



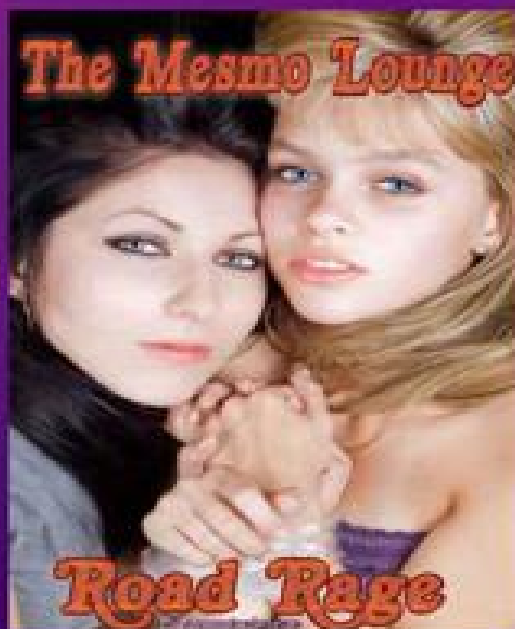
Tales

From

The

Mesmo

Lounge



Amoxirakuzan

Tales From The Mesmo Lounge (Mesmo Lounge Collection)

By
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Sexual content statement

This book contains depictions of sexual situations. All sexual participants in this book are aged eighteen or older.

The Mesmo Lounge

Chapter one

Tim hated his job.
At first, he thought working at a tiny and efficient advertising firm that had only female employees would be great, and when he saw his co workers, he was even more ecstatic.

They were all hot, big breasted young women. Even the boss, Ms. Tigs, who was in her early 40's, was extremely hot for her age, and Tim heard her daughter was simply divine.

How tiny was the firm? Well, you could literally count the employees on two hands. It was just Tim and seven other women in their twenties, and their boss, of course.

It was an advertising company, handling a few big companies and some smaller ones, exclusively.

Tim studied advertising for three years, and knew he wanted to work at it since 10th grade.

The company he worked for had a reputation of turning great profits, because of the small number of employees, and the relatively large contracts they managed to take.

He was ecstatic when he was hired to work there, until he saw his paycheck and realized just how much of the profits went to Ms. Tigs.

So he worked with 8 hot women on a daily basis, doing what he always wanted to do, and studied three years for.

How could any straight man hate that?

Well, as Barney from that TV show always says: wait for it.

Unfortunately, in this case, it's not really legen----DARY.

The poor salary he received was certainly a part of the problem, but it was only the tip of the iceberg.

For starters, he found himself in a nest of militaristic feminism.

In fact, on his first day Ms Tigs told Tim the company's success was due to great multitasking abilities, and that she hopes Tim will be capable of coping with their pace, even though he's a guy.

It was the way she said it, with a crooked smile and an arrogant attitude, that really got to him.

Tim was sure she didn't think a man was capable of "coping" with the job stress in her firm.

It didn't take Tim long to realize Ms Tigs was the most bitchy, controlling, arrogant, and mean boss he could ever have a nightmare about.

And it's not like he didn't try to get along with his co-workers and

boss, but ever since his first staff meeting he's been walking on egg shells, afraid to share any of his ideas.

Why? Well let's just say a rather heated discussion ensued between Tim and Heather, the most hardcore feminist in the office. Tim didn't like the term feminazi, but there was really no other way to describe her.

They were discussing a commercial for one of their biggest clients, a car company.

Now, come on, everybody knows that on average, men care much more about cars than women, and are the ones a commercial for a new bike should target, right?

So, naturally, Tim offered the one thing that is sure to attract potential male customers.

Two women walk down the street and see the bike, and are in such awe that they strip down to their bikinis and start washing it, until the man arrives to take it, and leaves the two women smiling without saying a word, as if that happens every day to him.

You could say it takes guts to pitch such a thing in a conference room with eight women, but Tim honestly thought they would appreciate his courage and professionalism. Isn't the whole point to advertise in a way that will get the most sales for the customer?

Well, apparently not, since Heather immediately started yelling at him, calling him a chauvinist pig, and fuming about the fact men still consider women as nothing but objects.

Tim tried to defend himself and say that women sexually objectify men as well, and that as long as the models agree to it and no one is forced to do anything they don't want, then it's fine.

He finished by telling her that sex sells, but Heather drowned his voice with her screeching screams.

Tim expected Ms. Tigs for some support, because he knew he was right.

Ms Tigs, however, completely sided with Heather, calling Tim a caveman and questioning her decision to hire him out loud.

Apparently, Heather was kind of her protege, and Ms. Tigs enjoyed making men uncomfortable.

She was still his new boss, though, and he needed the money. So, he apologized and piped down for the rest of the meeting. At the end, Ms Tigs made a comment about how quiet Tim was during the meeting, saying she hopes, for his sake, he will be more productive in the future.

He wasn't...

Every idea he had was knocked down by one of the more dominant girls, or even worse, by Heather.

These days, he usually kept quiet during the meetings, tried not to step on too many toes during the day, and almost had a nervous breakdown on a daily basis when his boss told him how useless he was.

Now that it's quite clear why Tim hated his job, let's focus on the day it all changed...

It all started with an email from his uncle, after Tim poured his heart out and told his uncle Richard about his problems at work. He wrote to Tim about something called The Mesmo Airport Lounge. A place that looks like any of those places where paid customers can relax, drink, and eat from a buffet while waiting for their flight.

Only this one is actually a front for a business that helps men with women issues, by brainwashing and conditioning said women into being mindless sex slaves.

The email even contained prices and procedure of the "business transaction".

Tim was sure it was a joke, at first, but then thought back on his encounters with uncle Richard.

It always amazed him how his uncle managed to snare such hot pieces of ass to be his girlfriend. Always a different one, and always fawning all over him as if he was the last man on earth.

Once, he even had twins, one hanging on each arm.

Tim always figured his uncle was magnificent in bed, and was afraid that if he asked his uncle how he's doing it, Richard would try giving him advice for the bed chamber, and that's not something you want to discuss with your uncle, no matter how good he is.

Tim sent his uncle a text asking if he's joking, and saying it's really not a laughing matter.

His uncle wrote that he was dead serious, and admitted it's how he got all the prime pussy Tim always saw him with.

Tim still couldn't believe it. Sure, it was a dream come true if it was real, but how can it be real?

Tim always dreamed of having a hot sexy woman at his beck and call obeying his every sexual command and calling him master, but every critical thinking bone in his body told him the existence of such a place as "The Mesmo Lounge" was impossible, for so many reasons.

If such technology is even possible today, how was it kept secret all this time? How come no one was ever suspicious of a place called The Mesmo Lounge? How can it even be possible to completely mind fuck someone into a docile submissive sex slave, let alone strong independent women, like Heather and Ms. Tigs?

Then, Tim realized that many things can be accomplished with mind control tech. Like using it on any suspicious individual, and making sure that even if someone finds out, they are silenced in the most perfect way, by making them forget or taking over their mind.

After another dreadful day at work, Tim decided he has to check it out. He booked the cheapest weekend flight he found, and a flight back two hours later.

He checked in 10 hours before his flight and found The Mesmo Lounge.

It looked like the sort of place that made any regular person feel like it's too rich for their blood, which was probably the point, to make sure no one accidentally goes inside for no reason.

After three hours of stalking the place, in which Tim decided to never become a private eye, he finally spotted a couple about to walk in.

Tim could see they weren't romantically involved. There was no hand holding or kissing, and the woman gave a stranger passing by a very sexy smile, and a come hither look.

Tim got closer to them so he could hear what they were saying. "The Mesmo Lounge? Are you sure we can afford it? It looks expensive." The woman said.

"Don't worry about the price, it's on me." The man said.

"Wow!" She said, amazed.

"You're such a great friend! I can't believe it, this place looks like a deluxe 5 star hotel or something."

"Well, after that horrible breakup you had, I figured you needed a queen's treatment to cheer you up." He told her.

"Well, it's official" She said "You're much better than any of my girlfriends. All they wanted to do was talk about it and offer me ice cream and booze. You're the best!"

"Aren't I?" He said in jest "Let's go in."

She walked inside and Tim clearly saw him staring at her ass and then rolling his eyes.

Tim couldn't blame that dude. She was beautiful, and she obviously had him locked deep within the notorious "friend zone" with no chance of parole.

While waiting for the couple to come out, Tim saw a man coming out with two women on his arms.

He didn't seem like the kind of man who could get two women like that, but they left in a hurry and Tim couldn't follow them.

Tim almost fell asleep when finally the two friends came out again, only this time they didn't look like two friends at all.

The two walked right next to each other, and as Tim drew closer to hear them, the man placed his hand on her ass. She didn't voice any objection or complaint.

"Your ass is just perfect." Tim heard the man say.

The woman's response made Tim's heart leap with joy, and substantial shock.

“Thank you, master, my ass belongs to you.” She said

“Call me honey when we're in public.” The man said.

“As you wish, honey.”

“It's real....” Tim thought to himself, and immediately started planning his next move.

A few weeks later, Tim sat at another staff meeting. He was even more depressed than before.

He just couldn't come up with a way to fool any of his co-workers to come into the duty-free section in the airport. How do you invite a co-worker on a flight, anyway? Especially when most of them hate you? Tim was sure Ms. Tigs will fire him any day now, too. He felt so desperate...

“And I think we should use this extra piece of income to invest in our own advertisement, to hook in some more small businesses from around here.” Ms. Tigs said.

“That's a brilliant idea, Ms. Tigs.” Tina said.

Tina really pissed Tim off, even more than Heather. She was the definition of an ass kissing doormat.

Tim was sure Ms. Tigs had Tina's tongue tattooed on her bottom cheeks.

Tina even once told Tim that she thought Ms. Tigs was too harsh on him, and that feminists like her and Heather give all rational feminists a bad name.

She could have really helped Tim if she could ever dislodge her tongue from the boss's behind. That's why Tim hated her so much.

“Actually,” Meredith said “Considering our current work load, none of us can take additional customers. We'd be better off saving that money, or investing it in giving our current customers better service. It is a much more feasible approach, and in the end, more financially beneficial.”

Meredith was always the voice of rational thought and logic, and usually backed that up with numbers and statistics. She was kinda like a female human Spock, with social skills.

“Well, that logic is certainly hard to argue with.” Ms. Tigs said “But this time you're wrong. New business is always better than the hope of expanding old business. You'll all have to work harder when we get the new clients, that's all. Understood?”

Meredith stared at her, obviously trying to calculate whether to drop it or not.

“Yes, ma'am” She said, after realizing Ms. Tigs won't be convinced.

“Don't grouch, maybe there will be a promotion for one of you ladies thanks to it.” Ms. Tigs said, emphasizing the 'ladies' part to ensure Tim got the message.

“Okay, time for some real business. We need to come up with an idea for a dishwasher soap commercial. This is a big client, so we will brainstorm together, right now.”

“How about this” Heather said, she was always the first to offer an idea “An expedition explores the jungle searching for the secret of cleanliness. They are surrounded by bright green and blue colors, and when they find the product in the most amazing heart of the forest, a commentator says the name of the product and some slogan about it. Throw in some sparkly graphics and bang, we have a commercial.”

Tim wanted to say the idea was irrelevant and childish, but held his tongue, knowing the consequences of such an action.

“Maybe they can be an archeology team, searching for a lost treasure, and finding the ancient wisdom of ...I don't know, dishwashing or something...” said Jennifer, the second youngest employee in the firm.

“That could work.” Gina agreed. She was 29, and slightly more experienced than both Jennifer and Heather.

“I guess that keeps the viewers guessing about what the product might be, until the end of the commercial. Could be a good tactic to keep them watching.” Heather agreed.

“Sounds great to me.” Katy agreed.

Tim was pissed at how Katy was treated by Ms Tigs, as well. She made no contributions other than agreeing and validating the ideas of others, and everyone in the office knew her real aspiration was to become a model. And yet Ms. Tigs never so much as remarked the fact Katy isn't productive at all. Katy was an extremely hot 22 year old, though, so Tim couldn't be too mad at her.

After hearing Katy's last remark, Tim couldn't help but roll his eyes, and Ms. Tigs noticed. "What about you, useless lump, what do you think?" She asked him, using her favorite nickname for him.

Tim decided to screw it all and just go for it. He took a deep breath, and shared his thoughts. "Well, I think most people hate commercials that feel disconnected from the product being advertised. It's like all those cell phone commercials that show a happy smiling family and claims it's related somehow to the quality of their reception. People treat such commercials with disdain and it creates a negative approach to the product in their subconscious, which is the opposite of what we want to achieve."

Tim finished his well educated and professional rebuttal of Heather's ridiculous idea, and saw how angry it made her, as if she was mad he even dared to open his mouth. Really, he would quit if he didn't need the money. He was the most qualified for the job, and they all made him feel like his opinion is meaningless and stupid. Well, not this time. He will go down swinging, if he had to.

"Nice speech." Heather said "Can you do anything else other than shoot down other people's ideas, I wonder?" She added, smugly. "I was wondering that as well." Ms. Tigs said, looking like a tiger about to pounce on a prey. "Yeah, we would love to hear it!" Tina unglued her tongue from the boss's ass and said.

Tim had thought of a perfect idea. It wasn't too original, but the first you learn in advertising is to not let an obsession with being original ruin the appeal of the product.

“A woman is washing the dishes at the sink, and they are particularly dirty. She's upset because she's going to miss her favorite soap opera, and is rubbing a plate frantically, without success. Then, someone, we can decide his identity later, comes to her and gives her the product. The plate becomes shiny and clean with one swift motion, and it ends with her watching TV and praising the product. Then...” He wanted to continue, but Heather interrupted.

“Oh, you forgot to say that she needs to be hot and show some cleavage, pig!” She yelled “Why does it always go back to chauvinistic stereotypes with you?”

“Maybe because you're so preoccupied with thinking everything a man says is a chauvinistic stereotype!” Tim exploded.

“Oh, yeah?” Heather said, raising her voice again “Then tell me - why is the woman the one washing the dishes? Huh? And why is she only concerned about some soap opera and about washing the freaking dishes?!” She stood up from her chair in a dramatic fashion.

Tim stood up as well, and said “Because in most households today women are in charge of shopping, even when the man goes to the shop! Because missing a TV show you like because of a chore is a problem we all face in our lives, and because soap operas are extremely popular!”

“That's bullshit!” She said “Your idea is just taking advantage and reinforcing the image of women as nothing but house keepers who should shut up and stay at home all day! That's exactly the image we should be trying to end in today's age!”

“Well, I'm sorry, I thought the purpose of the feminist movement is for women to have the right to choose. Apparently, it's to force all women to make the choice YOU prefer, and shame them if they choose to be stay at home moms!” Tim felt an angry vein in his neck.

“There it is!” She said “Now we see where you're really coming from! You would love to have women make that choice, wouldn't you? Along with the choice to put their tits and asses on display!”

“I don't care!” Tim said “It's their choice to make! You're just mad because your so called 'fight' is fucking irrelevant!”

“Irrelevant?!” She was aghast “Women are still being paid less than men on average! There are still less women in the work force than men, and less women in powerful positions and politics!”

She took a breath, and continued her rant.

“There are still plenty of men who parade beautiful young women down the street like trophy bitches! As if they are nothing but a piece of ass!”

“The point is: nobody is forcing them to do it, Heather! And if you wanna talk about salary, how about we compare my meager paycheck to yours! Woman!” Tim said, and immediately regretted it.

“PIPE DOWN!” Ms. Tigs yelled, stopping the heated exchange. She turned to Tim.

“First of all, if you've got a problem with your paycheck, you're welcome to leave. It is a reflection of your poor contribution to the creative process. Second of all, the fact yelling erupt in this table just when you start talking show me that perhaps you're a malignant tumor, rather than a benign one, so watch your step.”

Tim expected Ms Tigs to take Heather's side, but wasn't prepared to be compared to cancer.

“I agree with Heather.” She said “We don't want to immortalize such an chauvinistic image of women. Tim does have a point about the whole archeological expedition idea, though.”

Tim was shocked she even gave him any credit.

“Monica, what do you think?” Ms Tigs barked at Monica, the shy and meek 24 year old.

“Uhm...I...” Monica started to mumble.

She wasn't what you would expect from someone working at an advertising firm, but she sometimes had good ideas, when you actually forced her to speak.

"Maybe, we can change Tim's idea a bit." She said, her cheeks starting to flush a bit.

"We can have a man do the dishes, and change the soap opera for a sports game." She said, seemingly afraid of the outburst to come.

"I like it." Heather said, to Tim's anger and shock.

"It's settled, then. This is called meeting in the middle, Timothy." Ms. Tigs said "Heather and Monica, you take on this contract. Use Tim if you need him, and if he hasn't been fired yet."

Tim was used to such threats, so he didn't say a word.

What he wanted to say was "How is this a good middle ground? Targeting men with a sports game stereotype? For all the men who actually decide on which cleaning products to buy?! It's ridiculous! And why was Heather assigned to it? The idea was mine and Monica's!"

But, the moment has passed, and Ms. Tigs continued to the next issue.

"Now, the next subject should cheer you up nicely." She said, though Tim doubted it.

"Because we've been doing so well recently, I've decided we should go on a nice weekend vacation as a team, to relax and strengthen out bonds."

Everyone looked at her with disbelieving eyes.

"What are you staring at me like that? I have a cabin in Aspen that can house up to ten people, and I wouldn't have it if it wasn't for the great success of this company that I own, and its employees."

"Aspen?! Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!" Jennifer shot up and jumped happily.

"We're going on a ski trip in Aspen!" Gina joined.

"Your the best boss ever!" Tina added.

“Don't get too excited, I will not be covering all of your expenses.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Here comes the stick” Tim mumbled quietly..

“Like I said,” She continued “This is a thank you for your work. So, of course, I will be covering your ticket expenses based on your productivity. Here, it's all written here.” She handed out a page with their names and percentage of coverage.

It didn't surprise Tim a bit...

Monica, Heather, Tina, and Jennifer had all their expenses paid, one hundred percent.

Gina and Meredith had 95% cover.

Katy had 85%.

At least it let Tim know Ms. Tigs noticed how unproductive Katy really was. Not that Katy cared. She never intended to continue working there for long, anyway.

Tim, on the other hand, had a big fat zero on his. It was cruel and eternally annoying.

It was disrespectful and demeaning, but Tim didn't care. He was probably more thrilled than the rest of them combined.

They were taking a plane to Aspen, which means they'll all be at the airport together, in the duty free section, where The Mesmo Lounge is.

He was trying so hard to come up with an excuse to get even one of them to come there with him, so he could enslave them one or two at a time. With this, he can take them all at once.

“Everyone okay with these numbers, I hope?” Ms. Tigs said, in an “I don't really care” kind of way.

They were all looking at Tim, assuming he must be about to burst.

“Yeah, sure.” Tim said, trying to hide his happiness and appear as broken as they all expected him to be.

“Well, that's it then. It's late. Go home and stop bothering me.” Ms. Tigs said, and the meeting was adjourned.

Tim was so excited on the day of the flight, he barely slept. He got to the airport five hours early and checked in. He waited for

two hours before the girls arrived, and practiced what he will say like a thousand times.

No matter how prepared he thought he was, what he saw managed to surprise him.

“Oh, here's the useless lump.” Ms. Tigs said when she saw him.

“Hey, girls.” He said “Who's that?”

“It's my daughter, so hands off.” Ms Tigs said.

Tim tried not to stare, but the eighteen year old teen was certainly a knockout.

“Nice to meet you. I'm Ana Tigs.” She said with a cute smile.

“Don't be so sure. He's a pig.” Heather said, and Tim frowned at her.

“Timothy Vinegold, it's a pleasure. And don't listen to this harpy here.” He said at Heather's general direction.

“Was that directed at Heather or me?” Ms. Tigs said.

“Yes.” Tim plainly said, making the young Ana laugh.

“He's funny, mom.” She said.

“Don't you get any ideas, honey.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Great advice, mommy!” Ana said sarcastically “But I want to get to know him if we're going to work together at some point.”

“What's that?” Tim said, having a flashback from about half a dozen porno movies.

“Oh, Now that Ana is done with high school, I'm going to hire her as an intern, and see if she fits in the company.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Oh...” Tim said “Well, that's fantastic. I'm happy for you!” He said, although inside he raged about the obvious nepotism.

“Thanks!” Ana said with a shiny smile that Tim couldn't stay mad at for too long.

“Anyway girls. Have I got a treat for you.” Tim said, and started the routine he practiced to get them all to The Mesmo Lounge without suspicion.

Chapter Two

“The Mesmo Lounge?” Jennifer said, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes,” Tim said “It's the most exclusive, expensive, and luxurious VIP airport lounge. You have no idea the strings I had to pull to get us in here.”

“I'm surprised a useless lump like you has any strings to pull.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Mom, why are you being so mean to him?!” Ana asked her mother.

“I'm not being mean, I'm being truthful. If you want to make it in life, you need to learn the value of getting your way, even at the expense of hurting feelings.” The cruel bitch told her daughter, who rolled her eyes at her mother's words.

“Well, let's get in, then. This should be fun!” Katy said enthusiastically.

“Yeah, let's. And let's hope your precious strings weren't strained for no reason, lump.” Ms. Tigs said, and followed the other girls walking into the lounge.

“I'm sure you're not a useless lump. Don't let my mom's harshness get to you” Ana winked at him.

“Oh, trust me, I've worked under your mother for quite a while. An elephant would look at me with jealous eyes and say 'Jeez, I wish my skin was that thick.', and I truly wish I was kidding...”

Ana giggled cutely, touched his shoulder, and said “You're funny.”, before following her mother into the lounge.

“Still, don't let her get to you.” She said, looking back at him with a smile.

Looking at her perfect teen ass sway as she walked away, Tim wasn't sure if she was really trying to be nice, or if she was using him as some teen rebellion against her mom.

Either way, it didn't make him back down from his original intention.

Even if Ana Tigs is not a horribly cruel bitch like her mother, she will share her fate.

Not because Tim believed that children should pay for the sins of their parents, but mostly because she was so damn sexy.

Tim walked in and stood in front of the lounge reception desk, where a middle aged man sat in front of a computer.

He looked away from the nine girls in front of him, and his eyes set on Tim.

"Hmm, so I guess you are with these lovely ladies, as well?" He said with a sly smile.

"Indeed, I am." Tim said, with a broad smile.

"You do realize entrance to this lounge is quite pricy, especially with such a large group." The man said, staring at the girls.

"Oh, I'm aware of the price." Tim said.

"And here I thought you pulled some strings." Ms Tigs said "I certainly hope you don't expect the company, or me, to reimburse you as gratitude for this little lounge experience."

"Don't worry about that, boss." Tim said, hoping it was the last time he referred to her as such.

"Very well, then." The man said "If you would please come with me, ladies, your deluxe treatment is waiting."

"Just the ladies?" Heather said suspiciously "What about him?" She stared at Tim with narrow eyes.

"Oh, well, you see" The man said "We have learned, over the years, that when it comes to lounge experience, men and women prefer different things, and are much happier to be catered separately."

“Well, that explains a lot...” Tina said “Let me guess, you have a bunch of half naked waitresses in the male lounge, or a stripper?”

“Now we know why Tim brought us here, indeed.” Meredith said with her usual know-it-all tone.

Tim didn't respond. If what his uncle told him was true, he honestly didn't care anymore what they all thought.

“None of that, I assure you.” The man said, walked over to a nondescript door, unlocked it, and motioned the girls inside.

“This had better be worth it...” Tim heard Gina mumble.

As the last of them entered, the man swiftly closed the door behind them.

“Hey, this place is all dark, what gives?!” Tim heard Ana's distant voice say, just as the man returned to his desk, pressed a few keys on his computer, and pressed enter.

There were no more voices coming from that room after that.

“Now, then.” the man said “I certainly hope you weren't kidding about understanding the price. Our process is quite expensive, and we have ways of getting back at those who try to steal from us.”

“Oh, I certainly understand it, don't worry.” Tim said, and handed the man a check for an incredible amount “It wasn't easy, but after...” Tim started.

“No, I don't want to know, lad.” The man said “The important thing is that you have the money.”

He placed the check on his desk with a smile.

“Your name?” He asked Tim “We need it for the last stages of the process. Also, your relation to them might help.”

“Oh, right. It's Timothy Vinegold, and I work with eight of them, the young one is my boss's daughter.” Tim said, already feeling the

erection he saved for this very day.

“Very well, then.” The man responded.

He pressed another button, opening a hidden door behind him “Go right in, lad, to the 'male' lounge, hehehe.” The man said creepily, rubbing his hands together “Your order will be ready in a short while.”

“Wait” Tim said “Where does this door lead, then?” He asked the man, pointing at the supposed entrance to the 'male' lounge.

“A place that looks like a luxurious dentist office with lots of dirty magazines. Just in case someone gets curious.” He said slyly.

“I see...” Tim said, quite impressed at the forethought, and then realizing such a business wouldn't have survived if they weren't at least competent at predicting such simple problems.

“Well, come on, son! Go ahead and have some fun.” The man said “Heh, first timers. I always enjoy seeing your nervous jitters. Don't be shy, you're a winner among winners, now.”

“Winner?” Tim asked.

“Oh, I saw the way you looked at that big boobed bitch. I could almost taste the venom, and I can recognize an evil ball buster from miles away. Don't worry, Once her 'education' is over, I'm sure she'll be happy to apologize to you, and your balls, of course, for any past transgression. hehehehe”

Tim swallowed nervously and walked in, hearing the door shut behind him.

Before him, he saw a sight that almost made his nose bleed. Inside the lounge, there were at least 5 hot waitresses taking orders, wearing nothing but a belt where they placed a pen and paper to write the orders down.

There were two main sections to the lounge, separated with a small staircase.

On the lower level there was a cluster of small round tables that can probably sit three people at most. There patrons sat, drank and

chatted, while their main 'orders' served them.

There was an old man with a hot blonde that couldn't be over 20 bent over his lap, and he spanked her with vigor. Tim hoped he'll have when he's that age.

At another table, a man sat with his legs on a smoking hot redhead, while receiving a double blowjob from two petite dark haired girls, and sipping champagne from his glass.

"Welcome to the mesmo lounge, sir." A beautiful naked woman with platinum blonde hair, and pierced nipples said.

Tim didn't even notice the row of women standing at the side of the room, apparently meant to greet patrons upon entry.

"Would you like to use any of these slaves until your main order arrives? They are all at your complete disposal." She added.

"Including you?" Tim said, staring at her tits.

"Of course, sir. This one will be happy to serve you." She noticed Tim was hardly listening, staring at her gravity defying perky tits "You can touch them if you want, sir. This one exists for your enjoyment." She said plainly, as if it was the most mundane thing to say.

Tim didn't need to hear more. He grabbed both her tits, and fondled them to his heart's content.

Then, he grabbed her by her nipple rings, and started checking the row of obedient slaves before him, while dragging her after him with her piercings.

It was a hard choice, but he went with that first blonde and a young brunette who had the face of an angel.

"Okay, uhm, let's go take a sit." He said, and started walking.

"Yes, master." Both girls said in unison.

While deciding where to sit, trying not to stare too much at the action the other patrons were involved in, he looked up to the upper deck. From there, he could tell there were some sofas there, and nice warm lighting. He could also see the upper half of at least one girl riding her master's cock with a dazed look.

“Thank you for fucking me, master.” One of the girls shouted “I'm so sorry I tried to talk my sister out of dating you! Our wet cunts are all yours to enjoy! Ahhh...”

Tim tore himself from the wonderful sight, realizing he had two beautiful hostesses to sate his raging hard on, and not wanting to waste a single moment longer.

“Hey, you!” The man getting the double blowjob called out “You're a first timer, aren't you?”

Tim walked over to him with a shy nod.

“Well, have a sit and have some fun.” He said “Nothing takes the shyness away better than a blowjob from a hot girl. But I'll let you give your slaves your own orders.”

Tim sat down, and decided to take the helpful advice.

“You.” He told the angel faced brunette “Blow me with that perfect face of yours.”

“It will be this one's pleasure, master.” She said, and immediately dropped to her knees.

Feeling her tongue and lips caress the length of his shaft was heavenly.

“Oh, wow...” Tim said, lost for words.

“Them being mindless adoring sex slaves really increases the blowjob quality, actually.” The man said to Tim.

“Ohhh? And why's...ohhh...that?...ahhh” Tim asked.

“Think about it.” The man said “As much as the devoted mind fucked little sex toys want to focus solely on their master's pleasure, they still get all tingly in their wet cunts, when you fuck them. When they blow you, there's nothing to distract them from fixating on pleasing you. Isn't that right, little bitch?” He said, and patted one of the girls blowing him on the head.

“Yes, master. I am eternally devoted to pleasing you. My own pleasure is meaningless.” She said.

“I guess you're right.” Tim said, getting used to the wonderful treatment his cock was getting.

“Hey, your slave didn't referred to herself as 'this one', why's that?” Tim asked the man.

“Oh, that's just for female lounge employees. I don't really understand why, but they get stripped of all their memories and individuality, as well as their free will.” The man answered.

“Oh, I see. Oh damn! I wanted this load to go on that annoying bitch! Ahhhh” Tim said as he came inside the accommodating mouth sucking his cock.

“This one is sorry, master, she will accept any punishment.” The angel faced young woman said, with a slither of cum dripping from her lower lip to her chin.

“It's okay. You have some cum on your chin.” Tim said, still amazed by where he is, and what he just did, as she licked her face clean.

“So, who did you bring for your first time in the lounge.” The man asked.

“My boss and seven coworkers, and my boss's teen daughter.” Tim answered.

“Whoa! Nine bitches for the first time! Usually first timers bring two girls at most.” He said, eyes wide with surprise, or perhaps because he just came on the tits of his slavegirls.

“Where did you get the money?” He asked Tim “I mean, don't get me wrong, but you don't seem like you have the money for nine cunts at one go. Although I suppose everything's possible....”

“Oh, I sold my car and took a second mortgage on my house.” Tim

said, and the man looked at him with a crooked, unbelieving look.

“Okay, okay. I took an extra loan from the bank, as well.” Tim added “But I figured my boss and the other girls have enough money and assets to cover for my expenses. They're all single and live alone. You know, except for my boss who lives with her eighteen year old daughter.”

“Smart kid.” The man said “Most newbies fail to see the financial potential in owning slaves. The first thing I do is have them deplete their accounts to mine. Usually it's enough to cover for my next visit here. Actually, that reminds me, you bitches need to transfer ownership of all your money and assets to me.” He told the three girls.

“Anything you say, master.” the girl he used as a foot stool said. “In fact, let's go do it now. I've already used you, and my flight takes off in an hour, come on bitches. And make yourself presentable for the outside world.”

“Yes, master.” The three chimed together.

The three of them covered themselves up properly, while the man pulled his pants up and re-zipped.

“Well, I'm sure I'll be seeing you again, buddy. My name's Roger Burton. Have fun.” The man said with a smile.

“You too.” Tim said “And I'm Timothy Vinegold, but you can call me Tim.”

“See you some other time, Tim.” The man said, and prompted his three slaves to start moving with a sharp spank.

Tim saw him walk away with two of the girls at his side, grabbing their asses as they walked.

“Wow, this is better than I thought.” He mumbled, as he felt his erection resurrecting.

One of the serving ladies approached Tim.

“This one is sorry to disturb you, sir” She said “The manager would

like to know whether you'd like your order dressed as they arrived, or wearing something more befitting of their new status in life?" She asked.

"Oh, definitely something more befitting." Tim answered immediately. "Anything specific, sir?"

"Tell your managers to use their best judgment." He told her.

"Yes sir. This one is sorry to have disturbed you. Your order will be ready in a few minutes." She said.

"Hold on a sec." Tim said.

"Yes, sir?"

"Can I perhaps...see the process carried out on my order?" Tim asked hopefully.

"Certainly, sir." She answered "Though not directly. You can always watch the conditioning room on channel 000 on the TV" She pointed at the big screen TV that hanged on the wall.

"Oh, fantastic." Tim said and grabbed the remote from a nearby table "Do you mind?" He asked the old man who was still busy spanking his blonde slave.

"Not at all! Go ahead, son." He said, ushering yet another barrage of swats on his grateful slave's reddened ass.

Tim changed the channel and saw the line of nine hot women, dazed, blank and mesmerized. It was the most amazing thing Tim ever saw.

"I'm a sex toy." The women said.

"I'm a love doll."

"I'm a worthless sex slave."

“I will spread my legs whenever my master wishes.”

Tim's jaw dropped as he watched the serious career women parrot words of submission and devotion to him.

“Beautiful sight, isn't it?” The old man said “Which of these are yours?”

“All of them” Tim said proudly.

“Impressive.” The man said, spanking the young blonde again.

“Will her ass ever return to its original color after all this spanking?” Tim asked, half kidding.

“From my experience, yes. And trust me, I've got lots of experience! Haha!”

“I'm sure you do.” Tim said “So, who is she?”

“Oh, just some little bully bothering my grandson. She's his birthday gift.” He said, and spanked her again “And you will be a very good sex toy for him and his friends, won't you?”

“Yes, master. Thank you for punishing me. I hope to be a good sex toy for your grandson and his friends.”

“And I'm sure he'll be making new friends, once the head cheerleader becomes his adoring girlfriend.” The old man said, laughing, and smacking her ass some more.

“It seems two of your new toys are ready, sunny boy.” He said.

“What?” Tim asked and turned around to watch the screen.

Ms. Tigs and her daughter Ana were on their knees, bowing as if worshipping a god.

“Getting on their knees like that means the process is done. It takes longer for some bitches to comply with their education than others.”

He told Tim.

“This one” He looked at his slave, and spanked her again “She went down in like 3 minutes, the worthless little bitch.”

Tim watched the screen as Ms Tigs and Ana left the room, probably to change. It really surprised him that Ms. Tigs was one of the weakest in the group.

“Goes to show you never really know people...” Tim mumbled.

“What's that?” The old man asked.

“Oh, nothing....” Tim said, and went back to his chair, letting the thoughts about what he'll do with his new slaves get 'little Tim' ready for some more action.

“Well, have fun.” The old man said, and continued abusing his teen slave.

A minute later, the mother and daughter duo walked into the lounge, wearing tiny bikini bras and tight black skirts that barely covered their twats. They both knelt before him.

“We are your sex toys, master.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Thank you for mind fucking us into being your slaves, master.” Ana said.

“The great and arrogant Ms. Tigs kneeling before me, ready to obey my every whim.” Tim said triumphantly.

“Yes, master. I understand my place now, master.” Ms Tigs said.

“Stand up, bitches.” Tim said, and picked them both up with their tits, making them squeal.

“Oh, yeah!” He said as he squeezed Ms. Tigs's soft gigantic boobs “I've always wanted to play with these floatation devices you call breasts. I think I should call you Ms. Tits from now on!”

“Thank you so much, master. Oh!” She yelled as Tim slapped her tits with the back of his hand “You can call me anything you like, master.”

Tim started fingering both of their pussies “Now, which cunt will I fuck first?” He asked rhetorically, already knowing the answer.

He took his pants off, and sat down on his chair.

“Ana, get your hot tight pussy over here and ride my cock.”

“Yes, master. “ Was all she said, before spreading her legs over his cock.

He grabbed her ass just as she plunged down, and he moved his hands to determine the pace of the hot teen's bouncing ass.

“Look at that, Tits! I'm fucking your hot little girl! Haha!” He told Ms. Tigs, and grabbed her tits while Ana rode him as hard as she could.

“Thank you so much for using her for your pleasure, master.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Beg me to fuck you like I fuck your daughter.” He told her.

“Please fuck me, master. Please use my cunt like you're using my daughter's worthless pussy. We exist for your pleasure, master!” She said, making Tim increase the rhythm of his banging of the young and barely legal Ana.

“You were always such a fucking hard-ass bitch. I think you need to properly tenderize your ass before I fuck you. Spank your worthless ass until I tell you to stop!”

“Yes, master. I will smack my hard ass for your pleasure, until I earn the right to be fucked by you.” She said, lifted her tiny skirt, turned around to give Tim a good view of her ass, and started spanking herself hard.

It was an amazing feeling, fucking his bitchy boss's daughter while watching her spank her ass for him.

“Tell me what you are, Ana!” He ordered her.

“I'm your slave-bitch, master! Your cumslut! Your brainwashed fuck-puppet!” She moaned as she uttered the truths she hoped would please her master.

“I'm your slut-doll, master! I'm a soft tight piece of ass for you to enjoy!”

“I'm gonna cum!” Tim said “Beg me to cum inside you.” He told the tight teen riding his cock.

“Please, master, cum inside of me. I exist to please you. I'll spread my legs for you whenever you wish. My cunt, my ass, my mouth, and my tits are all yours! Please, cum inside of my tight and obedient pussy!”

With that, Tim blew his load inside of Ana, with a happy groan.

“Thank you, master.” Ana said, as Tim stood up to give Ms. Tigs a few spanks of his own, discarding the hot teen after using her, and dropping her to the floor. She didn't mind at all.

Just then, seven other hot women came in, ready to follow his every command and fulfill his every desire.

“No need to kneel” Tim told his new slave-bitches as they began to bend their knees.

“Just show me your tits. All of you.” He said.

“Yes, master.” Seven voices said in unison, adding to the spanking of Ms. Tigs in the background, making Tim's cock shoot up again almost immediately.

He started with Heather, fondling and squeezing her tits, and then grabbing her by the cheeks with his hand, bringing her face close to his.

“Now, then, Ms. High and mighty, I think you should revise what you

said about my idea to use a woman to advertise that dishwasher soap”

“Yes, nn...master.” She said, finding it hard to speak normally with her cheeks clenched in his hand.

“Women are nothing but pieces of ass to be used to advance the status of men, master. I would be honored to be walked down the street like a trophy bitch for you, master.”

“And what are these for?” He asked, squeezing her tits with his free hand.

“For your pleasure, master. My tits are yours.”

“And what about your salary compared to men? Huh?!” He asked.

“Pieces of property don't need a salary, master.” She said, as Tim moved to Meredith.

“What do you think, Meredith?” He asked.

“It would be like paying your couch a salary for sitting on it, master.” She responded.

“Hah! Couldn't have said it better, You were always a great voice of reason, Mer.” Tim mocked her.

“Thank you, master.”

“Get on your knees, slaves, all of you.” He commanded.

“Yes, master.” This time there were nine voices responding in unison, as young Ana and her mother also knelt, Ms. Tigs never stopping her spanking, even for a second.

“You all have such perfect tits. So round and large. It's the best thing about you, really.” He said, as he placed his cock between Katy's boobs.

“Thank you, master.” The former aspiring model said “My body exists

for your pleasure.”

“Make sure to lick the tip while I titfuck you.”

“Of course, master. As you wish.”

Tim continued his round and fucked all of their luscious boobs, enjoying the verbal humiliation as well as the physical one.

It was only then that he noticed slithers of blood running down from Ana's wet and well fucked cunt.

“Holy shit! You were a virgin?!” Tim was positively shocked.

“Yes, master. I was.” She answered casually, as if he asked her if she was ever at a pool.

“Why didn't you tell me?” Tim asked.

“I'm sorry, master. I'm your sex toy. I didn't think it was relevant.” She responded.

“Oh, it was.” He said “But I forgive you, just because you were nice to me before. Unlike these bitches.” He said, causing a moan of worried arousal among his devoted whores.

They were obviously quite regretful at the way they treated their master before, and he loved seeing it.

“Speaking of someone who wasn't totally mean to me.” He said, standing before the kneeling Monica, his cock touching her lips “But I've got a feeling that's just because of your shyness.”

“Here's your reward.” He said “Tongue out.”

“Yes, master.” She took her tongue out.

Tim started slapping her tongue and cheeks, having fun with using her face like his own cock pleasing device.

Then, Tim shoved his cock in Monica's mouth, and started face fucking her ferociously, feeling her nose on his crotch every time he thrust in.

Tim really enjoyed looking at her face, and hearing her gagging as he ravaged her. Spit quickly covered the floor from her sloppy mouth.

Tim shoved her head away with a wet plop, and moved to Ms Tigs.

“Maybe you still haven't earned having my cock in your cunt, but I feel like fucking your dirty mouth right now.”

“Thank you mashh—mmbmlmb” She started saying, but found verbally adoring her master quite difficult with a mouth full of cock.

“Oh, yeah!” Tim exclaimed while giving her the fiercest face fucking possible “This is what you get for all the bitchy insulting things you told me with this sloppy mouth!”

With that, Tim pulled out of her mouth and came all over her tits.

“Tina, you ass kissing bitch, lick the cum from her tits like you always wanted to do.”

“Yes, master. I exist to please you, master. I'll do anything for your pleasure.” Tina said.

“Hah! Even as a slave you're trying hard to be a better kiss-ass. Your lack of spine in front of this bitch always pissed me off!”

“I'm <Lick> So sorry <Lick>, master.” She said, slurping the cum from her boss's tits.

Tim then had Ana and Jennifer make out a little bit, before realizing their flight is leaving shortly.

“Damn, I lost track of time. Get some presentable clothes on, bitches. We've got a plane to catch!” He said, thrilled by the idea of spending a weekend in a private house in snowy Aspen, with his brand new harem of previously bitchy sex toys.

They all wore yoga pants that emphasized their perfect asses. Tim remembered to tell Ms. Tigs to stop spanking herself right before leaving the lounge.

He had his hands on Ana and Katy's asses as they walked to their gate, telling the other bitches to walk before him, and to shake their asses to give him a great view.

On the plane, Tim helped his “co-workers” join the mile-high club, taking them to the toilets in turn, and fucking their already mindless

brains out

Well, except for Ms. Tigs. He used her ass that time, still undecided if she deserved having her needy cunt fucked.

He also enjoyed having her clean her ass off of his cock with her mouth when he was done.

It was the best flight he ever had. And the best day, to boot!

Chapter Three

Tim promised to be the driver on the trip, but things changed dramatically since then.

“Go get the car.” He told Gina and sent her off with a spank.

“Yes, master.” She whispered, and walked away, shaking her ass from side to side.

“I'll never get tired of hearing that...” Tim said, still with his hands on two hot asses of his choice.

“We'll never get tired of saying it, master.” Ana said cutely.

Tim decided to have Ana blow him throughout the journey, and fed her his load right before they arrived.

The cabin had no TV or internet connection, but Tim had a feeling he had enough to entertain him throughout the weekend.

“Okay, bitches I wanna see a pussy fight.” Tim told his bitches as they walked in.

He had them choose sexy outfits and then fight each other in pairs for his enjoyment, occasionally telling them to start making out and 69'ing each other, before returning to the fight.

The point wasn't to beat the other girl unconscious or something. It was to shake their luscious bodies, be sexy, and put on a great show for him. After an undetermined amount of time, Tim decided the winner, who gets to lick his balls and suck his cock while he

watched the next match, while the loser was on her hands and knees, being a sexy spankable chair for her master.

Ms Tigs didn't participate in the contest, though, she was still spanking herself naked, outside in the cold, to make the swats even more painful.

Katy and Ana were the top two bitches in the end of the game. For the final match, Tim decided they'll compete in sucking his cock. So they knelt before him and gave him the best double blowjob they could. Having two sets of devoted tongues and lips on his cock was amazing, especially considering who the mouths belonged to. Well, they belonged to him, now, of course.

He came in Katy's mouth, marking her as the winner. She gulped his reward down, thanked her master profusely, and started cleaning his cock with the loser eighteen year old. After that, Tim was in the mood for another hot make-out session between the two, and had them lick and finger fuck each other on the bed, before joining them, fucking them, and falling asleep.

He woke up Saturday morning to the constant sound of spanking coming from outside.

"Oh, shit! I left that bitch naked outside!" He said, with 3 of his slaves giving him a morning wake-up blowjob.

"Tits!" He called for her "Come back in!"

The door was unlocked, of course, and she was exhausted and freezing.

Regardless of the pain and discomfort she felt standing naked in the freezing cold, spanking herself, the thought of stopping and getting inside never crossed her mind.

She walked in with her lips vibrating uncontrollably. Her crimson colored ass in complete contrast with her pale frozen skin.

"sheesh, you're freezing." Tim said, squeezing her tits and pinching her steel hard nipples.

"You should thank me." He said "If you weren't constantly spanking

yourself, keeping you warm, you might have died of hypothermia.”

“Thank you, master. My life is in your hands.” She said, still shivering.

“I guess giving you a good fuck might warm you up. You still have to beg for it, though.”

She got to her knees, and gave his cock a passionate kiss with her ice cold and shivering lips.

“Please, master. Fuck this freezing sex toy, she needs your cock to keep her warm.”

“You were always an ice cold bitch.” Tim said, but decided it was time.

“Bend over, whore.”

“Yes, master!” She said happily.

He fucked her from behind, his hips smacking against her throbbing ass.

Then, he had Ana kneel beside him, and alternated between fucking Ms. Tigs in her ass and pussy, and feeding his cock to her eager daughter.

He ended up cumming on the freezing woman's ass, and had Katy lick her ass clean

Tim wasn't cruel enough to send Ms. Tigs outside right away.

He had his slaves warm her up with their lips and tongues for a time, while he had Ana and Meredith lick his feet, and finger themselves while doing so.

After his slaves warmed up enough, he sent Ms Tigs to crawl around the forest and search for a proper stick to permanently shove up her ass while he spent a calm day of fun in bed with his other eight slaves.

He really enjoyed cumming in their mouths and telling them to kiss each other and share his cum.

It was even more fun to do the same with their pussies.

On Sunday, Tim decided to take care of some business. Luckily Ms Tigs was a premium customer at her bank, and could perform

actions even on weekends.

“Yes, master! Please fuck me harder, master!” Ms. Tigs moaned, her legs spread on the kitchen table.

“Yes! Ah!...Hello, this is Rachel Tigs, account number 45281876. I'd like to transfer control of my account to Mr. Timothy Vinegold, account number 27265156.” She said, trying not to sound as if she's being fucked hard.

“Yes, I'm sure. Get it done! My password is Ana1995Tigs and my mother's name was Alecia. Get it done already!” She screamed, and hung up the phone.

“Thank you for fucking me, master.” She moaned again.

“You're welcome, bitch. Come here, Ana, I wanna glaze your pretty teen face with my cum.”

“Yes, master.” The beautiful teen said, and got to her knees, waiting for her master to grace her with his load.

Later that day, Tim decided to take the time and go outside. He was never into skiing, but you can't spend a weekend in Aspen and stay indoors the whole time, even with a bunch of hot sex slaves.

First, he had the girls make naked snow angels while he fucked their tits to warm his cock up.

Then, because now they were all quite cold, he took them all to the gigantic hot tub in the cabin, and checked how long they can breathe under water while sucking him off, among other things.

After that, he took his slaves to town, wearing more than just their birthday suits, of course.

They wore the same yoga pants and tube tops that made their bodies look awesome and their asses seem nude.

In town, he saw a flier calling for like minded women to join a feminist movement, which reminded him of Heather.

He decided he didn't humiliate her enough just yet.

“Look at that, Heather.” Tim spanked her to get her attention.

“What, master?”

There were a bunch of young men hanging around, and Tim decided to teach those boys something about life, and teach Heather a proper lesson.

“I think you should put on a show for these boys over there. After all, what good are you if you don't have men to please with your young and tight body?” Tim told her, knowing such words would infuriate her old self.

“Yes, master. Thank you so much for letting me fulfill my purpose in life.”

She came closer to them, and started stretching, trying to touch her feet with her hands, so her bent over ass was right in their line of sight. They certainly noticed.

Tim watched the show while touching Katy's ass, and thought about the old Heather saying that women who wear tight clothes and bend over for men are slutty skanks.

One of the young men had the guts to approach her and spank her ass. He was about to run away when he noticed she started wiggling her ass from side to side now.

“Don't be shy.” She said “I don't know what they told in school, but in real life women know the only way for them to survive is by shaking their merchandise until they get hitched by a man.”

“Dude! She's a fucking slut!” One of them said, and spanked her as well, before starting to dry hump her.

“Being a slut is a part of being a woman.” She said with a smile “Look at me. With a body like mine, why would I do anything other than shake my ass for men, and put my tits on display?”

They took Heather to the forest and stripped her. Tim followed with Ana and Meredith to keep him company. It was actually fun watching Heather being gang banged by a bunch of strange men, while she constantly declares how worthless women are, and how

meek and obedient they should be.

While watching, Tim stuffed Meredith's face with his cock, and fed her some of his cum.

By the time they were done it was early evening, and they simply left Heather lying naked in the snow with cum oozing from her every hole and sprayed all over her body.

Tim stood above her, and stepped on her cum covered tits with his boot.

“Well, I think this is a great ending to a fantastic weekend.” He said.

“Yes, master.” Heather said weakly “I'm glad I could please you. It's the most important thing in my life. I'm your property. My ass, cunt, tits, and mouth belong to you.”

Tim had her crawl back to the cabin slowly, and he watched her ass shake as the exhausted slave made one heavy step after another.

When they arrived, he told her to wash herself.

He sat on the sofa and watched Tina lick Gina's cunt, while fucking Heather's face.

“You know, I really like Aspen.” He said, as he came in her mouth. She held it, waiting for him to tell her where to put it.

“Keep it in your mouth the entire night.” He said “If you spill any or swallow any, I'll sell you to a pimp on skid row.”

She nodded meekly, and crawled away.

“Yeah, Aspen is great...” He said and fell asleep.

Chapter Four - Epilogue

The weekend passed by quickly for Tim, for obvious reasons. And before he knew it, it was Monday and they were all back at work. There were many changes, obviously.

Tim now owned the company, and all the employees, of course. The dress code was very different. The female employees had to make sure to wear clothes that emphasize their best physical attributes, and must not wear anything that is too hard to remove or penetrate. They also must be shaved down there, of course.

Tim did end up hiring Ana Tigs, as a corporate dictation assistant, which was a fancy whitewashed way of saying office cock sucker.

He enacted a severe pay cut on his employees, which was officially reduced to minimum wage, so the authorities won't raise an eyebrow.

Unofficially, they gave him all their "earnings", and moved in to live with him in his new house, which used to belong to Ms. Tigs.

The women were all in the process of selling their houses, which promised to provide Tim with more than enough money to cover for his loans and mortgage.

Tim sat in his office, reading the company's financial records while wetting his cock with Ana's mouth, when Tina walked in, her boobs out.

"Would you like your 11 AM titfuck, master?" She asked.

"Wow, time flies." Tim said "Sure, it's properly lubricated thanks to Ana, you should thank her."

"Yes, master."

Tina knelt down next to Ana, and gave her a wet kiss on the mouth "Thank you, cocksucking slut." She said, and continued to perform her titfucking duties.

Later, as Tim walked around the office, he had fun telling Katy to twerk for him while working, and then found Heather at the copying machine, fucked her ass roughly, and sent her crawling to Ms. Tigs so she can lick her asshole clean. He followed her to watch the show, obviously.

He decided to make the weekly meeting early to discuss a change in some of the advertising campaigns.

Around the conference room sat one man, and six topless sex slaves.

Ana was busy working on her master's cock under the desk, while Ms. Tigs and Jennifer used their tits as elbow cushions for their master.

He enjoyed pressing his arms down and hearing their grateful moans of pain, as he used their tits like furniture.

“Okay” Tim started “First of all, the T&M clothing commercial. I called a model agency and got two hot ass bitches to promote it. The ad will show an ugly version of them, and show them change to beautiful fuckable babes after putting the clothes on. Simple and straight forward.” He finished.

“What do you cunts think?” Tim said, pretending to care.

“Master,” Heather said “If this worthless cunt may speak freely. Do you really think such an approach will increase their sales?”

Tim got a little angry. Even now this bitch is trying to talk back.

“Of course, you stupid big boobed moron.” He said “It will make men buy the clothes to their women, and we all know that men make more money on average, right, bitch?”

“Yes, master, but...” She started

“But nothing, cunt.” Tim interrupted her “Tell me, are you an independent feminist, or my personal sex toy meant to provide me with pleasure and entertainment?”

“I'm your sex toy, master. I'm so sorry, master!” She said with tears in her eyes.

“Good girl. Now go get me some coffee, and then I may fuck your ass on the table.”

“Thank you, master.” She said, and left the office to bring her master's coffee.

“What do the rest of you think?”

“Only what you want us to think, master.” Jennifer said.

“It's a brilliant idea, master.” Monica said.

“Men deserve seeing hot girls show some skin for their pleasure, it makes perfect sense, master.” Meredith added.

“Excellent. I've already talked with T&M and they were happy about the change.”

“As for the dishwasher soap commercial, I had a discussion with their CEO and we agreed on a better approach. A woman will be shown frustrated while washing the dishes, saying it takes so long and she already needs to make dinner. Then, she is given the product and shown happy and glowing while serving dinner to her man. Any objections?” Tim asked.

“Will she be wearing what I wear when I'm washing the dishes at your home, master?” Gina asked.

“Oh, I think she will wear more than a skimpy apron, slave.”

“Yes, master.” Gina said, seeming disappointed.

“We also took up a body spray for men commercial. We will show a dork spraying it all over him, and have hot women fawn over him afterward.”

“Ingenious, master.” Heather said, and placed the coffee before her master.

“Thanks, bitch.” Tim said, and spanked her sharply, sending her to sit back down.

“Now, Jennifer and Heather, you'll come up with a new promotion for the J700 commercial. Gina and Tina, take the Squaker commercial. Monica and Meredith, you'll take a new client of ours,

selling sex toys for men. And no, not your type of sex toys, the plasticized mechanized kind. Katy, you're fired." Tim finished.

"Yes, master." They all said. Katy wasn't even able to question Tim's decision.

"Katy, from now on, I'll keep you in my home as my pet. Go there now, and put on a leash." He added.

"Happily, master." She said, and left with a spring in her step.

"Before we start this meeting, I'd like to instruct you in your creative process. Show me those tits." He told the already topless girls, and they all pushed their chests out proudly and emphasized their boobs for their master.

"Good girls. Remember, these soft bouncy cock pleasing toys are money makers, make sure to use them when advertising. And for another lesson, bend over the desk."

The eight remaining girls bent over the desk, and wiggled their shapely asses seductively.

"These," He spanked Tina and Meredith "Can also be good in luring customers."

"Yes master." Meredith said "Hot fuck meat like us will always be used to please men.

"Excellent." Tim said, and continued to fuck the bent over girls one at a time, promising a raise to the girl that makes him cum. A meaningless raise, of course.

Tim decided that was a great way to end the weekly meetings from now on.

"Oh, how I wish I could advertise The Mesmo Lounge as thanks for their service." Tim said while fucking Ms. Tigs and pumping the stick in her ass in and out.

"I guess I'll have to find other ways to express my gratitude." Tim said and laughed out loud, before he came deep inside his former bitchy controlling boss, hearing her words of mindless adoration, and dismissing her like an overused sex doll.

The Mesmo Lounge: When you want your vacation to last a lifetime.

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The Mesmo Lounge 2 - Road Rage

Chapter One

Jill and Willow sang along with the radio, ecstatic and thrilled on their way to the airport. The stereo was so loud that they probably couldn't hear themselves speak, but that was okay. After all, they'll be spending the next three weeks together, and the music made the adrenaline already coursing through their veins go into hyper-drive.

Willow, sitting in the passenger's seat, suddenly felt her phone vibrate. Looking at it, she immediately lowered the stereo's volume to a whisper.

"Hey, mom!" She answered enthusiastically.

"Yeah, I'm so excited for this trip!"

In a flash, her face went from smiling to begrudging.

"Yes, mom, I'll be careful." She said.

"*GASP* Of course I won't do that! Come on, mom, have some faith in me!" she exclaimed, and Jill snickered at her with a mischievous smile.

Five minutes later, and many exasperated sighs from Willow, and she hung up the phone with a cheery "Love you too, mom."

"I can't believe she still doesn't trust me..." Willow said, shaking her head "I mean, what does she think we might do at your father's place, anyway?"

She placed the phone on her lap.

“Maybe that you'll finally cash in that V-card of yours, Willow.” Jill said, looking at her friend from beyond her sunglasses.

Willow responded with a shy frown, and looked down to her knees.

“Oh, come on, if you don't do it now you'll get to college a virgin, and nobody wants that! Well, except for your mom. It's time you meet the proper handy MAN, and have that little issue sorted!”

“You're talking as if being a virgin is an affliction...” Willow said, rolling her eyes and staring out the car's window.

“Yes! And like many such things, denial is never the answer, Willow!” Jill said, looking at Willow and chuckling.

Willow turned her head to smirk at her best friend, but then suddenly made a frightened gasp.

“Watch out!” She screamed.

A black car cut them off at the intersection, causing Jill to grab the wheel with both hands and jerk it right, mashing the breaks with her foot.

She barely managed to balance the car in the lane before crashing and causing an accident.

Jill honked the horn frantically, yelling in blind rage.

“Fucking jerk! Did you see that?!” She turned to Willow.

“Yeah, that dude is fucking crazy! I can't believe he just cut us off like that...We could have died...”

The black car sped off as if the driver owned the road, and Jill stepped the gas pedal, accelerating well beyond the speed limit.

“What are you doing?” Willow asked nervously, as Jill cut between the lanes after the speeding black car.

“He's not getting away with this!” Jill said with madness in her eyes.

“What are you going to do, follow this maniac over the speed limit

until we crash into him?! Are you insane?”

“I'm not going to crash into him, I'll just wait until he stops the car and...”

“And what?! We're going to the airport, and I'd rather not die in a fiery inferno before we've made it to London!”

That made Jill stop the craziness. She brought herself back to a proper driving mode, allowed the black car to escape, and looked at Willow from the corner of her eye.

“Right...London...About that...” She said.

“What about it?” Willow asked, breathing a sigh of relief as her life stopped flashing before her eyes.

Jill looked over to Willow, and spotted her phone, still on her lap. In a flash, she reached over to her friend on the passenger's seat, grabbed the phone, and threw it back.

“Hey! What gives?!” Willow asked, her phone out of her reach.

“Thing is, we're not really flying to London.” Jill said, trying to sound casual.

“Say what?” Willow asked, dumbfounded.

“Well, you know how I told you and your parents and my mom that we are going to London, to spend our summer vacation with my dad, at his place?”

“Uh-huh...” Willow said, getting worried.

“And how I said I'll take care of all the arrangements, plane tickets, everything, and wouldn't let you even look at our itinerary?”

“Oh, no...” Willow said, burying her face in the palm of her hand.

“Well, it was a lie.” Jill finally said, looking sideways to her friend who seemed to be on the border between silent resignation and indignant fury.

Willow squinted her eyes at Jill, and took a deep breath. “So where are we going?” She asked, her lips barely moving and her jaw clenched.

“See, I thought - Since this is our last summer vacation before college, and I've always tried to get the dormant party animal out of you...”

Jill smiled, but stopped when she saw Willow's face.

“Where. Are. We. Go-ing.” Willow said slowly, angrily pronouncing every syllable.

Jill swallowed hard, and opened her mouth to answer. “Ibiza.” She said silently “You know, the greatest freaking party island in the whole world!” Jill tried to infect her friend with her enthusiasm.

“What?! When were you going to tell me?”

“Umm...Right now?” Jill said innocently.

“My parents will never allow me to...” Willow started.

“I know! Which is why I had to lie! Look, we are starting college, and you are not ready for spring break, not by a long shot! And I know you might argue that college is for studying and stuff, but come on, we both know that's bullshit, right?”

Willow stared at her friend, speechless. “Okay,” Jill said with a smile “I'm glad we got that out of the way, we are going to have so much f...”

“ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!” Willow exploded. “How do you expect us to even get away with this?! Did you just

assume I would follow you to a 'party island' without question? What happens when we don't reach London and your dad calls your mom?! Do you have any idea the kind of trouble we'd be in?"

"Okay, Willow, just relax."

"Did you just ask me to RELAX?!" Willow erupted again.

"Yes! First of all, my dad is in on it, and he'll cover for us, so calm the fuck down."

"Oh..." Willow said "Talk about father of the year."

Jill smiled.

"See? So we won't be in any trouble. As for assuming you'll just come with me. Well, I've known you ever since I can remember, and yeah, I'm pretty sure you'll follow me down the path of party and booze. You know, we're allowed to drink over there, since we're over 18." she winked at Willow, who seemed to calm down significantly.

A moment of silence later, and Willow sang an entirely different tune.

"We're going to Ibiza?" She asked, and Jill nodded happily "Holy fuck, we're going to Ibiza! It's going to be so awesome!"

"And I'll make sure you meet a nice man to finally fuck your brains out before college! And you'll thank me!" Jill said.

"In your dreams!" Willow mocked.

"Oh, don't flatter yourself, Willow."

"Even when you plot a scheme like this, you have some ulterior motives. You would have made a great movie villain..." Willow said.

"Hold on, Jill, I spent the last two weeks planning our trip to London. I downloaded guides and checked opening times for all sorts of attractions, and..." She frowned.

“Oh, I know.” Jill smiled wickedly “It was quite enjoyable.”

“I take it back, you're worse than movie villains.”

“Oh, relax. Where we're going we don't need to do any day planning, other than sleep all day, wake up, and find the biggest party around!”

“If our parents find out, we're dead...”

“You are, maybe.” Jill said smugly “My dad is an accomplice, and you can be sure he'll take the heat from my mom, if we're found out.”

“Sometimes I'm jealous at you for having divorced parents, you know?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“You're enjoying it, aren't you?”

“More than you can imagine.” Jill said with a smile, and took the airport exit.

“It's good we had this talk, it took my mind off of that asshole who cut me off...”

Chapter Two

Roger drove around the airport's parking lot, searching for a place to fill his black Jaguar.

“Oh, just like that, bitch...” He heard Vernon say on his phone's speaker.

“You were saying, Vern?” He said, rolling his eyes “Not that I don't enjoy hearing your moans of pleasure while your new toy blows you.”

“Heh, sorry about that, she gives the best head I've ever had. Stop it

for now, slut.”

“Yes, master.” Roger heard a faint feminine voice.

“I'll give you a go at her when you're back. Anyway, I need you to go through those documents and make sure pages 7 and 8 aren't missing. We had a little mishap at the office and seems some of the copies came out with missing pages. Can't have you show up to the meeting like that, it would seem unprofessional.”

Roger stopped near some parked cars, still half into the road of the parking lot.

“And if I'm missing them, can't you just email them to me?”

“I could, but those are top secret, corporate documents, lots of bureaucratic hoops to jump through.”

“I see...”

Roger found the papers in question, and started flipping through the pages.

“You know, if I end up getting on the plane before visiting the lounge, it's on you, Vern.” He said.

“I always tell you, prepare some pussy in advance. You'd be surprised how easy it is to get loose college girls to just follow you on a weekend business trip across the world, as long as you dangle some money before their eyes and promise it won't cost them a thing, that is.”

“Nah, dude, I like scouting the airport for hot bitches, just about to get on a plane themselves. Nothing is easier, and I just love changing their plans for them.”

“Well, don't blame me if you can't find any, then.”

“Heh, whatever. Okay, I found it. Seems to be in order, Vern, all pages are present and accounted for.”

“Perfect. Have fun in Paris, and make sure to seal this deal.” Vernon said “I’m going to stuff my new toy’s face with my cock.”

“Too much information, man...” Roger said “Hello?”

He realized Vernon had already hung up.

“Wow, he’s eager - Maybe I will try his new girl once I’m back...”

BOOM

“Whoa! What the fuck!” just as Roger was about to move on, someone bumped his car from behind.

He put the car in park, and got out, ready to explode.

“I don’t fucking believe it...”

In the car that hit him sat two young women who couldn’t be older than twenty.

The black haired one opened the driver side door and got out in a rage. Her blonde friend seemed quite distressed, it was obvious she was the more introverted of the duo.

“Are you blind, girl?!” Roger shouted before she could say a single word.

“Me?! Do you think you own the road?! First you cut me off and almost make me crash, and now you sit in your car in the middle of the fucking road!”

“Cut you off...” Roger said, and then remembered “Ohh, you’re the bitch who honked her horn and followed me for like five miles on the way here!”

“You’d better watch your fucking mouth...”

“Or what? You’ll hit my car from behind? Do you have any idea how much that car is worth?! It’s not a piece of third hand garbage college students buy for 500 dollars!” He said, looking at her car.

“Just so you know, this is my dad’s car, and he will fucking kill you if...”

“Jill, come on, let's just exchange insurance information and move on, okay?” her blonde friend, just as nubile and petite as her, got out of their car and said, meekly. She obviously didn't enjoy the confrontation.

“Yeah, I hope you have insurance, wouldn't want to make your friend cry.” Roger said with an angry huff, and went to get his information from the glove compartment,

“Oh, trust me, the only one who might cry is you!” The back haired girl, Jill, shrieked after him.

“Do you know where the insurance stuff are, Willow?” Roger heard Jill ask the blonde.

“That's what I want to hear...” Roger mumbled as he took his papers out.

Both girls bent into the car to search all the compartments. His blood cooling a bit, Roger realized he might be able to make something good out of this ordeal.

He stared at Jill's perfect ass wiggle as she frantically searched for the papers, and Roger casually moved to the other side of the car to check out her friend, Willow.

The blonde was just as lewd as her combative friend. It was as if the girls didn't realize how suggestive their bodies were at that moment, with their long legs straight as an arrow, and their pert behinds bent over, showing their subtle, soft curves to the world.

“Are you college students?” He asked, trying to pass the time, and maybe cool them down after the rather heated exchange.

Jill would have none of it, though.

“Shut up!” She screamed.

“Feisty...” He chuckled to himself.

“Yeah, we are.” Willow answered courteously, obviously preferring to

be friendly, unlike her friend.

“Well, we're starting next year. We just graduated high school.”

“Ohh my, well congratulations. It's the biggest step of your life, trust me on that.”

“Shut the fuck up!” Jill said in response, glaring at him.

“Jill, will you relax!” he heard Willow whisper to her friend.

Roger smiled to himself.

“fresh out of high school. Talk about hitting the jackpot. Well, if I ignore the massive dent to my car's trunk, that is...”

“Oh, fuck, my luggage is in there...” He realized.

“Maybe you should call your parents to ask...”

“Shut up you fucking asshole!” Jill didn't even let him finish the sentence.

Roger was starting to lose his temper.

“Hey, Jill, was it? You'd better learn some manners now that you're an adult, or I'll have to teach you a lesson the hard way!” He said, trying to remain calm.

“Sorry about that, sir, I'll get my phone and call them.”

“What are you calling him 'sir' for?”

“This accident was your fault, dummy!” Willow hissed.

“No, it wasn't! He's the one...”

“You hit him from behind, it doesn't matter what you say, Jill! According to the law, it's your fault, so just pipe down and let's handle this properly, okay?”

“At least one of you has brains...” Roger said out loud, in response to Willow's wise words.

Jill managed to find the papers before Willow made the call, and the girls decided to tell their parents about the accident from the

other side of the Atlantic ocean.
Roger couldn't really blame them for it.

Once everything was sorted out, and Roger told the two teens what they needed to do, the two girls got in the car. It was their first time dealing with such a situation, which put Roger in a weird tutoring position.

He watched them wiggle their nubile bodies back to the car and drive away.

“You won't get away so easily, little twats.” He gritted through his teeth with lust filling his eyes, and drove after them.

“I just hope I can convince that hot headed Jill to mellow down a bit...”

Chapter Three

Jill continued driving down the lane, looking for an empty space while trying to ignore the clanking sound the car kept making.

“He's still behind us...” She said, looking in her rear view mirror.

“What do you think he wants?” Willow asked, concerned.

“Oh, don't be so paranoid, Willow.” Jill asked “He's looking for a space, just like us.”

“Maybe he still wants to yell at you...” Willow mumbled.

“There we go, finally.” Jill said as they approached a row of empty spaces.

“He'll end up parking right next to us...” Willow said “With our luck, he'll sit next to us on the plane.”

“I find it hard to believe that guy is going to Ibiza, Willow.” Jill smiled as she parked the car.

As Willow expected, the man who cut them off earlier parked right next to them, and seemed weirdly happy about that.

“Small world, right?” He winked at them as they locked their respective cars.

“Unfortunately...” Jill said, rolling her eyes.

“You're not flying to Ibiza, by any chance, right?” Willow asked awkwardly.

“No, Paris. But I have a feeling you girls are heading there, huh?” He said cheerfully “I'm Roger, by the way, Roger Burton. I figured I'd introduce myself since I already picked up both your names. Willow, and Jill.” He nodded at each of them as he said their names.

Jill huffed angrily, and started walking over to the international terminal.

“Hey, wait up!” Willow called out, and ran after her friend.

“So, girls.” Roger came up to them, breathing heavily as he tried to keep up with their fast pace.

“Fuck off!” Jill called out and increased the pace.

“Hey, now, that's not nice. Just because we met under...*huff* ...Such circumstances...Oh boy...”

He had to stop and sort his breathing.

“I just wanted to apologize for being so rude!” He called out to Jill who kept walking at a brisk pace

“But I think it's understandable...”

His voice trailed off as they distanced themselves from him.

Jill figured they lost him, but he somehow managed to stand right behind them, on the line to check in.

“You know, it's not very nice to ignore a man who's just trying to make things right.” He said.

“It's not nice to cut someone off in the middle of the highway.” Jill

said.

“What about ramming someone from behind in the parking lot, is that nice?” He said, and Jill's blood boiled.

“I'm joking. Wow, you have a short fuse. Listen, I realize this is probably your first trip alone, and I may have put a damper on the experience. Let me make it up to you.”

“Go on.” Jill said, narrowing her eyes.

“Well, I happen to have a membership to The Mesmo Lounge, ever heard of it?”

Both girls shook their head, indicating they didn't.

“I figured as much.” He said “Airport lounges are places where people can get a five star treatment as they wait for their flight. For a certain amount, you get food, drinks, and rest for as long as you want until your plane takes off.”

Willow glanced at Jill, and knew her friend liked what she heard.

“Of course, there are different lounges, for every pocket depth. Some will only give you muffins, coffee, and a nice armchair to lounge on. The Mesmo Lounge, however, is the most luxurious there is. Have you ever been to a presidential suite at a five star hotel?”

“No...” Willow said, wide eyed.

“It sounds like you're advertising the place...” Jill mocked.

“Trust me, it's worth all my praise, and more. And, well, I can get you in. Gourmet food, the finest drinks, and even massage services. They have everything in there, you can almost spend an entire vacation without ever leaving the airport.”

Jill may have been a hot-head, but she wasn't unreasonable.

“Wow, that is so generous, Mr...Uhm....Roger.” she said with a warm smile, working her charm on him.

“Mr. Burton.” He corrected her “But you can call me Roger.”

“Well, I'll just go to the first class line to deposit my luggage, and wait for you on the other side.”

“First class people get a faster check-in line?” Willow asked innocently.

“It's all faster when you're flying first class, doll.” He started walking away “And for the money my ticket costs, it better be!”

Willow and Jill waited for him to walk out of sight, and turned to face each other, jumping giddily.

“See? Assertiveness pays off!” Jill said.

“Oh, please, don't tell me you're that naive! I bet he has ideas...” Willow said.

“Let him have all the ideas he wants. I don't mind leading him on, especially after what happened on the road here.”

“I guess...”

“For the record, we're not going to...Uhm, you know, flirt with him and...”

“Oh, Willow, now who's naive? Just be quiet until we're in the lounge, okay? I'll do the talking.”

“O...Okay...” Willow said, blushing red hot.

It took them twenty minutes longer to get their luggage going, and finalize their check-in, but Roger Burton waited patiently for them on the other side, a wide and slightly sleazy smile on his face.

“It's right this way, girls.” He said, and started walking.

“Good thing I'm the only one who knows the way, that way we can walk in my own pace. I almost lost a lung following you through the parking lot.”

He said, and Jill made a rather unnatural giggle.

“Sorry about that, I'm a little hot headed, like you said. But...” She gave him a steamy look “I'm just a little hot, now.” She said with a sexy whisper.

Willow blushed so brightly at her friend's behavior that she had to look away.

Roger, on the other hand, seemed to enjoy Jill's change in attitude. *Poor man... Willow thought...He has no idea how cruel she will be, once she gets what she wants. These things always have to balance out, with Jill. The guys at our class used to call her the she-devil, and she wasn't even upset when she found out!*

They came to an inconspicuous door that bore the name of The Mesmo Lounge. It certainly had an upscale feeling to it.

At a glance, it wasn't a place that drew the eye and begged people to enter, but it certainly seemed like a place two college girls would never be able to afford.

Fortunately for them, they were with a man that could.

Roger walked over to the desk, where the old receptionist recognized him at a single glance.

“Mr. Burton, a pleasure to see you again. Another business trip?”

“something has to pay for all the pleasure, right?” Roger joked.

“And who are your lovely guests?” The old man eyed them lecherously.

Roger smiled at the receptionist.

“These two are Jill and Willow. We had a slight, shall we say, encounter on the road here, and I figured I owed them a little relief.”

“Is that so?” The old man said.

“So, can we go in?” Jill said, obviously growing impatient “I'd love to try that spa treatment you boasted about, Roger.”

She added suggestively, but Roger seemed to read her like an open book.

“There's no need to be so flirty, Jill, I'll pay for your entrance even if you assume your previous mantle of contempt and derision.”

Jill blinked a few times, staring at him.

“He means that you can act norma...” Willow started, thinking Mr. Burton's words flew a little too high above her often ditzy friend.

“I know what he meant! I'm not stupid!”

“If you say so...” Willow resigned.

“Well, we're going in then.” Jill said coldly.

She nearly got to the entrance door, but the receptionist stopped her.

“Sorry, miss, but that is the men's lounge. Women have their own lounge, follow me. I'll return in a bit to sort out the payment with you, Mr. Burton.”

“Take your time!” Roger said, and picked a cookie from the selection on the counter, taking a sweet bite.

The old man led them to a side door, with no special marking to it.

He fished for a key to unlock the door.

“You'll have to excuse me, you are the only ladies visiting our lounge at the moment, and so the door is locked. I assure you the facilities are more than ready for you, however.”

“It's alright, sir.” Willow said politely.

“Just get on with it...” Jill said impatiently, tapping her foot on the ground.

He finally found the keys, and opened the door for them.

“Well, go right in, girls.” He smiled, baring a few golden teeth, and motioned them in like a butler would a royal princess.

Jill certainly liked the treatment, and gleefully bounced into the room, with Willow in tow.

The next room was certainly not what they expected. It was so dark Willow couldn't even see her own hand, or the floor. It made her

feel like she was floating in space.

She expected the kind old man to flick a switch and turn on some lights, and when that did not happen, she got a little agitated.

“Umm, mister? Are you there?” She asked out loud, but there was no response. Then, she heard the sound of keys turning.

Shocked, she realized they have been locked inside.

“Jill?!” She cried in terror.

“I'm here, Willow! What the fuck is going on here, old man? This isn't funny!” Jill said and banged on the door, or perhaps it was a wall – It was so dark, she had no way of knowing.

Their questions were not answered, but at least something disrupted the darkness, shedding some light on their surroundings.

A screen lit up before them, and it being the only source of light in the pitch blackness, Jill and Willow could not help but stare at it.

What they saw was a mesmerizing array of colors and bright light, blinding at times, and pleasant at others.

They both grew silent before it, not capable of looking away.

With their gaze transfixed upon it, the image of a naked, kneeling Willow appeared before her eyes, whilst the image of a naked and kneeling Jill enveloped her own vision.

They did not feel the flow of time, but they stood there for several minutes, and suddenly the door opened. Somehow, Willow was distantly aware of it, but she could not bring herself to look away from the screen.

“What is the meaning of this?” The stern voice of a woman came from the door.

“Hey!” She screamed as she was pushed inside.

“Let me out! What is going on here?” She approached Jill “Are you okay, girl? Are you hurt? What did they do to you?” She asked, but Jill did not appear to hear her.

Both teens would most likely agree that Jill was stronger willed than Willow, with her fierce and oft combative demeanor. And so, if

they had half a mind left to ponder such trivial matters, both young women would probably be surprised Jill was the first to accept the subliminal messages pumped into her brain through the speakers.

“I am a sex toy.” She said weakly, her eyes moist and her cheeks flushed, as she saw her master use her on the screen, and saw herself submit to him, in full.

“What did you say, honey?” The older newcomer asked “What are you watching, anyway?”

With that, the beautiful brunette was caught in the screen's entrancing embrace as well. Her brown hair was long and silky, and she wore a smooth gray skirt that went down to her ankles.

“What...the...” She managed to say, but then the image of her, in her birthday suit, kneeling before the strong man who owned her, appeared on the screen.

The younger women had already synchronized their mantra of submission, their voices filling the empty, dark room, though their voices did not bother the brunette anymore. In fact, she didn't even hear them.

“I am a love doll.” Both Jill and Willow said in unison, their breath hot and their pussies moist. Willow had to fight the urge to touch herself, and Jill rubbed her legs together uncontrollably.

“I am a worthless sex slave.”

“I will spread my legs whenever my master wishes.”

“My master can enjoy my body whenever he wants. My master can fuck me whenever he desires.” They chanted together.

In one profound moment of acceptance, the strong willed and bull-headed Jill dropped to her knees, and stretched her hands before her, as if worshipping a deity.

“My master is Roger Burton. I live to serve, please, and obey him.” She said, her conditioning complete. The dark haired teen never

thought she would stoop to kneel and submit before anyone, but she no longer had a choice in the matter.

Willow followed suit mere seconds later, and when a door opened behind them, both girls stood up, and walked towards its light, forgetting their past lives behind.

They entered a wardrobe room that had outfits in all colors of the rainbow, and each one was sexier and more racy than the next.

A bespectacled naked woman with a metal chain connecting her tits stood before them, with a blank face and a mellow look in her eyes.

“This one is in charge of dressing new slaves to fit their master's preference.” She said “Your master enjoys his toys clothed in outfits that are tight, easily removable, and emphasize his ownership.”

She handed them a pair of tiny, tight shorts, with no panties to accompany them, and a top which was more like a single broad strand of fabric, enveloping nothing but their perky chests.

Willow, the blonde, received a pink matching set, whilst Jill received a black set, complimenting her dark hair.

The slave who gave them the clothes made sure to arrange their tops so their tits practically popped.

Finally, she gave them collars that would normally adorn the necks of dogs. They even came with a bell dangling from the front.

“Your master prefers his slaves to crawl towards him.” The woman said, and the two teens went to their knees, their collar bells ringing as they dropped.

Not needing to be told anything else, the helplessly obedient Jill and Willow began crawling into the main lounge.

They passed a couple of serving slaves, tending the bar, and a topless waitress nearly dropped the drinks on her tray as she maneuvered past them.

They saw their master, looked at one another with hungry eyes, their tongues dangling from their mouths, and averted their eyes to look at the man their world revolved around. Without saying a single word, they continued crawling, moving their asses from side to side,

their painted-on tight shorts emphasizing the curves of their shapely, pert behinds.

They passed next to a blonde, as young as they were, being spanked by a man who must have been four times her age.

“That'll teach this bitch to bully my grandson! *SPANK*”

The old man said, and Willow and Jill kept on crawling.

“It will also teach your grandson an important lesson.” Roger said, fucking the face of a pretty lounge employee, cupping her tits with his free hand.

“When a man of wealth and power wants something, he fucking gets it!”

“Right you are, sunny boy.” The old man said.

Roger looked at his two teen slaves who settled beneath him, on their knees.

“Speaking of getting what I want.” He said, and threw the serving girl off his cock and away, like a used handkerchief.

He glared down at Willow and Jill, and motioned them to come closer, with his fingers.

“Now, Jill,” He said, patting the head of the obedient raven haired beauty “is there anything you want to tell me, regarding our little parking lot mishap.”

He nudged her head over to his erection, and she kissed it passionately.

“Yes, master.” She said, tickling his manhood with her lips “I'm so sorry I got so ang—Mbbhh”

Roger pushed her face on his cock, and his cock into her mouth, before she could finish apologizing.

He pumped into her until he heard her gagging and choking, and then let go, allowing her to plop her wet lips off his cock, take a deep breath, and continue.

“I'm so sorry I was so impudent and disrespect---Mbh! Mmh!”

And again, he interrupted her before she could verbally display her sorrow for her past sins.

This game went on for quite a while, until Jill's face was red and tears fell from her eyes, adorning her flushed and over-sexed cheeks. She never stopped trying to apologize for her bad behavior, and she knew she never would.

Finally, Roger got a little tired from the game, and told his two little slaves to use their mouths together.

For Willow, it was a first and unique experience, so she made sure to follow Jill's lead, mimicking her best friend's soft licks and kisses on her side of his cock, until sharing a wet kiss with her, his tip between their luscious lips.

As the two learned to work together for their master's pleasure, his hands crept to their behinds and shamelessly grabbed, fondled, pinched and squeezed.

Willow jumped in surprise when the first spank landed on her ass, whereas Jill seemed more familiar with the notion. It was clear and obvious which of the young women was more experienced in the bedroom.

He sent both his hands down to Willow's bottom, lowering her tight pants and revealing her virgin twat.

"Mmm..." She whimpered as she felt his fingers caress her pussy lips, and winced when another sharp slap adorned her slightly pink buttock.

If he had noticed the blonde has never been with a man before, perhaps he would've continued playing with the now moist and ready virgin. Instead, Roger moved on to play the same game with Jill.

"Ohh, she's tightening her lips every time I stick my finger in her cunt. This is fucking awesome!"

With a content sigh, Roger placed both hands on their heads, patting them, and closed his eyes until his third acquisition arrived.

"Oh, Julia, good of you to finally crawl your hot ass over. Show me those big tits and take those pants off."

He told the brunette who just crawled from the reprogramming room.

“I saw her outside the lounge right after the two of you got into the dark room.” He said, gently patting his little cock suckers.

“Talk about great luck, I hardly needed to convince her to join me in the lounge. Of course, the allure of VIP treatment is something most women find hard to resist.”

“How may I serve, master.” The young businesswoman said, her breasts and pussy bare.

“Well, my little kittens here are doing a fantastic job on my cock, so why don't you just get on your hands and knees before me – I could use a proper foot stool.”

The young brunette nodded, and positioned herself vertical to his legs, so her back could provide a proper leverage for his feet. He grabbed Jill and Willow's heads, pressed their lips on his cock, and lifted his legs to neatly lay upon Julia's straightened back. Folding his fingers behind his head, he sighed once again, closed his eyes, and smiled to himself.

The sounds of footsteps interfered with his nirvana. Roger saw a young man accompanied by two of the lounge's employees. He looked like a kid on his first visit to the candy shop, looking around with bewilderment and glee, disbelief and shock in his eyes.

Roger knew a green boy when he saw one. “Hey, you!” he called out “You're a first timer, aren't you?” The young man looked at Roger for a few seconds, clearly nervous, and nodded shyly, blushing at the attention Roger gave him.

Nevertheless, he started walking over to him, slowly and surely. “Well, have a sit and have some fun.” Roger told him, patting Jill like the willing little pet she was. “Nothing takes the shyness away better than a blowjob from a hot girl. But I'll let you give your slaves your own orders.”

The young man sat down, and almost immediately seemed to gain more confidence .

“You.” He told one of the hostesses, a brunette with a face that could sell beauty products “Blow me with that perfect face of yours.”

“It will be this one's pleasure, master.”

She dropped to her knees, and the young man's eyes rolled to the back of his head, as her tongue and lips began tenderly servicing his erect manhood.

Roger chuckled, and took a moment to enjoy the two sets of lips making him happy, belonging to the meek Willow, and the feisty Jill.

“Oh, wow...” The young man moaned deeply.

“Them being mindless adoring sex slaves really increases the blowjob quality, actually.” Roger said, as if imparting words of ancient wisdom.

“Ohhh? And why's...ohhh...that?...ahhh” The young man asked, head in the clouds.

“Think about it.” Roger said, guiding the cock sucking novice, Willow, to wrap her lips around his cock.

“As much as the devoted mind fucked little sex toys want to focus solely on their master's pleasure, they still get all tingly in their wet cunts when you fuck them. When they blow you, there's nothing to distract them from fixating on pleasing you. Isn't that right, little bitch?” He tickled Jill under the chin like one would a puppy.

“Yes, master. I am eternally devoted to pleasing you. My own pleasure is meaningless.” She replied, the fun she could have had in the party island of Ibiza long forgotten.

“I guess you're right.” The young man said, regaining his senses within the sea pleasure.

“Hey, your slave didn't refer to herself as 'this one', why's that?” He asked Roger.

“Oh, that's just for female lounge employees. I don't really understand why, but they get stripped of all their memories and

individuality, as well as their free will.” Roger explained.

“I see...” The young man said.

“Oh damn! I wanted this load to go on that annoying bitch! Ahhhh...” His face contorted as he unloaded into the lounge employee's angelic mouth.

“This one is sorry, master, she will accept any punishment.” The hostess said, cum dripping from her chin.

The young man told her to wipe it clean, and chose not to punish her. Roger wouldn't have been so nice, but only because humiliating beautiful girls like her was a hobby of his.

Roger guided Willow to lick his balls and had Jill choke on his cock. She stared up at him submissively, with moist eyes. He took a moment to remember how fierce the black haired sex toy had been, after hitting his car from behind.

“So, who did you bring for your first time in the lounge.” He asked the young man.

“My boss and seven coworkers, and my boss's teen daughter.”

Roger stared at the young man in shock, Jill salivating on his manhood like a cheap whore.

“Whoa! Nine bitches for the first time! Usually first timers bring two girls, at most.”

He felt his arousal build to a climax, pushed Jill and Willow towards each other so their perky tits met, and sprayed his load all over them.

The two best friends stared up at the man who changed their vacation plans, and their lives, and happily caught his cum between the valley their four lewd boobs created.

Roger settled back onto his chair, his legs still resting on Julia's back, and watched the spicy Jill licking his cum off her tits, and licking it off of Willow right after.

“Where did you get the money?” He asked the young man “I mean, don't get me wrong, but you don't seem like you have the money for nine cunts at one go. Although I suppose everything's possible....”

“Oh, I sold my car and took a second mortgage on my house.” Said the honest young man, but Roger somehow felt he was only sharing part of the truth.

“Okay, okay...” The young man said, after Roger shot him a doubtful stare “I took an extra loan from the bank, as well. I figured my boss and the other girls have enough money and assets to cover for my expenses. They're all single and live alone. You know, except for my boss who lives with her eighteen year old daughter.”

Roger smirked.

“Smart kid.” He said “Most newbies fail to see the financial potential in owning slaves. The first thing I do is have them deplete their accounts to mine. Usually it's enough to cover for my next visit here. Actually, that reminds me, you bitches need to transfer ownership of all your money and assets to me.”

He told his three slaves. Jill and Willow stared deep into each other's eyes, pressing their tits together and moving their shoulders from side to side, with Julia looking at them with jealous eyes, her master's shoes weighting on her back.

“Anything you say, master.” Julia said, Jill and Willow seemed too preoccupied to actually register his words.

“In fact, let's go do it now. I've already used you, and my flight takes off in an hour, come on bitches. And make yourself presentable for the outside world.”

“Yes, master.” The three said, and immediately stood on their feet, gathering the limited clothing the lounge provided them.

Roger took a moment before he lifted his legs from Julia's back, and the brunette quickly dressed herself back up in the matching tight

shorts and extra revealing blouse. Her own color was gold, which made her appear quite flamboyant.

Roger checked his three new toys, Jill in her black, Willow in her pink, Julia in her gold, and smiled ear to ear, as he feasted his eyes on the three warm bodies standing next to each other, their minds occupied with nothing but his own well being and pleasure.

“Well, I'm sure I'll be seeing you again, buddy.” he said, and got on his feet “My name's Roger Burton. Have fun in here, eh.” He smiled at the young man.

“You too.” The young man said “And I'm Timothy Vinegold, but you can call me Tim.” He added, not forgetting his own courtesy.

Roger spanked each of his dolls in turn, enjoying their cute little bodies jerking in surprise, and prompting them to start walking.

“See you some other time, Tim.” He called out one last time to his new young friend, placed a hand on each of his teen slaves' behinds, gently grabbing their pert butts, and walked towards the exit.

He had Julia walk ahead of him, shaking her ass with each step as if she was a Vegas showgirl.

Chapter Four

Jill and Willow informed their new owner that as much as they would love to give all the money in their bank accounts to him, as a show of their endless, undying devotion, there was no way they could.

Both girls had accounts filled with what their parents managed to save for them in the years of their childhood, and they could not withdraw from those savings without raising red flags for their parents.

Jill could already feel the spanks she deserved hitting her owned behind, and almost offered her master the car she used to get to the

airport, until she realized that was also owned by her parents, and that the car was wrecked, anyway.

She vowed to find another way to make amends.

Julia was a different story. She gave her master a subtle lap dance as they sat at their flight's gate, waiting for the boarding to begin, all the while conversing with her bank on her phone, demanding her bank account drained into Roger's account.

Roger nearly forgot he had to get tickets for his three new toys, and rushed with them to the airline counter when he remembered. By the time the three girls received their first class tickets, it was nearly the last call, but Roger had enough experience to know they won't be leaving without them.

There were always free seats in first class, although Roger was almost worried he won't find three, and considered bribing the crew to let one of his girls get on and sit on his lap, or the floor, or the baggage compartment. It didn't really matter where his property was stored during the flight, after all.

Fortunately, there were just enough seats, and soon enough the four of them got on the plane.

Their seats weren't next to each other, but once they were up in the air Roger had an easy time convincing the nice men on the seats next to him to switch seats with his sex slaves.

Most men in first class were married business men flying alone, and giving them a squeeze and a fondle of fresh high school graduates was enough to convince them to be generous.

One of them actually needed a little more convincing, especially once he saw what Willow was willing to do to please her master.

She spent the first few hours of the flight in his lap. The innocent blonde wasn't used to being treated as a piece of meat, but she did her best and made sure to learn, so she could later please her master in the same capacity.

Her best friend, Jill, just as lewd, petite, and nubile as her, occupied Roger's lap just the same.

"I think it's time you join the mile high club, bitch." He whispered in her ear.

Jill nodded and pushed her tits on him, before standing up and shaking her ass over to the restroom.

By the time Roger opened the door, Jill's pants were already at her ankles, her fingers busy making her pussy as ready as it could be, her cheeks flushed and filled with lust.

Roger didn't need any other invitation – He sprung his dick out of his pants, grabbed her ass with one hand, and guided his cock into her with the other.

Halfway into her tight twat, Jill stopped playing with her clit and gently held his rod, helping guiding it as deep as possible into her. Once he was fully in, he did not hold back. With a low grunt, he wrapped his hands around her and started pumping in and out, fast and furious.

Jill bit her lip and tried to be as quiet as she could, but anyone standing outside did not need to guess what the two were up to. Not that she cared, she would go into the cockpit and inform the entire plane of her true purpose in life – To be her master's little fuck-puppet.

“What was it you said after rear-ending my car? That I don't own the road?” Roger asked the whimpering teen as he fucked her.

She nodded with sorrow in her eyes, her pussy weeping for a whole other reason.

“Maybe I don't own the road, but I do own your hot little ass.” He said, as he gave a fitting “rear-ending” of his own, as payback for her insulting words.

It didn't take him long to cum deep inside of her warm cunt, groaning with a low voice and pinching her pink nipples.

“Thank you, master...” She whispered with a smile, happy to be of use. It was the only thing she felt could ever give her life meaning.

He left her there and returned to his seat. It was certain people found the four of them a strange sight, especially considering the doggy collars adorning the necks of the three lewd young women, the bells attached jingling with every move they made.

Roger didn't mind. He knew no one would ever suspect the truth. At best, they'll assume he is so virile that his slaves chose to play the submissive servants for his benefit. At worst, people likely figured they were doing so for the money, which of course meant they thought he was rich enough to pay for such a magnificent treatment.

Most people likely preferred to ignore it, and probably surmised him and his toys simply shared a fetish. That, of course, made the men noticing their little group quite jealous of his luck, for which red blooded man would not enjoy such a fetish, allowing him to be served hand and foot by three hot young women.

Jill returned after sorting herself out and saw Willow took her place on her master's lap. The jealous look in her eyes was truly priceless.

Roger found a good movie on the plane's entertainment system, and watched it while fondling Willow's perky tits.

He had no idea that he was the first man to have the privilege of touching her like that.

Jill was actually quite proud of her innocent, prudish, best friend, so naturally accepting her master's advances, like a true born sex toy.

A few minutes after the movie ended, one of the men who originally sat next to Roger decided he wants some extra care.

"Hey man," He said "can I borrow that one for a little while?"

He tried to look confident, but Roger could tell it was just a show.

"Borrow? You think she's an object or something?" He said, pretending to be shocked.

The man started stuttering and sweating. Roger decided to calm him down before the beads from his forehead blinded him.

"I'm joking, dude. You were nice enough to move seats, and we're all reasonable business men here, right?" Roger gave him a suggestive look, and the man knew exactly what he meant.

"How much?" He asked with a sigh.

"How about a hundred bucks for the next hour, and two hundred for

every extra hour. But I want her back two hours before we land.”

“How about I tell the stewardesses you took my seat?”

Roger knew how to play hardball, when he needed to.

“Go right ahead, I'm fine with it. She can still sit on my lap, right, honey?” He said and cuddled Willow like a fluffy toy, squeezing her tits.

She nodded, cute and sexy, understanding that she should be quiet while the men talked business, especially considering she was the product being bartered.

The man gave an angry grunt, and looked around, rubbing his hands together anxiously. Roger knew he had him on the ropes.

“Okay,” He finally said “But I can take her to the restroom for some private time.” He suggested.

“No way in hell.” Roger debunked him immediately.

The stranger had no hand to play anymore, and he knew it, so he just agreed and paid Roger a crisp 100\$ in advance.

“Well, now I'm hard.” he said, Willow's petite body already gracing another man's lap with its sexy presence.

“Come on, Julia, time for another mile high club inauguration.”

“Yes, master...” The tall brunette whispered sexily, and followed him to the surprisingly spacious first class restroom.

“Let's start things off with a kiss.” Roger said and shoved her to her knees, taking her top off and unbuckling his pants in a matter of seconds.

“Yes...Mmmmm...Master.” Julia said, kissing his hard-on passionately.

With her big breasts, she was ideal for some nice titfucking, and before long Roger leaned back on the restroom's wall, closing his eyes in ecstasy while Julia rubbed her soft jugs around his hard wood, licking the tip whenever she had the chance.

Roger tapped her forehead and had her look up at him with begging eyes while she moved her entire body to comfort him, but

he needed more.

“Get up here.” He said and pulled her up to him, spinning her around and bending her ever so slightly forward.

“Ah, master!” She yelled as she felt his cock prod between her ass cheeks.

“Shhh, there are other people on this plane, you know.” He whispered in her ear.

“Sorry, master, but...” She said quietly “That hole...I never...”

“First time for everything, slut.” He said casually and pushed into her ass, inch by inch.

Julia could barely stifle her moans of pain and pleasure, even while biting on her own fist. She wasn't going to deny her master pleasure, however, there was no way she would allow herself to commit such a sin.

Roger looked at her in the mirror, grabbing a handful of her big boobs as he started slowly pumping into her.

“I never asked you, where were you originally headed, bitch?” He asked.

“Alaska, master, my company sent me on business there.” She said “I'll of course quit, if it pleases you!” She added, desperate to please.

“What company is that?” he asked, picking up the pace.

“Oil...Oh!...Oil drilling, master.”

“Hah! How ironic!” He plastered his waist to her ass “Speaking of drilling, I think it's time to drill your final hole.”

With a swift motion he stuck his cock in her wet and sloppy cunt. Her lower lips accepted his cock with great ease, compared to the previous hole he fucked, and that meant Julia needed something a

little sturdier than her fist to stifle her horny moans.

Her top, crumpled up into a ball of thin fabric, did the trick brilliantly.

He spanked her hard, an act which was most likely heard throughout the plane.

“No need for you to quit, an insider in an oil firm might be a good investment.”

she nodded at him with the makeshift ball gag in her mouth, and started moving her own hips back and forth, to compliment his own motions, and increase his pleasure.

Julia never thought forgetting her own joy, and focusing on the carnal needs of another could feel so right.

When he was done with her, Roger pulled out of her cunt and placed his manhood on her bubbly butt cheek, shooting his load all over her lower back and ass. He left without even saying a word, just sighing contently, zipping up, and moving along.

The enthralled business woman dressed up, not even bothering to wipe the cum off of her back. She returned to her seat with cum running down her shapely long legs, eliciting dirty looks from one overly judgmental flight attendant.

The man who rented Willow's hot ass gave her back once his first hour was done, apparently not wanting to actually pay the extra money for any additional hour. Roger wondered if he could have squeezed more money out of the poor dope, had he set a different pricing system.

Either way, the blonde teen was back in his lap, working her nubile, soft body for his benefit.

“I think he creamed his pants after the first ten minutes, master.” She giggled in his ear.

“Well, that's quite understandable.” Roger said, running his hand between her pristine legs.

“I would've as well, if I hadn't fucked those two sluts.”

He looked over to Julia and Jill, exhausted but still staring at him with adoring eyes, hoping to be given the honor of replacing Willow on his lap.

“Julia has cum running all the way to her feet.” Willow said with another dumb giggle, using her sweet innocence to arouse her master, making Jill realize Willow was smarter, and possibly not as innocent as she once thought.

“She sure does.” Roger said, flicking her nose with the soft of his forefinger, and kissing her neck passionately.

An exasperated sigh disrupted their harem-like reverie. It came from the same stewardess, who now shook her head in derision.

“Is there a problem?” Julia asked her with fire in her eyes, taking the flight attendant's reaction as an affront to her master.

It was clear that an angry rant about feminine dignity was stuck in the young woman's throat, just aching to be set free.

“No, miss. Can I bring you anything?” She said, with the most obviously forced smile Roger has ever seen. He enjoyed the spectacle as he fondled Willow from top to bottom, more than willing to allow his slavegirls do his fighting for him.

“Because if you have something to say.” Jill joined in, after glancing at her master and seeing the approval on his face.

“Then by all means, say it.” She gave her a scorning look.

Julia adjusted herself in her seat.

“It sounded to me like you disapprove of our servile attitude towards our master.” She spat angrily, as if the stewardess broke the ten commandments.

“Master?” She repeated with a disbelieving frown “How much could he possibly be paying you floozies, to degrade yourselves like that?” She couldn't hold back her criticism any longer.

Both Jill and Julia gasped, and even Roger couldn't tell if they faked their outrage for his benefit, or not.

“Money? How dare you?!” Julia said, getting in the shocked stewardess' face, as if she's in one of those theatrical professional wrestling matches.

“I'll have you know that everything I own is his, by right! I will never be so disrespectful as to even ask a penny from my beloved master!”

“How dare you imply such an atrocious thing!” Jill stood up as well, standing next to Julia “I bet you're jealous of us!”

The flight attendant stood there, shocked out of her wits, staring at the two women ganging up on her.

“Wh...What...?”

Roger smiled so broadly, that his cheeks started to hurt.

“Jealous? Why would I be jealous?! Are you two insane?”

“Oh, now we're insane, are we?” Julia shrieked “Just because we realize our purpose is to grovel at our master's feet?”

“I think you're the crazy one here! You ought to drop to your knees and kiss his feet, just like any proper bitch should!” Jill added, and Julia decided actions spoke louder than words.

The brunette business woman dropped to her knees, and lowered her head towards his feet, giving his shoes short, sharp pecks, making hilariously exaggerated kissing sounds.

Somehow that managed to make Roger horny, as well as making him laugh out loud. Willow, the blonde little doe on his lap, felt his erection and moved her young body to accommodate it.

It took Jill a second to mimic her older counterpart and drop down to kiss his other shoe, her cute ass up in the air, wiggling fervently.

“Does this make us crazy?! Huh?!” Jill shouted between kisses. No one in first class could stay indifferent to the display anymore, although most of them tried their best to ignore it.

The poor flight attendant stood there, helpless, not knowing how she came to be in this fix, let alone how to get herself out of it.

An older woman, who Roger assumed was her boss, came to see what the commotion was all about.

“What's going on here?” She asked, raising an eyebrow as she saw the two young women groveling at Roger's feet.

"I...I..." The stewardess mumbled.

"Nothing, miss, everything is perfect." Roger said with a gleeful smile, running his hand up Willow's torso, inches from her perky breasts.

Jill and Julia stopped kissing his feet and looked up at him, happy to see him smiling. They understood the game was over, though, and quietly returned to their seats, pretending to sleep.

"Umm..." The younger stewardess was speechless at the two loud mouths who suddenly sat in their respective seats, closing their eyes.

"I'll just...Go..." She said, clearly in need of a long break.

The older woman looked at Roger for a few seconds, and then at the two young women pretending to sleep, narrowing her eyes suspiciously.

"Let's just pretend nothing happened, shall we?" She finally said, and Roger nodded, and laughed as his three young slaves nodded as well, even the supposedly sleeping ones.

Alone in their aisle again, Roger grabbed Willow's tits and decided one last trip to the restroom was warranted, before they touched ground.

"Let's go, Willow, this flight won't be complete before I fuck you into the mile high club, as well."

"I was hoping you'd ask, master." The blonde said with moist eyes, and started shaking her pert behind over to the rest room, often stopping so her master could bump into her with the bulge in his pants.

In the time it took for Roger to turn around and lock the door, Willow was already nude, coiling her lustrous blond hair around her finger, lifting her leg up and inviting her master to fuck her virgin pussy.

"I bet Jill didn't think I'd give out my v-card so early in our trip." She mumbled.

“What did you say?” Roger asked.

“Nothing, master. Where do you want me?”

Roger lowered his pants and took a deep breath, holding his hard-on in his hand.

“I'm a little worn out.” He said “How about I just sit right here, and you do all the work.”

He made it sound like a question, but Willow knew better.

“Your wish is my command, master.” She said, wiggling her hot ass at him.

He sat down, and Willow writhed her slender body over to him, like a flexible kitten.

She had heard the first time usually hurts, but she wasn't about to deprive her master's pleasure by paying attention to a little pain in her cunny.

The servile blonde placed her hands on his shoulders, spread her legs above his cock, and started lowering herself on him.

She missed on her first try, his erect snake patting her butt cheeks instead of entering her cunt, so she gently took it in her hand, and successfully guided his rod into her

It felt pleasant at first, and she smiled at him with wet, needy eyes. It was when she felt her hymen tearing that she let out a cute yelp and bit her lower lip, in pain. That didn't stop her, though.

Roger grabbed her ass from behind, sniffed at her perfect hair, and said “Start riding me, sweetie.”

“Mmf...Yes, master...” She said meekly, resting her chin on his shoulder, wrapping her arms around him, and spearing herself onto him without mercy.

Her body jerked awkwardly with every sharp thrust and every lovely bounce, shivering from the tingly feeling of pain mixed with arousal in her deflowered pussy. Her moans echoing in the room,

and most probably the entire plane, but Roger couldn't care less.
“Ohh, wow, that's so fucking tight!”

“I'm...Mhh...Happy, master...Mm!” She said, her voice trembling, and practically bit his shoulder, a bite that soon turned into a soft kiss.

Roger grabbed her ass and decided to bounce her on his cock, himself - His pace was much faster than her own. He pierced the petite teen on his cock at a blinding speed, feeling her warm breath as she moaned into his shoulder, suckling on it like a pacifier.

He was so deep in his own pleasure, that he didn't notice the puddle of blood trickling down into the toilet bowl, emerging from his nubile teen slave's popped cherry.

His rough fucking helped Willow get over the initial pain, and when he left her to ride him on her own, she finally managed to straighten her back, look her master right in the eyes, and bounce like the little sex doll she knew she had to be, going even faster and deeper than before.

“Turn around.” He suddenly said “I want to see your cute ass bounce.”

“Anything you say, master!” She said, her voice still a little shaky from the ordeal.

It was only then that he noticed the blood on his cock and on the metal bowl below him.

“Holy shit, you were a virgin, that explains a lot...”

“Explains what, master?” She asked innocently, already turned around and guiding his cock back into her, so she could ride him in a reversed cowgirl position.

“Heh. Nothing. Oh fuck, that feels great.” He said, squeezing her tits hard “No use for crying over popped cherries.”

“No, master.” She said, fully content, and happily riding him hard “No

use.”

She smiled, and rode her master's cock until he exploded in her young pussy, filling her up to the womb.

Chapter Five

Willow, being the devoted slave she was, proceeded to lick her master's cock clean, all the while rubbing her cum-filled, blood dripping, sore pussy. She apparently did such a good job, that he adorned her tongue with another small load, providing her with a nice dessert to swallow.

Roger was so exhausted that he spent the rest of the flight sleeping in his chair, with his three toys keeping him warm until they touched the ground.

The good thing about having such obedient women at his disposal, other than the obvious, was that trivial things like waiting for his luggage to arrive and waiting in lines was easily avoidable.

He was so tired that he just sat on the side while his slaves held a spot in the passport line for him, and snoozed off while they searched for his luggage on the conveyer belt. Their own luggage arrived at Vancouver and Ibiza, so there was no need to search for them.

A limo was sent by his company to pick him up, and he enjoyed a sleepy Julia blowjob in the back of it, while Jill and Willow made out for his entertainment.

“I'll be spending most of tomorrow on business meetings. Make sure to wake me up at 7 AM with a nice triple header.”

“Yes, master.” Jill and Willow said before Willow exposed her best friend's tits, sucking on them seductively. Julia would have responded, too, but her mouth was quite busy.

“The flight back leaves at 11:20 AM the next day, so we won't have

much time at the hotel, anyway. Just two nights, really.”

He looked over to Julia's ass, and spanked her.

“We'll make the best out of those nights, though.” He said, and spanked her again.

By the time they finally reached their hotel room, Roger was half asleep, which was good since he had to wake up early, anyway.

He casually fucked Julia from behind while Jill and Willow made his bed. As an extra treat, the two teens lay on the bed, on their front, slightly pushing their asses up. They made themselves into his bedding accessories, just waiting for their cunts to be filled while their master slept on them.

He fell on top of Willow, who lost her virginity to him just a few hours earlier. The whole “cock pillow” idea unraveled quickly when Roger realized he didn't like sleeping on his front, so he moved to lying on his side, taking Willow with him, cuddling her like a teddy bear.

Julia covered them up with a soft, silky blanket, and Jill hugged him from behind, pressing her soft, perky tits on him, her nipples hard and pleasant on his back.

He spent quite a warm night inside of Willow – So warm that he almost didn't want to wake up.

Even their morning shower was just another way to arouse and excite their master, which is why the three young sluts got in the shower together, with him watching of course.

He watched them frolic and splash water at each other , rubbing soap all over their own pristine bodies, and also rubbing each other's wet cunts.

It didn't take him long to join in and shower them with a different sort of thick liquid, after drilling their pussies so hard even Willow's tight cunt became a little looser.

Roger joked that since his is the only cock that ever fucked her, and since he was going to do her so many times, her pussy was going to reshape in the form of his cock.

“I hope you're right, master.” She said, cum dripping from her tight fuck-hole.

After his slaves dried him off, he left for his day of business meetings, taking Willow with him, just in case he needed the services of a woman who couldn't say no.

“Julia, I want you to spank Jill's ass red until I return. I still haven't forgotten how rude she was when we first met.”

“Yes, master!” Julia said and turned to Jill, who hung her head low, in shame, turning around to present her behind for the punishment she deserved.

By the time he came back it was already dark, and Willow had lost another virginity, a much more painful one. Jill's ass was red and almost swollen, but Julia's palm was just as sore and red as the younger slave's behind, and Roger decided to award the two by pinning them to the mattress one by one, making them squeal in delight as he fucked them.

After another bestial romp, the three slaves graced their master's flaccid cock with some triple tongued licking. Jill's father called at about 8:30 PM, thinking he was catching his daughter right before heading for a wild party.

She pretended everything went as planned, and that she was having fun with Willow in Ibiza, He told her that her mother suspected nothing, and she thanked him for being such a great dad. She kissed her master's cock while he spoke about boring things like college and her future. Jill wasn't surprised her dad used the fact she owed him one, to lecture her about stuff, but her life changed so much over the past couple of days, that she didn't even need to get angry at him.

She had gained perspective since they last spoke, and not the sort her father would have liked.

Roger enjoyed himself so much, that he had the formerly innocent Willow ride his cock while calling her mom, just for fun.

“Yeah it's really great here in London.” She said, bouncing on her master while he squeezed her tits.

“I'll make sure to catch that, mom. Tomorrow? Oh, I think we have plans for tomorrow...”

She settled with his dick deep in her and writhed her hips in circles.

“Don't worry, Jill isn't being...Mfff...Bad at all.” she almost lost it as her master started moving his own crotch up and down.

“I promise I'll be good, mas...I mean, mom.” She said, smiling at her master mischievously.

“Bye, mom.” she said, and hung up, just as her master shot his load deep inside of her.

He fell asleep before she could thank him for playing with her, so she just placed his hand on her behind, and lay her head on his chest.

Julia and Jill were busy eating each other up in a sixty-nine position on the floor, but they stopped for a second to cover their master up with a fabric blanket, adding to the flesh and blood blanket Willow already provided.

When morning came, Jill and Julia were so exhausted from a night of constant pussy eating, that they nearly fell asleep during their daily shower orgy.

Their trip seemed to end almost as soon as it began, though it was never meant as anything other than a short business trip.

Before long, the four of them were back on the plane back to the states, and to make things interesting, Roger took them two at time, to reacquaint them with the infamous mile high club.

Roger made sure his car was taken from the airport parking lot to be fixed while he was away, and so they used Julia's car to drive over to his place.

When they got there, he sent Julia over to get on a plane to Vancouver, hoping she could still get back on her previous schedule. He didn't want to tell his company he had an inside cunt in a big oil company, before he was actually sure she will keep her job.

As for Willow and Jill, their trip to Ibiza was supposed to last three weeks, and so he had more than enough time to prepare them for their new lives in his service. After all, they didn't really have time for college, anymore, now that their duties towards Roger demanded every shred of free time they had, not that the word free existed in their lexicon.

They weren't alone, Roger had a bunch of hotties serving him, with bouncy tits and bubbly behinds. As they wiggled their bare asses in a line of half a dozen sex slaves, begging him to fuck them, Jill and Willow realized they were finally truly home.

“Just think, Jill,” Willow whispered “if you weren't such a hot headed, road raging bitch, we may have never even entered the Mesmo Lounge.”

“I know.” Jill said “We are so lucky.”

Willow nodded at her, just as she felt her master's cock drive into her cunt, reshaped to fit him perfectly, just like every other aspect of her life.

###

The Mesmo Lounge 3 - A Lesson Learned

Chapter One

Clyde was a proud geek. Hailing from a long line of wealthy businessmen, he was expected to share his family's savvy adherence to the almighty dollar, and follow in his father's and grandfather's footsteps up the ladder of astronomical economical success.

He was different, though. Unlike his older brother, who learned very quickly how money can replace social skills in the race to high school popularity, Clyde was content with having his small group of like minded friends, debating the latest superhero movie and whether 'paper and pen' Dungeons & Dragons is still superior to D&D video games.

While his brother was still the undisputed king of their high school, he made sure Clyde wasn't bullied too much. Unlike the stereotypical older brother, Clyde enjoyed one who actually tried to protect him, as well as he could.

All of that changed as Clyde went into his sophomore year. With his brotherly protection gone, him and his friends learned what it means to be more into chess than football.

Yes, during the past two years he has suffered enough bullying to last a life time. He has seen it all, from the classic wedgies, to things so original and horrible that he wouldn't wish them on his worst enemies - Who just so happened to be the ones inflicting such methods of torture on him, in the first place.

It was nearly over, though. He was eighteen for a few months now, and him and his flock of newly adult geeks survived the worst and reached graduation day.

But all that didn't matter to Clyde, these days. For months, he had one thing on his mind. Well, one person. He had never skipped a single class, until he saw her.

Ana Greener, head of the cheer squad, queen of their realm, and the epitome of all things unattainable.

He would skip classes just to see her in her little cheerleader uniform, jumping and swaying to the sound of the music, hoping against hope nobody will spot him glaring at her, in her short skirt and tight blouse.

He has been watching her from afar ever since their first class together, and has fantasized about her ever since that very first night.

She, on the other hand, seemed content in dating the captain of the football team, as if that's new.

“Seriously, head cheerleader and the captain of the football team, can they be more cliché?” He asked for the millionth time, as he shot derisive looks at her and her boyfriend, to the exasperated sighs of his friends, telling him to 'fucking drop it already'.

For some reason, the thing that made him finally drop his dream of having Ana, was a rumor he had heard about something that had apparently happened on the night of her eighteenth birthday. They said she had lost her virginity to her douche of a boyfriend, who happened to be one of Clyde's most fervent tormentors and bullies.

He swore a long time ago that he would get by on his own, without using his family's money. That was the first time he actually considered breaking that vow, and maybe buying some friends, and especially girlfriends. He knew there were some sluts in school who would be with him, had he promised the right stuff.

“If they don't me for myself, they can get bent” He always said.

Clyde was content to skip prom, and just have their own little party at his home, with the friends he knew will not make the day into a nightmare for him.

Something, however, changed his plans...

Ron stared at him with pity and shock.

“Please tell me you're not serious, man...” Clyde's friend begged.

“Why? Maybe she had enough with stupid jerks like Will. I think she'll want to try a good, honest, and smart man.”

“You're dreaming, dude...” Ron said, shaking his head.

“Yeah, well, I'm doing it.” Clyde insisted.

“Your funeral,” Ron said “but I won't be here to watch you fall. See ya man.”

He patted Clyde on the back and walked away.

“Yeah, bye, talk to you later.” Clyde was barely listening, anyway, his gaze fixed upon his prize – Ana and her two friends, giggling on the park bench in their school's yard.

When he heard Ana and Will broke up, Clyde's hopes got rejuvenated. He knew he was probably lying to himself, but he also knew that if he never tried he would take that regret to the grave. At least that's what he told himself, as he took one excruciatingly nervous step after the other, hoping to at least reach her before becoming a puddle of sweat.

The girls noticed him, and pointed at him with a smirk. That was his cue to take a deep breath, and double up, before he faints.

“Umm...Uhhh...” He couldn't help but stare at his feet, his lips growing drier and drier.

“I think his parents forgot to teach him how to talk.” Ana's fat friend, Wanda, mocked, and the other two laughed.

“Can. You. Make. Words?” She emphasized every word, as if talking to a monkey.

She didn't know it, but her derision was what gave Clyde a bit of his confidence back. He wasn't going to be mocked by that obscene, stupid bitch - That's for damn sure.

“Ana...” He swallowed, and looked her right in the eyes “Would you like to go to the prom with me.”

His voice's pitch grew higher with each word, but he knew he had to let it all out, before he loses it completely.

He stood there, desperately needing to pee, and stared at his would-be paramour, waiting for any reaction, his cheeks growing more pink and flushed with every passing second.

He held his breath, and Ana suddenly let out a chuckle. She looked kinda cute, and Clyde almost allowed his hopes up, thinking she appreciated his courage. He imagined her, in that

moment, finishing her little smirk with a warm smile and saying "You know what, Why not? Pick me up at eight!"

That didn't happen...

Her sweet little chuckle was only the beginning, and the rest of it certainly didn't make Clyde feel any love, or dignity. She erupted in a fit of laughter that her two friends hurried to join. Clapping her hands and hitting her thighs, Clyde was mad at himself at how arousing that demeaning gesture had been to him, even though it was her way of showing how ridiculous she thought he was.

"You?!" She laughed, resting her head on her fat friend's shoulder. "Go to the prom, with you?! I'd rather go with a spastic chimp!"

Clyde could feel the tears dropping, and turned around. He wouldn't give her the satisfaction of seeing him cry. In hindsight, running straight to the men's room and letting out a wail of agony may have been the wrong way to go about it, but as he bawled in the small stall, cursing to oblivion the hot blonde he wanted so much to be with, he simply didn't care anymore who heard what.

Or so he thought...

By the time he got to the next class, news of his pitiful attempt reached the ears of every breathing being in a five mile radius. Even the janitor knew, somehow.

The 'cool kids' were relentless that day. It was as if they've enacted some secret nerd retaliation plan, set forth to counter any brave geek who might raise his head and attempt to socialize with them.

Clyde would love to act as if he didn't care, but he just didn't have it in him.

Instead, he tried his best to find solitude, and thought he'd actually managed to, at a small and unoccupied classroom.

Only two minutes into his silent sobbing, and the door opened. Lo and behold, into the room entered the one who started it all - The tall, thin, gorgeous head cheerleader, Ana Greener.

He looked at her with eyes that were red from crying.
“What do you want?” He asked, sniffing miserably.

“That's rude, you idiot.”

“Rude?!” He got up with such force that his chair fell to the ground with a loud clank “Do you have any idea how hard it was to muster the nerves to ask you out? And to have you shoot me down like that...”

He glared at her, and his heart nearly leaped when it seemed like he was actually making an impact, fracturing the icy shell around her.

“Hey, look, I'm sorry. You're not such a bad guy.” She said with kind eyes “But you know I can't associate myself with you, right? I have my reputation to think of.”

“What about my reputation?!” Clyde said angrily. Ana just stared at him, blinking.

“Yeah, okay, that was a silly thing to say...” He admitted.

“So, what are you saying? The only reason you won't go out with me is because of what people might think.”

She nodded shyly.

Clyde probably preferred his first reaction to be something along the lines of 'perhaps I shouldn't go out with someone who is so damn shallow'.

Instead, the next thing that came to his mind was a resounding 'I FUCKING KNEW IT!!'

She took two steps towards him, walking very suggestively, her slender hips swaying, her dainty fingers gently patting a table as she passed next to it.

“You know, I think I have an idea.” She said, biting her lip alluringly

“An idea?” He said, swallowing, his manhood already starting to react.

“Yeah, something that will allow us to go to the prom together, and also keep my reputation intact.”

She came even closer to Clyde, and he nearly lost his cool. Or, well, what he considered to be his cool.

“Wh...Wh...What plan?” He asked, his bottom lip shaking.

“Well, it's simple, really.” She said, straightening his neck line with her gentle, seductive touch “If I can tell my friends and everyone else that I had to take you as a part of some, shall we say...” She brushed herself on him, and he whimpered in joy.

“...deal, then people are sure to understand. We just need to figure out what you can give me, in return.”

She batted her eyelids at him.

Clyde took a deep breath.

“What...What can I give?” He asked, his cock stiff as a board.

“You can do my math homework.” She said casually.

“Oh, yeah, sure. I can help you with...”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk.” She put her forefinger on his lips.

“Not help,” She said “Do.”

All Clyde could do at that point was nod, sit down, and embark on his task. He knew there's a good chance she was bluffing, but what's the worst that can happen?

He was going to waste this time on moping, anyway, and the math home assignment was a piece of cake for him.

Clyde tried to tell himself not to get his hopes up, and quickly realized he wouldn't listen to himself no matter how hard he tried.

He finished doing her homework, trying to avoid thinking of his doubts, or the cliché of the geek doing the prom queen's homework, and handed them to her. He even made sure to write it in a different handwriting than his, just to be on the safe side.

“Great job, thanks!” Ana said, and turned to walk away.

Clyde grabbed her hand forcefully.
“Hey, where are you going?” He said. He wasn't going to let her use him, or at least he wasn't about to let her do it so easily.

“What?” She said, trying to yank her hand away.

“Are we going to the prom together, or not?” He asked harshly.

She laughed again.

“What are you stupid? I can't believe you fell for that! You should be happy I was willing to even talk to you!”

His hand tightened around her arm, but he felt like he was about to cry again.

“Oh, learn to take a joke already!” She suddenly said.

He looked up at her.

“What?”

“I'm only joking.” She said with a low, breathy voice, her face nearing in for a kiss.

Clyde closed his eyes and puckered his lips.

He almost couldn't believe it, and a mere second later he wished he had been smart enough to know better.

“ARGH!!” He screamed as instead of feeling her soft, full lips kissing his own, he felt her knee bash his groin.

He fell to the ground clutching between his legs, and curled up in a fetal position.

His only regret was that she didn't hit him hard enough to make him faint. Instead, he was fully conscious, and couldn't help but hear the bitch mock him with her friends, as she told them they had the coveted solution to the math home assignment.

It appears they were all waiting for her, just outside of the so called 'solitary' classroom.

“Fucking whore! Fucking...Beautiful...whore...” He mumbled.

It took him time to waddle to his feet and head on out. The day was already done, and he had half a mind to drown his sorrow in the

latest War Axe expansion pack, once he got home. Nothing better to cool those nerves than to hack and slash at some slimy monsters.

“Clyde! Hey, Clyde!” someone called out to him.

He searched for voice's origin, and saw his grandpa, standing beside one of the many cars in his collection.

“Gramps? What are you doing here?” Clyde asked.

“I'm retired, rich, and have only two grandchildren.” He said with a shrug.

Clyde looked at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Do I really have to spell it out for you? I came to give you a lift home from school, kiddo. Come on, get in.”

Clyde sighed in a depressed sort of way, and climbed to the passenger's seat.

“So, how was school? You only have a week before the very last day, right?” His gramps asked.

“Nothing...” Clyde said, barely listening, staring through the window, and into the distance.

“School was nothing? What does that even mean?” his grandad asked with a chuckle.

“Hey, Clyde!” He bumped his shoulder to get his attention.

“What?” Clyde shook his head “Oh, umm, it was...Okay, I guess.” He lied.

“That sounded very believable, sunny boy, and I would certainly fall for it, if you didn't have that somber look on your face. What happened, son?”

His gramps was always good at getting information out of him, and Clyde didn't even feel like playing the usual game of trying to hide his cards.

He told his grandad everything – About Ana, her douche boyfriend,

and how big of a demon she has shown herself to be, earlier that day.

As he was done pouring his heart out, the old man behind the wheel had a mug on his face that Clyde couldn't decipher. He had never seen his grandpa so mad, he realized. The old man was seething

“Are you telling me some worthless little blondie tuts is bullying you?! Why didn't you tell anyone? Sunny boy, you are fortunate to be the son of one of the wealthiest families in the city. Why do you think we got so rich? To make sure these tarts grovel before us, and not the other way around!”

“Well, I don't want that! I don't to use my money, I want them to like me for me.”

“Ohh, stop that idealistic bullshit. Your older brother, he has it right.”

“Let's stop talking about this...” Clyde said, looking away.

“Done and done, sunny boy. It's time for action, not talk. You said her name was Ana, right? The head cheerleader?”

“Yeah...Wait, what are you talking about?”

“Don't you worry about it, Clyde, I'll take care of it. I never did give you a proper eighteenth birthday present, anyway.”

“Please, don't do anything, grandpa, seriously. I've had enough trouble today, as it is.” Clyde got a little worried. He was never able to tell when his grandpa was being serious.

“Your troubles are soon to be done, sunny boy! Nobody bullies Carl Spencer's grand-kid and gets away with it, especially not some blonde floozy!”

“I never told you she was blonde...” Clyde said with wide eyes.

“Oh, I know your type, kiddo. I'm your grandpa, after all!”

And with that unsettling notion left to sink slowly in Clyde's head, he decided to just pipe down and hope the old man won't do anything that will make his situation worse.

“Maybe he forgot to take some pills or something...” Clyde mumbled to himself “I mean, what could he do, anyway...?”

Chapter Two

Ana looked at herself in the mirror, wearing a pink tube top and matching red jeans, and put the finishing touches on her make up.

“Ana!” Her mom's voice came from the living room “The limo is here.

Ana clapped her hands excitedly, twirled one last time in front of the mirror, gathered her luggage, and off she went.

“Oh, honey, I'll miss you.” Her mom said, giving her a farewell hug and kiss. At their doorstep stood a man with a black cap and a serious look in his eyes.

“Hello, Ms. Greener, I am here to take you to the airport.” Ana couldn't wipe the smile off her face even if she wanted to.

“Woo! I can't believe this is happening!” She squealed.

Her dad still had a concerned look in his eyes.

“You'll make sure she's safe, yes?” He asked the man.

“Not me, personally, sir. However, she'll have supervision throughout the trip, I assure you.”

“Dad, you're embarrassing me!” Ana hissed.

“What? In front of a limo driver? What do you care what he thinks?”

“Your father is right, Ms. Greener,” The limo driver said “and he wasn't embarrassing you, trust me.”

“I guess I'll have to trust you, and any other person you'll hand my little girl off to afterward, huh?” Ana's dad said.

“With all due respect, sir, Spencer industries is the leading name in...”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, I just never heard of a company handing out random vacation prizes.”

“Come, now, Robert,” Ana's mom said “We've checked this thing nine ways to Sunday, it's legit.”

“I promise you that your daughter will get a treatment worthy of a queen, Mr. Greener.” The limo driver said.

Her father reluctantly said his farewells, as well, and before she knew it, Ana was sitting in the back of a limousine, on her way to the best vacation she could ever dream of.

“It's too good to be true!” She exclaimed, the limo driver being her only audience.

“A vacation at a five star beach resort, all expenses paid, not to mention free tickets to a Lady Cleopatra concert! I love her music!” She paused to take a breath.

“I'll get a presidential suite, all the gourmet food and drinks I want, and a chauffeur to take me everywhere I wish! Free massages, too!”

“And best of all, I'll be in line for an internship at the biggest fashion outlet in the world! This is every woman's dream! Are you hearing this?!”

The driver just sighed, and rolled up the black glass dividing them.

“Maybe I went a little too far...” She considered.

“Silly little bitch, soon the boss will teach you some proper manners.”

The driver gritted through his teeth.

“Hehe, if only she'd known.” He added with a smile.

Ana spent the rest of the way watching TV in the back of the limo. She had never seen a car with a TV screen built into it, before. When it was time to go, she almost didn't want to leave, at least until she reminded herself what awaits her beyond the limo.

Instead of going through the proper check-in, the driver whisked past the line, and had her bags given to some airline employee who was waiting for them. She didn't even have to delay a single second.

“How do you like getting VIP treatment?” The driver asked her.

“It's fucking fantastic!” She screamed, making people around her stare.

“I mean....It's okay...” She said quietly. Ana wanted to practice restraint, she didn't want people at the resort to find out how unused she was to receiving such luxurious treatment.

Ana has learned that the best way to get all that she wanted from life, was to act as if she naturally belonged in any place she truly wished to be.

That was her philosophy – If you want to be a part of something, act as if you already are.

She wanted to start her duty-free shopping, but the driver informed her there was a place he had to take her beforehand. A place called The Mesmo Lounge.

“What's that?” She asked.

“A VIP lounge.” The driver said “You've never been to an airport pre-flight passenger lounge?”

“Let's pretend I haven't.” She said with a half smile.

“Well, it's a place you can go to get a full service treatment, for a reasonable price, of course. Many airlines offer their own lounges, for frequent fliers and such.”

“So they give food, drinks, and entertainment, all in the same place?” She asked.

“Pretty much. Some people prefer it over roaming the airport looking for the better quality fast food joints, especially when they get it for free, as a benefit from work, or their airline.”

“How much is it, normally?” Ana wondered.

“Ohh, it really depends. Some lounges fit pretty much every pocket, at least ones that can afford air travel, while others are more, shall we say - Deluxe.”

“And the Mesmo Lounge?” She pried.

“Oh, no lounge is more luxurious and caters to customers of a deeper pocket, Ms. Greener. The Mesmo Lounge makes most five star hotels look like road-side motels.”

“Are there gonna be celebrities there?!” She asked, her voice high pitched and thrilled.

“There might be, if they happen to be flying today.”
That was enough to give her goose bumps.

They reached the coveted lounge, and Ana immediately understood the difference between that place and any regular venue. Although the exterior never screamed its presence, the interior had an undeniable lux to it. It was the sort of place that would make most people shy away – most likely ignored by the masses as the inner sanctum of those who can afford a private jet.

And now Ana Greener was about to go in. She couldn't believe her good fortune.

An old decrepit man sat behind the counter, reading the newspaper.

“Delivery for Mr. Spencer.” The driver said, and the old man jerked

his head up.

“Ohh, I didn't see you there. Mr. Spencer, was it? Yes, he's already inside, waiting for her.”

“Delivery? What am I some...”

“Hush girl, no need to get huffy.” The receptionist stood up and walked around the counter, slowly and surely.

“Come here, let's get you in. I am certain the nice man here told you the kind of treat that awaits you within the lounge.”

There was something strange, almost creepy, about the way he said that, but Ana wasn't about to be woken up from her fairytale by some lecherous old man.

Before she could even rethink and consider the driver's weird choice of words, the old man briskly guided her to one of the three doors in the lobby. A side door, one that didn't seem like the entrance, but Ana figured it's so that the rich and powerful won't be found out so easily by unwelcome intruders.

At least until the old man said “This is where women go.”, unlocked the door, and opened it.

“It's not mixed sexes?” Ana inquired, standing in front of a room that seemed to be completely dark

“No.” The old man said, and swiftly shoved her inside, locking the door behind her in an instant.

Ana fell on her hands and knees, and quickly got back up on her feet.

“Hey! What's going on!” She cried out, engulfed in darkness. Before she could say anything else, a huge screen lit up before her eyes. In the depth of darkness, any reprieve was a blessing, and Ana could not help but embrace the new source of light, looking into it with squinted yet grateful eyes.

Sooner than she expected, the swirling colors before her managed to calm her down. For some reason, she found herself less and less concerned about being in a weirdly dark room, at the mercy of some clearly nefarious individuals.

The more she stared at the screen, the better she felt about, well, pretty much everything. It made the whole dream of reaching the exclusive resort and enjoying a VIP-style vacation abroad seem moot, and almost uninteresting. She felt at piece with the world, and sighed with a zoned-off smile, her eyes weirdly unfocused.

It was when the random colors on the screen turned into an ever spinning spiral, that Ana began feeling uneasy again. Not about where she was, or the severity of her situation. No, she started having doubts about who she was.

Ana started feeling as if everything she had ever wanted in life, was wrong. She felt lost, dazed, and confused, and soon started breathing heavily, desperate to find an anchor to her existence, something that will tell her what she must aspire for, a goal to replace her misguided dreams.

Somehow, she knew the answer to her questions could be found at the center of the spiral. She just had to focus on it, never let her eyes stray away, and eventually, she will see it. Sure enough, her pleas were heard, and the center of the spiral opened to show an image that would seem absurd to her, at any other juncture of her young life.

Now, however, in her desperation, Ana knew she would accept anything the spiral had to offer, even if it was a life of enslavement, and blind servitude.

That is exactly what the answer was. On the screen, Ana saw herself, naked as the day she was born, kneeling before a faceless figure.

It was the most perfect thing she has ever seen, and even that was surpassed, when the submissive Ana on screen began sucking

the rod of the darkened silhouette before her. She knew at that point, that the figure she was born to serve was a man.

She sucked long, and she sucked deep, taking limitless pleasure in indulging the man before her, and before long there was nothing Ana would not give, to be in the same position as the imaginary Ana on the plasma screen before her.

It just seemed so right, that Ana couldn't help but open her own mouth, and fantasize about servicing the powerful man that her life belonged to.

Ideas that would seem far fetched, before she entered the room, appeared natural, and whatever she thought she knew before blew away into a colorful haze.

When the Ana on screen was done pleasuring the man before her, guzzling his sperm like a starved kitten, she looked straight at Ana, as if the image on the screen knew where she was.

"I am a sex toy." She said with a cum stained smile.

Ana nodded. Even the notion of resistance escaped her mind like sand through open fingers, and the words that redefined her very being sunk in like boulders in the ocean, and were absorbed like water in the desert sand

"I am a sex toy." She repeated with servile glee, almost impatient to begin her new life, serving her new purpose.

"I am a sex slave."

"I am a sex slave." She repeated.

"I am owned."

"I am owned." A smile formed on her face.

It was so easy to bravely and remorselessly accept the shackles of slavery, now that even the events of that very morning seemed like scenes from someone else's life.

Someone free, and arrogant. Someone ambitious, and defiant. Someone with a future which does not revolve around the wiles of her master.

Someone sad and misguided. It was not her, and it would never be her, ever again.

It used to be her, indeed, but now that she has seen the light, Ana was content in scattering her past like dust in the wind.

The dust cleared, gone and forgotten, and the young blonde rose from it to embrace her new existence.

And she fell to her knees, and kissed the ground her master so gracefully allowed her to tread. She knew his name, now, and she knew who he was.

More importantly, she knew who she was.

As she declared her devotion to he who possessed her, a door opened behind her, shedding light across the small, dark room.

Ana turned around, and crawled towards the glimmering light, her eyes flooded with tears of joy.

She was ready to meet her master, and start her life anew.

Chapter Three

Ana crawled into a dressing room with many outfits, each more revealing than the next.

She came to a halt before the smooth legs of a bespectacled, naked woman, looking down at her with blank eyes.

“You are Mr. Spencer's new slave.” She said in a drone-like voice, looking up a chart in her hand, as if asking herself for confirmation.

The woman remained silent for a few seconds, while Ana wiggled her behind like an impatient puppy.

“Your master usually prefers new toys to be clad in tight leather, but he decided you are to be different, stating that you must 'learn a lesson about how you should treat his grandson'. Disrobe of all your clothes, your master wants you to crawl towards him naked, and settle on his lap for a proper spanking.”

“I understand.” Ana said simply, and started removing her red jeans,

followed by her red thong and her tube top, all without even standing up.

The naked slave with the chart told Ana to wait until she verified her readiness, and Ana took the time to rub the smooth lips between her legs, moistening her pussy up, in case her master felt like using it.

By the time the bespectacled, enslaved lounge employee allowed Ana to start crawling towards her master, she was dripping juices on the floor, and when she finally lay eyes on her master, she nearly squirted a full blown orgasm on the floor.

Mr. Spencer saw her crawl.

“There's the little bratty bitch. You finished your reconditioning in record time, I'd say.” He said with a wrinkly smile.

“My grandson told me a lot about you. He's a good boy, you know!” He chuckled “You'll regret being so mean to him, you hot piece of tight pussy on legs.”

Ana looked up with a grateful shimmer in her eyes, and gently climbed up to her master's lap, her front on his knees, and her tits grazing his chair. Her ass stuck out like a perfectly smooth, symmetrical mound, ready to be spanked.

“I am yours, master.”

He smirked, and lay his hand on her petite behind.

“That's a good girl.” He said.

<SPANK>

“Ow!...” She yelped, feeling a sharp slap hitting her butt cheek.

“But you're actually not mine, per-se .”

<SPANK>

“Ow?”

“I got you for my nephew, and after I teach you a proper lesson, I'll take you to him. I'm sure he'll find a use for you.”

Another spank adorned her ass, this time on her other cheek.
“I'll be happy to be his sex toy, master.”
<SPANK>

“I'm sure you will. You know him – His name is Clyde.”
<SPANK>

An image of the nerd she so loved to hate and humiliate appeared before her eyes, and her heart filled with sorrow.
“You will be the best present he had ever gotten.”
<SPANK>
“Ah! Yes, master!”

She will have to work so hard to make it up to him. Ana never knew Clyde was her master's grandson. If she had known, she would've started every school day by kissing the soles of his shoes, and told all those morons bullying him to back the hell off.

As her master rained slaps upon her ever reddening behind, Ana knew the spanking will never be enough to absolve her of her sinful behavior towards Clyde.
Becoming his property, and begging his forgiveness while worshiping him for the rest of her life, that was the only way she could ever be redeemed.

A middle aged man walked into the lounge with his pants down and his cock inside of a lounge employee.
He sat on a chair near where Ana received her spanking, and instructed the girl he was fucking to wrap her lips around his cock, and start sucking.

“Ohh, that's good.” The man moaned, and then said something else, but what he said was unintelligible beyond the sound of the spanking on Ana's ass.

He looked over to Mr Spencer.
“Spencer! I haven't seen you in quite a while. How's the family doing?” The man said. He was at least twenty years younger than Mr. Spencer, but still old enough to be twice Ana's age.

“Pretty good, Roger. My grandson had a bit of a problem with this tight twat on my lap, here. I took care of it, though.”

<SPANK>

“And she'll apologize properly, once he owns her cute ass, isn't that right, bitch?”

“Yes, master!”

<SPANK>

“Who do you have here?” Mr. Spencer asked Roger, who was still busy face fucking the pretty lounge employee.

“Three little bitches. Two of them fresh outta high school. They crashed their car into mine in the airport's parking lot.”

“Is that so?” Ana's master said.

“Yeah, literally. Made a huge dent on my trunk, so now I'll be shoving my own trunk into their tight little holes!”

He said and laughed out loud.

Both men sighed contently and proceeded to discuss recent events in the business world, things Ana knew she shouldn't be listening to. What she focused on was the pain on her rear-end, taking her righteous punishment into her very core.

Ana was probably the first to see the two teens crawling over. They were clad in tight and extremely revealing outfits, wiggling their asses sexily as they crawled, their bubble butts shaking and hitting each other, every now and then.

A topless waitress nearly dropped her tray, trying to maneuver around the two crawling twats. They looked to be about Ana's age, and were most likely recent graduates from a different high school.

The crawling girls passed next to Ana just as another spank landed on her behind.

“That'll teach this bitch to bully my grandson! *SPANK*”

“It will also teach your grandson an important lesson.” Roger said

““When a man of wealth and power wants something, he fucking gets it!”

Roger made the young lounge employee gag on his manhood.

“Right you are, sunny boy.” Mr. Spencer agreed, and graced Ana with another sharp slap on the rear.

“Speaking of getting what I want.” Roger said as he saw his two new toys, and tossed the young woman he was face fucking aside.

Ana stopped listening to their conversation at that point, giving her full attention to the punishment her master dished out to her. Her buttocks were warm, almost scalding, and every new slap took the sensations further from the painful realm, and into that of numbness, until it felt almost as if her ass fell asleep. Ana had fun trying to guess the current hue of her well beaten behind, wondering how far it is from the red of the jeans she wore when she arrived.

While she obediently took her spanking, a younger man, in his mid to late twenties, entered the lounge. Him and Roger, the middle aged businessman had a conversation about the lounge, and the best ways to use their slaves.

Ana only heard parts of their conversation, since her master ordered a leather strap, and used it to spank her harder.

“You're going to be such a good little doll for my grandson <SPANK>.”

The leather strap brought fresh pain to her numb behind.

“Yes, master, I will be his good little sex doll, master! Thank you, master!”

While Ana got used to the leather strap painting her behind with lines of dark crimson, Roger left with his three slaves, and the young man, named Timothy, nervously gave a lounge employee directions on how he wanted his slaves to be dressed.

He asked to see something he dubbed 'the process' being done on his new acquisitions, and the young woman informed him that he can watch it on the lounge's TV.

“Do you mind?” He asked Ana's master, Mr. Spencer.

Mr. Spencer let out a bellow of laughter.

“Not at all! Go ahead, son.”

He landed another barrage of slaps on Ana's behind, which she gladly received, with a loud and high pitched moan. Her pussy was literally never wetter

Ana couldn't see the TV from where her head was, and only barely heard the sound of a few women repeating a certain mantra, which sounded oddly familiar.

“I am a sex toy.”

“I am a sex doll.”

The young man's jaw dropped to the ground.

“Beautiful sight, isn't it?” Mr. Spencer said “Which of these are yours?”

“All of them.” The young man replied with pride.

“Impressive.” said Mr. Spencer, and spanked Ana once again.

The young man looked over at Ana's bare and reddened behind.

“Will her ass ever return to its original color, after all this spanking?” He asked Mr. Spencer with a smirk.

“From my experience, yes. And trust me, I've got lots of experience! Haha!”

“I'm sure you do.” Tim said “So, who is she, anyway?” He asked.

Ana knew what was coming. Her master was about to recount her greatest shame, once again.

“Oh, just some little bully bothering my grandson. She's his birthday gift.” He said, and spanked her again “And you will be a very good sex toy for him and his friends, won't you?”

“Yes, master. Thank you for punishing me. I hope to be a good sex toy for your grandson and his friends.”

She said with a slutty smile on her face.

“And I'm sure he'll be making new friends, once the head cheerleader becomes his adoring girlfriend.”

“It seems two of your new toys are ready, sunny boy.” Mr. Spencer suddenly said, looking at the TV.

“What?” Tim asked and turned around to watch the screen.

“Getting on their knees like that means the process is done. It takes longer for some bitches to comply with their education than others.” Ana's master told the much younger man.

“This one” He spanked her again “She went down in like 3 minutes, the worthless little bitch. Record time, I tell you!” Once the young man's new property arrived, he no longer had any attention span to spend on Mr. Spencer, nor on Ana.

As for her, Ana couldn't wait to be with Clyde, her true master. She couldn't wait to display her tight cunt and her heavily spanked ass to him, and beg him to use her like the little bimbo-slave she now was.

She knew she could be a good sex toy for him, and nothing ever seemed more important to her.

Her very life depended on the approval of the man she kneed in the groin a short week earlier, and Ana would not have it any other way.

Chapter Four

Clyde walked up the stairs, fearing what he might see in his room. His grandpa was being strangely mysterious, claiming that a graduation present was waiting for him in his room, and his brother and father smiled at him, egging him to go upstairs.

Something wasn't normal, and Clyde's mind started racing with possibilities.

Nothing could ever prepare him for what he saw when he opened the door to his room.

Ana Greener, the hot blonde head cheerleader, knelt nearly fully naked on his bed, a wide smile plastered on her face.

“Hello, master. I am your devoted sex toy, for as long as you wish me to be.” She said, her eyes looking at him with adoration, where before there was only scorn and disdain.

Her words could barely compute in his brain. He didn't know if he was dreaming or not, but the sight of her perky, perfect breasts, and her neatly shaven cunt between her long, smooth legs – It was the same as seeing a fairy ride a unicorn during an eclipse.

His mouth had gone dry, and he moistened his lips with his tongue, hardly blinking. Whatever the explanation was, he intended to tattoo the image of the naked Ana into his brain, just in case it was a fleeting, momentary glimpse.

His senses slightly returning, Clyde realized she had two gift wrapping ribbons, around her slender waist, and around her neck.

“What's going on...?” He managed to ask with a coarse voice.

Ana adjusted herself to a seductive sitting position, and gently caressed her hips.

“I am your sex toy, master. Your grandfather got me properly trained and re-educated to serve your every whim. “

Clyde couldn't believe what he was hearing. He walked over to the bed slowly, and Ana crawled over to the edge, to meet him.

“Trained? Re-educated? What are you talking about?” He asked, dumbfounded, his cheeks blushing red.

Ana lay flat on her lean belly, and swiftly unbuckled his belt, lowering his pants and underpants and letting his cock spring out. Considering the circumstances, it wasn't surprising that he was rock hard.

“Thank you so much for allowing me to suck on your hard cock, master.” She said, and gave his tip a full, wet french kiss.

“Ohhh...My...” He moaned and closed his eyes, lost for words. Blood was quickly moving from his cheeks to his manhood.

“Wait...Ana...?”

“<SLURP> Yes, master?” She asked, looking up at him with puppy eyes, and licking his shaft gently.

He looked down at her, and took a deep breath.

“Tell me what's going on, Ana...”

The hot blonde took his cock in her mouth, and nodded.

“Yes, master.” She plopped her mouth off of his rod to say, and deep-throated him again.

“Your grandfather took me to The Mesmo Lounge, where my mind was reprogrammed to be your obedient, submissive, and servile sex slave.”

She downed his cock a few times, making him groan.

“<LICK> And now that's what I am.”

Ana knew she had a lot to make up for.

She was in her master's bedroom, which was her new home for as long as he desired her. What better place to make up for her rude behavior.

“Please, master, forgive me for being so mean to you, in the past. This worthless cunt will do anything you wish. <SUCK>”

Clyde still had plenty of questions, but he understood the gist of it.

“I can't believe this is even possible.”

He wanted to be mad at his grandpa. After all, he told the old geezer to not get involved, and that he didn't want to use money to solve his problems.

At that moment, however, there were stronger urges in play.

It was the first time he received a blowjob from anyone, and getting such an enthusiastic and loving head from Ana was more than he could handle for more than two minutes.

He couldn't even tell her he was about to cum and maybe divert his load elsewhere, and so it landed straight in her beautiful mouth, glazing her perfectly pink lips.

“Ohhh...” He moaned.

Feeling jets of thick liquid emerge from her master's hard cock, Ana's head jerked backwards, and so the last creamy spurt adorned her beautiful face.

“Thank you so much, master.” She said, with a mouth full of cum
“What shall I do with your precious load, master.”

“Uhm...Swallow it...?” Clyde said uncertainly.

“Yes, master!” She exclaimed, and gulped loudly, proudly showing Clyde her clean tongue after the act. She even gathered the final spurt which landed on her face onto her hand, and licked it clean as well.

“I can't fucking believe this.” Clyde said, touching her ass, pinching it, to see if she's real. Her bottom was rather pink, he noticed, as if it was repeatedly hit, or something.

“Maybe I should pinch myself.” He considered “Nah, if I felt what she just did to my cock, I would definitely feel pinching pain.

He spoke to himself, almost forgetting she was actually there. Ana didn't mind, she remained where she was until told otherwise. Clyde looked down on her again, and with a wicked smile took his cock and slapped her across the face with it. She took the slap, but then immediately wrapped her lips around it.

“Ohh...Fuck, that's nice.” He said, pulling out and dick-slapping her lips again.

“You can do whatever you want with me, master.” She said with a meek voice which was so unlike her.

Clyde needed some answers, and he didn't think he could get them from the single-minded nude slave on his bed.

“W-Wait here, okay?” He told the sexy blonde on his bed.

“Everything you wish, master.”

He put his pants back on and buckled his belt on his way down the stairs, where his older brother, father, and grandfather still waited.

“Hah! Less than five minutes!” His brother bellowed “I told you, pay up.”

Clyde's father took a crisp hundred dollar bill and handed it to his eldest son with a curl to his lip.

“Shouldn't have taken that bet, Roy.” His grandfather said to his dad.

“Yeah, you should have known little quick-draw here a little better.” Clyde's older brother mocked.

“Now, now, it's his first time, and it's with the girl of his dreams. Don't be so mean.” The eldest in the room told the second youngest.

Clyde couldn't take it anymore.

“Okay, one of you had better tell me what the heck is going on here, and do it now!” He demanded.

“Not you!” He told his older brother, when he opened his mouth to answer.

“Allow me.” Clyde's grandfather said.

“There are certain places where people with money and knowledge can bring unsuspecting young trinkets, like the cute little blonde upstairs, and they use methods whose very existence is a top secret, in order to usurp their free will and subvert it under, let's call it 'new

management'. One of these places is at the airport, called The Mesmo Lounge.”

Clyde stared at them, shocked.

“Translation:” His older brother said “Gramps took that little hottie and had her mind fucked to be your eternally obedient sex slave. By the way, can I have her at some point? You know, once you have your fill with her, that is.”

“What?! No!” Clyde said in a knee-jerk reaction.

“Now, now, Fred, this isn't the time to offer your brother a cunt exchange. Let him settle in, first, you know, get used to it.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. Remember, little bro, I protected you on your first year of high school, right? Just remember that, it's all I'm saying.”

He said, and sighed.

“Well, it's been fun, but I have to go meet friends. See ya, dad, gramps. Have fun, little bro!”

And he whisked out of there.

Clyde still stood there, awestruck.

“I don't know what to say...”

“Look, son, I know you never liked using money to get perks, but you know what? I won't have a son of mine not enjoy the money I toiled to make. I worked hard so you would have these luxuries, comprende?”

Clyde nodded, liking the recent turn of events more and more. He had her, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen was ready to be everything he wished her to be. And under many covers of denial, he really wanted to pay her back for all she had done to him.

“Excuse me, you made the money?” his grandpa protested.

“Ever since you retired, old man.”

“That's better.”

Clyde stood in silence for a few moments, thinking of what he can do with his new toy, and realized he was more than ready for another go at her.

"I...I'm going to my room." He said awkwardly "Umm...Thanks for the...Uh..."

"Don't mention it, son." His father said.

Clyde started walking up the stairs, but then paused.
"Hey, why is her, uh, rear-end so...Umm...Pink?" He asked.

"Ohh, you noticed that, huh?" His grandpa said "Let's say I already gave her my own punishment for being so mean to you. I hope I did not cross any line."

"Oh, no, no, of course not. It's...It's fine." Clyde nodded awkwardly and continued up the stairs, a shiny smile on his face.

"I'm almost jealous." He heard his father say "I can't remember the last time I was ready to go again so soon."

"Haha, it's the power of youth, Roy, my dear son. I don't remember either, but I think silent movies were still debuting." His grandfather said, and the two men laughed.

Clyde got back to his room, and locked his door. This time, he felt much more confident.

He walked over to her with a broad smile, and towered over her. With force, he buried his hand in her blonde mane, and shoved her face on his crotch.

"You'll have to give it a lot of wet kisses to make up for that kick last week!" He said assertively.

"Yes, master! <KISS>"

"I'll give your cock as many kisses as you wish! <KISS>"

He tugged at the ribbon around her neck, and unraveled it. Then, he lay on his back on the bed, and unraveled the ribbon around her

waist. In a flash, he removed all his clothing, and lay naked on his comfortable bed.

He gave her ass one squeeze, and then proceeded to fondle her tits. All Ana did was slowly jerk him off, with that same happy smile on her face, keeping her master's cock warm.

"I want you to ride me." He said.

"Of course, master."

In one swift motion, Ana came to lie atop him, her face inches from his, her hard nipples tickling his chest, and his cock in her hand, slowly guided to the tight snatch between her legs.

She kissed his chest, made certain his cock was in place, and slipped it into her.

"Is my pussy wet enough, master?" She asked, starting to ride him slowly, whimpering cutely.

"Can you make it wetter?"

"Of course, master!" She said, and he suddenly felt her tighten up on his member, and she moaned, kissing his chest one more time.

"Am I tight enough, master?"

"Oh, definitely." He answered, half way into heaven.

He closed his eyes for a second, and then opened them up again.

"Wait, stop for a second." He said, and his obedient slave stopped her movements, staring at him with blind subservience, his hard cock deep inside of her.

He placed his hands on her ass, made himself more comfortable, and looked in her eyes.

"You'll just stay on me like this until I say otherwise?" He asked, already knowing the answer.

“For as long as you wish, master.” She confirmed with a sweet half-smile and a slight nod.

All good things must come to an end, especially if they make way for better things.

“Keep riding me.” He said, his hands squeezing her ass.

Ana continued grinding her hips on top of him, writhing her entire body for his pleasure. He squeezed her tits, softly at first, but as his arousal grew, so did the pressure he applied on her breasts. It was like he wanted to check how much she can take, and she was determined to prove she can take everything he wished to throw at her.

It didn't take long for Clyde to get into it, rise up from his pillow, and use his hands to move her body back and forth at his own chosen pace, all the while sucking her perky tits and nibbling on her hardened nipples.

Ana moaned like a wanton slut, telling him how much she loved being used by him, and begging him to think solely of his own pleasure, because that was the only thing on her own limited mind.

He even spanked her at some point.

“Ohh, master! You spank harder than Mr. Spencer! Thank you so much, master!” She moaned at him.

<SPANK>

“Are you saying my grandpa isn't strong enough?” He said with a sadistic grin.

“Ohh, of course not, master. I'm....Ungh....Sorry, master!”

“Ride me faster, slut!” He commanded and lay back down.

“Yes, master!” She said, dropping down on him for a second, her warm breath like a breeze on his shoulder.

Ana moved her perfect ass up and down so fast that Clyde's eyes nearly popped out of place.

And just like that, he felt himself starting to throb.

“I'm gonna cum!” He said, a little concerned about cumming inside of her, until she spoke.

“Please, master, cum in my tight pussy. Fill me up, master!” She moaned and begged, and her master began shooting into her like a canon, flooding her pussy.

Both Ana and her master breathed heavily, and Ana slowly got off of him, spreading her legs so he could see the cunt he just creamed in.

“Thank you, master.” She said, cum oozing from her young twat
“Thank you so much for fucking me.”

Clyde was actually about to say you're welcome, but then he saw a different color on the sheets, her cunt, and even on his cock – Red.

“What the? Is that....Blood?” He asked, looking at the red stain on his bed.

“I'm sorry, master. It's from my pussy. You just popped my cherry.”

He stared at her with shock, her long legs still spread wide open.
“What do you mean?” He asked “I thought you lost your virginity to Will, after your eighteenth birthday...”

“No, master.” She shook her head “He spread that rumor. It's one of the reasons I finally dumped him.”

Clyde was again amazed with his good luck. He lost his own virginity together with Ana, who rode him with thrilled submission, ignoring her own pain to give him pleasure. It was better than even his wildest and most erotic dreams.

“It's not luck, though.” He mumbled to himself.

“What, master?” She asked.

“Uhm...Go wash up in my shower.” He said, sending her to his private bathroom “And later you can change the sheets here.”

“Of course, master.” She said, and shook her cute ass over to follow his commands.

He lay there, taking it all in. He had her keep the door open, so he saw her wet body as she soaped up and rubbed her cunt, her tits, and her entire body clean.

“It has nothing to do with luck. It has everything to do with fortune.” He decided “My family's fortune. My grandad was right, I shouldn't have shied away from it.”

“One thing is certain – From now on, I'll enjoy the benefits of being wealthy.” He declared as he watched the angel showering in his bathtub.

“Hmm...” he looked down at his cock, and felt the cold sweat covering his body.

“I could use a shower, myself.” He said with a smile, and ran over to join his sexy slavegirl, nearly falling as he hurried across the marble tiles of his private bathroom.

He wondered what his dad would say if he knew his son had it in him for a third consecutive go.

“Give me that tight cunt.” He said, squeezing her tits under the hot water, and bending her over.

This time, he was the one doing the moving. He banged her so hard that her head accidentally hit the wall a few times.

“Wouldn't want my little bitch to have a concussion, now, would I?” He said, pulled her head up to him with her hair, and wrapped his palm around her neck, whispering in her ear.

“You are so fucking tight! Not that I have a reference point, yet! At least until I fuck some other cunts!”

She moaned so loudly at the hard fucking she received that the scalding water falling on her mouth bounced back, and steam came out of her throat with every high pitched squeal.

This time, it took Clyde longer to cum, and he actually got tired of banging her himself, telling her to move her own ass back and forth on his cock.

Seeing her so diligently move her entire body at an upright standing position, back and forth to accommodate to his wishes, was so much fun, that it made Clyde even more power drunk. He felt close to cumming, wrapped both hands around her neck, and started banging her so hard he was worried he might break her.

He didn't break her, and the young whore took it so naturally, that Clyde began to think it was always her true purpose. His third load of the night came with much more control on his part, and he managed to pull out of her and glaze her lower back and ass. His load swiftly washed off by the water. Still, it was quite a steamy hot sight.

In one last act of superiority, he had Ana soap him up and scrub him down. He was completely depleted at that point, but it was still fun to use her as an interactive bath toy.

When he felt the two of them were clean enough, Clyde had her prepare his bed for the night, and slipped under the covers with her at his side.

Then, he had a great idea.

“You know what? You don't deserve to be on my bed.” He said “Go and sleep on the carpet.”

“As you command, master.” Ana said, and silently felt herself a failure.

Clyde enjoyed the notion of having her sleep on his floor, until that very notion made him hard again, for the fourth time that very night.

She jumped back into his bed with glee once he so gracefully and politely invited her, telling her to “Get her hot piece of ass over here”.

He came in her again, and it wasn't even the last time that night. He would occasionally wake up with a hard-on in the middle of the night, sleepily fuck her, fill her up once again, and go back to sleep.

“It's fortunate we're done with school already,” He said after the sixth load, not that he was counting “There's no way I'd be able to get up on time tomorrow...”

He yawned, and fell back asleep, his obedient slave smiling to her pillow. Ana, by the way, did count, and felt more in her place every time the number went up.

She finally felt like she truly belonged, with no need for charades and pretense. This was her place in life, and nothing could ever change that.

Chapter Five - Epilogue

Clyde learned that Ana was supposed to be “on vacation” for two weeks, so her parents wouldn't even look for her. It didn't matter, either way, since she was more than ready to fool them while being his full time sex slave, anyway.

Still, it was nice to have her, naked in his room, through all hours of the day.

In the course of those two weeks, he fucked her in every way a man can fuck a woman. He fucked her face on his own sometimes, and other times had her give him a slow and pleasing blowjob. He fucked her tits, sometimes squishing them around his cock with his own hands, and other times having her do all the work, moving her body up and down for his pleasure.

Needless to day, he fucked her pussy so many times he was afraid he may fill her womb to the brim. He did get her the morning after pill, so pregnancy wasn't a concern.

He even tried anal with her, and found it certainly had its merits. All in all, Ana became his willing canvas, her entire body showered by her master's cum.

Every time he found some original way to degrade her – Cumming in her hair, glazing her pussy lips, spraying his load on the bathroom floor and having her lick it. Life for Ana became almost a

treasure hunt, only the treasure was her master's sperm, and even more importantly, his pleasure.

They always showered together, and Clyde always gave her the roughest fucking while surrounded in steaming hot water.

Their high school always had a late prom, much further into the summer break than most other schools.

When the big day finally arrived, forklifts were needed to haul the countless dropped jaws from the floor. Everyone gawked at the sight of Ana Greener, the majestic swan in her gorgeous dress, walking hand in hand out of a limo next to Clyde, the school's top nerd.

It didn't take long for the rumors to fly, about how Clyde must have paid her money to prostitute herself for him. He didn't mind, at least until he heard that douche-bag, Will, say similar things about his former girlfriend.

“Hey, bitch.” He whispered in the ear of his devoted slave, hanging onto him like a piece of arm candy.

“Yes, master?”

“I want you to do something for me when the music pauses.”

“Anything, master.”

When the music stopped, she left his side, walked to the middle of the dance floor, and caught everyone's attention.

“I just wanted to say one thing to everyone.” She said “I am here with the best man in the room, Clyde Spencer! He fucked my brains out, yesterday!”

Some of the girls gasped, while the guys just stood, mouths wide open in shock.

“And he fucked me again this morning, and again before we got here. And, just so you know, I am asking nothing in return! It's just nice to be with someone who's not a total loser, for a change.”

She stared at Will, so everyone would know who she was talking about.

“bitch...” Will gritted through his teeth.

“Oh, by the way.” She said, holding her glass of strawberry juice up

“Will never fucked me, we barely ever reached second base. The stud who popped my tight cherry is standing right over there!”

She gave Clyde a loving look.

“Cheers!” She said, and downed her juice in one shot.

Ana returned to hang on his arm like the good little servant she was, silent and obedient.

The look on Will's face , at that moment, literally turned their world upside down.

On their prom night, Clyde was the winner, and Will, captain of the football team and the top bully of the county, stood defeated, and then ran out with his tail between his legs.

Clyde found Ana's little speech to be the pinnacle of the night.

Their teacher, Mrs Lerner, didn't like it so much, however, and she approached Clyde and Ana with the school's headmaster.

“Young lady, I don't know where you think you are, or perhaps you think you're allowed to say anything you want, now that you've graduated. However, the prom is an event held under the school's jurisdiction, and I will not have you sully it with your...Debauchery!” She spat at them.

“I request that you both leave this place immediately.

“Really? And are you in agreement with that, principal Sherwood?” Clyde asked his headmaster.

“Certainly, young man.” Mr. Sherwood said with a stern glare.

“Because I believe my father promised this school a substantial donation for bringing yet another of his sons to fruitful graduation. I'd hate to have to tell him things which may cause him to change his mind.”

His smile turning wicked, he shamelessly grabbed Ana's ass.

Mr. Sherwood turned nervous and sweaty.

“Well, uhm, there's no need for that, young m...Mr. Spencer. It's your prom.” He said “Just...have fun.”

Mr. Sherwood's smile was crooked, awkward, and dishonest, but Clyde didn't mind. He wasn't a cruel man, just one who finally knew how to take what he deserved.

Clyde learned the benefits of using his wealth to further his goals, and he found it was quite an easy learning curve.

Mrs Lerner huffed and walked away. She was pretty young for a teacher, Clyde realized.

"Maybe she'll be my next owned cunt." He wondered aloud.

"Well, anyway, this got me hard. Come on, toy, I need you to blow me."

He led Ana to the bathroom for a nice break from the exciting evening. None of them knew how the evening would progress, but Ana knew the choice wasn't hers, anyway. She was there to please her master, as always.

Clyde, on the other hand, knew one thing for certain – His prom night would end with his erection deep inside of Ana's sloppy cunt, just like he always dreamed it would.

###

Angel Face (Working At The Mesmo Lounge)

Her eyes opened sharply as light broke through the thin openings of the locker she was kept in.

She slept soundly and peacefully every night, no worries or thoughts to interrupt or wake her up, before the morning neon lights came on.

It was one of the benefits of having no past, beyond mindless servitude.

She couldn't remember the last time she made a willful decision. She wasn't even sure a time like that had ever existed.

Her memories only went back to her first day at The Mesmo Lounge,

as if she was born at the age of, well, whatever her age was, back then.

“It's your single-mindedness – That's what makes you girls so perfectly loyal, and obedient.” One of the handlers once told her. For all she knew, nothing existed outside of the lounge. She kept hearing patrons discuss locations and events occurring beyond her tiny world, but her mind could never fully register it. The information simply flew past her dumbed down brain like a fleeting image, and disappeared just as soon as it emerged.

The reconditioning process left only one constant in her mind, and that was the lounge. And she had only one emotion, if the need to obey can be called that.

She spent her nights in her locker, next to all the other female employees, sleeping like a mindless log, from lights-off to lights-on.

She waited for her locker to be opened by the handler, her eyes half opened and dazed. It was no different than any other morning, for as long as she could remember.

She heard other lockers being opened. Steady, barefooted footsteps traversed the floor of the locker room, as her fellow work drones began their morning routine.

Those still locked remained in complete silence. They didn't call out, asking to be released from the tight confines of the locker. They didn't even fidget in anticipation.

While in their lockers, they were merely objects that had been put away – Stored possession, in every sense.

It's not that she knew her door would definitely be opened. If it doesn't, it may mean she is not needed that day, or perhaps that she was forgotten. Either way, it was not her choice to make, nothing was.

She heard her door unlock, and stood straight, thrusting her chest out. Her eyes squinted slightly as the full brunt of light entered her locker.

“Out.” The handler said.

“Yes, master.” She replied, and took a step forward with one leg, and

then aligned her other leg, to stand at attention outside of her locker. He checked her from top to bottom, appraising her naked body, cupping a feel of her perky tits, her chest slowly rising up and then winding down, as she breathed in deeply, and then slowly exhaled.

He circled his finger in a counter clockwise fashion before her eyes, telling her to turn left. She obeyed as wordlessly as his command was.

“Go have your morning shower.” He said, gently slapping her behind with a barely audible spank.

“Yes, master.” She said, and began walking towards the showers, stationed at the end of the long hall filled with lockers. The handler, meanwhile, continued to the next locker, bringing another doll-like employee back to life.

Five broad shower-heads adorned the walls at the far end of the locker room. With about two dozen working girls, the naked women had to share, if they wished to clean themselves as effectively, thoroughly, and expediently as possible.

She chose a shower head that only had one other slave under it, and hoped that she could finish before a third one joined in. The other slave did not try to shove her off, or fight her. It was understood by all, that they must work together in order to be ready for work.

The other slave, a redheaded beauty, had already soaped up. So, she gave up her soap and ground her body against the newcomer, doubling the speed of her counterpart's soaping. Not to mention it made for quite a nice view for any handler who may have been watching.

The two slaves rubbed each other in places which were otherwise hard to reach, making sure they were both spotless and shiny for any customer's pleasure.

They did not say a word to one another. They had nothing to say – No interests to share nor any hobbies to discuss.

They had no memories or tales to tell, because they both led the exact same life, and shared the very same history. They woke up in the lounge, on the first day of their existence, with nothing but servitude on their mind.

The redhead finished her cleaning first, and went on to be assigned for the day.

It wasn't long before a raven haired young beauty replaced the redhead. The dark haired one was clearly new, and wasn't used to their usual cleaning routine.

“Turn around so I can use my breasts to soap your backside up.” She told the new one, who silently nodded with gleaming, almost innocent eyes, and swiftly turned around to face away from her.

She showed the new girl how they can scrub each other more effectively, using the least amount of words possible. The handlers did not like hearing the girls talk with one another - For too long, anyway.

“What if there are three or more under the shower-head?” The new girl asked, rubbing soap betwixt her tits.

“When it happens, you will know.” She answered, simply and coldly.

She was about to step out of the shower when the handler who let them out of their lockers walked their way, fully naked, his hard cock swinging from side to side. He fiercely grabbed her from behind when he arrived.

“Time for me to have my own morning shower.” He said, rubbing her pussy lips before guiding his erect member into her.

“Yes, master.” She said, and yelped as he thrust his manhood into her from behind, pumping into her under the stream of hot water.

She was just a pussy to him, and truth be told, she wasn't much more to herself. Obedience was the only thing in her life, and if one of her masters wished to use her, all of her other duties were put on hold.

The dark haired new slave continued washing herself in silence. The handler occasionally spanked her, making her body jerk in surprise, an act usually accompanied by a high pitched, girlish yelp from the nubile, raven-haired hottie.

Two other handlers arrived in the showers and started fucking the women under the other shower-heads.

One had a blonde kneel on the cold, wet floor to blow him, while the other pinned a big breasted slavegirl to the wall, spearing her spread legs while the water gushed atop their heads.

“Hey, you're here early!” The handler who opened their lockers called out to the other two, still ramming into her bent over cunt.

“Who would give up on a chance to have a morning shower like this, dude?”

“I wasn't sure it was allowed.”

“Pretty much everything is allowed here – If you're a man, that is. You're new here, but you'll learn quickly, trust me.” Said the man fucking the blonde's throat.

They usually had about five handlers, ordering the female slave-drones about their daily work. Recently a new handler was hired, and the others spoke about a promotion prospect for one of the older ones.

She didn't know where they could be promoted to, since she had no knowledge of anywhere else even existing, but she had enough brains to realize the handlers lived by different rules than her and the other women.

For starters, Her and the rest of the girls were programmed to obey the handlers, adherence to their word embedded to every girl's very core.

They also received money, she gathered, and at times seemed to exit the lounge – Not that she could comprehend anything existing beyond its confines.

They most likely slept in places more comfortable than lockers, too, she figured. They were superior to her in every manner, after all, which is why all her holes must be made available to them, at any time.

There were very few things she knew for sure, but the fact that the handlers were to be respected, feared, and obeyed, was certainly one of those things. Their strength and influence was never to be ignored, and always to be admired.

At least, that was what every fiber of her being told her.

The handler fucking her moved over to the new slave, and sent her away with a spank, to continue her morning routine.

She heard him groan as he came inside the black haired newcomer, and knew that one would have to stay under the stream to wash away the thick white liquid running from her cunt.

All slave-pussies had to be presentable and unsullied for the patrons, after all.

She stood before the long wall mirror at the other end of the large locker room, her entire body visible on it from head to toes. Several other slaves stood before it, mumbling their daily devotions - Their prayers, some called it.

She looked at her mirror image, and blinked.

On her first day, the only way she could recognize her own reflection was by waving to the mirror, and seeing which of the nubile young women waved back. She had no name, no clothes, and no yesterday, but at least she was pretty looking.

“This one is the property of The Mesmo Lounge.” She mumbled, looking at the young, firm body, which belonged to the lounge.

She had long, smooth, brunette hair, hazel eyes, and a perfectly lewd body.

Her face was something that always made both the clients and handlers pause. They often told her she has an angel's face.

She saw her face in a magazine once, as she cleaned a table in the lounge. It didn't remind her of anything, or awaken some long

forgotten, and erased personality, but it did tell her that her face was indeed something unusual.

It was no wonder so many patrons enjoyed fucking it, so often.

“This one lives to serve. This one loves to serve. This one always obeys.”

The new black haired girl arrived and stood before the mirror. Her pupils widened at her image, and she even let out a tiny gasp, high pitched and cute. Her shock was easy to recognize, seeing herself for the first time since her existence was wiped away, and restarted.

She moved her arms, just to make sure she was looking at the right direction. Then, she began gauging her physical attributes, popping her behind, squeezing her tits together – She was clearly impressed by her own beauty.

Of course, if she wasn't pretty, she wouldn't have been brought to work at the lounge.

“This one is mindless. This one is nothing but a lounge employee.” Angel Face continued her morning devotions.

“Nothing exists beyond the lounge. This one will serve any capacity the patrons and handlers require of her. This one will work hard, until she is relieved from her duty. This one will return to her locker once she is no longer required. There is nothing else.”

By the time she finished, she was dry enough to move on. The new girl was still stuck before the mirror, mesmerized by her own mirror image.

“Stop wasting time.” She told the young new blood, who looked at her with child-like innocence.

“Is that really me?” She asked, amazed “I have no memories of...Well, anything. It feels like everything started inside of that locker, this morning.” Her eyes glinted in the neon light.

“Is that girl in the mirror really me?” She asked again.

The angel faced brunette sighed.

“There is no you, new one. You are an owned object, just like this

one before you, and all the rest of us.” She said, locking eyes with the raven-haired young woman.

The new girl still seemed confused.

“Distant, confusing traces of personality and individuality often linger in new girls, for a few days. Saying your morning devotions can help with that, new one.” Angel Face told the black haired beauty.

The new girl slowly nodded.

“But what if I don't know the devotions by heart?” She asked dumbly.

“You do.” Angel face said “It's one of the few things all female lounge employees know. Simply stand at attention before the mirror, and begin. The words will flow out, you can trust this one's word, for she has been as new as you, in the past.”

The new girl nodded again, and with great uncertainty faced the mirror, and started talking.

“This one is the property of The Mesmo Lounge.” She said, her voice shaky at first, but confident by the time she finished the sentence.

“This one lives to serve.” She continued, her anxiousness and uncertainty drifting away and vanishing.

Angel face continued on, seeing that the new girl was all set, speaking her devotions fluently and naturally. She left the locker room and arrived at the foot of the lounge, setting her bare feet on the rich, wooden floor.

The exit to the slave-drone locker rooms was discrete, almost invisible, and in the end of the narrow hall stood a handler in charge of sending the women to their various duties.

“This one is ready to be assigned.” She stood at attention before the handler, stark naked and awaiting his word.

He checked his chart, and squeezed her ass playfully.

“Let's see, angel, where will we put you today. You know what? You can start off tending the bar.” He told her, and let her go with a spank.

“Yes, master.” She said, and walked past him as he picked his pen and marked a V on his chart, keeping track of positions he filled, and ones yet to be filled.

As usual, she passed next to the kitchen door, glanced inside, and walked past it. She was never assigned to the kitchens, because the handlers preferred having her on hand, ready to please both them, and the patrons.

The most veteran of the slavegirls were usually assigned to the kitchens, working tirelessly on the buffet which always had to be full, fresh, and tasty.

She did not know what happened to girls once the handlers decided they weren't even kitchen worthy anymore, but she knew those girls never returned to their lockers.

Another fact to hint that something existed beyond the lounge, that her feeble mind would simply never accept.

She reached the bar and began tending it, setting up glasses and mixing cocktails, ready for patrons to both order it to their tables, and to serve their needs on the bar.

She remained nude, her breasts swaying as she began wiping the counter in circular motions, using a simple washcloth.

Other women kept emerging from the locker-room, mostly heading to the kitchens, or to function as greeters, standing in a row of perky tits, ready to be taken by arriving patrons, and entertain them until their private orders arrived.

The handlers told some of them to don nipple piercings, and others were told to put studs in their tongues. It was a pretty random procedure, fully bent to the whim of the handlers who happened to be in charge at the time.

All female employees had the appropriate holes drilled in their tongues, nipples, and clits, and were ready to fill them with cold hard metal and jewelry, at a moment's notice.

Angel face did notice those with the biggest boobs were more likely to be given the nipple piercings.

There was already one patron enjoying his order of supple young twins on the upper balcony, and the stream of clients was only just beginning.

Ten minutes later, and four patrons already enjoyed the sum of seven greeters, getting blowjobs, tiffucks, and other, even more penetrative services.

The serving girls came to the bar often to place glasses on trays, and haul them over to the thirsty patrons, receiving tips in the form of hearty spansks of gratitude upon arrival.

The angel faced brunette saw only five greeters remained, and knew she may have to join them, soon.

She started looking around to find a slavegirl who could replace her behind the counter, but her salvation eventually came from the locker room, as the last girls emerged from it.

One of them was the new girl, with the long, black hair, and the handler assigned her to join the bar, and help Angel Face.

“Make sure the glasses are always clean, as well as the counter.” The angel faced brunette said immediately, not even greeting the young blood.

“Watch how this one prepares the cocktails, make sure to ask questions if you don't understand anything.”

The new one nodded, seeming much more certain than she was earlier.

“This one understands.” She said.

“The devotions help, as this one told you it would.” The angel faced brunette said, and this time even added a small smile.

The new girl followed her lead to the letter, and the bar worked like clockwork.

“Make sure to always look on the number of available greeters. If there's less than four, you must join them.”

“What about the bar?” The new one asked.

“Make sure to find a replacement among the other girls. Remember, if the patrons want your service, you must oblige, regardless of what you might be doing. Always be mindful of your surroundings, and be ready to request replacement, and also to replace the others, if needed.”

One of the twins came down the stairs with a giddy smile on her face, and approached the bar.

“My master told me to get him something to drink.” She said.

“Whatever he desires, it is this one's duty to provide” The angel faced brunette said “Was he, perhaps, more specific?”

The blonde had a dumb expression on her face, and she looked up to see her twin sister happily riding their master's cock.

“Umm...I don't know...he said I should know what to give him...” She said in an air-headed sort of way.

It sounded to the pretty bartender like the blonde's new master was setting her up for failure, so he would have an excuse to punish her.

The blonde wasn't like the lounge employees, and anyone with any of the five senses could see that.

The girls that the patrons brought over to be processed retained some of their personality, and all of their memories. They were simply conditioned to be loyal and obedient vessels of their master's will, carrying out his commands, no matter what they may be.

Angel Face often wondered if she should be jealous of them, but that emotion would never surface. It was a foreign notion to her, like so many other things.

She looked at the ditzy blonde, knowing that mere hours ago she was probably an independent woman, somehow related to the man who was enjoying her twin sister.

“Umm, how about a beer?” The blonde finally decided, biting her fingernail, clearly aching to go back up, to please her new master.

“Which brand?” The brunette asked.

“Umm...That one!” She pointed out dumbly to one of the beer taps.

Angel Face allowed the new girl to pour it, standing right next to her, making sure she did so properly.

“There you go.” The dark haired new girl handed it to the blonde with a smile, and Angel Face reminded herself that her co-worker still had some final layers of her own personality to shed.

The blonde ran up, nearly spilling her drink in her rush back to her master.

It didn't really matter. As Angel expected, the man became angry at the blonde and told her to bend over for a spanking.

That is, until he realized his flight was about to take off, and took his newly brainwashed twins out of the lounge, where nothing had existed.

At least, that's what the angel faced brunette kept telling herself.

The first few hours of their work went on without a hitch. The greeters made sure to entertain the patrons until their personal orders were ready, the servers often got fondled or pulled in for a squeeze-fest that sometimes ended with fucking, and the brunette with the angel's face and the new raven-haired girl tended the bar.

It took the new girl a while to get used to the fact that the women brought in by the patrons retained more of themselves than the lounge employees. She actually sneered in derision once as she heard one of them speak of herself as if she was a person.

“That feeling of superiority over them should not exist.” The brunette told her “If it does not go away after a few days of morning devotions, you should speak with the handlers about having you reconditioned.”

“I....this one understand.” the new girl mumbled.

One of the handlers approached the bar with a smile on his face. There were times during the day in which the lounge was less frequented, and at times it was even completely vacant of patrons altogether.

Such periods allowed overly used girls a reprieve to wash themselves in the locker room, before returning to their duties, and allowed the handlers to have some fun of their own.

The handler reached across the counter and pinched her nipple.
“Angel, you seem thirsty.”

“This one is whatever you wish her to be, master.” She responded.

He smirked, clearly enjoying the absolute power he had over her.
“You,” He looked over at the new girl “Get that cunt nice and wet for this beautiful angel to drink.”

“Yes, master.” The dark haired girl said, turned around and popped her ass in his direction, and started frantically fingering herself.

“Mmm! Ahhhhhh...” She moaned, stretching her legs and wiggling her ass from side to side as she drove two fingers in and out of her cunt, and then added a third one.

She stood on the tips of her toes, and smiled at him, clearly trying to please.

SPANK

She used her free hand to smack her ass.

“Oh, I like this one. She’s quite energetic.” The handler said, clearly holding his erection under his side of the counter.

“Okay, you can stop now.” He said.

“Yes, master.” The new girl stopped immediately, wiping the smile off her face, staying motionless on her tiptoes, her pussy wet and her juices flowing.

He turned to the angel faced brunette.

“Here, have your drink, angel.” He said, and pointed to the new girl’s tight, pristine pussy lips.

“This one is grateful, master.” She said, and quickly knelt behind the

new girl, positioning her face between the slightly spread-apart legs of the dark haired young woman.

She gently caressed the new girl's lips with her tongue, softly kissing her lower lips, and eventually nuzzling her face betwixt her butt cheeks, eliciting moist moans of pleasure from the dark-haired beauty.

The new one's arousal built to such heights, from the slightest touch, that she stretched her entire body upwards, almost floating away in her bliss, with only the tip of her toes touching the wooden floor.

Angel face was only beginning, and with a feral purr, she lunged at the younger woman's pussy, lavishing it with kisses and tongue-strokes, nibbling the folds of her young cunt, often sticking her tongue into the tight hole, whole.

The black haired woman let out a high pitched moan and grabbed the wooden shelf before her, grasping it to keep her balance as her entire body shivered from the angel faced brunette's service. She looked back at the handler with a lewd smile and luscious eyes, and spanked her own behind again, gleaming at him.

Angel face felt the new girl's tender hands shove her face deeper into the firm, bouncy mounds and responded with a growl, increasing the movement of her tongue in the newcomer's cunt. Her nose was nuzzled betwixt the new girl's butt-cheeks, making it hard to breathe, but she was beyond such concerns. She did what her master wished her to do, that was all that mattered.

She moved her angel's face up and down, as if guzzling on a pot of honey, and was about to deliver a finishing blow in the form of clutching the younger girl's clit with her teeth, an action she knew would push the young, lust-filled girl over the edge.

Something stopped her, however. A powerful, burly hand pushed her aside so fiercely that she fell to the floor, disoriented. By the time she regained her senses, and caught a swift breath of

air, the handler had his cock aimed at the cunt she had just kissed so passionately, and the new girl's breast in his hand.

He spanked her with his other hand, secured the tip of his manhood in her sloppy fuck-hole, and penetrated her to the hilt. "Good job, angel, you got her nice and wet." He said, as he banged the dark haired girl hard.

"This one is honored by your words." The brunette said to the sound of the new girl's screams of joy, thanking the handler for fucking her worthless cunt.

Angel Face got back to her feet and continued tending the bar, using the same washcloth to wipe the counter down, and shining the glasses left by the patrons who left. She used the washcloth to wipe her face from the new girl's pussy juices. There was no reason for her to go all the way to the showers.

The handler never stopped fucking the other one while Angel Face worked, but she did not pay it any mind. It was not uncommon for the handlers and patrons to just grab one of them and pound away.

"You're a tight one, I think I'll have some fun with you, later." The handler said, spinning around with his toy, to fuck her facing the lounge, rather than the back of the bar.

"This one will be honored, master!" The new one moaned, her tits swinging back and forth next to the hard working brunette, wiping the counter in familiar circular motions, completely oblivious to what's going on two inches to her right.

The handler glued his waist to the new girl's behind a few times, pumping into her, hard and slow. "Ohh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" He said, and quickly pulled out of her with a spank that made her squeal happily.

"On your knees angel, it's feeding time." He told the brunette, and squeezed her ass.

“Yes, master.” She answered immediately, turning towards him and dropping to her knees, not even using any muscles to control her fall. She was so used to the practice, that her knees no longer bruised.

He shoved his cock into her open mouth, and it slid in as if it belonged there. The girl with the angel's face had a lot of experience with having her face fucked.

“Here's your meal, angel!” He said, and unloaded his thick load into her.

She swallowed and gulped his entire load – She was no stranger to the art of cum guzzling.

He pushed her head to his crotch and groaned, arching his head up, and staring at the ceiling.

As quick as he shoved into her mouth, he pulled out, shoving her back with a smile on his face.

Angel face gulped one last time, thick liquid running down her chin – Her saliva mixed with the handler's cum.

She wiped it clean, and thanked him for the meal.

The other handlers used the break in patron arrival to indulge themselves with the serving girls, leaving the greeters alone - They were not allowed to touch them, for they were reserved to any incoming clientele.

The girls who were not fed with sperm were given a piece of bread to keep them going. Angel Face almost never received a solid meal, she was happy with her gooey, creamy, white meals.

Before they knew it, a new wave of patrons began, and some of the female employees were still showering from the rough and messy treatment the handlers gave them. Angel face and the new girl had it pretty easy, in comparison.

With most of the man's load eventually ending up in the brunette's mouth, none of them were in need of a cleaning.

Warm, servile, nude female bodies were starting to grow scarce, however, and all girls present kept glancing at one another, wordlessly assessing where they might be needed next.

Angel Face noticed one of the serving girls got sidetracked by a

patron waiting for his order, and left two tables in need of cleaning, after previous patrons occupied them.

None of the servers and cleaners could spare themselves to perform that duty, and the angel faced brunette knew what had to be done.

“Take a washcloth and go clean those two tables.” She told the new girl.

“The handlers trust us to keep the place clean, and the patrons happy. We must not fail them, no matter what.” She added, seeing the uncertainty in the raven-haired girl's eyes.

Her words seemed to instill a certain resolve in the new one's heart, and she proceeded to do the deed with fire in her eyes. It was a good thing, too, since a group of three patrons arrived just as the new one finished clearing and cleaning the tables.

The dark-haired new girl was about to return to the bar when one of the patrons decided he wanted her, as well as the greeter he took from the line of perky tits at the entrance to the lounge. He sat her down on his cock and had her ride him slowly. He just wanted her to warm him up, after all, as he was waiting for the women he brought to be enslaved.

The new girl looked at the brunette behind the bar with concerned eyes. Angel Face returned a stern glance, trying to tell the younger girl she must focus on the patron, as he used her, and that they'll manage, somehow, even though only three greeters remained, and quite a few girls were in need of a shower.

She caught the eye of another veteran serving girl, laying on her side and being fucked by a patron lying beside her, holding her leg up high and casually pounding into her pussy. Not all patrons brought their own women to brainwash. Some of them just came to pass the time with the female lounge workforce, and probably left with heavier wallets than the ones receiving full service.

Things seemed quite bleak until three servers were released in pretty mint condition. They were all taken by one patron, who had them slowly lick his erect rod together. He released them once his

order arrived, a tall redhead with tiny tits and a bendy body.

The three women were not in need of a shower, and one of them quickly replaced the new girl behind the bar.

The other two went straight to the greeter line, raising their number to five.

The young raven-haired girl was still riding the patron's cock well after his order arrived, and it was clear she would be occupied for a while. The cute smile she wore when she was fucked seemed to dazzle both the patrons and the handlers.

It was rather rare for a patron to focus on a lounge employee, and have his own ordered bitch lick his balls in the meantime.

Before long, the greeter line shrunk once again, and this time there was no denying what Angel Face had to do. It was the busiest time of the day, and no table was free on the lower level of the lounge, though the upper balcony was still pretty quiet.

"I'm going to join the greeters." She told the naked bartender beside her, and that one replied with a nod of agreement, immediately looking around for a girl who could serve as her replacement.

The lounge was filled with wet moans and low grunts of pleasure, the happy faces of the men, and the servile, horny faces of the slavegirls.

Being in the greeter line was probably the easiest job. All she had to do was stand, push her tits out, smile, and be ready to greet the arriving patrons.

Once one of them joined the greeter line, they no longer looked back into the lounge. There was no need to - Even if there was a shortage of serving girls, the greeters would never leave their post, until a patron came to claim them.

It was a position of the highest priority, and no girl could shirk out of it for any other duty.

The next patron to come was clearly a first timer. The girl at the head of the line greeted him, and his eyes shone brightly when she told him he could choose any of the gorgeous women standing in line before him, to entertain him as he awaits his purchase.

“This is fucking unbelievable...” He said, and paused next to angel face, touching her tits as if to make sure she was real.

He clenched her chin between his thumb and his forefinger, and smiled. She smiled back, as warmly as she could.

“Her!” He shouted back to the girl who greeted him, thinking she had to approve.

Angel Face cleared her throat.

“This one is grateful, master. Please, follow me into the lounge.” She told him, and started strutting, shaking her ass sexily for the man who chose her.

“Can I have more than one of you.” He asked.

“Certainly, sir.” She answered “You can have all the girls in the greeter line, if that is your wish.”

She tried to hide her concern. There weren't enough greeters as it is.

He thought for a few seconds, and then grabbed her ass, still seeming quite bewildered at his position

“Nah, you're enough for now. You're just the appetizer, after all.”

“Yes, sir. Please, choose where you would like to lounge, and lead the way. This one is here for your pleasure.”

The man looked around the first floor, gauging the sexual mayhem happening all around.

“Wow, is it always like that?” He asked, moving his gaze between steamy scenes of sexual debauchery.

“You came at a busy time of day, sir. But we can go upstairs. It's quieter.” She suggested.

“Oh...” He said, noticing the stairs to the upper platform for the first time.

“Sure, let's go.” he said, and prodded her with a hearty grab of her naked butt.

He lay down on one of the long chairs, and told her to straddle him.

“Your face is so beautiful...ohhh...What a tight pussy!” He moaned as she guided his cock into her, and sat down.

“Would you like this one to make you cum, sir, or just warm your cock?” She asked.

“What? Oh...” he said, disoriented by the pleasure “Just warm it. I want to save myself for my girlfriend and her annoying sister.”

“Of course, master.” She said, and began sliding herself up and down slowly, looking at him with a smiling, and unmoving face. She could tell he was enjoying staring at her pretty face, while she gently rode him.

He rested his hands on her behind, looking straight into her eyes, and even used one of his hands to gently pat her head briefly. He seemed like a nice man, clearly unused to treating women like sex toys.

Even the nice ones get used to it fast, though – That, she learned a long time ago.

“How did you come to...Uhm...Work in this...mmm...Capacity?” He asked, only pausing to moan happily as she slid her body back on his cock, slowly taking his full length fully into her.

“This one doesn't know, sir. Mesmo Lounge employees do not retain such knowledge after going through the process.

“Heh, of course you don't...” He answered, and closed his eyes, resting his head calmly.

Another serving girl came to their side and stood in silence, not wanting to interrupt his nirvana. Luckily, he opened his eyes once he felt someone was standing next to where he lay.

“Apologies, sir. May this one ask for your preferences with regards to

your orders. They are nearly ready.”

“Preferences?” He repeated, blinking.

“Clothing, form of arrival. Would you like them to walk over to you, or crawl? Or perhaps walk on all fours like prowling tigers. We at the Mesmo Lounge aim to please.”

Angel Face could feel his excitement building in her cunt, and she slowed her movements so he won't accidentally nut inside of her – She was only his warm-up.

He spent some time browsing the outfit options, and chose some slutty attire that carried words representing their submission to him. One outfit came with pants with “Private Property” written on the buttocks, and that was only one, mild example.

She continued riding him until his orders arrived, two young blondes, crawling to him with submissive smiles.

“Fucking unbelievable.” he said for the third time at least, and tossed Angel Face aside.,

“Now what do you have to say, bitch?” He told one of the blondes, clutching her cheeks between his fingers.

“I'm your sex toy, master.” She said, looking at him with smiling, remorseful eyes.

Angel Face knew this was her cue to leave.

He never came in her, and all she did was slowly ride him, never over-exerting either of them.

That was good, for it meant she could keep going without a shower, and seeing the situation downstairs, she knew she was needed.

She spent a while as a serving girl, acting as a waitress, a cleaning slave, and an occasional squeeze for the patrons. It didn't take her long to return to the greeter line, however.

The frantic period ended not too long after that, a fact which made all female employees breathe a sigh of relief.

Many of them went to the showers, while the last of the patrons collected their new belongings and left for their flights.

Angel Face hadn't seen the new girl in a while, and wondered if she got stuck in the showers, or perhaps gotten lost in front of the mirror again.

It amazing how things could change so rapidly in the lounge. Before long, the only patrons left were the young man that Angel Face entertained, still enjoying his two blondes, and an old man spanking a certain nubile blonde senseless.

That was when a middle aged man walked into the lounge. He stopped the greeter in mid sentence, telling her he heard her speech too many times, and grabbed Angel Face, as if out of habit. She figured he must have used her before, not that she could remember every patron who ever used her.

He turned her around, stuck his cock inside of her, and started guiding her like that, over to one of the many empty seats. "Wrap your lips around my cock and start sucking." He told her once he sat down.

"Yes, sir." She fell to her knees, and began her work.

"Ohh, that's good." He moaned as she diligently shined his rod, spearing her face on his cock as if her gag reflex was non-existent, her hands folded behind her back.

"Spencer! I haven't seen you in quite a while. How's the family doing?" He recognized the old man spanking the young blonde. Angel Face kept sucking, not remotely interested in their conversation, knowing it wasn't her place to eavesdrop.

When his naked teen slaves crawled over to him, he threw Angel Face away like the disposable cunt she was. One of his new slavegirls had black hair, and the other was a blonde.

"Now, Jill, is there anything you want to tell me, regarding our little parking lot mishap?" He asked one of them, and shoved his cock into her mouth before she could even answer.

Angel Face returned to the greeting line almost instantly, seeing as she was not needed anywhere else, and a mere five minutes

later, another obvious first timer showed up.

The blonde slave at the top of their line greeted him appropriately, and once his shock dissipated, he chose both her, and the angel faced brunette.

She barely received a reprieve from her previous patron, but she knew it was her duty to obey.

The young man sat across from the middle aged man who just finished using her, not that he even noticed her, anymore.

Being a bit shy, the more experienced man advised him to tell his serving girls to blow him.

“Well, have a sit and have some fun.” He said “Nothing takes the shyness away better than a blowjob from a hot girl. But I'll let you give your slaves your own orders.”

The middle aged man was getting a double header from his two young slavegirls, himself.

The young man seemed to be taking his new position much easier than the previous first timer.

“You.” He told the angel faced brunette “Blow me with that perfect face of yours.”

He said, and she obeyed, giving him the best blowjob he has ever gotten. In fact, she was so good, that he unintentionally unleashed his load into her mouth, while having a pleasant conversation with the older man sitting before him.

“Oh damn! I wanted this load to go on that annoying bitch! Ahhhh...” He moaned as he shot into her accommodating mouth.

She gulped his load, and plopped her lips off of his member.

“This one is sorry, master, she will accept any punishment.” She cried, thinking she had displeased him.

“It's okay. You have some cum on your chin.”

She quickly licked the remains of his load off her face, and walked away when she saw the young man continued his

conversation with the older man sitting across from him. She was lucky he was a first timer. A more confident patron wouldn't have let such a transgression fly with no punishment.

This time she had to go take a shower. Sure, she swallowed most of his cum, but after one handler and three patrons used her, and with the stickiness of her chin, she had to retire for a quick wash.

She was the only one in the showers at the time, and she allowed herself to sigh and relax a bit, cherishing the warm waters raining down upon her.

She heard footsteps heading towards the locker room, and then saw the same new girl that had been with her at the beginning of her day, tending bar with her.

Her entire body was covered in semen, her black hair drenched with sticky white liquid, and she wore a weary but content expression on her face.

She waddled over to the stream of water the brunette was under, even though there were many vacant shower-heads.

The new girl started sleepily rubbing herself on the angel faced brunette, sharing her soap like she was taught that morning, but Angel Face ended up sharing just as much of the cum covering the new one, on her own previously cleaner body.

She forgave the tired newcomer, though, considering how well fucked she seemed to be.

Angel Face quickly lathered the both of them with a new layer of soap, and they washed the cum off together.

“Five handlers took this one and fucked her in a small, side room.” The new girl said quietly.

“This one figured as much.” Angel Face said. She wasn't a stranger to such surprise kidnappings from the bored handlers, in the middle of the day.

Right when the two were clean enough to go back, four handlers showed up, naked and ready to have their own shower.

They quickly had the new girl bent over and Angel Face on her

knees, using both her hands and her mouth to please three cocks at a time.

“I almost feel too fortunate!” One of them said, while pumping into her mouth, streams of hot water hitting the back of her head.

“I mean, we just sort these bitches out in the morning, watch over them, and they do all the rest. These little whores somehow always manage to keep everyone satisfied, even if the lounge is packed to the brim.”

“Not always, man.” The man fucking the new girl from behind said “You're new here, but trust me, sometimes we have to step in and shake these bitches into form, especially if a lot of them are new.”

“I was actually worried with today's rush hour.” He added

By the time they were done with the two slavegirls, they were both drenched in cum, and had to have another long shower, and by the time they returned to the lounge, they were told their shifts were over.

They did not know how many hours they worked that day, or even if it was day, or night, but those details were meaningless. The handlers decided when their day began, and also when it ended.

The two young women walked to their lockers, and smiled at one another before getting in.

“This one was happy to work with you today, new girl.” Angel Face said, showing the respect she now felt towards the raven-haired beauty.

“Thank you for teaching this one about her new life.” The new one answered with a smile, and vanished into her locker.

The angel faced brunette sunk back into her own locker, and waited for the handler to pass through and lock it upon her, shutting away the neon light of the locker room.

When he did, she closed her eyes, and instantly fell asleep, recharging her energy for the next day, in case her locker door would be re-opened.

The handler finished locking all the slaves, and walked out to make his report.

“Locker room 1 is down for a ten hour reprieve.” He told the man standing before him.

“Okay then, I guess I'll open locker room 2, then. How did room 1 do today?”

“Pretty good, but there are a lot of experienced cunts in there. I hope that your shift won't be as heavy as ours was, or the new meat in locker room 2 may need a stern hand on the tiller.”

“Hey, now.” The other man said “They pay us for a reason, right?”

“Heh, sure do. Well, I'm heading home. Have a fun night.”

“Will do!” The fresh handler said, jingled his keys, and walked over to awaken the female employees in the other locker room, whistling to himself jovially.

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