

Under His Control

*A Collection
Of
Erotic Stories*

2



Will B. Gunn

Under His Control - A Collection Of Erotic Stories 2

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The Inventor's Maid

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Lauren dipped her mop in a bucket of soap and water, and started the task of washing the marble floor in earnest. She never liked cleaning all that much, it was something you just had to do, unless you wanted to live in filth, and squalor.

She definitely wasn't one of those obsessive cleaning freaks – The kind that has an orgasm when they see sparkling clean

dishes. Lauren certainly never thought she'd be cleaning anything that belonged to someone else, unless she had to.

Life sometimes gets in the way, and a college student might find herself in need of some extra income, these days. If she hopes to ever pay her student loans, at least.

She could have gotten a scholarship, she's certainly smart enough, and she had the grades. Thing is, the scholarship opportunities in her college are so sparse, her only chance was to appease this awful, lecherous old professor, and he made it clear he wanted a daily blowjob from her, if he were to accept her application. He threw so many tongue and lip related double-entendres her way, Lauren was surprised he still had a job.

She wasn't about to whore herself out for a scholarship that won't even cover half her loans. Seriously – fifteen years ago, a pretty and smart girl like her would've gotten a full scholarship with nothing but a wink and smile. She didn't mind using her natural beauty to get ahead in life, but she drew a very clear limit: No blowjobs, unless the guy was a multi millionaire.

So, what is a poor psychology under-grad student to do? Well, hit the part time job market, and try to find an honest living, with the least amount of sexual harassment. At first, all hits she got were jobs as a 'nude model' or 'special masseuse', and other kinds of jobs that might lead to a career in the porn industry.

After a couple of months, she got so desperate that she considered taking one of those. It was better than creating an account in one of those sugar-daddy websites, like some of her attractive girlfriends. If she was going to let an old man treat her body like his own personal wonderland, she might as well make porn money out of it.

That was when she got an offer that seemed to belong to the sixties – The eighteen-sixties, in fact. There was a job opening for a live-in maid, specifically tailored for students, or so the job description claimed.

Lauren was just happy to learn she won't be expected to perform any sexual favors for her boss. After he explained the job to her, she realized it really was perfect for students, and the fact the boss stated that gender was irrelevant encouraged her, as well.

The job was simple, really. She was to maintain the cleanliness of the house, from doing the dishes, to washing the floors and windows, to dusting. Well, it was more of a mansion, than a house, to be honest.

He apparently inherited it from a rich uncle, or something. She didn't think things like that actually happen in reality. She would live in the guest room, which wasn't too shabby. It was much more spacious and decorated than most of her renting options. In terms of other chores. Such as cooking, taking out the trash, and so on, they would decide on a schedule, and share the work load.

It was actually a really fair offer. She came to see it as renting a nice room, for free. Cleaning the place she actually lived in was more than reasonable. Plus, she was actually paid extra for her cleaning duties.

Sure, she had to spend a couple of hours a day tidying up, and cleaning, but after a few days of living there, she started looking at it as more of a community service work. Sort of like working at a homeless shelter.

Why? Well...

The owner of the house was in his early thirties, and he was the living embodiment of the messy, absent minded scientist. He was a genius, apparently, and he worked for the research and development department for some big tech corporation she never heard about. He worked four days a week, and while at home he was either busy working on his 'other project', or playing video games.

If he didn't hire someone to clean for him, he would be living in a pig sty, and that may be an insult to some of the more hygienic pigs out there. When she got there, the place was riddled

with so much dust, that she was surprised it didn't evolve into an intelligent monster, and started terrorizing the city. It took her two days to get the place properly clean when she first arrived.

It was amazing how someone so intelligent on the one hand, can be so backwards in other things. She even considered bringing it up to one of her professors, and asking if there's anything to learn from it, psychologically.

He wasn't as eccentric as you might think, though. He seemed like a pretty normal guy, if a little bit shut in. He never went out on dates, or out anywhere actually, except for work, and the occasional grocery shopping, sometimes. She was sure he had a bunch of porn in his bedroom computer, but she wasn't going to investigate that.

He didn't ogle her all that much, and there was never any inappropriate touching. In fact, it seemed like he was afraid of getting too close to her, or she might sue him, or something. She liked it that way.

She did catch him staring sometimes. It was pretty cute seeing him look away suddenly, and staring at another spot, trying to pretend he was thinking really hard, and she just happened to be in his line of vision.

Lauren couldn't blame him for staring a little, of course. She was a hot, nubile, and petite twenty year old, with smooth, flaming red hair, and green eyes. She was definitely desirable, and she knew it. Which is why she sort of admired him for his restraint, in front of a hot little number like her, cleaning his house, and often having to bend over to pick stuff up.

She was very self aware at first, checking to see if he was treating himself to too much of her body. But, he mostly stayed in the living room, and never appeared to follow her, just to see her sexy body move and sway as she cleaned.

She started out by wearing very loose, and baggy clothes, but quickly switched to a more comfortable attire for cleaning. It was hard work, after all, and wearing those warm wool clothes really

strained her. As long as he kept the staring to a minimum, she was fine with it.

The one weird thing about him was the basement. Whenever he talked about it she felt a mad scientist vibe oozing off of him. It was practically his only condition. Really, she was allowed to treat his mansion as her own. He allowed her to have friends over, as long as they didn't bother him, which was easy in such a big house. He allowed her to do whatever she wanted with any room, other than his personal bedroom.

He even offered her time on his video game consoles, but she never really liked those things. She must never enter the basement, though, because he is working on a very confidential secret experiment there.

That's what he said, and he made her swear at it. She was afraid he might be working on a robot maid to replace her, which would stop probably the best working arrangement she had ever had.

He was not too bossy to her, either. It didn't take long for her to feel comfortable to even tease him a little, and talk to him like an equal. She totally felt like he was a roommate, rather than her boss. Unless she's fired, she'll be able to pay her loans by the time she's done with her degree. She often couldn't believe her good fortune.

Lauren finished cleaning the floor of the upstairs hall, and went down the stairs to dust the living room. Calvin Jenkins, the owner, sat on the sofa with some formal looking paperwork before him, on the coffee table, and held the phone to his ear with one hand, while rubbing his forehead irritably with the other.

“Look, Ms O’Hara, I'm not some bum who just happened to inherit a mansion. I'm a respected scientist with a six figure a year salary. All I need is a slight extension on the payments, because I have other expenses at the moment.” he said, looking positively furious

“Yes, I am aware of that, but...” He stopped, obviously the woman on the other line cut him in mid-sentence.

“And I assure you, I'll be able to...” Again, she didn't allow him to finish.

“Okay, look.” He said, raising his voice “This place belonged to my uncle, and I intend to keep it. I practically grew up here, at a certain point in my childhood.”

Lauren edged closer to him, pretending to dust some shelves, so she could hear what the woman was saying. It wasn't her business, she knew that, but she had to find out.

“...That is the maximum I can give you, Mr Jenkins. I apologize, but there's nothing else I can do.”

He shook his head at that.

“Well fine. I'll try getting the money ready by then. Bye.” He hung up rudely, and tossed his phone to the other end of the sofa.

“I may not be an expert in dusting, as you bothered to tell me about a million times,” He said, looking at Lauren “but, I think you're pretty much done there.”

Lauren was suddenly embarrassed, realizing he caught her eavesdropping on him.

“Like you said, you're no expert.” She said jokingly. He didn't take the joke too kindly, though, which was unusual for him.

“Yeah, well, maybe I should fire you, and get a real expert, then. I'm getting sick and tired of you lazying about. I'm paying you to do a job.” He said angrily.

She looked at him sharply.

“Hey,” She said “I don't know what happened, but don't take whatever you've got going out on me. Especially not after I just waxed the entire corridor upstairs, which no one ever uses, mind you!”

He stared at her for a few seconds, a little dumbstruck at her harsh reaction.

“You're right...” He finally said, with a sigh “I'm sorry, I just have a lot going on right now.” He said, rubbing his hands on his face, as if he hasn't slept in years.

“Having a six digit salary, a gigantic mansion, and a twenty year old college student as a maid must be tough, huh?”

“Actually, no.” he said, still not willing to take the joke “Keeping up with a second mortgage on this place, dealing with a boss that is always out to get me, and a fucking brat trying to milk me for everything I'm worth. That's the tough part.”

“Whoa whoa” Lauren said. “That's a lot to process. What do you mean second mortgage? I thought your family owned this place for decades.”

“Yeah.” He said “But my uncle wasn't exactly financially responsible. He had to take a second mortgage to keep his failing restaurant in business. Of course, the restaurant is out of business now, and all the money went down the drain with it.

“And you can't make the payments?”

“Normally, I would be able to, barely. But, I have other expenses, you know.” He stared at her meaningfully.

“Oh please, you're trying to tell me my measly 'salary' puts a dent on your financial situation?” She said, getting annoyed.

“No, I guess not.” He said “Sorry, I didn't mean to take it all out on you. But hey, there's no one else here to take it out on, right?”

“Oh, yeah, sure. That's a good excuse...”

“Wow, did you take a sarcasm shot this morning, or something?” He lay down on the sofa a bit, to relax.

“Does that exist?” She asked, half serious.

“Not that I know of.” He stared at her, as if she asked whether the moon was made of cheese.

“Hey, how am I supposed to know? I'm just a poor Psychology student.”

“Yeah, well, you should work on your therapy skills.”

“Oh, just because you're lying on the couch, and we're talking, doesn't make it a therapy. Trust me, if it was, you'd really be broke, by now. Cause I would cost a fortune.”

“It's good to know you've chosen this profession so you could benefit your patients...” He said.

“Now who's on the sarcastic pills?” She retorted.

“Oh, just keep dusting...” He said, smiling a little.

“Hold on,” She said “I'm not done. What do you mean fucking brat trying to milk you for everything your worth?” She asked, remembering his original rant.

“I mean, I gathered your boss hates your guts, and is trying his best to have you fired, or at least make your life miserable, but...”

“She.” He said.

“What?”

“My boss is a woman.”

“Oh really? Well, that explains a lot.” She mumbled that last part.

“What was that?” He said.

“Nothing, so who's the fucking brat?”

He heard what she said, but decided to drop it, for now.

“My new lab assistant. She had a great application, and all, but...” He paused.

“But what?”

“She's saying I sexually harassed her, at work.” He said.

“You? Really?” Lauren was shocked. He wasn't really the type, or maybe she just wasn't his type.

“Yeah...” He said “Well, no. Not really. I didn't do anything. She claims I touched her, or something. But if I did, it was a mistake. Of course, she went to my boss, and my boss claims we have to give her a raise, so she won't go to the police, and guess who will pay for that raise.”

“Rudolf the red nosed reindeer.” Lauren answered.

“Almost. Me.” He said, and Lauren pretended to be shocked, and finally got him to chuckle a bit.

“Hey, if she's getting a raise, maybe I should ask for one too. I'm sure I can make you accidentally touch me.” She smiled devilishly at him.

“Really?” he said, unamused “Because I can barely make the payments to this place as it is. And last time I checked, you live

here too. If I'm forced to sell, you might end up homeless.”

“Hey, I'm kidding.” She said “Seriously, lighten up.” She said, but he wasn't convinced.

“I'm sure you'll manage. You're supposed to be a genius, aren't you?”

“Van Gogh was a genius. He still ended up cutting his own ear off, and killing himself.” He said

“Well, your ears could use a trimming...”

“You're just full of jokes today, aren't you?” He said.

She saw the light and funny approach wasn't working, so she gave him a meaningful look, and said “Look, I'm just trying to make you feel better. I'll shut up now.”

That seemed to have worked.

“Oh crap.” He said “I swear, you can beat a Jewish mother in this guilt thing.”

That made her smile sweetly.

“Well, then my job here is done. I'll go wash the dishes, that I'm sure you didn't even touch.”

“Isn't that what I pay you for?” He said.

“Well I guess you'll just have to pay extra, to have a maid and also be guilt-free.” She smiled again, and started walking.

“Hold on. What did you mean by 'that explains a lot', earlier?” He asked, remembering her remark about his boss being a woman.

“Don't know what you're talking about.” She yelled from the kitchen.

“Whatever.” He said “I'm going to the basement, to work.”

“Have fun, I guess.” She said, rolling her eyes, not really sure if he's having fun in there.

Lauren finished cleaning, brought her home assignment to the living room, and turned the TV on. She liked having something in the background while she was working.

“*Argh!*” She heard him yelling from the basement, which wasn't sound proof at all, which at least meant he didn't have a

sex dungeon there, or something.

“This won't work! There's no way this will work!” He moaned.

“Damn it, the signal has to be stronger, but at the same time subtle enough to. *GOD DAMNIT!*”

“Hey!” She yelled “I'm trying to do some work here, too, you know! I've got an assignment to hand in tomorrow!” That was a lie. She actually had a week to hand it in, but he didn't know that.

“Sorry!” He yelled back “Just a bit *Frustrated!*” He raised his voice, and she heard a bang that had to have been him punching the wall, or some other hard surface. Especially since the next thing she heard was “Ow,ow,ow! Fuck, that hurts!”

She giggled a bit at that, and mumbled “What a silly dope.”

After she finished what she set out to do, Lauren made some popcorn, and sat to watch a romantic comedy she found on TV. It was eleven p.m. when he finally emerged from the basement, looking exhausted, but much happier than before.

“You seem better. Did you have fun?” She asked.

“Oh, I don't know if fun is the right word. But, I definitely had a breakthrough. I just need to iron out some details, and make sure my calculations are correct. Then, I can start testing it.”

“What if I asked 'testing what?'” She said.

“What are you watching?” He said, changing the subject, as if he didn't even hear her.

“It's called a movie.” She said, taking a hand full of popcorn.

“Really? You young people and your weird techno gizmos.” He said.

“See? That's how I like you.” She smiled at him.

“Good to know.” He smiled back “Anyway, I'm going to sleep, so keep the TV down.”

“Aye aye, boss.” She said, giving him a mock salute.

Lauren was really tired, and didn't make it to the end of the movie. She went to her room on the first floor, and fell asleep almost immediately.

* * * *

Lauren was woken up by her alarm clock the next morning, and forced herself to get out of bed. She showered, brushed her teeth, and got dressed for class. That was when she received a message that the first class of the day was canceled, because the professor couldn't make it. She thought about collapsing back into bed, but figured she might as well have her breakfast first, since it was his turn to make it.

He made french toast and salad. A nice wholesome breakfast.

“Do you need a lift to class, today?” He asked.

“Nah, it just got canceled.” She told him.

“Oh.” He said “Well, I'll be going, then. I need to handle some things today, anyway.” He took the last bite from his plate, and left.

Lauren didn't feel like going back to bed, so she figured she'll take the time to clean the first floor corridor. She had another class to get to at one p.m., anyway. As she worked her trusty mop and bucket, she accidentally nudged the basement door a bit, and gasped.

“Holy shit.” She said “It's not locked.”

For a few seconds she had an inner argument on whether she should go in, and check it out.

“He trusts me.” She told herself.

“Actually, he's paying me. And for all I know, the place is in need of a thorough cleaning.”

“Yeah, but he might fire me, if he ever found out.”

“He will never find out, though. He won't be back from work for hours.”

“Well, I guess a peek won't hurt...” she decided.

She went in, and struggled a bit to find the lights. When she did, the sight before her was kinda, well, disappointing. There was just one metal table in the middle of the room. One black board with all sorts of formulas that looked like a combination of Chinese, and outer space alien, mixed together, and a few working tools on the table.

“With the amount of secrecy, I expected a weapon, or at least some neat looking robot.” She said. It wasn't hard to understand what he was actually working on. Beside the obvious working tools, on a specially made pedestal, was a colorful looking flashlight. Or at least it looked like a flash light.

In fact, it looked like one of those fancy toys that emit fun images on walls. She had one when she was young, that showed stars in many colors.

“That's the big secret?!” She picked it up “ A toy?”

She turned it on, and wasn't surprised when colorful light emitted from it. She figured she must need to point it at the wall, so she did. She was right, it really was just a nice colorful image. In fact, it was a nice colorful spiral, that spun in circles around its center, in a mesmerizing, slow pace.

“I can't believe this is...all...he...was...” She stopped talking, unable to look away, the spiral taking full control of her attention.

“What's...going...on...”

A second later, the device began emitting noise. It was barely audible, but it was there. It was extremely high pitched, but instead of annoying her, it served to relax her even more. Then, she heard a distant voice telling her to “Focus on the spiral. Never take your eyes off of it.”

She found it weird, until the same words appeared on the spiral itself. For some reason, Lauren trusted the words written on the spiral., in shiny gold. It felt good to trust those words, and obey them. She never felt so relaxed, but the voice demanded more.

“Relax.” The voice said “Let all your worries slip away, and sink into a deep hypnotic trance.”

A second later, just as she was about to consider if she actually wants to be in a deep hypnotic trance, the word “RELAX” appeared in gold on the spiral. She had to relax, because the beautiful spiral told her to.

“Relax...” She echoed, in a quiet voice, her eyes becoming more and more glazed.

“Enter a deep hypnotic trance.” Was now written on the spiral.
“A deep...hypnotic...trance...”

The voice spoke again. It was stronger, this time, and she definitely felt it had more authority over her. Plus, it sounded oddly like her boss, Mr. Jenkins.

“Go deeper. Feel your mind floating into nothingness.”

“Nothingness...” She said, as the word was written, in gold, upon the spiral on the wall.

“You are in a deep, hypnotic, obedient trance.” The voice said, as the words “Hypnotized” and “Obedient” appeared on the spiral.

“Deep. Obedient. Trance.” Lauren droned.

It has only been less than a minute, but Lauren was already in no condition to question anything about her situation, and she had no chance of escaping the grasp of this attack on her senses.

“Can you hear me?” The voice asked.

“Yes. I can hear you.” Lauren answered, with her eyes open, staring at the spiral.

“Can you see this.” Was written on the spiral.

“Yes, I can see.” Lauren replied.

“Voice testing completed.” The voice said “Preparing advanced programming module.”

For a couple of minutes, Lauren stood and stared at the spiral, in complete silence. The spiral wasn't very silent, though.

“You are in a compliant, obedient trance.” The spiral displayed, and Lauren soaked it in.

“The voice you heard was the voice of your master. You must obey.”

“Must. Obey. Master.” Lauren's sluggish drone broke the silence.

“Advanced programming ready. Locking onto frequency.” The voice said. What followed was a terrible screech, that would make

her stuff her fingers in her ears, and run out of the room, if she wasn't in such a deep trance.

When it ended, another voice came from the device.

“Calibration to brain wave frequency complete. Continuing the brainwashing process...”

This time, it was a woman's voice. Not just any woman, though. It was her own voice. Lauren heard herself speak through the device, while mindlessly staring at the spiral

“You will be programmed to be your master's obedient slave.”

“Master's slave.” The words registered in her addled mind, but she was too numbed down to respond in any reasonable way. She probably would've wanted to resist, or complain. But, in her present state, she had no choice but to soak it all in.

“You exist to serve, and obey your master.” Her own voice said, and she repeated, while the spiral showed the words “serve” and “obey”.

“Your own life is meaningless. You have no will of your own. You belong entirely to your master.”

“My life has no meaning. I have no will. I belong entirely to my master.”

“You are his property.”

“I am his property.” She repeated, as words such as “owned” and “enslaved” appeared on the spiral.

“Your old life is gone.” The voice said.

“Old life. Gone.” She said, her voice trembling a bit, as something primal within her attempted to struggle, to no avail.

“Your new life belongs to your master.”

“I belong. To my master.” She droned, as the words “Belong to my master” appeared on the spiral.

“You are the same as his furniture, toys, and tools, and will be used as such.” The voice said, as the word “Property” appeared on the spiral.

“I am master's property. To be used as he sees fit.” Lauren said.

“You will be his servant, his foot stool. His to command, and enjoy, in any way he sees fit.” The voice said, and Lauren couldn't disobey. It was her own voice, after all. And, for lack of her own thoughts, the voice filled the vacant space in her mind perfectly.

“You will forever serve your master, and obey his every command.”

“I will forever serve my master, and obey his every command.” She parroted.

“Advanced programming complete. Beginning finishing touches. Subject is female. Loading data.”

After a few seconds, the voice returned.

“You are your master's sex slave.”

“I am my master's sex slave.”

“You are your master's sex toy.”

“I am my master's sex toy.”

“Your mind is gone. You are nothing but a pair of tits, and a wet cunt for him to use.”

“Pair of tits...wet cunt...” She repeated, as the new truths cemented in her controlled mind.

“You love serving your master sexually. Being a part of his harem of sex slaves is what you were always meant to be.”

“I love being my master's slave. I was always meant to be a member of his harem of obedient sex toys.”

“He can use you in any way he desires, whenever he desires, where ever he desires.”

“Any way. Whenever. Where ever.”

“No one living, or dead, is more important than your master.”

“Master is the only important one. No one is more important.”

“You will sacrifice and betray your closest friends, and family, at the whim of your master.”

“I will do anything, at the whim of my master.”

“You love pleasing your master sexually, in any way he desires.

“I love pleasing my master sexually.

“You love sucking his cock.”

“I love sucking his cock.” She said with a smile.

“You love it when he sprays his cum all over you, or ejaculates inside of you.”

“I love it when my master cums using my body.” She said.

“Your master can come whenever he wants, where ever he wants.”

“My master can come whenever he wants, where ever he wants.”

“You may only orgasm on command, and always will, when commanded to.”

“I will orgasm on command, and only on command.

“Your master's name is Calvin Jenkins.” The voice said, as his picture appeared on the spiral.

“My master is Calvin Jenkins.” She said.

“Congratulations.” The voice said “Your brainwashing is complete, and you may begin your new life of servitude.”

The voice died down, and the spiral showed the words “This slave is ready to be commanded.”

Lauren remained in her trance, and spoke those words over and over again.

“This slave is ready to be commanded.”

“This slave is ready to be commanded.”

She no longer remembered, nor cared, about the class she had to attend, and the hours passed by, until her master returned.

* * * *

Calvin returned home after a hard day at work, trying not to think about his predicament with his boss, and his new assistant.

“Lauren?” He shouted, wondering where his maid is. Assuming she was still at the college, studying, Calvin decided to start testing his now finished masterpiece, wondering if it will actually work.

“Shouldn't get my hopes up, I guess...” He mumbled to himself.

He walked over to the basement door, and took his key out of his pants pocket, when he realized the door was not locked.

“Oh crap! I forgot to lock it yesterday...” He realized. He was so happy he completed his device, that he hadn't noticed.

“At least Lauren didn't...” He paused, as he opened the door, and saw what was inside.

“This slave is ready to be commanded.” The entranced young woman stood, and repeated without end. He walked towards her slowly, afraid he would be woken out of this dream, if he made any sudden movements. He took the device from her hand, and turned it off. The spiral vanished, and the device cooled down.

Lauren blinked a few times, and then the light returned to her eyes. She looked at him, and smiled.

“Master, how may I serve you?” She said with a rosy voice, void of any hint of sarcasm or guile.

“S-Say that again?” He said in disbelief. She dropped to her knees, and bowed before him, with her hands stretched before her.

“Master, how may I serve you?” She repeated.

“I don't fucking believe this!” He practically shouted “It worked!”

“I...I wanted to test it some more. To be sure. I had my doubts, but...” He took a deep breath “It fucking worked!”

He looked down on his new slave, and smiled.

“Tell me. What are you?” He asked.

“I'm your obedient slave, master. I exist to fulfill your every whim. I am your servant, in everything you desire. I am your sex toy, if you wish me to be. Nothing in my life is more important than serving you, my master.” She said.

Just hearing the young college coed say that made his cock hard, but he decided he can't take his chances. Just because the programming seemed to have taken full hold, that didn't mean it worked one hundred percent perfect. After all this time developing it, he could afford to spend some more time testing it, before he can start having some real fun with her.

She was still bowing, with her head inches from the floor. He placed his boot on the back of her head, and pushed it down slightly.

“Kiss.” He said, prodding her to kiss the cold damp floor of the basement.

“Yes master.” She said, and obeyed immediately. That alone was hot enough to make him throb in his pants, but he forced himself to have restraint, for now.

“Stand up.” He commanded.

“Yes, master.” She said, and obeyed.

“I want you to go to a store that sells kinky sex stuff, and buy the hottest little maid costume you can find.” He said.

“Right away, master.” She said with a smile, and promptly left to do his bidding.

It was all he could do not to jerk off while waiting for her to return. But, if this worked as well as it seemed, he wasn't going to waste his arousal by jerking off. She returned, and presented the outfit before him.

“Put it on. Right here, in front of me.” He told her.

“Yes, master.” She said.

Without hesitation, not in her words, nor her actions, she took her clothes off. First, her shirt and bra, revealing a set of perky tits that almost made him cream in his pants. Then, she removed her pants and panties, revealing a nicely trimmed pussy, and a perfect ass. All in all, her body was truly magnificent.

And it was all his. She knew that. In fact, she couldn't fathom ever not being his to use, in any way he pleased. He took it all in. The young maid he dreamed of ever since he hired her, just stripped naked at his command, and dressed herself in the sexiest, most revealing outfit, purely for his benefit.

The outfit really wasn't much of a maid uniform, but it was definitely what he requested. It included black stockings, a pair of completely see-through panties, and a black corset that only covered the area above her stomach, and below her chest. So her perfect tits were completely out in the open. Her nipples were hard, and her tits simply ignored gravity all together.

He stared at her. Well, ogled is a better word.

“Shall I continue my work, now ,master?” She asked.¥

“What?” He shook his head “Oh, sure. I'll watch you as you work. Make it sexy for me.”

“Of course, master.” She said playfully.

He always wanted to stare at her more, when she worked, but he knew she might notice and quit. Well, he got an eyeful of her now. More than an eyeful, actually.

Instead of using a rubber broom to mop the floor, she took the mop in her hand, went to her knees, and dipped it slowly in the soap filled bucket. Then, she proceeded to lather the floor with the mop, on her hands and knees. Moving her entire body back and forth, and wiggling her ass from side to side.

He must have stared at her for at least fifteen minutes. Crawling on the floor, only to come to a stop at a yet unwashed spot, and start that amazing show all over again. Moving her

entire body back and forth, rubbing the floor, with her perfect ass up high, while still giving him an ample view of her tits swinging gently, when she faced him.

It wasn't just that her body looked hot. It was the fact she needlessly over exerted herself, just to be more appealing to him visually. It was quite a workout for her, but she showed no intention of ever relenting, or any sign of getting tired.

He decided he had enough. He dropped his own pants and underwear, and stood there at the end of the corridor with his hard cock pointing right at her.

“Get over here.” He said.

“Yes, master.” She obeyed, and did so in the hottest way imaginable. She crawled over to him, on the wet and soapy floor, moving her ass slowly from side to side, and keeping her head up, so he will have a view of her tits, and her beautiful smile filled face.

She finally arrived before him, and knelt with her hands folded behind her back, staring up at him submissively. He put his hand on the back of her head, and said “Kiss” While gently pushing her towards his erection.

“Yes, master.” She said, with her sexiest voice, and planted her lips on the tip of his cock. It was a moment he wanted to savor forever.

“Give me the best head you've ever given, Lauren.” He ordered with glee.

“Gladly, master.” She said, and went to work. She started moving her lips down along the shaft, moving her tongue from side to side, until she reached his balls. She made soft kissing sounds as she kissed his balls passionately, and then took the same trip up along his rod.

Giving his underside another lick, she grabbed his dick, and slapped it across her cheek a few times.

“Oh yeah. Dick-slap yourself with my cock.” He moaned. She did as he said, took out her tongue, and slapped his cock on it.

She could deny him nothing at this point. She only wanted to please her master. In her mind, it was her place to kneel before him, and use her face, mouth, and tongue as nothing but tools for his carnal enjoyment.

After kissing his side gently, she put his cock in her mouth, and started bobbing her head up and down in a steady rhythm. Calvin really wished he could hold out longer, but after waiting for her to return with her new outfit, and watching her perform her duties for a while, he couldn't stop his climax, no matter what.

“Ahhh...” He moaned, and without warning, he started cumming, while she was still busy bobbing her head up and down. She made a slight moan of surprise, but didn't recoil at all. She looked up at him with her perfect green eyes, and took as much of his cum in her mouth she could. Before he was done, she plopped off of his cock, and some of his load fell on her knees.

He realized she was waiting for him to tell her what to do with his load.

“Swallow it.” He said, and she did, with a huge gulp. Then, she continued to lick and suck his now very sensitive cock.

“*Ohh. My. Aahhhh.*” He moaned, having never felt a warm set of lips on his cock, after he had already climaxed. It was pure heaven.

Needing rest, he told her to clean the living room while he watched her from the sofa. She licked her knees clean of his cum, and followed his commands to the letter. It was amazing seeing her dust, half naked as she was. Giving him perfect view, in positions he would never dare to ask of a prostitute.

Feeling another erection, he stood up, and told her to kneel before him.

“I don't think you'll be sleeping in your room, tonight.” He said “Crawl to my bedroom.”

“Yes master.” She said, with a voice as perky as her tits, and crawled before him, to his bedroom.

“Get naked.” He said, and she obeyed, removing what little clothes she wore from her gorgeous body.

“Crawl over to the bed.”

“Yes, masterrrr.” She purred

Without ever standing up, she crawled to the bed, and got on it like a bitch in heat, shaking her ass invitingly, her tight pussy glistening with moist.

He lay next to her, and began fondling her like a sex doll. He sucked on her nipples, while grabbing her ass.

“*Nyaaa!*” She moaned, as she felt his teeth nibbling at her perfect nipples.

“That's right, honey.” He said in a deep voice “You're all mine.” He brought his face inches from her own, and stared deeply into her mesmerized, moist eyes.

“Yes, master. I'm all yours.” he said, staring at him with adoring eyes.

“Come on.” He said, grabbed her, and guided her atop him, before plunging himself into her. She didn't struggle. On the contrary, she immediately started moving her own hips, to add to his pleasure. He soon realized he could just lay there and enjoy himself, because she can do all the work, and is willing to do whatever it takes to please him.

She started riding him slowly, letting him enjoy the depth of her tight pussy. Normally, she would want some sort of foreplay, before riding a guy, but this wasn't 'a guy'. This was her master, and her own pleasure was meaningless, unless he gives it meaning.

“Faster, slave.” He told her.

“Yes, master.” She said, and increased the rhythm of her bouncing, while still taking his cock all the way into her, with each thrust.

He squeezed her tits for a while, and then pinched her nipple hard. He pulled her down from her nipple, and then spanked her ass hard. Then, he pushed her back up, and her dumb obedient

smile still adorned her face. If he needed a final confirmation that his device worked flawlessly, he now had it.

“Turn around. I wanna see your ass.” He told her.

“Of course, master. My ass is yours.” She smiled raunchily. She turned herself around without taking his cock out of her tight twat. It was amazing.

“Shake that ass.” He said, slapping her ass sharply.

“Like this, master?” She asked, and started shaking her hips up and down, bouncing her petite perfect ass on his cock.

“Oh yeah, just like that.”

He put his hands on her hips and dictated the pace, before rising up to grab her tits from behind, and pulling her down to the mattress with him.

In that position, it was easy for him to pump into her, while enjoying her young tits in his hands. He used his other hand to rub her clit.

“You may orgasm.” He said.

“*Ohhh! Ahhh! Nyaaaaaaa!*” She moaned and wiggled over him. He felt her pussy quivering inside, increasing his own pleasure tenfold.

“Thank you, master!” She said gleefully.

“Again.” He said, and she began convulsing in orgasm, once more.

He repeated that one last time, before throwing her off of him, and tossing her to her hands and knees, on the bed. The triple orgasms he forced on her took a lot of her energy, but nothing short of death would ever stop her from wiggling her ass invitingly at her master, before feeling his cock piercing her wet tight pussy, doggy style.

She never liked doggy style, especially since it seemed to make men want to spank her ass, which she always found demeaning. But, as her master fucked her hard from behind, all she could do was squeal in delight.

She was his sex toy, and she didn't feel it was demeaning at all. In fact, she felt she was unworthy to even be allowed on his bed. So, when he spanked her, all she could do was thank him gracefully, and beg for more.

She was putty in his hands, to be fucked and used in any position he desired. Tossed around and bossed around until he had his fill. As he spread her legs over his bed, and speared her tight cunt again, he felt his climax approaching.

“Are you on the pill?” He asked, having always wanted to cum inside of a woman's welcoming pussy.

“Yes, master. But I can stop, if you wish to use my womb to carry your child.”

“No way. *Ahhh!*” He moaned, and shoved his cock as deep into her as he could “At least not yet.”

He started cumming, strong and hard. There was no better feeling than to discharge his load, with no holding back, and knowing he can do so whenever, and where ever he desired.

From this day forward, he won't ever need to wear a condom, ever again. Or notify his partners in bed of his approaching orgasm. He won't have to worry about soiling the sheets, for he could always dump his load inside, or on his sexual partners. Because from now on, they won't be his partners, they would be his sex slaves, and their cunts will be his to play with as he pleases.

He fell asleep on top of his slave Lauren. She didn't mind. In fact, she rejoiced in being his fleshy mattress for the night. His cock was still inside of her, and his head was on her tits, using them like cushions.

She couldn't sleep like that, so she sufficed with patting her master's head gently, giving him the best night's sleep he ever had, while thinking about the wonderful recent changes in her life. She no longer aspired to be a psychologist. She no longer cared about her career, or her studies. She no longer valued freedom. In fact, freedom was the worst word in her vocabulary,

and she hoped she would completely forget it soon enough. She was his, with every fiber of her being.

During the night, her master woke up a few times. Well, not really. He was still half asleep, but his cock woke up. Half dreaming, he started ramming into her, nibbling on her nipples at times. Once he came, he went back to sleep immediately.

Lauren was so proud of herself. That her master got hard so many times in her pussy, even though he was sound sleep. And she was even more proud of herself for giving him pleasure, time and time again, while filling his night with the wet dreams he so deserved.

She thought he might not have a morning wood, because his nightly wood was so active, but she underestimated her wonderful master. As he brushed his teeth in the morning, he gave her mouth a good cleaning as well. Fucking her throat roughly for the first time, though she had a feeling it wasn't the last. Then, he fucked her in the shower, using her like a very erotic rubber ducky, and she couldn't be happier to be able to be his bath time toy as well.

She made him breakfast, as she will from this day forth, every single day. She served him her best meal, before kneeling under the table, to suck on his erect cock.

“Hello Ms. O’Hara, it's Calvin Jenkins.” She heard her master say, while she bobbed her head up and down, below the table.

“Yes, I have the money, but I wanted to thank you for your devoted...ahh...service. I know you did all you could. If you will please attend a little dinner I'm having for myself, and a few co workers, I would be ever so grateful...ahhh.”

Lauren continued bobbing her head up and down, not remotely interested in the conversation he was having. It was her master's business, and so, by definition, something her limited brain would never hope to understand.

“Oh, don't be ridiculous. There is no conflict of interest, I assure you. Mmm...I won't take no for an answer.”

“Oh...I'm drinking tea. I'm...ahhh...blowing on it. It's really hot.” He put his hand on the phone, and looked at the gorgeous redhead between his legs.

“At least someone is doing some blowing.” He said, with a wicked smile. Lauren responded with a cute, albeit cock-filled smile.

“Excellent! Eight o'clock. You won't regret it!” He said, and hung up “at least not after I'm done with you.” He added.

“Now to invite little miss high and mighty, and her annoying little Protégé.” He said, and found his boss, and lab assistant's numbers, on his phone.

“I am going to have a lot of fun today.” He said, patting his sex slave's cheek.

“I'm glad, master.” She plopped off of his cock and said.

Before she could continue sucking, he started shooting his load. It hit her lips, so she puckered them up, and let her master paint her luscious lips with the rest of his load, in hopes he liked what he saw.

The broad smile on his face showed her that he did, and once he was done she began to diligently lick his cum from the floor, slowly and sexily, like any slave girl should.

He watched the erotic display until his call was answered.

“Hello, Mrs Davis? Yes, I wanted to invite you to, well, a sort of a house warming dinner.”

Lauren smiled to herself while licking her master's cum off the floor, as she finally realized what he was up to.

She will have plenty of new slave sisters before the day was done.

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Prince Charming

* * * * *

Once upon a time, there lived an unhappy young woman of eighteen years. Her mother died when she was young, and her father married another woman. A beautiful woman, she was indeed, but her demeanor was as horrible as can be.

Two daughters, that woman had, each more pretty than the next. One had flowing blonde hair, woven from the rays of the sun itself, and the other had hair as smooth as silk, dark as the night. Both inherited their mother's slender and lewd physique, and angel-like faces.

Unfortunately, they also inherited their venomous nature from their mother, not to mention their catty demeanor.

No one other than the unhappy young woman celebrated her eighteenth birthday with her. Her father had long been drafted to the war that occupied all the men of their once peaceful kingdom, defending them from the terrifying enemies they had heard so much about.

She spent the day of her maturity the same way she spent any other day. On her hands and knees, scrubbing and shining the wooden floors of their mansion in her rags that could barely be called clothes.

Her once flowing and flaming red hair was frazzled and dimly hued, and her pristine, nubile, and virgin body abandoned and uncared for. Her beautiful step sisters kept themselves prim and proper, beautifying themselves with the best cosmetic products and lotions money could buy. Their skin was shiny and smooth, their teeth ivory white, hiding behind luscious red lips – They even made sure to trim their pubes, in a form that was bound to make their lower lips appeal to any male suitor.

Her own pubes grew rampant, like an untended garden of red roses, and everyone who watched her work had an unobstructed view of her shame. Unlike her step sisters, who could afford to buy the best clothes women can wear, she wore the rags she used to call clothes, nearly ten years in the past.

They were tattered, and small, and left the assets she acquired as she matured revealed for anyone to see, especially as

she scrubbed the floor on her hands and knees, with her back arched and her hindquarters raised. Her two evil step sisters would always mock her appearance as she did her chores, and had the habit of calling her Cunterella, for her wet and needy cunt was always exposed as she worked.

Cunterella's tight and unused cunt was indeed needy. More often than not, and practically on a daily basis, her older step sisters would have her sate their tight twats with her mouth, and her tongue, threatening to have their mother kick her out if she dares to refuse.

Having so many chores, and having to plunge her face between the smooth legs of her step sisters, munching on their lightly used pussy lips, Cunterella had nearly no time to sate her own carnal needs, and she had only her own hands and fingers to do the work.

She would often try to finger herself while pleasing her step sisters and step mother, only to be told to stop, for it will distract her of the pleasure she must provide their own cunts. Licking their pussies always got her so hot and bothered, but once they squirted all over her face, she could not afford to rest, for she had to return to her usual duties.

In the end, Cunterella was forced to hold her own arousal at bay until the small hours of the night, when she cuddled in her makeshift bed on the floor, and tended to herself until exhaustion sailed her over to the land of dreams. Dreams that were usually filled with fantasies about a knight in shining armor whisking her away from her miserable life, and giving her the proper fucking she so richly deserved.

* * * *

“Come on Patricia! I need to shower before we go, too!” The hot blonde called out to her sister.

“Oh, hold your horses, bitch! We've got plenty of time!” Came the muffled response from the showering young woman. It was the day of yet another ball, held at the palace of the prince Charming, or at least that is how everyone knew him, and like always, Cunterella wasn't invited to join, even though an

invitation was sent out to all women in the kingdom, who were in their bloom.

The blonde marched back and forth in front of a mirror in her tiny panties, made of pure silk, shaking her ass and checking herself out, trying to seduce an invisible prince Charming with her sexy curves and features.

She would, of course, be wearing a ball gown over her sexy lingerie, but like her sister and mother, she sported unrealistic fantasies of the prince choosing her to be his wife, and inviting her to his bedchambers for a night of passionate sex, hoping he would tear her flimsy under garment off with his teeth and bury his face in her luscious breasts.

She gently and narcissistically fondled her ass before the mirror, checking herself out. Spanking herself playfully, she moaned and swooned over to the sofa.

“Cunterella!” She barked at the redhead laboring on shining the floor “Attend to me.”

The hot blonde spread her legs and invited the slave-maid of the house to nibble on her pristine pussy lips.

“Yes, miss Layla.” The redhead said as she started to crawl over to the honey pot the blonde offered her. They were all so excited and distracted by the ball, that this was actually the only 'dinner' Cunterella had the chance of 'eating' that eve.

Not only was the prince known to be the best of men, but he was also the only man left in the kingdom, and the only one women, young and old, could pine for. Perhaps that would change, once the other men return from the war, but for now, he was the only wet dream his female subjects had. And so, the level of excitement was well justified.

Cunterella no longer had any inhibitions about shoving her face in another woman's honeypot. She had done so many times since turning eighteen, and so she plunged almost nonchalantly to do her task.

“*Mhh.*” The blonde moaned and bit her lower lip as her step sister and maid gently wrapped her lips around her clitoris, and

proceeded to rapidly flick her well trained tongue on the horny blonde's lower lips, plunging it inside her pussy to taste her juices.

"Ahhh! Oh! So good!" The blonde moaned with a big smile, imagining her prince Charming between her legs.

"Well, looks like someone is having fun!" The mistress of the house said as she came in to find her daughter being serviced by her husband's offspring. She wore nothing but a garter belt, leaving her gigantic tits and loose pussy uncovered.

"When you're done with her, do me." She commanded Cunterella.

The obedient redhead kissed the tight pussy before her, pulled mere inches back, said "Yes, ma'am", and then continued to ravage the blonde with wild abandon.

It didn't take long for the young blonde harlot to bury her fingers in the messy red that was Cunterella's hair, and shove her face down forcefully, writhing and grinding her hips as she climaxed.

"Ahhhhh!" She moaned, with a big smile on her face.

Being in a good mood because of the ball, and seeing her sister finally vacated the shower, she raised Cunterella's lips to her mouth, and kissed her passionately. She stood up, disrobed from her lewd panties and bra, and entered the shower to cleanse herself prior to their departure. She even smiled at Cunterella after their lips parted way, a gesture so rare that even Cunterella had to smile back with glee, before tending to the lady of the house.

Her service only managed to warm the loose and sloppy pussy lips of her father's second wife, before she went to shower and prepare for the ball herself. Instead of a kiss, she slapped the young redhead across the cheek, and spanked her ass twice, showing her displeasure. The beautiful middle aged woman was slender, but quite strong for her age, as Cunterella's usually reddened ass testified to.

The young redhead on the floor knew better than to ask if she could join her house mates at the ball. She had tried asking before, and all she got were punishments and even more chores. Besides, looking like she did, it would take hours for her to even be presentable. Still, she dreamed of the day she will be allowed to witness the great prince in his palace, and be a part of one of the famous balls he threw, every now and then.

Sighing to herself, Cunterella said goodbye to her step sisters and step mother, and returned to her chores. Suddenly, a bright light shone in the kitchen, and she rushed towards it, crawling on her hands and knees. She pretty much forgot her feet could be used for walking at that point.

She entered the kitchen, and gasped at what she saw. On the kitchen counter, between the fridge and the stove, sat a fully grown, and quite beautiful fairy. There was no mistaking it – Her skin sparkled and her long pink hair shone brightly. Her wings were blue and somewhat transparent, and her eyes big and purple.

Her short red dress barely reached her hips, and hugged her slender body tightly. She sat cross legged, holding a wand in her hand, that had a sparking star at the end of it. For some reason the way she looked made Cunterella think she might open her long legs at any moment, and order her to service the needs of the pretty fey.

“Well, aren't you cute.” The fairy told the dumbfounded teen “What are you looking at? Haven't you seen a fairy before? And what are you doing down there? Stand up. Let me have a look at you.”

Cunterella stood up, her cheeks reddening. She had no idea how to respond to that.

“I-I just always thought fairies would be...You know, smaller.” She finally said, and regretted it immediately, afraid she had insulted the magical being before her.

The fairy merely giggled.

“Oh, how cute indeed.” She said “Silly girl, fairies are magical creatures. I can assume any size I desire. Being the size of any

normal person just seems to make most sense, does it not?" She asked, and Cunterella had no idea if she was supposed to answer.

"But enough about me." She said, uncrossing her legs, and recrossing them again, letting Cunterella see the tight kitty she had between her magical thighs. She had a feeling she was not given that glimpse of fairy pussy by chance.

"Why is a young and scrumptious thing like you here alone, on the day of the big ball. Don't you wish to attend it and see the prince Charming, for the very first time?" She asked the still awe-struck young woman.

"Oh, more than anything, uhm, f-fairy." Cunterella mumbled.

"Well, why are you here, then? Go on!" The fairy egged her on.

"Uhm..." She bit her lip "The thing is, the people who own this house don't allow me to go. And they don't even allow me to have proper clothes, and to pamper myself accordingly. I can't show up at the palace like this..."

Cunterella certainly did not expect the beautiful fey to appear so smug, all of a sudden.

"Well, I see, the little bitches trying to keep the prince to themselves." She whispered.

"Tell me, what is your name?" The fairy asked.

"Uhm, well..." She was embarrassed to answer "They usually call me, uhm, Cunterella." The fairy couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"Oh, how plebeian! But you must have a real name, don't you?" She asked.

Cunterella nodded, though she hasn't uttered that name once since her father left for war.

"It's Sadie..." She said quietly.

"Ohh, what a sexy name you have. Although one could argue Cunterella carries an even larger carnal charge."

Sadie could not help but smile shyly, her cheeks getting even redder. The fairy gracefully bounced off the counter. Her short dress gliding upwards for just a second, revealing her magical pussy lips momentarily.

“How would you like to attend the party at the palace, Sadie, right now?” She asked, her face a mere inch away from Sadie's, and she could feel the magic oozing from the beautiful fairy's breath.

“Y...You can do that?” The now moistening Cunterella asked.

“But of course!” The fairy said “Not only can I do that, my dear Sadie, but it is my duty.”

She purred at the young redhead, sexily scratching her below the chin.

“What do you mean?” Sadie asked.

“Well, this is the first royal ball since you came of age, correct?” The fairy asked, and Sadie nodded.

“The prince commanded me to make sure all women who come of age attend to his balls.” The fairy said with a sly smile, that Sadie was too innocent to comprehend.

“The prince has fairies working for him?” Sadie asked. She heard he was a wonderful man, but this was beyond the scope of the wildest rumors.

All the fairy did was giggle at that, and give Cunterella a meaningful look. Somehow, she knew the fairy was waiting for an answer. And somehow, she knew there was only one answer that would be accepted.

“Of course I would like to attend the ball! I have dreamed of it for months!” She half said, half pleaded.

“But, look at me.” She said, staring at the reflective marble surface of the kitchen counter “I cannot meet the prince wearing rags. My hair is unkempt, and my face unclean. How could I...?”

The fairy wove her wand, and Sadie stopped talking. Sparkling colors shot from the star at the end of the magical rod, engulfing Sadie with an aura of ancient sorcery.

A second later, they were standing in front of the living room mirror, and Cunterella couldn't believe her eyes. Before her stood the most beautiful girl she has ever seen. Her smooth shiny red hair flowed all the way to her perky breasts, emphasized by a

very flattering push up bra, her nipples only barely showing from the top.

Her skin was smooth and clean, as if she scrubbed and shined herself thoroughly for hours, and the cold breeze she felt between her legs told her that her pubes were neatly shaved as well.

“Wow.” The fairy said “Even I'm shocked at how hot you look now. The prince will be so happy.”

She gazed into the distance, as if mesmerized by an unknown force.

“But” Sadie said “My outfit...”

She noticed the fairy didn't do much to change the outfit that made her step sisters dub her Cunterella. Sure, her shirt was now made of soft, rich silk, and she had a sexy bra, but still no garment at all covered her lower half, and now that her pussy was hairless, she felt even less protected.

“Oh, don't worry honey. The prince will love it.” The fairy said, and somehow that was the only thing Sadie needed to hear. She smiled and nodded happily, already dreaming of attending the party wearing such a slutty get-up, while all the other women wore gowns and dresses. If anything, it meant the prince would have an easier time noticing her, right?

“Well, shall we go?” The fairy asked rhetorically, opening the front door with her magic, and waiting for Sadie to leave with her.

Before she could even ask how they might get to the palace, the fairy turned a pumpkin into a fully grown carriage. She did it so nonchalantly, that Sadie didn't even gasp in surprise. Instead of horses, there were other fairies pulling the carriage, waiting for the two to enter, so they can carry them to their destination. Those fairies were different, though. Their eyes were white and their faces emotionless.

“They are my subjects.” The pink haired fairy said as she saw the puzzled look in Sadie's eyes, “And I am their queen.”

“They look...” Sadie started.

“Mindless.” The fairy queen finished her sentence “They do not need minds to serve, do they? Now, get in, the prince awaits!”

“That's as good a way to describe it as any.” Sadie mumbled, and settled in the special carriage, with the fairy queen sitting opposite to her.

Still, something bothered her.

“You serve the prince. You said so yourself.” She asked the fairy queen.

“Well of course I do, silly girl.” The fairy queen answered with a smirk.

“But you don't seem mindless. Does that mean you do need a mind to serve?”

The fairy queen chuckled, her eyes glittering.

“Oh, you silly girl. Looks can be quite deceiving, you know.” She said. Sadie frowned – She wasn't sure she understood what the pretty fey meant.

“So, tell me, Sadie.” The fairy said before Sadie could give it too much thought “Are you ready to meet him?”

She spoke with a husky voice, sitting next to Sadie, and moving her wand across Sadie's inner thigh, making her jump, gasp, and whimper.

“Umm...I think so...” Sadie said with great doubt.

“Oh, well let's check, shall we?” The fairy queen said, and stuck two dainty fairy fingers between Sadie's legs.

“Oh, now that just won't do!” She said, as she tested the moistness of Sadie's virgin cunt.

“What do you...?” Sadie managed to say before the fairy waved her wand once more, and took the words out of Sadie's mouth.

“*Mmmmmm! Ahhh!*” She moaned as the deepest and most profound orgasm rocked her entire virgin body.

“*Ohhh! Ohhh! Ahhh!*” She writhed and convulsed in her seat, slumping on it a moment later, with a happy grin on her satisfied face.

“I think our little Cunterella enjoyed that, huh?” The fairy said. Sadie nodded vapidly, as bliss engulfed her.

“A-Again...?” She asked hopefully.

“Tsk tsk, what a horny girl.” The fairy said, checking that Sadie's virgin pussy was properly wet now, and it indeed was.

“No need, you're wet enough.” She said, making Sadie moan in disappointment.

“Besides,” She added “We're here.”

Sadie jumped up to look around, and saw the magnificent palace where the prince resided. It was the most amazing thing she had ever seen, and that's saying something, considering she just saw a pumpkin carriage driven by a bunch of white eyed, mindless fairies.

“Wait!” She just realized something “My step mother and sisters are there, they might recognize me.”

The fairy just smiled, and french kissed Sadie with her sweet lips.

“Relax, this is a masked party. Everyone wears one of these.” She held a mask that would cover Sadie's face from the lips up.

“Well, other than the prince. He's just not that interested in your face, in this particular event.” The fairy queen said casually, and handed Cinderella a mask of black satin.

“I-I don't understand.” Sadie said, reeling her tongue back in her mouth after the hot kiss.

“You will.” The hot semi-nude fairy said “Now, go on. Oh, and one last thing you must remember. At midnight, my magic will fade, and you will return to your unkempt appearance, and your rags. So make sure to make an impression on the prince before midnight, okay?”

Sadie nodded, accepted another hot kiss from the fairy, and left the carriage.

The night air caressed her shaved pussy lips as she stood before the palace. With a gulp, she started walking, wondering how people would react to the bottomless eighteen years old hottie, with the top of her nipples showing, entering the ballroom so shamelessly. She almost forgot to put her mask on...

The glamorous ballroom was filled with gold, diamonds, and multi-colored crystals. Big chandeliers shimmered from the ceiling, where a dozen of naked and pretty fairies with white eyes flew with mindless synchronization, performing a never ending erotic dance in the sky.

Cunterella expected to see long stylish tables carrying a royal feast that would put legends to shame, but the marble floor was mostly empty, other than the dozens of women kneeling before the only furniture in the room, the prince's throne.

None of the women noticed her, and it wouldn't have mattered anyway. Her outfit was hardly unique within the colorful blend of sexy and revealing get-ups all the women in the room wore. Many were topless, others as bottomless as her, and some were naked altogether, with mere hints of fairy glitter making their luscious bodies seem even more desirable. Their eyes were set upon one fixed point – The man on the throne.

Some spread their legs and fiddled with their holes, while others lowered their heads as much as possible, wiggling their asses and pointing them upwards, as they gazed up at their kind and magnificent ruler. Sadie couldn't believe her eyes, but before she could try and fathom what she saw, her gaze fell upon the prince Charming, and she, in turn, fell to her knees.

It was stronger than any reflex, and the most natural and automatic thing she had ever done. Her knees buckled the moment she laid her eyes on him, as if it was programmed into her very core. And at that very moment, she understood everything. His majesty's prowess knew no bounds, and so the earthly gifts of flesh that his subjects owed him must be just as limitless.

That is why the room was filled with bare female breasts and horny female cunts, all kneeling before his greatness, waiting to be given permission to please him. She crawled to find a proper place from which she could see his highness, and heard faint whispers and moans from the other women.

“*Ohh!* Your excellence. Use me as you please.” One whispered as she gazed at him adoringly, and the crawling redhead could do nothing but agree with the notion. It was only when she reached a stop, and allowed her bare knees to settle on the cold marble, that she remembered the fact her step sisters and their mom were there as well. Something did help remind her, of course, when she lifted her eyes to stare at her lord and master, and took his radiance into her every pore.

That was when she noticed the woman currently pleasing him, with dim witted eyes filled with subservient jealousy. On her knees before him, there was a beautiful woman that Cunterella knew had to be her step mother. She knew her body well enough to recognize her features.

The usually snide and proud woman stared up at the prince with moist eyes, staring from behind her mask, and serviced his sizable manhood with her matching sizable breasts, tugging at her nipples and guiding her tits around his cock. Her tongue hung idly out of her mouth like a bitch in heat, and drooled saliva on his member, lubricating it further.

“Do my breasts please you, master?” She slurred out dumbly. Cunterella recognized her voice, but the shrill she knew was gone, and replaced with a breathy and submissive whisper.

“They're not bad.” He smiled at her casually, patting her on the head. A visible rush of arousal made her body shiver, and pulsed across the room, making the kneeling women into whimpering puddles of lust.

Sadie felt it as well, and couldn't help but begin to rub her wet cunt fervently. Even the fairies above responded in turn. Some seemed to nearly fall to the ground as the orgasm rocked their fragile bodies, only to be caught in mid air by the stronger ones of their mindless kin. They increased the sexiness of their aerial dance as thanks to his majesty, and displayed how bendy and graceful the fey folk can truly become, once their free will is removed.

Two topless young women stood at either side of the prince, thrusting their bare chests out with pride. After ramming his

cock inside of Cunterella's step-mom's mouth a few times, he left her head and grabbed the cute asses of the women next to him, pushing them towards him while the slave below continued to please his rod with her tits.

Sadie recognized their panties, and knew the two pairs of tits that now engulfed his majesty's head, massaging his face and head softly, belonged to her hot step sisters. As much as she hated them, Cunterella could only watch and rejoice in the pleasure the prince was receiving. She realized there was no place for strife or bad feelings between the subjects of his radiance.

The door opened behind her, but she paid it no mind. Had she looked, she would've seen three women about her age enter and immediately fall to their knees, followed by the fairy queen, her eyes turning as white as the other fey women in the room, upon her entrance.

“All fuckable meat has been gathered, your highness.” She said with a drone that was utterly detached from her previous giddy and playful demeanor. She disrobed, removing what flimsy clothes she wore on her gentle and slender form. As nude as the rest of her subjects, there was no way to discern the fairy queen from the rest of the female fey folk.

Like them, she was but a mindless shell awaiting to fulfill her master's every whim.

“Excellent.” The prince said as he rose from his throne, discarding Sadie's step mother like used trash. He forcefully pulled her step sisters by the boobs with him, and nudged them to their knees after a few steps.

“Come to me, my fairy bitch.” He commanded, placing the two girls heads inches from one another. The two smiled as they stared at each other's masked face.

“Yes, my lord.” The fairy queen said, and walked towards him gracefully and slowly, adding a subtle shake to her hips every few steps.

He placed his erection between the two sets of lips below him, and started pumping between them, grabbing their silky hair as

he pushed their mouths on his dick. Their lips lightly touching, the two sexy kittens made sure to move their tongues in accordance with their lord's will, feeling every popping vein on his cock with their tender and loving tongues.

“Prepare to receive your reward, my magical cunt-slave.” He told the fairy queen.

“As you command, your highness.”

The fairy queen tossed her wand aside, and it vanished in mid-air. Her body glittered and shimmered as she turned around, and bent forward, as if trying to touch her toes with her hands. With her long legs perfectly straight, and her pink hair touching the ground, she carefully positioned herself, so she felt the tip of her master's cock on her enslaved pussy, whenever he pumped forward into the lip-sandwich he was currently enjoying.

Her nearly transparent wings seemed just as majestic as before, though conveyed none of the freedom they were so famous for, mounted on such a perfect display of infinite submission. The fairy queen whimpered every time she felt her master's tip flicking on her wet pussy lips, and gasped when she felt the palm of his hand forcefully land on one of the smooth cheeks of her behind.

Still pumping between two hot sets of lips and tongues, he moved his other hand to grab her other ass cheek. After pausing for a second to allow the sexy sisters to rub their lips along his length one last time, he took a strong step forward and rammed his cock in the fairy queen's pussy, shoving it all the way in.

“Ah! Thank you, my lord!” The fairy queen moaned as the two sisters were pushed aside by his advances, and fell to the floor, as discarded as their mother now was. The mesmerized Cunterella knelt behind him, and took a moment to watch the white-eyed fairy queen's face between her legs, amazed that she could bend so far down.

The only discernible emotion on the fairy queen's face was lust, of the mindless kind. It was clear no thoughts went through her head as the sound of constant slapping filled the large room. Cunterella wondered how it feels to have his highness so deep in

her wet cunt, and hoped against hope she'll find out, sooner rather than later.

Minutes later, the prince was still grabbing his sex toy's ass, and pumping into her like the living fuck doll she was, exerting his complete dominion over her. Looking down, he reached far and grabbed her long purple hair, pulling her bendy body up so her head touched his shoulder. He pinched her cheeks with one hand and spanked her ass with the other, before licking her pristine neck lustfully.

“I'll never get tired of bending your mind, and especially your body, to my will.” He said with a victorious grin and pushed her head forward again. She assumed a different position this time, her back in a ninety degrees angle to her legs, rather than parallel to them.

“I'm happy to please, your highness.” She said, holding her back straight as her arms sagged beneath it, swinging back and forth from the force of his banging, just like her tits.

“To think all I needed to do, to become a king, was wrest control of the fairies.” He said, looking up at the vibrant display of naked fairies moving their lewd bodies for his pleasure.

“Wipe your minds, and have you use your magic to do the rest.”

He stopped for a few seconds, catching his breath.

“Getting rid of all the men in the kingdom.” He pulled out until his tip was the only thing in her wet cunt.

“Making the women think they are out on an eternal and bloody war.” He said, and rammed his cock in her, just once. Her tits bounced, and she moaned weakly, but otherwise allowed her master to continue as he pleased.

“Then, making sure all the fuckable cunts in the kingdom are left in a state of clouded mentality.” He pulled out slowly as he talked.

“Unable to tell one day from the next, and never doubting their devotion to me, or the fact they stay indoors unless I throw

a party, like a bunch of caged birds.” He rammed into her twice, and groaned in bliss.

“And when they're here, they can't comprehend a thing other than their need to obey and please me, their wonderful prince Charming. Hahahahahaha!”

He grabbed her neck from behind with an evil grin on his face, and started ferociously pumping into her.

“I CAN SHOUT IT RIGHT HERE!” He screamed *“I WAS A MERE WIZARD, NOT EVEN RESPECTED BY THE REAL ROYAL FAMILY!”*

He slowed down, and caught his breath once more.

“And none of them will even fidget in their kneeling position.” He whispered in the fairy queen's ear, as she tried to tighten her pussy lips for her master's pleasure.

Cunterella heard everything, and normally it would bother her. Her father wasn't really at war? The women of the kingdom nothing but caged birds, in servitude to a disgruntled wizard? The proud and exalted fairy protectors of their kingdom mind-wiped and turned into pathetic and eternally subservient sex toys?

It should have bothered her, sure, but at that moment she fully accepted that she existed to please him. The women all heard their lord's confession, and were always happy to return to their misguided lives, until he wished to use them again. Sure, they may not always be aware that they are nothing but his toys, but the important thing was that he was, and he played with them whenever the mood struck.

With one final grand slam into the fairy queen, the prince pushed her forward and discarded her like a used sex doll. The winged magical creature fell head first, smiling as her cheek hit the floor and her boobs cushioned her fall. The majestic being would never fly free again, unless her captor demanded it.

The charming prince finally started to attend to the other women, who were all begging with their eyes to be used. He did

not play with them in any specific order, allowing his bestial lusts guide him as he plunged his cock into the holes he owned. The women did not move a muscle without his guidance, and yet before long a row of young cunts spread their legs on the marble floor before him, waiting to see who he chose to crash upon.

Sadie kept crawling after him, hoping he would notice her sooner or later. When he finally did, it was after he finished fucking a certain blonde she did not know, up the ass. She was on the floor before him as he rose to his feet, along with five other hopeful cunts. Out of the fifteen holes available to him, he chose to grab Cunterella's head and pump his cock into her throat.

It was the first time his greatness touched her, and the first cock that ever roamed in her mouth. She did not care that he fucked so many other holes before her, the bliss from feeling his magnificent rod ram into her face as deep as possible nearly made her climax.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she was happily overwhelmed by his ravaging.

He stopped playing with her all too soon, moving to a hot brunette teen, bending her over and strongly ramming into her pussy.

Cunterella lowered herself to lick his feet, as she saw the other women do before. None of the participants in the orgy noticed the girl he chose to fuck had blood dripping on his cock, from her torn hymen.

“Such a tight cunt...” He remarked, and only then realized he just popped the brunette's cherry. Smiling broadly at his overwhelming power, he began pumping into her even harder, and she smiled as she pleased him, through the pain of her lost virginity. His pleasure meant more to her than life itself.

It was ten minutes to midnight when the prince finally got ready to explode, and his harem of sexy slaves couldn't contain their excitement as they presented their fuck holes to him, wishing to be sprayed with his divine sexual exertions.

“My heavenly lord, if I may.” The fairy queen suddenly addressed him, stopping him in his tracks right when he was about to plunge his manhood in one of their fuck holes and end the evening's events.

“What is it?” He said, impatiently rubbing his cock across the lips of the cunt he chose to cream in.

“Before you spend your precious load on the unworthy bodies of your servants, I feel I must inform you there are a few, yet untapped, newcomers to your harem of devoted sex slaves. This fairy slave knows how much you enjoy taking maidens for the first time.”

He looked down at his chosen slave for a few seconds, and then smiled.

“All virgins, press your face and tits against the wall over there, pop your shapely behinds away from it, and wait for me to deflower you.” He commanded.

Cunterella was among the four girls who responded with a happy “Yes, your highness.”

She walked up and pressed her upper body next to the other virgins, wiggling their cute little asses for their lord and master to enjoy.

He started by teasing them, moving slowly along the row of pure women and pinching their asses lightly. Sadie heard one of the girls moan, and thought the prince awarded her with his cock, but then she felt him behind her, and felt his rod slapping her bouncy buttock.

He even started pumping his cock between her ass cheeks, making her whimper happily. She wanted nothing more than to rub her lower lips to orgasm, but knew she needed permission, and she didn't want to obstruct his access to her willing and waiting cunt.

He pressed his body to hers, his cock pressing on her ass, and wrapped his palm around her neck.

“This one is quite a doll.” He whispered in her ear.

“Yes, your majesty...nhhh...” Cunterella moaned.

“I'll save you for last.” He informed her, and spanked her ass. Sadie had a proud and slutty smile on her face, wiggling her ass in anticipation, her only thought was --*he is saving my cunt for last, I'm so happy.*-- over and over again.

When she heard the girl next to her moan, she knew it was the real thing, and not just him teasing the brainwashed virgin.

“*Ahhhhhhhh!*” Her happy shrill echoed in the ballroom, as blood drizzled across her inner thigh, until it dripped on the floor. He fondled her firm B-cup tits as he rammed deeper and deeper into her. After thrusting his waist into her a few times, he stopped.

“Please, my lord, more...” The young virgin whimpered and wiggled her ass, with his cock deep inside her sore pussy.

He was done with her, though, and moved to the next cherry he wanted to pop.

“I want you to do the work, slut.” He told the next virgin, and put just the tip into her pussy, leaving her hymen intact.

“Yes, excellence.” She said with a meek smile, and pushed her own hips backwards as hard as she could, ignoring her own discomfort and pain.

“*Ah!* Thank you, your majesty!” She said and started moving her own body back and forth, whimpering when he pinched her nipples and fucked her mouth with his burly fingers.

He spent even less time with the second cherry he popped than the first, pulling out of her and almost immediately pumping into the third virgin pointing her sexy behind in his direction. The third virgin barely managed to moan before he pulled out of her, leaving her to shiver against the wall, horny, deflowered, and happy to please.

The prince felt his own climax approaching, and wanted to try out the last in his row of obedient virgin pussies.

“Mmm...” Sadie whimpered in anticipation, feeling his hands exploring her body as his manhood began to penetrate her virgin cunt. She thought she was ready, but nothing prepared her to the

rush of pleasure and pain she experienced as he suddenly pushed all the way into her. A mere split second has passed and he moved from having just the tip of his shaft in, to roaming inside of her with his full length, his waist pressing into her slender behind.

“*Ahh! Mmmhhh!*” She started moaning but he grabbed her tongue between his fingers and inserted them into her mouth, for her to suck.

Cunterella knew she must be dreaming, but it felt like her prince was having more fun with her than he did with any of his other toys. It was like he couldn't decide how to play with her, moving his hands rapidly across her tits, rubbing her clit, and spanking her as he pinned her to the wall.

His low groans filled the room as he pumped into her faster and faster, and the pain of her torn hymen rapidly gave way to great pleasure and arousal. He pulled her waist back so she bent over the wall at a steeper angle, and began pistoning into her, more fiercely than she ever dreamed possible.

“Ohh, your highness! Your majesty, I love you! Please ...Ahhh!...Ram into me hard!” She moaned as tears fell onto her cheek, sticking them to her mask.

“Shut the fuck up, bitch!” He said and smacked her ass hard.

“Yes, my lord!”

“Aw fuck, I'm gonna cum! This pussy is fucking heavenly!” Sadie could never be more proud in her life, hearing such an amazing compliment from her divine lord. He plastered his crotch to hers, driving his throbbing member deep, and moaned loudly. She knew he was cumming, even though her pussy was positively numb, so she barely felt it.

Letting go of his massive load in her willing pussy, and leaving her to drip cum mixed with virginal blood on the floor, the prince collapsed himself, with a big smile on his face. He was exhausted, and so the fairies carried him to his bed on obedient wings of ancient magic, followed by his chosen daily bed warmers, in charge of tending to his whims during the night.

CunTERella still bent forward on the wall, in bliss and oblivious to her surroundings, happy to take the experience she just went through deep into her soul. Some of the bitches in the room smelled the semen dripping from her pussy to the floor, and started gathering at her feet to lap it up. She didn't care, for none of them can take away the greatness she had just experienced.

The thing that finally broke her reverie was the sound of the royal clock loudly ticking midnight. She remembered what the fairy queen told her, and knew she must return home before she returns to her rags and unwashed self, or her step mom might recognize her. Sadie almost decided to stay, just so she could mock her evil step-mom, who was on her hands and knees lapping the cum that drizzled from her deflowered cunt.

Feeling her pubic hair regrowing, she knew she didn't have much time, and ran towards the exit, and the pumpkin carriage. She managed to return home just in time, and her house mates were none the wiser. The memory of what exactly happened at the ball was already beginning to fade, but CunTERella knew nothing would make her happier than seeing the prince again.

“Maybe the fairy queen will come again next time...” she wondered silently, and drifted off to a much needed sleep.

* * * *

The prince awoke in his royal bed the next morning, feeling nothing but pleasant sensation.

A whitewashed fairy joined forces with a dark haired bed warmer and tenderly tended to his morning wood. Wiping the cobwebs from his eyes, he rose to a sitting position and patted his devoted slaves on the head, and then he patted their behinds a bit.

He sighed calmly and enjoyed the serenity of the world, as nothing was heard other than the chirping of the birds, and the subtle kissing sounds on his erect member. He thought back on the previous night, remembering the highlights of yet another amazing gathering of his many concubines.

Just as he was about to lay his head back on the pillow and wait for breakfast, he recalled his last moments of awareness,

and realized there was one sensation he simply will not be able to shake off.

“Fairy queen!” He called out to thin air, summoning the ever attentive fairy queen to her master's side. The naked and white eyed mythical creature suddenly appeared, bowed as low as she can, and awaited permission to speak. He waved his hand dismissively, and began guiding the pretty heads working on his cock.

“My liege, what do you require of me?” She asked.

“Normally I would humiliate you a bit by having you dance for me or get spanked by some of your subjects. Today, though, I have a more important question.”

“Anything you ask, master, I will answer as best I can.” She said submissively.

“The cunt I blew my load in yesterday.” He said “That virgin, do you know who she was?”

“I probably did, my lord.” She said “But you commanded me to erase such things from my memory, because you get off from fucking nameless slavegirls, not even knowing or caring who they are.”

“What if I command you to remember?” He asked, casually finger fucking one of his bed warmers.

“I'm sorry, my lord, but that knowledge is completely gone from my consciousness the moment the women place their masks on. I only remember information such as number of virgins, and other general statistics that may increase your enjoyment.”

The prince sighed, and looked a bit disappointed. He couldn't blame his devoted fairy queen, though, since her amnesia was imposed on her according to his own whims.

“Okay, here's what we're going to do.” He said, and laid out his plan while enjoying the double blowjob he received.

* * * *

Cunterella sat on the floor and ate her step mother's muff diligently, while finger fucking her own sensitive pussy.

It was rare for her to be allowed to jill herself off while servicing the other women of the house, but the older woman noticed how bothered she was, and for some odd reason, she actually cared. None of the women understood why they were so hot and heavy that morning, since they all had none but fuzzy memories of the previous night.

“Stop slacking, Cunterella.” The older woman demanded. Sadie wasn't slacking, but she was distracted by the inexplicable soreness in her throat. She did not remember the face fucking she endured at the ball, and she was very confused by the aftermath of that activity.

“Sorry ma'am.” She said, and continued with gusto.

“What the...” The blonde step-sister said as she saw a shimmering light floating near the window. The light soon materialized and took the form of the fairy queen. She had her dazzling set of purple eyes, and wore the same flimsy dress Cunterella remembered. She smiled, bowed before the four women, and winked at Cunterella, with a knowing smile on her face.

“I have something to announce.” She said, and all four women turned their full attention to the flying fairy.

“Whatever she has to announce,” The lady of the house suddenly said “it has nothing to do with you. Keep servicing me.” She told Cunterella.

The kneeling redhead looked up at the older woman with venom in her eyes.

“Yes, ma'am.” She said angrily, and leaned forward.

“Actually, it is something all of you must hear.” The fairy queen said. Before Sadie could reach the swollen pussy lips before her, the fairy waved her wand, and the four women stared into the distance, their eyes glazed and their minds in trance.

“Apparently, one of the pussies the prince fucked yesterday left quite an impression on him, but he fell asleep before he could tell me or his other fairy slaves.” Sadie and the other three still stared absently, but a lewd smile formed on their dim witted faces.

“So, he decided to leave the palace and search for the cunt that felt so good around his cock. He will be here soon, so make sure you are ready, and that your pussies are properly available for inspection, understood?”

“Yes.” They droned.

Cunterella's step sisters left their trance first. With full memories of their life's purpose, and of what goes on in the royal balls, they giddily rushed to prepare themselves for the prince. Their mother did the same, mumbling about how she hopes that if it's not her, then at least it's one of her daughters.

Before going into her bedroom to prepare herself, she paused and turned around.

“Cunterella, you make yourself scarce. The prince has no need for you.” Sadie felt like her world was collapsing around her when she heard that. She remembered now how the prince used her body, and her only aspiration seemed to be that he would do so again, as much as he wanted. Nothing else in life could ever give her more meaning.

“Y-Yes, ma'am...” She said, a tear dropping from her eye, as she accepted her fate.

She looked up at the fairy queen, who stared and smiled broadly.

“How are you doing, Cunt?” She asked Sadie gleefully.

Sadie simply sighed, and looked down on the floor in desperation.

“Oh, don't be like that! You need to go get ready for the prince!” The fairy queen said.

“B-But. My step mom...” Sadie argued.

“Oh, fuck that bitch.” The fairy queen said, eliciting a gasp of surprise from the kneeling redhead.

“She's just a piece of fuckmeat before our prince, precisely like you! She's not better or holier than you are! And she's definitely not more fuckable...”

“I-I guess...” Sadie said, a slight smile forming on her lips.

“Tell me, Cunty,” The fairy queen said “Who's more important? Your step mom, or the prince?”

She flew to the floor and stood above Sadie.

“Oh nothing is more important than the prince!” Sadie said with wide comprehending eyes.

“That's right. Good girl.” The fairy smiled and said, touching the young redhead on the nose as she did.

“So be a good little cunt, Cunty, and go sort yourself out. Lord knows you have the most work to do. And no, I can't use my magic on you again.”

Sadie wanted to ask why, but there were more important things she wanted to clear up first.

“Uhm, please don't call me Cunty...” She said shyly.

“Seriously, Sadie? Cunterella is fine but Cunty is where you draw the line?” the fairy said with a raised eyebrow.

“Whoever said Cunterella was fine.” Sadie mumbled.

“A-Anyway, I wanted to ask something.” She added quickly.

“Go ahead.” The fairy queen folded her arms and waited.

“Uhm, yesterday before the ball, you were. Well, like you are now.” Sadie said.

“Yeah, so?” The fairy queen wondered where she was going with this.

“But then you were as mindless and wiped clean as the other fairies, and now you're, well, you know...”

For some reason, Sadie felt awkward asking such a question, as if she was crossing some social boundary. The fairy queen gave Sadie the smirk she came to know quite well.

“Oh, that! Well, let's say that in his great generosity, the prince allowed me to keep a distant facsimile of my old self, intact. Completely shackled to his will, of course, and only when outside of the royal palace, but utterly broken fairy queens can't be choosers, right?”

She winked at Sadie.

“He's so generous.” Sadie said, her mind just as shackled as the fairy queen's.

“Yeah, plus I think he likes this slutty brand of complete obedience. Who wouldn't, right?” She said, nearing her face to Sadie's. Sadie nodded giddily.

“Okay, now go and get yourself nice and pretty for our prince.” The fairy queen said.

“But, my step sisters won't allow...”

“Oh, don't you worry. They won't even notice you're there.” The fairy said, and gave Cuntly one final wink. The young redhead jumped to her feet and practically ran upstairs, intent on making herself as beautiful and sexually attractive as possible.

The prince wasn't wasting any time on pussies he knew didn't match. He went from house to house, greeted by the fairy slave who was sent to inform and supervise the preparations for his arrival, and immediately bent the first woman he saw forward.

They all knew what their lord was looking for, so they made sure to moisten up and be ready for a sudden insertion. He spent only a few pumps on each one, taking more time only on the young and tight whores in his service. All his subjects happily yelped as they were used and tossed away like the worthless sex toys they were, happy to serve their royal prince.

Every pussy in the kingdom hoped for one thing – That theirs was the cunt their lord sought. By the time the prince entered their house, there were three hotties kneeling by the door, looking as best as they can. Their smooth skin shining with sensual oils and omitting pleasant and alluring fragrances.

Sadie made sure to shower, shave her pubes, and gave her hair a bit of a puff, instead of the silky smooth the fairy gave her the day before. She applied some makeup, coloring her lips bright pink, and reddening her cheeks lightly. She always watched her step mother and step sisters put their make up on, so she knew to not go overboard, even though she didn't have much experience with it.

She didn't even have a chance to dress sexily before she heard the prince's arrival, and rushed to the entrance to welcome him. She stopped short at the kitchen door, peeking at him and sighing happily. Her ass wiggled instinctively as she started breathing

heavily. For some reason she felt she could not approach, and kneel before him. She was afraid he may not approve, and that her step mother will punish her gravely. Her legs buckled, and she remained grounded on the spot.

The young blonde and dark haired women greeted his majesty by kissing his cock together, much like they did in their masks at the royal ball. None of them talked, but could barely contain their excitement, as they looked up at the only man in their world, literally.

The prince noticed none of them had the red hair he remembered, but figured they may have dyed it, or worn a wig, so he proceeded to make certain.

“Well, it's definitely not you. The bitch from yesterday was a virgin.” he said, talking to Cunterella's step mom. Her disappointed was audible in her silent whine.

“Get up.” He told her.

“Yes, your majesty.”

She got to her feet quickly. The prince bent her over swiftly, rammed his cock in her in, pumped her twice, and then sent her away with an apathetic spank on the rear. She wanted to thank him, but could not find the words.

“Okay, you two.” He addressed the sisters “Up against the wall, and push your asses out.”

“Yes, excellence.” They said in perfect unison, their lips curved in a lewd smile.

He started with the blonde, easily pumping into her while sticking his finger in her mouth.

“Nah.” He decided after a few pumps “Pussy a little too loose, as tight and young as you are. Plus, you're not the right height.”

She wiggled her ass and whined sadly, like a hungry bitch begging for food. He spanked her ass and dismissed her, and she followed to the living room where her mother knelt.

The black haired sister had a proud smile on her face. She pushed her ass back and wiggled it smugly, inviting the prince.

She was certain it was her cunt the prince was looking for.

“Oh, yes, my lord, fuck me! Fuck me!” She moaned as he pumped into her in a steady rhythm. He certainly seemed to be having a blast. The little bitch made sure to tighten her well used cunt around him, and her moans were like music to his ears.

“Fuck, you're good.” He said, making her cunt even wetter, and more slippery.

He continued pumping into her for a few more minutes, pinning her to the wall as she allowed him to play her like the sex toy she was.

“I might just take you to the palace, anyway. It can't be you, however.” He finally said, and her orgasm was mixed with cries of sadness as he pulled out of her and she fell to the ground.

She looked up at him with sad eyes.

“Did I deflower you yesterday?” He asked. All she could do was shake her head silently from side to side. The only thought that consoled her was that he may have enjoyed her enough to take her with him, anyway.

He sighed, and seemed rather irritated.

“And I thought my current position meant I'll always get everything I want, any time I want it. Pfft.” He spat on the floor, nearly hitting the black haired sister, and turned to leave.

Sadie couldn't let him go like that, all disappointed. She vowed to always please him, as he came inside her, the day before.

“M-My liege.” She mumbled silently, and revealed herself to him. She knelt before him out of instinct, and kept her head down, awaiting permission to speak, or look directly at him. He looked at her in slight disbelief. She certainly matched the description, and his cock began to throb just from seeing her young, smooth, ripe, and nubile body.

“Why are you just showing yourself now?” He asked, a little pissed off “Do you not live to serve me?”

“O-Of course I do, your highness, it's just that.”

“Up against the wall!” He shouted, and Sadie yelped and jumped to obey.

She barely managed to stretch her ass in his direction before she felt him hit her like a runaway train, pinning her to the wall, and banging her hard.

“Ohh fuck! This is it!” He moaned.

“You! Stupid! Bitch!” He rammed into her hard with every word.

“I popped your fucking cherry yesterday, correct?” He asked between grunts of pleasure.¥

“*Oh! Yes. Ah! Excell-mmhh-ence!*”

“And I came in you, right? Filled your barely virgin hole with my spunk!”

“Yes. *Ah! My lord, thank yo-mm!*” She tried thanking him properly, but he stuffed three fingers in her mouth, shutting her up.

“Why the fuck didn't you join those other whores before?” He asked again, letting her answer this time.

“I-I was afraid because I was late to get ready, and they are always so mean to me because...”

He lost interest, so he stuffed her mouth with his fingers again.

This time, Cunterella was better prepared for the fucking she received, and even tried to close her tight pussy on her lord's cock in appropriate times, like she heard her step sisters often do.

The fact she was more interactive than the puddle of deflowered lust she had been at the ball, made the act of banging her on the wall even more pleasurable. Like the night before, the prince started cumming in her tight cunt, spearing his rod till it pierced her womb, and releasing massive loads inside her welcoming pussy.

This time, Cunterella felt the load of cum streaming inside of her, and her bliss was insurmountable by anything. For a moment, she forgot everything, and even as she regained a

semblance of consciousness, all memory of her father and her past were gone, never to return. She became his majesty's wanton sex toy, even more so than before.

The prince shot inside of her one last time, and then pulled out, leaving her to stumble away from the wall, and come to a kneel before him, delighted and slightly disoriented.

“Well, you'll be coming to the palace with me.” He said, slapping his ever softening cock on her blushing red cheek.

“Thank you so much, your majesty.” She said, respecting his majestic rod with a wet kiss.

The fairy queen returned, and he told her to clean his cock. She happily obeyed. Only then did Cunterella notice her mother and step sisters were on their knees, beside the living room door, staring incredulously at their prince's prize.

She stood up, and looked down on them smugly, the load of her lord and master dripping proudly from her tight cunt.

“M-May I?” Her bitchy blonde step sister asked. There was no more evil or scorn in their eyes. The three were simply in awe of the young Sadie, who achieved more in life than they ever will.

“Of course, honey.” Cunterella said with a warm smile, deciding to be the bigger woman. For the first time in her life, she was treated to cunnilingus from another woman, and it was from one of the three who forced it upon her so many times in the past.

The sounds of hungry lips munching on well fucked genitals prevailed, as the other two kneeling women fought the blonde for the cum dripping from Sadie's cunt. Those sounds joined the fairy queen's diligent work on the prince's magic flute, and both Cunterella and her prince Charming came again before they left the house forever.

That very night, the prince fucked Cunterella in his royal bed. She lay on her back, with her legs spread, and he pinned her to the mattress forcefully, as she wrapped her legs around him. He lapped at her neck as he fucked her silly, and all she could do was moan, gratefully and wetly.

“Your cunt is really something else, bitch” he whispered in her ear.

“I do not deserve the honor of such words, my lord.” She said humbly, between moans.

“Maybe you don't, but your pussy does. I noticed even before the first time I fucked you. Your petite and slender body fits your tight pussy perfectly. You're the perfect sex doll!”

He groaned as he picked up the pace.

“Oh! My lord, fuck me! *Ohhh*, You are so wise, my lord, to see my potential. This sex doll is so grateful! *Ahh!*”

He stopped moving, and turned them around, resting his head on the pillow and ordering her to do all the work. She gave him the sexy smile the fairy queen taught her, and started shaking her ass up and down on his cock, alternating the pace of her movements, to keep things interesting. He gave his fingers for her to suck, and she started to writhe on his cock, her hips bending like a snake.

He used her nipple to draw her in for a kiss, or at least that's what she thought until he lunged on that very same nipple, biting and sucking on her tits lavishly. She felt him throbbing below her, and prepared her horny fuck-hole to receive his gift. Before cumming, he flipped them over again, and rested atop her. She lay on her back and received his final pumps while trying to wrap her smooth legs around him, as tightly as she could.

He shot inside her like a cannon, kissed her neck, and immediately fell asleep. In his sleep, he cuddled her a bit, and found a comfortable position for his slumber. Sadie tried her best to fall asleep with her lord's softening member inside her, as another load of his cum settled in its proper place within her womb.

She didn't move a muscle, afraid to wake her lord up. That night, she was naught but a warm squeeze toy for his bed, and a wet container for his cum.

Several weeks after she was brought to the palace, Cunterella was a part of the palace's cleaning crew. Her owner got tired of

her cunt, eventually, but the fortnight he spent almost solely fucking her was more than enough to make her the happiest girl in the world.

She knew he would get bored of playing with her at some point. No toy lasts forever, after all, and the more veteran slavegirls told her that the prince never spent a longer time obsessively fucking one girl's every orifice. She couldn't be more proud.

The fairy queen walked the long hallway Sadie was scrubbing. Her eyes weren't white, but had a vacant look to them. The prince allowed her to have a little bit of her mind, even when within the palace walls. He decided to reward her after Sadie told him she would've never attended her first ball, if not for the wondrous piece of hot ass. She stopped next to Sadie, and smiled.

“You seem to be enjoying yourself.” She told the hot redhead.

On her hands and knees, and wearing next to nothing, Sadie nodded happily and wiggled her ass with every scrub of the floor.

“This is the best thing I've ever done.” she said proudly.

“Isn't it pretty much what you did at your old home, Cunterella?” The fairy queen half droned, making it hard for Sadie to decide if she was mocking her.

“Yeah, I guess.” Sadie chuckled, almost proud of her nickname by now “But now I'm happy to be half naked, and wiggle my ass invitingly for my owner.”

“You're not too bright if you think this is half naked.” The fairy retorted, and Sadie realized she may look a bit vacant, but the fairy queen's wit was quite present and intact.

“Listen,” She said “Thank you for telling his majesty of my part in bringing you to him. It's the only reason I can even speak to you now.”

She knelt next to Sadie, and kissed her lips, just like old times.

“You're welcome.” Sadie said, but noticed the fairy queen was oddly ogling her belly.

“What is it?” She asked, looking down as well.

“You're happy to serve his highness, right?” The fairy queen asked.

“I could never be happier!” Sadie said.

“Good, because I sense all those loads of cum he sprayed in your womb were not in vain.” She said with a vague smile.

“You mean?!” Sadie said, positively elated.

“Yeah!” The fairy said “You're with child.”

Cunterella didn't think anything could ever make her happier, but she was wrong.

“What will happen once I give birth? Am I the first who was blessed with his majesty's godly offspring?” She asked, astounded.

“Oh, don't be silly. His subjects get pregnant left and right. But, you will not be giving birth.”

Sadie raised an eyebrow, wordlessly asking the fairy what she meant.

“Us fairies use our magic to transfer the life force of his unborn offspring to him, keeping him young and virile. He was quite old and wrinkled before he took the kingdom over.”

“I see...” Sadie said, unable to erase the smile from her face.

“I'll go inform his highness that a boost to his everlasting youth is growing within you.” The fairy queen said with as much enthusiasm as she could muster, in her semi-mindless state, before vanishing to thin air.

Sadie rubbed her stomach, sighed happily, and continued diligently working with a grin on her face.

“So happy to serve...” She mumbled to herself

And she lived happily ever after, eternally enslaved to the charming prince.

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Passing The Test

* * * * *

Like any other day since I started college, I woke up with a smile on my face. I was in my bed, laying on my stomach, with

my head resting on the softest pillow, and my body on my very special mattress. Her name was Sofia, and she had the sexiest piece of ass a young, naturally gifted hypnotist, could hope for. Seriously, her smooth, soft and bouncy Latin behind was the best crotch pillow a man could hope for.

Like every morning, I woke up with a raging morning wood. And, like every morning, it was already lodged inside of Sofia's wet cock-holster, from the night before.

“Good morning, fuck toy.” I said, kissing her neck, and greeting the new day by gently massaging her perky C-cup tits.

“Good morning, master, did you sleep well?” The nineteen year old Latina asked, hoping her presence in my bed helped to better my night's sleep.

“After the banging I gave you last night, do you even need to ask, my little cum receptacle?”

She sighed with content, and I felt a squeeze on the erection I had buried in her cunt.

“I only want to please you, master.” She told me with a sleepy voice. It's possible her nights were a little less comfortable and sleep filled than my own, but I couldn't care less, as long as she was capable of serving me properly.

Still half asleep, I yawned and started slowly pumping into her. Even after three months of being my bedding accessory, she was still as tight as she was when I first popped her cherry. She also still sweetly whimpered at even the slowest, sleepest, and most absentmindedly casual morning fuck, as if she was still a virgin, and not a seasoned and well used sex slave.

“*Oh! Mmh. Master. Ah!* Slide your cock in and out of my owned *pussy. Mff...*” She said with a sexy whisper.

Yes, she was a nearly nineteen years old virgin, and a hot Latina, to boot. I was surprised too, until I found out how over protective her mother, Gloria, was. Hard to blame her, considering her past. Born in Colombia to a poor family, with as little future prospects as possible, she stopped going to school

before graduating elementary school, and went to work to help sustain her family.

She was fifteen when she had Sofia to an older man, who ran away when he discovered she was with child. Her father was so mad he nearly kicked her out on the street. Sofia also spent the first years of her life in Colombia, but her mom resolved to ensure her daughter will have better opportunities than she did. And so, she did everything in her power to legally immigrate to the land of opportunity, and when that failed, she did so illegally.

I slightly picked up the pace of my fucking of Sofia, spanking her perfect teen ass, when Gloria walked in the room - The room that used to belong to her daughter. She had piercings in both her bare tits, a black satin thong, and a permanent smile on her face. A smile that didn't fade in the slightest, even as she saw her daughter being treated like a living sex doll.

“Breakfast will be ready in fifteen minutes, master.” She said in a heavy Spanish accent, and bounced her tits once, so her young master can watch them jiggle like the exotic double D's they were.

“Great.” I said, rubbing Sofia's clit as I fucked her.

“I'll finish up with your sexy cunt of a daughter, take a quick shower, and come over to eat. Make sure to keep it warm till I get there.” I leaned on Sofia with all my weight, and picked up the pace, pile-driving her in doggy style, and pushing her face on the pillow.

“*Mmmmf! Mmhhf!*” Her moans may have been muffled by the pillow, but filled the small room nonetheless.

“Yes, master, your happiness is more important than my life. I will make sure your food is perfectly warm, until you are done with my sexy cunt of a daughter, master.” Gloria said, though I barely heard her voice beyond her daughter's muffled moans.

She started walking out of the room, and I glanced in her direction to appraise her hot MILF ass, sexily swinging sideways as she walked. She stopped at the doorstep, popped her booty,

and spanked herself once, as hard as she could, like she always did when she left my room.

Left alone with the curvy and thin Latina teen, I started pumping into her even faster, using her wet fuckhole until I came. I grabbed a handful of her hair, and pulled her head up.

“You're my fucking bitch.” I breathed heavily as I told her.

“*Nyaaa!* I'm your *Mm Ah!* Bitch!”

Spank

“I'm your bitch. *Ah!* Master!”

“Heh, nothing like dirty *talking, hrrm,*” I grunted “while fucking my toy.”

I felt myself throb and knew I was about to cum. I slowed down to a near halt, and started pumping into her slowly and forcefully, getting closer to a climax with every thrust.

“You. *Hnng!*” I began with a strong thrust.

“Fucking. *Ohh!*” I uttered with another deep pump.

“Slut. *Ahhhh!*” I finished, shoving my cock into her again, with full force.

I let out a long groan as my ejaculation began. Out of all the perks of having devoted, mind controlled sex slaves, the pleasure of pushing my cock deep into their cunts, and shooting to my heart's content, was certainly the best.

Like every morning, I shot the last spurt of my load into my loyal cum dumpster, and spanked her ass one last time before slowly pulling out, savoring the feel of her pussy around my tenderized member.

I sighed, plopped my cock out of her, and got out of bed.

“Thank you so much, master. I am yours to spend your seed in, forever.” She said as she wiggled her ass, cum dripping from her sopping wet pussy. I smirked, left the room, and headed for the shower.

I usually had my morning showers alone. I found that dragging one of my slaves in with me was very counter productive to my ability to keep appointments, and not be late for my morning classes.

By the time I was done in the shower, I was hard again, and ready for breakfast. Hey, I'm a young man in the prime of my sexuality – One morning romp is almost never enough to sate my needs.

I sat down at the table with a towel wrapped around my waist, me erection peeking through the slip in the fabric

“Breakfast is served, my master.” The hot topless Latina came with a plate in each hand, and said. She placed the two plates before me, and poured me a glass of sparkling water, before kneeling down and crawling under the table, to serve me the final component of every good meal.

She held my cock in her hand, and awaited my decision. I grabbed a piece of cutlery in each hand, took a deep, pondering breath, and made my decision as I exhaled.

“Tits.” Was all I needed to say to inform her of my choice.

“My tits are yours, master.” She said, and wrapped my cock with her humongous jugs. She spread them and tightened them around my cock a few times, until they were perfectly positioned, and then settled in a steady pumping rhythm. My meals truly never tasted better.

Sofia emerged from the hallway wearing sexy red lingerie, complete with a red lacy thong, and a sexy red push up bra. She saw her mother working her tits on my dick, under the table, and squeezed her own tits together, smiling with hope.

“Oh, master, perhaps today you'd like to use me as your breakfast entertainment?” She asked while rubbing her bra-clad breasts in circles. I looked at her, and swallowed the bite of freshly sliced tomato in my mouth.

“Sorry, bitch, but when it comes to a serving of tits, your mother beats you, hands down.” I told her, and the disappointment was visible on her face.

“Yes, master.” She said “Is there any other way I can please? Every moment I spend not making you happy is a wasted and regretful moment, master.”

“Hmm,” I pretended to think “How about you give me a little booty shaking dance.”

“Yes, master!” She said enthusiastically, turned around, popped her ass out, and started shaking it violently, right in my line of sight.

I continued eating as I watched her, and remembered the first time she gave me that dance. I was watching the Rio carnival on TV, while Gloria and Sofia drowned my cock with smoldering kisses. I salivated over the chocolate skinned, scantily clad women on TV, wearing extravagant outfits and shaking their big butts like jello. Sofia saw how entranced I was, and told me she can do that, too. Honestly, her ass looked even better, and not just because I tapped it so many times.

The girls on TV had very meaty, fat asses, that sometimes even showed some cellulite. My hot teen slave obviously had none of the latter, and instead of the former, her ass was smooth, bubbly, and perfectly sized.

Since then, I enjoyed commanding her to perform her carnival style booty shaking dance, and she clearly enjoyed obeying and making me happy. I took a sip of cool water as I felt Gloria's tits, now thoroughly lubricated with her saliva, wrap around my cock and expertly move in an increasing pace.

Looking at Sofia's hot ass swinging so fast made me reconsider my previous decision. The energy she was putting in providing me with visual pleasure had to be rewarded.

“I changed my mind, slut.” I said “Get under the table and rub my cock with your tits, alongside Gloria.”

She giddily jumped to obey, as if I invited her on a luxurious cruise. In a matter of seconds, she was under the table, and I felt my cock pressed by not two, but four hot breasts, working in perfect unison to please me. They pressed their tits together, and

forward against each other, and moved their upper bodies up and down like a well oiled machine.

Thinking that, I had a brilliant idea.

“Gloria, I want you to buy some sensual oils after work today. You know what I mean, right?”

“Yes, master.” Came her response from under the table.

“Excellent.” I said, and continued eating. Honestly, I can't believe it took me that long to have that awesome idea. My two Latin hotties will look so fantastic, all oiled up, not to mention their tit-fucks will feel heavenly.

With that thought in mind, I couldn't help but cum like a cannon. I never needed to hold my ejaculations back. I just let it rip, knowing my slaves will labor on cleaning it all, with their mouths, and tongues. I paused my breakfast and moaned in a low voice, with a happy smile, hearing the yelps of joy from my obedient dolls. Once I was done, I felt their lips on my cock, cleaning it.

I continued eating as I felt their tongues on my thighs and legs, probably licking off some cum that sprayed there. They knew the rules, first clean my body, and only then can they lick the cum off of inanimate objects, and off the floor.

I took the last bites of my food, and pushed my chair back, so I could look down on my slaves as they licked my cum off the floor. Their asses pointed up, wiggling smoothly and slowly for my benefit.

As I watched them, I thought about how easy it was to manipulate women, and lull them into a hypnotic trance. I realized Sofia and Gloria were in this country illegally almost immediately. Gloria's demeanor gave it away instantly, even after so many years of living here. All I had to do to gain leverage on them was to threaten to call immigration on them, and pretend to blackmail them.

Using the power I had on them, I quickly turned their fear and resentment into happy submission. It was child's play, really.

Now, the duo of hot Latina chicks felt nothing but gratitude towards me, for taking over their lives, and not turning their hot asses off to immigration. Not that they cared about that, anymore. They'll walk to Colombia and back, if I told them to, just for the slight chance it may please me a little.

I cut Sofia's college plans short, making her into my in house pet. Gloria still worked. Someone had to make money, after all.

“Well, I gotta get dressed and go.” I said aloud. I didn't have any classes that day, but I had a very important appointment to make.

“Where to, master?” Sofia asked, disappointed “I thought this was your day off.” She was used to being my only sex toy while her mother was at work, on that day every week.

“I'm getting my driver's license today. I'm sure I mentioned it before.” I frowned “Well, maybe not to you two...”

Like it matters. Just because I started college in their city, moved into their apartment and made it my own? That doesn't mean I need to inform them of every move I make. Especially since they are my blissfully mesmerized sex slaves.

“Do you need me to drive you there, master?” Gloria asked. I'm sure Sofia would have asked, as well, had I allowed her to get a license.

“Nah, I already arranged something.” I said, and the kneeling topless bimbo let out a sigh of disappointment. She was so much like her daughter.

“What I do need from you...” I said, slowly walking towards her. She lifted her twinkling eyes with a big smile on her face, happy to hear I have a use for her.

“...is to go to work and make money to keep this place afloat.” I gently patted her cheek with my index finger, like one would to a pet.

“Okay?” I asked her with a warm smile, showing her how benevolent her god can be, when he's happy.

“Yes, masterrrr.” She purred, and sucked my finger whole.

“Good girl.” I praised her, and patted both her and her daughter's head, before heading to the room I made my own, to get dressed.

The room still had a very girly vibe to it, since it used to be Sofia's private domain. The closet had none of her clothes anymore, though, because now she didn't really need any. I picked out a casual outfit, picked up my papers and my wallet, filled with Gloria's money, naturally, and headed out.

Sofia stood right by the entrance, popping her butt for me to spank before I left. The red thong made her look so fucking sexy. I gave her a hearty smack on the rear, told her to be good, and entered the floor's highway.

My ride was actually just one floor below, renting one of the studio apartments, so I took the stairs. I knocked on the door, and a grumpy, annoyed female voice came from inside.

“Who the fuck is it?!”

“Special delivery from upstairs.” I said.

“Oh, it's you.” She said, sounding less annoyed, now that she recognized my voice.

“Look, this isn't a good time. I have a massive headache. Had to skip all my classes today.”

She was in a completely different faculty than me, and honestly, none of my female classmates were as hot as her.

“I bet I can make that headache go away.” I assured her.

“I doubt that.” Her voice came through the door.

“Listen...” She started saying, but I didn't have time for games.

“Sandra, I need you to serve me.” I said, and after a moment of silence, she opened the door with a huge smile.

“Oh, hi, master.” She said “Sorry for being so rude, should I be punished?” She took her shirt off and showed me her tits

Sandra was twenty years old, had curly blonde hair and green eyes, and the barbie-doll like physique that made her an ideal cheerleader fantasy. Which is why I made sure to get her into the college cheerleading team, even though she wasn't keen on that idea, at first.

“Maybe later.” I said “Right now, cover yourself up and get ready to go. You're driving me to the DMV.”

“Yes, master.” She said immediately, with no hesitation or question.

“It's really amazing, master.” She said as she got dressed. I helped myself to a handful of her tits and ass, while she did so.

“My headache is really truly gone. You're a miracle man, master.”

I chuckled in response. She didn't even realize I commanded her to have that headache, so she'd skip her classes and be ready to take me.

I liked her. It wasn't just the fact she had such a volatile and rebellious personality, and I managed to completely tame her. No, I liked her because somehow she seemed to maintain a significant portion of her old self, even in her obedient slavegirl trance. Having a slave with a sharp wit was rather fun, and after all this time, I was no longer afraid she might break her programming.

“You know I don't mind you touching me like that, master.” She said, wearing only her bra and panties, as I squeezed her ass.

“In fact, I feel compelled to allow you to, but it's kinda conflicting with my desire to obey your command to get myself ready to go out.” She finished with a sweet and understanding smile, like she fully accepts that her body is my wonderland.

She did make a good point.

“That's pretty sassy for a living sex toy.” I told her, but removed my hands anyway.

“Well, you can spank me later.” She wiggled her sexy behind at me, as she pulled her tight jeans on.

“Or, you can rip my clothes off, bend me over, and fuck me senseless right now. I know the drill, your wish is my command, and all that.” She paused, and looked me in the eyes with a mischievous smile.

“Your choice. I'm just saying it's not easy being an obedient slave when your wonderful master gives you contradicting commands. Not that I'm complaining, of course, it's my duty to please you, no matter how hard that may be.”

She blinked, and put her shirt on.

Yep, it was times like these that I liked her the most. Her casual resignation to being my sex doll was so lovely.

We were in her car in no time, and ready to go.

“The DMV, right?” She made sure.

“Yep.” I said, and helped myself to one last tit grab.

Truth is, I fondled her at every stop light, as long as I was sure nobody was paying attention. I don't know why I minded so much, though. I mean, if people see, they will probably assume she's my slutty girlfriend. It's not like tit squeezing through clothes is more lewd than sucking face in public, and many couples do that.

“Here we are, master.” She said and stopped right in front of the Department of Motor Vehicle building. Which was all nice and well, but I didn't account for one thing in my daily planning. Touching this hot young blonde made me hard again, and I didn't want that to distract me in my driving test.

Luckily, I had about ten minutes before I had to go in.

“Is there some private place around here, where you can blow me?” I asked her.

She thought for a few short moments.

“Yeah, there's an ally back here.” She said “Hold on, I'll get us there.” She put the car in drive and started rubbing her tongue between her lips, moistening them for the head she was about to give me.

“Here we go.” She said as we drove into the deserted ally, and parked the car.

“Well, get busy then.” I said, unzipped, and took my cock out.

“Yes, master.” She took her seat belt off, and leaned over to the passenger's seat.

As always, her blowjob were heavenly.

“Oh, nice. Hmm...” I moaned in a low tone and curled my finger in her golden mane. She knew exactly how I liked her head, going deep down and then back up in a swift motion, stopping with only my tip in her mouth, and circling her tongue around my cock slowly. Just when she got me all throbbing, she took my cock out of her mouth, jerked it a few times, and started licking the sides, up and down.

I knew she was about to go for my balls next, but I stopped her.

“I don't have time for the whole nine yards, bitch. Get me to cum as soon as possible.” I told her. She was a true expert in long and ultimately satisfying blowjobs, but I simply didn't have time for the full feature.

“Of course, master. Silly me.” She giggled.

“Oh!...Holy fuck!” I groaned as she started pumping her face on my cock at an insane speed. I almost instinctively started pushing her head up and down with my own hands, although that wasn't really needed. The clincher was when she started daintily massaging my balls with her hand, in an effort to pump my load in her hungry mouth.

“*Mmh. Muahh.*” She whimpered as I started cumming, and gulped spurt after hot spurt of my thick load. Once I was done, and it was all down her hatch, she wanted to lift her head. I felt like having my cock in her mouth for a few more seconds, so I pushed her back down. She didn't give any resistance, obviously.

We stayed like that for about a minute. Me enjoying the aftermath of an ejaculation. Her, with her face on my lap, mouth full of cock after swallowing my load. I patted her head gently, and suddenly let out another spurt.

“Mm!” She yelped in surprise.

“Oh, sorry about that. I thought I was done, too.” I said, and pulled her head back up.

“*Gulp*” She swallowed that final spurt “No need to be sorry, master. I'm always ready to swallow your cum.”

She smiled, her green eyes sparkling.

“You should get going, master.” She said, looking at the clock.

I just stared at her, suddenly dumbfounded by my hot blonde slave. I don't know what came over me, but I decided it was high time for me to try and understand some things.

“It's amazing, you know.” I said “You used to be so haughty, and independent. You got mad at me for looking at you funny!” I said, staring at her tits, and squeezing them.

“You look like the same person you were, and you act like it, too. And yet, you happily demean and submit to my every whim.”

“What are you trying to say, master?” She said, raising an eyebrow.

“Well it's just. I wonder, does that seem weird to you? Does it seem perfectly normal?” I remembered what I told her when I hypnotized her, and made her into my slave. What I was wondering, was how did her conscious mind really take it.

“I'm sorry, master, but shouldn't you know that better than me? I mean, you're the one who made me like this.” She said.

The conversation didn't seem to make her uncomfortable -She just seemed genuinely dumbfounded that I didn't know the answer better than her.

“Hey, just because I have a gift doesn't mean I fully understand it. I'm just a college student, after all.” I said in response.

“Why do you think I decided to major in psychology.” I added.

She sighed an understanding sigh, and frowned, trying to come up with an answer for me.

“It's not easy for me to answer, master, but I'll feel really bad if I fail to give a satisfactory response to your question.” She said.

“And why is that?” I pushed.

“Because I'm your slave, master. I exist to serve you...” She said, as if that was the best explanation she could muster.

“I don't know what else to say. I mean, I realize it's not normal. I know I have friends and family who would be appalled by it. You know, the ones you didn't actually enslave, yet.” She rolled her eyes, as if berating me for being so lazy.

“But it just feels natural to obey.” she continued “No, it's more than that. Even more than an instinct. I barely have to ever think about it, you know?”

She had enough brains to quickly realize I couldn't possibly know.

“I mean, how often do you ask yourself why you breathe? Or sleep? Or masturbate?” She hesitated “Well, I guess you probably don't really masturbate, unless you count using sex dolls like me as 'tool aided' masturbation”

She bit her lip, obviously thinking her answer wasn't sufficient to appease me, which was right, but I was still amazed at how clear headed she could be while saying all these things, and still remain so devoted to pleasing me. If anything, she strengthened my decision to make a career of exploring the human mind.

“Are you saying obeying me is like breathing, sleeping, and jilling off, to you?” I asked.

“Yes, master. There's no better way to describe it. I feel like not obeying you will be just as bad as not breathing. I feel like I'd just die if I displease you.”

Her eyes were watery at this point. I rarely saw her so vulnerable, even as my sex slave. I had no idea I had such an impact. I mean, I found that with the right attitude I can pretty much make women do anything I want, but this went beyond my wildest dreams.

I decided to prod just a little bit longer.

“But you realize I manufactured these feelings within you, right? I forced them upon you, in a way.” I said. I knew I was

walking a thin line, but she had a trigger that will put her in the deepest possible trance, if my control over her waned, so I didn't worry.

I was really curious to hear her answer.

“Of course I do, master. What difference does it make?” She asked with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

“Well, I...” I mumbled “What do you mean?”

“If you found out that your need to breathe was forcefully planted in your mind, by someone else, would you have stopped breathing?” She asked. I stared at her with wide eyes, and nodded slowly.

“I see.” I said.

It really was time for me to get going, so I smiled, patted her head, and gave her nipple a twist.

“You did good, honey.” I told her. I rarely used such a benign and loving term of endearment, as honey, and she reacted by whimpering in pleasure.

“Thank you so much, master. I am so happy to please.” She smiled back at me.

“Good, then sleep for me.” I said, and her eyes closed, her head fell forward, and she receded to a deep, obedient trance.

“I'm going to leave the car, and when I do, you'll wake up with no memories of our conversation. You won't find it weird that you drove me all the way here. You were just being nice. You'll decide to hang at the mall for a couple of hours, and come to pick me up when I call you back, do you understand?”

“I understand, master.”

“Good girl. Now, I do want to continue this conversation at a later point, so when I say the words 'open yourself to me', you'll have full and vivid memories of what we just discussed, and you'll be ready to answer more questions, understand.”

“Yes, master.” Came her drone-like response.

I woke her up, left the car, and headed to the DMV building.

Like any other bureaucratic nightmare, I knew a long wait was ahead of me. Fortunately, I was always able to minimize

such discomforts with my innate ability of analyzing people, and social interactions.

It took a mere thirty minutes until I was led to a car by a rather attractive female tester. She had a sexy geek look to her, with smooth porcelain skin, and thinly framed glasses. She had brown hair, which was elegantly gathered in a pony tail and glided down below her shoulders, and nice breasts that seemed to be B-cups, at a wild guess.

Her figure was slender, yet impressive, and it gave me the feeling that she could have been a model, if she wanted to. She was very stern, though, which probably made her look older than her real age, which I ball parked at twenty-five to thirty.

Noticing all that, I surmised I was dealing with a feminist who probably views the modeling world as a flesh market that demeans women, and that she probably worked for the DMV as a part time job, on her way to prove that beautiful women can be successful intellectuals, too. All in all, I've dealt with tougher challenges.

My goal was to get a license, first and foremost. So, I decided that whatever I choose to do with her, would have to wait.

I don't think I can be blamed for being over confident during that test. For starters, I'm pretty much used to getting whatever I want, from pretty much everyone. Furthermore, I was in college at the time, not some sixteen years old high school kid. I already had some experience with cars, and frankly had a knack for driving. The only reason I never got a license before was that I didn't see a reason to, and always had other stuff to do. I had to get it done at some point, though.

So I casually drove the way she wanted me to, but I may have driven a little too casually. It's been such a long time since I took the written exams, that I forgot how unrealistically rigorous the rules are, and I never realized how pedantic driving examiners can be.

“You didn't stop before the stop line at the intersection.” She informed me.

“Umm, I was probably like an inch into the line when I stopped, though.” I said.

She glared at me as if I admitted to murder.

“Eyes on the road.” She told me quickly.

“Right, sorry.” And I turned my eyes back to the road, rolling them as a response to her attitude.

If that was my only miniscule “transgression”, I would've possibly had hope, but things turned from bad to worse from that point on, until the hot geek bitch told me to pull over at the side of the road, under the shade of a big tree.

“I'm sorry, but did you even prepare for this? Did you think you'll get a pass because you're older than most people I exam? I get people in their sixties, and I treat them just like the last sixteen years old.” She said with a stern voice, and all I thought was “Oh, you'll be sorry, alright. Just wait for it.”

She seemed to be waiting for my response, so I said something while looking around, devising a plan.

“So, I take it my chances are slim?” I said, with a very unconcerned tone.

“Slim?!” She exclaimed, just as I came up with the perfect plan. She didn't know it, but she was already mine

“More like none. Look, I know it's never an easy thing to hear, but you'll need to accept this failure and apply for another test, and maybe show up more prepared next time.”

She looked at her notes as she talked.

“I mean, seriously,” She raised her eyes to me “I gave you a bit too much rope as it is, considering that...”

She paused, looking at me. I bet I looked a little weird to her, staring up at the tree with wide eyes, breathing slowly and seeming so carefree.

“What are you looking at?” She asked, looking up at the tree as well, curious as to what got me so fixated. You know how a fish

needs to take the bait, and then all you got to do is reel it in? Well, it was kinda like that. She was mine.

“The leaves. Aren't they just beautiful?” I said quietly, with a smooth and soothing voice.

“What? Leaves? Sir, now isn't the time to...”

“Don't you just love the autumn?” I said, cutting her short. Even though her own voice was raised, mine seeped into her, and easily stopped her speech.

“Is there anything more beautiful than a tree top in autumn? Gently swaying in the soft, autumn breeze, slowly shedding leaves of gold and red, one by one, in preparation to winter, and the bloom of spring.”

“I...” She said, now staring up just like me, with a small frown on her face. At this point, all but the most cynical would at least try to grasp the beauty. It's like when someone tells you to look out a window on a spectacular view. You get an urge to look for a few seconds, and really take it in.

“I guess...” She said, looking up at the pretty feat of nature.

“Yeah...” I sighed calmly.

“The way the branches sway from side to side. So smooth, and so majestic. Like a royal dance of nature.”

I continued. This was the most important part, and I couldn't afford to stop and allow her to get distracted.

“Watching the tree dance like a lady, from side to side, allowing the wind to guide it like a charming gentleman. Such a magnificent eternal dance of endings and beginnings. An eternal dance of rebirth.”

“It's...beautiful.” I heard her say, her voice quiet, and soft. It was indeed beautiful, almost anyone would agree. My ruse would never have worked if there wasn't a certain truth behind my words.

“Yes, so beautiful.” I said, adding a bit more power to my voice.

“So easy to just calm down and watch it, be drawn to it and let the perfect relaxation guide you to eternal serenity.”

“Eternal. Serenity.” She sighed, and smiled.

“That's right. Watching the tree sway makes you so calm. Swaying from left, to right, to left. So easy to focus on it. So easy to match your breaths to its movements, and breathe in, and out, slowly.”

“In...” I said.

“And out...”

“So...easy...” he droned, and matched her breaths accordingly.

“It feels great, doesn't it?” I asked.

“Yeah...” She said, her eyes were sparking with light, as the sun peeked between the tree branches, and reflected in her eyes.

“You can feel even better, you know.” I told her.

“Even more calm, and even more serene. Do you want that?”

That was a rhetorical question, and I made sure she realized it.

“Yes.” Her response was almost automatic.

“Good. Then you need to focus on the tree even more.” I said.

“I want you to pick the most beautiful point in the tree, and focus on that point. Let the rest of the world blur and fade, and focus only on the tree.”

“O---kaaaaay...” Came her cloudy response.

“Good. You're doing great. Soon you'll be even happier.” I reassured her.

“In fact, you can already feel yourself becoming more calm and relaxed. As you focus on the beautiful tree, you're feeling a tingling warm feeling in your toes.”

“It's rising up your legs, to your knees, and to your thighs, and it is the warmest, most pleasant thing you've ever felt.” She squirmed ever so lightly in her seat, as the warm feeling reached her waist, and rose up to her belly, her chest, her neck, and finally her head, at my guidance.

“Now, the next step is completely up to you.” I told her.

“If you want to feel even better, you need to take one more important step. Do you want to feel better?” I asked.

“I do...” She answered sleepily.

“good girl.” I said.

“I will count from five to one, and with every number, your eyes

will feel heavier and heavier, until they close, and you sink into the most relaxing and pleasant trance. With every number, the tree will be more vivid in your sight, even as you close your eyes. Nothing will exist, except for the tree, and your perfect serenity.”

She gave out a moan of agreement, and I continued.

“I'll start counting.”

“Five. Your eyelids are getting heavier, and you feel better.”

“Four. The world is dark, and the tree is everything you can see.”

“Three. Your eyes are nearly closing, and you don't need them to see the tree, anymore.”

“Two. The tree is the only thing in existence.”

“And one. You fall into a deep, relaxing, and receptive trance.

It was done, just like that. Hook, line, and sinker, as they say. Beside me slumped an entranced beauty, ready to gobble up anything I tell her. Of course, I still needed to be smart about convincing her of the importance of obeying me.

“Now, what is your name?” She didn't even tell me that when she introduced herself, the stern bitch, just said “I'll be your examiner.”

“Alice.” She answered.

“That's a beautiful name. How old are you?” I was just wondering if my ball park was correct.

“Twenty-eight.” She said.

“You can still see the tree, Alice.” I told her, and she nodded silently.

“And that tree is the only thing in your mind, Alice. Say it.”

“The tree is the only thing in my mind.” She said.

“The tree *Is* your mind, Alice.” I said with a commanding voice.

“The tree...is...my...mind...” She repeated. Alice was surprisingly suggestive, as it turned out.

“The tree is you, Alice. Your mind is you, and the tree is your mind.”

“The tree is me...”

“Your memories, your dreams, your hopes, and fears. They are all in the tree, Alice.”

“All...in the tree...” She droned after me.

“That's right, and every leaf represents a memory, or a thought. An opinion, or a desire. Every leaf in the tree is a facet of who you are. Do you understand?”

She nodded.

It was finally time to strip her clean. Not physically, I mean. Well, not yet.

“It's autumn, Alice.” I said “It is time for the leaves to fall. It is time for rebirth.”

“time. For. Rebirth.”

“Can you see the leaves fall?” I asked her.

“Yes.” She said and nodded.

“With every leaf that falls, and disappears, so does a part of who you are.” I said, and she seemed alarmed.

“You can't stop it. It's the cycle of life. It is autumn, and the tree must shed its leaves.”

“It. It. Is. Autumn...” She droned.

“That's right. And with every leaf that falls, a memory is erased, an opinion vanishes, a facet of who you are fades away.”

“Erased. Vanish. Fade.” She repeated.

“Watch the leaves fall, and feel yourself emptied. No memories, no opinions, no wants or desires. Nothing is left as the leaves continue to fall, and leave the tree as naked as your mind. Because the tree is your mind, Alice.”

“The tree. Is me...” She echoed.

“And pretty soon, you'll forget your name is Alice, and you'll forget who you are, and what you do.”

“I-I'm scared...” She whined weakly.

“There's no reason to be scared.” I reassured her “It's perfectly natural. It is the cycle of rebirth. And you want to be reborn, right? You want the leaves to regrow.”

“Yes...” She said, her lips curled in a small smile “Rebirth. Regrow...”

“Good girl.” I said “Now, I will count to ten, and by the time I'm done, the last of the leaves will fall, and with it, your mind will be perfectly empty. No memories. No desires. No opinions. No personality. No thoughts. Repeat it.”

Alice repeated her mantra while I counted from one to ten.

“No memories...”

“No desires...”

“No opinions...”

“No thoughts...”

“And...Ten.” I said “Watch the final leaf fall. The leaf that holds the last of your innermost thoughts and memories. The ones that are so private, you never shared them with anyone. Watch it fall, and vanish.”

“Vanish...”

“The tree is now naked, and barren, in a pit of darkness, waiting for rebirth.”

“Waiting. For. Rebirth...”

“That's right. But rebirth will not happen on its own. The tree needs help, or it will stay naked and alone forever.”

“What? Help?” She asked, baffled.

“That's right. The tree can only regrow its leaves, with my help.”

“Your...help?”

“Yes. I am right there with you, next to the tree. Can you see me?”

“Yes.”

“I am big. Bigger than life itself. Larger and stronger than anything else.”

“Stronger. Stronger than everything.”

“That's right. And I am your only hope of regrowth. Do you want me to help you? You are a helpless and empty shell, without me...”

“Shall I help you?”

“Yes.” She nodded weakly, with her eyes closed “Yes, please.” She pleaded.

“I will. Under one condition.” I said.

“Anything...” She whispered exactly what I wanted to hear.

“For me to help you regrow, I need to access the very roots of your being. The roots of the tree. Beyond any thought, or emotion. Beyond any memory. I will put myself there, and thus be an inseparable part of who you are. I will be the primal cause for your existence, and the most important thing in your life. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“I will be your master. Everything you do, you will do for me. You will be my slave, and my servant, and each memory, emotion, or thought you have will be rooted and surpassed by your devotion to me. You will be reborn as my slave.”

“Yes. Master.” She said, and I felt a tingle in my trousers. The first time they call me master is always fun.

“Good slave.” I praised her.

“Now, see the roots of the tree - Your very core, and see me infuse myself with it.”

“I-I see...”

“And now, as I promised, see the leaves beginning to grow again, dressing the naked and barren tree that is you. With every leaf, another memory returns, and another part of you comes back. But every brand, new, green leaf that grows carries a part of your devotion to me. Your eternal, and complete obedience to me is reflected in every part of your past, present, and most importantly, your future.”

“You belong to me.”

“I belong to you, master.”

“And I will use you as I please.”

“Use me...”

“You will be my servant, my maid, my cook, and if I only desire, you will be my whore, and my sex slave.”

“Your servant, your maid, your cook, your whore, your sex slave.”

“My fuck doll. Your body is mine to do with as I please.”

“Yes master. Your fuck doll.” She said with a smile, happy to see the tree bloom brightly green, as she gave herself to me, heart, body, and soul.

I programmed the usual sleep command into her, and slowly woke her up, making sure to cement my control over her with every ascending number.

“And ten. Your eyes open, the tree is gone, but will forever remain within you, and you can see your lord and master.”

She opened her eyes, looked at me, and smiled ear to ear.

“How are you feeling?” I asked my new slave.

“Good, master. How may I be of use?” She asked.

I figured testing her wouldn't harm.

“Show me your tits.” I ordered.

“Yes, master.” She giggled and said. The stern demeanor she had seemed to be gone from the world. She lifted her shirt up, and removed her bra.

“Pretty nice.” I said, fondling her bare breasts.

“You will do whatever I wish.”

“Yes, master.” She confirmed.

I put my hand on the back of her head, and pushed it down to my crotch. There wasn't any muscular resistance, let alone any mental one.

“You really annoyed me earlier, bitch.” I told her.

“I'm so sorry, master.” She talked, and I felt her lips move on my crotch.

I lowered my pants and underwear, and smothered her on my bare crotch.

“I don't know if I can sport another erection, since it hasn't been long since I last came, but for now you can try your best to make me hard.”

“Yeth, mathter...” she said, already working on licking my flaccid cock. I turned the radio on, and casually drummed on the back of her head while she licked and kissed my crotch, moving from my shaft, to my balls, and even trying to kiss the part north of my penis.

I let her humiliate herself like that for about four songs, and then pulled her up. The smile never left her face, and her shirt was still above her tits. She was officially mine, for good.

“Your titties are indeed nice.” I told her.

“Thank you, master. They are yours to play with.”

“I will want you to have them pierced.” I told her. She was clearly against such things before, so I was curious to see if she hesitated to comply.

“Anything you wish, master.” She said happily, not even her pupils shook as she agreed to have her nipples mutilated for my benefit.

I thought it wouldn't happen, but I actually got hard again. She didn't notice, so I pushed her head back on my crotch, and this time started banging her face immediately. I fed Alice her very first load of cum in a matter of minutes, and she swallowed it like a pro. I even enjoyed spanking her a bit, and promised her there will be more.

“As for my license, whore.” I said.

“I will get it done as soon as we return to the DMV building, master.” She said.

“Good. You'd better wipe your chin, you've got some cum running from your mouth.”

“Oh, thank you, master.” She smiled, and used her shirt to wipe it off.

“and cover your boobs, bitch.”

“Yes, master. Thank you, master.”

She got me my license, and said she was sick and needs to take the rest of the day off. I was hoping she could drive me home

in the car I was tested in, but apparently it wasn't hers, and she was not allowed to take it, so I had to call my hot blonde back.

Sandra came over as fast as she could, and I told her to let Alice drive, so I can play with her in the back seat. Before long, I had my cock in her tight cheerleader pussy.

“Master. *Ah!* May I ask you a question while you fuck my cunt?”

“Of course, bitch.” I told her.

“Thank you, master.” I slowed my pumping, so she can talk more fluently.

“Why did you get a license? I mean, you have a stable of obedient slaves like me, and that new brunette bitch.” She said, referring to Alice.

“And what if you're not around? Or if having you drive me would be too suspicious?”

I picked up the pace of my pounding of her snatch.

“In the end, no matter who you are, having a driving license is a luxury. It's much more comfortable to be able to take myself anywhere I want on a moment's notice, even if all my slaves have somewhere else to be.”

Sandra smiled.

“I'm glad, master. Your comfort and pleasure are the only things that matter.”

That night, I had Gloria, Sofia, and Sandra take turns swatting Alice's ass hard with a cattle prod, until her ass was as red as the autumn leaves I used to mesmerize her.

I had early classes the next day, so I took everyone but Alice to the bedroom, leaving her to further punish herself by rubbing her pussy all night, and never reaching a climax. I told her I might fuck her in the morning.

In bed, I had Sandra and Sofia in my arms, kissing my chest as I fondled their young bodies. Gloria used both her mouth and her massive tits to coax me into having my pre-sleep orgasm. When I felt close enough, I flipped Sofia over and buried my cock

in her wet pussy. Leaning on her with all my might, I came inside her as strong as I did that morning, and heard her profusely thank me.

I sent Sandra back to her apartment downstairs, and Gloria back to her room, and hugged Sofia like a teddy bear, with my soft cock still inside of her.

“So comfy.” I mumbled as I drifted off to sleep, my head on the soft pillow, and my crotch on Sofia's perfectly soft and smooth ass.

“Nothing like a soft Latina crotch pillow, and a warm Latina night time cock holster...” I yawned, and sailed over to the land of dreams.

“Yes, master. I am your comfy crotch pillow.” Sofia said quietly “My pussy is yours. You deserve all the comfort my body can give...”

And she slowly drifted off to sleep, herself. She would only awaken the next morning, as I groggily pump my morning wood into her perfectly tight body.

###

The Inventor's Maid – Dinner at the Mansion

* * * * *

Lauren hummed a fun tune while sweeping the floor of her master's home. It was the song that played on TV the night before, as she diligently sucked his cock until he came in her mouth. Her own taste in music was very different, but Lauren felt the need to embrace it to her heart, it being the first song she heard since she became her master's slave. It felt so natural and good to let every aspect of her old life slip into oblivion, and immerse herself in her new, submissive self.

She felt no need for clothes anymore. It felt so much more natural to just do her daily chores in the nude, and pretend her master was watching. She took more time than usual to perform her duties, coming up with the sexiest and lewdest ways to clean.

“I need to be ready for when master wants to watch me work my cute little ass for him.” She said with a perky smile.

Calvin Jenkins, the owner of the mansion that was now her home, became the embodiment of all her desires, and the target of her eternal devotion. It was like his pleasure and happiness bypassed every other want she ever had, and stood before her mind's eye like a gigantic immovable statue, putting her past, present, and future in its shade.

It wasn't always like that. Lauren worked for her master as his live-in maid for quite some time, taking advantage of the cushy job and decent pay, not to mention the free accommodations. It was more like getting a salary and a free room in a mansion, than a job. Sure, she had to take care of all the cleaning, but it was still worth it. She would've had to clean her place of residence, anyway, might as well get paid for it.

Everything changed one fateful morning, when Lauren's curiosity got the better of her, and she ventured through to her master's usually locked workshop. In there, She encountered her master's ingenious masterpiece, which usurped her free will, and changed her into his mind controlled servant, unable of even considering disobedience.

Her master was usually nice to her, never harassing her or staring at her body in a too explicit manner. That was before her enslavement, of course. Now that he could feast his eyes with her nakedness, and enjoy everything she had to offer, he held nothing back. Just in the first twelve hours of her enslavement, her master fucked her cunt and her face as if there was no difference between the two, and came in both holes multiple times. Lauren never imagined a man would call her his cum-doll, and actually make her feel proud of it.

He did have other things to worry about, though, what with the second mortgage debt on his big house, which he inherited from his uncle. Unlike her genius master, his uncle was far from being smart, in any way, and lacked the business savvy one would require to maintain a successful restaurant.

That didn't stop him from putting everything he had in his own culinary creation, run such huge debts, and then leave his loyal nephew to pick them up after his death. Calvin loved his uncle, and wanted to keep his memory alive, and so he tried his best to cover the debts with his impressive paycheck as a senior scientist, doing research and development for a multimillion dollars corporation.

And he would've been able to cover those debts, too, if it wasn't for his new lab assistant claiming he sexually harassed her, saying he touched her inappropriately. His boss, Mrs. Davis, offered to pay the young woman off, and told him the money will be taken off his own salary. He felt like he was scammed by his harpy boss, and her cute little protege. He told Lauren Mrs. Davis has been trying to get him to quit for ages.

Lauren shook her naked body as she cleaned the marble kitchen table, pointing her ass and pretending to beg her master to fuck her from behind.

“If he did touch that bitch lab assistant, she should be thanking him.” Lauren mumbled.

“But she will. After today, they'll all learn their place. Just like I did.” She said with a coy, and slightly wicked smile. She was so proud to be her master's first slave.

Lauren had just moved to cleaning the kitchen's floor when her phone rang. She hastily shook her pert booty to answer it, letting the broom fall to the floor with a sharp clank. Looking at the caller ID, a bright smile formed on her pretty face.

“This is Lauren's upper fuck hole.” She said “She's not in right now, but you can always leave your cum for her to swallow whenever you wish, master.”

She finished with a giggle. An audible sigh was heard on the other end.

“This how you answer my call, seriously? Didn't we talk about being discrete?” He said with an irritated voice.

“Hey, I didn't answer with a zombie-like drone, did I? Besides, who could possibly be listening?”

“I've got you on speaker in my car. Do I have to tell you what can go wrong in this scenario?”

“No need, master, I watch sitcoms.”

“Shrewd as always, Lauren. I'm actually glad my little invention didn't take the sarcastic sting out of you, I have to say.”

“It just made me hopelessly obedient, master, that's all.” She said with a warm smile, happy to hear he is pleased with her.

Hearing his voice was enough to make her pussy tingle, and she absentmindedly reached a hand to her lower lips, and started gently fingering herself. She had to make sure not to reach an orgasm, though, since it would be greatly impolite to do so without her master's permission.

“What are you whimpering about?” He asked, hearing her little moans of pleasure.

“Just making sure my cunt is ready for you, master.” She said cheerfully.

“Good girl.” He said, and nearly made her climax.

“I called to make sure you don't feel any doubts about your new position in life. Have you found yourself reconsidering your devotion to me, in any way, shape, or form?” He inquired.

“Of course not, master! Why would you think that?”

“Well, I didn't plan on you being my first test subject, but now that you are, I have to make sure the effects don't wane over time.”

“Oh...” She said as she understood his motives.

“Well, I can assure you I don't even feel a tingling of a doubt, master. I can hardly fathom a different way for me to live, master.”

“Excellent. Then I suppose it will be no problem if I told you to quit college, and stop working on your degree?”

“Of course it won't be a problem, master. I devote my entire future to you.” She couldn't help but stick a finger in her moist pussy, as she declared her eternal allegiance to her owner.

“Good. Do it, and send me a message once it's done. I have to make sure you will change your entire life for me.”

“Gladly, master!”

“Oh, and Lauren?”

“Yes, my liege?”

“Liege?” He asked.

“No good? Just trying to be creative, master.” She said coyly.

“Heh, it's fine. Just took me by surprise.” He chuckled.

“Anyway, just don't write anything too, you know, risqué, when you send me that message, okay?” He told her.

“As you wish,” She said, and added “my liege” in a breathy, sexy whisper.

Lauren heard her master laugh, and then the click that told her he hung up.

“Go show them who's the real boss, master.” She said, staring at her phone.

She lay her phone back on the table, and started fondling her tits as she fingered her wet hole.

“Oh wow! I'm so fucking horny. I wish master would come and fuck me for lunch.”

Somehow, using mental perseverance she did not know existed within her, Lauren managed to take her hands off of her own body, and called her faculty administrator to notify him of her quitting.

It was easier than she thought it would be, and only five minutes later she returned to her cleaning, with the confirmation message already sent to her master's cell.

“I really thought they'd fight for me a little more...Well, fuck them, I guess that shows how right I am in serving my master.” She decided with a big smile.

After she cleaned the whole mansion, Lauren went down for a nice nap, which quickly erupted to a masturbation mayhem with her becoming a puddle of youthful lust on the floor, and ending with her squirting her juices all over it.

“Oh, nooooo...” She whined. Lauren really tried to avoid cumming, but she just couldn't control herself...

As her punishment, she positioned herself before a mirror, pointed her ass towards it, and began spanking herself as hard as she could. When her master finally returned, she will have to admit her sin, but she hoped presenting a properly reddened behind will help him forgive her disrespectful transgression.

“Here's to hoping.” She mumbled as she raised her hand high, and brought it down on her bubbly behind with full force.

Spank

“Mmh!”

* * * *

Elsewhere, in the office of Mrs. Davis, Calvin sat before his busty boss. She was blonde, fit, and quite appealing, especially considering her age. Her face had nearly no wrinkles, her tits were huge, and her ass was shapely and round. She was living proof that middle aged women can still be hot

“As I already told you, Mr. Jenkins, I will not be attending your little dinner. Distance between a boss and her employees is important. Nothing is better proof of that than your problems with your young assistance.” She said with a smug, judgmental tone.

Calvin stopped himself from screaming obscenities at her.

“I know the recent events with Jane were problematic...” He swallowed “For you...” He said resentfully.

“But that's exactly why I want you and Jane to be there. We can all put our past issues behind us and have a nice dinner.”

“Are you insane? You want to invite Jane, the same lab assistant that complained about your inappropriate behavior, to a dinner at your home?!” Mrs. Davis couldn't believe what she was hearing.

“It's not like that, and you know it! I just want to make things right!”

She made an exasperated sigh, and massaged her temporal lobe, feeling as if she's talking to a monkey.

“Look, Calvin, I know people of your level of intelligence are known for being socially awkward. However, even you should know what an awful idea this is. Just take the temporary

decrease in your pay, be quiet, and let this thing blow over, okay?" She gave him one of her famous piercing stares, as if looking deep into his soul.

"If you keep this up, I might have to take more severe measures against you, Mr. Jenkins."

Normally that would be enough to make him run off with his tail between his legs. This time, however, he had a trump card up his sleeve, or rather, in his back pack. He smiled at her, and reached down to open his bag.

"I'm afraid I can't agree to that, Mrs. Davis. I really must insist that you attend dinner at my house today."

He was rummaging through his back pack, so he couldn't see how angry she was, but her voice told him just how furious his bitchy boss had become.

"Okay, now you listen to me..." She started yelling, but Calvin found his device and placed it on her desk before she could finish her sentence.

"I have something to show you." He said, interrupting her.

"I don't care what you have to show me!" She screamed, standing up abruptly.

He smirked again, and turned it on.

"Don't worry." He said "You're about to change your mind, or perhaps have your mind changed. Doesn't really matter which, does it?"

The device began emitting colorful light, and Calvin pointed it to the wall next to them. Once the spiral formed on the wall, Mrs. Davis found her eyes gravitating towards it, pulling her in like the eye of a hurricane.

"What the fuck is this supposed...to...be...?" She asked, her voice rapidly becoming drowsy, and mellow, as she locked her gaze on the mesmerizing spiral.

Calvin rolled his chair to the door, locked it, and then shut the blinds on both the door and the windows, making sure no one will interfere with the process.

A weak high pitched noise sounded from the device, causing Mrs. Davis to give a relaxed sigh. Her busty cleavage slowly moved up and down as she breathed in and out, and she quickly began falling into a hypnotic trance.

“The device adjusted itself to her brain's frequency. Perfect.” Calvin noted with a grin.

Locked to her brainwaves, the device started talking to the busty blonde.

“Focus on the spiral. Never take your eyes off of it.”

Mrs. Davis flinched slightly, but then the same words appeared on the spiral itself, and she became visibly more calmed and relaxed. The words, written in pure gold upon the colorful spiral, cemented the device's power on her mind, making her feel like it was natural to put her trust in the words she heard and saw, and obey them.

“Relax. Let all your worries slip away, and sink into a deep hypnotic trance.”

Mrs. Davis frowned again, until the word “RELAX” shone brightly upon the spiral, and she sighed again, content and relaxed.

Calvin smiled at what he saw.

“Adding the visual stimulant was a true stroke of genius.” He said, noticing how effective the words upon the spiral were, to stifle any resistance his bitchy boss may have had.

“Relax...” Mrs. Davis echoed after the voice.

“Enter a deep hypnotic trance.” The voice demanded, and Mrs. Davis nodded, glassy eyed.

With the initial phase completed, and the busty blonde entranced and ready to be reprogrammed, the device moved to the full brunt of the conditioning. After one last confirmation of her responsiveness to the words on the wall and the sound of the device, and after a few moments of silence to deepen her trance, Mrs. Davis started learning her new place in life.

Her advanced programming had begun...

“This is the best part.” Said Calvin, barely able contain himself.

“You will be programmed to be your master's obedient slave.”

“Yes...Master's slave...” Mrs. Davis repeated, soaking the orders in, unable to even conceive the notion of resistance.

“You exist to serve, and obey your master.”

The device spoke in a metallic voice, but to Mrs. Davis it sounded just like her own, or so Calvin hoped, since it was crucial to the success of his process. The colorful spiral on the wall showed the words “serve” and “obey”, and they seeped into the depths of her soul.

“Your own life is meaningless. You have no will of your own. You belong entirely to your master.”

“My life has no meaning. I have no will. I belong entirely to my master.”

“You are his property.”

“I am his property.”

Mrs Davis repeated the words perfectly, in a sultry monotone, as the words on the spiral drove the point home. Random words that described her new life – Words such as “owned”, “obedient”, “enslaved”, and “docile”, and many more, telling her what she had now become.

“Your old life is gone.” The voice said.

“Yes...” She agreed with a shaky voice, feeling the last, almost microscopical, bits of resistance melting away into oblivion.

“Your new life belongs to your master.”

“Yes...I belong to my master...”

The same words appeared on the spiral on the wall, ascertaining her subservience.

“You are the same as his furniture, toys, and tools, and will be used as such.” The voice said, as the word “Property” appeared on the spiral.

“Furniture...Toy...Tool...I will be used by my master...”

“You will be his servant, his foot stool. His to command, and enjoy, in any way he sees fit.”

Mrs. Davis nodded with a mesmerized smile on her face.

“I am my master's servant. My master can use me in any way he sees fit.”

This time, her voice was solid, strong, and almost normal. Calvin knew at that point that his success was guaranteed.

“You will forever serve your master, and obey his every command.” The device said, and she repeated, becoming more and more content with her new place in life.

With that, the device announced that the advanced programming stage has completed, and moved to the final stage, which Calvin, so originally, dubbed “The Finishing Touches”.

Mrs. Davis was already done for, but Calvin was a careful man, and so he added a few important lines, specifically for his female subjects.

“You are your master's sex slave.”

“I am my master's sex slave.”

“You are your master's sex toy.”

“I am my master's sex toy.”

“Your mind is gone. You are nothing but a pair of tits, and a wet cunt for him to use.”

“Pair of tits...wet cunt...” Mrs. Davis repeated without fail, and Calvin felt the bulge in his pants nearly erupt.

“You love serving your master sexually. Being a part of his harem of sex slaves is what you were always meant to be.”

“I am my master's sexual servant. It has always been my purpose to be a part of my master's harem.”

“He can use you in any way he desires, whenever he desires, where ever he desires.”

“Any way. Whenever. Where ever...”

“No one living, or dead, is more important than your master.”

“No one is more important than master. His will trumps the wishes of anyone else.” She said, her eyes shimmering.

“You will sacrifice and betray your closest friends, and family, at the whim of your master.”

“My family, friends, and loved ones come at a mere, and distant second place. My master is the most important one, even if it means using them as cannon fodder.”

Calvin loved hearing her own interpretations of his commands, and the way they settled in her brainwashed mind.

“You love pleasing your master sexually, in any way he desires.

“I love sexually pleasing my master.”

“You love sucking his cock.”

“I love sucking his cock.” She said and licked her lips - Calvin could barely wait to feel her tongue on his shaft.

“You love it when he sprays his cum all over you, or ejaculates inside of you.”

“I love it when my master uses me to cum. I love it when my master uses my body to dump his load on.”

“Your master can cum whenever he wants, where ever he wants.”

“My master can cum whenever he wants, where ever he wants.”

“You may only orgasm on command, and always will, when commanded to.”

“I will orgasm on command, and only on command. My pussy is my master's property”

“Your master's name is Calvin Jenkins.” The voice said, as his picture appeared on the spiral.

“My master is Calvin Jenkins.” She said with a happy nod.

“Hmm, I was wrong, that picture isn't bad at all. Still, I can't believe I wore that hideous shirt.” Calvin said as he looked at the spiral, which clearly had no mesmerizing effects on him.

“Congratulations.” The voice said “Your brainwashing is complete, and you may begin your new life of servitude.”

The words “This slave is ready to be commanded.” appeared on the spiral, and the device went into hibernation.

“This slave is ready to be commanded.” Mrs. Davis said once, and then again, and again. Calvin almost wanted to just leave her like that for a few hours, but they were at his workplace, and someone might have intruded on her, during the day.

Not that Mrs. Davis cared. Her career, her ambitions, and even her family, it all seemed insignificant, now. The only thing that gave her pause was the fact she spent so many years of her adult life not properly pleasing her master, and she was happy that sore fact will now be changed.

“This slave is ready to be commanded.” She said again, patient and obedient.

Calvin turned the device off with a triumphant smile on his face, and moved to land his palm on Mrs. Davis' behind, grabbing a handful of her shapely ass. All she did in response was jerk her body slightly forward, slightly surprised.

“My body is yours, master.” She said happily.

He circled around her, and grabbed another handful, this time of her big tits.

“Yes it is, bitch. Finally, it is.” He said, feeling victorious.

“Do you have any idea how long I've been waiting to have a good look on your tits, bitch?”

Spank

She gasped as an even stronger slap landed on her ass.

“I'm sorry, master! I beg your forgiveness!”

As she begged, she removed her shirt, and bra, revealing her double D's in all their glory.

“My tits are yours, master.”

She knelt before her superior, and held her tits together, serving them up for him.

“I exist for your pleasure.”

Looking up at him with moist, subservient eyes, she started slowly pivoting her upper body from side to side, her nipples poking forward and sending a clear invitation.

It was an invitation Calvin could not hope to refuse, and he had no intention of trying. With the door to her office locked, there was no reason for him to hold back. He took his bottoms off, and waved his member in front of her face. An action which would gross her out, only an hour earlier, was now welcomed by her with a lewd smile, as she extended her tongue forward, trying her best to lick the fleshy rod.

Calvin then pumped into her mouth a few times, feeling great elation as he arched his neck upwards in pleasure. The formerly superior Mrs. Davis worked her tongue around his shaft through the rough face fucking, as if she was used to it.

With a happy grunt, Calvin pulled out of her tongue and slapped his dick across her tits, still squeezed together by her hands. Her tongue dangled out of her mouth like that of a bitch in heat, drooling upon her massive tits and lubing them for his pleasure.

He rested his cock between her boobs, and let her do the rest of the work. She moved her body up and down, grunting and sighing with every thrust, and looking up at him with helpless

submission, wondering how she could have lived so long without being his toy.

His cock was held between the valley of her cleavage so perfectly, that Calvin almost felt like her tits were vacuuming his dick. Every time the tip of his cock emerged from between her tits, a light smack was heard, followed by a desperate slurp as she tried her best to lick it. It was like her tongue tried to steal her master's shaft from between her tits, unaware that she was actually the one moving them up and down.

In the moment of his climax, he grabbed her shoulders and started fucking between her bug jugs on his own, moaning loudly. Feeling his cock swell up, Calvin slowed his fucking of her tits, and instead of rapid fire assumed a slower, yet stronger, thrusting method.

With pleasure and bliss hovering over both parties, he started shooting his load, one warm spurt after the other, whenever his dick emerged from between her breasts. He hit her neck, as she looked up at him, sprayed his cum between her boobs, and even managed to spray her full, hungry lips.

“Thank you for your cum, master.” She said once he backed away, cum dripping over to her respectable business attire.

“Your welcome, bitch.” He said, enjoying the verbal abuse that his slave took for granted.

At his command, Mrs. Davis started licking her breasts, wiping the cum off of them with her tongue. Then, he brought his cock to her mouth, for some proper cleaning, before making sure she wiped off every last remnant of his pleasure off of her – She still had a full day of work ahead of her, after all.

Standing topless before her master, Mrs. Davis listened to the important things she'll have to attend to, during her day.

“I often get hard on the job, and usually have to suppress my arousal.” Calvin said “Now, instead of blue balling myself, I will come in here, lock the door, and fuck you senseless. Make sure you are always available.”

“Of course, master. I am your stress relief tool.” She agreed heartily.

“Another important thing for today. That hot piece of ass, Jane, needs to attend my dinner party this evening. Her sexual harassment claims are pure bullshit, but I certainly wouldn't mind tapping her perfect little ass.” He glared at her “Make sure she attends.”

“Yes, master. All nubile young women are yours to enjoy.” Mrs. Davis said, taking a respectable bow before her owner, her bare tits swinging up and down as she moved herself back to an upright position.

He instructed her to cover her tits, and left her office, almost upset that he couldn't stay and humiliate her longer. But, he had his own work to do, and he did not want to rouse anyone's suspicion, especially the hot blonde who already sat in his chair when he arrived at his lab.

He purposefully slammed the door behind him, making the slender and lewd Jane jump in surprise.

“You startled me!” She breathed at him with venomous eyes.

“You're sitting on my chair.” He said coldly.

She returned the cold look, and sighed derisively.

“Moron...” She gritted through her teeth as she got up and vacated his seat.

“What did you say?” He demanded.

Jane feigned innocence, if only for a second.

“What?”

But then immediately changed her tune.

“Ohh, I said moron. You idiot.” She said defiantly.

The only thing stopping his outburst was his memory of his fun ordeal in Mrs. Davis' office, and the knowledge of what he will do to his young, disrespectful assistant once he subjects her to his ingenious device.

“I'm still your boss, you know...” He started angrily, but she interrupted him before he could finish.

“Not for long, if you're not careful! I heard they treat sex criminals real good in prison showers.” She smiled, certain of her triumph, and Calvin turned away from her, growling. She couldn't see, but after he turned away from her, he donned a smile that would not shame comic book super villains. If nothing else, Calvin was a smart man, and he knew how to reel a bait in.

Just then, Mrs. Davis came in, as respectable and aloof as always.

“Jane, may I see you in my office.” She asked the young lab assistant.

“Certainly, Mrs. Davis.” Jane said smugly, giving Calvin a look displaying nothing but disdain, and derision.

As the two left, Calvin burst into laughter, and began working on his company duties.

“The stupid little bitch thinks she's so smart.” He mocked Jane in her absence.

“She's sure her position is unassailable, because she earned the dubious role of being Mrs Davis' little pet.”

He rubbed his hands together, and lowered the pitch of his voice to a low grumble.

“She has no idea she is merely the pet of my pet, now. I don't even know if there's a word for someone so low on the food chain.”

He erupted in a maniacal laughter, just as his phone rang. It was Lauren.

“What is it? I was having a great little super villain moment, here...” He answered the phone.

“Lots of work you have there at the lab, huh?” Lauren mocked.

“You have no idea, sweet tits.”

“I Probably don't, master.” She agreed “You know, if you're into those stuff, I could go out and buy me a Wonder Woman or Catwoman costume. I bet I can spring for a matching whip, too!”

Calvin liked what he was hearing.

“And I thought I was the genius.” He said with a grin.

“Wait, does wonder woman have a whip?” Lauren asked.

“Heh, more like a lasso.” Calvin corrected her, with a chuckle
“But I'd be fine with a whip, as long as I get to hold it.”

“Anything you wish, master.” She respectfully said.

“Is there a reason for this call, or did you just miss the sound of my voice?”

Lauren took a deep breath, and spanked herself.

“I always miss the sound of your voice, master. Shall I go and buy those costumes? I have the money.”

“No, I need you to make sure everything is ready for the dinner party. What was that smack I just heard?”

“Oh.” She bit her lip “I-I spanked myself...”

She shamefully admitted.

“Oh, my. What did you do? Were you a baaaaad girl?” He asked with a smile, perhaps enjoying himself a little too much, considering how seriously Lauren took her horrendous affront to him.

“I climaxed without permission, master. I'm sorry...” She said with sincere sadness

Calvin blinked a few times, his smile vanishing. Her saddened voice was quite the buzz-kill. Unlike Jane, whom he wanted to degrade beyond recognition, he actually liked Lauren, even before she was accidentally subjected to his device.

“I didn't know what to do, so I started spanking myself every now and then...” She admitted.

Calvin knew exactly what to do. Her over simplified mind was practically programmed to be manipulated by him, after all.

“Well, I forgive you.” He said “You can stop spanking yourself.”

He knew all she needed to hear was that he forgave her.

“Yay! Oh, thank you, master! Thank you so much!” She said, the light and joy returning to her voice.

He then had an even better idea.

“Actually, you can keep spanking yourself, but see it as reward for being such a good and honest girl.”

“Yes, master!” She said, and landed another hot smack on her behind, this time with a sweet smile and a moan.

There, everybody wins... He thought to himself. She was happy to spank her buttocks red, and he was happy because, well, isn't it obvious?

“Keep up the good work, slave. I'll see you when I'm done here.”

“Wait, master! I have a message to give you from Ms. O'Hara. You know, the woman from the bank.”

“Oh! It's nice of you to actually tell me that, five minutes into this call. Well, out with it, then.”

“Oh come on, master. My mom always told me to leave the best news for the end. She called to say she'll definitely attend the dinner party, and that she'll bring some papers for you to sign.”

“Heh, that is good news. Well, not the papers, signing them would basically shackle my economic future in debt, forever, but I have a feeling I won't have to sign them, eventually.”

He paused and then asked “Is that all?”

“Yes, master.”

“I'll see you later today, then.”

“I'll be wet and waiting, master.” Lauren said with the sexiest voice she could muster, and ended the call with a cute giggle that made Calvin almost instantaneously hard. Fortunately, he already had the perfect way of dealing with his discomfort, right there at his workplace.

He heard a chair move behind him, and made a startled gasp as he saw Jane, sitting down at the desk behind him.

“Oh, did I frighten you?” She asked with an evil smile “Who were you talking to?”

“My maid.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“You have a maid? Well, dinner today will be a blast, won't it...” She said resentfully.

“So you're coming?” He asked.

“Yeah, for some reason Mrs. Davis insists that I attend. I wonder what's gotten into her.”

“One can only guess.” He said, unable to conceal his joy.

“Well, we will certainly have a good time, trust me. My maid cooks the best meals, and she's about your age, so you two might hit it off.”

He got up from his chair and headed for the door.

“My age? I guess she's ugly, then, because a man like you wouldn't...” He was already at the door, completely ignoring her.

“Hey! Where are you going?!” She called out, but he decided it would be more fun to let the little bitch stew.

He walked into Mrs. Davis' office and locked the door behind him. By the time he turned back around, she was already on her knees, with her tits out.

“I'm ready to please, master.” She said with a meek smile, offering her tits to him.

“It's funny. Lauren kept most of her quirks and light headed attitude. You, on the other hand, are like a completely different person. Could it be Lauren's personality fits that of a subservient little sex slave better? I wonder...”

He unbuckled his belt and lowered his pants, making a mental note to give the subject some consideration, once his blood returns to flow primarily to his brain.

“With respect, master, may this worthless slave offer her own hypothesis.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“Go ahead, bitch.” He told the topless kneeling slave before him, holding his cock with one hand, barely patient enough to allow her the privilege of finishing her thought.

“Thank you, master.” She said with a warm smile.

“Well, I think I haven't changed as much as you think I did. It's just that in all of our previous interactions, I was the boss, and you were my subordinate. You've never seen me in a context in which I am subordinate to you.”

He smiled as he understood her meaning.

“Hmm, yes, I see. So you're saying you were always warmer and nicer to your superiors, and as professional and respectful as possible.”

“Yes, master. And now that you taught me how wrong I was in thinking I was anywhere but below you, of course my behavior towards you changed. I am so happy to be of use, master.” She said, intentionally making her tits bounce, only once.

He dropped his underpants and smirked.

“Heh, well I'm glad we got that little conundrum out of the way. Now, to answer Jane's question as to what could possibly get into you. Bend over your desk and make your cunt available.”

“Right away, master.”

She said, and with efficiency and expedience, she disrobed of all of her constricting clothes, bent over her desk, and spread her ass cheeks wide, serving her pussy up, for his pleasure.

He teased her pussy lips with the tip of his manhood, causing her to wiggle her behind and moan.

“Ohh master, thank you...” She said weakly.

Her pussy wet, and more than ready, he inserted the tip in and grabbed her tits from behind.

“Ohh!” The naked executive squealed happily as he rammed his cock deep in her.

“Well, it's not as tight as Lauren's, but it's not bad at all!” He said, and started pumping into her as hard as he could.

“*Ohh! Ahh!* Thank you, *Nhh. Aaaa! Master!*” She barely said.

Spank

He hit her ass in response, making her yelp in surprise.

“You are going to make my days at work so much better!” He growled in her ear and rammed into her like a wild beast.

“That's the good thing about obedient slaves! I don't need to worry about your feelings, or what position you like or dislike. I can just bend you over...”

He slowed to a halt, pulled out so only his tip was inside her, and then rammed back in, gluing his crotch to her.

“...Whenever I fucking want!” He finished, balls deep in her cunt, hearing her squeal of delight pierce the air.

He started cumming as he was kissing her neck, and exhaled loudly with every burst of pleasure exiting his shaft. With his climax done, he collapsed upon her, exhausted.

“Thank. You. Master.” She said, her boobs hard-pressed on her desk, with her master's torso weighting on her back.

“You're welcome, bitch.” He said, catching his breath, his cock still sitting comfortably inside of her.

Regaining his strength, he rose up, gave her behind a hearty spank, and pulled out of her. Walking back a few steps, he watched her well-used cunt slowly drip his white creamy load onto the floor.

“Oh, look at that, your loose cunt is making a mess on the floor of your office. I can't have my sex slave being so sloppy.”

She looked back at him and wiggled her ass.

“I'm sorry, master.” She said, not knowing if her master was serious, or just toying with her.

“I think you should be a good girl, and lick the floor clean. Not to mention it will please me to no end, seeing you degrade

yourself so fully.”

That gave her the answer she sought, and she smiled an amiable smile at him.

“As you wish, master. Anything to please you, master.” She fell to her knees as naturally as a bird takes flight, and then lowered herself even further, pointing her ass up as her tongue touched the cum stained floor of her office.

With long licks she gathered the thick liquid to her mouth, slurping loudly and shining the floor. Calvin, still sweating from the enjoyable romp he just had with his boss-slave, sat on her comfy office chair, and rested his legs on her curvy behind.

“Talk about a comfy foot stool.” He said, purposefully weighing on her behind, checking how much strain can she handle.

“I am happy to be a soft and cushy furniture for you, master.” She said between licks.

Even though the floor had no traces of his cum left on it, Mrs. Davis continued licking for as long as she thought he enjoyed it. It took her a while to notice Calvin actually fell asleep on her chair, with his legs on her ass. Quite frankly, she only noticed when he started snoring.

Since she was his devoted slave, and despite her back starting to ache after about twenty minutes, she remained in her place and tried to be as silent and immobile as she could, letting the one she was born to serve have his important shut-eye. She would usually frown on him for having such lengthy breaks, but that was before, when she could still disobey his whims.

He woke up about an hour later, well rested and energized.

“*Yawn* Oh my, I fell asleep, didn't I?”

“Yes, master. Did you enjoy your nap?” She asked, still ignoring her sore and aching back.

“Oh, yes, it wasn't bad at all. Your chair is quite comfy.”

He took his legs off of her, and went to his knees behind her.

“Nothing is mine anymore, master. *Mmh!*” She whimpered as she felt his rejuvenated hard-on prod her pussy lips.

“All I have is yours.”

He fucked her one last time, and this time sprayed his load all over her ass, and ordered her to wear her clothes over it.

“Well,” He said after dressing back up “I’ll see this hot ass of yours tonight at the party.” He pinched her ass playfully.

“It’s gonna be a blast!”

And with a spank on the fabric covering her cum stained behind, he left her office, leaving her to recuperate from their extensive “business meeting”.

* * * *

With his dinner party guests due any moment, Calvin relaxed on the sofa, his hands on Lauren’s hips as she kept his hard cock warm in her pussy, riding him up and down as slow as she could, so as to not bring him to the edge before his real fun starts.

“How do you like my new maid’s outfit, master?” She asked.

The outfit she got for herself on the day of her enslavement was a little too revealing to entertain guests who did not know of her special place as Calvin’s slave, especially when it came to female guests.

Instead of going back to her old attire of simple tights and loose shirts, she bought a slightly more conservative, and yet still racy new maid’s outfit, complete with a flimsy top that only covered her upper torso, and a skirt long enough to be somewhat decent. The outfit also came with lacy underwear, but she figured those would just get in the way of her master’s cock.

He moved his hands to her ass, and sighed contently.

“It’s not bad, I guess. Didn’t I tell you not to go and buy new costumes?” He asked, not really bothered by her disobedience as he thought he should be – It was just too hard while her tight cunt slowly embraced his erect manhood in a constant vertical motion.

“I think you told me you wanted this place ready for the dinner party.” She said with a coy smile “So I figured, if I can finish preparing everything quickly, I'll have the time to get the other things I knew will make you happy.”

Her pussy suddenly tightened even more, as she neared her mouth to his ear.

“And before you ask.” She whispered “I got a submissive catwoman costume, a wonder woman costume, and a princess Leia costume.”

She kissed his neck, and continued her slow descent on his cock.

“Heh, I might cum just imagining you in those outfits...”

“Your words are the greatest honor a little slavegirl like me can hope for, master.” Lauren stared lovingly into his eyes.

A knock on the door cut the somewhat romantic moment.

“Oh, someone's here.” He said, looking at the door, and spearing her cunt all the way through.

“Mmhh...Yes, master, so it seems.” She said, her cheeks flushed.

“Okay, go open the door. I'll go get dressed and get the device.”

“Yes, master.” Lauren stood up from his lap and moaned lightly as his cock left her twat, sorted her skirt to create an illusion of decency, and walked to the door. She waited for her master to vanish up the stairs, and opened it.

Two blondes stood there, one seemed only a few years older than Lauren, and the other was middle aged and busty.

“Welcome,” She greeted them with a smile “I'm Lauren, the maid, and you must be Mrs. Davis, master's boss?”

“I am, yes.” Mrs. Davis nodded with red cheeks, feeling bad to refer to herself as her master's boss, but she knew it was necessary, in order to fool Jane.

“And that would make you Jane,” Lauren turned to the younger blonde “Master's lab assistant.”

Lauren smiled and invited them in. Jane huffed at the young redhead, glaring at her with judgmental eyes.

“Why are you calling him master? Does it get you off or something?” She asked Lauren.

“Well, I'm the live-in maid. He's the owner of the house. Isn't that what I would traditionally call him?”

“So what you're saying is he likes having a beautiful young lady call him master, and you're fine with it as long as you get paid.” Jane declared with a snide smile.

“Ow, thank you! I am quite beautiful, ain't I?” said Lauren, ignoring Jane's jape.

“Why do you even work here? Isn't there anything else you can do to pay your college tuition?”

“First of all, I forgive your blatant intrusion on my private life.” Lauren said, aching for the moment that blonde whore finally learns her place before her master.

“Second of all, sure there are other things I could do, but I didn't feel like going into porn, or apply at the local strip joints. What did you do to pay for college?”

Lauren maintained a cheery and innocent tone throughout her response, hoping to unnerve the young blonde even further. Jane just stared at her for a few seconds, obviously trying to come up with a witty answer.

“Well? Did you fuck on cam or strip on the stage, Janey?” Lauren served the knockout, losing the innocence and revealing her sting.

Jane huffed angrily and looked away.

“It's a nice place.” She said, looking around “Jenkins doesn't deserve it...”

“Said the stripper whore...” Lauren made another jab at Jane, which may have been a nudge too far.

“Look, you slutty tart, I came here at the invitation of your 'master',” She gave the word air quotes in a very disrespectful manner “and if you keep this going I'll walk right out that door!”

Lauren knew she couldn't let her do that, at least until her master showed her his device.

“Sorry, ma'am, I went too far.” She said, trying to be as apologetic as she could, while wanting nothing more than to jump the blonde and show her master what a good old cat fight looked like.

“That's better.” Jane said arrogantly.

“What's all the yelling about?” Calvin came in, wearing his best suit.

“Oh my, Calvin.” Mrs. Davis said “You look amazing.” She smiled at him, hoping to appeal to her master by groveling with her words, at least until she could finally kiss his balls and show her submission.

Jane made another derisive huff.

“Well, we're here, what now?” She asked, impatient.

“Well, come over and have a seat at the table. There are some snacks already served, and we'll start the dinner once my last guest arrives.”

He led them to the dining table, which had five plates and cutlery sets arranged on it, along with some food to wet their appetite.

“They're called appetizers, master, not snacks.” Lauren said with a coy smile.

“I already had mine” He stared at Lauren meaningfully, his cock still hard from spending quality time lounging in her cunt “and I tell you I'm ready for the main course.”

He looked over to Jane.

“Well, who are we waiting for?” She asked.

“My bank account manager, Ms. O'Hara.”

“Your bank account manager?” Jane asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah, I had some issues with the second mortgage on this place. Let's say my uncle wasn't fiscally sound.”

He smirked, and thought he'd elicit a smile from Jane, but she just continued to coldly stare at him.

"Anyway, she tried to help me with it, so I figured I'll invite her over."

Jane sighed.

"In other words, she couldn't help you and you invited her over hoping to schmooze her and get some reprieve on the bills, right?"

"Heh, you caught me..." He said, taking a sip of his wine.

Another knock on the door ended the awkward moment.

"That must be her. Go ahead and open it, Lauren."

"Yes, master." Lauren said with a smile, making Jane roll her eyes at her obvious submissiveness.

"I think it's high time for my problems to be solved." Calvin said, raising his glass for a toast, which Mrs. Davis joined almost too excitedly, causing some of her drink to drop on her dress.

Jane reluctantly joined the toast, raising her glass in a half-assed way and barely taking a sip afterward.

Lauren walked in with Ms. O'Hara in tow, and led her to a vacant seat.

"What are we toasting?" She asked, seeming a little anxious, probably feeling out of place.

"Apparently, the solving of all his problems." Jane mocked.

"Yes, that's precisely right." He said with a knowing smile, looking at Ms O'Hara. She had blond hair as well, though not as pure as Jane and Mrs. Davis. She was in her late twenties, and in perfect shape, a fact which was visible even under her conservative business dress.

She took a sip from her cup.

"I hope you didn't invite me here to try and convince me to postpone your payments again. I told you, it's impossible. I'm sorry." Ms. O'hara blurted out immediately, trying to be as gentle as possible, very mindful of the fact she was a guest at his home.

Jane had a face that said "I'll toast to that!" but she chose to just stay quiet and enjoy Calvin's fidgeting.

She was quite surprised when instead of the nervous begging she hoped to see, Calvin remained calm, and started toying with a device he took out of his pocket.

“What's that?” She asked.

“Let's just say it's something amazing, and that it will put me in a whole new light.” Calvin said, unable to hide his excitement.

“He showed it to me earlier today.” Said the enraptured Mrs. Davis “It's incredible!”

Before she could open her mouth and utter another derisive mockery, Lauren turned off some of the lights, leaving just enough on to ensure it wasn't pitch dark in the living room, and Calvin turned the device on, aiming it at the wall.

Her words stuck in her throat, Jane could not help but look at the spiral that appeared on the wall, and in a matter of seconds, she forgot she even wanted to say anything. Ms O'Hara gave a silent sigh as her eyes fixated on the spiral as well, while Lauren and Mrs. Davis both turned to their master, just waiting to be told what to do.

With a meaningful glance at her cleavage, Calvin wordlessly told Mrs. Davis to unveil her impressive breasts, by merely pointing at them, and she obeyed with a huge smile. Lauren did the same, and stood next to the older woman, pressing her perky, smaller tits to the gigantic funbags of Mrs. Davis.

Calvin's boss-turned-slave understood what the young redhead intended, and turned to her. They pressed each other's tits on one another, wiggling their upper bodies and giving their master inviting looks. They barely knew each other, but all they truly needed to know was that they were both owned by the same perfect man.

Seeing that the device already had both Jane and Ms. O'Hara down for the count, and drowsily repeating the relaxation lines, meant to draw them into an even deeper trance, Calvin knew he can spring his hard cock out of his pants and have some fun with the two pairs of tits so joyfully performing for him.

He slapped them across the face with his cock, and then told the two to wrap both their breasts around his shaft.

“Ohhh, I never had four tits rubbing all sides of my cock, before!”

Mrs. Davis felt the younger woman's hard nipples sharply pierce her huge tits, and smiled at her, before lavishing her with a wet kiss filled with lust.

As their kiss broke off, Lauren looked up at her master with horny eyes, her tongue dangling from her mouth, looking to see if he liked what he saw. He smiled at her pleasantly, and the young redhead took the liberty to plant another similar kiss on the older blonde's mouth, before tending to her master's tip with the same gusto.

He was still amazed at how casually his two whores ran their tongues along his cock, as he sat down to watch the show of his snarky assistant and his sexy banker being brainwashed to submission.

“This just goes to show what a woman's natural place is...” He sighed happily, knowing how the two would seethe at his words, had they had a shred of free will left between them. Instead, the two took turns gulping the full length of his cock into their mouths, shamelessly moving their tongues over every inch of his shaft.

Meanwhile, Jane and Ms. O'Hara were already busy repeating words of subservience towards their new master, letting it sink into their souls through their eyes, open wide and endlessly receptive. Calvin bent Lauren over and fucked her as he walked over back to his chair, stealing a squeeze from Jane's voluptuous cleavage as he passed her by.

“Funny...” He paused his little stroll, but continued banging Lauren.

“Before, you falsely accused me of sexual harassment, in attempts to score some cash. Now, I squeeze your bosom and you don't say a word. Those are some mixed signals you're sending, Janey.”

He squeezed her tits again, and kept walking, driving his rod into his brainwashed little maid.

Jane kept staring at the spiral on the wall, all she heard was the device reprogramming her mind, and all she saw were the words on the spiral. She already considered herself a part of her master's belongings, she just couldn't perceive that he was so close to her, at that very moment.

He sat down with Lauren atop him, riding him diligently, and told Mrs. Davis to suck his balls.

"I just realized something, Mrs. Davis." He said, nibbling on Lauren's perky tits "I don't even know your first name."

"*Slurp* It's on the door of my office, master <LICK>" Said the mouth busy bathing his balls with love.

"Thank you for telling me where it's written, bitch. I guess I never looked at it. Now, how about being helpful, you worthless testicle-pleaser, and tell me your name." He said, and continued lavishing Lauren's tits with kisses.

"Sorry, master. It's Rachel, master." She said, and replanted her lips on his balls.

"Rachel Davis, huh? Well, that's not bad." He said with his hands resting on Lauren's smooth buttocks.

Lauren's moans became increasingly loud as her sensitive pussy became more and more tender.

"Be quiet, Lauren." Calvin said "This is my favorite part."

He smiled broadly as he looked on to his currently reprogrammed slaves.

"Yes, master." Lauren said meekly and quietly, bit her lip, and continued riding him in as much silence as she could muster.

The room fell silent as Rachel Davis also stopped slurping his balls so loudly, and the prominent voice heard was that of the device, and the two slaves still enraptured by its influence.

"You are your master's sex slave."

"I am my master's sex slave." Both slaves repeated. Jane seemed to be struggling up until this point, but the smile on her

face as she repeated those words showed her resistance was fully quelled.

“You are your master's sex toy.”

“I am my master's sex toy.”

Calvin spanked Lauren in his bliss, making her yelp.

“Your mind is gone. You are nothing but a pair of tits, and a wet cunt for him to use.”

The two new slaves nodded mindlessly.

Calvin continued watching Jane, his lying assistant, and Ms. O'Hara, his cold emotionless banker, declare that they are his sex toys, and his servants; his tools, and his slaves. When it was over, he tossed Lauren off of him, trying his best not to cum in his excitement, wanting to enjoy his new girls to the fullest.

“Congratulations. Your brainwashing is complete, and you may begin your new life of servitude.” The device said, and Calvin wasted not a single second.

He turned the device off, and ripped Ms. O'Hara's blouse, buttons flying in every direction as her top was torn apart. He placed his rod between her tits and immediately started pumping into them.

“Oh yeah! Take that, bitch!” He said, pinching her nipple.

“Nyaa...Yes, master!” She said submissively, with smiling eyes.

“You are going to take care my mortgage payments from now on. I'm sure you can handle that, with your hefty salary.”

“Yes, master! I'll happily pay your mortgage, master!” She exclaimed as her master's cock roamed between her tits.

“You'll move here and live with me, too, so you won't need to pay rent.” He took her by the tits, and bent her over the table.

Jane just sat and stared at her master use his new toy, a dumb smile on her face. Ms. O'Hara thanked her master for

having her move in, while he ripped her panties apart and stuck his cock in her cunt, almost as an after thought.

“Slut, don't just sit there and do nothing, show me those tits you claimed I touched!” He told Jane.

Jane jumped up like an over zealous pet and ripped her own shirt, revealing her tits and letting them jiggle vibrantly before his eyes.

“Tell the truth, slut, did I sexually harass you?” He asked as he fucked the sexy banker.

“Of course not, master. Sex toys can't be sexually harassed.” She said, going to her knees with a face that begged forgiveness.

“I mean before you became my worthless little sex toy, bitch.”

“I was always your toy, master. I just didn't know until...”

“Before. *Hrrm!*” He grunted as he rammed into Ms. O'Hara “You knew you were my toy, you dumb bitch!” He rolled his eyes, hoping that was clear enough for the dimwitted whore.

She took a few seconds to think, and then looked back at her master with moist eyes.

“No, master. I decided I can win in a 'he said, she said' case, and figured it can help my career, and financial situation. I'm so sorry, master!” She admitted, unable of being dishonest towards her new owner.

He smiled and laughed.

“I fucking knew it! I knew you didn't think I actually did anything to you.” An evil glint came to his eyes, and he pulled out of Ms. O'Hara.

“Now, however...” He said, approaching Jane. He pulled her up by her bare tits, and started fondling them beastly.

“I think you would've called this sexual harassment, wouldn't you?” He said, and pushed her back to her knees before she could respond.

“From now on, you're going to be a good little assistant for me, bitch!”

He told her to take her tongue out, and she did so with sparkling eyes, lewdly squeezing her tits.

“How about dick-slapping your tongue, huh? Are you going to sue me now, bitch?” He said as he smacked her tongue with his dick.

She looked up at him and slowly shook her head sideways, taking the tip of his cock in her mouth, closing her eyes and savoring the moment, before downing his cock whole. Calvin didn't feel like he was done humiliating her, but he also knew he could not delay his climax any longer, so he grabbed her perfect golden hair, and started fucking her face vigorously until he shot his load deep in her throat.

He pulled out of her and cum dripped from her dumb smile, adorning her pretty smooth legs as it drooled from her mouth.

“Swallow it, bitch.”

“Yesh, mashter!” She said, and gulped. Then, she gathered the leftovers from her leg and knee, and licked it clean.

Sexually satisfied for the moment, Calvin still wanted to properly degrade Jane, and the night was still young. He had Lauren douse a rather large cucumber with hot chili sauce, and told Jane to stick it up her tight ass.

“That will teach you some manners, slut.” He said.

“Yes...Mfff...Master...” She struggled to say and she drove the spicy vegetable into her ass, inch by inch. He spent thirty minutes watching her violate her anus with the hot, green rod, telling her to spank herself occasionally, leisurely waiting for his dick to wake up.

When his member hardened once more, he finally fucked his hot assistant silly, and with a final act of cruelty, decided to have her eat the cucumber she used to anally violate herself.

He told her how things will change in their lab, as he fucked her cunt silly. She will be a proper assistant, fetching what he wanted immediately, and she will crawl through the lab like a proper pet.

“I can't wait to go over research data while you suck me off on your knees, slut.” He told the young blonde, sprawled on the table with her legs spread wide open, fucking her while burying his face in her pristine, soft cleavage.

“It's an honor to aid you with your work, master!” She exclaimed, arching her back on the table, her body trembling in desperate attempts to keep her pussy wet, and yet hold her orgasms back, knowing that depriving her of climax privileges was an important part of her master's punishment, for her past poor and disrespectful behavior.

Feeling close to cumming, Calvin hurried his three new slaves to bring their cups and kneel before him. Jane, Ms. O'Hara, and Rachel Davis shook their asses to obey, as fast as they could, and before long clanked the three glasses together under him, rubbing his cock and balls with each of their respective, unused hands.

Calvin moaned as two dainty, petite hands gently jerked him off, while a third one softly massaged his balls.

“Ahhhh...”

Forcing himself to stare down at them, so he could see their faces, he let loose like a cannon, groaning with every pleasurable release of thick, white fluid. When he was done, each girl had a deposit of sperm in her cup,. The three twats continued rubbing his manhood, which slowly calmed down and grew flaccid.

He told them to kneel with their backs straight and their tits thrust out, holding their respective cup in both hands. Rachel, his boss, stared at Jane's cup with jealous eyes.

“Wow, you got a lot, Jane. Mind if I borrow a little bit for my cup, please?” She politely asked the younger blonde.

Jane looked at the woman who was also her boss, and snorted derisively.

“No way, moron. If you can't move your butt fast enough to please our master, there's no way I'll help you. Why don't you leave our master's happiness to young, petite, and lewd sex toys like me and Lauren.”

She looked over to Lauren with a friendly smile, obviously trying to appeal to the slavegirl who seemed to be her master's favorite.

“Well, look who's a major kiss-up, now that she's all educated and submissive.” Lauren said, giving Jane a smug look of superiority. The hot redhead clearly enjoyed her status as the first slave.

Calvin had Lauren pour some red wine into his own cup, and smiled at Jane.

“It seems she generally kept her personality, as well.” He mumbled to himself “Treating her superior, namely me, with respect and subservience, while berating and mocking those she considers her equals. She even seems to be trying to schmooze Lauren, hehe.”

He raised his glass, and that was enough to get their attention fixed upon him.

“I didn't like how you handled the first toast earlier, Jane. I hope your attitude has improved.” Jane's face filled with sadness and embarrassment, and she looked down at her cup with shame, nodding regretfully.

He smelled his cup, taking in the intoxicating aroma of fermented grapes, took a deep breath, and said “Cheers!”, before taking a tasty sip of his wine. On the floor, the kneeling, nude slaves all followed suit, exclaiming an enthusiastic “Cheers!” and drinking their cups of spunk.

Jane tried to down her entire cup in one go, and marvelously shook her gravity defying tits, as her head arched upwards so the contents of the up-turned cup would drain to her mouth, in full.

If it was Lauren, Calvin would have probably told her she did a good, redeeming job, with her toast. However, since it was Jane, he decided to make her feel like her performance was mediocre, at best, enjoying the look on her face when he did.

With all the cups clean, it was time for bed.

“I readied the large bedroom, expecting you to require a bed that can fit one person, and four adoring pets, master.” Lauren winked at him.

“Brilliant, Lauren. Join us once you're done with the dishes. Oh, and flag their cups, will you? I don't want to accidentally drink from those.”

“Of course, master.”

Calvin fell asleep with a grin on his face, and the women who made his life miserable licking his cock, as a team.

Lauren was beside him, in his bed, within his warm embrace. She was different than the other three. An accidental miracle, one would say.

Their relationship was always good and pleasant, and had she not found his device in the basement, and happened to activate it, he might have never gathered the nerves to try it on his bitchy boss, not to mention his sassy and snide assistant who already claimed certain things about him.

He always felt like Lauren understood him better than most people, and more than anything else, he was glad she belonged to him. Perhaps, in some weird way, they were actually meant for each other.

That's what he told himself, at least, and he had a feeling Lauren would happily agree.

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Corporate Interest

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The grumpy businessman stared down at the secretary, sitting at her desk, wearing an annoyed frown on his face.

“Tell Ms. DuPont I am done waiting. Either she meets me right now, or our deal is off.” He demanded.

The secretary stared at him with a sigh, and picked up her phone, contacting her boss's office.

“What is it?” A man's voice came from the other side.

“I need to speak with Ms. DuPont. Why are you answering her phone, Mr. Robins.”

“She's busy right now, what do you need?” He spoke curtly, as if she interrupted something important.

The secretary sighed again.

“Would you please tell her that a Mr. Tanner is here to discuss the merger agreement with his company.”

Mr. Tanner banged on her desk, giving her a demanding glare.

“He says that if she doesn't meet him immediately, then the deal is off.”

“Then tell him the deal is off...Oh, wow...”

“What, sir?”

“I said, tell him the deal is off.”

It was the young secretary's turn to frown.

“Sir, with all due respect, I'm not sure if you're in the position to decide such things.”

“Ms. DuPont is very busy, and trust me, I'm very much in the position to determine such matters. Now stop bothering me...Ahhh...I'm busy.”

He hung up, and the secretary was left with the phone in her hand, and an enraged CEO at her desk.

She set the phone on its base, and looked at the man who's been waiting there for the better part of forty five minutes.

“I'm sorry, sir. It appears Ms. DuPont is busy. Her...Uhm...associate informed me that, well, the deal is...off.”

She said uncertainly, still unsure if that's what her boss really wants. After all, the merger was supposed to save their company. Ms. DuPont raved about it for weeks, saying how she thought things will finally turn for the better.

The man looked even angrier than before.

“I don't believe this! Is this how she does business?! Who is this associate, anyway?” He demanded.

“A mister Jim Robins, from a company called MS Housing Solutions.” She said.

“I can't believe she caved to them...” He said, seeming disappointed.

“You know that company?” She asked.

“Let's just say you have some new bosses.” He told her “Well, if this is how Ms. DuPont operates, I suppose it's better that I found out, now, before getting into bed with her, sort of speak.”

He said with angry disappointment, and left in a brisk pace.

“Make sure to express my disapproval and revulsion of her conduct.” He told the secretary, and left.

“Have a nice day...” She mumbled awkwardly.

“This job sometimes makes way for some uncomfortable encounters, that's for sure.” She shook her head apprehensively, and opened her bag.

“Okay then. Time for lunch.”

Inside of the CEO's office, soft rubbing sounds and the occasional slurp filled the air, along with Jim's content moans of pleasure.

“You'll need to send your hot little secretary to our main offices here in London, so she'll learn what you've already learned, Ms. DuPont.” He told the woman kneeling before him, wrapping her heavy tits around his cock, the valley between them lubricated with her saliva.

Her tongue was fully out, broadly carpeting her chin. She wore a lewd smile, and licked his tip whenever she could, looking up at him with dependence and subservience.

“Yes, master. I am your obedient sex toy. My secretary will learn her place, too.” She said, and massaged her tits around his member even faster.

“*Ohh*, good. *Mmmm*. Girl!” he said, closing his eyes and arching his neck upwards, in bliss.

His own phone interfered with his nirvana, this time.

“Can't a guy use a hot pair of funbags without being constantly interrupted...” He pinched Ms. DuPont's nipple.

“Ahoy, boss.” He answered his phone.

“Ahoy to you too, Jim.” The man on the other side said with a chuckle “How goes the hostile takeover? Has Ms DuPont realized we are her only option?”

“Well, why don't you ask her?” He said, and put the phone to the topless woman's ear.

“I'm a titfucking machine for my master.” She said mindlessly, embracing his dick with her big breasts.

Jim put the phone back to his ear.

“What do you think?” He asked his boss with a smile.

“I think we need to appoint a new CEO to replace that titfucking machine between your legs.” His boss responded, laughing.

“I'm available.” Jim said, patting the soon-to-be former CEO's hair, her nipples touching as she wrapped her breasts around his rod.

“Sorry, Jim, but you know you still have a way to go before you can land such a position. You're certainly on the right track, however. You have the right attitude about business, and plenty of innovation. Just make sure you stay careful and out of trouble, and I see a bright future for you.”

“Well, that's good to know. Kiss my tip, bitch.”

“Yes, master. **Lick* *Kiss**”

“Seems you're quite busy, Jim. I'll relay your success to the higher ups, and expect your return to the states.”

“I have a flight leaving tomorrow night. I still want to try some more of the local cuisine.” Jim said, shoving Ms. DuPont's lips down his cock.

“I'll bring all the papers asserting our ownership of this little company, along with trigger words that the new CEO you send can tell Ms. Big-tits here, so she knows who her new owner is.”

“Excellent, Jim. See you in a couple of days, then. **Click**”

Jim put his phone on the desk, and took hold of the busty woman's shoulders, moving her torso back and forth with

increased speed, enjoying her tight titty hold of his erect manhood.

“To think that yesterday, you were a respectable, thirty-four year old CEO of a medium sized building supply company.” He said, reaching down to spank her ass.

“It's really quite amazing, what our special methods can accomplish. Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!” He re-grabbed her shoulders, and pumped his cock between her tits, hard and strong.

“*Hmph! Hnn! Mm!*” he grunted with every thrust, and began to groan and moan when his climax began.

He didn't even look where he was shooting his white load, but he could feel the warm embrace of her tits around his member the whole while. His cum gathered on her cleavage and her neck. He pulled out of the softening hold of her breasts, and left her to try and lick his load with her tongue, trying to guzzle it up before it drips down her chest and down to her belly and waist.

“Were my tits good enough?” She asked with watery eyes.

He looked down at her and gently patted her head.

“You were great.” He said, and the powerful CEO squirmed in orgasm, his compliment enough to drive her over the edge.

“Clean my cock with your mouth and get dressed.”

“Yes master, right away.”

She slurped and kissed along his crotch, cleaning the residue of his load that managed to drop from her tits to his rod, before he pulled out of her cleavage.

“I don't know if you heard, but soon another man from my company will show up to take over this place. He will tell you 'I am your master from MS Housing Solutions, so get on your fucking knees bitch'. He will of course make sure to say this in private.”

“I will await his comfort, master. I exist to serve.”

She finished cleaning him up, and continued to put her clothes back on, not minding the small river of sperm that still running

down from her chest downwards.

“Excellent. You know what to do until he gets here, correct?”

“Finalize the ownership transfer to MS Housing Solutions, prepare a secured room to hold top secret material, and send my secretary to the main London branch, to be reprogrammed.”

She finished dressing herself, and looked respectable and stern as always, as if she didn't just grovel on her knees for her master to blow his load all over her.

“Perfect. Now strip for me again.” He casually told her, not even looking her way.

“Of course, master.” She said, and began methodically losing all the clothing she just finished putting on.

Once she was done, and Jim looked over her stark naked body, her shapely behind, her balloon tits and her smooth legs, he had her dress up again. And when she was done with that, he told her to strip down once more.

It's not just that he enjoyed playing with his new toy, degrading the formerly stern and industrial woman. It was his way of testing that her obedience to him bypassed any common sense initiatives she may have retained.

Regardless of how many times he had her undress and redress, she never even considered asking for his purpose, or telling him that if he wants her naked, he shouldn't keep telling her to dress back up. She never demanded a final decision from him, or showed any sign of frustration. She obeyed, and nothing more.

Satisfied with her, he got to his feet and left with his hand cradling her behind. The young secretary raised her head and looked at them with a crooked nose, noticing where the man's hand was resting.

“How was the meeting, Ms. DuPont?” She asked her boss.

Ms DuPont was still a little hazy, and a subtle spank from her master was required to bring her back to reality.

“The meeting went perfect, Alison.” She told her secretary with a warm smile.

“Are you feeling okay, Ms. DuPont?” Alison asked with a frown, not used to seeing such a sentiment on her usually cold boss.

“I'm feeling perfect, Alison. This company is now owned by the nice men of MS Housing Solutions, and you must go as fast as possible and attend a special orientation at their main office. In fact, you should go now!”

“But, I have work to do here...” Alison tried objecting.

“I'm your boss, and I'm telling you to go now. This is a part of your work, and it's much more important than all your other menial tasks.”

Alison took a few moments to process the unprecedented turn of events, but the smooth haired blonde finally relented.

“As you say, Ms. DuPont. Where should I go?”

“This address. It's a gigantic building, you've probably seen it before.” Jim said and handed her a slip of paper “Just tell them you are in for a new employee orientation, they'll take care of you.”

“Umm sure, sure...” She said hesitantly, and walked out slowly.

Jim shamelessly grabbed Ms. Dupont's ass with a forceful spank.

“She's hot, I'll have fun with her, I'd wager.”

“I'm glad, master.”

“Now, tell the truth, you got to be this big by sucking cock, right?” He asked the former businesswoman.

“No master, I didn't.” She said honestly.

“Okay, from now on lie to me on the small things, if you think it will please me.” He said, narrowing his eyes at her.

“Yes, master. I sucked cocks like a hungry vacuum cleaner.” She said, and pantomimed luscious sucking, pushing her tongue into her cheek and holding an invisible cock in her hand.

“Good girl. Well, I'll be going. Come to me tomorrow, six p.m., and bring your little secretary, too. I want to have fun with the two of you, before I leave.”

she nodded and acknowledged his final command, and he strode out of her office, down the stairs, and into the crowded street.

Jim took a detour on his way back to the hotel, deciding he could use a nice, peaceful stroll through the park. It was a lovely day, the sun only hidden by a few white clouds, and the air was cool and refreshing.

He was always on the prowl for new merchandise - Hot young things who may not know it, but their purpose in life is to be up for sale as maid-slaves, eternal servants to the company he represents, and the company's clients.

He didn't really mind that the company only catered to men, even though it meant possibly missing a great chunk of their customer base, specifically wealthy women who might want to buy some boy toys.

If anything, it made him feel safe – He knew he would never become an unwilling target of the chair he has brought so many young women to sit on. Karma may indeed be a bitch, but in his current position, whoever Karma was, he had the means to make her his bitch, and avoid any unfortunate boomerang effect.

He took a deep breath, and looked to the ocean, staring into the horizon.

“Will you relax already! I'm literally two minutes away, sheesh!” A high-pitched girlish voice said behind him, interrupting his quiet and relaxing reverie.

He turned around to see the source of the high pitched rant, and what he saw made him smile. A black haired young woman, wearing a flowery skirt and knee-high socks, along with a low-cut blouse passed by him, hanging her phone up with a huff of frustration.

She had black hair that reached below her shoulder line.

“She couldn't be older than twenty...” He mumbled as he watched her nubile form strut away.

Naturally, he followed her. His company was always looking for new merchandise, and Jim was one of their very best “recruiters”.

As he followed her, he tried to imagine how her petite, young, and shapely behind looked under her rosy skirt, knowing that if he succeeded, he won't have to leave such things to the imagination. What he saw as she got to her destination, however, made even the veteran maid-slave recruiter gasp, and thank whatever deity that might hear for his great fortune.

They arrived at a small recreational oasis in the park, filled with a small children's corner, some exercise apparatus, and a few immobile chess tables, firmly attached to the ground. Next to one of those chess tables sat the sight that made Jim's heart skip a beat.

It was there, that his present interest moved her long legs to, at a brisk pace. On the chair sat a mirror image of the young lady he was following, only that version wore tight jeans with one long sleeve and one which was torn well above the knee, a sleeveless shirt, and a black cap, sporting quite the hipster look.

“Holy shit, an identical twins sighting. If I score these two, I'll get a raise, at least!” Jim mumbled silently, trying his best not to stare, so as to not creep anyone out.

Apart from her clothing, the sitting twin also wore an angry frown on her face. Jim stood too far to hear what they were saying, but from the snippet of conversation he heard earlier, he figured it was something along the lines of “You're late!”.

He grabbed a newspaper that was just laying there, and sat down, pretending to read, as the two young hotties started playing chess.

“I wouldn't have guessed this is what they'd be doing, if I'd been given a million guesses.” He reflected quietly.

He tried not to focus too much on the bare leg that the jeans wearing twin stretched, apparently so focused on the game she

wasn't aware of how suggestive it was to anyone passing by. Having a visible erection when he finally makes his move won't help his cause at all.

Thirty minutes into his unplanned stakeout, and Jim found himself yawning, and wondering when the two will finish their game. He didn't know them, and therefore was apprehensive about approaching them when they were together, especially while interfering with their game.

He inadvertently began to imagine the two sexy young women performing for him, seeing the one with the jeans standing up and shaking her pert behind to a bend, over the chess table, and in his direction, while the flowery skirt twin kisses and spansks her sister's hot ass. He felt a tingle in his crotch, and shook his head.

“No, this isn't the time for that, damn it. If I can just show some restraint now, I can turn those dreams into a reality, later.” He reminded himself.

Thankfully, at about that time, their little game of chess seemed to implode. The twin in the flowery skirt got up, and yelled at her gorgeous sister.

“Who cares if we win it or not?!” She screamed “Why are you so sure I even want to win tomorrow, huh?! Maybe...” She paused, and quieted down for a second.

“Maybe I have better things to do...”

Jim took this as a cue to move closer, since everyone were looking at the screaming girls anyway. If anyone was going to try to intervene in their fight, he had to be first in line.

“Better things? But...” The twin wearing the black cap seemed shocked, her resolve destroyed. It was clear she was about to cry, and before she burst into tears right there with everyone staring, she got up and ran away, using her hat to shield her face.

The girl in the flowery skirt realized she went too far.

“Gwen, wait! I...I didn't mean to...”

“I wouldn't go after her.” Jim said, getting her attention. She looked at him suspiciously.

“I mean, I wouldn't want to butt in where I don't belong, but trust me, you should probably let her be for a while, give you both a bit of time to cool down.”

“You don't even know her, or me for that matter, what makes you think...” She started out doubtfully.

“Oh, you could say I'm somewhat of an expert in these matters. But you're right, I don't know you, nor her.” Jim said with a reassuring smile, trying to make a very professional impression.

“That's a good advice, lass.” An old man sitting near them said with a raspy voice “If you don't trust this nice man, at least you can trust my experience.”

The elderly advice seemed to do the trick, and the young woman sat back down with a sigh.

“Thank you.” Jim told the old man with a nod, knowing the geezer would never guess the true repercussions of what he just did on the lovely young lady.

Jim sat across from the mopy teen, looking at her with gentle warmth.

“What?” She asked, sour faced and sad.

“Again, I'm a stranger, and I wouldn't want to be intrusive. But, sometimes it helps to talk about what's bothering you, and you know I won't tell anyone, right? At least, not anyone you know.”

“Are you American?” She suddenly asked, ignoring his comment.

“Heh, what gave me away?”

“Your accent.” She said with a curled lip, completely unamused.

“Listen, I happen to be a psychiatrist specializing in interpersonal conflict resolution.” Jim said, making her raise an eyebrow.

“Wow, talk about coincidence...” She said, rolling her eyes.

Jim responded with another reassuring and secured smile.

“Cynicism might help coping with your issue, but only in the short term. Now, why don't you tell me what happened with your sister?” he blatantly asked.

She glared at him with piercing eyes, trying to gauge his integrity, no doubt.

“What harm can it do?” He asked innocently, still wearing his best trustworthy face. He could tell it was working.

“Oh what the hell...” She finally said with a sigh, raising one leg and setting it on the chair, making herself more comfortable.

Her story was not a particularly interesting one, but Jim made sure to pay close attention. He wasn't a real therapist, but he knew he could find some hook he could use to draw her in for a more private session.

Apparently, her and her sister joined their high school chess team together, and even won some regional championships. Her sister, Gwen, has styled herself as the captain of their team, and is extremely enthusiastic about the game of kings. Gwen even started talking about them being the Venus and Serena Williams of the chess world.

Now that they're done with high school, and all their teammates are heading to different colleges, they clearly had to disband the team. However, Gwen decided it was too soon for that.

“And when Gwen decides something, she doesn't back down...” She said.

“So, what did she think of doing?”

“Well, she decided we should make a private team and start competing professionally.”

“Aren't there pro chess teams she could join?” Jim asked.

“She? Sure. But she wanted all of us to stay together. So, she decided to challenge our city's official chess team.”

“What will that achieve?” Jim asked, getting interested.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. She spoke with some CEO to sponsor our team, as long as we manage to win...”

Jim smirked.

“I see. Quite industrious, your sister, very ambitious.”

“Tell me about it. She actually wants to become a politician, eventually.”

“Heh, I'm not surprised.” Jim said “So, you're afraid you might lose, is that it?” He asked.

She made an angry face.

“No!” exclaimed the high school graduate.

“If I'm honest, I'm pretty sure we have no chance of winning, but that's not the point...”

She took a deep breath, and continued.

“I-I don't really want it.” She said “I mean, I was never that much into chess in the first place. I just stuck with it because I liked doing this with her. We kinda drifted apart when high school started, and it brought us back together.”

“Besides, she's such an awesome player, much better than I'll ever be. I'm sure she could join whatever pro-league she sets her eyes on.”

“So you feel like you might be holding her back, a bit?” Jim asked, hoping he's not pushing the envelope.

She gave him another scornful look, but then her face mellowed.

“Yeah, a bit...”

“What do you want to do, then?” He asked her.

“What?” She responded, a little surprised.

“Where do you see your future, now that you're finished with school?”

She took a few moments to process his question.

“Gwen never even thought of asking that of me, you know.”

“And you resent her for that, a little, perhaps?” He asked.

“I...I...”

Jim wasn't ready to lose her, just yet, and he felt he may be pushing her over some emotional limit. He didn't want her to

walk away saying she 'has some thinking to do', that was certainly not his true goal.

“Why do you think she never asked you about what you want to do?” He asked, thinking she'll have no issue with whining about her sister some more.

“Because...” She hesitated, tears forming in the corner of her eyes “because she's an egomaniac and always thinks of herself!” She exploded.

“She...She always knows exactly what she wants, and she's damn sure everyone else want the exact same thing. It's like she thinks that just because we look the same, that I'm her clone or something!”

She lowered her leg back to the ground, rested her hands on the chess table, and buried her head in their embrace. Jim gently touched her forearm, getting her attention. She raised her head to look at him.

“Now, don't you think she should know that's how you feel?” He asked warmly.

“But how can I tell her that, now? I mean, after all this time, and our big game is tomorrow. It would seem like I'm suddenly springing it on her.”

“No, I've waited too long...I can't...” She decided.

Jim tightened his hold of her arm, and looked into her eyes.

“I know it's a bit cliché, but it's never too late. The longer you wait, the more resentment builds within you, and the more bitter you'll feel. You might even start hating her, do you want that?”

“No...” She said with a whimper.

“Sometimes we need to do hard things, and say harsh words if we want to fix our relationships with others, before they shatter beyond repair.”

She swallowed and gulped, and stared at Jim with tear filled eyes.

“Wow, you really are good at what you do, huh?” She asked in an admiring fashion.

“Heh, you have no idea.” He answered. *But I must admit, I have some experience in pretending to be a therapist.* He thought to himself.

He noticed the old man was still listening to their conversation, and decided to use it to help his goal. He glanced at his phone, pretending he just received a message.

“Seems like my friend is a no show.” He said, giving the impression he was there to meet someone “Hey, what do you say we go have a little chat in my office. We can have a more private session, free of charge, since I'm on vacation.”

He made sure to glance at the old man when he said the word 'private', increasing her awareness and concern over who may be eavesdropping.

The suspicion returned to her face, and Jim realized it won't be as easy as he had hoped.

“I don't think so. I mean, don't get me wrong, you seem to be good at what you do. But, you know, going with a stranger like that.”

“I totally get it.” Jim said jovially, trying to seem honest “Well, let's not remain strangers, then.” He reached for his wallet.

“Here, my card. My name is Jim Robins.” He handed her out a professionally styled and completely fake business card, stating that he is an expert therapist and councilor.

“Oh uhm, thanks.” She said with a radiant smile “My name is Penny.”

He smiled back at her, but then put on a much more serious face.

“Now, listen, I understand why you're a bit standoffish, but I really think I can help. Thing is, I'm leaving back to the states tomorrow, so now is really the only time I have.”

He paused to let the information he just imparted settle in her mind.

“I'm renting an office at a building that belongs to a big corporation called MS Housing Solutions.”

“Oh yeah, I know that one!” She said, as Jim suspected she would.

“My office is right there, and we can actually walk from here. I guess what I'm trying to say is that you shouldn't be afraid of me taking you into someplace where no one can hear you scream.” He said with a joking laugh.

She thought for another second, but shook her head negatively.

“No, sorry, I can't.” She said, disappointing him “I'm sure you know someone I can go to, here in London, though?”

“Not anyone as good as me, I'm afraid.” He said with credible arrogance.

“I guess I'll be going then. Just remember, Penny, if you choose to ignore your issues with your sister, they will only fester and grow. Promise me you'll have a real talk with her, okay? Open up and really say what's on your mind, and in your heart.”

He stood up and slowly walked away, wearing an evil smile on his face. Not that Jim was as confident as he appeared to be. This was truly the final card he could pull, putting the frightening notion of having an honest talk with her pushy, determined sister, along with the knowledge that his professional help is leaving along with him, forever. Not to mention the emphasis he put on how important it was not to ignore the issue, which seemed to be Penny's chosen approach, so far.

If this won't convince her, nothing would, and Jim would have to rethink his entire strategy.

It was a game of chicken, really. Jim didn't really want to go, and he knew Penny really wanted to continue their on-the-fly therapy session, since she didn't really get a solution for her problems.

So, he walked as slow as he could, making sure to remain in her field of vision for as long as he could, waiting for her to break

and chase after him. He could almost hear the wheels of her brain turning, thinking about her nerve-wrecking encounter with her sister, and how afraid she was of telling her the honest truth.

And yet she isn't budging - He noted angrily.

“Wait, Jim. I mean, Mr. Robins.” She called out suddenly, and Jim's smile widened, as he heard her hurried footsteps rushing to meet him. He was literally just about to turn around and go back to her, to continue their conversation and maybe rope her in, some other way.

“Just like in the movies...” He mumbled with a chuckle “You blink, you lose.”

He turned around to her, feigning surprise.

“Oh, Penny, long time no see.” He mocked.

“Good one.” She said derisively “Listen, maybe I was a bit rash, and way too paranoid. I mean, what could go wrong in a crowded office building right?” She said in an attempt to quiet her own doubts.

“Right you are. So, will you join me?” He said, raising both eyebrows at her, a bit suggestively.

“You're not going to try anything, are you?” She asked one last time, already resigned to walk by his side.

“If I say 'no', will that calm you down? Because I would advise against such gullibility, if you ever face someone truly dangerous.”

He used humor to deflect her worries, and continued walking without saying another word, happy to see her by his side this time, quietly following a step behind him.

Great, now I just need to keep her with me for the next ten minutes, and she's all mine.

Jim kept the talking to a minimum, and walked as fast as he could without eliciting complaints from his young companion. Before she knew it, they entered the lobby of the MS Housing

Solutions building. Jim walked over to the counter, instructing her to wait by the small sofa lounge.

The man at the counter nodded at him.

“Good to see you back, sir, anything you need? I heard you were quite successful at...”

“Shh, I'm here with 'a patient' for the 'therapist office' I'm renting here.” He said, making sure his meaning was clear.

“Ohh, of course, sir. I'll get her a guest card.” He said, and opened one of the drawers before him. He swiftly pulled a plain looking magnetic card and started typing on the computer. Once the card was ready with the right codes, he handed it to Jim.

“There you go, sir.”

“Thank you very much. Keep up the good work.” Jim said with a wink, and turned around to face Penny.

“Okay, let's go.” He told her, and handed her the card.

Penny looked around the impressive lobby building on their way to the elevator.

“I figured there would be more people here.” She said as they entered the lift.

“Oh, wait, I forgot something!” Jim suddenly remembered “Keep the doors open, okay?”

“Sure...” She said, her hand already pressing the 'open doors' button.

Jim quickly paced back to the counter.

“One other thing,” He told the receptionist “there was a cute little blonde who was supposed to show up here from the company I took over, asking for new employee orientation or something. Did she get here alright?”

The receptionist chuckled, nodded, and motioned down with his head. Jim looked over the counter, and saw Ms. DuPont's blonde secretary working the receptionist's hard cock, diligently shining it in her bra and panties, her eyes glassy and her tongue roaming.

“Heh, yep, that's her. Good to know she *hrrm* came here alright.” Jim said with a chuckle, and a fully intended pun.

“Not your best.” The receptionist said flatly.

“You did seem a bit distracted when you prepared my new friend's guest card. Anyway, I'm expecting this little blondie to visit me tomorrow, so send her on her way before that, okay?”

“Sure thing.” The man said with a mock salute.

“By the way, sir, I must say that with your reputation, I expected a freaking top model to come in here with you. I mean, that girl in the lift is incredibly hot, don't get me wrong, I just expected a little more, after all I heard about you.”

Jim listened till the end, and narrowed his eyes.

“Are you done?” He asked.

“Hey, come on, man, you need to know to take a joke...”

Jim smiled proudly.

“Oh, I can take a joke, *man*.” He emphasized the last word, putting the young man in his place.

“That little high school graduate in the lift,” He pointed in her general direction “has an identical twin sister, so don't be surprised if you see someone who looks just like her come by, in a few hours, looking for me.”

He winked, turned around, and left the young man behind the counter, shocked and awed.

“See that, bitch? *That* is a true professional.” He said, looking down at the young blonde sucking his cock, before fiercely fucking her face under the counter.

Jim and Penny went up to the fifth floor. He led her to a completely white room with a metallic chair that wouldn't shame a 1950's dentist. Before the chair stood a large TV screen, which seemed to be the priciest thing in the room. There was a big mirror covering one of the walls, reflecting the side of the chair and TV screen.

“Oh, I forgot to bring a chair. Take a seat, I'll find me a chair, somewhere.” Jim said, and waited for her to sit down.

“Wh-What is this? This doesn't really seem like a therapist's office.” Penny said, quite worried.

Jim didn't really care at that point. If she got too anxious, he could always call some security men to force her into the chair. Even if she escaped the room, she'll never manage to exit the building. Still, Jim preferred not to resort to such methods.

“Well, they actually rent this room out to other physicians, as well. I only came here for a week, to see some high profile clients.”

“Really, who? Do I know them?” She asked curiously.

“Let's just say there's a good chance you do, and if I tell you, someone might have to kill both of us, and how about we leave it at that, okay?” Jim said, hoping the hint of high-power intrigue will get her mind off of his flimsy excuse for the weird chair and odd setting.

She nodded with an awe-inspired expression, and sat in the chair.

“Good girl. Now, I just need to steal a chair from some of the nearby offices.” He closed the door to the sound of her chuckle.

Jim didn't even bother locking the door, knowing that hearing the sound of a key-turn might make Penny stand up in distress, and he needed her properly seated. He swiftly entered the control room, which had a full view of the white room, through the one-sided mirror.

Giving her one final look, making sure her hands and feet are in place, he pressed a button, and the hidden metal clasps took hold of her wrists, ankles, and forehead, locking her in place.

“What the? What's going on?!” She cried in panic.

“Everything is just fine, Penny.” Jim spoke to the microphone “Or, rather, everything is going to be just fine, once you are properly indoctrinated. The process is quite simple, and the results are simply amazing.”

“What?! Jim? Let me go!”

“Afraid not, luv.” He said, and started the process of bombarding her with subliminal messages, both visual, from the screen, and audible, from the hidden speakers.

The chair also played an important role, it attached microscopical electrodes to her head, sending numbing electrical currents straight through her nerves, making sure she had no chance of resisting the process.

And she truly had no chance, as she realized not long after, as the very core rules she lived by got altered, one by one, until she could think of nothing other than pleasing the man who was to be her master.

Penny was naked, on her hands and knees, giving Jim the wettest and most luscious blowjob she has ever given. She knew he was only her temporary master, until a customer sees her stats and decides he wants to own her. Still, it was important for her to impress him. After all, he was the only reason she was there.

“Am I doing a good job, master?” She asked, gently gripping his cock with one hand, and running her tongue back and forth along his length.

“*Ohh!*” He moaned “I've had better.”

It wasn't disappointment she felt at his evaluation of her skills, but an undying determination to get better. She sucked his rod down to the stem, and circled her tongue around his cock frantically, until she had to gasp for air.

“*Ahhhh*, you're not that bad, though.” He finally added, gently patting her hair with his manly, strong hand.

“You are honoring this maid-slave with your words, master.” She said, her blank eyes staring up at him, as drool ran down from her lips, to further lubricate his cock.

Jim stared at his kneeling little sex slave's reflection, on the mirror right behind her. He always liked seeing their naked bodies from all angles, that's why he had a room surrounded with

mirrors built at his apartment, and his country cottage, so he could appraise their sexy bodies from all sides while he enjoyed their service.

He pushed her head down on his cock and looked at the pristine, clean shaven pussy lips peeking from between her creamy legs and spankable buttocks. Her ass began wiggling cutely as she choked on his shaft. He let her go, allowing her to take a short, measured breath, and she immediately went down again.

“That's fantastic.” He said “But, I need you to do something.”

Penny raised her head, kissed the tip of his member, and asked “What, master?”

“Here, call your sister and get her to come here. Tell her what I told you earlier, do you remember?”

“Yes, master.” Penny said, taking the phone in one hand, while jerking his shaft off with the other.

“What you told me right after I got up from the chair, and onto my knees before you, master?” She asked, to clarify.

“That's right.” Jim said, crossing his fingers behind his head, closing his eyes and smiling dreamily.

“Don't stop sucking me off, bitch, you should be good at multitasking.” He sighed contently as he felt her lips wrap around his cock once again.

“Of course, master.”

She casually sucked him off while pressing the phone to her ear, waiting for her sister to answer it.

“What is it?” Asked the voice of a pissed off Gwen.

“Hey, Gwen, listen **Suck** I wanted to apologize about earlier, I'm just so stressed about tomorrow. **Slurp**”

Jim groaned with a huge smile on his face, only half listening to her conversation.

“You're not going to believe this, Gwen, but I found a solution to our problems! There's this businessman working at the MS Housing Solution building, you know it, right? **Lick** **Suck**”

“*Slurp* Yeah, that big sky scraper with the MS logo. Well, he agreed to sponsor us, even if we lose! *Suck*”

Penny moved to lick her master's balls, using her free hand to tilt his cock up, and jerk it a bit.

“Why would he do that?” Gwen asked, skeptical.

“I explained our situation, and he said he would do it. I didn't ask why... *Lick*”

“I contacted dozens of businesses and only one of them would even look my way, and only if we win tomorrow. It sounds a little too good to be true...” Gwen said.

“It's at least worth the try! What's the worst that can happen? *Suck*” Penny got back to work, with her luscious teen lips.

“Well get over here, then! *Slurp*” She kissed his balls, rubbing his wet cock.

Her cheeks were pink and warm. She looked up at him, and plopped her lips off his testicles. Her fair skin twinkled in the light.

“What...?” Gwen sounded baffled.

“*Lick* I'm waiting here with him, at the MS Housing Solutions building.” Her tongue softly flicked back and forth along his shaft.

“Right now?” Gwen asked.

“Yeah, Right now.” She jerked his cock twice, with her free hand, and puckered her lips.

“You've got anything better to do? *Kiss*” She gave his tip a moist, loving kiss.

“I was planning to mope around a little longer about how insensitive you were in the park.” Gwen said.

“I said I was sorry, sis. *Slurp*” Penny said, and finished with a particularly loud and wet slurp.

“What are you doing, Penny?” Gwen asked “It sounds like you're...”

“What? **Lick**” Penny asked absentmindedly “Oh, I'm eating a sandwich.” She lied.

“Are you coming, or what?”

There was a short pause in their conversation, as Gwen mulled things over. Penny took advantage of that, and took her master's cock as deep as she could down her throat, while fondling his balls with her free hand.

“*Ung! Ulp!*” She gagged.

“*Ohh*, that's nice.” He whispered, letting Penny know she was doing a good job.

“Okay, I'll be right there.” Gwen suddenly said, and Penny quickly pulled her head up and took a sharp breath in, making sure to jerk Jim off.

“Well, hurry, sis. He doesn't have all day.” She said, kissing her master's tip with begging eyes. She felt bad for pulling up so abruptly.

“I told you I'd be right there, sheesh, you're so impatient sometimes. I'll just clean myself up and get dressed.”

“*Mm*. That last part might not be necessary. **Lick* *Kiss**” Penny mumbled.

“What did you say?” Gwen asked, holding the phone to her ear with her shoulder, and turning the water on, in her shower.

“Nothing. **Suck* Mmhh-phua!* Just get here. Bye.” Penny said, and hung up the phone.

She grabbed her master's hard member with both hands, gently massaging it, and smiled up to him, her pink nipples trembling slightly, on her perky, young tits.

“She'll be here soon, master.” The kneeling slavegirl told her master.

“Great. Make sure I cum before she gets here.” Jim said “Oh, and finger your cunt while you're at it, I wanna see it in the mirror behind you.”

“Yeth, mashter.” Penny said, her mouth already full. She slowly parted her smooth legs, her knees grating the rough floor

until they were sufficiently spread apart, and pierced her fresh young pussy lips with two fingers, making sure to massage Jim's balls with her other hand.

“Oh, and you can't cum before I do.”

Jim lay back in his comfortable chair, and alternated between watching her mouth do its job, watching her fingers work her tight twat, and closing his eyes in blissful, and relaxed ecstasy.

Penny's entire body convulsed as she fingered and rubbed her pussy frantically, nearing a quivering orgasm, only to have the pleasure denied.

Being on the brink of climax transformed her into a wild cum-guzzling beast, her eyes moving to the back of her head, and her mouth moving up and down his shaft so wildly she could barely breathe.

Every time she nearly lost control, her lips tightened around his cock and she reminded herself that she must wait until he's done, but she never stopped or slowed the fingers rummaging her pussy.

Her beautiful, pristine face became a slobbering mess, a fuck toy, and Jim noted that the slutty, cum-hungry look may have made her young, angel's face even prettier. He wondered if she would have agreed.

When he was close enough to orgasm, he got up from his chair, and had her beg for his load, jerking his cock before her eyes.

“Cum on me, master, cum on me. Please, master, I am your obedient slave, and I exist to eat your cum. I live to serve, master!” She cried out, frantically playing with her cunt.

It wasn't hard for him to finally spray her face with his load, seeing as her relentless words of self degradation served to increase his arousal tenfold, and looking at her writhing in pleasure before him did not diminish it, either.

Penny didn't even jerk her head back, in fact, she barely blinked as he sprayed one hot spurt after the other, glazing her lips and her flushed cheeks. He even hit her forehead and hair, with some of the more powerful bursts of white liquid.

Before Penny could even properly thank him, her body instinctively reacted – She was finally allowed to orgasm. With cum stained face and cum glazed lips, the hot young woman erupted in a mind melting climax, her pupils locking in the back of her head, leaving her eyes whiter than the walls of the room she was reprogrammed in.

She never had such a deep and powerful orgasm in her life, and it left her shivering on her knees, blinded by lust and attempting to slur out words of submission and gratitude to her master.

“Tha-ow!. mmm...” Her incoherent mumblings grew weaker and weaker, until she lost even the strength to hold her upper body straight. She fell to the ground, completely out of it.

“Wow...” Jim said, standing above her “She actually fainted. Oh well, I guess I can give her some time to rest...” He walked out of the room to wash up a bit, and left her on the floor, unconscious and covered in cum.

Penny was woken up by a boot nudging at her shoulder.

“Wha'...?” She opened her eyes and asked groggily.

“Your sister is here, get dressed and let's go greet her.” Jim said. Penny looked up at her wonderful master, the pleasant memories of who she became over the course of that day returning to her. She rose back to her feet, uttering an adoring “Yes, master.”

She made sure to put on the same flowery skirt and top she wore earlier, thinking it would seem weird if she had worn any of the other, more revealing, outfits - Available for recently processed maid-slaves.

“When we get back up here, find an excuse to make yourself scarce, and wait for me in the room adjacent to the white room.

Do *NOT* touch anything in that room, understand?”
Jim told her as the lift took them down to the lobby.

“Understood, master.”

Jim gave her buttocks one final pinch as the elevator doors opened, and walked out to greet his next conquest, with Penny following a step and a half behind him.

“And you must be Gwen.” He told the dark haired beauty sitting on the lobby's sofa. She still wore her hipster black cap and pair of semi-sleeved jeans.

“How on earth could you possibly figure *that* out?” She asked sarcastically, rolling her eyes.

“Some call it a gift, others say it's a talent I have.” Jim said jokingly, eliciting a giggle from both twins, although he felt Gwen only laughed because of the promise of sponsorship to her little team, and as for Penny, well she only wanted her master to be happy.

Jim walked over to the receptionist, who stared wide-eyed at the rare sight, jaw nearly hitting the counter.

“Am I seeing double or what?” Said the gleeful young man, barely hiding the fact he was still freely face-fucking Alison, Ms. Dupont's blonde secretary.

“Yeah, I bet.” Jim said “I need you to...” He started.

“There you go, sir. I made her a guest card in advance. Well, when I saw her walk in and sit on the couch, and *ahem*, recognized her. “

“Good job, buddy.” Jim said, thanked the young man, and turned back to the twins.

He walked over to them, and motioned to the elevators in a gracious manner.

“Shall we, ladies?” He said, and started walking.

Gwen hesitated for a moment, but a sisterly nudge from Penny got her walking behind him, in step with her already enslaved sibling.

Jim did his best to avoid staring Gwen's slim, yet curvaceous behind, perfectly emphasized by her tight jeans. He didn't want to seem a womanizer, now did he?

“So, your sister here told me about your little chess team, and I think that my company can help you, and not just in the form of monetary sponsorship.” He said. Unlike the park, this time, he didn't need to improvise much. He had enough information about his target, and a few hours of time to plan and prepare.

Still, Jim knew complacency will be his ruin, and though Gwen's fate was sealed the second the lift's doors closed, he always preferred avoiding calling the musclemen to restrain his targets.

He knew his calm and silent methods were one of the things the higher ups liked about him, and it would chip at his perfect record, if Gwen was to make a scene, and require some rough handling.

Right after they exited the lift, Penny excused herself to the bathroom, winking at Jim, wordlessly telling him she'll rush over to the control room as soon as him and Gwen are within the reconditioning chamber.

Jim led Gwen into the white room, and wasn't surprised to see a worried expression on her face at the peculiar setting. Jim was tired of trying to get the company to change its appearance, and make it look more inviting, and less foreboding.

Gwen sat on the chair, but clearly felt uncomfortable, and held her hands on her legs, rather than the arm-rests, and that simply wouldn't do, Jim knew.

“So, I don't know what Penny told you,” Gwen said “but we would really love a sponsorship to allow our team to compete. We are all young, that's true. However, I assure you we can...”

Jim stopped her practiced speech, raising his hand with a calm smile.

“Gwen, like I said, I think we can be mutually beneficial to one another. I'm not stupid, and I didn't agree to this out of the

goodness of my heart.”

Jim said, and went into his own practiced routine.

Gwen smiled slyly at him.

“I guess I should have figured that much. My sister can be so naive sometimes. So, what's your angle?”

“It's simple, Gwen, trust me. You see, my company developed a method that is meant to increase a person's focus and mental agility. In essence, increasing capabilities, for example, in a chess game.”

“Ahh, I see.” Gwen said “And I assume it has to do with this weird torture chair here? I thought your company deals in real-estate.”

“Oh, I'm not with MS Housing Solutions – My company sublets this floor from them. You didn't think this entire gigantic building is solely used by them, did you?”

Gwen pretended to think for a second.

“I suppose not...” She said “Here's my question, though, why do you need me and my team?”

“Isn't it obvious?” Jim exclaimed “Your team uses our process, gets results, and we use it for commercial purposes.”

“You mean taking credit for our success?” Gwen blamed.

“I assure you, all promotional material will reflect your own personal abilities. Our device cannot make a chess-master out of a novice, all it can do is enhance and focus your mind, providing you with an edge against your opponent. It's a lot like those high-tech suits you see for Olympic swimmers. Your team could be the pioneers of a new age for professional chess, and other such sports.”

He sold his fake product so well, Jim almost started believing his own bullshit.

Which is why he wasn't surprised to see her eyes light up with renewed ambition and joy.

“I have to say, it sounds great.” Gwen said.

“I figured you'd say that. Now, do you want a test drive? I already gave your sister a go on the chair, and after you're done maybe you could play a game, see if it helped.”

Gwen looked around the white room, and ran her fingers along the metallic chair. Lastly, she looked at the turned off TV screen, and made her decision.

“Sure, why not. Maybe I can give you some feedback on how to improve it, too.” She said with a smile.

“I guess I should stare at the TV, right?”

“Definitely. You need to have full focus on it.” Jim said “But don't worry, it' s very gripping.”

He smiled wickedly.

“Well, I'll go over to the control room, then.”

“Control room?”

“Yeah, it's right over there, beyond the one-sided mirror.” He said, and saw her apprehension.

“Oh, this room was too small for everything we need, and putting the mirror in was cheaper than breaking down the entire wall, believe it or not.”

He didn't wait for her to decide if she believed him or not, and left the room in a hurry. Entering the control room, the first thing that his eyes saw was the naked Penny, standing in the corner beside a pile of discarded clothes, making sure not to touch anything, including the walls. She actually stood on the tips of her toes, trying to touch as little of the floor as she could.

“Mind fucked slaves can be so literal sometimes...” He mumbled to himself.

He gave her a pleased nod, and she smiled at him, absentmindedly fondling her tits and cunt. He put his finger to his lips, wordlessly ordering Penny to be quiet, as he was about to speak into the white room.

“Okay, Gwen, can you hear me?” He spoke to the microphone.

“Yeah.” Gwen replied.

“Okay, I want you to put your head back, and rest your hands on the arm-rests, and put your feet on the floor.”

“Umm, okay.” She said, as if sitting normally was beyond her.

Jim waited for the moment when her head and extremities were properly set, and pushed the appropriate button, which sprung the metallic cuffs on her legs, hands, and forehead, locking her in place.

“Have fun, and we'll talk more after your brainwashing is complete.” He said wickedly, and turned the TV on, initiating the process.

“Wait. What?! Brainwashing?! What...do...you...” Her voice trailed off, as the screen took her full attention.

Jim stared at the naked Penny with a lust-filled grin, and pulled her to him by her nipples, twirling her around to face away from him, and fondling her tight body to his heart's content.

“It should be about twenty or so minutes before she's ready for the fun part.” Jim said, gently pushing Penny to stand at attention before him “I think we can have some fun, till then.”

“Anything you wish, master.” She said, crossing her hands behind her back and innocently pivoting her torso from side to side, lightly swinging her firm tits.

Jim smirked, and squeezed her perky, gravity defying breasts.

“You know, there's nothing I like more than having an already processed bitch in this room, while her relative or friend is being processed in the next.”

“Why is that, master?” Penny asked dumbly.

Jim grinned.

“It's simple, really. The white room is not locked. If you wanted to, you could run over there, and try to free your sister, and help her escape.” He pinched her nipple, hard, making her squeal.

“In fact, I'll even give you a rare choice.”

Because I know exactly what you'll choose, hehe. He thought to himself.

“You can either go in there, and save your sister, or stay here, press your tits on the one-sided mirror, push that cute little ass out, and spread your pussy, inviting me in.”

“Your choice.” He repeated, and feasted his eyes on the lewd, nubile, and naked teen.

To Penny, The choice was clear. How could she do something that so blatantly went against her master's wishes? With a slutty giggle, she spun around, pressed her tits on the glass, and reached down to her buttocks, spreading her cheeks apart, her wet pussy lips opening ever so slightly, to accept her master's cock.

“Please fuck me, master.” She said happily, and politely.

“That's why I like it so much.” He said, whipping his cock out, and aiming it into her cunt, grabbing her hips.

“Your willingness to watch your twin sister have her entire world turned upside down, while I fuck you from behind, focusing on my pleasure, and my pleasure alone.” He thrust into her, making her moan, moistly and lusciously.

“My pussy is for your pleasure before my own, master...Ahhh...Thank you master.”

While Penny was impaled against the one-sided mirror, her sister struggled within her own mind, trying to fight against the influence of the screen before her. On the outside, she was mesmerized and mindlessly focused, but on the inside a war was raging.

She could feel her mind being drained of all thought. It was weird, almost like an out-of-body experience. Gwen felt as if her body was asleep, and her mind was being turned numb, but she still had the awareness to try and make it stop.

She decided she had to find another focus, instead of the mind-numbing colors on the screen. She didn't feel capable of

complicated thoughts, like her future plans, or even the faces of her family and friends.

The one thing that called out to her was chess, the only passion of her young life. She envisioned a chess board, and focused on placing all the pieces in their places. Then, she started the game, pretending that the machine attempting to rewrite her mind was the other player.

She used her standard opening strategy, but of course the foreign presence in her mind already knew about it, and easily countered her. As the game went on, she realized that if she wanted to win, she had to surprise the unstoppable force burrowing into her mind. She had to play tactics she never played before, ones she never even thought of trying.

It didn't work out so well, and her opponent quickly had the upper hand. She was an excellent chess player, after all, and while she resorted to wild, almost random moves, her opponent used many of her own signature strategies against her. It was clear who was going to win, in this battle she waged against herself.

Somehow, though, she didn't seem to care too much, anymore. Playing chess was always so relaxing for her, at least before she started competing. Gwen felt such euphoria, seeing that chess board in her mind's eye, that she barely even noticed what pieces she was moving, and where.

She exhaled a breath of refreshing air, and moved her rook, planning to check the opponent's king on her next move. It seemed like a good move, even though she no longer thought even a single step in advance.

She recalled, at that moment, something her first chess teacher told her: Winning is all about who can see further into the future. That was when she realized she had left her king trapped. All her opponent had to do was move their queen diagonally to check her king, and the game would be done.

It was way too late for her to realize it. She had already made her move, and in chess you cannot undo a move once it was

played. Gwen didn't care anymore, she watched her foe's queen move towards the square adjacent to her king, and took one final, deep breath.

Her king fell down, making a thunderous roar in her empty mind. The black queen vanished as well, along with all the other pieces, and the board, leaving her mind a blank slate, ready to be molded anew.

Checkmate.

In the control room, Penny was busy moving her body back and forth against the mirror, doing all the work for her master's pleasure. Jim casually spanked her, every time he felt she needed to tighten up around his cock. She responded with a lusty moan to each and every slap.

The control panel screen lit up, taking Jim's attention.

"Oh, your sister is ready for the fun phase." Jim said, and took hold of Penny's tits, using them as leverage to fuck her senseless.

"*Ohhhhhh...*" He moaned as he came in her cunt, finishing with a sharp spank and leaving her to lean on the wall while his cum drips from her tight pussy.

Jim tore his eyes off of her and focused on her identical twin, Gwen.

"What is your full name?" He asked through the microphone.

"Gwen Andrea Nobel." She responded in a zoned-out fashion.

"You are named however your master chooses. If your master decides you have no name, then you don't."

"My name...is my master's choice..." She repeated.

"Good girl." Jim said, and rewarded her with a jolt of pleasure.

"Now, what do you do for a living?"

"I enlisted in college for a political science degree, and I'm the captain of a local chess team." Gwen said.

"You are a maid-slave in the service of your master. You obey your master's orders, and nothing else.

"I am a maid-slave. I serve my master."

"What are three words that best describe you?" Jim asked.

"Intelligent. Kind. Independent." She said.

Jim wasn't surprised, most people liked to think of themselves as kind and intelligent, and many fresh adults who just yanked themselves from their parental hold found their independence highly important. None of that mattered anymore.

“The words that best describe you are: Obedient, sex slave, owned property.”

“Obedient, sex slave, owned property.” Gwen repeated.

“And most of all, maid-slave.” Jim emphasized.

“Until the company sells you, you are company property, temporarily owned by Jim Robins.”

“I am owned by the company until sold to a customer. My temporary owner is Jim Robins.”

“I am Jim Robins. You exist to obey, please, worship, and serve me.”

“Yes master.” Gwen said with a dumb smile and twinkling eyes “I exist to obey, serve, please and worship you.”

“Good girl.” Jim said, and rewarded her with an orgasm that would have numbed her mind, were it not already numb, in the first place.

Jim continued drilling the new rules of Gwen's life into her very core. She didn't comply to his wishes happily, nor did she accept her new life sadly, for that matter. There was simply no other choice for her, in her ultra suggestive state. He has won, and now she could do nothing but accept the terms of her surrender.

It only took about thirty minutes for Gwen to be fully prepared to start her new life. The TV screen turned off, and so did the audio subliminal messages. The chair let go of her limbs and forehead, none of which were needed any more, and her master stepped in with a naked Penny right behind him.

Gwen knelt before him, kissing his flaccid cock, which still hung from his open fly.

“I live to serve you, master.” She declared with devotion. Jim had his arm wrapped around Penny, with his hand on her

bottom, squeezing playfully. There was still some cum dripping from the standing twin's cunt, and he had Gwen show her obedience by licking it clean.

Truth is, he was hoping it would arouse another erection out of him.

“I wonder if your pussies feel the same.” He said aloud “Have you ever fucked the same man before?”

“No, master.” Penny said “As far as I know.”

Gwen just shook her head, her mouth busy with other things.

“I guess I'll have to find out on my own, than.” Jim said, casually stroking his hardening cock.

“Stand next to each other.” He commanded, and Gwen quickly got on her feet.

“Yes, master.” Both girls said in unison, looking like a mirror image of one another.

Gwen was still fully clothed, in her jeans, shirt, and black cap.

“Take that stupid hat off, and wave your hair while you do it. In a sexy way, like in movies and commercials, you know.”

“Yes, master.” The enslaved hipster girl said. She took her hat off with one motion, and moved her head so her long, black hair waved, its volume seemingly increasing. She actually hit Penny's face with it, but Penny didn't even flinch without her master's say-so.

Gwen's hair was actually an inch or two longer than Penny's, when not bundled under a hat.

“That's better. Now, take that top off, let's compare your tits.”

“Yes, master.”

Not being told to be sexy about it, Gwen simply grasped the fabric of her top and threw it off of her with one swift motion, making her boobs bounce elastically.

“Push your tits out, and near your chests to one another. I wanna see if they're identical.” He commanded.

“Yes, master.” Both girls smiled, cupped their breasts in both hands without hiding their nipples, and leaned towards one another, still fully keeping their breasts in Jim's view.

“Now drop your hands.” He said, and the twins obeyed, dropping their hands instantly, their tits defying gravity and remaining perky, their nipples pointing straight forward.

“Completely identical. That's amazing.” Jim appraised his new merchandise “Down to the hue of your pink little nipples.”

His cock was throbbing at that point, and he had his twins bend over, side by side, slowly wiggling their asses from left to right, begging him to fuck them.

“I like these jeans.” He said, dry humping her and feeling up her bare leg.

”Maybe I'll let you keep it, until you're sold, that is.”

“Thank you, master.” Gwen said as he forcefully pulled her jeans so more of her buttock showed, spanking her bouncy cheek red.

“Take it off.” He said, and moved to Penny.

Without saying a word, he penetrated the bent over Penny, leisurely pumping into her while watching Gwen remove her jeans, and return back to her position, wiggling her butt, now only covered by a lacy thong.

He touched Gwen's behind while fucking Penny, and then moved the small strand of fabric aside to reveal her pussy.

“Is your pussy sufficiently wet for me?” He asked and spanked Gwen, to let her know he was talking to her.

Spank

“Ah! Always, master!” She said, her cunt dripping. She was so horny, she could barely wait for him to use her.

Fortunately, she did not need to wait any longer. Jim finished warming himself up in Penny's cunt, and pulled out of her, making her moan in disappointment. Barely a second later, he pushed inside of Gwen, and groaned happily.

“*Ahhhh*, it's a hard call, but you might be tighter.” He said, pumping into her at an increasing speed.

“But maybe it's just because I already fucked your sister a couple of times.”

“*Mmhh!* My pussy is yours, master!” Gwen moaned, and Jim picked up the pace once again.

He alternated between their pussies for a few minutes, enjoying their moans of pleasure, lust, and disappointment every time he moved to the other girl.

“Please, master! Please fuck me again!” Gwen begged while he pumped into Penny. He allowed them to beg, thinking it would be fun.

“*Hrrm!*” He grunted, wearing a smile filled with carnal desire.

“Your pussies are definitely identical.” He said, pulling out of one identical twat, and re-entering another.

“That's good! It means that if one of you is broken, the other can replace her. I'll make sure to mention it when it's time to put you on the auction block!”

Gwen was moaning like a bitch in heat, while Penny begged her master to return to her, like the worthless whore she was. Jim, on his part, finally reached his climax, pulling out and spraying Gwen's ass and lower back. He watched the cum run down her smooth legs, and ordered her sister to clean her up.

“She did the same to you, earlier. Time to return the favor.”

“Yes **Lick** master.” Penny said, licking her sister's cum-glazed behind like a dog would, with long, broad tongue-strokes.

Jim took his leave of them to bring some mandatory maid-slave clothes, fit for the outdoors. Black and white attire that wasn't revealing enough to get them arrested, but only just. He told them to get dressed, and took a picture of them, sending it to his boss back home.

Each twin wore a black skirt that showed half an inch of her buttocks, and a top with one button closing between their tits, so

tight that their nipples nearly tore through the fabric. He walked to the lifts with one hand resting on each of their fine, firm behinds.

“Press B-three.” He said and gently spanked Penny, who was closer to the button, and they started their way down to where he was parked.

“Yes, master.”

On their way down, he received a call from his boss.

“I see you got my picture, huh? What do you think? And no, it's not one of those tricks with the mirrors, in case you were wondering.”

“So you just happened to find a pair of gorgeous twins lying about?” His boss sounded impressed.

“You wouldn't believe it if I told you, boss. I expect a bonus on them, once they're sold, by the way.”

“I'll be honest, Jim, you getting us that DuPont firm is more than enough. This little thing isn't so...”

Jim didn't like what he was hearing.

“Hey, now, boss.” He said angrily “I won't have you discount my achievement with these two little lovelies.”

Jim clenched his jaw, he didn't want to go too far, so he took his sudden aggression on Gwen, pushing her to her knees before him and shoving her face on his crotch. Gwen understood immediately. She unzipped his fly and quickly whipped his cock out, using her tender kiss to soothe her master's nerves.

“*Ahhh*. I mean, you know. It's not every day that. *Ohhhh*, fuck.” Jim said, but the tender loving Gwen gave his dick got the best of him.

“Jim, son, you got me all wrong. What I'm saying, is that you've done such a perfect job with taking over Ms. DuPont's company, that we might not need to process those twins for sale. You know what I mean?”

Jim's eyes widened as he understood.

“Are you saying that...?” He said with a smile, staring down at Gwen and patting her perfect black hair.

“I am, Jim. And you know what? I think I've made up my mind. Yeah, you can keep them as your personal property. A gift for your hard work.”

Jim couldn't believe what he was hearing. Most employes at his rank had some perks, but to receive a set of identical twins, it was unprecedented.

“Wow, sir, I-I don't know what to say. Thank you!”

“Oh, Jim, don't be silly. Do you have any idea how financially beneficial your successful hostile takeover was today? If you keep this up, you'll be my top choice as my replacement, when I move on to greener pastures.”

“Sir, I would be honored.”

“Oh, sure you will, Jim. Well, have fun, and I'll see you back at work next week.”

“Sure thing, boss!”

Jim hung up the phone and looked at the floor marker above the elevator's doors. They still had ten floors to go, just enough to inform his slaves of the great news.

“Guess what...Uhm...” He squinted his eyes, looking at the twin sucking his cock, and then at the one still standing, having her ass squeezed by him.

“Wow, I didn't expect this to happen so soon. I have no idea which one of you is which.”

The one sucking his cock plopped her lips off with a wet sound.

“I'm G...” She started.

“Oh I couldn't care less. I'll just call you twin slave one,” He pointed at Penny “And you will be Twin slave two.” He pointed down to Gwen. “Understood?”

“Yes, master.”

“Of course, I'll have to mark it on you somehow. Maybe I'll get it tattooed somewhere...” He looked over their bodies, trying to determine the best part of their nubile physique for such an important tattoo.

Twin slave two, formerly known as Gwen, circled her tongue around his shaft, and reminded him of what he had to tell them.

“Oh, right.” He said with a smile “Well, bitches, guess who is your permanent owner, for the rest of your lives.”

The two stared at him dumbly, twin slave two stopped her tongue movements, trying to think of an answer.

“Right, that was silly of me, I suppose.” He said.

“It's officially me. I own your hot asses from now on, permanently.”

Twin slave one jumped in her place happily, her tits almost bouncing free of her top. Twin slave two celebrated with a happy yelp, and by sucking his cock even harder.

The elevator doors opened, and outside stood a British man who gasped at what he saw. Jim recognized him.

“Mr. Herbert.” He said, slightly embarrassed “Nice day today, isn't it?”

“What do you think you are doing, Mr Robins?!” The man berated, sternly “What if I were about to bring a young woman for processing, and she would have seen this display?”

Jim nodded, and zipped up.

“You're perfectly right, Mr. Herbert, I was careless.”

Mr. Herbert stared back and forth between the two girls.

“Identical twins, huh?” He said “Well, maybe I was too harsh on you.” He added with a smirk.

“Thank you, sir, but you weren't. I'll be more careful next time.”

Mr. Herbert seemed impressed by Jim's honesty.

“I hear Ms. DuPont has learned her lesson today.”

“She sure did, Mr. Herbert.”

“I suppose that means you'll be leaving us soon.”

“My flight leaves tomorrow, eleven p.m.” Jim said.

“Too bad. Well, if things don't work out for you at the US branch, know that you can always request for a permanent transfer.”

“I'll keep that in mind, sir.” Jim lied, wanting to leave the local branch higher-up with the best impression. London was wonderful, but it wasn't home.

Jim hurried twin slave two to her feet, and walked both of them over to his company car, where she continued sucking him off until they reached his hotel.

He had a tiring day, so his twin slaves gave him a soothing good night blowjob, and he fell asleep right after cumming in twin slave two's mouth. Gwen certainly did not think the day prior to their big competition would end with her gulping a thick load of cum, and resting her head inches away from a man's cock, sleeping next to it in case he needed more attention.

Twin slave one, formerly known as Penny, silently crawled over to her master's arms, supplying a plushy squeeze toy for him to enjoy during the night. It was the start of a fulfilling and energizing night's sleep, at least for one of them.

Jim was so tired, he didn't wake up until eleven a.m. the next day. Even after waking up, Jim decided to stay in bed and enjoy his two new slaves. He didn't have anything to do until his flight, anyway. He was in bed, alternating between cuddling the twins and fucking them, until well into the afternoon, only getting up when he felt some unavoidable intestinal needs.

He left Gwen and Penny's twats filled with cum, on the bed, and went to the bathroom to void his bladder. Gwen and Penny stared at each other lovingly, rubbing each other's creamy thighs while thick liquid oozed from their cunts.

Jim got in the shower, and once he was comfortable, he called his two slaves to join him. Their pussies were quickly washed clean, only to be filled again during the steamy shower.

Jim had his twin slaves kneel before him, and share his cock with their tongues and lips, unable to keep their eyes open in front of the streams of water rushing from above, and onto their master's body, and then down to their faces. Fortunately, They didn't need their eyes, to stretch their tongues out and lick the hard rod before them, in the midst of the scalding hot, pouring rain.

“*Ohhh!* Best way to shower.” Jim moaned with his eyes closed, engulfing his head with hot water.

A knock on the door surprised him.

“*Ohh*, right, I told those bitches to come here before my flight leaves.” He said, getting his head out of the stream of water, and opening his eyes.

“I didn't expect I'd score two hot teen cunts by now.” He chuckled “Twin one, go get the door.”

The girl licking his dick moved back

“Wait, hold on! I meant twin two, actually. Stay down there honey, keep licking. I really need to mark you little sex toys, somehow...”

“Yes, master.” Both girls said. Twin one stayed to suck his cock, and twin two plopped her wet lips off of his balls and went to get the door.

The door closed almost as soon as it opened, and twin two led Ms. DuPont and her secretary, Alison, to where their master was. Both were barely dressed, and would easily be mistaken for hookers, but it wasn't enough for Jim.

“You two are way too clothed to be in this room, cunts. Strip naked.” He ordered.

“Yes, master.” The extra busty Ms. DuPont, and her young and tight secretary said together, shedding what little clothing they had on, and tossing them onto the wet floor.

He pumped into twin one's mouth a few times, and shoved her away.

“Dry yourselves and take Alison to the bedroom. I want the three of you on your hands and knees before the bed, with your asses up, and your faces planted on the carpet.”

“Of course, master.” Twin one said. She stepped out of the shower, took a towel for her and her sister, and took Alison, the hot blonde, by the hand.

Jim stared at the naked and big-boobed Ms. DuPont with a smile, grasping his cock with his hand.

“Get your tits in here, bitch.” He commanded.

“Yes, master!” Ms. DuPont nearly jumped over to provide her tits for him. She knelt before him and wrapped her big jugs around his cock, massaging the wet shaft to the best of her ability.

“Hmm, nice. I'm leaving back to the states, so make sure your tits leave a good impression on me.”

“Yes master. My tits are yours.” She said, and used her nipples to tickle the tip of her master's cock.

“Your tits are a very useful tool, I'm sure your new owner will realize that as well, when he gets here and takes over your company.”

“I'm so happy, master!” She said, with water gushing over her previously dry body.

It's been a day since he last fucked her tits, but Ms DuPont did not forget the sensation of his cum glazing her gigantic boobs. Even if she had forgotten, Jim reminded her right there in the shower, as he sprayed his load all over her, thick and heavy.

“Stay here and wash your tits with my cum. I'm going to play with my other toys.”

“Yes, master.”

He felt so hyper, after his long and refreshing night sleep, and the slow morning, noon, and afternoon of relaxing and fucking the twins in bed. He had no problem getting hard again, immediately after spraying his load on the busty CEO's tits.

If he wasn't hard already, what he saw after drying himself off and going to the bedroom would have certainly done the trick. Alison was on her hands and knees, as he commanded, her ass up and her face down, before the foot of his bed.

On each of her sides, in the exact same servile pose, settled the twins, with their identical pert behinds, patiently waiting for him. Jim sat on the bed, and rested one leg on twin slave one's lovely behind, and the other on her sister's, leaving his legs slightly spread, his hard cock shooting from between them like a rigid rocket.

“Alison, get your ass up here and ride me.”

“Yes, master. Gladly.”

The blonde straightened her legs, but kept her head down, and carefully walked a few steps back, until she felt her master's hands stopping her. He grabbed her ass and guided it down to his cock, until his tip was secured in her tight cunt. He pulled her head up by the hair, an action which also inadvertently shoved his cock all the way into her cunt, and grabbed her tits from behind.

“Start riding me, bitch.” He commanded, and with another submissive acknowledgment, she began moving her hot ass up and down.

Gwen and Penny felt her every bounce, as Jim's legs moved on their cute behinds, pressing on them stronger and stronger. Jim enjoyed it so much, that when Ms. DuPont came out of the shower, dry of cum and water, he used her as a chair, and had the three younger women ride him, one by one.

“Me and twin slave one aren't too heavy on your back, are we, bitch?” He said, having his slave ride him hard and fast, putting her whole body weight on him, and on Ms. DuPont in turn.

“No load is ever too heavy, master. I will happily break my back for you.” She said, thought the strain in her voice was clear.

“That's nice.”

“Master.” The girl riding him suddenly said “I'm sorry, but I'm twin slave two.” She corrected him.

Jim narrowed his eyes at her.

“When we get home, I'm having your numbers tattooed on your tits.” He finally decided on a proper location for such an identity marker.

“Yes, master.” Both twins said, glad their master found such a brilliant solution to their problem.

Before cumming, he decided to punish Ms. DuPont and Alison one last time, for being so willful and independent when they met. He had them spank each other so hard, their asses turned red, hot, and almost numb. The twins packed his bags meanwhile.

To end his fun, he anally fucked them, and came inside of Alison's ass, spraying a little bit on her swollen, red cheeks. She thanked him for his treatment of her, while holding her ass cheeks apart, so he could see his handiwork dripping slowly from the well fucked hole.

“Now, wait like this, bent over, presenting those hot and well beaten behinds to the door, until room service comes to clean. If they're men, try and seduce them. If they're women, simply stand up, get dressed, and leave.”

“Yes, master.” Ms. DuPont and Alison complied, and remained in their position.

Jim left for the airport with his new permanent toys. The other members of their chess team were probably waiting for them to show up to the deciding match Gwen worked so hard to set, but she didn't think about it, anymore.

Both twins have played their last real game of chess, at the park, where their master spotted them, and now they were leaving the country they were born and bred in, to be nameless maid-slaves across the Atlantic ocean.

At least their first trip abroad would be memorable, albeit never-ending.

###

Lucky Ace

* * * * *

Vincent lay on his bed in his dorm room, feeling like staying there all day long, and day dream about Angelina. She was always much nicer to him in his dreams, anyway, the damn bitch. She was so self entitled, just because she was the college's women tennis star.

He had to admit, though, he would jump off a bridge if it got him into her pants. Her hot, tight, smooth, and perfect pants. How can he be so in love with her looks, and yet so reviled by her personality.

He fought the urge to just stay in bed and sulk all day, and forced himself to get up, and get dressed. Wearing his 'team T-shirt', he left his dorm room, and walked towards the campus tennis court. Luckily for him, he lived in the dorms that were closest to the college's sports center, so he didn't have to drive there and waste gas.

He found it absurd that he even had to wear a special shirt for this activity. It's not like he was actually a part of the team, or trained in any way. He didn't even like tennis all that much. He only learned the rules over the last couple months, watching the team. He did have a pretty good grasp of the game, by now. Vincent was quite the brainiac, and if there was anything he was good at, it was learning new things.

Well, as long as the new things didn't require physical prowess. He was the living embodiment of the skinny nerd image. Lots of brain, and no muscle. He was mostly into computers, which is why he studied computer science, in one of the leading faculties in the country.

Unfortunately for him, his college, like many others nowadays, required every undergrad student to register and

participate in at least one extra curricular sports activity. And it was treated like any other course, so he had to attend and get a passing grade. Of course, he wanted a good grade, he's not gonna let some stupid coach kill his average.

Honestly, he didn't understand why they would force everyone to do sports. Not everyone need to be in shape, especially if his forte lies in using his brain cells to make money, and then hire the dumb jocks to do his heavy lifting for him. Apparently, they didn't get the memo that smart is the new sexy.

So, Vincent was forced to pick something. Anything, really, as long as he shows up, and performs sufficiently. And how about this for ridiculous – the college philharmonic band is considered valid as the sports activity, so some of the less athletic people in his class get it easy by playing the flute or the piano to cover for this stupid requirement. Not to say playing an instrument is easy. If it was, Vincent would've done that, as well. He actually regretted not taking up an instrument in his school days, like some of the others...

What most other non sporty people did was something called Feldenkrais. There was some theory behind it about making your body more sustainable to injuries, and expanding your motoric skills, or something, but most people just saw it as lying down in various positions for a couple of hours. Sounds perfect, right? Well, no.

Vincent tried it, and the boredom was suffocating. He'd rather take a sports activity as a test dummy for medieval torture devices. After quitting, he had to find a new activity fast, or run the risk of losing his funding. Yes, they were that strict about their annoying sports policy.

So he talked to the team coaches, trying to find a different sports activity. The problem was the semester already started, and registration was already fully closed, so he was completely at the mercy of those damn coaches.

Most of them didn't even give him a second look, after telling him they have no room for him. He didn't blame them, though. They were looking for talented athletes to join their teams, not some computer nerd who got stuck between college regulations and a boring place. He actually knew the rules for football, basketball, and baseball, so he tried those first, and was rejected.

The tennis coach was the last one he approached, and by that time he was desperate. The coach gave him the same reaction all the others did, saying he won't take someone like Vincent in the middle of the semester, and that the beginners team is already closed. Vincent couldn't take no for an answer, though, so he swallowed what little pride he had, and begged like a pathetic idiot.

He told the coach he would do everything.

“Just find me something that will qualify as athletic activity for the admins. Anything! I'll do any job you need! I'll wash your car! That's a physical activity...”

Vincent stood in front of the coach, and wouldn't budge. The coach even shoved him a little, telling him to go away, but he stayed put. After giving Vincent a crooked look, he rubbed his chin with a deep “Hmm...” And said “You know what? I might have something for you to do.” Vincent was in such relief that he thanked the coach about a million times, before the coach even told him what he had in mind.

He left the meeting with the coach happy, and yet slightly concerned. The coach decided to make him the team's ball boy. Which means he would have to make sure to collect the balls while the team practices, and make sure they have a constant supply of balls. It sounded easy enough, but seemed to include a lot of running around chasing stray balls.

It's not like they need a ball boy for practices. Without him, they would just pick their own balls up, like they always did. And for the big practice matches, one of the other team mates would take the part.

Sure, Vincent will make their practices slightly more comfortable, but the coach tailored that part for him purely as a favor, a fact the coach made sure to remind him every chance he got, possibly hoping Vincent will fix his computer when it's broken, or make him a business partner in his first start-up company.

The coach also made sure to remind Vincent that he can flunk him on a whim, and failing at being a ball boy isn't something Vincent wanted on his CV. So, he made sure to get there twenty minutes before each practice, and help the coach set up the courts. He also made sure to keep inventory, verifying they have enough rackets and balls.

These were the sort of duties that were easy for Vincent. he handled numbers and management easily. If only he could have skipped the whole ball boy bullshit all together...

That day he ran a little late for the first time, because he was lazying about in bed, feeling depressed as he saw no way to get the girls he wanted, and angry that the girl he wanted most was such a mean, self entitled bitch. The coach didn't make a big deal out of it, though. Just told him to never be late again, and they continued to set up the court for the men's team practice.

The guys were very punctual, and they had a good reason to be. They had a reputation to uphold. Vincent didn't know at first, but apparently the men's tennis team was the pride of their college.

They won the college nationals for five years straight, and were still the favorites for this year, which will be the sixth consecutive championship. So, needless to say, a lot was riding on these practices, and the coach came with new fire for every practice.

It wasn't an easy feat for the unfit Vincent, as well. And he spent most of the practice wheezing and running after balls. The men practice was easier, though. They had much less stray balls, so Vincent had much less running to do. In fact, he didn't even need his inhaler after their practice last time, which showed

Vincent even being a ball boy can improve his stamina, and made him a little happier about himself.

He usually just shut himself off, and focused on not fainting or bothering the players in a way that might cause the coach to kick him out.

The guys usually talked a bit between sets, but mostly about stuff that didn't interest Vincent. Like the latest NFL game, or some NBA players and what they do with their girlfriends.

In game, they usually just exchanged juvenile taunts of the "I'm gonna beat you so hard, your grandchildren's backhand will be off." kind, that just served to juice them up some more. Although Vincent gathered such taunts usually don't happen in official tennis matches.

"So anyway, I can't figure out how to kill that annoying boss. It's fucking annoying!" Vincent was brought out of his bored drone when he heard one of the players saying that.

"Yeah, I only managed to kill him with cheating. I found this thing that makes your character invincible, and give it a special fireball that insta-kills everything."

"Are you talking about Sots?" Vincent asked.

"What?" Nick, the team star asked.

"Umm...Spirit of the sword? The game?"

"Yeah! You know it?" He asked Vincent.

"Know it?!" Vincent said "I'm better at it than you are in tennis." He finished with pride.

"Well, I hope I didn't insult you." Nick said jokingly "So, how do you defeat that damn..."

"General Whitefang?" Vincent finished his sentence.

"Wow, yeah, how did you know?"

"You're not the only one having issues with him. Here's what you got to do."

Vincent told them how to beat that boss, and he suddenly felt slightly superior to those jocks. Them being in awe of the possibilities he unlocked in their favorite game helped in

strengthening his sudden confidence boost. He didn't even know people like them play video games. The conversation returned to uninteresting topics quickly, though, and Vincent quieted up once he realized he has absolutely nothing to contribute.

Ten minutes to the end of the men's practice, the girls started to show up. The first one was Angelina, as always. She walked to the practice wall in her short tennis skirt and started playing against the wall. Her form was so graceful and perfect, she looked like a tennis playing angel. Not to mention, Vincent could swear he saw a tiny bit of her panties when she jumped after balls.

"Hey, Vincent." Chris said, getting Vincent's attention.

"Wha'...?" Vincent said, struggling to take his eyes off of her.

"The ball..."

"Oh, right, sorry!"

"Come on Chris! Can't you see he was busy having a wet day dream about Angelina?!" Another guy said.

"Yeah well, he can have those on his free time. Like the rest of us..." Chris responded, and they all laughed.

As the guys left, they said bye to Vincent, and some of them expressed their jealousy once more, that he actually gets to watch the girls play. They had to leave, because it was college policy to not mix the men and women teams, but Vincent was considered a part of none, or both.

He wanted to tell them it wasn't all roses and sunshine, but he kinda liked the fact they were jealous of him about something.

One thing was certain, what his mom told him in high-school was right. These jock types were his worst bullies in high-school, always mocking him for being weak. It wasn't like that in college. The jocks were much more mature, and understood they don't own the world just cause they're good at something. And they respected Vincent for what he was good at. It was a refreshing change, indeed.

They say girls mature faster than guys mentally. Well, whoever said that should examine the two tennis teams in Vincent's college, and explain why the girls are so damn childish

and outright evil at times, while the guys are so mature and easy going. It won't help Vincent at all, of course, but it would be interesting.

Maybe it was because the Women's team wasn't as highly acclaimed as the men's team. They always finished in the middle or bottom of the local league, and some of them obviously just saw the team as a means to an end. The end being merely getting credit for the sports activity, exactly the way Vincent saw it. They knew how to play, of course, they simply didn't seem to care all that much.

Many of them came late almost every time, and nearly none had a perfect attendance. They knew it would probably reflect in their grades, but they apparently didn't care about getting a B or a C instead of an A in their sports activity.

They were hot though, all seven of them. Each hotter than the next, with Angelina at the top, for sure. Vincent's favorites, other than Angelina, were Amy, Keri, and Diana. Amy and Diana were tall, thin, and blond, with relatively large boobs, and Vincent had a thing for blondes. And boobs, too.

Keri was petite and perfectly proportioned for her size. She had smooth black hair, and perfect blue eyes that looked like sapphires. Dark hair was probably Vincent's second favorite, which might seem weird, considering blonde was his number one fave.

They were all better looking than most other girls he got to see on campus, though. Athletic, perfectly toned bodies. He liked his women thin, tight, and flexible, and that could easily be said about all of the girls on the team.

Angelina was something else, though. Her hair was somewhere between brown and red, and she had hazel eyes. True, she wasn't blonde, and didn't have blue or green eyes, but none of that mattered. She was perfect. People would probably guess supermodel, actress, and even porn star, before they even consider aspiring Tennis pro, and law student.

“Hey dweeb!” She called out “Go get this ball.”

“She already started...” He mumbled with great annoyance. She hit the ball to the other end of the court on purpose. And Vincent knew he can't argue with her. The slightest slight on her, and Vincent will be kicked out by the coach. She was the only really good player on the women's team, and the coach was pushing her to a solo career.

Amy and Lisa arrived already and were getting dressed. Vincent wished he could be a fly on the wall of that dressing room. Well, maybe something a little more well hung than a fly. Amy and Lisa were identical twins, both redheads. Alone, he preferred the other girls. But, together, they were every man's wet dream, or at least one of his.

While he was fighting to bring another ball that Angelina expertly shot under the bleachers, they started a game between her and Amy. Angelina enforced complete silence while she practiced, and so the chats and banter the guys had were completely gone.

“Faster, dweeb!” She screamed at Vincent as he ran into court to pick Amy's foul ball. And yes, it seems the silence regime wasn't extended to her own mouth. Why did the other girls go along with it? Well, they didn't, at first. But when Angelina made a whole scene about her needing to be fully focused to improve, and actually cried about it, they figured they might as well comply.

After the initial warm up, Angelina took both Samantha and Diana two on one, while the other four girls had a doubles match, May and Keri were taking on the twins. Vincent did enjoy watching them play, and tried hard to hide the fact he was busy looking at them with the dirtiest thoughts on his mind.

“Take that!” Angelina hit the ball straight to Vincent's head. It wasn't the first time, but it's not like practice could ever improve his reflexes enough to avoid it. He always wondered if she did that when she realized he was catching glimpses of their panties under their skirts, and was getting horny from it.

It wasn't his fault. They were wearing such short skirts, and they kept running and bouncing, it was impossible to avoid. Not

that he would avoid it if he could, but she could at least give him the benefit of the doubt.

About halfway into the practice it was almost too hard for him to even wash his eyes with images he will later jerk off to. Angelina made sure to give him a hard time, and an almost heart attacking exercise. The other girls weren't much better, and they joined her with the occasional shots aimed at him, and others that were clearly aimed too far on purpose.

They only stopped after the coach noticed and told them off. Of course, Vincent couldn't really protest any of it, because a fight with Angelina will get him kicked out of the team for sure, and also, he was so out of breath he just couldn't talk.

The practice ended with Vincent lying on the court, sweating, breathless, and exhausted, as if he was the one actually playing. He also had a few new bruises from Angelina's sadistic shots aimed directly at him.

“What happened, Dweebo, practice was hard on you?” Angelina stood above him, and mocked.

“Hey, leave him alone.” The coach said “If you've got time to flap your gums, how about you drop and give me twenty.”

Angelina looked a bit embarrassed, but replied with a “Yes, coach” and did as she was told. Vincent had a feeling that if she wasn't ambitious about her Tennis career, she would've punched him. Although she never looked at the coach with as much hatred as she showed Vincent on a daily basis. In fact, she usually had a very complacent look on her face when she talked with the coach. It wasn't really like her.

He felt like he was in a compulsory abusive relationship with her. But hey, at least she knew his name. At least he thought she did. He could never be sure, since she always referred to him as dweeb. Plus, he did get in shape, a little, and he was also desperate to find a silver lining in an otherwise crappy situation...

Back in his dorms building, him and his friends were watching the latest episode of their favorite sci-fi show in the

common room, while they rubbed his nose with how calm, serene, and relaxing the Feldenkrais class is.

“And it's comatose boring, you forgot to mention that...” He told them.

“Oh, and picking up balls for four hours straight, how exciting!” One of his friends retorted.

“You have no idea...” Vincent said through gritted teeth, making them all laugh.

“Well, I still need to finish my *C-Plus-Plus* homework...” Vincent said, looking for an excuse to get away, he wasn't in the mood for this at all.

“Seriously? You'll miss the ending...”

“I'll catch it online later.” He said.

“Pfft, what kind of a geek are you?!” Was the last thing he heard before he left the room.

Alone in the elevator, he was day dreaming about computer games, and then about Angelina, making an unconscious decision to give her some more thought as he got to bed later. In his fantasies, she was much more amiable, submissive, and less violent, of course.

The elevator's door opened, and as if someone was reading his mind, Angelina walked in to the elevator, and pushed the ground floor button. Yes, the dorms were mixed gender, though you couldn't have mixed rooms, unless it's for actual couples.

“What are you looking at, dweeb?” She asked in a venomous tone.

“Your tits.” Is what he wanted to say, but for the sake of his head's connectivity to the rest of his body, he went with “Nothing...”, and looked away.

He wanted to gather the nerves and talk to her. Tell her how painful it is when she hits the balls at his head, and how humiliated and annoyed he is when she purposefully hits the balls far for him to run after. He wanted to make a scene about it.

A scene he played in his head after every practice, which usually ended with her starting to cry, and then gushing over him, apologizing, and kissing him passionately afterwards. He didn't have the guts for it, though, so all he did was sigh, and roll his eyes. She noticed it, to his great dismay...

"Is there anything you wanted to say to me, Dweebrek?" She asked. Well, At least now he could be sure she knew his name.

"No..." He said, looking at his feet, hoping she would drop it.

"Come on, now. I won't bite!" She pushed him, but he just continued looking downwards.

"Tell me. or I'll cut your tongue off." She said, making Vincent look up at her, just as the elevator doors opened on his floor.

"Okay." Vincent said, and swallowed nervously.

"You're being mean to me in practices for no reason, and it's hard enough on me as it is, without the physical abuse." He said "You're a real bitch sometimes..." he added, to drive the point home. Proud of himself he walked out the elevator doors, leaving her with her mouth gaped open, and jaw dropped, in melodramatic shock.

"Hold on!" She said, holding his shoulder and spinning him around "You can't just say something like that, and walk away, you damn dweeb!"

She stood before him and stopped the elevator from closing. Something told him turning around and walking away again won't be a smart thing to do.

"You want to know why I'm treating you like that, you jerk?!" She said, raising her voice.

"I do it because you're a lazy self entitled little geek who thinks the sports teams are nothing but a means to an end!" His eyes widened in surprise at her words "I do it because you have no talent, and the only reason you were even allowed on the team was because the coach took pity on you!"

"And most of all!" She continued "Because you're looking at me and the other girls like a little perv! Why don't you go join the other geeks at that fake yoga, and leave the tennis team alone!"

“I can't!” He said “If I leave the team now, I won't have a sports activity and lose my funding!”

“Well, you should have thought about that earlier!” She screamed.

“Why am I bothering you so much?!” He asked “What have I ever done to you?”

“I hate people who use pity to get it easy in life! If you had any balls, you would've gotten in shape and done this right!”

“Oh!” She added “And as for physical abuse. Trust me, you'll know when I'm physically abusing you!”

“And how will I know that?” He asked, in a moment of sheer stupidity.

Her eyes widened with sadistic fury, and she took her key chain out of her purse.

“Ow!” He squealed like a little girl as she stabbed his stomach with one of the keys.

“Ouch!” She did it again “Stop it!”

She didn't stop, and Vincent resorted to waving his hands in a futile attempt to block her stabbing, which just served to piss off the psychotic girl even more.

“I don't have to take this outside of practice!” He yelled, his eyes tearing up a bit, and slapped her wrist hard, making her drop her keys to the floor. With horror, they watched the keys fall down the elevator shaft.

“*NO!*” She screamed at the top of her lungs.

“No! No! No!” She started punching Vincent's chest in a frenzy. It was painful, and slightly arousing.

“*You idiot!*”

“It's your own damn fault!” He said, holding her fists at bay “relax, we can get the building manager to...”

“I don't have time for that, you FUCKING DWEEB!” She had the lung capacity of an opera singer, if 'Screaming Harpies' was ever the name of an opera show. It was amazing how she could be so beautiful, even in that state.

“What am I gonna do...” She mumbled, and then looked at Vincent while having a clear light-bulb moment.

“You have a car?” She asked.

“Yeah...” Vincent answered without thinking, and immediately regretted it “Wait a sec, I've got a home assignment to do and...”

“Like I give a damn!” She said, and pulled him back into the elevator “This was your fault, and you're gonna fix this, by driving me there!”

“You were the one who stabbed me with those keys...” Vincent mumbled, already resigned to the sordid fate of that night.

“What was that?” She asked.

“Nothing...”

“Where are you headed to, anyway?” Vincent asked her as they got into his car.

“Eleven Bennett St. It's the coach's house.” She said

“You're going to his house at this time of night?”

“It's only eight, dweeb. And yes, he's giving the team an extra practice every night.”

“Every night?” Vincent found that weird, since even the guys only had three practices a week.

“Yeah.” She answered “He's preparing us to be the champions, just like the men's team.”

“Seriously?”

“Why are you so surprised?” She asked, seeming a little insulted “With me on the team, and if the girls all work hard, we can definitely make it.”

“And the other girls are all into it?”

“Never miss a single practice. All of them.”

“Really? Cause they miss a whole lot of daytime practices...Hey, wait...” He just realized something “Why the hell couldn't one of them drive you, then?”

“A, because this was all your fault.” She said, making Vincent grit his teeth again “And B, because Diana and Keri are the only ones living in our dorms, and they left before I did. Comprende?”

“Si senorita ...” He said.

“Good, now get me there, fast!”

“You would make a fantastic dictator...”

“Thank you!” She said with a sweet beautiful smile, as if she really took that as a compliment. It was a little scary.

He pulled over at the house and she got out, telling him he'd better get her key out of the elevator shaft by the time she's back, or she'll kill him. He was about to start the car and drive away when something caught his eye. Namely, her ass.

He couldn't believe he didn't notice it before. Probably because he switched fast from trying not to get her attention, to being pissed with her behavior towards him.

But he noticed it now, as she was walking away. Her skirt was so short, she didn't even need to jump for him to have full view of the lower part of her ass. What's more, she was obviously wearing no panties under it. Or if she was, they were the thinnest type of thong imaginable.

He got an immediate hard-on after seeing that, and again tried to understand how the fuck he could have missed that for the entire drive over there.

“The one time I choose not to look in her direction...” He ate himself up with self pity, as she got out of sight.

It wasn't normal, though. The whole night time practice was weird enough, but this was definitely not the normal team uniform. The skirt was half as long, and it's not like the regular skirt is long at all. You can sometimes glimpse panties with the normal skirt, too.

Out of concern for her and the other girls, and more so, a desire to see if they keep a different dress code in these late practices, Vincent decided to investigate.

He never believed his special ops training would be useful for something. Well, training in the first person shooter called Special Ops Training, that is. He crouched down and moved slowly, trying not to be seen. The annoying part was he couldn't see a tennis court, so he figured it was indoors, and he had no way in.

He circled the building and stopped at the back yard. Just when he was about to give up, he saw a small window looking down to a large basement area. And there it was, a fully fitted underground tennis court. Where the hell did the coach get the money for this?

The window was locked, but Vincent was good with technical issues. He found a small twig that fell from one of the trees, and used it to open the lock, and pry the window open. He was surprised at how easy it was, at first, but then realized it was pretty weird to have that window locked in the first place. It's not like it was big enough to fit a person. A mouse, maybe, but that's about it.

Vincent looked down, and hoped none of them would notice him. He immediately had a big smile on his face. The coach was standing before the seven girls, who were all dressed the same as Angelina. Skimpy skirts, no panties, and so Vincent was invited to a view of seven hot, and almost bare asses, who will soon be bouncing and running over the court. He might even get a sneak peek of their hot tight pussies.

“Okay girls.” The coach said “It's time to work on your serve. Let's see how well you handle my balls.”

What happened next made Vincent audibly gasp, and it was mere luck that he wasn't heard by any of them. The girls all gave a tiny moan, and then their eyes glazed off, and became unfocused. The seven hot teen coeds then knelt before the coach, and looked up at him with adoring smiles.

“We are here to serve you, master.” They all said. Vincent looked at Angelina, the fire completely gone from her eyes. He could never have imagined her wearing such a stupefied and worshipful smile on her face, while on her knees, with eyes that twinkle, as she looked up at the man before her.

“Tits out.” Was all the coach said, and the seven girls took their blouses off, and revealed their perfect, perky tits. The coach wasn't the only one who had a perfect view, and Vincent almost creamed in his pants when he saw them like that.

“Good girls.” The coach said, and an orgasmic shiver went through the kneeling girls before him.

“Now, you two” He spoke to the twins “Come over here.” The twins crawled over to him, put their cheeks on his pelvis, and purred like kittens. The coach then dropped his pants, and revealed his raging hard on.

He grabbed them by the hair, and moved their faces so their lips were on either side of his shaft. Instinctively, the hot twins started licking and kissing. It was the most amazing sight Vincent ever saw.

He has been dreaming about this forever. These weren't some porn stars, they were normal girls, normal identical twins in fact, and they were topless and serving a man's cock as if it was a god. If only it could have been him instead of that damn coach.

The slurping and kissing sounds resonated in the acoustic tennis court, and Vincent punched himself for sparing a second to notice the place had perfect acoustics, as if it even mattered at the moment.

“Ahh, excellent.” The coach said “Now, Angelina, bend over the net, with your ass in this direction.” He thrust his hips forward to show which side he meant, which brought his balls to Amy's face, and she immediately cupped his balls in her hot mouth, kissing passionately, while her identical twin sister sucked on the coach's rod, making sweet gagging sounds.

Angelina bent over with her ass in perfect view of the coach. Vincent had perfect view of her tits from where he was looking.

“Now, Diana.” The coach said, and the blonde bombshell, still on her knees, jumped to attention, making her tits bounce slightly as she did. Her boobs were larger than her everyday clothes showed, which surprised Vincent, and aroused him even more.

“Get Angelina here ready for my cock, while these hungry sluts lubricate it.” The coach ordered her.

“Yes, master.” Diana said, in the sexiest voice Vincent had ever heard, in and out of porn.

Diana crawled over to where Angelina was bent over, raised her head, and shoved her face into her wet cunt. These two normal college girls, a law student and a business major, performed a lesbian show on command, and Vincent knew they were both straight.

Diana's tongue movements on Angelina's cunt and clit were so mesmerizing. Her tongue flicking Angelina's clit, and lips kissing Angelina's lower lips. Angelina moaned gently, and moved her ass alluringly, obviously solely interested in giving the coach a good show. It was like a french kiss. The hottest french kiss Vincent ever saw.

But it wasn't good enough for the coach.

“What the fuck is this.” He said.

He had his hands on the heads of the twins, pushed them on his cock from both sides, and pumped his cock between their hot mouths.

“Start ravaging her cunt, bitch. Make her fucking moan!” He told Diana.

“**Lick** Yes, master. **Kiss**” Diana said, and went to work.

She buried her face in Angelina's twat, and when she pulled away to breathe, her tongue was still frantically moving in all directions in a desperate attempt to lick, as if her tongue was a separate entity from the rest of her body, and all it wanted to do was keep obeying her master, regardless of her own need to breathe. She took another breath and dove back in. After seeing the chaotic movements of Diana's tongue, Vincent could only imagine the sensations Angelina was feeling at this moment.

Angelina's reactions showed Diana's efforts were not for naught. She leaned on the net, and moaned so hard Vincent was afraid the neighbors would hear through the open window. But he couldn't think about that too much. Not with Angelina's divine tits convulsing over the net, perfectly in his view. It was a truly hypnotic sight.

“Hypnotic...” Vincent mumbled. With a small supply of blood being redirected from his cock to his brain, he finally started

asking himself the right questions, about what he was witnessing

The coach obviously used some sort of hypnosis on the girls, and activated their slave state through some trigger. But can you really achieve that through hypnosis alone? Maybe there was some sort of deeper, more advanced form of mind control involved. But how could some college tennis coach get his hands on something like that?

He wanted to give that more thought, but he lost his focus when he saw Angelina, that beautiful annoying bitch, cum her brains out.

“Excellent! Now it's time to fuck that cunt.” The coach said, grabbed the twins by the hair, and threw them to the floor. They didn't protest at all.

“Thank you, master.” They both said weakly, and a little groggily after the intense throat fucking they both went through.

He walked towards Angelina, pushed Diana aside, grabbed her hips, and speared her hard and strong.

“Oh yeah! Your pussy is the best!” He said out loud.

“Ah!” She gave a grateful moan “Thank you, master!”

“Now, the rest of you. Crawl around the court, nice and slow for me. Make sure your petite asses and perky tits shake and wiggle as you move like the sexy kittens you are!” He said while pumping into Angelina faster and faster. Vincent didn't understand how he can even talk while doing that, let alone so fluently.

“Oh, man...” Vincent mumbled quietly. He couldn't help but rub his crotch. He was rock hard from what he saw. Six hot girls crawling around topless, wearing skirts that covered nothing, especially while crawling with and no panties.

He almost lost it when Samantha, the hot Latina chick, crawled right under his window, and he got a perfect view of her tight snatch between her perfect ass cheeks, as she crawled and moved her ass from side to side.

“Oh, crap!” Vincent noticed too late that his knee was pouring some dirt from the back garden, through the window, and into

the underground tennis court. And his prayers that no one will notice were not answered.

He saw Samantha look at the dirt with vacant eyes, and jumped into motion. He even surprised himself with how cool and collected he was in this stressful situation. He quickly got up, moved the dirt away from the window, and closed it just as he heard Samantha say "Master, The upper window is open."

He locked the window swiftly, and rushed out of there as quickly and silently as he could. As he got to his car, he let out a sigh of relief, and started on the drive home, hoping the coach won't figure out he was watching them. He wasn't really worried about the girls figuring anything out, in the brain addled state they were in.

That brought his mind back to the girls, which brought the force of his erection back, after the shock of being discovered subsided it a bit. He didn't know what to think, but he tried to avoid even considering it while driving, for fear he might cause an accident, because of the obvious distraction it was.

It seemed like forever before he got to his room, took off his pants, and sat before the computer. The first question he asked the almighty search engine was "Can hypnosis be used to get women to have sex with you?". Simple, and to the point. He still had the lovely images of the girls naked and subservient, but it was beginning to slip away, which annoyed him to no end.

His query wasn't met with a lot of real information about hypnosis. Other than some people saying it's impossible to get people to do something they don't already want through hypnosis. Vincent snorted derisively at that, and said "You should have seen what I saw today. I doubt they actually wanted it..."

Someone did claim that once you convince someone to go along with the hypnosis, and cooperate, then the hypnotist can convince them that they want whatever he wishes them to want. That made much more sense to Vincent, after what he just saw.

"Maybe the coach told them hypnosis can help their game or something..." He thought to himself.

Other pages he found talked about post hypnotic suggestions and triggers, and even guides, but it all seemed very hard to accomplish. Not because it was too complicated, but because it required charisma and confidence that he simply did not have. And if he messed it up while trying to get into a hot girl's pants, he might even end up in jail.

After a few helpful sites, all he found was porn. Which made sense, considering he put a variation of 'sex with women' in his search. He was actually surprised at the volume of pornographic material related with erotic hypnosis and mind control. It was really hot, too, and after what he saw earlier, he had to wonder if the actresses were acting, or really hypnotized.

Before long, he had his manhood out, and was jerking off to a movie he found of two obedient mind controlled slave girls, pleasing their master. He felt really drawn to that sort of relationship, from the master side, obviously. It's possible that the events of the day influenced his sudden fetish, though.

He was still busy rubbing one off when a series of angry knocks on his door grabbed his attention.

“Oh, fuck, not now.” He said, rushing to put his clothes back on, and trying to get his erection to go away, as fast as possible.

“Who is it?!” He shouted at the door.

“Angelina! Did you get my keys out?” She yelled, obviously pissed off.

“No!” Vincent called out “Let's take care of that tomorrow.

“Fuck you!” She yelled, and knocked even harder on the door “Open the fucking door! I'm not going anywhere until you help me!” She said.

“Fuck this...” He finished putting his pants on, and opened the door, hoping she won't notice the bulge in his pants.

She didn't even ask if she can come in. Angelina just stormed in, and started shouting.

“First, you toss my keys down the elevator shaft!” She screamed.

“Me?! It was you who...”

“Shut the fuck up!” She screeched “Then, after you drive me, like a fucking turtle, by the way, and I ask you to FUCKING fix it! I find out that you've been sitting here playing with your computer the whole time!”

“I have an assignment to...” He started, just as he remembered he completely forgot about the assignment he meant to work on.

“I couldn't care less!” She continued yelling at him.

She was still wearing her extra skimpy tennis outfit, and this time Vincent decided to watch it, as she screamed her lungs out. She didn't even seem to notice where his eyes were.

“Well?!” She said loudly “What are you gonna do?!”

It's now or never, he thought to himself. Time to go for broke. He could always claim it was a bad joke that was meant to lighten the mood, anyway.

“Angelina, listen to me.” He said, his voice shaking.

“You'd better watch your words, dweeb.” She said.

“Oh, I intend to...” He said silently, trying to remember the exact phrasing the coach used “It's time to, err...work on your serve. Let's see how you...umm...handle my balls.”

In an exhilarating moment that seemed to last forever, Vincent watched her go from sharp and angry, to mellow, and then to completely vacant. Her face went slack, and before he knew it, she was on her knees before him.

“I am here to serve you, master.” She said, with a dumb and fully mesmerized smile.

It was all he could do not to jump in the air, but he still had to check something.

“Who am I, Angelina?” He asked.

“You are my master. I am your obedient slave.” She droned out automatically “Your sex toy, your fuck doll, your cum dump...”

“Yeah, okay.” He interrupted her “I meant, what is my name?”

“Vincent, master.” She answered.

“And you, Angelina, are my slave. Me. Vincent.” He asked her slowly.

“Yes, of course , master.”

That made him smile broadly. He wanted to make sure she would obey him, even though he's not the coach. He figured he's safe, based on her reactions, at least for now. Instead of jumping up in happiness, he instinctively dropped his trousers back down, and looked down at his now fully entranced slave. Her face was just the right height.

“Kiss.” He told her, and pointed at the bulge in his underwear, intent on fully enjoying the situation, and getting back at her for all of her mean antics towards him.

“Yes, master.” She said, and proceeded to kiss his erection through the fabric, in the most passionate way.

It was the sort of kiss that you see at the end of movies, only instead of two mouths, it was a girl on her knees, and his cock. She kissed his dick like she meant it, she kissed it with the love and affection of a lover. And he enjoyed every fraction of every second of it. It was the best thing he ever felt, even through the thin layer of fabric that was his underwear. What's more, he knew this was only the beginning.

“Ohhh.” He tilted his head upwards in pleasure, and reached over to her beautiful silky hair, and pushed her ever so slightly towards his crotch. Her only response was a soft moan of complete agreement, and submission.

He looked down on her again, and saw her kissing his erection with watery eyes filled with devotion.

“Oh yeah.” He said, and took his underwear off. His cock sprung up and the tip of his dick touched her wonderfully accommodating lips.

“Suck it.” He told her.

“Yes, master.” She said, grabbed his cock with her hand, and kissed the tip with the same passion as she did earlier. Feeling her kiss on his bare skin was simply heaven.

She took it slowly and masterfully. After the first kiss, she wrapped the helmet of his cock fully, and swirled her tongue

around it. Then, she swiftly took his cock deeper into her throat. Before he could even moan in extreme pleasure, he felt the back of her throat, and her lips at the root of his shaft. The movements of her tongue around his cock were divine, as she cupped his balls and gently massaged them with her hands.

She didn't just deep throat him the whole time. It was a masterful blowjob, the kind he only saw in porn before. She would take his cock out of her mouth and lick the underside briefly, kiss the tip, and then go halfway deep while rubbing his balls gently the whole time. She also licked and sucked his balls from time to time, making sure to jerk his shaft while kissing his balls passionately.

Vincent only got one blowjob before, from his high-school girlfriend. It was her first time, as well, and she forced him to wear a cherry flavored condom. This was completely different. Vincent had to force himself to keep his eyes open and look at her, as she slaved for his pleasure. It was a beautiful sight, along with the heavenly feeling of the head she was giving him.

She didn't even stop to swallow her own spit, so a minute into the blowjob she was a sloppy mess. Most of her saliva dripped on her skirt and knees, so it didn't mess his floor too much. He felt he was about to cum, and had a wicked idea. He pulled her head away and watched her flap her tongue desperately. She looked like a starving kitten trying to get its milk.

After a few seconds of that, he let her head go and allowed her to keep sucking. The rush was too much for him, and he started cumming. It took her by surprise, so she flinched back after his first load shot out. But she still had his cock in her hand, and she kept it aimed at her beautiful face as he emptied his balls.

This was also the first time he came on a woman's face like that. He was seriously backed up, and his load was so massive, that he managed to hit her skirt as well with the last spurts of his sperm.

Her angelic face was dripping with cum, from hair to forehead to chin, as she looked up at him, with a twinkle in her eye. Her

other eye was closed because of the semen that dripped on it from her hair. His cum dripped on her blouse from her chin. It was truly the perfect look for her, at least he thought it was.

“Thank you so much, master.” She said, and gave his cock another wet kiss.

“Should this worthless cum dump clean herself up with her tongue, master?” She asked. He was breathing heavily, still not fully over the rush of what just happened.

“First...” He said breathlessly “Clean my cock.”

“Oh, of course, master. How stupid can this whore be, to not realize her duties instinctively.” She said, and continued to lick his cock clean.

“Oh, yeah.” He said “This is your proper place, Angelina. You, and any other girl that I want.”

He was in a complete power trip, now. Fueled by all the mind control and hypnosis porn he just watched earlier.

“On your knees, at my feet, with your face buried in my crotch. Silently cleaning my cock, after I finished using your mouth for its primary purpose. Ow fuck!” He moaned as he got hard again.

She instinctively started sucking him once more. It didn't take long for him to blow another, smaller load in her mouth, which she easily swallowed. After she finished cleaning him up, he sat on his bed, and watched her slurp the cum off of her skirt, her face, and her blouse. Her clothes were still wet and reeked of sex, but that smell definitely fit her nicely. She even made sure to lick the floor clean of whatever she missed. She was a very well trained slave indeed.

He looked at her while sitting on the bed, and when she was done, he just collapsed on his back, feeling as content as he could ever be. A second later, he felt something soft holding his now limp cock, and lifted his head. Angelina cupped his cock with her breasts, and squeezed ever so gently, so it sat firmly and comfortably between her mounds of tit flesh.

He looked at her with a puzzled look, which prodded her to explain her actions.

“I saw your magnificent cock was limply dangling in mid air, and performed my duty, master. I exist to use my tits as soft comfortable cushions for your cock, whenever you are not using me in any other way.” She said.

He looked at her dazed smiling face, and at his flaccid cock between her perfect tits, and rested his head on the bed again, falling asleep in pure nirvana. When Vincent woke up, it was still the middle of the night. He had the best dream of his life, and upon lifting himself up to a sitting position, he realized it was not a dream at all. Angelina was still there, staring at him with an adoring smile, with his now semi-erect cock still between her tits.

“These are so perfect.” He said, and pinched her nipples.

“Ah! Thank you, master.” She said. He was just about to tell her to bend over so he could finally bang her tight pussy properly, but then remembered something.

“Hey, you said Diana and Keri live in these dorms, right?”

“Yes, master. They're roommates.”

“That's even better. Get your top back on, we're going over there. They don't have another roommate, right?”

“No, master.”

“Then let's go.”

“As you wish, master.”

Even fully clothed she wasn't very decent. Her clothes were still damp from the mixture of his cum and her saliva, and so was her extremely short skirt. It didn't matter, though, since no one was out and about at that hour. At least not in the dorms corridor.

She led him to the room where the other girls lived, and he knocked on the door. Two minutes later, a very angry Diana opened the door, and made a frown when she saw Vincent, and gasped, when she saw what Angelina was wearing.

“What the fuck is going on?!” She squealed, which got Keri curious enough to show up at the door as well.

“I'll explain.” Vincent said.

“You see, it's time to work on your serve. Let's see how well you handle my balls.” He said, and the two girls knelt before him, as he shut the door behind him.

“We exist to serve you, master.” They said.

He was fully erect by now, and had three hot obedient sex toys to play with.

“Okay, time to get serious.” He said “Get naked, all of you.”

“Yes master.”

Diana, Keri, and Angelina stood at attention before him. He felt them up in turn, moving from squeezing their tits to spanking and grabbing their cute, pert asses. Without notice, he simply bent Keri over slightly, and entered her forcefully.

“Ah! Thank you so much for using my pussy, master!” She moaned in gratitude.

“Kneel next to me, bitch.” He told Diana, and she obeyed immediately.

He started alternating between fucking Diana's throat and fucking Keri's slutty pussy. He loved shoving his cock down Diana's throat. He felt so powerful, thrusting into her mouth on a whim, her not even showing an ounce of resistance. While fucking Keri, he felt he was about to cum, and she felt it too.

“Please use my pussy as your cum receptacle, master.” She begged.

He didn't want to prematurely ejaculate this time, so he told the girls to frolic in bed for his amusement, while he calmed down a bit. He watched as the normally straight girls ate each other out at his command. Acting out his every lesbian porn fantasy, to the letter, with no objections or second thoughts. Heck, no first thoughts, either.

When he felt ready to rejoin the game, he had Angelina bend over the bed, and told Keri to spread her legs, lying on the bed on her back. He positioned Angelina like a toy, so her bent over ass was ripe for some pussy pounding, and her face was inches away from Keri's spread legs.

With one motion, he penetrated Angelina from behind, and shoved her face in Keri's open cunt, almost smothering her. He watched as Keri's sizable tits bounced as the hot girl he was banging kept her face buried in Keri's wet cunt. Meanwhile, Diana was still fulfilling his last command to spank her ass repeatedly for his amusement.

“Diana, spread your legs over Keri's face.” He told her.

“Yes, master.” She said, and moved to obey. She was about to sit on her roommate's face, when he stopped her.

“No. Just keep your dripping wet cunt above her face, but keep it out of reach.” He said, as he pumped into a moaning and pussy licking Angelina “Keri, using only your head, try to reach her wet pussy lips. If she does, Diana, you'll have the biggest orgasm you've ever had, and smother Keri with your cunt, as gratitude.”

“Yes, master.”

He watched the hot girl trying desperately to reach her roommate's pussy with her tongue. It almost made him forget about the tight pussy he was currently fucking. Well, almost.

SMACK He dropped a slap on Angelina's ass.

“Thank you, master.” She said in response.

“Okay, Diana, lower yourself a bit.” He said, realizing Keri had no chance of reaching her. Diana lowered herself just enough for Keri's tongue to flick her pussy, and the hot blonde crashed on her friend's face in a mind shattering orgasm.

“Oh that's it, grind your hips on her face. Choke that bitch up with your pussy.”

“Yes maaaa-*ahhhhh!*-ster” Diana moaned, and shook hips. Vincent knew Keri was still licking and sucking her friend's pussy, even as overwhelmed as she must have been.

With that, Vincent felt he was cumming as well. He pulled out of Angelina, and sprayed his load all over her ass and lower back. It was a work of art, really.

“Clean the cum off of her, girls.” he said “But make sure to keep some in our mouth, to feed her afterward.”

“Yes, master”

He watched that final display of affection between the girls. How Keri and Diana made sure to lick every crevice, every small drop of cum from Angelina's hot ass. Then they french kissed her with mouths full of cum, and swallowed together, at his command.

After the ordeal, Vincent lay on Diana's bed, with Kerry and Angelina lying naked in his arms, while they gently rubbed his flaccid cock with their tender hands. Diana knelt before him, holding her tits, ready to provide his cock with a comfortable cushion, whenever he pleased.

“Now, I have some rules I think you should follow, from now on.” he told the mesmerized girls.

“Yes, master.”

“From now on, you will treat me with nothing but respect. Especially you, Angelina.”

“Yes, master.” Angelina said, ashamed that her master singled out her bad behavior.

“You will refer to me as sir when we're alone, and as Vincent, otherwise. Oh, and you won't mind if I touch your body, in any way I want. Comprene?” He said, with an evil smile.

“Yes, master, as you wish.” The three girls said.

“Okay, now I'll get dressed and go back to my room. Count to fifty after I'm gone, and then leave your trance. You will remember only that Angelina came to this room for a sleep over, and go to sleep immediately. I'll see you tomorrow at practice, slaves.” He said.

“Yes, master.” They said with a smile. He put his clothes back on, and left with the biggest grin he ever wore on his supremely satisfied face.

He couldn't really go to sleep after that, and he had to get ready for his morning classes in two hours, anyway. So, he finished his home assignment, and electronically handed it in, only an hour before the due date. It went so smoothly. He was never this clear headed in his entire life, after he used three hot coeds to sate his sexual needs.

After taking a shower, he got dressed and started on his way to class. The elevator stopped again, and he was ecstatic when he saw Angelina stepping in. They were alone on it, just like the day before, but this time it was extremely different.

“Hello, sir.” She said, casually “How are you doing?”

“Perfect.” he told her “Now, that is.”

He immediately stopped the elevator in mid floor, and reached over to touch her boobs through her blouse. She responded with a weak smile, void of embarrassment. He continued by rubbing her ass, and touching her pussy through her tight jeans, before he started dry humping her in front of the mirror, enjoying her almost bored look of acceptance, as he violated her.

“Uhm...” She said “I'm sorry, sir, but I'll be late to class.”

“So what?” He asked “You want me to stop? Is there a problem?”

She suddenly seemed distraught, as her orders to never deny him this pleasure conflicted with her last statement.

“Oh no, sir. I'm sorry. Please go on.”

“Good girl.” He whispered in her ear, and opened her blouse to touch her tits directly.

“You know.” He said “I'll be done much faster if you help me a little bit.”

“W-What can I do, sir?” She asked meekly.

“Come on, Angelina, you don't really need me to answer that, right?”

It was hilarious to see her gulp nervously as she unzipped him, grabbed his cock, and started rubbing, giving him a hand job as he squeezed her tits. Letting him touch her seemed perfectly normal to her, and she felt like she had no right to deny him. But he never told her to obey orders such as jerking him off.

She just came to that conclusion logically, because she didn't want to be late for her class. That look of unwanted compulsion she had on, was priceless.

“Oh yeah! I'm gonna cum!” he said, and without further ado, he sprayed his load all over her expensive designer jeans.

“Oh!” She moaned “Oh, no! My pants are all sticky...” She said, as she touched the cum on her jeans. He hit her right on her ass, and just seeing her touch it like that was damn hot.

“Sorry.” Vincent said with an unapologetic smile.

“I-It's okay, sir.” She said helplessly “But, what do I do now?” She asked.

“Simple, just swat it off of your ass.” He said, and she simply found no better solution. With her ass pointed at him, she started hitting her ass, trying to wipe the cum away.

“Is this okay?” She asked.

“Wiggle it a bit, so I can see all sides.”

“Right.” She agreed, and started wiggling her ass sexily.

“Yeah, you're good.” He said. Of course the jeans were still damp and had a hint of white liquid on them, but he couldn't care less She stared at the residue of cum left on her fingers with disgust.

“Do you have a tissue?” She asked.

“Nah, just lick it.” He said, warranting a shocked look from her.

“What? It's not like you haven't tasted cum before, right?” He told her.

“I-I guess...” she said, and licked her hand clean.

He pressed a button for the elevator to continue, and they reached ground floor in no time.

“Okay, have a good day.” she said.

“You too, Angelina.”

“Thank y-Oh!” She said, as he smacked her ass hard, and she started walking with haste.

Even though he had very little sleep, Vincent probably had the most productive school day in his life. It's amazing how much more focused one can be when one is not horribly backed up in the sexual department.

He was not distracted through most of the day. Only when their practice neared, did he start to day dream a bit, and lose focus. But that was okay, cause most of it was in the men's practice, and all he had to do was chase after balls occasionally.

At last, the women's team practice began, and he was ecstatic to see the change in Angelina's behavior.

He wasn't disappointed. It started with a friendly greeting as she saw him, but it didn't stop there.

“Hi, Vincent. How's it going?” She said with a radiant smile.

“All good. How are the jeans?” He teased her. She blushed, and looked down at her feet “I put them in a wash...” She said.

Unlike before, the women's team practice was actually easier than the men's. Angelina actually tried her best to not hit the ball too far, and even ran to get it once, when she accidentally hit it to a cramp spot. Giving him a great view of her panties as she went to get it. Not that it had the usual effect on him, after he saw so much more of her, the night before.

Of course, hitting his head with the ball was completely out of the question. Vincent was starting to be worried the coach might get suspicious of her 'change in style', especially since her carefully trying not to hit the ball too far downgraded her game significantly. The coach didn't seem to notice, though.

Near the end of the practice, Vincent noticed the twins going to the dressing room together, and decided to follow them. The coach wasn't paying attention at the moment, anyway, and Vincent had to try the hot twin coeds out.

They were still living with their parents, and were very sheltered, so he didn't have many other chances. He was a little worried the coach might catch him, but he simply couldn't resist the chance. Those twin redheads together was an even hotter dream than Angelina was, and he didn't think that just because he already used Angelina thoroughly.

He walked into the dressing room, and caught the twins in their bra and panties.”

“Eek!” Lisa shrieked.

“What the fuck are you doing here!” Amy said, trying to cover her bra clad breasts. He simply smiled, and triggered their trance.

The identical twins knelt before him, as he explained the contest they were to participate in.

“You will suck my cock in turn. Who ever is the better cock sucker, will get my cum on her face.” He said “Make sure to try your best and win.”

They sucked him off with such gusto and enthusiasm, you would think they were fighting for an Olympic medal, and not a load of his cum. They may have had identical heads, but the head they gave was not identical at all. Amy was more gentle, caring, and thorough. Licking him delicately, and sucking his cock in an awesomely mellow pace. She was a true artist, mixing her ministrations perfectly with cute moans and slurps.

Lisa, however, was fast, and feral, almost hyperactive. Every time her turn came, Vincent was afraid she'll break her neck sucking his cock. She was a ferocious cock sucking machine, unmatched even by Angelina and her slurpy blowjob.

Lisa almost made him cum, but then he decided it was Amy's turn. And in less than ten seconds, he unloaded in the happy girl's mouth. Her joy for winning was apparent on her slutty face, as she gulped his full load down.

“Whyyyyyy.” Lisa whined.

“Now, now, Lisa. Be a respectful loser.” Vincent told her.

“Yes, master. I'm sorry, master.” She said, and proceeded to kiss his balls to show how sorry she truly was.

“Thank you, master.” Amy said after gulping his last drops, and continued to kiss his cock as if it was her lover.

“You're very welcome, slave.” he said, closing his eyes, enjoying the moment.

“What the fuck is this?!” Vincent heard the coach's voice roaming, and immediately gasped in shock and fear.

The coach was standing before him, his hands folded against his chest, looking quite mad.

“Stop it, girls...” Vincent mumbled.

“Yes master.” The twins stopped pleasuring him with their mouths, but remained kneeling before him.

“Lisa, Amy. Come over here.” The coach said.

“Yes, master.” The two girls crawled over to the coach's side. Vincent didn't know what to say, or do.

“My orders still overweight yours, just so you know.” He spoke the words Vincent was afraid to hear.

“Explain.” Was all the coach said after that.

“Well,” Vincent said coarsely “I drove Angelina to your ...uhm...special practice yesterday, and noticed how she was dressed, so I went to spy on the practice when...uhm...I...I think you can fill in the rest.”

“I think I can.” The coach said, obviously irritated “You figured you'd just play with other people's property. You know what that makes you? A thief.” He said. Vincent was still amazed that he referred to the girls as property, for some reason.

“Tell me, why shouldn't I kick you out of the team, and make sure you're kicked from this fine establishment all together? And don't threaten to tell my secret to anyone. Trust me, no one will believe you.”

Vincent realized he didn't have much choice. He had to fight this. So, he thought of a likely story, and went with it.

“Well, unless I show them the video I made with my phone yesterday, of you fucking Angelina after having Diana lick her wet cunt.” That made the coach's eyes widen.

“Not if I make sure you're in no condition to release such a video.” The coach said in a threatening tone. Vincent swallowed nervously. He wasn't used to getting life threats.

“Well, if anything happens to me, and I don't click on a specific link I hid on some anonymous blog every day, the video will go on YouTube.” He told the coach.

“You're bluffing.” The coach gritted through his teeth.

“Can you really afford the risk?” Vincent asked him.

“No.” The coach said, suddenly smiling broadly.

Vincent sighed in relief, but he wasn't out of the woods yet.

“But,” The coach said “I won't be taking any risks, since I am sure you are bluffing, kid.” He said.

“Crap.” That was pretty much the short version of what was going through Vincent's head at that moment. The long version would have to be “Oh crap, I'm going to die, it's not fair, I'm still so young, and still have so much to see. AHHHHH!”

“Relax, kid.” The coach said, completely changing his demeanor to a more relaxed one “I was bluffing, too. I'm no cold blooded murderer. But I like your ingenuity, coming up with these stories off the top of your head, in such a stressful situation. I'm impressed.”

“Umm...Thanks...” Vincent said, still not sure what to was going on.

“I admit, I was certainly pissed at you at first, but I've grown to like you by now, kid, so relax.” He said, and patted Amy's head gently, she purred back at him and snuggled his hand like the sexy kitten she was.

“You know what, I'll make you a deal.” He said, as he unzipped, and fed his cock to Amy.

“You don't blow my cover, and I'll make you assistant coach. No more chasing balls. You can lounge all day, and have fun with the girls in our, heh, 'special sessions' as you called them.”

Vincent's eyes widened. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

“You've been doing the work of assistant coach this whole time. anyway.”

“Well?” The coach said “Make your choice. You've got until I blow my load in this lovely sex doll's throat.”

“Choice?” Vincent was dumbfounded “What choice?! Of course I'll take your offer!”

“Great! Just don't try to give any tennis related instructions. You're an assistant coach in name only. Unless you want me to actually teach you how to play...”

"I'd rather if you taught me how you hypnotized the girls." Vincent said.

"Hah! Smart kid!" The coach bellowed "We'll see. It's been a while since I've had a student of that sort. You seem smart, though. But you know, book smarts isn't enough for this."

"Oh, I know," Vincent said "It requires confidence, and assertiveness. I can work on that. Having these girls as my...I mean...our slaves will help with that for sure."

The coach looked at him with a puzzled look.

"Were you interested in hypnosis before, son?" He asked Vincent.

"Not really, I read up on it a bit after I saw you and the girls yesterday. But I'm guessing the information I read was severely incomplete."

"You're starting to scare me, kid." The coach burst in laughter, and came on Amy's tits "You're too smart for your own good!"

Just then, Samantha and Keri walked in, and were about to scream in horror at what they saw.

"Sleep, my tennis sluts." The coach said, and the two of them fell to the floor immediately, seeming completely unconscious.

"First rule." The coach said "Always give multiple triggers, for various situations." Vincent nodded agreeably.

"By the way, I think you owe Samantha an apology." the coach said "Samantha, wake up, remain in trance."

"Yes, master." She said, and rose to a kneeling position.

"You see, she noticed the window was open yesterday, and bothered me about it. But you ran away by the time she got my attention, so I whipped her twenty times for bothering me with non existent issues. Obviously, she was right in the end."

"Thank you, mas--"

"Shut up, slut." Vincent said, and approached the kneeling girl with his cock.

He dick-slapped her cheek and said "Sorry I got your worthless ass whipped, slave."

“Anything you wish, master.” Was her only response.

“Of course, you'll have to get whipped again tonight, because I had to apologize to you, and also because you tried to tell on me yesterday.”

“Of course, master.”

“Hah! I like your style, kid!” The coach said “I think this is the start of a wonderful friendship.”

He wiped his cock on the Lisa's tits, and then said “Okay, it's time to get decent, though. Girls, get dressed. You too, sunny boy. The parents of these spoiled twins will be here soon. Seriously, two college girls who are still chauffeured around the city by their parents, it's absurd.”

“Yeah, What's the worst that can happen to them? It's not like they'll be hypnotized into becoming sex slaves by their tennis coach, right?” Vincent said, and they both erupted in laughter.

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Later that night...

It was the beginning of a whole new life for Vincent. He was sitting in the coach's private underground tennis court, after fucking all the girls at least once, bending them over the net, and even fucking Angelina up the ass for the first time ever. He lounged on one of the benches on the side of the court, with his cock warming up between Angelina's accommodating tits.

The coach was bouncing balls from the twin asses, and one of the balls stopped at Vincent's feet. He got nostalgic all of a sudden, and figured Angelina deserved to feel what it was like to constantly chase after balls.

“Hey, slave” She lifted her head to look at him, waiting for his commands “Go get this ball. On your hands and knees. As fast as you can.”

“Yes master.”

He threw the the ball, and watched the naked Angelina chase after it like a true bitch. Her naked athletic form so beautiful, as she moved on her hands and knees. To make a point, among

other things, he threw the ball to a rough spot intentionally, and watched her arch herself as far as she could to try and get the ball. The game was much more fun once he told her she can only catch the ball with her mouth.

As he watched his little puppy Angelina, he remembered his conversation with his friends earlier that day, as he returned from the best practice ever.

“Hey, how was fake yoga?” He asked them.

“Relaxing and calm. I literally fell asleep” One of them said “How was fake Tennis, I mean, running after balls for no reason?”

“It was the best.” Vincent said with a happy grin, contemplating if he should ever let his friends know about it. Perhaps after he masters the art of hypnotizing women to be his sex slaves. Perhaps.

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