They slowly shook their heads at him, feeling great uncertainty.

“Of course you don't.” He bragged, “I started out with simple parlor tricks. The usual stuff, getting you into a mild trance, making

you feel like one of your hands is floating like a balloon, making you think your hot little asses are glued to the chair, making you clap your hands in response to a trigger word.”

“You were all very cooperative. You actually gave me good feedback, for my 'show'. Cindy even joked about making the show more 'adult' in nature. Quite ironic, when you think about it.”

“I don't remember any of that. *Nnnn*.” Willow looked at her raven-haired lesbian lover, and said. Cindy looked back, and agreed with a shrug.

“I took it to the next level. The parlor tricks of a stage hypnotist were never my true focus.” He continued, “It took me months of hard work to master advanced techniques. Injecting illusions into the subject's mind. Completely ruling their senses. Memory alterations. Messing with the subject's perception of reality.”

“That's why we didn't see you sitting there until you spoke!” Willow exclaimed, proud of her deduction.

“Very good, Willow. But that wasn't enough for me to reach my true goal.” He looked down at Mia, working tirelessly to satisfy him, and scoffed.

“Everything was still tightly constricted by your own morals and desires. If I had told you to do something you truly found objectionable, you would have most likely snapped out of your trance. I wanted to subvert and usurp your common sense, bypass your will, and bend it to my own.”

He grinned at them, pumped Mia's head down on his cock a few times, and continued.

“It involved some risk, but the visions in the mirror egged me on. I guided you in building brand new personalities for yourselves. Ones which were much more docile, submissive, and pliant. Much more suitable to my needs.”

“Docile...?” Cindy repeated, her eyes widening.

“Sub...missive...?” Willow asked with a slow, flat drone.

“I didn't start with that, of course. My first attempt at deep personality change was when I slowly turned the two of you into bisexuals, and eventually made you into lesbian lovers.” Jerry dropped a bomb-shell in their laps.

Willow and Cindy's probing hands stopped in an instant. They looked at each other with wide shocked eyes.

"No..." Cindy mumbled.

"It can't be." Willow agreed, her pupils trembling. She looked in her lover's eyes, hesitated for a second, and then said "No. I love her. More than I've ever loved anyone else. My love is real." She proclaimed.

"Of course it's real, Willow." Jerry huffed, "As real as any emotion your mind creates. The only difference is *I* made you feel it."

He put his hand on Mia's bobbing head.

"Just like I convinced Mia here that her mouth is most useful when it's slurping my cock." He locked eyes with the kneeling brunette. Mia looked back at him with wide eyes. She entwined her tongue around his shaft, slurped loudly, and returned to her monotonous head-bobbing.

"*Hmm*, and using her mouth feels awesome."

Cindy and Willow's lips detached with a soft, wet smack.

"It doesn't matter." Willow whispered to her lover, "does it?" She asked.

Cindy lowered her eyes, a solemn expression on her face.

"No. It doesn't." She finally decided, looking back up at Willow's bright blue eyes.

The two locked lips again, sealing their commitment with a loving kiss.

"Aww, that's adorable." Jerry mocked.

"Get your pussy ready for me, Mia." He tapped on the brunette's noggin, and said.

"Yeth master." Mia said, already rubbing her pussy.

Willow looked at Jerry with fiery determination in her eyes.

"We don't care how our love started. Whether you *think* you hypnotized us, or whether it came from within. It doesn't matter." She resolved.

"All that matters is we love each other." Cindy agreed with a vain smile.

Jerry ignored them, focusing on the sloppy mouth tending to his balls. Mia fervently fingered her snatch, whimpering gently while licking his manhood from tip to stem.

“Sorry, did you say something?” He lifted his head, amused.

“Never mind. Seeing you kiss got me hungry for more. Let's see you eat each other out.”

“We're not going to...To do that in front of you!” Willow protested.

“You're already in sexy lingerie. I can already see your tits and everything.” Jerry pointed out, making Willow and Cindy look down at their bare breasts and exposed pussies, a shy expression on their blushing faces.

“Th-that's different!” Cindy exclaimed with a doubtful frown.

“Yeah!” Willow agreed, “I am a successful movie star, not your lesbian showgirl plaything!” Willow asserted venomously.

“It's sweet you think so, my sweet, horny dyke-muffins.” Jerry said, and pulled Mia's hair, bringing her up from her kneeling position.

“Horny...” Willow echoed.

“Dyke-muffins...?” Cindy repeated with a frown.

They squirmed in their seats, feeling a new wave of arousal rushing through their veins. Jerry looked at them with peeled eyes, his gaze sending tendrils to probe at the softest, most sensitive parts of their delicate bodies. The more Jerry stared at them, the wetter they became.

“I...Feel so hot!” Cindy panted, running her hands over her smooth, gorgeous body.

“M-Me too! My pussy is so~*Mhh!* So wet!” Willow whispered, gyrating her hips in circles above the couch cushion, spreading her legs and giving Jerry a perfect view of her pink pussy. Every second he stared straight at her sopping cunt felt like someone mercilessly pumped a dildo deep into her.

Insatiable lust burning in their loins, Cindy and Willow pounced on each other with wild abandon.

“Good girls.” Jerry watched from his seat with a patronizing half-smile. Willow and Cindy swirled their tongues together, putting on a lewd, lascivious lesbian make-out scene. The mere knowledge that Jerry was looking, and enjoying their kinky display of affection, was enough to make them hornier.

Jerry gently slapped his cock on Mia's puckered full lips.

“Stand up, bend over, and offer me your pussy, slave.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” Mia looked up at him with worshipful eyes.

The busty sex-toy immediately sprung to her feet, spun around, and bent down at the hips. She leaned her hands on the coffee table, spread her legs, and wiggled her curvy behind invitingly.

“Please use my pussy to jerk off, master.” She said, slowly wagging her ass from side to side, “this worthless cunt exists for your pleasure.”

Jerry stood behind her and rubbed his tip on her hot, wet pussy lips. He teased her for a few seconds, before taking a firm hold of her hips, and ramming into her with one strong thrust.

“Ah! Yes master! Use my pussy!” Mia begged, her freshly moistened pussy tightening around her master's bulging shaft.

Jerry leisurely bounced Mia on his cock, often looking down to enjoy the view of her ass repeatedly slapping against his pelvis.

A loud moan coming from the couch turned his attention back to his so called “dyke-muffins”.

Cindy lay on her back. She buried her hands in Willow's blonde mane, pressing the beautiful starlet's head down between her legs. Willow flicked her tongue across Cindy's wet pussy lips, licking and slurping hungrily.

“Mhhh!”

Cindy arched her back and moaned out of breath. Willow shifted her head for a better angle, and dove right back down with gusto. Cindy inhaled sharply, a delirious open-mouthed grin on her face. She slammed her hand down on the couch cushion below her, and tightly clutched it, her body convulsing with euphoric titillation, as if she was being zapped by an orgasmic bolt of lightning.

“*Ohh gawd!* Eat my pussy, you slut!” Cindy writhed on the couch, a tidal wave of orgasm building within her. She was so close to climax, but something was missing. She looked sideways to where Jerry and Mia stood. He casually fucked Mia from behind, enjoying the view of their lesbian performance.

Knowing *he* was watching them frolic, on Willow's new sofa, gave Cindy just the push she needed to erupt in a squirting orgasm.

“*Ahhhh! Mmm!*” She squealed in delight, biting down on one of the small, decorative pillows on the couch, and grinding her hips against Willow's pretty face. Even while Cindy climaxed, Willow continued kissing and licking her pink twat, with muffled giggles and whimpers.

“Did you like it?” Willow asked with a cheeky giggle. Cindy was still trembling in post-orgasmic bliss.

“Mm-hmm.” Cindy nodded weakly.

They spent a short moment longingly staring at each other's sparkling eyes.

“My turn.” Willow jumped to her knees, leaned down, and kissed Cindy's lean belly. Her chin and cheeks were coated with a shiny layer of pussy juice, and a single lock of her ruffled golden hair stretched across her face, covering one of her sapphire eyes.

She slid up Cindy's body like a snake, kissing and licking up her midriff, between her supple breasts, and up to her neck. Their lips met with an intense kiss, and Cindy tasted her own pussy on Willow's ruby lips.

Jerry pumped faster into Mia, and with a groan, began walking his bent-over sex slave closer to the couch.

Smack!

“Oh yeah! You fucking bitch!” He moaned and spanked her, as he slowly fucked her forward.

“Yes master. Fuck me, master.” Mia whispered back, her tits swinging back and forth as her body rocked according to Jerry's deep thrusts.

Willow gave Cindy one more kiss on the lips, and rose up, shifting her position. She knelt with her legs spread above Cindy's

face. Cindy instinctively stretched her tongue out, to lick her girlfriend's precious slit.

"Mhh! Ohh YESS!" Willow felt Cindy's tongue brush against her tight, pink lips, and let out a high-pitched, horny squeal.

"Mm! Hihi!" With an impish giggle, she sat down on Cindy's face, and started grinding her hips back and forth. Cindy happily writhed and wiggled her tongue on Willow's pussy lips, grabbing the movie star's pert butt cheeks with both hands.

Spank!

Jerry spanked Mia again, and fucked her closer to the lesbian action. He grabbed the back of her head, and pushed her face on Willow's perky tits. The docile slave immediately began suckling on Willow's pointy nipples, causing the blonde's already rosy cheeks to turn a darker shade of luscious crimson.

Jerry grunted, and reached forward to cup Willow's perfectly round breast, the one Mia wasn't suckling on.

"You're just a horny exhibitionist dyke, aren't you?" He panted, banging Mia to his heart's content.

"Mm-hmm!" Willow bit her lips and nodded, tears of happiness welling in her eyes, "I love it when you watch us fuck! It's making me so fucking wet and horny!" She confessed with her bright, million dollar smile.

"Hah! Isn't it lovely? I made sure you got more aroused the more I ogle at you. Brilliant, huh? *Hmmm.*" He bragged, and lathered his lips on the nape of Mia's neck, reaching his hands around her and squeezing her big tits.

"I'm cumming! Mmh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Oh gawd!" Willow's pussy trembled with heat on Cindy's mouth, squirting juices down on the raven-haired pianist. The hot blonde slowed her hip gyrations down to a halt, and sat, panting, on Cindy's face.

She took a deep breath, and started sliding back down. Her pussy lips brushed against Cindy's smooth body as she moved to a lying position on top of her lover.

"I love you." Willow whispered to Cindy, and gave her a kiss. It was her time to taste herself on Cindy's glistening, glossy lips.

"Mmh mm." Cindy giggled as she kissed Willow back, nodding with agreement.

Mia used the couch's back for support, her sizable balloons dangling above the kissing dykes.

Jerry hastened the pace of his pumping, his crotch smacking Mia's ass loudly.

"Ohh fuck! Hrrm! I'm gonna cum!" He announced, pulled out of Mia, and slapped her ass aside. Mia fell to her knees at the far end of the couch. Discarded for the moment, she waited in silence to be of further use.

Jerry jerked his pulsating cum-cannon over Cindy and Willow's heads, aiming for their gorgeous faces. Within seconds, he dumped a full load of jizz onto them, painting their pretty mugs with his sticky white sperm.

"Ohh yeah! Ahh! Mmm!" He moaned with every warm spurt.

Willow and Cindy flinched with shock, and recoiled as he showered them with cum.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" Willow demanded, cum glazing her pretty face and cherry lips.

"Eew!" Cindy jumped back with revulsion, her hair, cheeks, and forehead sticky with spunk.

"I can't believe you came on us! That's disgusting!" She accused, an appalled expression on her face.

"Is it, my lesbian cum kittens?" Jerry asked, casually rubbing his warm, sensitive snake.

Their expressions changed in an instant, from disgust and revulsion to love and desire.

"Mmh! Yummy!" Willow licked her cum-glazed lips with a slutty smile, and Cindy swooped down to give her a big kiss. They shared the sticky fluid that came from Jerry's cock, licking it off each other's smooth skin and mixing it with their saliva.

"Do you like my cum, Cindy?" Jerry asked, pushing his rubbery tip on her cheek.

"Mm! Yes, I love it so much! Ohh!" She turned her head and wrapped her lips around his helmet, pushing the tip of her tongue on

his urethra.

“*Hmm.*” Jerry closed his eyes, and let out a gratified sigh.

The two lesbians licked his flaccid hose from both sides, cleaning every inch of it with their tongues.

“Cum is the best!” Willow cheered, licking his tip like ice cream.

“Thank you so much for spraying it on us!” Cindy expressed her gratitude.

“You're very welcome, girls. But you know what? I think it's time.” Jerry said with a sinister snicker.

“Time for what?” Willow asked with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

“For my plans, for the both of you, to finally come to fruition. You took longer than Mia to completely recondition, but I think you're ready.”

The two looked at the hottie kneeling on their floor, naked and unmoving.

“Y-You mean?” Cindy looked at Jerry with a sudden, stark sense of realization.

“Indeed, my sexy kittens. It's time for a complete personality change. You are my docile, submissive fuck-slaves.”

His last two sentences resonated between their ears like an echoing bellow in a cavernous chasm. Willow and Cindy shoved their old selves away, quarantined their personalities in a place where they had no more pull over their actions.

And instead, to the forefront of their minds, they brought their new personalities, which they worked so hard to construct with their master. Perfectly meek, submissive, and eternally obedient slaves, who will obey their master's every whim.

They stared at each other with glassy, vacant eyes. Two dolls with one, joint purpose. Cindy got off Willow and slid onto the floor. Willow quickly joined her. They knelt before him, shoulder to shoulder.

“Command us, master. Your slaves obey.” They chanted in unison, looking up at their god in human form.

“Yes, you sure do.” Jerry looked down at them with triumphant pride, “let's go up to the mirror. I want to check something.” He decided, and started walking towards the spiral staircase, which led up to the second floor of the chic Hollywood mansion.

“Yes master.” Willow and Cindy crawled after him, like the loyal pets they now were.

* * * *

Jerry stood on the bed in Willow and Cindy's bedroom. The two nubile chicks knelt beside him, leaning on his legs. He ran his fingernails on their smooth skin, tenderly patting their shoulders and upper backs.

Willow and Cindy pressed their cheeks on his thigh muscles, and looked at the magical mirror that changed their lives.

“What do you see?” Jerry asked them.

“Kneeling before you, master.” Cindy said.

“Serving you, master.” Willow joined.

“Sucking and fucking, at your command.” Cindy kissed his thigh, closing her eyes with reverence.

“Living our lives to serve and please you, master.”

With their personalities rewritten, so were the visions the mirror showed them. Instead of seeing dreams of movie stardom, Willow saw an array of submission fantasies. She saw herself grovelling at her master's feet, wiggling her ass from side to side.

Cindy no longer saw herself sitting before a piano and showcasing her immense talent to a crowd of enraptured patrons. Instead, she saw herself walk on a stage in full bondage gear and a gag in her mouth, ready to show them all what a good little sex slave she was for her wonderful master.

Jerry also gazed into the mirror, and his visions only grew in scale.

Behind the mystical rings rippling on the mirror's surface, he saw a crowd of fifty busty ladies bow before him, offering their ripe melons for his pleasure. He saw powerful businesswomen giving their company shares, and their uptight holes, for his amusement.

He saw riches and glory beyond his wildest dreams, given to him by his mesmerized thralls, like an offering to a deity.

“Excellent. I was right.” He said, “now that I have you under my control, your entire world view has changed to fit my needs. The Willow Knight, who would do anything to be a movie star, and the Cindy who would work tirelessly to become a world class pianist, they are no longer in control.”

“Yes master. You are in control, master.” Willow droned out.

“We will work hard to be the best sex slaves we can be.” Cindy proclaimed mindlessly.

“Hmm, good girls.” Jerry said, satisfied by their answer, “what's more, it seems the mirror thinks I should continue on my current path. It appears my potential is utterly limitless.” He grinned at the wonderful visions before him, his cock hardening with excitement.

“Now, slaves, I want you to take a moment, sift through your tiny minds, and eradicate any trace of your old personalities. I don't need them anymore. Your new selves should have no problem balancing between your successful careers and being my wanton sex slaves. You'll put on a nice act for the media and press, and no one will ever guess where your true priorities lie.”

“Yes master.” Willow and Cindy said in perfect unison, and began shuffling through their minds.

“Search and destroy, my pretties. Erase every quirk and every facet, so that your old selves may never resurface.” He patted their heads.

“Don't just bury your old personalities. Eject them, with prejudice. Toss your old selves away like yesterday's trash!” Jerry barked, a thrilled grin on his face.

“Yes master.” The two whispered, their pupils trembling in their eyes. Their master's hypnotic control over them was so strong, they didn't hesitate to fully obey. It was them, in the end, who made sure to wipe out their past selves. Jerry merely guided them in doing so, after spending months guiding them through the construction of their new selves.

“Such pliable cuties.” He gently tapped their cheeks, his cock as hard as a steel pole.

“It is done, master.” Willow said after a moment, “my former self is gone. All that remains is your obedient, happy slave.”

“Yes master.” Cindy joined in with a smile, “There is no turning back. I am nothing but your joyful toy now. Your property.”

“Then go ahead and start your new lives as my sex dolls.” Jerry guided their heads to either side of his cock.

“Blow me.” He ordered.

“Yes master.” Willow and Cindy whispered warm breaths on the length of his manhood. With no inhibition, they leaned forward, and began licking his raging hard-on, brushing it back and forth with their tongues.

“Ohh yeah!”

Jerry moaned blissfully, closing his eyes and arching his neck up. Willow licked the side of his shaft from base to tip, with short and sweet tongue lashes. Cindy licked along his other side, and when she reached the tip, nipped at his helmet with her warm, wet lips. She sensually moved her tongue around his helmet, making subtle slurping sounds as she did.

Jerry softly nudged the back of her head, and without a shred of resistance, Cindy started taking his cock deep down her throat. Willow licked ahead of Cindy's lips, eventually hanging her head upside down to lavish her master's balls with love. Her majestic blue jewels stared right up at him, as she passionately made out with his nut-sack.

Cindy gagged every time Jerry's cock hit the back of her throat. With every thrust, her gags became weaker, until only a soft, moist whimper remained.

“Ohh, switch places!” He demanded with a low-pitched growl.

“Yes master.” They uttered meekly. Cindy kissed his tip, and started licking down along his under-side, in a zig-zag pattern. Willow came up from under his balls, wrapped her lips around his tip, and quickly followed Cindy's zig-zagging tongue, till her throat was full of hard man-meat. When Cindy reached his balls, she gave them a sloppy, wild kiss.

"Hmm fuck!" Jerry grabbed Willow with both hands, and started moving her head back and forth on his own.

"Don't be afraid to make it messy, Willow!" He rammed into her throat and instructed. Willow looked up at him with wide eyes, coughing a muffled "yes master" out of her gagged lips. She continued deep-throating him at a rapid pace, saliva drooling down her chin in troves.

"Come here!" He wrapped their silky long manes around his hands, and forcefully pulled their lips off his junk with a loud, wet smack. Willow and Cindy kept their mouths open, in a perfect O-shape, ready to take his cock back in.

"Hrrm!" He shoved his cock in Willow's mouth, all the way in, and pulled right out.

"Aagh!" He rammed his manhood down Cindy's throat, pumped a few times, and pulled out. A strand of clear-colored drool stretched from her lips to his tip.

"Hmm! Yeah! Hmph! Ohh!" He moved his cock between their mouths, thrusting once between each set of welcoming lips, and groaning with every thrust. Willow and Cindy stared into the distance and kept their hands at their sides, timidly accepting the humiliating treatment like a couple of blow-up dolls.

"Hmm yeah!" This is fucking great!" Jerry pulled them closer to his pelvis, and pressed their lips on either side of his cock.

"There! You lesbians love kissing each other, don't you?" He pressed their lips together, "from now on, you'll only ever kiss with my cock in the middle! *Hrrm!"* He grunted, and started moving their heads back and forth, using their lips to rub and polish his cock.

"Ohh, this is as good as a pussy!" He declared, moving their heads even faster. Willow and Cindy looked forward with a blank expression, their glassy eyes locked, without actually seeing one another. Deep in a pliant state of trance, they allowed their master to handle them, any way he wished.

"Oh fuck! I'm gonna cum! Mia!" Jerry suddenly called, "Mia, get your worthless ass over here! Now!" He bellowed.

"Yes master!" Mia called from downstairs, and ran up to heed her master's call. She rushed to Cindy and Willow's bedroom, her tits

jostling vibrantly.

When she got there, she came to the foot of the bed, in front of Jerry, spun around, and bent over.

“My ass is yours, master.” She said, spreading her cheeks, dumbly presenting the part of her Jerry requested.

“Heh, that's nice, *hah!* But I wanted your tits, actually.” Jerry panted, “squeeze them right down here, so I can squirt my cum all over them!” He commanded, pumping fiercer between Willow and Cindy's lips.

“Yes master. My tits are your cum target.” Mia knelt on the floor, squeezing her tits just below his pumping tip.

Jerry continued polishing his cock with his lesbian slaves' mouths, occasionally thrusting his pelvis further forward, hitting the squeezed space between Mia's fun-bags.

“*Ooooh!*” He pushed his crotch forward one last time, and arched his head back with a big smile on his face. His pole throbbed between their lips.

“*Ohh! Hrrm! Hmm yeah!*” He released his load on Mia's bouncy melons, each spurt accompanied with a pleasure-filled grunt and a euphoric sensation of blissful release.

Mia held her tits up like a tray, letting the creamy substance glaze her smooth skin.

“*Hmm.* That was lovely.” Jerry looked down, enjoying the view of Mia's cum dripping rack.

“Use your tongues.” He derisively smacked Willow and Cindy's heads, their O-shaped mouths still pressed to his cock.

“Yes master.” They chanted in response, and began moving their tongues in circles, massaging Jerry's softening shaft.

“By the way, me and Mia are moving in with you.” He mentioned, almost as an afterthought.

“Life with a rich move star's wallet at my disposal, and three hot maids to do all the house chores. Should be pretty fun.” He said with glee, looking between his three lowly, kneeling slaves.

Jerry raised his gaze, and looked at the mirror again.

“What a wonderful life.” He sighed happily, and dropped onto the mattress.

“Woah! This is the fluffiest, most comfortable mattress I've ever lay on! Hmm. Guess that's the quality of comfort you get, when you star in a movie, huh?”

And with that insight, he fell asleep, dreaming of nailing his three sex toys, and many others, on the most heavenly mattress, which now belonged to him, at least by proxy, seeing as its owner, Willow, was now nothing but his helplessly owned object.

* * * *

Five months later, on the night of the academy awards ceremony...

Jerry was in the shower with a pregnant Mia, rubbing his dick between her tightly-pressed thighs.

“Your body is the best cock scrubber.” Jerry whispered in her ear, forcefully squeezing her milk jugs.

“Thank you, master. My body's sole function is to serve you.” The pregnant slave droned, a permanent smile on her face.

“This slave is so happy you chose her for breeding, master.” She added, her voice echoing in the steamy shower.

“Pfft, and to think you wanted to be a doctor.” He sneered, and gave her ass a hearty smack.

“I was so misguided, master. I am property. I am an owned object. My body belongs to you.” Mia echoed as hot water ran down her smooth body.

Jerry grunted, and pumped faster between her thighs.

A few feet from them, Willow and Cindy stood before the bathroom mirror, dressed in their glamorous evening gowns, and applying their make-up.

“So you think you might win?” Cindy asked, tracing her lipstick across her scrumptious lips.

“Probably not, but at my age just being nominated is amazing.” Willow replied, gently applying her eyeliner.

The shower door opened, and Jerry came out with a raging hard-on dangling between his legs.

“Present!” He barked at them.

“Yes master.” Cindy and Willow dropped what they were doing, and hiked their dresses up above their waists. Neither wore any panties.

They put their hands on the counter, pushed their bare butts out, and shook their hips from side to side, their pert ass-cheeks slapping together with every wag and wiggle.

Jerry placed his hand on Cindy's ass, and unceremoniously plunged his cock into her. She was always wet and ready for her master, so his dick slid into her young, tight pussy easily.

“*Mm!*” She whimpered, and Jerry began fucking her from behind.

He leaned down on her as he rode her ass, dripping water all over her, ruining the dress she put on for the internationally televised award ceremony. Jerry grabbed Cindy's tits from behind, lowering her décolletage below her chest.

As dismissively as he put his cock in, he pulled out, and moved to Willow. He teased her pussy, and thrust inside with one stroke.

“*Ah!*” She gave a single squeal, and took it with the same passive meekness as Cindy. Publicly, the two were well known to be a lesbian couple, but in the privacy of their own home, the only one who enjoyed their sexual wiles was their master.

He kept alternating between their pussies, his wet stick throbbing with excitement as he pounded into them. Steam from the shower filled the room, and the smacks of his pelvis against their asses echoed throughout.

“*Hrrm! Yeah! Ooh!*” He plastered his crotch to Willow's ass, and began releasing hot spurts of cum into her.

“Thank you for cumming in my pussy, master.” Willow said, smiling at her reflection, which was slightly obscured by the steam on the mirror.

“Bring me two pussy-plugs.” He told Cindy with a spank on her rear, keeping his cock corked in Willow's pussy.

“*Mh!* Yes master.” Cindy accepted the spank with a squeal, and shook her ass to the adjacent bedroom.

Jerry plugged Willow's cum-filled pussy with a purple plug, and proceeded to fuck and cream in Cindy's twat, as well. He leaned on the marble wall opposite to them, and watched them wiggle their asses from side to side, both with a plug wedged in their pussies, corking his cum inside.

“Nice. Very nice. I'll watch the ceremony on TV, and every time they pan over to you, I'll think about those plugs in your cunts, and my cum in your pussies.” He said, relishing the thought.

“No one will ever guess that America's sweetheart isn't even wearing panties. Well, as long as you don't let the plug slip. I wonder what will shock people more if that happens, the plug itself, or the oozing river of jizz running down your thigh.”

As their master mused, Cindy and Willow looked at their reflections in the mirror. Wet and disheveled, with their tits out and a dumb smile on their faces, only one thought crossed their simple minds.

“Now every mirror we look at reflects our one true purpose.” Willow whispered, feeling her master's sticky load stuffing her twat. Cindy nodded, and with their master's permission, the two went off to change their dresses, and prepare once again for the night which would have been Willow's greatest, if her master hadn't completely changed her dreams.

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