

Will B. Gunn



**SPIN  
CYCLE**

# Spin Cycle

-----

By **Will B. Gunn**

Copyright © 2016 by **Will B. Gunn**

\*\*\*\*

## License Notes

All rights reserved. This e-book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. The e-book may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient.

Thank you for respecting the hard work of the author.

This e-book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters, names, places or businesses are productions of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously.

The author acknowledges the trademark status and trademark owners of various products referenced in this work of fiction, which have been used without permission. The publication and/or use of these trademarks is not authorized, associated with, or sponsored by the trademark owner. All rights reserved.

## Sexual content statement

This e-book contains depictions of sexual situations and should not be viewed by anyone under the age of eighteen.

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

-----

Lindsey paced back and forth outside her building's laundry room. She was in a rush to get to her afternoon shift at work, but she had to finish her laundry first. So she stayed outside while two dryers

worked on her clothes, ready to pick them up back to her apartment as soon as they were ready.

“I just hope the dryers will work okay. I fucking hate working on Saturdays.” She mumbled as she paced. She thought having a laundry room in the building's basement will be an advantage, but the machines and dryers broke so often, it was hard to pinpoint which of the devices actually worked, at any given time.

She thought aloud as she considered the row of appliances before her, “I'm pretty sure the leftmost dryer is the best, right now. I wonder if the one next to it is all right, too.” She hoped she was right. There wasn't a moment to spare, if she wanted to get to work on time.

One of her neighbors, a middle aged man named Phil, came down to pick up his clothes. They exchanged casual nods, and Phil went inside.

His clothes were piled on one of the folding tables, where Lindsey put them before putting her own load into the dryer.

“What the hell?” Lindsey heard him mutter, and came closer to the door, worried. By the time she got inside, Phil had already done the worst.

“What the fuck are you doing! The machine was still working!” Lindsey gave a haughty outburst, her smoldering blue eyes glaring at him. Phil had stopped one of her machines, and opened the door.

“Hey, you were the one who took my laundry out, first. So mind your tone, young lady.” Phil raised a finger to her face and argued.

“Don't patronize me, you loser! Your clothes were done! I needed the machine!” Lindsey snapped back, raising her voice even further.

“There are three vacant dryers!” He bellowed.

“Then why don't you use them now, huh? Could it be because you know full well that this is the only dryer that actually works!” She shot at him.

“Well, when you took my clothes out, were they dry? Because they're not dry now!” He held a pair of pants in her face.

“Who cares? I'm in a hurry!”

“It's common laundry room etiquette, you don't take someone's clothes out of the dryer when they're still wet!” Phil said in a condescending manner.

“Says who? It's not my fault you overload the dryer with a ton of clothes and then wonder why it hasn't dried off by the end of the cycle.” Lindsey was relentless. She wasn't going to back down.

Phil looked at the dryers.

“What's in the other dryer? Is that yours, too?” He asked with a judgmental undertone.

“Yes it is, now move so I can restart the dryer you stopped.” Lindsey huffed and marched ahead, ready to push him out of the way, if need be.

“Why the hell do you need two of them?!” Phil angrily demanded an answer.

“One for normals, one for delicates.” Lindsey said and pressed the button, hoping against hope that this delay won't cost her her job.

“Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know the princess needed a separate machine for the delicates. Do you think you live alone in the building? We barely have working machines, as it is!”

“A-ha! So you do know!” She said, triumphant, “maybe you should go to the super.” She suggested. “He certainly won't listen to me about it...” She muttered under her breath.

“Okay, hon, maybe we got off on the wrong foot, but I need...”

“Do not call me hon and don't try to bargain with me! I'm not some naive little girl you can sweet talk. And I am not going to give up. I'm in a hurry!” Lindsey retorted before he could finish his sentence.

“You're not the only one! And if my clothes stay soggy for too long I'll have to wash them in the machine, all over!” Phil claimed.

“Too bad. If you stop my dryer again, I'll burn your clothes, make them crispy dry.” Lindsey rolled her eyes dismissively, and added a threat to drive her point home.

“I'm not scared of you, toots. You'll regret this.” Phil raised a menacing finger between her eyes again.

“I eat arrogant old bastards like you for breakfast.” Lindsey folded her arms and said, staring him down.

“I guess that explains the cock-breath.” Phil said and turned to walk away, leaving Lindsey to audibly gasp at his obscene comment.

“Fucking jerk.” She sneered after he left, and returned to pacing back and forth outside.

Phil returned a moment later, to pick his wet clothes up and take them back to his apartment. Lindsey ignored him, and he was happy to ignore her back. She thought of walking in after him, just to make sure he wasn't doing anything fishy, but preferred to avoid another confrontation. She checked the room after he left, and everything seemed fine, both dryers still tumbled away.

Only when the dryers finished their work, did she realize what Phil had done.

“I'm going to kill him!” She clenched her fist around the red panties she just took out of the dryer. It had shrunk, significantly. Phil had changed the setting on the dryer from gentle to heavy duty, and now all her pairs of bras and panties looked like skimpy lingerie. They could still fit on her petite, trim body, but certainly not comfortably.

“These cups shrunk so much, they'll barely hide my nipples.” She noted, appraising her pink lace bra. The former C-cups were now barely an A.

“This is war.” She clenched the tiny bra with both hands and declared, eager to avenge her ruined unmentionables.

“Damn! I have to go!” In her shock, Lindsey forgot for a moment about the time. She quickly gathered all her clothes into her hamper, shot to her feet, and sprinted to the elevator. It was going to be a very close call.

\* \* \* \*

A few weeks have passed since that incident, and Lindsey kept her animosity on a low flame. She told every neighbor she could about the rotten deed Phil committed, making sure to subtly turn as many of them against him as she could. To her dismay, her efforts

failed for the most part. Everyone in the building liked Phil, and she was a newcomer.

The only one who really seemed to take her side and sympathize with her was Roxy, a busty thirty-year-old lesbian from the first floor. She even promised Lindsey she'd help her get revenge.

"I've been wanting to take Phil down a peg for a long time." Roxy told her when they spoke about it.

"Why? What did he do to you?" Lindsey asked.

"He fucked my ex girlfriend." Roxy said.

"Wasn't she, like, a lesbian?" Lindsey asked hesitantly.

"I certainly thought so." Roxy said, "I don't know. He seduced her somehow. She moved to his place for a while, and from what I hear they got really loud when they... You know."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. And every time we ran into each other, Phil would rub it in my face. He even got my ex to play along."

"Where is she now?" Lindsey wondered.

"Don't know and don't care. I think Phil kicked her out, at some point. Serves her right." Roxy said venomously.

"Yeah, for sure." Lindsey nodded, "hard to believe that anyone would leave *you* for someone who looks like Phil, regardless of sexual orientation."

"You're sweet. I actually thought for a while that he hypnotized her and made her his sex slave." Roxy chuckled.

"I don't think hypnosis can work that way." Lindsey reasoned.

"Phil is a professional stage hypnotist, so..." Roxy paused, and pondered for a few seconds.

"Anyway, if you want to get back at him, I'm your gal." She finally said.

"Fantastic!" Lindsey cheered.

Roxy quickly became Lindsey's best friend, and not just in the building. The ten years difference between them didn't really matter. In fact, Lindsey started seeing Roxy as a mentor. She could listen to Roxy's stories for hours at a time, soaking in the older woman's life experience.

It was hard for her to remember most of Roxy's tales, afterward, they all seemed to blend together into a hazy blur. But still, somehow Lindsey felt enriched, each and every time. It almost made her wish she was a lesbian, because Roxy would have been the perfect partner for her.

Even her laundry days got more interesting, thanks to Roxy. They always did it together, so that if Phil showed up they could gang up on him. With Roxy to keep her company, time seemed to fly by. Lindsey always wound up wondering if the machines actually finished their work, because it seemed to happen so fast.

And so, a few months later, Roxy knocked on Lindsey's door.

"He just took a load of laundry down to the basement." Roxy told her, "I figured, since this was your free day, you might want to do something." She winked and said.

"Oh, I'm more than ready." Lindsey said with a wicked grin, and took hold of a box cutter.

"What are you gonna do with that?" Roxy asked, a little worried.

Lindsey gave her a wicked grin, "Shred his clothes into tiny scraps."

Down at the basement, only one machine was working. It had to be Phil's.

"Okay, let's do it." Lindsey crouched down before the machine, and Roxy crouched beside her.

"Wait." Roxy said just before Lindsey stopped the machine.

"What?" Lindsey asked, clutching the box cutter in hand.

"Are you sure about this? I don't think it's legal. He could have you arrested." Roxy cautioned.

"If he dares, I'll just tell them about the gentle cycle incident. I still have all the shrunk delicates he ruined. I can use them as evidence."

"I'm not sure you understand what constitutes solid evidence. And besides, he pressed a few buttons, you plan on tearing his clothes apart."

"Look, if you're scared, you can go. I don't mind." Lindsey said, and reached forward again.

“Hold on.” Roxy stopped her again.

“What now?” Lindsey exasperated.

“Look at the machine. It looks...weird.” Roxy said, her eyes focusing on the tumbling clothes.

“Yeah, he overloaded the machine again, the idiot. It's full to the brim.” Lindsey noted.

“Yeah, but...don't they look a little like...” Roxy spoke slowly, her eyes glazing over.

“Like what?” Lindsey focused on the tumbling clothes as well, trying to see what Roxy was talking about. It felt...oddly familiar, like she did this before.

“I'm getting a weird deja-vu here...” Lindsey muttered, squinting her eyes at the machine.

“It looks like a spiral.” Roxy said with a flat tone.

“A...spiral?” Lindsey frowned. “N-No...I don't, umm, maybe...” She hesitated. The way the clothes rolled around, it was a bit disorienting for sure.

Lindsey didn't even notice, but she stared at the rolling clothes for three full minutes before speaking again.

“It's a bit...distracting...” She said, her jaw slack and her eyes glassy.

“It's compelling.” Roxy said, her voice suddenly rich, and confident.

“Compelling.” Lindsey repeated with a weak drone.

“You have to keep watching it.” Roxy said.

“I have to keep watching it.” Lindsey agreed, her voice becoming more monotonous by the second.

“That's right. It's relaxing. Very relaxing.”

“Very relaxing.” Lindsey repeated.

“Just breathe in, and out. In, and out.” Roxy spoke with a mellow, deep voice. It seeped deep into Lindsey's subconscious.

“Every breath takes you deeper into a deep state of calm. The more you relax, the closer you are to entering a suggestible, hypnotic trance.”

“Hypnotic...trance...” Lindsey whispered. It felt so good, to be so relaxed. It made the decision to follow Roxy's voice, and go even

deeper, very easy to make. The box cutter dropped from her hand and landed on the floor with a metallic clank.

“The machine is about to enter spin mode. When it does, you will see the most beautiful spiral before your eyes. It will help you relax even further, and go even deeper into a mindless trance. Do you understand?” Roxy asked.

“Yes.” Lindsey nodded, her unblinking eyes shimmering.

A few seconds later, the machine started to rumble, and spin the clothes at super speed.

“Wow...” Lindsey let out, awed. The spinning clothes combined before her eyes, and formed a majestic, luminescent spiral. She couldn't even tell if it was real, or just her eyes obeying Roxy's suggestion and playing tricks on her.

“That's right. Look at it, and let yourself fall into a deep, mindless trance.” Roxy whispered in her ear.

“Deep, mindless trance.”

“That's a good girl. I will count to three, and when I reach three, you will fall into an open, receptive, hypnotic trance. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Lindsey said with a smile on her face, almost impatient.

“Good. One, you are feeling every muscle in your body relax, one after the other, like domino tiles.” Roxy said.

“Two. You are ready to surrender control of your mind.”

“And three.” Roxy finished her count, and Lindsey's head slumped down. Her unfocused eyes remained open, staring emptily into the distance.

Roxy still crouched beside Lindsey, running her hand through Lindsey's golden pony-tail.

A moment later, Phil walked in with a big smile on his face.

“Is she down?” He walked over and asked.

“Yes master. She fell into a trance so quickly, this time.” Roxy replied, looking at him with adoring eyes, her cheeks flushed pink with lust. She smiled, and knelt before him like a lowly servant before a king, ready to obey his every whim.

“Excellent job, cunt. It looks like Lindsey might finally be ready.” Phil said, giving the mesmerized Lindsey a gentle pat on the head.

“You are too kind, master. The only reason this worthless slave, kneeling before you, knows how to guide other women down the path of submission, is thanks to your teachings.” Roxy kissed up to her master, her pussy melting in his presence, and quivering at his compliment.

He unzipped his pants and whipped out his semi-erect cock.

“Get me hard with your tits, Roxy.” He ordered.

“Yes master. My tits are your property, to do with as you please.” The busty dyke hissed in a breathy voice, lowered her shoulder-straps, and exposed her massive breasts.

“Hrm, give me those tits!” Phil groaned, slapping his shaft on her massive fun-bags.

“Yes master.” Roxy squeezed her tits together, “my tits are yours.”

She drooled spit down her mountainous cleavage, and wrapped her massive jugs around his cock, rubbing back and forth earnestly.

“Does this please you, master?” She asked, desperate for approval.

“Sure does!” Phil chuckled, “You give the best tit-fucks ever. And coming from me, cunt, that's a major compliment. I've had plenty of hypno-sluts serve me in this capacity.”

“I'm so happy to hear that, master! I aim to be the best piece of fuck-meat you've ever owned!” Roxy sang, and hastened her movements.

Lindsey heard their voices echo in the distance. One word resonated within her more than anything else.

“M-Master...” She mumbled, still staring at the spinning machine with wide eyes.

Phil turned his attention to the crouching, entranced blonde.

“You see, Lindsey, you never had a chance.” He mocked, “Your only ally was my spy, from the very beginning. A Trojan sex-toy, if you will.”

“Never had a chance...Sex-toy.” Lindsey repeated slowly.

“Exactly. She's been hypnotizing you, every time you did your laundry together, and sometimes in your apartment. She's been keeping me well apprised of your progress. I've even watched you once, just to check you were heading in the right direction.”

Roxy continued to smoothly slide her soft tits up and down his shaft.

“Right...Direction...” Lindsey echoed.

“I suppose she didn't lie about everything, though. I did steal her girlfriend. Well, technically.” He pondered, tilting his head sideways.

“What she forgot to mention, was that I stole her, right along with her ex. They were my first pair of lesbian fuck slaves, actually.”

Roxy smiled up at him, and tightened her tits around his cock.

“Nothing is better than cumming in one lesbian love-doll's snatch, and then watching her girlfriend eat it up, so expertly!” He gushed, and looked down at Roxy.

“Where is Tina nowadays, anyway?”

“Last I heard she was whoring her ass out, downtown.” Roxy replied, leaning her head down to flick her tongue on his tip, pleasantly cradling the rest of his shaft between her breasts.

“Ohh right! I'm still getting a monthly bank transfer from her. She's a hard-working cunt, that one.” Phil said, and pulled back, nudging Roxy away.

“Well anyway, go watch the door. Make sure I'm not disturbed.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” Roxy hopped to her feet and skipped on her way, after accepting a soft smack on her rear from Phil.

He rubbed his now raging hard-on an inch from Lindsey's face, even lightly slapping her cheek with it. He spent a moment looking at her, gauging the depth of her trance.

“Can you go deeper for me, Lindsey?” He asked.

“Yes master.” She responded after a short pause.

“Master? Hmm, either Roxy did a better job than I thought, or you may have some latent submissive tendencies, Lindsey.”

“Submissive...” She repeated.

“Heh, cute. Now listen up, Lindsey. This is important.” He told her.

“Yes, master. Listening.” She nodded mindlessly.

“Let's do this by the book. I am your master. You are my obedient, helpless slave.” He said.

“Yes master. I am your slave.” Lindsey complied instantly, letting his words fill the void in her mind.

“Your body belongs to me. Your tits, pussy, ass, and mouth are toys for my sexual pleasure.”

“Yes master. My body is your toy.” She nodded with a small smile.

“You cannot resist my will. You will never disobey.”

“Yes master. Can't resist. Never disobey.”

“No matter how humiliating or degrading, you will follow any command I give you. I can treat you any way I want.” He said, and proved his point by lightly tapping his tip on her forehead.

“Yes master. I will follow your commands, no matter what. You can treat me however you like.” Lindsey said, passively accepting the gentle dick-slaps on her gorgeous face.

“Good slave.” Phil said, pushing his tip on her soft cheek.

“Thank you, master.” She replied, staring forward.

“Turn your face to look at my cock.” Phil ordered his brand new toy.

“Yes master.” Lindsey obeyed immediately, turning her face sideways.

“Such a pretty girl. How old are you, anyway? I never asked Roxy.”

“Nineteen, master.” Lindsey responded.

“That's lovely.” He held his cock before her lips, “give my cock a kiss.”

“Yes master.” Lindsey didn't even pause to consider it. She puckered her lips, moved forward, and gave his cock a gentle, wet peck.

“*Hmm yeah.* Again.” He demanded with a satisfied sigh.

“Yes master.” Lindsey said, and planted her soft, moist lips on his tip once more.

“Keep doing it, and start repeating what I told you, in your head, about being my property.” He told her, derisively slapping his tip on her lips.

“Yes master.” Was all Lindsey said in response, before going about obeying his commands.

Phil looked down with a smug smile, watching as Lindsey repeatedly and robotically gave his cock kiss after wet kiss.

“You were a such a bad girl, before.” Phil said, “you should apologize to me, for your behavior.”

“Yes master. *Phua!* I'm sorry, master. *Phh.*” She said in-between kisses. Her docile reaction put a wicked smile on Phil's face.

“I'm always amazed at how easy it is to manipulate people. Just a moment ago, you intended on turning your anger toward me into actions, cutting up all my clothes. Now, you are lovingly kissing my hard-on. Humans are such fragile creatures.” Phil reflected.

His words were not orders for her to follow, so Lindsey barely paid them any attention. In the absence of new instructions, she continued mindlessly puckering her lips, and kissing his cock

“Straighten your legs, but keep your head down so you are bent over.” Phil took his cock from her lips, and said. It took her a moment to process his command.

“Yes master.” She said, her eyes empty and her face expressionless. She kept her head as high as the washing machine before her, and straightened her legs, perching her pert ass up in the air.

“*Ohh yeah!*” He pushed his cock on her bubbly behind, humping her soft, firm ass. Lindsey's body rocked forward slightly, but she continued repeating her mantra in her head. She was like a living doll.

He hooked his fingers in her tight jeans, and forcefully pulled them down with a few strong yanks. He brought her jeans to her knees, and looked at her cute pink panties.

“Wonderful.” He said, pulling her panties up so they wedged a bit between her smooth, soft ass cheeks. He rubbed his cock a few

times, and started slapping it on her ass.

“Do you like how I drum on your ass with my hot stick?” He asked, bouncing his steely length on her bubbly behind.

“Yes master. Please smack my ass with your cock as much as you want.” Lindsey replied, wiggling her ass from side to side.

“Good girl!” Phil grabbed her pony-tail and plastered his crotch to her ass, pressing his cock between her petite buns.

“Hmm, those look like some nice teen titties.” He moaned and reached around her with his free hand, fondling and squeezing her breasts through her shirt.

“Yes master. My tits are yours to play with.” Lindsey echoed, eager to please with her words as well as with her body. She felt so bad for foolishly picking a fight with her master, before.

“*Oh yeah!*” He gave her tits one last squeeze, and moved his hand to her ass.

“I love the feel of your smooth skin directly on my cock.” He said, strongly pressing his bulge to her bouncy cheek.

He pinched the flimsy fabric of her pink panties, and lifted it from her skin, enough to stick his cock in the opening, from the side.

He slid his cock between her panties and bubbly buttock, and began moving it back and forth along her velvety skin.

While squeezing every desirable part of her body, Phil humped her from behind, his lubricated cock fluently sliding back and forth between her skin and her pink panties.

“*Ohh!* It's like my cock is ensconced in silky smoothness!” He declared, his tip staining Lindsey's panties with pre-cum.

“You are the perfect fucking hump-doll, Lindsey.”

“Thank you, master.” Lindsey smiled, blankly staring at the wall. Phil used her to fulfill the wettest dream of any subway pervert, rubbing on her in the most obscene, dirty manner. Any other circumstance, and she would have screamed molestation with great disdain, but right now, all she showed was subdued, submissive gratitude.

Phil let out a deep groan of pleasure.

“I'm gonna cum! *Oh fuck!*” The rhythm of his humping increased significantly, and his hot rod throbbed on her petite buttock.

He mashed his face on her lithe upper back, and moaned. A steady flow of sticky cum shot from his tip. Lindsey felt it glaze her ass cheeks, and the voice in her head, repeating her mantra, grew louder than ever before.

“Thank you, master. Thank you for using my body to cum. You own me, master.” She intoned, sounding like a doll repeating a pre-recorded message.

“That's a good girl.” Phil told her, and pulled his cock from between her ass and panties. He stood a couple of feet behind her, looking at the sticky, thick, white blot, staining her pink panties.

“Now that's what I call a heavy load.” He said with a smirk, watching cum slide down her bubbly ass like dew drops down a leaf.

“Use that beautiful sunny hair of yours to wipe my cock clean. I got all sticky when I shot in your panties.” He told her.

“Yes master.” Lindsey waddled to the floor, her jeans still around her knees. She took her sun-streaked, radiant hair which she spent so long working on perfecting, and used it to wipe the sticky grime off Phil's softening cock, looking up at him with her sparkling blue eyes. Nothing so far had showed her stark transformation, better than that image of utter happy obedience.

“All right, stand up and pull your pants up. We're going to your apartment to pack your clothes.” Phil said, giving her face one final dick-slap before tucking his snake back in its lair.

“Yes master.” Lindsey stood up and turned around, before grabbing her jeans to pull them up. She wanted her master to see her cum-stained panties and ass one last time.

“Wait. On second thought. Take your jeans off completely. I want other people to see what a disgraced cunt you are.” Phil decided just as she was about to cover her compact butt with her likewise compact jeans.

“Yes master. As you wish.” She nodded, and immediately started pushing her pants down, rather than pulling them up.

He had her walk before him with nothing but a shirt and panties, and told her to emphasize her butt-shaking as she stepped forward.

Lindsey knew she should feel shame. Being so exposed in a public stairwell was degrading enough, but displaying her cum-covered backside added a whole new level of debasement. And yet, all Lindsey felt was pride.

She was proving her absolute obedience to her master, just like he conditioned her to after hypnotizing her. She didn't even care if one of her neighbors did see her in that shameful state. One thing is certain, if the old Lindsey had known he could do this to her, she would have let him take her dryer back then.

The new, thoroughly tamed Lindsey was so happy her old self was such a stupid bitch.

Phil was hardly done playing with her. When they got to her apartment, he had her gather up all her clothes, and told Roxy to help carry them to his car.

He drove Lindsey to a secluded camping area, which didn't get any visitors that time of year, and ordered her to start a fire.

"Remember what you said, back then? That you'll burn all my clothes?" Phil asked her as the fire crackled next to them.

"Yes master." Lindsey nodded, standing before him at attention.

"I think even a dumb cunt like you can understand where I'm going with this." He said, looking from Lindsey to the pile of clothes they unloaded from the car's trunk.

"Yes master. I understand." Lindsey gave a respectful bow, and got to work. With no hesitation, she picked up a bunch of her favorite fabrics, and chucked them into the fire. She worked efficiently and methodically, bending over, picking some clothes up, and tossing them for the flames to consume.

Thousands of dollars worth of dresses, skirts, blouses, jeans-pants and shorts went up in flames, literally. She stood before the fire, watching her entire wardrobe burn into ashes, and felt no remorse.

"You think you're done? What about the clothes you're wearing?" Phil scolded her.

Lindsey looked down at the clothes on her statuette body.

"Yes, master. Of course." She said and started stripping, feeding each item of clothing to the fire as soon as it left her body.

Her cum-stained pink panties were the last item she discarded. She slid them down her long legs, and held them above the fire.

“Wait.” Phil stopped her right as she was about to drop them.

“Put it in your mouth.” He instructed with a playful half-smile.

“As you wish, master.” She wadded her panties into a ball, and stuck them in her mouth, like a gag. She could taste her master's semen on them.

Phil looked at the formerly headstrong blonde, standing before him naked, panty-gagged, and compliant. The fire that quickly consumed all the clothes she owned burnt bright and warm, heating them up so that even naked, she didn't feel too cold.

After a few moments of enjoying the fire and the sight of the nude, submissive Lindsey, Phil got a little bored, and very horny.

“Bend over a bit and spread your legs.” He said and snapped his fingers impatiently, unzipping his pants and whipping his cock out.

Lindsey nodded, and leaned forward.

“Spread your ass cheeks for me.” He told her, rubbing his cock. She reached back with both hands, and parted her cheeks, spreading her ass and pussy for him.

“Good whore.” Phil teased her pussy lips with the tip of his hard-on, grabbed her hips, and penetrated her with a single thrust.

“*Hmmm.*” He let out a moan, his cock piercing her pink pussy to the hilt. Lindsey groaned, around her mouthful of panties.

“Teen pussy is the best.” He looked down at her ass, pressed against his pelvis, “nineteen years old. So fucking tight!” He praised her, and spanked her.

The light from the campfire danced on their bodies as the sun vanished in the horizon. Phil bounced Lindsey's ass on his crotch, pumping into her at a steady, leisurely pace. Lindsey's body rocked back and forth, and the panties in her mouth got soggy from her drool.

Her pussy got wet, as well. Wetter and more slippery every time he rammed his shaft into her, and yet her fresh cunt remained just as tight.

“Nice and quiet. Just like you should have been from the get go.” Phil said as he fucked her from behind, using her pony-tail to leverage her light body.

“This is how young, hot women should be. Gagged mouth and an open, slippery pussy. None of that ridiculous defiance you showed before.” He continued lecturing her.

“Do you understand? Hmm?!” He suddenly pulled on her hair, and started ramming into her at top speed.

“*Mmh! Nnm! Yesh Math-ter!*” Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she moaned into her ball-shaped panties.

“Yeah! You stupid bitch!” Phil shoved into her deep, fucking her harder than she’d ever been fucked before. Her ass cheeks smacked forcefully on his pelvis, at the end of every deep, hard thrust.

“I’m gonna cum! *Ohh!*” He moaned, his cock beginning to pulse and clench inside of her.

He gave a series of deep grunts, and with each he pushed all the way into her, not stopping until he deposited a sticky load of cum in her well-fucked pussy.

“That was nice.” He looked down and slowly pulled out, relishing the sensation of her pussy lips quivering around his cock.

“Spit your panties in the fire.” He ordered and took a step back. Lindsey tilted her head, aimed for the fire, and spat.

“*Puh!*”

“Bulls-eye.” Phil said as the pink panties landed smack in the middle of the burning flame.

“That’s a nice creampie.” He said, looking at her cum-dripping snatch, gently patting her ass cheek.

“Thank you for filling my pussy with your cum, master.” Lindsey said, shifting her weight from one leg to the other, slowly wiggling her ass for his viewing pleasure.

After having her dance and frolic for him around the fire, for a little while, Phil decided it was time to take her back home.

“Your new life begins today.” He informed her.

“I’m so happy, master. My life is yours. My place is at your knees.”

\* \* \* \*

Lindsey slept peacefully, curled up naked in her large doggy bed, on the floor of her master's living-room.

The light of dawn pierced through the window-blinds and woke her up, like every morning. She yawned and narrowly opened her eyes, just a crack. Still sleepy, she rested her head on the dirty rags she slept on, and smiled with a deep, relaxing sigh.

Like every morning, Lindsey tried getting back to sleep, only to be distracted by a flooding wave of arousal. Her master conditioned her to be horny and ready for sex at all times. At this point, her body obeyed his commands at a primal level. There was no need to think about obedience, by now it was just like breathing.

She was happy to offer her master a constantly wet pussy, but that also meant she had to frig herself for an hour each night before going to sleep, and that once she woke up in the morning, it was nearly impossible for her to calm down again.

She began to let out soft moans, and whimpered in the fetal position, both her hands already buried between her tightly pressed legs.

"I am a mindless fuck-toy. I obey master. I am a cum receptacle. I live to please master...." She started mumbling her usual mantra, earnestly reminding herself of what she was. The thing she feared most was that she might wake up one day with silly delusions of independence.

She sleepily fingered herself in her large wicker basket, oblivious to the passage of time.

The minutes turned to hours. Lindsey was so spaced out, she didn't even notice when her master sat down for breakfast, served to him by Roxy. The former lesbian was clad in full body fishnet stocking, and she was busy giving Phil a nice shoulder rub, pressing her big tits on his back.

The high-pitched clinking of her master's fork on the plate finally brought Lindsey out of her pussy-playing reverie. Her head

shot up curiously, and when she saw her master was already eating, a sense of urgency filled her heart.

“Breakfast!” She crawled under the table with simple-minded zeal, and buried her face between her master's legs.

“Master's cock! *yum!*” She licked his length hungrily, showering his cock with excited licks and kisses. She crouched down, positioning her face directly below his balls.

“My proper place.” She let out a small giggle and lavished his balls with loving kisses.

“My mouth is master's cock-sleeve.” She pursed her soft lips around his helmet, twirling her tongue and slurping loudly. True to her words, she didn't bother to swallow her drool, instead allowing it to lather her chin and her master's cock. She took a deep breath, and plunged down, taking his full shaft in her throat.

She sucked him, hard and wild, her eyes wide and deranged like a junkie aching for another fix.

“*Oh fuck!*” Phil clutched his fork and moaned.

“Is she doing a good job, master?” Roxy asked, pressing her pillowy breasts on his back, for him to comfortably lean on.

Phil could barely answer her question. He nodded and laughed between deep groans of pleasure. Lindsey ignored her sore throat and polished his cock until he exploded in her mouth. She heard him bang his hand on the table as powerful jets of sperm erupted down her throat, making her gag and gargle and choke.

She swallowed as much as she possibly could, detached her lips from his shaft with a loving kiss, and leaned down to lick the few strands of cum that dripped on the floor.

“Thank you for feeding me, mashter.” She said between licks, her speech slurred and her eyes crossed.

“Now now, bitch. Don't talk with your mouth full.” He said, and continued eating the gourmet breakfast Roxy prepared for him.

“Sowwy mashter.” Lindsey replied, polishing the marble floor with her tongue.

“Heh, I didn't even tell her to lick it off the floor.” He moved his chair back to look under the table at Lindsey's pathetic display.

“Lucky you keep my place squeaky clean, Roxy.” He said in a commending manner.

“What else are thoroughly hypnotized lesbian fuck-maids for, master?” Roxy rubbed his shoulders with pride, making sure not even a speck of tension had any chance of disturbing his muscles.

Lindsey spent most of her mornings watching TV with her master. She would snuggle next to him on the couch, her head in his lap, and gently worship his cock. She would suck and lick while Phil watched his favorite morning show bimbos. Hard or flaccid, she never stopped tasting his manhood with her lips and tongue, drinking at least two extra loads of cum every morning.

Her tranquil routine was only disturbed on Saturdays. It was Phil's laundry day, and it became her sacred duty to take care of it. A bit of poetic justice for Phil to savor.

Lindsey took her duties very seriously. Every Saturday morning, she would pick an outfit from her variety of tiny bras and panties, the only items of clothing that survived the fire. She would carry a laundry hamper down, dressed in panties which wedged in her buttocks and a bra that barely hid her nipples, and load her master's clothes into the washing machine.

“Doing Phil's wash?” A voice came from behind her, just as she pressed the start button.

“Hey Mrs. Bennett.” Lindsey turned around and greeted perkily. The older woman smiled at her and moved to load her own dirty clothes into one of the free machines.

“I am happy Phil has such a willing young lady like you, working so hard for him. He deserves it.” She said.

“I know he does.” Lindsey hopped happily. She met Mrs. Bennett every other Saturday. Like all the other neighbors, she was deeply influenced by Phil's hypnotic conditioning. She saw nothing weird about Lindsey gamboling about the building half-naked, or the fact Phil would sometimes be bending her over one of the washing machines, and giving it to her hard. They would make casual conversation even while he pumped into her.

“Got anything special planned for today?” Mrs. Bennett asked with a courteous smile.

“Serving as master's sex doll is always special.” Lindsey beamed.

“You might have a bit of a break today.” Mrs. Bennett said.

“How so?”

“My Violet turned eighteen, so I sent her over to Phil, to have her first *real* session.” The older woman said with a proud half-smile.

“Fantastic! Violet has a hot body, and master loves blondes.” Lindsey said, casually rubbing her constantly wet pussy.

“And she's a virgin. I bet he'll love that.” Mrs. Bennett poured some laundry liquid into the machine, casually discussing Violet's imminent deflowering.

“Are you sure? I didn't tell my mom when my cherry got popped.”

“One can only hope, Lindsey.”

“I'll let you know if you're right, next time we meet down here.” Lindsey promised.

“Well aren't you just a doll.” Mrs. Bennett grinned at her, “oh, I wanted to ask you something, Lindsey.”

“Not now.” Lindsey said, her eyes focused on the machine. It had just entered spin mode, and Lindsey loved watching it during spin mode. She would imagine a colorful spiral, let herself slip back into a deep trance, and dream of submitting to her wonderful master.

“No worries, honey. Have fun.” Mrs. Bennett pressed start on her machine, and walked back up to her apartment, leaving Lindsey to immerse herself in blissful, mindless oblivion.

When Lindsey returned to Phil's apartment with his clean, dry clothes, he was already in bed with Violet. The slim blonde lay on her back, her legs spread wide, taking a brutal pounding from her new master.

“*Hmm! Yeah!* How's that for a birthday present!” He growled as he drilled into her, leaning down on her, grabbing both her perky tits, and slamming his pelvis into her with all his might.

Violet gave a high pitched moan, arching her neck on the pillow and burying her nails in Phil's back.

*"Yes master!"* She screamed, *"Use my pussy to please your cock! It's the best birthday present EVER! Ahh!"*

Lindsey finished folding the clothes into the closet, and knelt beside the bed.

"It is the best present ever." She mumbled her agreement with a broad smile, "master gave her purpose for her eighteenth birthday. It's so heart warming." She watched the nubile teen writhe on the mattress, and sent two fingers down to play with her pussy.

*"I'm cumming! Oh fuck, I'm cumming!"* Phil groaned and pressed himself down, ramming deep into Violet's tight pussy. He pumped her full of cum, and collapsed down on her lithe body. He panted on top of her for a few short moments, enjoying the feel of the smooth, petite teen under him.

"Okay. I've got to start preparing for today's show." He suddenly shot up, and said, "it's at the new luxury hotel that opened last month, so I might find some good luxury rich cunts to play with in the audience." He pined, as he exited the bedroom.

"Clean her pussy, bitch." He dismissively ordered Lindsey, and left the room.

"Yes master." Lindsey bounced on the bed and hurried to stick her face between Violet's legs.

"Oh, you really were a virgin." She licked Violet's pink lips and smiled up at her. Violet looked back with flushed cheeks and trembling eyes.

"You look embarrassed." Lindsey noted, planting a kiss on Violet's clit.

"I never had another girl, umm, licking me down there." She murmured, clutching the quilt and lightly writhing her hips.

"Lots of firsts for you today, then." Lindsey giggled, "try to push some of master's cum out. I'm hungry."

"Don't want to." Violet finally let a smile show on her pretty face.

"Well, aren't you a cheeky slut. How many times did you orgasm already?" Lindsey asked and extended her tongue out to lick the transparent liquid dripping from Violet's wet pussy.

"Twice, I think."

"Oh, you're not sure? That's so cute. I'm going to milk master's cum from your pussy now. Get ready."

“O-Okay...” Violet blushed again, hiding her mouth behind her slender hands.

Lindsey smiled mischievously, took a breath, and buried her face between Violet's long legs, sticking her tongue inside of Violet's pink pussy, and moving it like a twister. Violet slapped her hands down on the mattress and pushed her hips up towards Lindsey's face. She moaned at the top of her lungs.

Lindsey's existence diminished to a primal struggle with other hot girls, all for her master's cum, and she couldn't be happier. If losing her dignity, and becoming a total submissive, meant living in such pure euphoria, Lindsey would go down that hypnotic spiral her master has shown her, and devote her life to being his pathetic, weak-willed pet, over and over again till the end of time.

As Violet squirted pussy juices in her face, Lindsey felt uplifted. She finally found purpose in life.

###