

# Under His Control

*A Collection  
Of  
Erotic Stories*

3



*Will B. Gunn*

# **Under His Control - A Collection Of Erotic Stories 3**

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**By Will B. Gunn**

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

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

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**Down A Notch**

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## Chapter One

“Please, Mr. Davis, I have to get an extension on this assignment!”

“Kelly, I'm sorry. But I can't authorize an extension two days after the assignment was due, without a doctor's notice. Especially considering you already had a special extension on the last one.”

“But, if I get an F, I might flunk your course. Please! Anything!”

“How come you need an extension again, anyway?”

“I had a busy week at work, and my cousin got married, and...Life was just too hectic, I guess.”

“Well, I'm sorry. But you had three weeks to complete it, and you need to learn how to schedule your time, to keep the due dates better.”

“I will! I promise! Just this one time, please!” Kelly pleaded to her Linear Algebra professor, hoping for some sort of reprieve. She heard a sigh through the phone, and hoped it was his resignation to give her some rope.

“Okay, listen. I will only start grading this assignment tomorrow at eleven a.m. sharp. If you can get it done sooner, then I will only deduct five points from your grade on this assignment.”

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” She was elated.

“You're welcome, I guess. Make sure this doesn't happen again.”

“Yes sir. I will. It will never happen again. Bye, and thank you again!”

Kelly was getting used to begging her professors for extensions. It wasn't her fault she had to rent an apartment rather than live in the dorms, and had to work more hours because of it. Okay, maybe it was a little bit her fault, since she

promised herself she would never live with roommates ever again, after the fiasco of the first semester.

The extra hours at work were worth it, though. She lived in a normal apartment building, with no annoying frat guys and sorority chicks making noise at random hours, throughout the night.

It was really different – having mature adults as her neighbors.

Don't get it wrong, she knows how to party, and does so whenever the mood strikes, but not every night, and not in a place where she might disturb someone's night sleep. Honestly, some of the students seemed to do nothing but partying. Well, Kelly wanted to achieve something in her life, and not waste her best years being drunk and disoriented.

It was all really easy to say, but getting a degree in engineering was much harder than she thought. It was like every professor thought each student was taking only their course, and nothing else.

The assignments just kept piling up. Every time she thought she can get some reprieve, they published another one, and before long she was once again in a race against the clock to finish four or five long and tedious new home assignments.

This one will be a real hurdle for her - she knew that. It's not like Linear Algebra was so hard for her. It was mostly matrices, and some stuff to formally prove. But she didn't even start it, yet, and she only had the afternoon and evening to complete it, unless she can pull an all-nighter.

“No need to think about that, now. I might finish it quickly...”

She would've called someone for answers, but felt it was dishonest. Plus, she didn't really make a lot of social connections in her class...

She sat down, and started working, determined to finish the assignment as fast as possible, and still get a good grade on it.

“I'm already facing a five point reduction.” She reminded herself.

She only managed to come up with a solution to the first question, when her boyfriend Dave called. She considered letting it go to voice-mail, but things with her boyfriend has been on the fritz for the last two weeks because of her so called "Obsession with college".

They've been together for a little over a year, since their senior year at high-school. Dave begged her to date him for months, and when she finally agreed, well, things just went on from there.

"Hey, honey." She answered the phone with her rosy voice, trying to mask her stress. It was the last thing he needed to hear – a validation for his idiotic theories about her obsessions.

"Hi, Kelly, baby!" He said, sounding drunk. He was obviously hanging out with his douchebag friends, getting drunk.

"What are you up to?" She asked, trying to multitask talking with him, and thinking about the next question she had to solve.

"Partying!" He shouted, making her distance her phone from her ear "Listen babe, there's an awesome party going on today. Entrance free to students. Everyone will be there! You have to come!"

"Sorry, honey. I have an assignment over due, and if I don't get it done by tomorrow--"

"Then you'll get a slightly lower grade! Or maybe have to retake the class. Big deal! You're nineteen, live a little. Scratch that, live a lot! Come on, baby."

"No, Dave! I'm sorry. Not everyone is studying leisure degrees with undecided majors! I have to study tonight!"

"Wow, that's really mean of you, Kelly. You know, if this goes on, and you bury your nose in your studies any further, maybe we'll break up."

"Maybe we will!" She said and hung up. She couldn't handle the drama at the moment.

Besides, he will never break up with her. She was drop dead gorgeous, and she knew it. She heard one of his friends tell him once that he will kill him if he's ever stupid enough to dump her. In their senior year book, her and Dave were listed as the 'most

unlikely couple' just because she was too hot for him. It said so, literally.

She finally finished writing the answer to three out of the six questions, each one took about three pages, when her phone rang again. It was her dad this time, but she decided to call him later. He probably didn't have anything important to talk about, anyway.

The fourth question was giving her a hard time, but she was ahead of her schedule, so she was mildly happy. Well, as happy as she could be under the circumstances. Until her next door neighbor pitched her own efforts to the world's collective attempt to bother her, while she was trying to focus.

*\*TRRRRRRRRRRRRR\**

A drilling sound filled the air, as if she was drilling Kelly's own wall, which might have been the case.

“No no no, not now!” She whined to herself. She begged to any deity that might listen for her neighbor to finish her work quickly.

Kelly didn't like confrontations. It's one of the reasons she preferred moving out of the dorms, rather than ask people to keep the noise down and reporting them. She didn't really want to have the “crazy old lady” reputation, either, before she's eighty, at least. Usually, she just tried her best to ignore any disturbances, and wait for it to end.

It was harder to focus on studying than on sleeping, though, and she soon found herself reading the same line of text over and over again, trying to figure the answer out, and going in circles because her focus kept getting shaken by the almost constant drilling.

She buried her fingers in her hair, and stomped her feet in anger. After another failed attempt at figuring out the answer, she burst out of her chair, dropping it loudly on the floor, jumped on her bed and started punching her pillow repeatedly in a crazy rage. Just as she was about to go to her neighbor and ask her to quiet it down, the drilling stopped.

“Oh, thank you!” She whispered coarsely, thanking whatever deity that heard her prayers. Her happiness didn't last, though, as the drilling restarted just as she sat down on her chair.

“Mother *Fucker!*” She yelled, hoping her neighbor didn't hear her.

Seeing no other choice, she regained her composure, and walked to her neighbors door. She took a deep breath, not wanting to make a scene, even though she felt like exploding.

“Just be polite, and ask her nicely.” She told herself, took another deep breath, and knocked loudly on the door, so her neighbor would hear through the drilling.

The drilling stopped, and her neighbor opened the door. Only it wasn't her neighbor. It was a man, and last time she checked, her next door neighbor was a woman in her late twenties. So unless she had a sex change operation, and gained a few pounds, Kelly had a brand new neighbor. She hated that.

“Umm, hey.” She said, and forced herself to give him a shiny smile. The kind that stops a man's heart, and raises a tent in his pants. Kelly knew how to use her sexuality, when she needed to. She wasn't going to seduce her teachers, or anything slutty like that, but she knew a smile from her can sometimes get guys to comply.

The man looked her up and down, trying to be brief so she won't notice. She wasn't disgusted by that, like she used to, in high-school. She knew what she had, with her smooth black hair, blue eyes, and super model body.

It wasn't bragging, she was actually offered a lingerie campaigns once, but she decided to take the road less taken, and use her brains to get ahead. Nothing makes other women jealous better than a girl who has both the looks, and the knowledge to not need said looks. Not that she did it all just to get other girls jealous.

After getting his eyes back into their sockets, he responded with a casual “Hey there.”

“Are you new here? I didn't know Brittany was planning to move...” Kelly said, slightly disappointed. She liked having a woman as her next door neighbor, especially a career woman like Brittany.

“Well, yes, kinda.” He said “I'm Brittany's boyfriend. I just moved in.”

“Ohh, do I hear wedding bells?” Kelly said cutely, and touched his shoulder while laughing gently. She wasn't being flirty because she wanted him, or anything. She just wanted to see how loyal he was.

The answer was: not so much. She'd have to tell Brittany to watch out with this guy, he's very prone to go after hot young tail, if she's not careful.

“Oh no, not quite yet.” He said “So, what can I do for you?”

“I'm trying to do my homework, and you're drilling, and...” She made a sad puppy face, taking the whole flirty coed thing all the way. Hey, there's no better way to get him to do what she wanted.

“No problem” He said, as she knew he would “I'm just setting something up here, but it can wait a while.”

“Thank you so much...err...”

“Henry.” He said.

“Henry.” She said with a smile “I'll go back to my homework, then. Three hours of silence will be great.” She kissed him on the cheek, and turned around to walk away. She loved making men ten years older than her blush, and tease them with the forbidden fruit that is a nineteen year old college coed. Okay, maybe she was a little bit of a mean bitch, sometimes. But she'll never admit that to anyone.

She sat on her chair, took in the silence for a few seconds, and went back to her work. She decided to skip question four and go back to it later. Little did she know, the sixth question was even worse!

“I should have read all the questions before starting, damn it!”

She was getting tired, frustrated, and almost ready to call someone who already handed the assignment in, and beg for help.

An hour has passed, and she gave up. She picked up the phone to call one of the guys in class that she knew had the answers. Before she found his number, though, the drilling started again.

*\*TRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR\**

“Oh, you've got to be kidding me!” She snapped. Is that all her charm can get her? An hour and a half? She was again naively hoping he had only a few minutes of work to do, and decided to have a snack meanwhile.

She waited twenty long minutes after finishing her snack. Getting more and more pissed off, and increasingly hopeless that she'll ever manage to finish her assignment. This time, she won't be gentle with this douche-bag.

She rushed to his door, and pounded on it hard enough to bash it open. Well, if she was stronger, and larger.

“Oh, hey there sweetie.” He greeted her after answering the door. She caught herself before losing it.

“Listen, could you please stop the drilling. It would mean a lot.” She batted her eyes at him.

“Oh, you're still not done?” He asked.

“No. It's impossible with the drilling.” She was being much more assertive, now, and a bit harsh, too.

“Well, I do want to finish this work today, you know...” He said.

“Why?!” She snapped, a little too loudly than she intended.

“Whoa, relax.” He said, taken aback “Why are you so stressed?”

“Because I'm two days late on my assignment as it is! And if I don't have it done by tomorrow, I'll get an F!”

“So?” He said “You're a young woman. Everyone gets F's at some point in their lives. Don't take it so hard.”

“How are you even with Brittany?!” She found herself saying.

“What?!” He said, shocked.

“She would never say something like that. I can't get an F! Because I need a good grade to have a good average, so I could get a good job once I'm done, and advance to management positions once I'm done with my business degree!”

“Oh, you're studying business?” He asked.

“No.” She rolled her eyes, getting pissed “I'm studying to be an electronics engineer. I WILL get a business degree while working my first job, so I could advance to management roles. Everyone does that, nowadays.”

“Wow, seems like you have your whole life planned out. You know--”

“Oh, don't give me that cliché about living life instead of planning them. My dad gives me enough of that. Just keep the drilling to a minimum.” She said, with a finger to his face.

“And by that I do mean zero!”

She walked back to her apartment, sure that she can never be more irritated.

“You know,” He shouted at her “You can't plan everything, and you might find that out sooner than you think. I'll come talk with you tomorrow, when you've calmed down!”

Okay, she was wrong, that made it worse, and it sounded a little dirty, too.

“Great. Just what I need. Another fool trying to be my dad and give me life advice....” She gritted through her teeth, and went back to work.

She could barely lift her pen back up, when the drilling continued, as if he was doing it on purpose.

“Oh, now he's done it!” She yelled. She ran to his door and went berserk on it, smashing and kicking with all her might and fury, probably making more noise than his drill ever did.

All the while she was thinking about how unfair life is. How this idiot can be involved with her well-to-do career woman neighbor, and ruin her day like this. Well, she was going to force

life to be fair to her. And if there's justice in the world, she would get Brittany to dump his sorry ass by the end of the evening.

*“Open the fucking door!”* She said.

*“What was thaaaat?”* he said coyly.

*“Don't mock me! I said OPEN THE FUCKING--”* Just then, he opened the door, and pointed a weird flashlight right at her forehead, and her scream died down immediately.

Her mind followed. It was an indescribable feeling, probably because she didn't have the ability to describe anything, by the time her addled brain realized something was wrong. It only took a few seconds, but to her it probably felt like an eternity.

Her past. Her achievements. Her dreams, and expectations. Her hopes, and plans for the future. It was all erased. And only a fraction of a second after she realized what she lost, she forgot that she ever had anything to lose.

Her family, friends, and all worldly contacts weren't completely erased. The personal memories were simply whited out, and scorched from her subconscious. But, she still retained memories of names, and places. Basic things. Things that will help her carry her master's commands. Nothing was more important than that.

That was when she realized she wasn't only losing these things, she was also learning new things, and a fraction of a second later, it was like those new things have always been her reality. Yes, she was there for her master to command her, just like any other hot girl he wanted to own. She was his mind fucked sex doll. She always has been.

Words she never thought of uttering filled her mind, and pushed everything else from her mind.

*Cum-dump.*

*Cunt-slave.*

*Fuck-meat.*

*Cum-doll.*

*Fuck-slut.*

With her mind completely blank, she stared forward, and awaited her master's orders. She no longer remembered her home assignment, and she no longer cared. Her old self would be annoyed that she was so close to finishing it, and would've done so if she hadn't been enslaved by her master. Her new self couldn't care less, about anything other than her master's happiness, and pleasure.

“Well well,” Her master smiled “I wanted to keep you for tomorrow morning, and build my anticipation up, while using my other slaves tonight. But then I figured, why wait and delay my fun?”

“Yes master.” She spoke calmly, and drone-like, emphasizing every syllable “I exist for your fun.”

“That's right. Somehow, I knew drilling again will bring you running into my arms.” He said with a mocking smile “Come inside.”

“Yes, master.” She said, and walked inside slowly, swaying her perfect little hips as she walked.

## Chapter Two

Henry closed the door, and looked over his newest toy, third in number. She was certainly the youngest, and prettiest of them. Nah, pretty isn't enough. She was so hot, she could swim in a lake of lava, and not get burned.

It wasn't just her body, which consisted of a flawlessly flat belly, long legs, and the firm, gravity defying boobs and pert ass, that only a young woman her age can hope to possess. It was her angelic face, as well. Her deep blue eyes, and her dark flowing hair. She was perfect, and she was his to do with as he pleased.

She stood there with a dazed look on her face, completely docile, blank, and obedient, ready to please him.

“Wow, when Brittany told me her neighbor is a beautiful nineteen year old college coed, she wasn't doing you justice.”

He gave her a sharp smack on the ass, as he finished his sentence, and she almost took a step forward, swayed in place a little, and then returned to her original stance. Her face remained blank the whole time. He enjoyed their reactions in this phase, miniscule as they were. It showed him just how far gone they were, and how fried their mind truly was.

He stood behind her, and grabbed her tits, while pressing the bulge in his pants on her perfect backside. She was wearing tight jeans, which made the exercise that much more enjoyable. She didn't complain, or react in any way. It's not like she was happy to be used like a squeeze toy. That happiness will come later, though. But she wasn't unhappy. Her emotions had no meaning. She was nothing, and on some primal level, she knew that, even though she knew nothing else.

“I think Brittany deserves to be punished for not telling me how hot you really were, you tight little cum dump.”

He looked at the kneeling topless slave next to the couch, obeying her master's previous orders by shaking her gigantic tits

up and down.

“This cunt-slave is so sorry, master.” She said monotonously “Please, punish this obedient whore you own, in any way you desire.” She finished by spanking her bare ass, hard, because she spoke without permission.

“Well, I think Brittany's limited mind is starting to cool down.” He said, still playing with his new teen slave.

“Phoebe, get your ass over here.” He called out to his first slave.

From the corridor, crawled another big breasted slavegirl. Her tits were wet, and she used them to mop the floors, as her master commanded.

“Do you want to see something fun, err... What did you say her name was, bitch?” He asked Brittany.

“Kelly, master.” She reminded him.

“Right. Kelly-slave, wanna see something fun?” He asked, running his hand across her belly before bringing that hand to tap her ass, while his other hand kept a steady squeeze on her perky tits.

She didn't answer, probably not capable of making even that simple decision. It took Phoebe longer than usual to reach her master's feet, because she had to make sure her tits remain pressed to the floor.

“Is there anything your floor tit-washer can do for you, my master and owner?” She said with a perky voice, and a happy smile, as she looked up adoringly at her master.

Henry was still amazed at how perfectly the device was working. Phoebe has been his slave for a week now, and her devotion and perfect obedience remained. Henry was starting to hope she was right about the effects never wearing off. He was still prepared for the worst, and that's precisely why he had the other slaves. If she breaks free, they will make sure to restrain her. Then what? well, he'll cross that bridge when he gets to it.

“Sixty nine each other.” he commanded the former best friends, Phoebe and Brittany.

“Yes, master. Your fuck-sluts obey.” The two said.

Phoebe did give him a few scares throughout the week. Scares that quickly turned into moments of great joy, when he realized her enslavement to him was still in tact. It was about two days into her enslavement that he noticed her attitude was changing. Or rather, that she was starting to get some attitude, as opposed to the drone like mindlessness she had before.

She was still obeying, but was starting to smile at his commands. Her voice became more natural, and by the third day, she even had an independent idea of her own. Her idea was for him to enslave her best friend, Brittany, and move into her big apartment, so he wasn't complaining that much.

He watched the two slaves crawl towards each other, giving each other a wet hot kiss, with lots of tongue, and enjoyed the view as Phoebe lay down on her back, and spread her legs. Brittany crawled above her, placed her wet pussy above Phoebe's face, and plunged her own face down into Phoebe's wet snatch.

He was still worried that the effects of the device would slowly wane, until she broke free. He couldn't worry about that too much, though, being too busy fucking her every which way, and humiliating her with his every whim.

The more time passed, though, the more “normal” acting she became. Until yesterday, when she appeared to actually go back to her old self. He almost freaked out, before she knelt before him and gave him his morning blowjob.

“If only I could be sure the device's effect is permanent...” He found himself saying aloud, while Phoebe bobbed her head up and down on his crotch, between wet slow licks.

“Of course it's permanent, master.” She plopped off of his cock “My programming will remain intact forever, or until you use the device on me again, if you want to make more changes.” She said,

spanked herself for speaking without permission, smiled, and continued to kiss and worship his cock.

“Well, now I feel silly. I hadn't thought about asking the device creator for advice. I kinda thought your mind was utterly fried.” He said, trying to remain composed and listen seriously, in spite of the sloppy head his hot ex-colleague was giving him.

Yes, she was the one who invented the device that wiped and rebuilt her own mind. She was truly a brilliant woman. Henry was her supervisor at the lab, and when she said she created a device that can wipe and reprogram people, he was sure she was kidding. Of course, she intended for it to be used on people with severe addictions, and other psychological and psychiatric issues, and not for what he ultimately used it for.

The great thing was, she was brand new to their company, and he was the only one who interviewed her for the job. So, no one other than him was aware of her brilliance, and he was the one who got to see her research and creations first hand.

So, after she gave him a rudimentary explanation of the device schematics, telling him that the device can turn audio commands into electrical signals that are later shot straight into the person's brain, she sent him to get the device, so she could demonstrate its effects on her lab rat.

He had another thing on his mind, though. He programmed the device just like she explained, only he filled it with commands like “You will be an obedient, and devoted slave to Henry Bridges, and he will be your master. You will worship him.” and other phrases, along those lines, for as long as he thought he could take, before she got suspicious.

When he walked back to her, he didn't even wait for her to ask what took so long. He just blasted her with the device. Even though she swore it would work on humans, he didn't believe it until she opened her lab coat for him, exposed her tits, and knelt to give him the first in many blowjobs to cum, pun intended.

He quickly announced she quit her job, and took her to his home. She was single, in her mid twenties, and new to the city, so

no one would notice she was gone.

“So, you're sure the device's effects are permanent?” He asked her, enjoying her tongue work on his balls.

“Yes, master. I'm sure.”

“But, you started by being drone-like, and blank, and now you're behaving like a normal person again.” He half asked, half said.

“Yes, master. The device first strips everything off. Melts the brain, to use an inaccurate and bombastic description.” She said “Then, it programs the voice instructions the user gave at the very base, the very core of the person's psyche, and leaves everything else blank.” She gave the tip of his cock a passionate kiss, and continued to jerk him off.

“After that, it's like recovering from a surgery. Slowly and steadily the other stuff return, but the base programming remains stronger than anything, and everything that contradicts it gets pushed away, and eradicated.”

“*Ohhhh.*” He moaned as she deep throated him “I see. Well, that's. *Ahh!* Brilliant!” He started cumming. She did her duty, and swallowed it all, allowing just a tiny bit to run down her lips, because she knew he liked seeing that.

That conversation with his sex slave calmed him down enough, to take her up on her offer, to enslave her best friend. She lived in a different state, but had no family, and no one to miss her, which made her perfect for him.

He figured he'd move in for a bit, and if this works out, he will sell his own house, and use the money to buy a bigger house in the new city. And quit his job, obviously. Who needs a job when you have a harem of obedient sex slaves?

Back in the present, Henry was enjoying his new sex toy, Kelly, while watching Brittany and Phoebe eating each other out, with wet and gentle moans. Brittany was a little robotic in her pussy licking, because He only zapped her a few hours earlier. She was a lawyer, which Henry figured would help once she regains more of herself. He had her call in sick, and she'll stay sick for as long as she needs to 'recover'.

“You know,” He whispered in Kelly's ear, still hugging her from behind “These two sluts were straight before I zapped them. Now look at them, eating each other out, and putting a lesbian show, just for me.” He kissed her neck, as she turned her gaze towards them, just as her master told her.

“You'll join them at my command, won't you?” He asked, though he knew the answer.

“Yes, master.” The previously ambitious nineteen year old said “This sex doll obeys.”

She started moving towards the two nude cunt eaters, to join the lesbian show for her master, when the hands grabbing her tits stopped her.

“No no. Not right now.” He said, slamming his crotch back into her back side, and squeezing her tits hard, before rubbing his hand on her jeans covered pussy.

“I need one of my toys to stay and entertain me.” He said. She, of course, remained blank, stopped on her tracks, and allowed him his fun. He would've wanted a sexier reaction from her, but knew that will come in a few days, anyway.

His cock was so hard now he was nearly bursting out of his pants.

“Brittany,” He addressed the girl on top “Have an orgasm.”

“Yes, maaasssss---” She said, her body obeying before she could even finish talking. She clamped down on Phoebe's face, almost choking her with her wet pussy, squirting her juices all over her best friend's face, while grinding her hips non stop.

“Thank you for allowing this cum dump to orgasm, master.” She said, still monotonous, but Henry was sure there was some wetness in her voice, and chalked it down to her starting the process of rebuilding herself, on the foundation of his initial programming.

A second after she said that, both her, and Phoebe spanked her ass, one on each of her ass cheeks. Phoebe decided to administer a spank of her own, just in case Brittany forgot to

punish herself for thanking her master without having permission to talk. Yes, he was that strict.

“Oh, that was nice. Keep spanking Brittany's ass like that, while you eat each other out.” He commanded.

“Yes master. Your cunt-slaves obey.”

“Okay, that's it. I can't take it anymore.” He was trying to prolong his pleasure as much as he could, but his cock was starting to throb in his pants. He removed his own pants and underwear, and gave Kelly's jeans covered ass a few dick slaps.

“Kelly, jerk my cock, bitch.” He commanded.

“Yes, master. “ She said, and instinctively lathered one hand with saliva, before stretching that hand to her back, and stroking his fully erect, and exposed hard-on.

“Oh, yeah, that's right. Now, use your other hand to gently fondle my balls.”

“As you wish, master. This slave is your property, to use as you see fit.”

She did as she was told, there was nothing else on her mind. Her dainty and gentle hands were heavenly, and made him wonder how the rest of her will feel. But, that was pleasure he left for later. He was going to take his time with this cute college coed.

“Does it please you, master?” She asked.

He responded by spanking her ass hard, which didn't even stop her fantastically pleasing movements, not even a bit.

“When you talk without my permission, make sure you get spanked.” He gave her the same order he gave his other toys.

“Yes, master.”

“And yeah, Ohhh...It feels great!”

“Thank you, master.” She said, removed her hand from his balls for a second, spanked herself, and continued.

He was still squeezing her tits as if they were stress balls. It didn't take long before her handjob, plus the girl on girl show on the floor, pushed him over the edge, and he felt himself cumming.

“Ahhh!” He moaned. He moved Kelly's hands out of the way, and pushed his cock hard onto her jeans covered ass, to try and stop his load from shooting for a few more seconds.

He moved swiftly towards Phoebe and Brittany, telling them to kneel next to each other, and touch cheeks, with his cock still firmly pressed on Kelly's jeans, moving her forward with him.

“Make sure you share my cum, bitches.” He said, as he stood before them, pushed Kelly aside, and started cumming with full force on the two kneeling women.

The girls brought their lips so close to his cock that they touched, and Brittany was the first to get a load straight on her lips. They gobbled his load up like hungry kittens, kissing both his cock and each other, while he was still cumming. Watching Phoebe kiss Brittany's cum covered mouth was the hottest thing he ever saw, and made him spurt another load squarely on Phoebe's cheek.

Then Brittany, in turn, licked the cum off of her best friend's cheek, and then knelt to lick the cum that dropped on the floor, while Phoebe brought her wet lips and tongue to gobble up the final drops straight from her master's cock.

“Help her lick the floor clean, bitch.” He told Phoebe, and she immediately knelt down, putting her bare ass in the air, and licked his cum off the floor, touching Brittany's licking tongue from time to time.

He enjoyed the sight of the two cum-lickers for a few seconds, and then turned his gaze back to Kelly. She was still facing away from him, so his eyes naturally shot straight for her ass. He didn't feel it in the heat of the moment, but he shot some of his load on her jeans, while he used her ass to block it. So, now cum was splattered right at the crotch line of her sexy tight jeans. It was quite hot.

“Hey girls,” He got Phoebe and Brittany's attention “You missed some cum. Phoebe, get it.” He ordered, and pointed to Kelly's ass.

“Yes, master.” Phoebe said, and crawled towards Kelly. After staring at Kelly's cum stained behind for a few seconds, Phoebe pushed her face into the young coed's ass, and started slurping all the cum, with a suction filled kiss. The sight before his eyes at that moment managed to dethrone the previous cum filled kiss between Brittany and Phoebe, as the hottest thing he ever saw.

It was especially hot because of Kelly's complete blank state. She simply stayed in the spot he pushed her to before, and won't move until commanded to.

He sat on the couch to watch the show, and decided on what he will do next, with his new favorite toy.

## Chapter Three

Henry sat on the couch. He had his legs on Brittany's back, using her like a foot stool, and Phoebe was licking his half flaccid cock, in a constant attempt to make it hard again. Kelly stood before him at attention, still fully clothed, but that will soon change.

"I think it's time I saw some more of my new tight little toy." He said.

"Take of your shirt. Slowly, and sexily." He commanded.

"Yes, master. I wish only to please you." She said, and started slowly taking her shirt off. First revealing her flat belly, and then the bottom part of her bra. With every inch she raised her shirt, she swayed her hips. With every movement of her hands, so did her entire body move, like a slow belly dance.

Her bra was lacy silk black, and as she lifted her shirt over her head, Henry enjoyed looking at her bra clad tits moving from side to side, in an attempt to arouse him. When she finished, she threw her shirt to the ground, and returned to stand at attention.

"Good girl. Now, Take off those jeans. They need a wash, anyway." He said with a chuckle "Oh, and turn around as you do it. Nice, and sexy."

She turned around slowly, and started taking off her pants, with cum stains still embedded into the fiber. The first thing Henry saw was her panties matched her bra, and that they were half thongs, so that the bottom of her shapely ass cheeks had nothing but a thin string between them.

With her ass in full view, she wiggled it from side to side, and continued to slowly lower her jeans, her hands going lower and lower, as her body bent forward more and more. She was very flexible, and ended up with her hands touching her feet through her crumpled up jeans, and her ass pointing at the sky. She added a few wiggles at the end, making her performance that much hotter.

Kelly removed her jeans from her feet, and stood at attention before him. Just the sight of her hot, young body, clad in black lingerie, should have been enough to get him rock hard again, at least in his younger days.

“Good, remove your bra.”

“Yes master.” She said, and in a very anticipated moment, she released her perky C-cup tits. He took a moment to soak it all in, staring at her beautiful body.

“Dance for me.” He told her.

“Yes master.”

She started dancing slowly, her face still blank. With Kelly's cute ass shaking before his eyes, and Phoebe's mouth kissing his cock, he finally had another erection, and it was slowly building up to a raging hard on.

“Be more perky about it, girl, dance like one of those slutty stars on TV.” He said, and she immediately started writhing and shaking faster. Her tits were bouncing up and down and sideways. At one point, she leaned forward on the wall, shook her ass at him, and then spanked herself, right before spinning fast and pinching her nipples before him, biting her lower lip as she did.

“Oh, yeah!” He said, shoving phoebe's face up and down his fully erect rod “Take those panties off for me, while dancing.”

“Anything for you, master.” She said, and placed her thumbs under the fabric of her silky panties.

She teased a little, lowering one hand, and then bringing it back up, shaking her ass all the while. When she finally took them off, it was the same as when she took her jeans off. She faced away from him, and finished bent over with her hands on her feet. Only this time, it was her bare and clean-shaven pussy that greeted his sight from between her ass cheeks.

“Stop.” He said, pulling Phoebe's head off of his cock. Kelly stopped dancing immediately, and stood before him in mindless attention, completely naked. He spanked his obedient foot stool hard, telling her to crawl away and go clean something.

“Kneel right here.” He told Kelly, and pointed at the floor before him.

“Yes master.”

She knelt before him, her head the same height as his cock, and looked up at him blankly.

“You're all mine now, aren't you?” He said

“Yes master.” She said monotonously “Thank you for making me your toy, and your tool. I belong to you, master. Thank you for making me your property.”

“Good. Girl. Now, suck my cock, and make sure it feels good for me.”

“Yes master. Your cum-doll obeys.” She said. This was the moment he was waiting for. He felt her breath on his dick, and took a happy breath of anticipation, and then he felt her sweet lips touching his cock.

*“Ohhhh!”*

She started by kissing the side, and then licking the under side until she cupped his balls with her mouth. Then, in a moment of pure bliss, for him at least, she placed the helmet of his dick in her mouth, and started swirling her tongue around his tip, before taking it deeper into her throat.

Her head started going back up, but he wasn't done, so he put his hand on the back of her head, and pushed her back down. She understood what he wanted, and made no attempt to bring her head back up. The only motions she made were with her swirling tongue. With a slight nudge on her forehead, he signaled that she can move up again, but stopped her before his cock was half out, and then shoved her face back down.

Feeling sadistic, he plugged her nose as her lips touched his balls, and told her to look at him. Her eyes remained blank, and obedient, even though she couldn't breathe. She still moved her tongue around his cock, and even managed to lick his balls with the tip.

He waited to see her struggle for air, as her face turned red, but it didn't happen. She was so blank and mindless at the moment, that she couldn't even think of her own personal survival. Her life literally belonged to him.

He released her nose, and she could breathe again. She still remained on his cock, because she wasn't told to do otherwise, and kept her tongue moving. He pushed her head away, and heard her breathing heavily after his cock left her mouth, with the sound of a wet kiss.

"I think it's time for you to make arrangements to be my full time sex slave." He said, patting her cheek with his fore finger, while she licked the tip of his cock.

"Yes, master."

"Is your phone here?"

"In my apartment, master."

"Get dressed and go get it, Brittany." He told the naked woman dusting at the back, and watched her shake her ass back to her room, to put some clothes on.

"It's funny, I just saw she had a build-it-yourself bookshelf ready to be assembled, so I had her work on it fully naked, while I fucked Phoebe. I didn't think it would bring a hot piece of ass like you to my door step. Well, her door step, for now." He said as Brittany left the door to bring the college girl's phone.

"The second and third times were only to bring you back ,so I could look at you again. Well, and mind-fuck you, that last time."

"Thank you, master." She said, kissed his balls, and spanked her ass for talking without permission.

"Do you like how I suck your balls, master." She asked, spanking her bare ass again.

"Oh, definitely" He said.

"Thank you, master." She said, spanking herself a third time.

Brittany returned with Kelly's phone, and hurried to remove her clothes once more.

"Now, who do you need to call? I'm assuming your parents, your college, and your job, if you have one. With Brittany's salary,

we won't be needing some shoddy student salary, as well. Did I forget anything?" He asked, checking if her mind is ready to do this.

"My boyfriend, master. And I do have a job." She said, and continued sucking.

"Good. Start with your parents. Can you make sure to appear normal, and tell them you've decided to quit college, and start working as an intern in a law firm, to get exclusive experience before re-entering college? That story could last for years, or until I get a chance to zap them."

"Yes, master."

"Will she work as an intern with me, master?" Brittany asked.

"Of course not, bitch. She'll be here working to please me. But we'll pretend she works as an intern for you, whenever we need to."

"Yes, master." She said.

"Make the call. And keep sucking my cock as you talk." He told Kelly.

"Yes, master. Thank you, master."

She held the phone to her ear while bobbing her head up and down, until her father answered.

"Hi, daddy." She said, and kissed her master's cock.

"Listen, I decided to drop out of college for now. *\*Lick\** My neighbor offered me a spot as an intern *\*Kiss\** and I think it would be best to take it. Oh, *\*Suck\** and I want to study law, now."

"Yes, *\*Lick\** she's a lawyer. And she says this will be the best thing for my future. I trust her. *\*Slurp\**"

"Yeah, I'm eating dinner *\*Lick\**."

"I'm only nineteen. I have plenty of time to go to college. *\*Lick\* \*Slurp\**"

"Yes, I'm sure. *\*Kiss\**"

"Yeah, that's my final decision. *\*Lick\**"

"Bye, daddy. I love you."

As she hung up the phone, she picked up the pace of sucking, bobbing her head up and down furiously.

*"Ohhhhh! Yeah! Ahhhhh!"*, Henry moaned, "What did he say?" He asked her, grabbing her hair, and holding her head with her lips barely touching the tip of his cock.

"That he trusts this cum-puppet's decision, master. He was sincere."

"Wow, what a great dad." he said with an evil grin "If only he knew who was making your decisions now, and for the rest of your pathetic life."

"Yes, master. You make all decisions for this fuck doll."

Telling her dad was surprisingly easy. Apparently, her parents are so used to her being completely purpose driven, that they completely trust her decisions will be made with her best interest in mind. Her calls to the college and her work, to announce she's quitting, were even easier. In less than five minutes, she turned from an employed college girl, to unemployed, and uneducated.

"Now call your boyfriend and break up with him. Be mean enough to make sure he never bothers you again, but not mean enough to make him want to come here, seeking revenge."

"Yes, master." She said, and continued sucking.

"Don't 'babe' me! You fucking useless jerk!" She shouted the second her boyfriend answered the phone.

"What's going on is that I'm breaking up with you, limp dick! Maybe you can take the money you'll save not dating me on a microscope, so you could look at your cock! Oh wait, you won't! Cause you're fucking cheap, in addition to being impotent!"

Henry had to chuckle after hearing that. "Poor guy." He smirked.

"No, I'm not drunk, asswipe!" She yelled.

"No, this isn't about earlier. This is about right now, and me breaking up with your sorry ass." She was too busy flapping her

gums, so instead of sucking her master's cock, she jerked him off with her free hand.

"There's nothing to talk about! I don't want to see you, or hear you, ever again! I already have a new guy!" She said.

"I'm giving him a blowjob right now!" She said, and plunged Henry's cock into her mouth.

"Do you hear that?" She slurred, with his cock deep in her mouth "*Mmm mmm!*" She made gagging sounds, that made it obvious what she was doing.

She plopped her mouth off of Henry's cock "I know I never did that with you. You never deserved it, micro dick!"

"Oh, snap!" Henry said quietly, while smiling broadly.

"Fuck you, bitch!" Henry barely managed to hear her boyfriend screaming at the phone.

"No, you won't, loser!" She said, and hung up.

"Good job, bitch." Henry said, as Kelly returned to kissing his balls.

"Thank, you very much, master."

"Did you really never give him head?" He asked.

"Never, master." She said, which caused Henry to grab her head, and skewer her mouth on his cock, throat fucking her furiously. The gagging and choking sounds were music to his ears, and she showed no struggle what so ever.

"Keep going at this pace." He told her, as his hands became tired, and let her head go.

"Yeth, mathter" She said, and continued to skull-fuck herself at exactly the same furious pace, sending him to a new heaven he, well, only visited a few times, with his other slaves.

She continued for a few minutes before he stopped her, and gave her tits a squeeze.

"Use this pair of funbags. Give me a nice tit-fuck."

"Yes, master."

He didn't know if she did this before. But if not, then she was a natural. She hugged his cock tightly with her perky boobs, and

made sure to lick the tip with her tongue, and salivate on her breasts, to make sure her tits are nice, lubricated, and fun to have around. Around his cock, that is.

“I think it's finally time I drill some of your holes” He said, and picked her up.

“Ride my cock, Kelly.” He told her.

“Yes, master.” She spread her legs over his crotch, took his cock in her hand, and guided into her tight wet entrance. With the tip inside, she placed her hands on her thighs, and was ready to ride.

“I hope it will feel good for you, master.” She said, with the same blank face, and monotonous voice, before plunging downwards, taking his cock all the way in, on the first go. She didn't forget to spank herself for speaking without permission.

She rode his cock vigorously, grinding her hips for his ultimate pleasure. He had his hands on her ass, occasionally spanking her, and staring at her blank blue eyes, that showed just a tinge of worshipful adoration to the man before her, as she bounced up and down. Her totally owned pussy filled with her master's cock.

“Oh damn, your pussy's tight! I fucking own that wet hole. I own all of you!”

“Yes master. This pussy is your property. I exist to please you. I live to serve you”

It was amazing to fuck her like that. She wasn't moaning, or panting. She was a fuck-machine. Henry knew that, in a few days, she would be more,well, interactive, which definitely had it's merits, but he was determined to enjoy her present state of blankness to the fullest.

In a moment of complete bliss, Henry thought about how amazing it was to have a nineteen years old coed giving her tight twat as if it was nothing, and came hard inside of her. She plunged her hips down one last time, and continued to grind her hips with his cock fully inside of her, and still cumming.

When he was done cumming, she came to a stop, and stared at him with wet eyes, filled with reverence and submission. She waited for his next instructions already, with a recently creampie'd pussy, and a blank face.

“Crawl to the bedroom. I'm not done drilling that hole.”

“Yes master.” She said, got off his cock, and started crawling. His load started dripping from her wet snatch, and Phoebe made sure to crawl after her, and lick any leftovers. It was a fantastic day, and it ended with Henry falling asleep, clutching his brand new sex toy, the best he's had so far, with his flaccid cock still inside her pussy.

## Chapter Four

Kelly washed the dishes in her master's house, that used to belong to her neighbor, Brittany. She was wearing nothing but high heels, a garter belt and stockings, and a flimsy pink strapless bra that barely covered her nipples. She was practically naked, and her pussy was always available, and ready to be used by her master.

She was happy to be eye candy for her master, while he was using his other slaves, and until he wanted to use her. She always knew she had a sexy body. Now, she finally found the purpose of her smoking hot body.

After that fateful night that her master enslaved her, she understood how happy she would be to please, obey, and worship him, for the rest of her life. There was no right or wrong, and no bad or good. There was only his will, and her life became so simple since then.

She knew her parents and family would never understand, so she made sure to hide it from them. Her connections with those people meant nothing to her, anymore. If her master wanted her to harm them, she would. If he found harming them to be wrong, then it was. Kelly lived for her master's pleasure, and nothing more.

She remembered her life before her enslavement. But, for the life of her, she couldn't understand her way of thinking back then. She recalled being ambitious, and liking control, as if a cunt-slave like her deserves any freedom. It made no sense, what so ever, and she was so glad her master showed her the light.

Phoebe told her once, that her state of mind was due to her being altered by a device her master used on her. Phoebe said she invented it, with a mix of pride and revulsion on her face. Pride, for giving her master the ability to build his harem, and revulsion, for having dreams and hopes that weren't related to

giving the device to her master, so he could enslave any women he desires.

Kelly didn't care about that. Does it matter what created the only solid truth in her mind? Does it matter if she was manipulated to submit to her master? Of course not. The mere thought of refusing her master's pleasure made her sick, and obeying his every whim felt as comfortable, and natural, as breathing.

Actually, even more natural than that. She would stop breathing completely, if it pleased him. She knew that, better than anything she ever knew in her life. Slave Phoebe crawled into the kitchen, still busy cleaning the floor with her tits. She lathered her jugs with soap, and crawled with a bucket of water.

“Hey, Phebes.” Kelly greeted her with a smile, and spanked herself. By now, Kelly has engaged in plenty of lesbian shows for her master, with Phoebe and Brittany, and that can create a deep connection between slave-sisters.

“Hey, cutie-pie.” Phoebe lifted her head for a second, and then slapped her ass twice, once because she spoke without permission, and once because her tits stopped touching the floor, which the master did not allow. Kelly was still the youngest member of master's harem, and the other two slaves enjoyed her young body as much as master did. When he allowed them to, of course.

They called her cutie-pie because they both said her pussy was the best meal they ever had, after their master's cock, and they would often fight over her wet teen cunt, usually with their master watching.

Sometimes he enjoyed stopping the fight by taking Kelly's pussy himself, and filling it with his cock. And, just to show his dominance over his slaves, he would later have Phoebe and Brittany fight over his cock more fiercely than they ever fought over Kelly's twat.

“Where's master?” Kelly asked, and a spank resonated in the room immediately.

“In bed, fucking Brittany's tits before she goes to work.” Phoebe said, still working her tits on the floor, and spanked herself again.

“Oh, the master really likes tit fucking.” Kelly said, looking at her own tits “I wish my tits were as big as yours and Brittany's.” Another spank was heard in the kitchen.

The two of them stayed at home, and served their master all day, every day. So, they didn't have a lot to talk about. Kelly still liked her conversations with Phoebe. Phoebe was pretty smart, for a sex slave. Brittany always had more interesting stories, though, from the outside world, where she worked as a lawyer, to sustain her master's finances.

“Oh, don't be ridiculous, cutie-pie, your tits are big enough. You're the whole package. Young, pert, and your body is perfectly proportioned. I wish master used me as often as he uses you.”

*\*Spank\**

“You're just twenty-six years old,” Kelly said “That's not much older than me.”

*\*Spank\**

“There's still a difference, and master likes fucking teens. That's why he's so excited today.”

*\*Spank\**

Today was a indeed a big day for their master, and for a lot of college coeds, who are about to learn the true meaning of their lives. That thought brought a big smile to Kelly's face, as Phoebe left the kitchen to continue scrubbing the floors with her multi-use tits.

Just when she started day dreaming about the upcoming events of the day, her master walked in with Phoebe. Apparently, he interrupted her floor scrubbing duties, to perform a more important task.

“Get her teen pussy ready for me, bitch.” He ordered Phoebe. Phoebe obviously became excited when she heard that. She may have not been a lesbian before her enslavement, but the combined joy of serving her master, and eating the pussy of such a perfect

sexy fuck doll as Kelly, made smile from ear to ear, as she started crawling towards Kelly's pussy, and practically singing a “yes, master” in a cheerful tone.

Kelly continued washing the dishes. Her master told her to never stop her duties unless he commanded her to. She figured she is allowed to act a little coy, though, as long as she continued her current duties properly. So, she pushed her ass out, and wiggled it a little, inviting Phoebe's tongue. She enjoyed teasing the other slave, but hoped her master enjoyed it as well, because his pleasure was the most important thing.

She continued wiggling her ass until she felt Phoebe's lips kissing her ass. A second later, she felt the other slavegirl's tongue in her pussy, and her lips kissing her lower lips gently. She couldn't stop herself from arching her back up, and moaning. She spanked herself promptly, because she stopped her duties briefly. Spanking her ass with her wet dish washing glove made her ass wet, as well.

“You can stop with the dishes for now, Kelly.” Her master said.

“Oh thank you so much, master!” She said with a lewd smile, took her gloves off, reached back to Phoebe's head, and pushed her face into her wet cunt.

“*Ahhh!* Lick it, you bitch!” She moaned, and spanked herself. Phoebe wasn't phased at all by the hand smothering her into Kelly's pussy. On the contrary, she increased the speed of her ravaging of the nineteen year old's pussy.

“I'm gonna cum! May I please cum, mas---”

“Stop.” Their master said.

“Yes master.” Phoebe said, gave Kelly's cunt a final wet kiss, and wiped the pussy juices from her face with her forearm.

“Go back to tit-washing the floor.”

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” By the time she said that, Kelly felt her master's cock at the entrance to her, now positively drenching, pussy. That was the point, after all. To get her pussy ready for him to fuck comfortably.

“Thank you for fucking me, master.” She said as her master started pumping into her, and then spanked herself.

“Keep working, and tell me what you are.” He said.

“Yes, master.” She said, and put her gloves back on.

Her master enjoyed fucking her while she was doing her chores.

“I'm your sex slave, master.” She said, her voice shaking from the fucking.

“I'm nothing. My past dreams and hopes are meaningless. My future belongs to you, master.”

“And you're a good girl, aren't you?” He said, pinching her nipple.

“*Nnnh!*” She moaned, with a horny grin on her face “Yes master. I'm a good girl.”

“*Mm! Yeah!*” He moaned, banging her pussy slow, and deep.

“And what do good girls do?” He picked up the pace, and squeezed her nipple harder.

“Good girls obey their master, and please him with their bodies.” She said in an unusually high pitched voice, as the pleasure and pain mixed.

“Good girls don't make decisions about their lives, because they belong to their master.”

She finished doing the dishes with her master's cock banging her, and removed her gloves.

Noticing that, he took Kelly by the waist and guided her fiercely to the kitchen table, bending her down again. His cock slipped out of her pussy, which warranted her with an angry spank. She was shocked at herself, for committing such an atrocity, and allowing her master's hard cock to slip out of the pussy that is meant to be its sheath.

“I'm so sorry, master.” She moaned, and spanked herself for speaking.

He rubbed his cock between her ass cheeks for a few seconds, teasing her.

“Please, master...” She whined, and spanked herself again. In a moment she was eternally grateful for, he rammed his cock back into her, and continued to fuck her like the little bitch she was, with her face glued to the kitchen table.

Just then, her phone rang.

“What the hell!?” He spanked her “Who is it, now?”

“It's probably my, *nnh*, dad. *Nyaaah! Master*” She said, as a topless Brittany walked into the room, with her master's cum all over her big tits.

“*Argh!* Fine. Answer it, then.”

“As you wish, master.” She said, trying to calm herself down, so her dad won't notice anything is wrong.

She signaled to Brittany with her hand, to bring her the phone from one of the kitchen shelves, and Brittany swiftly moved to get it. Her tits shaking as she walked, dripping some cum on the floor.

She handed Kelly the phone, and noticed Kelly was making licking motions with her tongue, obviously trying to mime licking her tits clean of cum. Brittany got the message again, and brought her cum covered jugs over to Kelly's hungry tongue, and Kelly in turn kissed the other slave's firm tits, and licked her nipples, trying to eat as much of the cum as she could.

Her master spanked her again, but Kelly felt it was not because he was mad at her, but because he enjoyed the show. Brittany then left, to get dressed for work.

“Hey, daddy.” She answered the phone, smiling as she felt her master's dick starting to throb.

“Hey, honey, are you at work?”

“Umm...We're leaving soon.” She lied.

“Oh okay. It's really great to have your boss live right next door to you, isn't it?”

“Yea, it really is.” She said . She still haven't thought of a lie to tell him to excuse her moving out of her apartment, and

moving in with her so called 'boss', Brittany.

“Well, I just wanted to see that everything is okay.”

“Everything is perfect, daddy.” She said, feeling the cock inside of her grow harder and harder, knowing her master was about to cum.

“Wow, I never heard you so happy when you studied engineering. I'm glad your neighbor had the insight to see you'll have more fun as a lawyer.

“Yeah, she's really great.” Kelly said, as Brittany walked back in, and smiled at her. Brittany didn't feel comfortable wearing her work clothes, it was clearer with every passing morning. But her master's wishes supersede her slight discomfort.

“And other than that, everything is fine?” Her dad asked.

“Yeah. Everything is really good, and fun.” She said happily, as her master gave her ass one final slam, and started cumming, filling the pussy that he owned with his semen.

“Great to hear that, honey. Talk to you later.”

“Okay daddy. But don't call today. It's a busy day.” She said, still wearing a lewd smile, her master spraying load after hot load in her tight pussy.

She hung up the phone just as her master finished with her.

“Thank you for cumming in my cunt, master.” She smiled and said, spreading her pussy, and letting the cum drip out. Her master liked seeing that, especially when she spanked herself, making her ass and cum filled pussy giggle.

“Brittany, stick your panties in her pussy.” He ordered the respectful looking woman. She wore a business dress with a long skirt, that stretched below her knees.

“Yes, master.” She took her panties off, and after stealing a lick of Kelly's cum-filled pussy, and promptly spanking herself for it, she started soaking her panties with the mix of pussy juices and cum.

After she was done, her master told Brittany to wipe the cum that fell on the floor with her panties, and make sure some of the warm liquid sat right on the crotch.

“Now, put them back on.” He said, when he deemed the floor sufficiently clean, and sent the lawyer to work with cum stained panties. She was so grateful.

Kelly really wanted to orgasm after all of that, but she was only allowed to beg for it once a day, and she spoiled that opportunity when Phoebe prepared her cunt for master. Her only hope was for her master to decide she deserved it, and order her to orgasm.

By the time Kelly finished cleaning the cupboards in the kitchen, her master was already on the couch watching TV, drinking beer out of a can, that was comfortably placed between Phoebe's tits. He took a sip, and placed them back between her tits, when his show went to commercials.

As Kelly knelt before the sofa, looking at her master bouncing Phoebe on his cock to alleviate his boredom, until the commercials were done, her thoughts went back to the planned events of that day.

It was the first day of spring break, and their city was to be filled with hot coeds looking for awesome parties to attend. What's more, most of the families of these coeds know what spring break entails, and will not even try to contact them. It's a tradition in the local college for students to just fall off the grid, and party day and night in the first week of spring break, and so it was a perfect time for master to increase the size of his harem.

Kelly still knew some girls from her time at the college. And, now that she's a college dropout, she had no problem convincing the more outgoing girls that she knows the location of the best party in town. Lying was much easier with no inhibitions or morals, while having a goal that was more important to her than her own life.

She managed to convince four girls to come, and they in turn told her they'll bring eight others. All between the ages of eighteen to twenty-one. All hot, tight, and ready to be used. And

so, that night Kelly was to wear skimpy party clothes, which will still be much more than her usual clothing, and greet the girls coming to her master's house with the device that will wipe their brains away, and make them into her master's toys.

The device was still loaded with master's original commands, so even a worthless slave like her could operate it. It was just point and click, really.

“I can't wait.” she whispered, spanked herself, and watched her master cum all over Phoebe's gigantic tits.

Her master was obviously excited as well, because he skull fucked both her and Phoebe twice before collapsing in bed for his afternoon nap. He was still sleeping when the guests started to arrive.

The first two to arrive, were two girls from her class, before she quit.

“What the hell is this? Are we the first here?” The tall slender blond said to her curvy brunette friend.

“This doesn't seem to be a...” Kelly remorselessly zapped the two of them, told them their master is asleep, and ordered them to kneel on the floor and wait.

thirty minutes later, twelve completely blank and mindless slaves stood before her. Her new slave-sisters. Her master was still asleep, and he did not leave instructions for what to do after she zaps them all, so she decided to have some fun.

She was the only one there, because master used Phoebe's tits as a pillow, and when Brittany came back from work, she swiftly undressed and placed her soft tits under his feet, as she always does when he sleeps.

She told the twelve girls to get naked, and slightly bend forward, to emphasize their asses. A line of twelve wet pussies stood before her, and Kelly started eating their pussies out, one at a time, using their hips to push their cunts onto her face. She was never a lesbian, but she knew her master enjoyed lesbian shows from time to time, and this was a perfect time to practice.

Most of the girls were blank and showed no response. One of them moaned slightly, with her eyes still wide open, obviously having a purely instinctive response.

“Did you never have you cunt licked?” Kelly asked her.

“No.” The slave answered in a drone-like monotone. Kelly realized the girl was a virgin, and left her, for fear she might accidentally tear her hymen, depriving her master of that pleasure.

For the next game, she had the slavegirls play a game of musical chairs. Only there was only one chair, on which she sat, with her legs wide open. She would play music from her phone, as the girls walked mindlessly around her.

When the music stopped, the girl closest to her would kneel and eat her pussy. The most fun part was when she stopped the music with two girls equally distanced from her, and they started fighting for her pussy, using their mouths alone.

Kelly got so worked up by the fun and games, that she erupted in a mad orgasm. As she calmed down from it, she started freaking out again, because she dared to orgasm without her master's approval

“Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod.” She fearfully cried, and then started giving herself a cruel barrage of spanks.

”Spank me, bitches. I have to punish myself as hard as I can.” She told the other slaves. Her master never told her what the punishment is for a non-permitted orgasm, and spanking was the only punishment she knew, but her master said an unauthorized orgasm was the worst offense possible, so one spank seemed meaningless.

Having twelve mindless sluts spanking her as hard as they could reddened her ass quickly, and made her hot and horny again. But, she couldn't allow herself to have another orgasm, without her master's approval. She would simply die if she allowed that to happen..

The combination of the pain and pleasure, and her helpless attempts to not allow the pleasure to build into an orgasm,

eventually overwhelmed her, and she collapsed to the floor. Her face was planted on the floor, and her ass pointed up. She was so exhausted, that she just stayed there like that.

Having no mind of their own, the other twelve lined up next to her, and mimicked her, forming a line of thirteen perfect asses, pointing to the ceiling. That was the view Henry woke up to, and needless to say, it brought a big smile to his face. Phoebe and Brittany crawled behind him, and smiled at the magnificent view as well

“Kelly, why is the chair there?” He asked. Kelly was conscious by now, but remained down when she realized how happy her master will be with the view.

“We were playing musical chairs, master.” She said, and explained the game she made up.

“I climaxed without permission, master. I'm so sorry.” She said, tears in her eyes, and spanked herself again.

“*Ohhh!*” He said “I forgive you, cum-doll. Because of that brilliant game idea you had.” He said, and sat on the chair.

“Thank you, master. But, may I please have different ways to punish myself, other than spanking. I didn't feel it was punishment enough.”

“I'll think about it.” He said with a smile.

Kelly, Phoebe, and Brittany watched as their master played his own version of musical chairs with the twelve new slaves. It was pretty much the same, only when the music stopped, the girl before him would spear herself on his cock as deep as she could, and bounce up and down as fast as she could.

He already stopped the music four different times, and fucked four different slaves. He played the music once more, and the petite redhead riding his cock stood up, and rejoined the circle of walking slaves. When he stopped the music again, the girl before him was the dark haired little hottie, that moaned when Kelly licked her pussy. The virgin one.

As inexperienced as the freshly mindless eighteen years old was, she had no problem spreading her legs over her master's

cock, and sitting down with one quick motion, spearing her virgin pussy on his cock, effectively deflowering her.

*"Oh wow! That's tight!"* He said, and grabbed her ass, shaking her up and down even faster.

Like the other new slaves, this girl showed no response, other than an instinctive tear that dripped from one of her eyes, due to the pain of her cherry being popped. The pain in her pussy was meaningless to her, though. She moved up and down her master's cock as if she had done it a thousand times before, because it was her only purpose.

Henry didn't even ask the new girls for their names, yet, nor did he care. He didn't even notice he just popped the cherry of the extremely tight, and hot, eighteen year old riding his cock.

Kelly had a perfect view of the virginal blood dripping from the still nameless slave's pussy. Her master was fucking his new sex toy so hard, he might never realize she was a virgin. It warmed Kelly's heart as she realized just how meaningless, and small, their lives were, when compared to their master's greatness.

Her only regret was that she couldn't give her own virginity, for her master to fuck away without even realizing it. True, her future wasn't clear, and subject to the whim of her owner. But, she would never choose anything else.

With that, she remembered her sister's eighteenth birthday was in two weeks, and figured her master would love to attend, and own her, as well.

She smiled broadly, just as her master shot his white liquid into the recently cherry popped slave riding him.

###

### **Kept In Private**

\* \* \* \* \*

Nikki walked down the corridor behind her master, like a lost puppy who finally found its place in life. She only had a fuzzy recollection of her life before the master, but she knew that whatever she used to have, whoever she used to be, it was all

insignificant and unimportant in the light of her new and wonderful ruler.

She wore a white skirt that barely covered half her perfect ass, and a white thong that left her cheeks easy to spank, and her owned pussy only barely covered. She wore nothing but a gray training jacket as a top, with the zipper open just enough to emphasize her perky B-cup teen tits, and barely show her pointy nipples. The master made sure the house was pleasantly chilly, to erect the nipples of his slavegirls, and give him extra incentive to warm himself up with their tender and loving touch.

Nikki had black hair, and light brown eyes filled with helpless adoration, fixated on her master's every breath, every word, and every step, making sure to stay behind him, and soak his every desire to her core. She clutched the headset and MP3 player he gave her as they reached the front door, and he turned around to face her.

“Now, make sure to lock the door behind, and don't open it to anyone.” He said with his soft, and dominating voice.

“Understood, master.” Nikki said with a wanton smile, gently caressing her chest with the back of the hand holding the MP3 player.

“And if someone is at that door?” He asked, moving her hand aside, pinching her nipple.

“*Mmmhhh!* I ask who it is, and say that the owner isn't at home, master.”

“Good.” He said, and a jolt of pleasure radiated throughout her body.

“And if they insist, and ask who you are?” He turned to gather his keys, wallet and phone.

“I tell them I'm a distant relative, staying here during my vacation, master.” She responded obediently, eager to prove her worth to him.

“What if it's someone who recognizes you, from your old life?” He asked, challenging her.

“I send you a distress message, get dressed, open the door, and try my best to convince them I'm here of my own free will, until

you arrive to take care of them.” She told him as he put his jacket on, and turned to face her again.

“And what if they are hot women I might enjoy?” He asked, pinching her other nipple this time.

“*Ohhh!* Master!” She gasped “I invite them in, find an excuse to put the headphones on them, and make sure they are nice and compliant for your return.”

“That's right, babe.” he said, spanking her ass, and making her smile with gratitude.

“Only if they're hot women, though. Don't soil my special tunes on the unworthy.” He added.

“Oh, I would never dream of it, master!” She said, thrusting her chest out with pride, making her firm young tits jiggle seductively.

“Okay, then. I'll be back in a few hours. Be good, now.”

“Yes, mas—*Ah!--ter*” He slapped her pussy lips through her panties, turned around, and opened the door.

“Oh, right!” He paused at the entrance “One more thing. I have one of the girls next door in my thrall, a neighbor's daughter. She's a cute little blonde thing, and I think I told her to show up today and serve me, so open up for her if she turns up.”

“Of course, master.” Nikki said, nodding meekly.

“She's a playful little sex doll, so you can have fun with her till I come back.” He said, crossed the threshold, and closed the door behind him.

“You're so generous, master. Thank you.” Nikki smiled and said only a moment before the door slammed shut.

“I'm so happy to serve.” She sighed, and quickly locked the door.

Since the house was spotless, and Nikki wasn't told to do any chores, she simply placed the headset on her ears, and pressed play. She pressed the soft muffs to her ears, fully accepting every sound and vibration into her addled mind.

*You exist to serve your master with your body.* A voice said beyond the music. She couldn't tell the difference between the

voice on the tape and her own voice, anymore.

“I exist to serve my master with my body.” She started dancing in the living-room, shaking her hips and singing along with the tune.

*Your master owns your tits* - A steady drum beat joined the low hum.

“My master owns my tits.” She giggled, opened her jacket even more, and wiggled her upper body, making her titties jiggle like two perfectly firm and soft balloons.

*Your master owns your ass* – The sound of a bass guitar joined the steady, mesmerizing beat.

“My master owns my ass.” She sang.

*You exist to shake your hips for your master, and show off the curves that belong to him* – A soft flute-like, high pitched sound joined the entrancing music, reaching down her mind like a sonic drill.

“Oh yeah!” She exclaimed, happily shaking her hips before the sofa, pretending her master is there to watch her move her ass for him.

*Kneel before him. Know your place.* The mind numbing rhythm pounded into her skull, fucking her willpower away.

“Kneel before my master.”

She knelt immediately, without even a trace of a thought behind her actions, her obedience absolute.

“Know my. *Ahh*. Place” She started touching herself below the equator, fiddling with her pussy lips, through her panties.

*Serve your master with all your heart, and be rewarded with his cum.*

“*Ahhh!* Master!” She opened her mouth, and moved her head back and forth while caressing an invisible cock with her tongue, dreaming of pleasing her owner.

*Know your place. Dance for him. Show him the body he owns.*

“Know your place.” She repeated, standing up on her feet with a wiggle to her hips.

“Dance for master.” She said, moving her slender, flexible body like a snake, shaking her hips from side to side in an effort to arouse an imaginary man sitting on the sofa.

“Show him the body he owns.” She bent over forward as much as she could, and spanked herself with the hand that wasn't holding the MP3 player.

She was busy shaking her body vibrantly when the tune changed to a much more mellow one, arousing and relaxing.

*Your master's happiness makes you happy. Your master's pleasure gives you pleasure.*

“My master's happiness makes me happy.” She whispered moistly, and fell back first on the velvet sofa, her tits bouncing freely as she lay.

“My master's pleasure gives me pleasure.” She rested the MP3 player next to her head, and pinched her nipples gently.

*Your master owns your pussy.*

“Hmm...” Nikki started slowly slipping her thongs off of her legs.

*You are nothing but a hot cunt. A piece of ass on hot legs, for your master to enjoy.*

“Master owns my pussy...” She said as she threw her white thongs aside.

“I am nothing but a hot cunt.” Nikki spread her legs wide, opening her wet pussy lips.

“A piece of ass. *Ahhh!*” She moaned as she gently touched her clit.

“On hot legs. *Mmm.*” She started rubbing her pussy in a circular motion.

“For my master to enjoy.” She inserted two fingers into her wet twat, and started fucking herself while her other hand squeezed one of her tits, as if it had a mind of its own.

*Ohhh. Nyaaaaa!*”

She lay on the sofa in a puddle of young lust, rubbing herself off and dreaming of serving her master and pleasing him with her

body.

In the garden outside the living room, beyond the sliding glass doors, another young and quite enthralled beauty moved closer to the house, in perfect silence, tippy toeing so as to not attract undue attention. She had pure and natural blonde hair, blue eyes, and pristine white skin. Her body was petite, nubile, and sweet, and she looked like a real life version of a barbie doll.

The tight and sporty pink panties she wore went perfectly with her slender physique, along with the matching pink top that only covered her breasts, and left everything else for all to see. Her outfit looked like what a playboy bunny would wear for a jogging picture set, in one of those sexy magazines.

It wasn't something a self respecting young woman would ever wear in public, though. Luckily for her, her self respect died when her free will was usurped, and she only had one yard to cross, to get from the house she lived in, to the house where she was owned.

She pressed her nose on the transparent sliding door, shielding her eyes from the sun with her hands, so she could look inside. What she saw made her mouth water, as the glass before her mouth became foggy from her hot breath.

On the sofa lay a hot, black haired beauty, about her age or perhaps a bit older, spreadeagled and fiddling herself. She wore only a training jacket that did not cover her shapely B-cup tits, and a skirt so short that wearing it with no panties would get her arrested for indecent exposure.

The barbie-doll blonde gently knocked on the glass door, trying to get Nikki's attention through the music in her ears. Somehow, perhaps through enslaved female intuition, Nikki heard the blonde's pleas, and looked to where the knocks came from. Begrudged at first, because she wanted to keep listening to the nice tunes that fried her brain, Nikki's demeanor quickly changed when she saw the cute, barely dressed blonde. She put the MP3 player and the headset aside, and got up to greet her fellow slave.

“Are you master's neighbor girl?” Nikki asked the blonde hottie as she let her in, and closed the sliding doors behind her.

“Yeah, I'm Britney.” The blonde said, pressing her forehead to Nikki “Are you new to his harem?” She gave Nikki a peck on the lips. Normally Nikki would flinch from a surprise kiss, especially with another woman, but this time she accepted it, and even added some tongue.

“Yep, I am.” Nikki said “He took me in yesterday.”

“Oh, you're so lucky!” Britney gushed “you must have spent the night getting fucked in his bed...” Her eyes became dreamy, as she fantasized about her master's pleasure.

“Yeah.” Nikki said with the same dreamy voice, biting her lip and remembering how her master used her the night before.

The two meek slaves started at each other with moist eyes, drowning in each other's submission.

“So anyway.” Nikki finally said “What do you want to do?”

“Serve my master...” Britney said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“*Ohh*, I'm so sorry. He's out for a few hours.” Nikki said with genuine sorrow in her voice.

“Oh.” Britney said, looking down.

The hot blonde quickly picked herself up, though.

“Hey, let's go to the bedroom and talk!” She said, smiling at Nikki with mischievous eyes.

“Okay!” Nikki said enthusiastically, happy to spend the time with another like-minded individual.

Nikki sat her naked ass on the bed, and Britney immediately sat behind her. She removed Nikki's jacket, and gave her a shoulder rub, out of habit.

“Oh, that's nice.” Nikki complimented the blonde's massaging skills.

“Thank you.” Britney whispered in her ear with a smile, kissing her earlobe tenderly, making Nikki moan.

“Master trained me in all sorts of massages in the few months since he enslaved me.” She said, kissing Nikki's neck passionately, and moving one of her hands to give her bare tits a proper rub down.

“When. *Ahhh!* Did he get you?” Nikki asked, as Britney expertly lured her closer and closer to pure nirvana, with her tender hands and caressing lips.

“On my eighteenth birthday. He gave me a special little mix tape to listen to. I think I saw you with it, as well, Nikki. On the sofa.” She whispered the last words in Nikki's other ear, and licked and caressed her neck from that side.

“*Ohh yeah...*” Nikki said, half in response to Britney's sensual massage, and half in pure ecstasy.

“I love that tape. It's so amazing. *Ahn!* Master is so amazing!”

Nikki couldn't take it any longer. She turned around, and planted a wet, smoldering kiss on the petite blonde, her tits touching against Britney's fabric, hardening her already erect nipples.

“He is, isn't he?” Britney broke off the kiss, and said, staring wetly into Nikki's eyes.

“When he gave me my birthday banging, which was my real present,” She told Nikki, “He told me how he used to check me out as I walked to and from school, waiting to have me writhe on top of him and give him pleasure.”

She lowered her head to Nikki's chest.

“Had I known he wanted me so much, I would have dropped out of school and spent every day serving him head to toe. Like this.” She started licking around Nikki's nipples, nibbling at them and rubbing them with her expert hands.

“*Ohhhhh.*” Nikki moaned and arched her head upwards.

Nikki took Britney's pink top off, and returned the favor by nibbling on the cute blonde's nipples.

Britney giggled.

“You're not bad yourself.” She said, biting her lower lip sweetly.

Nikki rose up to meet Britney's eyes.

“Turn around.” Britney said huskily, and Nikki obeyed. Britney slowly pulled Nikki's skirt off, leaving her fully naked, and completely ready.

“We exist to please him.” Britney whispered, and turned around, wiggling her tight pink panties at Nikki.

“Our place is at his feet.” Nikki agreed, slowly removed Britney's panties, and kissed her ass, biting it ever so gently. Her clean shaven pussy was moist and ready.

“*Mmhhh!* Our bodies are for his pleasure.” Britney said, and pulled Nikki over to her.

The two nubile young women shared another passionate kiss, and fell on the bed together. Nikki was on top, interlocked in a heated embrace with Britney.

Britney patted Nikki's hair as they kissed, occasionally nibbling on her lower lip playfully. With one swift motion, Britney turned them over, and lay atop Nikki, asserting what dominance the little slave girl could muster.

“*Ohh*, you're surprisingly strong for such a petite girl.” Nikki smiled, and surrendered to Britney's wet embrace with another hot kiss.

They would've remained interlocked in that passionate embrace forever, but Britney had other plans. She ignored Nikki's moan of disappointment when she rose to her knees, and rejoiced in her slave-sister's moan of arousal as she fingered Nikki's tight cunt.

“Do you like that?” Britney asked the puddle of lust also known as Nikki, who lay on the bed, enjoying every moment.

“Uh-huh...” Nikki droned, she was practically out of this world already, and floating in space.

Just as Nikki was about to pass out from her arousal, and give herself in to the pleasure, Britney did something that reminded her this was a give and take relationship, unlike what they had

with their master. She felt Britney's tongue flick on her clit, opened her eyes, and saw the blonde's tight pussy right above her face. Britney was a real expert, tending to Nikki's every desire. Licking Nikki's pussy, shoving her eager mouth in Nikki's wet muff, and flicking her tongue over her lips at a blinding pace.

*"Ohhhhhhhh!"* Nikki moaned endlessly.

She knew she had to return the favor, and hear her new friend and fellow slave moan in response. She plunged her face upwards, and ate pussy for the first time in her life, eager to learn to please her slave-sister just as well as she pleased her master the night earlier.

The two were locked in a seemingly endless sixty-nine position. Britney was winning the arousal game, driving Nikki over the edge so many times her pussy grew numb, but Nikki didn't stay too long behind, and soon she bathed in Britney's pussy juices.

*Master was right*, she thought, *This girl really loves to play.* And Nikki loved it too. All she could think of as she ate another girl's wet, tight snatch, was how happy she was that her master enslaved her so completely.

They embraced each other in that position for hours, and they were still busy kissing each other's honey pots when their master returned, with a topless big boobed redhead in tow.

"You give great road head." He told the redhead as he locked the door, and squeezed her busty boobs at his leisure.

"Thank you, master." She said with a blank face, drool dribbling from her full lips after blowing her master's cock for the past twenty minutes. He unzipped and revealed his raging hard-on, painted red from the luscious lipstick he had her apply. He liked women with alluring bright red lips, and his women liked nothing more than to please him, and better themselves according to his wishes.

"I'm really glad you decided to argue your point so vehemently." He told her, and guided her hand to casually jerk him off.

“Humiliating a stubborn chick like you is truly one of the greatest pleasures of my life. Especially when your new self is the best proof of how right I really was.” He chuckled at his enthralled beauty, giving her ass a sharp spank. She wasn't used to having her ass smacked, so she jumped quite a bit, but not enough to stop her from rubbing her master's still wet hard-on.

“Yes, master.” She picked up the pace “You were right, master. You're always right, master. I live to serve, master.”

“That's right.” He said. He fondled her tits and enjoyed her hand-job, but his mind went to his bedroom, where he knew at least one of his nubile teen slaves awaited him.

“Well, anyway, I have an appointment in my bed chambers.” He said, looking over to the hall leading to his bedroom, barely paying his new conquest any attention.

“I don't want my cock all wet from your saliva when I play with my new toy. Get on your knees and rub it dry with those big tits of yours.” He told the busty redhead.

“Yes, master.” She said and immediately knelt before him, her tits bouncing from the force and speed of her descent.

Looking up at him with dim, uncomprehending eyes, she started rubbing his cock between her tits. Rather than her tits drying his moist cock, her saliva acted more like a lubricant for the sloppy tit-fuck. In her present state, she would continue feverishly squeezing his cock between her boobs until it was dry, even though anyone with half a brain would easily realize the futility of such a task.

He didn't care. He watched the mind fucked woman tightly cradle his cock, going up and down and up again. A big smile formed on his face, noticing her determination to accomplish her impossible task. It mattered not, he would let her serve him in this capacity until he came, and then tell her she can stop, sending her away with a spank to make his dinner.

“Such a good little sex toy.” He said, pinching her cheek.

“Thank you...master.” She moved her entire body up and down, panting heavily, exerting every muscle in her body to

please her master.

“*Hng!* I'm about to cum!” He said with a grunt, took hold of her tits, pumped into the valley they created a few more times, and then pushed his shaft in her mouth, releasing his load deep in her throat.

Her eyes remained blank and docile as he mashed her face into his crotch. She let her hands limply slump to her side, and only used her throat muscles to swallow his massive load. He finished cumming, and pushed her head away with one forceful motion. The busty redhead immediately took hold of her tits again, ready to continue her futile attempt of drying his cock off with her fat jugs.

“No need.” He told her, and she left her big boobs to sag before her master.

“You're lucky I still have it in me to play with my other toy.” He said, pulling her to her feet.

“Go make my dinner.” He said, and rushed her with a smack on the rear.

“Right away, master.”

Watching her luscious bare ass sway as she walked away made him smile broadly. He enjoyed the view until she was no longer visible, sighed contently, and walked to his bedroom, where he expected at least one hot tight teen slave awaited him.

“Alright! I knew I remembered to invite my little blonde sex doll over.” He grinned as he entered the bedroom, and the view of two hot teens sixty-nine-ing each other was revealed before him.

He got their attention, and the two slender beauties immediately broke their bonds, and started crawling towards him. He got on the bed, on his knees, with his erection pointing in their general direction. The two sexy kittens moved slowly, with hungry looks on their faces.

“I see you got to know each other pretty well.” He said as Britney reached the side of his cock. He patted her flowing golden hair as she licked the side passionately.

“We did, master.” Nikki said “You were right, she's really playful. Almost managed to exhaust me completely.”

She rose up and presented her body for her master to fondle, and lowered herself after he caressed her tits a bit.

“Well, almost.” She giggled like a horny rascal, and licked the side of his cock that Britney neglected.

He put his hands in both their flowing manes, and started pumping his cock between their mouths, treating himself to a nice warm tongue bath.

“*Ahhhh*, amazing.”

Nikki smiled at Britney, and they shared a wordless understanding of how to next please their master. Britney traced the length of his cock with her tongue, all the way to his balls. Nikki teased his tip until she saw the blonde's lips cradle his balls, and then downed it in one go.

Their eyes met again as their master groaned in pleasure. The sense of fulfillment and accomplishment they felt could not be surpassed by anything in the world. Their smiling eyes parted as they continued servicing their one and only, and he felt the love oozing from their wet mouths onto his cock, bathing it with warm tingly sensations.

He opened his eyes a few seconds later, and saw their asses pointing up to the ceiling, waiting to be spanked. He stretched his arms over to Nikki petite behind, grabbing one of her cheeks with one hand, and spanking both her cheeks with the other. With every smack he landed on her ass, he felt a grateful tightening of her mouth on his cock.

“Hmm. I wonder...” he said, half in bliss, and moved to do the same to his blonde barbie doll.

“*Ohh*, that's nice.” He felt the expected tightening of her perfect lips on his balls, and it almost drove him over the edge.

He pushed the two of them aside, turned around, and collapsed on the bed, on his back. He was much more tired than he thought. Their master's cock still raging with a hard-on, the two slavegirls didn't pause for even a moment.

They took the two sides of his cock, lowered their heads, and continued their slurpy double blowjob earnestly. Matching their movements, they moved their tongues up and down his shaft, occasionally taking turns deep throating the full length of his manhood.

"I've been in awe of his godly cock for as long as I can remember myself." Britney whispered, expecting naught but utter agreement from Nikki.

"How long is that?" Nikki asked with a frown, as she licked her master's cock like ice cream.

Britney held his cock in one hand, allowing Nikki to gobble it up, and tried to remember the answer to Nikki's question.

"Umm...since master enslaved me, now that I think about it." She licked his tip once and then continued "I mean, I know I had a life before I turned eighteen, but it's all a big blur..."

Nikki just smiled a knowing smile and took her master's rod deep in her throat. She felt exactly the same, only her enslavement day was yesterday. Both slaves felt their master's hands on the back of their heads.

"Less talking, more sucking, bitches." He said.

"Yes master." They cheerfully sung at him, and continued to ravage his cock, making his muscles tense up on the soft bed.

"Woooooow, that's nice..." He praised his two obedient fuck toys, resting his head on the pillow, and both his hands on their shapely behinds, occasionally fingering their wet twats.

"Nothing better after a hard day of enslaving bitches."

On a whim, and without uttering a single word, he took hold of Britney and positioned her on top of him, in a reversed cow girl position. He squeezed her perky tits and pressed her back to his chest. Opening her legs, and fingering her clit, he guided his cock

into her warm snatch. She merely moaned and whimpered sexily, allowing him to play her like a sex doll.

“*Ahh*, master!” She moaned happily as he entered her twat, and started fucking her hard. So hard in fact, that his cock slipped out of her cunt after only a few pumps. Not wanting to anger him, she immediately took hold of his shaft and impaled herself again, not even giving him a chance to respond, with anything other than the pleased groan of re-entry.

Nikki noticed how slippery the young blonde's pussy was, and kept vigilant watch of her master's cock while Britney rode him, just waiting to gobble it up when it slipped out.

“Oh, bitch!” Britney cried out as her master's cock slipped out of her well fucked cunt again, and Nikki almost instantly took it down her throat, tasting his pre-cum mixed with Britney's pussy juices.

“Oh, relax!” Nikki said, plopping her mouth off of his shaft, and feeding it back to her slave-sister's hungry cunt.

“You need to learn to share.” She added with a smile as she saw the euphoria on the petite blonde's face, and went on to alternate between licking her master's balls and teasing Britney's clit.

The two of them were willing to serve till the end of time. Unfortunately, their master's arousal had an admittedly impressive, yet still limited time span. He groaned coarsely, took hold of Britney's legs, pushed as deep into her as he could, and exploded. Britney moaned and thanked him as she felt his thick jizz paint the inner walls of her pussy for the very first time, reaching all the way to her womb.

He released a multitude of streams into her, and with every spurt his feeling of elation grew, and his climax throbbed all throughout his body.

Both slaves felt him shiver with fulfilled arousal, and knew they could never feel more proud of themselves.

He let go of Britney's tits, and let his arms slump beside him in bed. His increasingly flaccid cock sprang out of her tight pussy, to be orally cleaned by the eager Nikki. Britney stayed on top of him, like a warm blanket, and rubbed her pussy, rewarding herself for a job well done.

“Are you on the pill?” He asked with a raspy voice.

“No master.” She whispered huskily.

“We'll worry about that later.” He sighed, and went down for a much needed nap.

Britney panted on top of him, seeing the first strands of white warm liquid running out of her pristine fuck hole. She stared at it with a mesmerized twinkle in her blue eyes, gathered some of it up, and fed it to her hungry mouth.

“Hey!” Nikki whispered, making sure not to wake her master up “I want some, too!”

She didn't wait for Britney to approve, and went on munch on her creampie with gusto. Britney would have gotten mad at her for stealing the precious load, if she wasn't so heated up from the expert pussy eating Nikki was giving her. Well, she did have a lot of practice that day...

When the dust settled and the two fully fulfilled their roles as cum dumps for their master, they tucked him in, and settled under his blanket, sleeping with their lips on his cock, ready and waiting to tend to another erection, whenever it may arise.

The three were only awakened by the voice of the busty redheaded bimbo slave, coming to announce their master's dinner was ready to be served.

He told Britney and Nikki to wear something sexy and perform for him while he ate. They found two matching outfits in the slave's closet. A pair of black laced panties, and two zebra striped blouses.

The two teens stood next to the TV, dancing together and touching each other – Providing entertainment for their master, in case his eyes strayed away from the show he was watching, which ironically happened to be master chef.

“Wow, it looks spectacular!” He said as the busty redhead presented the meal she labored on. She made him a steak, cooked to a perfect medium rare, with a side of creamy mash potatoes and a delicious Caesar salad.

“Thank you, master.” She thanked him as she lowered herself to her hands and knees, providing her master a proper foot stool. The two teens were left salivating at the meal their master enjoyed, with his feet up on the cook's naked back. She was never told to make any food for the luscious duo, and the thought of them going hungry never crossed her tiny mind.

Their hunger turned out to serve them better, though. They ravaged one another with salivating drool, touching, fondling, and spanking each other for their master's viewing pleasure.

“You know,” Their master spoke with his mouth full, while chewing “I got that pair of big boobies at the auditions for master chef today.” He motioned towards his obedient foot stool.

“I'm surprised they have the auditions on the same day as they broadcast them, honestly.” He added.

“Yeah, my friend Bill and I watched the people waiting to audition and he said something about how all the women there had the right idea, and that their place is in the kitchen.” He glanced over to the two frolicking teens. Britney slid Nikki's panties aside and finger fucked the hot, dark haired beauty.

“Now, I'm not saying I agree with Bill, but this hot piece of ass down there went crazy screaming at him. When I chimed in she just erupted on me, as well. I have to say – It was the only reason I actually argued Bill's point so determinedly.”

The still quite blank, busty redhead smiled vapidly, as her master explained how he acquired her servile ass. Continuing their show, the young blonde leaned forward to be spanked and eaten by Nikki.

“Like I said, I'm glad you were so energetic. Otherwise, I wouldn't have mind-fucked you and had you blow me on the ride home, and I definitely wouldn't have ejaculated on your tits right there.” He pointed to the house's entrance.

“I'm glad too, master.” She said, getting more and more used to her new place in life. He chuckled, and reached over to spank her, nearly losing grip of the tray of delicious cuisine on his lap.

“Maybe I'll let Bill use you occasionally. I'm sure he'd enjoy getting some of his aggressions out on a formerly feisty bitch like you.”

“I'll be happy to be his stress relief, master.” She said dumbly.

He continued watching TV, paying slight attention to the two frolicking teens in the corner of his eye. The master chef judges just rejected someone who made a “sincerely appalling dish” according to one of the judges.

“Heh, I wonder if you would have gotten through to the show. You know, if I hadn't enslaved you.” He took another hardy bite of the mash potatoes.

“This is delicious.” He added.

“I'm glad you like it, master. Nothing is more important than your happiness.” She said, not even glancing to the TV show she dreamed of participating in, when she woke up that very morning.

“I love guiding young women to the right place in life.” He said as the show went to commercials.

He was about to make a pun about how she did want to become master's chef, when the door bell rang.

“Hmm, I wonder who that is. Nikki, go check it out.” He ordered. Britney was left to put on a solo show, flexibly moving her sexy and nubile body for her master.

“Master, the woman at the door says she's your neighbor, and slave.” Nikki returned and said.

“Oh,” He frowned “Well, show her in.”

“Yes master.”

He heard the door open and lock, and walking after Nikki was a middle aged blonde wearing a red dress. She only had a few

wrinkles, and massive double-D tits, covered by a push-up bra that handled the excessive weight of her jugs brilliantly.

Before she spoke a word, she lowered her dress and removed her bra, standing topless before her master, her huge jugs swinging gently as she pushed her chest out, proud of the body her master owned.

She patiently awaited her master's permission to speak.

“What is it, bitch?” He politely asked.

“I'm sorry for bothering you while you're eating , master, but my husband is returning in a few minutes, and he will wonder where our daughter is.”

She looked at Britney, and Nikki bit her lip cutely as she understood who the woman was. She looked at Britney with hungry eyes, hoping to be allowed to play with her in the future, as well.

The master of the house just stared at the hot MILF's gigantic tits.

“It was such a great idea – making all you milf bitches get your boobs done.”

“Yes master.” Britney's mom said with a smile “The women of this neighborhood, the tits that you own, are all extremely grateful. Our husbands are as well, though they don't realize our boobs belong to you, like the rest of our bodies.”

He couldn't wipe the vane smile off his face.

“That's right.” He said “I'm sorry, what were you saying earlier?”

“My husband will return soon, and will expect Britney to be home.” She reiterated for her master.

“Ohh right, of course. Well, I guess she has to go, then.” He said, slightly disappointed “I'll definitely invite the both of you over, soon.”

“We'll be happy to serve master.” The woman said as her daughter walked over to her, wiggling her pert behind for her master one last time.

“Oh, wait!” He stopped them right before they left “There's a chance I impregnated Britney earlier.” He said.

The middle aged blonde took a few seconds to parse what he said.

“I will make sure she has a daily pregnancy check for about two months, starting from next week, and report to you for further instructions, master.” She had no concerns for her young daughter. In her eyes, the young blonde's womb was owned by her master, and it was his to do with as he pleased.

“Great.” He said, still not sure what he wanted to do in case the little sex toy had a baby growing inside of her.

“You can go, now.” He told them. They bowed, and left, but not before the hot MILF covered her ample cleavage. Britney left wearing the sexy striped outfit, that she'll probably change out of once she got home.

“Well, guess it's just the three of us, now.” He said, finishing the last bite of his meal, and looking at Nikki and the busty redhead.

“How about the two of you have a blowjob competition. Winner gets my cum on her face!” He said.

The two women looked at each other competitively, and Nikki dropped to her knees.

“Yes, master!” They exclaimed, kneeling before his erection, and went to work.

###

**Higher Education 1**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter One

“What do you mean, canceled?!” Lilly screamed at the airline clerk.

“I'm sorry ma'am, but we can't fly in this weather. All flights have been postponed until tomorrow.”

“This is ridiculous! We can put a man on the moon but can't fly a plane in the rain?” She fumed.

“Some of us have work to do! I demand to get on the plane.” she said.

“Hey, I'm not stopping you. You're welcome to get on, but it won't leave the ground. Shall I see you to your plane?” He said mockingly.

Under different circumstances, she would've laughed. It was kinda funny, but this wasn't the time for self humor.

“How dare you! You disrespectful prick! I'll have you fired!” she screeched.

“Still won't get you in the air, bitch.” this time he crossed the line.

“I want to speak with your manager this *Instant!*”

\* \* \* \*

Lilly stood on the platform, waiting for the train, when her phone rang. It was her useless assistant, Kevin.

“What is it?” She answered.

“Hey, Ms. Hargrove. I'm trying to fill out this acquisition form, and there's something I think I'm missing.” He said. Lilly could hear the confusion in his voice.

“Are you kidding me? You've worked in the company longer than I have, and you still can't do simple secretary work?”

As she started berating him, explaining what he did wrong, the train arrived.

She got on and went to her private booth. As she opened the door, she saw a man reading the morning paper.

“Hold on, Kevin.” she said “This was supposed to be a private booth.” She told the seated man.

He lifted his eyes, checking her out for a second. She was attractive, so she couldn't blame him. But she would never use her body to advance in life like some whore, and she had such chances, in the past.

“Yes,” he said “I thought so, too. Apparently, we were both lied to.” He smiled, and went back to the paper, ignoring her.

He seemed like a very serious man, obviously past his twenties, and he wore a very expensive business suit. One thing in his attire collided with the respectful look he sported. Two extremely flashy rings adorned the middle finger of each of his hands. One had a massive red gem on it, the other had a matching blue. Lilly never saw gems so big. Lilly couldn't care less, though. She hated these eccentric pricks who wear formal business suits along with rainbow socks, or a hipster earring.

“What was that, Ms Hargrove? What booth?” Kevin asked dumbly. She sighed in frustration.

“I sent a message saying my flight was canceled , and I'll be a day late to the meeting. Please, tell me you forwarded it to the higher ups.”

“Really? I didn't get it...” That almost made her explode.

“Of course you got it! You idiot! Or maybe you just can't handle email, as well?!” With the level of incompetence she had to deal with on a day to day basis, it was a wonder she kept her sanity.

“I-I'm sorry, Ms. Hargrove. Well, how will you get there, then?” He asked.

“I got the airline to reimburse my ticket and pay for a train ticket in a 'private' booth.” She eyed the newspaper covering the other occupant of her so called private booth.

“Wow, how did you get them to do that?” He asked dumbly.

“I yelled at them, and showed them I mean business. I'm very good at getting what I want.” She said proudly.

“I would've never had the nerves to do that.” the incompetent idiot said.

“Well, that's probably why I'm the youngest executive in our firm, and you are my assistant.” she mocked.

“Yeah. I guess.” He said, defeated. He probably wanted to say something else, but he knew it would mean his job with this cold hearted bitch. Besides, he still had silly questions to ask her. So he knew he was in for more yelling anyway.

After about five minutes of heated conversation, she finally had enough.

“Listen you useless idiot! Get the wax out of your stupid ears and do as I say!”

“Oh leave him alone.” A voice came from behind the newspaper. “You think that attitude will help?”

“Who the fuck do you think you are?!” she snapped “Just shut up and mind your own damn business. Get back to your reading, and maybe I won't have you kicked out of this booth.”

“Well, it's hard to read with the noise you're making. How about you be quieter and I keep reading. Do we have a deal, Ms. Businesswoman?” He offered.

She hated the condescending tone in his voice. He wasn't working for her in any way, though, so she didn't have much leverage. She gave him an angry face and continued her conversation. His head went behind the paper once more.

She did try to make less noise, but it was simply impossible with a numbskull like Kevin.

“*Ohh!*” she screamed louder than before “You moronic, useless, do-nothing, incompetent,”

“Okay, that's it.” the newspaper man said, obviously annoyed, putting the paper down. She was about to tell him to fuck off, when he startled her with a quick motion of his hand. She was afraid he might slap her with the back of his hand. But he just held his hand in front of her face, the red gem right in front of her eyes.

There was a blast of red light, and then everything went dark.  
The man took her phone out of her hand, and ended the call.  
“Finally I can enjoy my trip.” He picked the newspaper back  
up and opened it.

Lilly stared into nothingness in front of him, completely silent.

## Chapter Two

The private train booth was filled with gentle slurping sounds.

“Oh yeah, reading is much more fun with a wet mouth wrapped around my cock.” Peter sighed with delight.

“Move your tongue more.” He commanded. The young former business woman popped her lips from his cock and said “Yes, master.” her lips gently touching his cock as she spoke. She went back to sucking. This time, swirling her tongue around with gusto for the enjoyment of her master.

“*Ahhhh*. Good girl.” He said, grabbing her ass through her clothes with his hand, and continued reading. She was on her hands and knees beside him, bending over, with her head on his crotch, her still clothed ass pointing up.

He was reading a story about Paul Schmidt, an oil billionaire, in the economics section of the paper. He usually didn't care about such things, but his current ambitions made him curious. After all, if he intends on using his invention to take the man's wealth, along with lots of pussy on the way, he should at least study up on him a little.

Schmidt wasn't Peter's only target, of course. But, being a perfectionist, Peter had to read the long, tedious story, and make sure he understood it. Even though it was probably irrelevant to his plans. As he finished, he closed the paper and tossed it aside. He looked out the window at the pastoral view while enjoying the sensation of having his cock sucked.

“This is so great,” he said, “here in my private booth with all of my private belongings. My luggage, a wet pussy, a nice pair of tits.” He started squeezing her tits as he said that.

“A round, tight ass.”

*\*Smack\**

Came a sharp spank on her rear.

“I don't understand why anyone would choose a cramped airplane seat instead.” He said that, knowing the only reason he took the train was his unreasonable fear of flight.

“If I didn't have that fear, I wouldn't have met you.”

*\*Spank\**

He smacked her ass, and she continued sucking, as if nothing happened.

“You did change my plans a bit. I planned to save this charge for an unforeseen emergency. Now the device has to cool down for twenty-four hours...” he looked at his red gem-studded ring, that contained the device responsible for his current, very pleasant, situation.

“I'm sorry, master.” She said, and continued serving.

“Maybe I'll forgive you, at some point...ahhh”

His invention worked wonders. It scorched the free will of anyone hit by it, and fixated their obedience on him. At first, they are nothing but mindless dolls. But, in the first twenty-four hours, he can use it to mold them in any way he wished. After that, he would need to waste another charge, if he wanted to make changes. twenty-four hours is more than enough time though, for both fun and business.

He looked at the clock. “three p.m. And I zapped you about twenty minutes ago. We should be at our destination at about eleven a.m. tomorrow.”

Peter was a pedantic planner. And he loved the fact he was capable of scheming his next move, while still fully enjoying his slave's pleasant lip service. his eyes fell on her phone, and he decided it was time to see if there's anything interesting in his new toy's previous life, that he could use.

“Let's see, now...” he said, browsing her message logs. Most of it had to do with boring business stuff, along with some conversations with her parents.

“Pfft, you were that proud about being an executive at some small furniture retailer, how pathetic.”

She moaned in agreement, “I'm your pathetic pleasure slave, master.” she said, and returned to her duty. Not finding anything interesting, he moved to her pictures. There were some pics of a young man.

“Hey, who's that?” he put the phone in front of her eyes. She looked at it for a few seconds, with his tip still inside her mouth, working her addled brain to answer the question. With a loud pop, she said “My boyfriend, master.”

He was surprised the self entitled bitch had a boyfriend.

“You'll have to break up with him. And quit your job.”

“Of course, master. I exist to obey your every whim.” she droned, and went back to work.

He put her phone down, and grabbed her purse. There were a lot of important, official business documents there. Well, important for some small time, local retailer.

“Were these important to you, before I enslaved you?” he showed her the documents.

“Yes, master. Extremely important, the company is expanding to a new loca--shhh mmbuhh”

He shoved her face back on his cock, not caring about the rest.

“Well, let me show you what these papers are really worth.” He split the papers into two piles, and rolled them up in both hands.

“Shove this in your worthless cunt, and this in your ass.” He said. She continued sucking his dick as she took the rolls of paper from him and started removing her panties. She was wearing a long skirt and a classy blouse.

She hiked her skirt up, and shoved the two rolls of white paper in her holes, just as her master ordered. Ignoring the discomfort in her fuck holes, she continued deep throating him, almost obsessively.

“Hah! Hope you won't get a paper cut!” he mocked. She didn't respond, her tongue quite busy.

After admiring the look of her bare ass and pussy, penetrated as they were, Peter continued his rummaging through her things. He tossed a lot of useless stuff on the opposing bench, that she sat on before he zapped her. There were Tictacs, some scribbled notes, and a lot of makeup accessories.

“Well, at least these makeup...things... aren't useless, whatever they're called. You'll need to stay pretty for me.” He said.

As brilliant as he was, he couldn't, for the life of him, understand why women needed so many things just to make their faces presentable. And, he definitely didn't know what half of them were for. So, he placed them next to him, for her to use later.

He found her wallet, tucked away in one of the last places you would look, for security purposes, obviously. He looked at her driver's license.

“Hmm, twenty-eight years old. Pretty young for an 'executive'.” he snickered “Pretty old for a cock sucking sex slave, though”

*\*Smack\**

He spanked her so hard, it was probably heard throughout the train.

“Lilly Hargrove, hmm?” he repeated her name “I don't like it. I think I can come up with a better name for you, slut!”

He stared at her for a few seconds, enjoying the view and the sensation, before saying “How about Lilly blowjob?” he asked, rhetorically.

“Anything you wish, master.” she said, kissing his cock lovingly before shoving it in her mouth again.

“Heh, keep up the good work, then, Ms. Blowjob.”

“Yeth, mash—ther” she said, talking with a mouth full of dick.

Her purse was empty, her entire life bare for her master to play with. He still felt something hard lining the back of her large purse, though.

“Hmm, maybe it's the design...Seems weird though.” he motioned it towards her “Is there anything else in this bag, slave?”

She thought for a few moments “No, master.” she surprised him “There's another pocket, the zipper is hidden behind a flap of fabric. I'm sorry, master.” she apologized for wasting her Master's time.

“Oh, that's interesting. Did I accidentally enslave a secret agent?”

Well, no, he didn't. To his disappointment and relief. The hidden pocket contained a laminated and framed college diploma, perfectly measured for the size of the bag, as if she had it custom made.

“Wow, how low does your self esteem need to be, to carry your MA diploma with you, the whole time? What a useless bitch...” Peter said.

“Let me show you what this degree of yours is really worth.”

He removed the sheet of paper from its framing, and started face fucking her, shoving her head on his cock with his elbow. The furious face fucking didn't stop her tongue from moving and swirling around his cock, exciting him even more. With a groan, he started cumming in her mouth.

“Don't swallow, keep it in your mouth.” He told her.

He took his cock out of her mouth. Her mouth shut, waiting for her master to tell her what to do with his sperm.

He placed her diploma below her chin “Spit it here.”

“Yes, master.” she said with her mouth full, causing a portion of his cum to already drip on the diploma.

Once the paper held his full load, slightly soaking the thick fluid, he shoved it in her face and rubbed fiercely. By the time he

was done, her face looked as if he shot his load directly on her. As a last piece of humiliation, he threw the cum drenched diploma in the garbage, with her watching.

“That's the worth of your degree, and your life, slave.”

“I'm your cum-doll, master” was the only thing she said, with a blank face. Shaking her ass suggestively with the rolls of paper still in her holes.

“Okay, it's time to give you a little more personality. I need my personal assistant capable of being around other people, after all.”

He moved his hand to her face, with the red gem squarely in front of her eyes, and got to work.

## Chapter Three

“And that's the formal definition of a derivative. Next time, we'll see how we can use it to reach the formulas you parroted out in high school, with no real understanding”  
Melisa said, expecting some laughs, but getting none.

The bell rang. “Right on time, I'll see you all next time.” she said with a smile. Most of the students seemed bored or suicidal, or both. She waited for everyone to leave, and put her face in her hands, defeated.

“What am I doing wrong?” she asked desperately. Mary, her sister, was still in the room.

“Nothing, big sis, you're teaching a boring subject! Deal with it!” Mary said with a smile.

“I guess you're right...” Melisa didn't find it boring, but she knew it's true that most people probably preferred a root canal to an exam in integral and deferential math.

“I'm so happy you're here, Mary. I don't know if I'd be able to cope, otherwise.” She said.

“Yep, that's why I'm here. Has nothing to do with me actually wanting to be ready for college.” Mary said sarcastically.

Melisa laughed, “Well, I'm so sorry for bothering you then, little brat.”

Mary made a cute, mocking face and left saying “Bye, teach!”

“Bye, Mary” she said “Make sure you do your homework!” she yelled behind her, only to hear a loud “Oh, shut up!” in response.

It was Melisa's first year of teaching at the Golden Future Prep School for Girls. This school was the place where the sheltered kids of the extremely wealthy came to study before college, so they'll have an even bigger advantage in their Ivy League college degree. She was an Ivy League graduate as well, but she didn't come from money. She got a scholarship and worked hard to get her degree in Mathematics.

It paid off, though, she probably has the best paying teaching job in the country. Plus, she gets to see lots of Billionaires and famous people. She likes to say that star dust is more common than actual dust in this place. And, on top of that, she got her sister accepted as a special favor from the principle, even though she definitely doesn't match the school's financial profile.

Melisa was really surprised at how easily Mary became friends with all the snotty, rich, eighteen year old girls in this place. Maybe it's because Mary lived a pretty sheltered life herself. For most of her childhood and her teenage years, she was sickly and weak. It made their parents treat her with silk gloves, and be way too over protective of her.

Plus, the fact they adopted her as a baby, and never intended on telling her, made them instinctively shelter her even more.

She's fine now. In fact, more than fine. Her skin has more color than ever, she's radiant and, quite honestly, pretty hot. With her dirty blond hair and super model physique, she's truly in bloom. She made Melisa self conscious about her own smooth brunette hair, "Should I dye my hair blond?" she mumbled quietly.

After a few moments of decompressing, she got up and walked to the teachers lounge. The only people there were the principal, and a man she didn't know.

"Ah, Melisa! This is our new guidance councilor, Peter Noland." the fat, well dressed man said.

"Mr. Noland, this is Melisa Monroe, one of our math teachers."

"Hey there" Mr. Noland said, obviously checking her out.

"Hi, nice to meet you, Mr. Noland ." she said with a smile.

Then, a dark haired woman Melisa didn't know walked in.

"Your luggage is unpacked, sir. " She told Mr. Noland.

"Good. Melisa, this is my personal assistant, Lilly." He said

"Pleased to meet you." She raised an eyebrow "Why does a prep school guidance councilor need a personal assistant?"

Mr. Noland was about to respond when the principle said “Now, now, Ms. Monroe. We are a respectable establishment, and we hire respectable employees that know exactly what they need for their job.”

“You mean pompous ones...” she quietly mumbled through her teeth. No one heard.

“Well, I’ll go and get settled.” Mr. Noland said “Come, Lilly.”

“Yes, sir” she said, and followed him, almost like a trained dog.

“Well, then I’ll” Melisa started, but then saw the look the principal gave her. She knew what he wanted.

He reached and grabbed her hand, pulling her to his private office. As he locked the door, he gave her a wet kiss, and placed both hands on her ample ass.

“How is my cute math teacher doing today” he said.

“Okay, sir.” she said with a sexy voice “Unless, maybe I’ve been a bad, bad girl?” She said.

“Two-twenty p.m.” he mumbled, checking the time “Yes, I think you have!”

She still couldn’t believe how easy it was for her to use her body like that. But, it really was the only way to get her sister accepted into this school. She hated him, and hated being his break time squeeze. It would be worth it, though, if her sister can get the full advantages one can receive by graduating from this place.

She never wants her sister to find out what she had to do for it, she’ll take this secret to her grave.

She already felt bad, keeping her sister’s adoption a secret at the beseech of their parents. But this secret will be much easier to keep, she hoped.

Every time the slimy, old, fat man kissed and fondled her she had misgivings, though. Knowing that soon he will want to fuck her, she almost slapped him and ran away.

“Uhm, sir.” she started, no longer in her sexy voice “Maybe...Maybe today we don't have to...I mean...I'm a little tired, maybe we can stop for today.”

“And perhaps your sister doesn't qualify to be a student in this school, after all.” he said with an evil smile. She swallowed nervously, and looked at the floor, realizing there's no helping it. “Yes, sir. Let's continue” she forced a sexy smile on her face and gave in to his desires.

Surprisingly, he took his sweet time. Mostly fondling her, not even taking her clothes off. And, he kept staring at the clock, as if he's waiting for something. He was tender, as if worried he might damage her. Which was hilarious to Melisa, since whatever damage he could have inflicted on her was certainly already done in their past 'one-on-one' meetings.

She didn't complain, though. It wasn't fun, making out with him like that for twenty minutes, but it was better than the usual rough wam bam thank you ma'am attitude he had. After about forty minutes though, she started getting annoyed, and impatient. She felt his hard on, and right when she was about to get it out on her own and finish it quickly, he said “Three p.m.” His eyes glazed over a bit.

“Are you okay, sir?” she asked, worried.

“Oh yes. Ahem, yes.” He shook himself back to reality and continued “I just remembered, you should go talk to Mr. Noland, right now.”

“The new guidance councilor?” she said, rather puzzled.

“Yes, yes.” he mumbled “He should be in his room. Go, quickly.”

“But why sh...”

“Don't ask questions, just go!” A vein popped on his forehead that she only saw when he got really mad.

“Okay, okay.” It was really weird, especially since he didn't even finish his 'agenda' for their little meeting.

She figured whatever the explanation was, Mr. Noland will have it. She walked over to his room in the staff dorms. The

school was quite secluded and most staff members just lived there. It was better than a five star hotel, anyway.

She knocked on the door twice and waited for an answer.

“It's open, Melisa, I've been expecting you.”

She opened the door “Expecting me? What's going on?” she asked as she went inside.

“Lock the door. Shove the key in your cunt.” he said, to Melisa's shock.

“Yes, master” came Lilly's voice from behind.

Before she could blink, Lilly followed Peter's command to the letter, shoving the crude key deep in her pussy.

“I'm very good at utilizing storage space I'm currently not using.” he said with a smile “Kneel before me and suck my cock, Ms. Blowjob .”

“Yes, I am your blow-doll, master” she rushed to him, walking slightly askew due to the sharp key lodged inside of her. She got to her knees, and started masterfully sucking his cock, right in front of Melisa, who was still paralyzed in shock.

Peter raised his left hand and flashed Melisa's eyes with the red gem on his ring. Melisa tried to turn away, but realized her paralysis wasn't just caused by her shock anymore.

“Can't move?” he asked mockingly.

“What have you done to me?” she said, trying not to cry.

“Just an initial stage that I sometimes like using, to see the look on the face of my prey as I explain what their future will look like.” he said and patted Lilly, or Ms. Blowjob, as she gagged on him.

“Any other questions?” he asked with a wicked grin.

“What are you going to do to me?...” she asked weakly.

“A much better question.” he complimented “I am going to take your willpower away from you, and turn you into my helplessly obedient slave. Like Ms. Blowjob here.” he said, indulging on her strong reaction of shock and fear.

“I understand you're twenty-five years old, and an Ivy league graduate to boot. I am as well, by the way. I'm surprised you are

willing to become the mistress of an old fart like that principle, with your level of education.”

She suddenly remembered how weird the principle behaved.

“Did you do that to him as well?” she asked, cautiously.

“More or less.” he answered “You see, I've worked for years trying to understand how to completely kill the willpower of others. My biggest breakthrough was when I realized just how different the will of men and the will of women is.” She looked at him, baffled and terrified.

“So,” he continued “I started studying both genders separately. Obviously, being a hetero-sexual man, I found myself delving into the female psyche much more often.”

“At last, I managed to build this little device here.” he pointed to the red ring “Small enough to be hidden on a ring. With a full blast, it will completely annihilate the willpower of any woman. Even the most willful and independent” he stared at Ms. Blowjob as he said that. Loud slurping and gagging sounds filled the luxurious room.

“Of course, I added other applications to it. Like being able to paralyze women, but keep them aware.”

“However,” he went on “I realized that if I really want to have fun with it, I needed something against the other men in the world. Controlling women is all nice and well, but if I can't stop an assault from an angry father or husband, or just your average morally bound man, how will I ever feel safe doing what I want?”

“So, after some more research, I made this.” this time, he pointed to his other hand, the one with the blue gem ring on it.

“It doesn't have the same power as the red one, and it has to cool down and recharge for twice as long. But, it's enough to make sure no man will be able to get in my way, if I plan things right, of course.”

“So,” he finished “What do you think?”

Melisa made a disgusted face “You're sick! You'll never get away with this!”

“Wow, really?” Peter rolled his eyes “That's the best you could think of? The most cliché line after 'whatever you do, don't look down.'? How disappointing.”

He lifted his hand again, pointing the red ring at her “Don't worry, I'm sure you can make up for it by bringing me all the hot, barely legal, pussy in this school, day after day.”

The red gem flashed much brighter than before, and hit Melisa with a full charge. Melisa's eyes glazed over.

As the light subsided, Peter climaxed from the pleasant attention Lilly Blowjob was giving his cock. She swallowed the full load and said “Thank you, master. I love you, master.”

Lilly adoringly looked up at her master.

“Good girl” he patted her on the head, forcing a violent orgasm on her that caused the key lodged in her cunt to squirt out and hit the floor with a clink.

“Oh right, the key.” Peter said “Melisa, lick the key clean of Ms. Blowjob's pussy juices.”

“You command and I obey, master.” Melisa said, her free will and independence gone from the world. Peter erupted in a stereotypical villainous laughter as he watched the young math teacher slowly lick the key to his room clean.

“Everything is moving according to plan.” he said, his cock already hard again, and decided to try his new toy's body.

## Chapter Four

Mary sat with her small group of friends in the common room, all of them snobby rich girls. She didn't mind, though, they were really nice once she got to know them. They were discussing hot movie stars. A very frequent subject of conversation in their little group.

“Oh yeah, he's so *hawt!*” Vicky shrieked, talking about some Hollywood actor Mary didn't know.

“I met him” Tessa said “He was a supporting character in a movie that my dad starred in.”

Tessa was one of the Hollywood kids in the school. Her dad was one of the best paid actors in the world, and her mom was a lead character in an ongoing Emmy awarded TV show.

“Wow!” Rachel's eyes popped out “was he as hot in real life?”

“I don't know. I was a kid, and he was probably fifteen or something...”

Mary wasn't really listening, though. Every day since she got here, she had dinner with her sister. She was so grateful to her for getting her into this school. It was amazing, who would've thought a girl like her would have the same kick start the silver spooned spawns of the rich and famous got.

Yesterday, though, her sister wasn't in their usual meeting place for dinner. She didn't answer her phone, and was no where to be found. Mary searched everywhere, and found nothing. It was mid-day on the next day already, and her sister was still missing. The school was big, though, so if her sister wanted to avoid her, it wouldn't be much of a problem. Did she say something wrong yesterday after class? She just wanted to make Melisa feel better.

“What's bothering you, Mary? You seem a bit off.” Chloe said. Chloe Schmidt was her best friend in the school, so it wasn't

surprising she picked up on the fact something was bothering her.

“I think my sister is avoiding me.” She said.

“Oh come on, don't be ridiculous” She tried to reassure her “I'm sure she's just busy. She does work here, you know.” she said with a smile and a slightly mocking tone that made Mary laugh. Her phone suddenly rang. It was her sister. “See,” Chloe said “You worry too much.”

“Melisa! Where were you yesterday?”

“I had to do some thinking, sorry.” Her older sister said.

“I hope you didn't obsess on the girls being bored in your class. Because that's ridiculous!” Mary was trying to make her feel better, but was scared she might make it worse.

“No, it's not that. Listen, can you come to my room?”

“Yeah, sure. I'll be right there.”

When she got there, she gasped.

“What on earth are you wearing?” Mary asked her older sister.

“Just some casual lingerie” Melisa answered. She wore a sexy red thong and a bra barely capable of holding the weight of her tits. She was wearing whorish high heels as well.

“Is this because of yesterday? Are feeling insecure or something?” Mary asked.

“Don't be ridiculous” Melisa said with a smile “I'm over it. I love what I do, and that's enough for me.”

Mary was relieved, she looked perfectly normal, and much happier than yesterday. In fact, much happier then she seemed ever since Mary enrolled at Golden Future.

“I bought some kinky lingerie for you too, Mary. Try them on.”

“Wait. What?” Mary was a little shocked.

“Well, you're a grown woman now. And you won't be in an all-girl prep school forever. I think you were too sheltered when you were growing up. I'm your older sister, I want to help you enjoy the best time of your life.” She said, completely sincere.

Mary didn't really like it. But it wasn't uncharacteristic of her sister to go overboard trying to take care of her. And, Mary didn't want to disappoint her, after she got Mary the best opportunity she could have ever hoped for. So, she put the black lingerie on, complete with a sexy black thong, black push up bra and black stockings.

“How do I look?” Mary asked, feeling self conscious.

“Perfect!” Melisa beamed at her.

“Oh! It's already half-past-three p.m. I didn't notice the time.”

“Do you have a four o'clock class?” Mary asked.

“No, actually. I have an appointment with the new guidance councilor, Mr Noland. Oh!” she said, as if she just had a brilliant idea “You should come with me!”

“Why?” Mary asked, frowning.

“Well let's think, Mary.” Melisa started, rolling her eyes “You are a young, eighteen year old student, about to start your adult life. He is a guidance councilor, who's job is to help young students like you decide on what they want to do in life. I know I skipped two plus two in my class, but I figured it was covered in elementary school...”

She smiled at Mary jokingly. Mary narrowed her eyes, and gave a half smile “Funny, real funny.” she said, sarcasm oozing from her every pore.

“But I don't even have a general idea as to what I wanna do in life...”

“That doesn't matter” her sister reassured her “He's an expert. He can help, even if you have no clue.” she smiled.

“I'm sure that, by the time he's done, you'll know exactly what you want to do with the rest of your life!”

Mary took a deep breath “Okay, sure. Just let me change.”

“No, no time. Just put your skirt and shirt back on. I'll...hmm...wear this robe. No time to get dressed.”

“What?” Mary was shocked once more.

“Come on fast, fast! I don't want to be late. You know how people in this place can be. Put these heels on”

“Heels? What?”

Melisa rushed her, and didn't give her any time to ask questions. Before she knew it, they were outside of the guidance councilor's office. They walked inside, and the man behind the desk waved at them with the back of his hand, which was weird. Mary immediately noticed the twinkle on the big gem he had on his finger.

“Lock the door behind you.” he said.

“Yes master” Mary heard Melisa's voice say. And then the sound of a key being turned and lock being locked. Mary somehow knew Melisa was next to her, but she couldn't move or talk, completely paralyzed. Her eyes popped out and her pupils danced in distress.

“What did you do to her, master? She seems frightened.” Melisa asked, not a tinge of care in her voice.

“I completely froze her. She can't even talk, but I can still enjoy the emotions she displays through her eyes and face.

“That's enough, Blowjob” Lilly Blowjob was sucking her master's cock under the desk, never shirking her duty to keep her master's manhood wet. He got up, Mary was shocked to see his raging hard on.

“Melisa, get your perfect ass over here.” he lifted his hand towards her.

“Yes, master.” Melisa dropped her robe on the floor, revealing the lewd outfit beneath, barely covering her smooth skin.

She walked towards him, shaking her ass seductively, until she reached him and turned around to serve her shapely, young ass for him to fondle. And he did, with a big smile on his face.

“Bend over the desk, bitch.”

“Anything you say, master.” she responded. Mary was watching helplessly, trying to understand what's going on, and hoping this is all just an erotic nightmare.

Melisa bent over, wiggling her ass, hoping her master liked it. He moved the thin strand of fabric covering her twat aside, teased her pussy lips with his tip, and plunged into her with one swift motion. Melisa moaned loudly.

“Thank you, master! My pussy is yours to enjoy, in any way you want!”

*\*Spank\**

He smacked her ass while fucking her doggy style. “What about your little sister's pussy?” he asked her.

She stared at Mary's shocked face, with her tongue dangling out of her mouth, and a slutty smile on her face.

“Her pussy is yours, master. Her ass is yours, and her perky, eighteen year old tits, are all yours!” She moaned as she told her master what he wanted to hear.

“She exists to be your slave. Mind, body and soul. She's nothing but a warm female body for you to play with! An object in your possession! A sex toy, and pleasure slave!”

By now, Mary had time to get past the initial shock. Her eyes showed a combination of fear and fury. Her anger was mostly directed towards the man using her sister like a sex toy. But, also towards her sister, for bringing her to him like some trophy.

*Even if he used some mind control bullshit on you, You should care about me enough to fight it, Melisa.* Mary thought, her despair rising.

She still didn't understand the depth of control Peter had on her sister. Right now, Melisa's mind was practically an extension of his will. She couldn't even fathom the concept of having a desire anymore. Her body moved according to her brain's decisions, as always.

But, her brain made no decisions anymore. The only rules in her life were the ones her master gave her. She would kill her

parents, or even herself, if that is what he wished.

“Now, tell me what you are, Melisa!” he said, grunting as he furiously banged her from behind.

*\*Smack\**

“I am your obedient slave, master. I exist to please your every whim. My body is yours. My mind is yours. I am nothing. My existence is meaningless. You are everything. I am an insignificant insect compared to your greatness!” He picked up the pace, his cock starting to throb. But then, right before he came, he caught himself and pulled out.

“Did I do something wrong, master?” Melisa asked, worried.

“*Ohh fuck!* I almost forgot the purpose of this little meeting, hehe.” The wicked smile he often wore returned to his face as he looked at Mary.

Her eyes still had a combination of terror and anger that made her look almost cute. Normally, he would let her talk a little bit, so he could hear her final free words. But, he was so worked up from fucking her sister, that it might actually drive him over the edge, and make him cum right there and then. Although, if he did, he could have her lick his cum off the floor. That thought almost finished him, as well.

Panting slightly, he raised his hand casually and a bright red light beamed into Mary's face.

Her eyes immediately changed from willful stubbornness to a mindless glaze, as her free will ran for the hills, never to be seen again.

“Take off your skirt and shirt, Mary.” he commanded.

“As you wish, master.” she said.

“I always love the first time my slaves call me that.” he said as he watched her undress.

“Turn around.”

“Yes, master.” She turned around, pushing her ass slightly in his direction with a slight wiggle, for her master's viewing pleasure.

“You have a beautiful body. You're the first eighteen year old I'll ever fuck, and I am very happy I chose you.”

“Thank you master” she said “I'm honored to be the first barely legal pussy to please you.”

“The first of many,” he said “Melisa, strip your sister naked.”

“I'm your puppet, master.” Melisa said, walking over to get a chair, and placing it right next to Mary.

Melisa sat down, and spread her legs lewdly for him. She gave Mary's ass a warm kiss, and started slowly removing her stockings. Mary obliged, like a barbie doll being undressed. As the stockings reached her heels, she removed those as well.

It was time to remove Mary's thong. Melisa slowly pulled it down, while Mary slowly moved her ass from side to side. Her pussy was slightly wet already, making the silky fabric of her thong stick to her pussy lips.

Then, in the blink of an eye, her thong gave way and revealed her wet fuck lips, now fully dedicated to her master. He almost lost the game again, as he saw Mary's tight, virgin pussy, and her now naked ass.

“Perfect...” He mumbled.

“Thank you, master” Mary whispered. Mary turned around and let Melisa remove her bra, freeing her gravity defying breasts for her master to ogle.

“Get her ready for me, Melisa.”

“Yes, master.” Melisa said, and started rubbing Mary's pussy and clit lightly, increasing her wetness. She didn't insert her fingers inside, because she knew Mary was a virgin, and that master wanted to be the one to deflower her.

A few seconds later, she was ready.

“Ride my cock, Mary.”

“Yes master. My pussy is your fuck toy”

The innocent virgin walked around the desk, and positioned herself in front of him. She took his cock with her dainty, soft

hands, and spread her legs above it. She lowered herself slowly, guiding her hips down on his cock, until the tip of his dick lightly touched her virgin, untouched pussy.

Her face was blank, not yet properly programmed by her master. She made sure the tip of his member was firmly inside of her, and wrapped her arms around him.

With a quick, merciless motion, she speared herself on him. Her blank face looking up involuntarily from the sharp pain of her torn hymen. She immediately started moving herself up and down, oblivious to the pain, and brought her face back to gaze at her master.

He had his hands on her hips, not that he needed them to move her. She fucked him like a machine. A living doll, who's only thought is to please him. She started grinding her hips back and forth, rotating and shaking her ass, as if she's been doing this her entire adult life. Her perky tits bounced as she jumped up and down, her pussy lips wetly kissing his balls at her lowest point, taking his full erection in her tight cunt.

*"Ohh damn!* This is the best thing I have ever felt!" he groaned in pleasure.

"I am truly honored by your words, master, thank you." She said, blood dripping from between her legs. He grabbed her tits, playing with them like squeeze toys.

"As your guidance councilor, I think I know exactly what you need to do with your life." He said.

"I'm glad, master. This worthless slave never knew what career to choose."

"You are going to be my sex doll, Mary. Just a toy to be played with, until I reach an orgasm, and then put away until the next time I feel like using you."

"Yes, master. I'm your sex doll. That's my role in life."

"That's right. Just a doll to be used for sexual release, and thrown away when you get too overused. Only to be replaced by a younger, tighter version."

"Yes, master. Use this sex doll until she is too worn out to please you properly. This doll is grateful you chose her to fill this

position.”

He couldn't take it anymore/

“I'm gonna cum, you worthless fuckdoll.”

“Thank you master, this doll's pussy is your cum dump.” With that, he blew his load deep inside her, biting her nipple fiercely. It took him a few seconds to calm down. Once he did, he had Mary kneel before him, cum and blood dripping from her recently deflowered pussy. While her own pussy juices, and some blood, covered his cock.

“Mary, clean my cock. Melisa, lick my cum from Mary's pussy.”

“Yes, master.” They both said.

Mary sat down from her kneeling position and spread her legs so her cum filled pussy was visible to her master, and started licking his cock clean. Meanwhile, Melisa started licking and kissing Mary's young cunt, slurping the cum off of it as if the mixture of her little sister's juices, her virginal blood, and her master's cum was the most delicious thing in the world.

Peter watched her eating away at Mary's pussy and felt Mary's lips and tongue working hard to lick his cock clean.

“Life is just getting better and better.” he said out loud.

“Mary, I understand your best friend is Chloe Schmidt, the billionaire's daughter, correct?”

“Yes *\*Slurp\** master *\*Lick\**. She and I got really close over the last few months.”

“Excellent, I want to use her to take over her father's fortune.” He said.

“Her pussy is yours to control, master.” Mary said obediently.

“Oh, I know, but that will have to wait till tomorrow at four p.m. I took my time zapping you because I was busy banging your sister.” he said, moving his gaze back and forth from his two working girls, and their busy mouths.

“Of course, you will help me get her, Mary.”

“Of course, master.” She nodded. He started laughing maniacally again.

And so, as the Monroe sisters worked their mouths, and Ms. Lilly Blowjob knelt, forgotten, beneath the desk, waiting for her master to use her again, Peter Noland checked another V on a milestone of his master plan to acquire wealth, power and any pussy he wants.

“Everything is moving according to plan.” He said with a vicious cackle, and smiled.

###

## **Higher Education 2 – The More The Merrier**

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### **Chapter One – Prologue**

Peter Noland, the new guidance counselor at the Golden Future Prep School for the daughters of the extremely wealthy, woke up with a smile on his face.

Why was he smiling? Well, it may have had something to do with the fact his head was buried in the voluptuous mounds of his slave, Melisa, a math teacher at the school. Another reason for his happy smile may be the fact that his morning wood was lovingly taken care of by two sets of wet lips and tongue.

They belonged to his two other slaves. The former career woman, Lily Hargrove, now working full time as his cock sucker. In fact, he changed her name to Lily Blowjob. She usually goes by Ms. Blowjob, though.

Ms. Blowjob was very good at her new job, as Peter quickly found out. That's why he had her tutor his latest slave, Mary, in the important duty of giving their master head. Mary was Melisa's younger sister, and Peter only enslaved her the night before. She was only eighteen years old, and sheltered for most of her life. That explained her inexperience in the art of properly serving a man, which is why Peter had his two more experienced slaves teach her.

Peter started sucking on Melisa's nipples, as he felt Mary and Ms. Blowjob's lips kiss his member from both sides, going up and down his shaft.

“Let's show master what I taught you, Mary.” Ms. Blowjob said.

“Yes, Ms. Blowjob.” Mary said with a smile, giving her master's cock a loving kiss. Peter had no idea what the lesson was about, but he couldn't wait to find out.

He didn't have to wait long. In a second, Mary started licking and kissing his balls as if it was ice cream. Meanwhile, Ms Blowjob deep throated him, swirling her tongue all around his shaft as she moved up and down. She took his cock so deep, that her swirling tongue actually touched Mary's tongue as the latter licked his balls passionately.

Peter quickly found out that was just the opening salvo. Without notice, the two mouths started swiftly moving up and down his shaft. So that when Mary's lips were hugging the tip, Ms. Blowjob's mouth hugged his balls.

They moved across the length of his cock a few of times, in complete unison, before settling again in their original position. It took Peter a few seconds to realize they actually switched positions, so now Mary was deep throating him, and Ms. Blowjob attended to his balls.

Peter groaned in pleasure and suckled on Melisa's nipples. He never thought fellatio could be feel this amazing, or be so amazingly inventive. His two blow dolls kept alternating roles. And, every time they switched, they gave him another one of their ferocious, and perfectly synchronized lip dance, as they quickly moved along his shaft a few times before settling again. It was like a well practiced symphony, and Peter could almost hear the music playing, as they continued pleasing his cock an balls in a steady rhythm.

Mary was playing the cock at the moment, while Ms. Blowjob gave him a ball licking solo. Peter couldn't wait for another role switch. It was, by far, the most arousing part of their routine. He

wanted to command them to do it, but he appreciated their efforts so much, that he decided to just let them determine the pace themselves this time. They aimed to please him, after all. And, perhaps they deserved some artistic freedom, considering he took every other kind of freedom away from them

Just when he least expected it, they made another switch. It felt so fantastic that he flailed his hands on the bed, hitting Melisa's thighs a few times. She didn't mind, she just a bedding accessory, at the moment.

He could only handle one more of their switches before exploding deep inside Mary's mouth.

“Did you like it, master?” Ms. Blowjob asked, as Mary struggled to swallow his full load, with his cock still in her mouth.

“It was the best.” Peter said, panting for air. In fact, it was so good, that Peter was already rock hard by the time Mary managed to swallow his previous load. Like the good slavegirl she was, Mary didn't even take her master's cock out of her mouth, before starting to bob her head up and down again.

Peter got out of bed, and walked to his bathroom with Mary still latched to his crotch. He grabbed the back of her head, and dragged her. Once there, he brushed his teeth, and washed his face, while Mary continued pleasing his rod with her lips and tongue.

Then he got into the shower, to wash himself. When he washed the soap off himself, some of it dripped on Mary's face, making it harder for her to continue sucking. She didn't stop, or slow down, though. It was not even an option she could consider. She was a mindless cunt that existed to be her master's toy, after all.

After washing all the soap from his body, Peter grabbed the back of Mary's head with both hands, and started pumping his crotch into her mouth relentlessly. Mary made sure to move and swirl her tongue, for her master's delight. He thrust his cock so deep into her, that his pubic hair tickled her chin, with each deep swing.

“Eyes at me, slut.” He commanded. She made a sequence of inaudible sounds, as her urge to say ‘Yes, master’ collided with her need to keep properly swirling her tongue around his member. Regardless, she lifted her eyes, and stared adoringly at the man that ruled her life, as he fucked her face.

It wasn’t long before he exploded in her throat once more. So deep, that she hardly had to swallow at all. The massive load simply streamed down her throat on its own.

“*Ahhh*, that was great.” He said.

“Thank you for fucking my mouth, master.” The obedient, eighteen year old slave said, with true gratitude in her eyes.

“You’re welcome, slave.” Peter said with a smile, and moved to the toilet to take a leak.

His cock wasn’t completely flaccid yet, which made it harder to aim, and gave him a wicked idea.

“Mary, get over here, and aim my cock at the toilet.”

“Yes, master.” She said, and crawled over to him from her previous kneeling position in the shower.

“Make sure you don’t miss. If you do, you’ll have to lick it clean.” He said, sadistically.

She didn’t miss. It was probably because of her undying devotion, and desire to follow her instructions to the letter, without fail. Or, perhaps women are just better at aiming penises, which provides a great solution to all the couples out there having these sorts of arguments. Though it would probably require some brainwashing...

“This is fantastic” Peter said, as he finished his business and walked back to bed.

“I don’t have to touch my dick ever again, unless I want to. I can use my slaves for all intents and purposes.”

For some reason, that thought made him hard again.

“Melisa, move your ass over here, and ride my cock.” He commanded his tit-pillow slave, as he lay down on bed, on a real pillow this time.

“Yes master. My cunt, ass, tits, and mouth are yours to play with, Master.” She said lovingly, and moved to position.

“*Ahh*, what a great morning!” Peter said happily.

## Chapter Two

Chloe Schmidt sighed as she looked at the caller ID on her phone, and answered.

“Hey, dad...” She said, ready for more guilt trips and annoying suggestions.

“Hey, honey, listen. There’s something I wanted to tell you.” here we go, Chloe thought.

“What is it, daddy?” Chloe asked.

“I just wanted to apologize for being so pushy. You know, about the company, and Tim, and everything. I’ve given it some thought, and you’re right. In the end, what you do with your life is your choice, and I shouldn’t try to pressure you about it.”

Chloe was a little shocked.

“Wow...Um, okay dad. Thanks. You kinda surprised me.” She giggled a little.

“Well, you really shouldn’t have to thank me for this, it should be obvious. You’re a grown woman, now, and you can make your own decisions. It’s just that I still have more life experience than you do, and you can use that to avoid making mistakes, and...”

“Dad! My mistakes are mine to make, please...” Chloe interrupted.

“Okay okay. You’re right. So, how’s school?” He asked.

“I’m on my way to class, right now.”

“Okay, well, I won’t bother you, then. Love you honey.”

“I love you too, dad. Bye” Chloe said, and hung up.

“That wasn’t so bad.” She said out loud, and continued walking to class. Her dad really pushed her to become a business woman, and eventually take over the CEO position at the oil company he owned.

That was all nice and well, but Chloe simply hadn’t decided yet if that’s what she wants to do with her life. To add to her annoyance, lately, her dad started badgering her about Tim

Lipsky, the son of Richard Lipsky, owner of one of the biggest banks in the world.

It was as if her dad wanted an arranged marriage, like the ones they had had in the middle ages, when two houses had their children betrothed to strengthen their status, and alliances. This wasn't the middle ages, but it appears the extremely wealthy still wanted to use marriage to get even wealthier.

Chloe wouldn't hear of it. She met Tim, and he was the worst kind of snob there is. He truly feels he is better than others because of his money, and always insults anyone not of his "status", if he talks with them at all. Chloe always hated people like that.

"Earth to Chloe!" Mary, Chloe's best friend, said, and tore Chloe away from her thoughts.

"Oh, sorry! What were you saying?" Chloe asked.

"Well, nothing. You seem a little out of it. Is everything okay?" Mary asked.

"My dad called before class..." Chloe answered with a sigh.

"He's still pressuring you to make the 'right' career choices, huh?" Mary winked at her.

"Yeah...I think he's actually waiting for any decision, just as long as he knows what it is." Chloe said with all honesty.

"That's how parents are, you know, especially the over protective ones." Mary said.

Mary always managed to reassure Chloe, and help her cope. Meeting Mary made Chloe despise Tim and his attitude towards the less fortunate even more. Mary is the only girl at Golden Future that didn't come from money. Her sister was the math teacher, and got her in using her connections.

Chloe had a feeling her sister had to do more than just beg the principle to get her in, but she would never say anything about it to Mary. Mary adored her big sister, and Chloe knew she would hate her for even suggesting something like that.

Who would've though, that out of all the girls in school, Chloe would relate most to the girl that came from the most different

socio-economical background. Mary knew about being sheltered, though. And, she knew the feeling of having to deal with over bearing expectations. It's all because Mary was very sick when she was growing up. She only got better a few years ago, and now she is taking her life back like a storm. Chloe truly admired that about her.

"You know" Mary said "I think I know someone who can help you make that decision."

"What decision?" Chloe asked, distracted from her thoughts once again. Mary snorted "Wow, you really are out of it, today. About your future career. You know, so you can tell your dad."

"Oh, right. Who?" Chloe asked her, hopeful.

"The new guidance counselor. Melisa took me to see him yesterday, and he's the best. I got out with really big insights about my future, and my life."

"Really?" Chloe asked, surprised to hear Mary praise the man so highly.

"Yeah! Plus, it's literally his job to help us with just these kinds of decisions." Mary was beaming at her, almost begging with her eyes for Chloe to agree.

"Okay then, I'll go there after second period." Chloe said.

"No!" Mary suddenly said, with surprising ferocity that didn't seem appropriate to the situation.

"It has to be after four p.m."

"Why?" Chloe asked.

"He's booked until then." Mary said quickly.

"Okaaaay." Chloe said, but still thought the exchange was a little weird.

"Hey, girls, what are you taking about?" Tessa suddenly popped out of nowhere.

"Nothing much. How was the movie yesterday?" Mary asked, which brought the usual twenty minutes long rant from the avid movie buff, and ended their previous conversation.

It was half-past-four when Chloe finally stood behind the door labeled 'Peter Noland, guidance counselor'.

She took a deep breath, and knocked on the door, hoping to find the answers she was looking for.

“Come on in. It’s open.” Peter shouted through the door. Chloe entered the room, and took a sit.

“Hi, I’m...” She started.

“Chloe Schmidt. Yes, I know. Heiress to the Schmidt fortune, and a hot piece of ass to boot.” He said with a smile. Chloe couldn’t help but look at the big red gem that adorned his finger. She felt a little tingle as she stared at it. Then, she suddenly processed what he just said.

“E---Excuse me?!” She said, shocked.

“Oh, you’re excused.” He said, lifting his hand, and pointing the red gem straight at her.

“Sorry, honey. Usually I like to play with my prey a little more. However, you are one of my main targets, and I’m not taking any chances. Say goodbye to your free will.”

As he finished talking, there was a flash of blinding light. Then, everything turned black, and then white again. She didn’t know how long it lasted, and pretty soon, she no longer cared.

Suddenly, after another flash of blinding white light, the colors returned to the world, and she found herself in her master’s office. She stood at attention, waiting for his instructions, as any good slave should.

“Now, Chloe, I understand you were having trouble deciding your future career.” Peter said.

“Yes, master. I didn’t know what to do with my future, and Mary said I should ask you about it. I’m so glad she offered it. I have my answer, now.”

“And what is your answer, slave? What will you do with your future? What is the purpose of your life?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“To please you, master. To obey, and follow your every whim. I dedicate my future, my past, and my present to you. My entire existence is yours to toy with, as you please.”

“Good girl.” Hearing her master’s compliment made Chloe shudder with delight.

“And Mary did a good job as well, bringing you to me. Come over here and thank her properly, Chloe.”

“Yes, master.” Chloe said, and walked around his desk. Under the table, slave Mary was busy deep throating her master’s cock, never even taking a break to breathe. Chloe knelt right next to Mary. “Thank you so much, Mary. For helping me find my purpose in life, in servitude to our great master.” She said, her eyes gleaming with tears of joy.

“Kiss her.” Peter commanded.

“Anything you wish, master.”

Mary popped her master’s cock out of her mouth, and allowed Chloe to plant a wet, warm kiss on her lips. They kissed passionately for about a minute, until their master was bored, and decided to move on.

He had Chloe lie on his table, and spread her legs wide for him.

“Something is still missing.” He said, and then “Oh right, I know! Mary, sit on Chloe’s face for me. Chloe, eat your best friend’s pussy like the whore you are.”

“Yes master” both girls chimed in unison, and began exacting their last set of instructions.

As Chloe started lapping at Mary’s wet snatch, her master entered her forcefully, and started pounding her barely used pussy.

“Oh damn, till I got to this school, I had no idea a pussy can be so fucking tight! This is heaven!” Peter said as he moaned coarsely, enjoying everything Chloe’s tight snatch had to offer. Chloe was so happy to hear her master praise her tight cunt, that she almost fainted with joy. Meanwhile, Mary was given permission to orgasm, and graced Chloe with a gushing squirt of her juices on Chloe’s face.

“Clean your pussy juices from her face, Mary”

“Yes, master.” Mary said, and started licking Chloe’s face, stealing a wet kiss every now and then.

Watching the show, peter couldn’t take it anymore. He took his cock out of Chloe’s pussy, and sprayed her stomach with it. His climax was so strong, that some of his load actually flew all the way to her tits, painting the lovely mounds of flesh white.

“Now that I have you, Chloe. I can really start setting things in motion.” Peter said, with a happy sigh, and a wide smile.

“I’m so happy to be of use to you, master.” Chloe said, as she licked her master’s cum from her lovely tits.

## Chapter Three

“I said no! I don’t need a meeting with some guidance counselor. I know exactly what I want to do with my life.” Vicky said, obviously getting annoyed at Chloe’s constant badgering

“Even if you think so, you should talk to him.” Chloe didn’t miss a step “He has a lot of experience. He can still help you!”

“*Gah!* What is wrong with you today, Chloe?!” Vicky asked, exhausted.

Tessa didn’t understand it, either. Out of all the girls in their class, Vicky was probably the most determined, and specific, in her goal to follow in her mother’s footsteps, and take over her mother’s software company. And fortune, of course.

“Leave her alone, Chloe. You know you won’t be able to convince her when she’s like this. Besides, I think Vicky is right. She definitely doesn’t need some middle aged man giving her career advice.”

“Thank you, Tess.” Vicky said.

“Hey, what are BFFs for, right? Wanna make out?” Tess asked casually, as always. Vicky face palmed “I can’t believe I’m already this used to your special brand of craziness, Tess.” She said as Tessa grinned wickedly, enjoying every awkward moment.

“See what I have to deal with, Chloe? Please don’t go crazy on me, too!” Vicky exclaimed.

Tessa wasn’t entirely kidding, of course. She was bisexual, and Vicky was a hot number if there ever was one. Unfortunately, Vicky was also as straight as can be, so Tessa knew she was barking up the wrong tree. She still enjoyed barking, though, and watching Vicky’s cute embarrassed responses. It’s not like she loved Vicky or anything, it was simple, carnal desire, that sometimes led her nightly “self-love” sessions.

She tried giving the boys and the girls in her mind the same amount of attention, which made her a very horny girl, almost all

the time. In fact, if her friends only knew what usually went on in her mind, they might avoid being in the same room with her.

“Actually, I think I’ll like a crazy Chloe.” Tessa said, with the same wicked pleasure “Maybe together we can convince Mary and Vicky to have a foursome, and post it online! Maybe we could convince the janitor to join in on the fun, too!” Both Chloe and Vicky’s eyes popped out, and their cheeks reddened.

“I’m so sorry, Vicks.” Chloe said “I had no idea what you had to deal with. Well, I did, but I think she’s getting worse. Maybe the two of you should go to couples therapy.” Chloe said with jest.

“Yes!” Tessa said immediately “And maybe the therapist can teach us some crazy new sex positions, too!”

“Or maybe we should have you committed...” Vicky said, and rolled her eyes.

“I always found those strait jackets kinky. With the way they tie you up and restrain you.” Tessa said.

“Wow, you can really make everything dirty, huh?” Chloe said.

“It’s a good thing I know exactly how to manipulate you into getting off the subject.” Vicky said, smugly.

“Oh, really? I doubt that!” Tessa said, ready to make a funny remark about getting off.

“Oh Yeah? Chloe, ever watched ‘Back to the Future’?” Vicky asked, making Tess light up.

“Umm, no, why?” Chloe responded, which made Vicky smile, and made Tessa’s nostrils flare.

“Are you kidding me?! It’s a freaking classic!” Tessa exploded “Okay, Chloe, I’m giving you some homework, then. You have to watch it, it’s so good...”

Tessa continued to ramble on until class started. Vicky did know Tessa well enough to distract her. She had only two passions: Sex, and cinema. And it wasn’t just because her dad was an Oscar winning movie star.

Tessa really did love everything that had to do with the silver screen, and probably watched more movies than anyone her age,

in the entire world. She still hasn't decided if she wanted to be an actress, a director, or a movie critic, but she knew she wanted a career related to cinema. Luckily, her dad could probably pull plenty of strings for her. She will just have to cope with being the 'daughter of' for the rest of her life, though.

Tessa, Vicky, and Chloe decided to meet at the library at half past five p.m., to study for an upcoming test. They usually met at four p.m., but Chloe insisted on having it later this time. Tessa decided to show up thirty minutes earlier, to set up one of her well known pranks for the unsuspecting girls. Well, to be honest, they probably never stopped suspecting her, but that only made for a bigger challenge, which is why she had to prepare in advance.

Nothing could have prepared Tessa for what she saw in the library, as she got inside, though. The new guidance counselor, Peter Noland, was towering over a topless Vicky, with Chloe and Mary kneeling naked at either of his sides, with their hands behind their backs, and their eyes on the floor, as submissive as a person can get.

Mr. Noland was busy rubbing his member all over Vicky's pristine face. To Tessa's surprise, and great arousal, Vicky's tongue was actually busy trying to slurp his balls and lick his cock.

"Now this is a great use for your mouth, Vicky." He said.

"Thank you, master. My mouth is yours to use, anytime you wish." Vicky said, in a sexy whisper.

"Holy shit!" Tessa whispered anxiously. She didn't know how, but that man has brainwashed Vicky somehow, not to mention Chloe and Mary, as well.

"Well, that explains why Chloe pushed Vicky so hard to see him..." Tessa realized.

"Okay, Vicky. Now let's put those funbags to work, shall we?" He said, looking down on Vicky with a smug, and happy face.

"Anything you wish, master. My tits are for your fun only." Vicky responded.

Tessa knew she had to find help. That she had to run away, before he catches her, and enslaves her as well. She couldn't detach herself from the scene, though. She fantasized about her little group of friends getting down and dirty in an orgy of the flesh so many times, and now it was unfolding right before her eyes.

Sure, in her dreams she was always the one in charge of the fun, and not some dude, but she still found it impossible not to stare, and allow her hands to drift below her skirt and into her lacey panties.

She watched as Vicky gave Mr. Noland an eager, yet clumsy tit fuck. It was quite obvious she never did that before. Nevertheless, whatever form of control he used on her made the prudish Vicky do everything in her power to please the cock between her boobs, squeezing them around his cock like two soft, bouncy pieces of dough, with no regard for her own comfort.

Tessa had three fingers shoved deep in her own pussy at this point. She stifled her own moaned as best as she could, hoping none of the people she was watching would notice her.

*"Ohh, yeah. I'm about to cum, bitch!"* Mr. Noland told Vicky. *"I'll spray my load all over your firm, bouncy tits!"*

*"Yes, master. This obedient bitch can't wait."*

Tessa couldn't wait, either. She had a finger on her clit, and three others rummaging inside of her. She knew she wouldn't be able contain herself, when he finally started hosing Vicky's tits with his hot load.

She was right. As Mr. Noland sprayed load after hot load on Vicky's perfect tits, Tessa bit on her blouse, and erupted in her own blinding orgasm that brought her to her knees. Tessa came down from her climax, with her shirt still in her mouth, and her knees on the cold floor, which was wet from her squirting orgasm. She came to her senses a moment later.

"I have to get help." She mumbled to herself, making sure none of them had noticed her.

She turned around, and gasped. Before her stood Mary's older sister, Melisa, the math teacher. She was topless as well, and wore whorish make-up on her face.

"Well, what do we have here, hmm?" She said "Tessa, it's not nice to spy on people, you know. What a bad, bad girl!" She sounded aloof, and aroused. Before Tessa could say anything, or run away, something hit her hard on the head, and everything went black.

Two topless women lifted her lifeless body, and presented it to their master.

"Master, this girl was frigging herself behind the shelves while watching you play with your toys." Ms. Blowjob said, and knelt before her master.

"This humble sex toy decided it was best to knock her out, and let you decide on what to do next, master."

"Good slave, Ms. Blowjob." He said, making Lily Blowjob shudder with delight.

"Her name is Tessa, master. " Melisa informed her master as she went to kneel before him as well.

"Tessa?" He said "You mean Tessa Hilson, Larry Hilson's daughter?"

"Yes, master." This time, Vicky answered, taking a pause from licking the cum on her boobs, and making them shine.

"I thought you said she won't be bothering us for another half an hour, Chloe-slut." Peter said sternly.

"I'm so sorry, master. I told her to come at five-thirty. I don't know why she came early."

"This complicated things. Chloe, spank yourself a hundred times, and then pinch your nipples hard for ten minutes straight."

"Yes, master, thank you for punishing your worthless slave, master."

"And Mary, help Vicky clean her tits." He barked.

"Yes, master. " Mary responded immediately.

"Okay, drag her to your room, Melisa. Help her, Ms. Blowjob."

“Yes, master, as you wish.”

## Chapter Four

Tessa woke up with a sharp pain in her noggin. She gagged on something long in her throat. She wanted to wipe the cobwebs from her eyes, but realized her hands were tied. When she finally opened her eyes, she remembered what happened, and began to wiggle on the floor, trying to get away.

“That’s a good pussy.” She heard a man say.

*\*Slap\**

Looking up, she saw Mr. Noland fuck a docile and silent Vicky from behind. She was bent over on the bed, and was pounded so hard that Tessa couldn’t believe she could remain so silent. Vicky’s obedience and desire to please went beyond any small desire to moan, though. Unless her master wanted her to moan, obviously.

“Oh look at that. The horny little slut is awake.” Mr. Noland said.

*“Mmmhmm mmmhmm”*

“I think she’s trying to say something. What do you think, Vicky-slut?”

*\*Slap\**

“I don’t know, master.” Vicky answered, as calm as if she’s taking a stroll in the park, and not pussy pounded like an over-used sex doll.

“I can’t understand what she’s saying with that gigantic dildo in her mouth, master.”

*\*Spank\**

“I’m sorry, master.” She said as he unloaded his load into her sloppy cunt.

“Thank you for cumming inside of me, master.”

*\*Spank\**

“Okay, I’m going to my room to fuck Melisa. Entertain the horny slut properly, like I told you.”

With that, he left Tessa tied to the floor, her mouth gagged and her limbs tightly tied.

It was only after he left, that Tessa noticed Vicky wasn't the only slave there. Both Mary and Chloe lay naked on the bed, waiting for their master to use them. They both got up, knelt on the floor in front of each other, and started making out.

*"Mmm! Mhh!"* Tessa begged them for release.

"What's the matter, Tess?" Vicky said "I thought you liked being tied up. And you've been talking about all of us having a lesbian orgy for months, now. You should thank our noble master for making us his personal sex toys, and beg him to let you sixty nine me."

*"Mmmmmmm."* Tears started falling from Tessa's eyes.

"Oh don't cry Tess." Chloe said, before plunging her tongue into Mary's wet twat.

"Yeah. *Ah!* We all love master, and what he did to us. We were never happier, *Nyaaa!*" Mary moaned as Chloe serviced her.

Vicky lay down on the floor next to the tied up girl, and Tessa felt Vicky's dainty fingers on her naked clit, making her shudder. Vicky held her face inches from Tessa, so she could feel her breaths on her gagged lips and cheeks.

"I know what you want, you horny girl." Vicky cooed, and shoved her middle finger in Tessa's tight cunt.

*"Mmmm!"*

"Oh, I think she wants the dildo out of her skanky mouth." Vicky said. Tessa nodded furiously.

"Okay. But before I take it out of your mouth, you need to promise to be nice and quiet." Vicky teased her.

*"Mmm mm!"* Tessa nodded a promise.

"I don't know, Mary, should we believe this wet slut?"

*"Mmmm!"* Tessa moaned as Vicky added another finger in her pussy.

"Maybe" Mary said as she crawled over to Tessa, leaving Chloe to finger fuck herself on the floor.

“But we should probably tell her what master told us to tell her. He is so smart.” Mary said with a smile.

“You’re right, Mary” Vicky agreed “you see, Tessa, this is Melisa’s room. And, if we get caught with you tied up like this, we will claim Melisa forced us to do it.”

“And,” Mary continued “of course Melisa will take full blame for it. She was master’s first devoted sex slave in this school.”

“So you see,” Vicky took over once more, and Tessa jumped as she felt Mary’s tongue on her clit “No one will believe a word you say, anyway. You’ll just get a bunch of innocent brainwashed girls, your best friends, arrested and sent to jail. And our great master will continue enslaving other girls to achieve his noble goals.”

Vicky smiled, and kissed Tessa on the neck passionately.

“Now, do you understand? Are going to be a good and quiet girl?” Vicky asked. Tessa nodded again, and Vicky slowly took the big dildo out of her mouth. Vicky looked at Tessa straight in the eyes, and waited to see if she intends to shout for help. Tessa just lay there, tied up and terrified, and stared Vicky until she smiled, and kissed her wetly on the lips.

“Good girl. Good, horny, little girl.” Vicky said, planting more wet kisses on Tessa.

“Vicky, listen to me. You have to fight it. You wanted to take over your mom’s business, remember? You are an independent and ambitious girl. Please...”

“Don’t worry. I’ll still take over my mother’s fortune. I’ll just do it for my master, and not for myself. I am so happy to have so much money to bestow on my master, along with my nubile young body.”

“But what about your dreams?” Tessa tried again, desperately.

“My only wish is to please my master for the rest of my life.” Vicky said, stating a fact.

“How can this be possible...” Tessa mumbled.

“It’s thanks to our master’s brilliance.” Mary said from between Tessa’s legs.

“Mary! You wanted to help your parents pay their debts. You wanted to use this opportunity your sister got for you to become successful, and rich!” Tessa tried to convert Mary, now.

“And now both me and my sister would kill our parents if our master only said so. You can stop trying to convince us honey. There’s not a shred of free will left in our empty little brains.” Mary said with a smile “Just relax, and enjoy that thing you always said you wanted us to do.”

With that, Mary plunged back into Tessa’s pussy, and ravaged her more ferociously than ever.

After a while, Chloe joined Mary and Vicky, and the three girls licked, squeezed, and aroused Tessa in every possible way, bringing her to at least a dozen orgasms, before the exhausted tied up girl fell asleep moaning.

Tessa woke up in the middle of the night, with the three naked girls asleep on top of her. She tried to wiggle herself free without waking them up, and failed. Upon waking up, the three little vixens gave Tessa the very same service as before, taking the fight out of her once more, forcing her to fall asleep, even more exhausted than before.

Tessa didn’t know how long it has been when she woke up again, with a start.

“The slut woke up, master.” Vicky said.

“Good. Right on time.”

As Tessa opened her eyes and looked up, she saw Mr. Noland standing over her with Mary and Chloe on either side of his cock, licking and kissing passionately.

“You know, Tessa.” He said “If you had called for help right off the bat, instead of watching us while masturbating behind the book shelves, you may have avoided this nasty situation.” He grinned.

“Guess I should be happy you are such a dirty girl. My slaves told me all about you. You’re going to be fun, for sure.”

Tessa had enough time to think of a plan, and figured this was the best time to enact it.

“Well, master.” She said, batting her eyes “I really do love what you did to my friends. Just what I always wanted for Christmas.” She smiled.

“Oh, is that so?” He asked, positively amused.

“Oh yes sir. I’ve had plenty of wicked fantasies about them, but none match what I’ve been through in this room, tied up. I’ll serve you forever, if I can only have more of that.” She tried to sound as sincere as she possibly could.

“Hahaha! You are a great actress, just like your dad. Too bad for you, Vicky told me you would never roll over and bow before a man. Besides, you really think I’m that stupid, that I’ll jeopardize my plans for a horny little sidekick.”

“Every super villain needs a sidekick, master.” Tessa still hasn’t given up on her plan.

“Not gonna happen, toots.” Mr. Noland said, crushing Tessa’s hopes completely.

“Fuck you!” She said, giving him a hateful look.

“There we go, now you’re being real. And don’t worry, I will definitely fuck you, Tessa, you can count on that.” He said smugly, moving Mary’s head to lick his balls.

“Why don’t you take control of me already, then? Why are you torturing me like this?”

“Oh, trust me, it’s not my choice. My little device here has a twenty-four hours cool-down time. And you fell on my lap right after I zapped your hot little BFF over there.” He pointed at Vicky, who was now bending over on the bed, wiggling her ass and fingering her wet twat, inviting her master in.

“I don’t understand why you’re so unhappy, Tessa” Vicky said with a moan “You always wanted a life filled with hot sex.”

“This is not what I wanted, Vicks” Tessa cried “I won’t be me. I’ll be some useless, mindless sex doll, with no desires of my own, unless he allows me to have any...”

“Oh don’t say that, cutie pie” Mr. Noland said “I’m sure you’ll have plenty of uses.” He chuckled.

“Melisa, titfuck.” He finished.

“Yes, master.” Melisa stopped cleaning the dishes, allowing Ms. Blowjob to take over the cleaning duties, and knelt before her master, pleasing him with her boobs, as ordered.

“See, Tessa. He is so great, to find such fantastic uses for our nubile, young bodies.” Vicky said like a brainless bimbo. She was so different from her previous self, that Tessa made her final decision, with great pains and guilt.

“You think you’re so great, huh?” She asked the smug man towering over her “Well, I’m going to scream for help now. And I know people will hear me. It’s the middle of the day, and there are plenty of girls and teachers around to take you, and your useless cooling down mind control thingy down!”

“Now now.” he said “I won’t be taken down. I’ll just pretend Melisa blackmailed me into it. It will appear as if you were simply too distraught to realize I was a victim, just like you. Your friends will take the full blame, happily.” He smiled.

“Yeah, well. I’ll take my chances. There’s not a trace of my friends left, anyway, they are completely gone.” That wiped the smile off his face, but only for a second. Tessa took a deep breath, ready to scream her lungs out.

“Too late, bitch.” Mr. Noland said with a renewed grin, and pointed his red ring to her face.

A second later, Tessa stared blankly up at her master, bewildered at the scream that was obviously stuck in her throat. She swallowed her scream, just as her young math teacher, Melisa, swallowed her master’s thick load, and waited for her first commands.

## Chapter Five

Peter pinned his newest slave to the bed, with his rock hard cock between her ass cheeks, squeezing them tightly around his member as he pumped.

“Please fuck me, master!” Tessa begged, wanting nothing more than to please him.

“Later! I’m using you like this to prove to you that your body is nothing but my sex toy. I can do whatever I want with you, bitch. You deserve it.”

“Thank you, master, for treating this bitch as she deserves.” She said right before he shoved her head into the pillow, choking her as he used her body like a sex puppet.

Someone entered the room.

“Master, may this obedient piece of ass say something.” Chloe said.

“Go ahead.” He said, and finally plunged his cock deep into Tessa’s wet cunt, banging her on the bed like a wild animal.

“*Ahhh!* Thank you so much for pounding this worthless sex doll, master.” Tessa said.

“Well,” Chloe started “I told my dad what you told me to say. He will be here today at three p.m., to talk with you.”

“Excellent!” he said, and gave Tessa’s ass a series of powerful spansks, right before ejaculating deep inside of her.

“Today is a big day, indeed. I’m taking a nap. Wake me up at half-past-two.”

“Yes, master.” Chloe said, as he fell asleep with his dick still inside of Tessa’s warm, welcoming pussy, squeezing her tits while spooning her. Tessa never spoke a word of complaint.

\* \* \* \*

A knock came on the door of Mr. Noland’s office.

“Come on in.” He said.

Mr. Schmidt walked in the room, and extended his hand for a shake.

“Peter Noland, I presume.” He said, smiling.

Mr. Noland didn't get up, or reached his hand, or looked up from his papers at all “Please, sit down.” He told the multi billionaire.

“Well, I would normally expect to be treated more respectfully, but I'm way too grateful to you to care.”

Truth is, Peter's hand was busy patting Chloe's head under the table, as she sucked his cock.

“I'm sorry, I'm a little over worked. Why are you thanking me, again” Mr. Noland asked, intent on playing with his prey a little bit, this time.

Mr Schmidt frowned, obviously not used to not being recognized, and ignored.

“Well, my little girl, Chloe called me up yesterday, and told me you gave her some very constructive career advice.” Mr. Schmidt said.

“Ah yes, Chloe. Great girl. Got a fantastic head on her shoulders.” Mr. Noland smirked.

“Don't I know it.” Mr Schmidt said “She just needed the right guidance, to make the right decisions. And now, thanks to you, she decided to continue my heritage at the company, and marry that little banking baby, Tim Lipsky.”

“Well, I was happy to help. Chloe really is a bright girl.” Mr. Noland said, and Mr. Schmidt happily nodded at him.

“Smart, beautiful, business savvy.” He continued praising his slave, with her dad nodding contently.

“Plus, she's a great cocksucker.” He added, savoring the moment it took Mr. Schmidt to process what he said.

“What did you say?! How dare you?! I will have you fired!” Mr. Schmidt got up, and Peter immediately lifted his blue gem ring to the billionaire's eyes.

While Peter's red gem was designed to enslave women, his blue was designed to affect men. It didn't work as perfectly as his

red gem, but it was more than enough to plant irresistible commands in any man's head.

Mr. Schmidt stood blank faced, ready to soak up Peter's instructions.

"Come around the table, Schmidt. There's something you just have to see." Peter said.

"Yes, sir."

Mr Schmidt walked around the table, only to see his daughter bobbing her head up and down on Mr. Noland's cock with great gusto.

"Look, no hands" Peter mocked the arrogant billionaire before him, while Mr Schmidt made no response what so ever, staring at his daughter going to work, sucking on an erect cock.

"Okay, now that I've had my fun, time to properly program you."

Mr. Schmidt's instructions were quite simple. He would accept the fact his daughter is now Peter's sex slave. He would sign his company, his bank account, and all of his assets to his daughter, giving her complete control of his funds.

He will make sure his share-holders know he is still in charge, so his company won't suffer any consequences from the weird action. Most importantly, he would funnel two million dollars a month to Peter's account under the guise of a 'consultant salary'.

"With that, I'll have complete control over your company, and wealth. I could run it from the shadows, and enjoy a steady stream of money into my personal account, without attracting too much attention." Peter said as he pounded Chloe's pussy on his table. With a loud groan, he came inside of the hot heiress that belonged to him, body and soul, and looked at the mesmerized billionaire, still staring blankly.

"You can go." He told Mr. Schmidt, and pointed at the door derisively, as if he was talking to some meaningless intern.

"Yes, sir." The billionaire said, and left Mr. Noland's office, leaving his daughter to be further abused by her lord and master.

“Now, you said your friend, Rachel Gillards, is coming back today, didn’t you?” Mr. Noland asked Chloe.

“Yes, master, this evening.”

“And, she would be George Gillards daughter, I guess, the congressman?” He continued investigating.

“Yes, master.”

“Excellent, just what I needed to add to my collection, a politician’s daughter.”

“I’m happy you are pleased, master.” Chloe said, as her master’s cum dripped from her recently fucked snatch.

“Good girl.” He said, and slapped her tits around a little bit, before going back to his room, to play with his other toys.

\* \* \* \*

Rachel walked into the common room with a smile on her face, and sat next to her four best friends, Chloe, Mary, Vicky, and Tessa.

“Heya girls” she said.

“Hey, girlfriend!” Tessa was the first to respond, in her usual energized manner.

“How was Aspen?” Vicky asked her.

“Fantastic! Well, other than having to attend that stupid speech my father gave.”

“Yeah, your dad really is stupid” Mary joked, making them all laugh, including Rachel.

“I wish we could’ve stayed there for more than three days, though.”

“Well, whatever. Come on, there’s someone you just have to meet!” Chloe said enthusiastically.

“Well, that was blunt. Who is she?” She asked.

“He.” Mary corrected her.

“Oh?” Rachel raised an eyebrow “Well, I just got back. I’ll meet whoever it is tomorrow, okay?” she said.

The response she received really freaked her out. All four of them started talking together about how she has to come now. Some of them begged her, while others actually threatened her.

“Okay, okay. Sheesh, what’s gotten into you girls?”

They led her to a bedroom on the teacher’s floor.

“Is it a new teacher? Is he hot?” She inquired.

“This is my sister’s room. He’s waiting inside.” Mary said.

“O-kaaaaaay” Rachel said. This was getting really weird, indeed. They opened the door and almost shoved her inside. Once she saw what was inside, she gasped in terror.

“Oh my god!” She shrieked as she saw Melisa, Mary’s older sister, on her knees ravaging the crotch of a middle aged man, who rested his head between the gigantic mounds of a black haired woman she didn’t know.

“What’s going on?” She asked.

“We brought you to be enslaved by our master, Rachel.” Vicky said, as if it was nothing special.

“What?!” Rachel turned around to face the four girls that brought her there, and saw they were all completely naked, now.

They grabbed her and forced her to a kneeling position, facing the man who was still enjoying a wet blowjob from the math teacher.

“No!” She screamed “What’s going on?!” she looked around at her friends faces, hoping Tessa will tell her it’s one of her elaborate pranks, and they’ll all burst in laughter. No such luck, though. The man shone a red gem studded ring in her eyes, and blew his load in Melisa’s hungry mouth.

“Welcome to my harem, Rachel.” He said.

“Thank you, master. I hope you enjoy using me, master.” Rachel responded, her short vacation to the ski resort long forgotten, as she began her life of submission, and obedience.

## **Chapter Six – Epilogue**

Peter Noland sat in a locked classroom, and watched Melisa give his five teen sex slaves a proper lesson in slave math. Of course, he wasn’t sitting on a chair. Ms. Blowjob, formerly known as Lily Hargrove, was on her hands and knees, and happily

supported her master's weight on her back, as he fondled and occasionally spanked her ass.

"Okay class. Remember. Nothing is greater than our master." Melisa said. The sound of strong vibrations echoed in the room, coming from the seven dildos shoved inside each of the young pussies. They were all naked, and the school girls sat with their legs spread, so their master could have a perfect view of what he owned.

"Everything is greater than us slaves, even the most worthless garbage, or the dust covering it." The hot teacher continued.

"A slave equals two tits, one hot ass, one tight, constantly wet cunt, and a mouth that exists for sucking cock." She said, and wrote the formula on the blackboard.

Peter couldn't take it anymore. He got to his feet, dropped his trousers, and bent Melisa over the teacher's desk. Fucking her ass, with the dildo still twisting and writhing in her pussy.

"Oh yes, master! Please pound your slave's ass as hard as you want!" Melisa cried out. The five students all started pinching their nipples, making sure they are properly erect for their master's viewing pleasure. And he was certainly pleased.

"Okay, slaves. Bend over your desks and beg me to use you."

"Yes, master." All five of them let the dildos in their cunts drop to the ground, and bent over. They started wiggling their cute asses from side to side, giving their master a perfect view of their pink pussies, each of them hoping he would choose to use them instead of the others.

"Please, master, use me." Vicky begged, and spanked herself seductively.

"No! Please pound my pussy, master. You haven't fed me your cum for over a day." Chloe said, spreading her ass cheeks apart, inviting her master in. All the while he was still pounding into Melisa's ass mercilessly. The other slaves begged as well, in their turn, making him even harder than before.

Finally, he made a decision. He plopped his cock out of Melisa's tight ass, and stood behind Vicky, grabbing her hips.

"Ah! Thank you, master!" Vicky moaned in gratitude.

"With one quick motion, he pushed into her, and started pounding the young pink pussy he owned, until he came all over her hot ass.

He wasn't done, though. Rachel was next to be fucked. He spanked her so hard that her ass was red, hot, and swollen by the time he blew his creamy white load all over it.

"Thank you for gracing me with your cum, master." Rachel said, and continued spanking herself on her own.

The next girl to get fucked was Mary. He told the other girls to fuck themselves with the dildo for his amusement, until he blew his load deep inside of Mary's hot pussy.

Spent for the moment, he told the six girls to dance for him, to shake their bodies and make him hard again while he returned to his seat on Ms. Blowjob's back, sticking one of the dildos in her ass. He watched the young flexible teens move their bodies to please him. Shaking their asses, fondling their tits, and spreading their legs. They would dance like this until they died, if he wanted them to.

Instead, he decided to move to the next lesson: Blowjob 101. Naturally, he had to change seats, because his current seat was supposed to be the teacher. He sat on Melisa's back, instead, as Ms. Blowjob gave the girls a practical demonstration of the skills they must adopt to properly please their owner.

After the demonstration, each girl sucked his cock in turn, hoping against hope she would be the one to receive his load down her throat. Mary was the one to swallow his load, eventually, making all the other slaves so very jealous.

Hours later, Peter watched his cum soaked slaves on their hands and knees, pointing their perfect asses upwards, still begging him to use them.

“Okay, slaves. We are done for today. I’ll take Chloe, Mary, Rachel and Melisa to warm my bed tonight.

“Yes master.” The girls said, and started putting their clothes on, so they could strip them off when they got to their master’s room.

“You know, at first I saw this school as a mere stepping stone to greater things.” Peter thought to himself “But now I realize this is the perfect place for me. An endless stable of rich, young pussies that gets replenished yearly. Plus, this place is more comfortable and luxurious than any five star hotel or mansion.”

With that thought, Peter decided he would take over the school completely, and live his life putting the master in headmaster.

###

**Game Of Control**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter One

Dexter closed the door behind him as he entered Gaming4Ever, the local video game store he often frequented after work, browsing for new worlds he might spend his free time enjoying. He paused for a second, looking around to see who else perused the merchandise he so enjoyed.

There was the usual mother with her young child, bored out of her wits and waiting for her son to finally decide what game he wanted to play, hoping it won't be anything too violent, or expensive.

There were two teenagers checking the new Sin&Punishment game, wondering if they can buy it without their parents knowing of the sexual content in it. And, by the shelf dedicated to role playing games, there was a slender yet curvy young woman with silky black hair and hazel eyes, reading the synopsis off the back of the latest War Axe game.

Dexter set his eyes on Whispers In Winter, the action mystery game that received many good reviews, and wondered how many days will it be before he decides he can afford it. He had the money, sure, but these decisions were always a struggle between the gamer in him and, well, his dad's voice asking him if he thought the purchase through. In the end, the gamer in him usually won, and he was happy about that, more often than not.

"She's so hot..." One of the teens said, his eyes popping as he watched the young woman's ass bend over to reach the game casing she had dropped.

"Umm, yeah, I guess." The other boy said, looking down shyly.

It seemed to Dexter like video games were the last thing on their minds.

"You guess?! Look at her!" The first one whispered "And she's into fantasy role playing games! I think I'll ask her out."

The shy one chuckled.

"Yeah, right!" He said "She's probably in college, and even IF you were older, she'll be way out of your league!"

“You don't know that.” The first nerdy boy said, with a pretense of confidence that wouldn't fool anyone.

“I'm into RP games as well. We already have at least one thing in common. I finished the game she's currently checking out! Twice!”

“Quite an accomplishment...” The shy one said sarcastically, though he looked more smug than shy at the moment.

“Besides,” He continued “she's probably here on a dare or something. No girl this hot would come to a place like this, unless she's under some sort of hypnosis by aliens!”

“Okay, first of all, that sounds hot.” The first boy said “Second of all, some girls are into games...”

“Not hot ones.” The shy boy retorted.

“You're just a coward, and you're making excuses!”

“Fine.” The shy one said smugly “Ask her out. I'll watch from here, and laugh while you crash and burn.”

At this point, Dexter was only pretending to read the game's synopsis. He was ready for a show, just as much as that shy teen was. The charcoal haired beauty was still fully immersed in the cover for Fantastic Green Goo.

The boy approached her, took a deep breath, and cleared his throat, making his presence known. The young woman turned to face him, looking at him with dim eyes, as if trying to comprehend his presence.

“Yes?” She asked “Is there anything I can help you with?”

“Umm. I-I...” He mumbled.

“W-Would you like to, umm, catch a movie or, umm, play some games, umm, sometime...” He looked down, and Dexter wondered how close he was to peeing himself. 'This is awkward' was written on her face, although Dexter figured she'd be more used to this by now, considering she frequented the video game store even more often than him. After her initial surprise subsided, she donned a warm and kind smile, and prepared to shoot the young hopeful as gently as she could.

“Sorry, you're a little young for me. I only date college guys.” She said, her lips curled in a merciful smile.

“Told you...” The shy boy said, not lifting his eyes from the game casing he was holding.

“What if I told you I actually AM in college?” He made another desperate attempt.

“I'd say you should never come on to a girl with such an obvious lie.”

The shy boy burst in laughter. She moved to face the chuckling teen, and stared him down.

“At least your friend had the guts to try. I don't think you should be the one laughing.” She winked at him, making him blush.

“Uhm. I-I...” He looked around desperately, and then suddenly bolted out of the store as fast as his feet could carry him. His friend couldn't help but smile, until he realized his friend was his ride home.

“H...hold on! Where the fuck are you going?!” He shouted and ran after his friend, stopping at the store's entrance to look back at the woman he hit on.

“For the record, we are probably, like, three years apart, at most, and I'm the best thing you'll never have. Laterz!”

He rushed out, trying not to show how flustered and embarrassed he was, even saying those words. When he left, Dexter caught her eye and they shared a laugh.

“Well, I'm so heart broken.” She said sarcastically, and returned to browse the shelves with an audible sigh.

Dexter thought of asking her out before, of course, but let's just say he had a feeling he wasn't her type. She had somewhat of a goth look to her, like she's not really trying to be goth, but looks the part anyway, with her dark, shoulder length, black hair, and her tongue stud and nose piercing. Her lipstick was usually either red, blue, or black, and she had at least two visible tattoos.

She didn't wear black all the time, though. That day, for instance, she was wearing a blue jeans mini skirt, and a white

buttoned up blouse. She left the top button open, and her panties were actually visible when she stretched her arm to reach items in the top shelf. Dexter knew she caught him staring quite a few times, but he didn't care. If she minded him staring, she wouldn't have left her home dressed like that, right?

In fact, she has been wearing increasingly demeaning and revealing outfits, Dexter realized. He could gauge the difference in her appearance and attire quite well, considering the amount of times he has seen her in the video game store.

He has never seen a girl so into video games. Heck, he barely knew guys who were more into games than him, and this girl obviously visited the store more often. What else would explain the fact she was always there when he came? Unless she lived there, or something.

When he first saw her, she wore long tight jeans, and a black jacket over a white top. Sure, it wasn't what a nun would wear, but pretty normal for a young woman her age. Now, she would have been mistaken for a hooker in pretty much any street corner.

Another reason why Dexter was sure she would be more used to shooting hopeful men down. Dexter did consider inviting her to play some video games at his place, but his own shyness stopped him. *I already have a video game enthusiast hottie back home, that I can't bang, anyway.* He thought, and returned to his browsing.

All it took was for her to bend over, to pick something she dropped up, for him to decide to skip buying anything that day, and just go home and play one of his old games, and jerk off thinking about her, not necessarily in that order. Seeing her G-string peek from between her butt cheeks as she bent over gave him an immediate erection, and he bolted out of the store as quickly as the hopeful duo before him.

By the time he got home his hard-on subsided, and he remembered he wanted to finish the final level of Vampires Vs. Demons. The main character was this hot and busty female

vampire, and watching her bounce, run, kick, and punch at his command was both fun and arousing.

Yes, it has been a while since Dexter had a real woman in his life, but even if that wasn't the case, he would still be into sexy, busty 3-D characters in games. It was so lucky the gaming industry was filled with pervs, who understood their clientele so well.

He couldn't help but loosen his pants as he played, and lightly rub himself as he watched his character fight the forces of demonic evil. He knew he'll never clear the final encounter, as distracted as he was, but figured he should give it a shot.

In the middle of the fight, and with him in a slightly uncomfortable position, his apartment's door cracked open. He jumped up and tried to sort himself quickly. This was not the first time he was caught in such a position, so he had practice in the 'jump and cover' routine.

To his studio apartment entered his blonde neighbor, Tiffany, and smiled as she saw him jump, zip up, and stare at her with fire in his cheeks. She wore pink shorts that she used as underwear, and a white sleeveless top.

“Am I interrupting something?” She asked with a mocking smile.

“N-No, not at all! Come in....” He said, standing up from his seated position.

“Would you like something to drink, or a lesson in knocking?” He asked his surprise visitor.

“The drink sounds nice.” She said, ignoring his jape, and sitting on the sofa.

“Are you seriously still trying to clear Vamps Vs. Dems? Maybe if you stop stripping the she-bat with your eyes you'll do a better job, you know!” She laughed at him.

“First of all, I don't really need to strip her, with what she's wearing.” He said, coming back with a glass of cool water, and handing it to her.

“Second of all, mind your own business.”

“Oh, don't be all whiny just because you suck at fighting games. I told you I could teach you, for a price.”

“Oh, yeah sure, you'll teach me. Because you're so good at it...”  
He rolled his eyes.

He knew what was about to happen. Tiffany couldn't help but challenge him to a duel in one of his many one-on-one fighting games. He had literally never seen such a competitive person in his life, and if she wasn't so hot, and kept showing up at his door practically in her underwear, he would've stopped seeing her a long time ago.

They weren't dating or anything. In fact, Dexter was so deep in the friend zone, they may as well rename it to the Dexter zone. On the other hand, Dexter never dreamed of actually knowing a girl as hot as Tiffany, even as a friend.

He figured only gay guys can be so lucky, and they of course can't really appreciate how lucky they are. Tiffany actually thought he was gay, when he first moved in. Suffice to say, she learned the truth quite quickly.

“Take that, sucker!” She said as she finished him off for the fifth time that evening, out of the seven matches they've played. This time, she used the Thousand Spiraling Thunder Bolts combo, that he never managed to perform himself. He was sure she was just doing it to rub it in.

“You know, I wonder what it feels like to be so bad at something, Dex.” She said with a wicked smile.

He rolled his eyes at her, smiled, and shook his head.

“You're so childish, Tiff. I'm having fun playing, even though I'm losing, I couldn't care less about it.” He said smugly.

“But I'm glad you're having fun.” He added.

He once tried telling her that her competitiveness is ruining the game for him a bit, with how she berates and insults him for losing, all the time. He always told her he was playing for fun, and not just for the win, and that when he wins he doesn't go

overboard bragging about it. She told him she can't understand what he's talking about. That she can't imagine playing such games and not be obsessed with winning, and then bragging about it.

He probably convinced her that they were just opposites when it came to their gaming attitude. She thought he got used to brushing her insults off, and enjoy the games, while she enjoyed being the competitive bitch she loved being. Everybody's happy, right?

Bullshit...

Sometimes he felt like he almost convinced himself it was true. It's true he was never good in fighting game, or PvP in general, but of course he wanted to win, and be the best. Why else would he ever play against other people?

It's true that if he was much better, and won every match, he wouldn't have bragged about how good he was, and how much everyone else sucked. But that was just because he preferred the fake modesty type of showing off. You know, acting as if nothing special has happened, knowing in his heart the losers are eating themselves up, and getting even more pissed at how nonchalantly he was taking it.

It has gotten so bad, that he started convincing himself that he was letting her win. He would never tell her that, of course. At least not as long as she can tell him to prove it, and beat her. He knew it wasn't true.

It was just his very unsophisticated defense mechanism, that kept him sane while she destroyed him over and over again.

Sometimes, he even scorned himself for getting her so hooked on video games. Yeah, you heard right. Before he moved in, she was just a normal hot blonde, working as an intern at some insurance agency.

She asked him what he was doing, when she came to introduce herself, and give him a house warming gift. He told her, and invited her to join. He never expected her to agree, and he

certainly never expected her be such a natural, and like it so much.

At first he thought he hit the jackpot. That is, until he realized she would never be interested in him in a sexual manner, and how annoying she became whenever she won. Now, she had her own gaming consoles, and her own games, many of his old ones that she borrowed, and she often came over to his place to ask him about new games, and other related topics.

When he told his friends at work about his predicament, their only reaction was to be jealous, and a little mad that he dares to complain. Truth be told, they had a point. He always understood that, as she cheered at her triumphs, and her bra-less chest jiggled, or when she inadvertently bent over or stretched. She felt completely comfortable around him, and that was, at the very least, nice, even though it stemmed from her complete lack of physical interest in him.

"I'll see you tomorrow, loser!" She said as she closed the door behind her. They finished the day with a score of twenty-five to six, and Dexter knew she'll make sure to add it to their general score, so she could rub it in his face if he was ever lucky enough to win, once in a blue moon. He watched her sexy behind walk away through his peep hole, till she vanished behind her own door, and rushed to his bed, disrobing on the way.

"Do you like how I suck your cock?" The dark haired beauty from the store asked him, looking up adoringly.

"It's fantastic!" He said, and she happily continued sucking him off.

"Please, sir, may I have some, too!" A naked and blushing Tiffany begged.

"You know what to say." he said, flicking her nose with his shaft, teasing her.

"Oh yes, sir! You're the best, sir! I could never be better than you, in anything, sir."

"Good girl." Dexter said to his fantasy Tiffany, and fed her his cock.

At least those two whores gave him plenty to jerk off to, before going to sleep...

## Chapter Two

Dexter finished another boring day at work, and like most days, he stopped at Gaming4Ever, to see what he can spend his hard earned money on. The only people in the store were Stan, the store's owner, and the black haired chick, wearing the same slutty outfit she did the day before. Dexter was starting to wonder if she ever left the place at all.

He spotted a copy of the same fighting game him and Tiff played, and audibly sighed, drawing Stan's attention. Stan was about ten years older than Dexter, and has worked in Gaming4Ever for about that time. A few years back, he bought the place and made it his own.

Him and Dexter weren't incredibly close, but Dexter did come to the store since his early teen years, and Stan always seemed kind of like an older brother, who actually understood him. Dexter was also one of Stan's most stable and loyal customers, obviously, and that gave him quite an incentive to be nice and social to the man he practically saw grow up in his establishment.

"Everything okay, Dexter? You sound like an old geezer when you sigh like that." He said from behind the counter. Dexter sighed again, before answering.

"It's nothing."

Stan raised an eyebrow, and walked over to Dexter.

"Come on, talk to me. What gives?" He pushed further.

"Well, it's..." Dexter started saying, but then looked at the dark haired woman, and zipped his lip.

"It's nothing, really."

Stan, being the shrewd business man he was, noticed Dexter's glance towards his other customer, and smirked.

"Is it about that young lady over there?" He whispered with a wink.

"What?!" Dexter hissed "No, no, of course not."

“Well, it has something to do with the ladies, otherwise you wouldn't have piped down after glancing in her direction. You know I'll get it out of you sooner or later, so you might as well spill it.”

Dexter had to admit – The man was right more often than not, and he was never good at withholding information.

“Okay, fine.” He finally said.

“It's about this neighbor of mine...”

“Is she hot?” Stan asked.

Dexter gave him a nod of approval.

“Like you wouldn't believe...” He added.

“Does she not even know you're alive?” Stan made an educated, yet incredibly wrong guess.

“On the contrary.” Dexter said “We're practically BFFs at this point. She comes over to play video games almost every day.”

Stan just blinked a few times, clearly wondering what the problem could possibly be.

“The thing is,” Dexter continued “she sees me only as a friend, and I'm fine with that, actually!” He lied

“...but she's so fucking competitive! It's like every time we play a game against each other, I don't know what I want more, to fuck her, or kick her out and tell her never to come again.”

“I'm so sorry, man. Sound harsh.” Stan said cynically.

“I mean, a hot lady friend who is a bit too vibrant and competitive. And you can't decide if you want to fuck her, or not? Honestly, man, they should do a documentary about your great suffering.”

“Okay, I know how it sounds, but...” Dexter said.

“Look, my balls are so blue I might need to limit myself to smurfs if I ever want to have sex again, and she just frustrates me so much.” He huffed a sigh of exasperation.

“Okay, first of all, we have Avatar now, so you don't have to use the Smurfs for blue ball euphemisms.” Stan said.

“Second of all, didn't you say you were fine just being friends with her?”

“You believed that?” Dexter said, narrowing his eyes and twisting his lip.

“Heh, point taken.” Stan said.

“Well, you know, I might have just the thing to help you with your issues, but you'll have to promise to keep it secret.” Stan said.

“I don't do illegal drugs.” Dexter stated blatantly, not liking where this was going.

“Me neither, Dexter.” Stan hissed, a little insulted “Come on, I can't believe you said that.”

“Well, sorry.” Dexter quickly apologized “But when someone says what you just said, in the way you just said it, I think my assumption was quite valid.”

“Whatever. It's not drugs, but it's definitely illegal, so you need to promise me.”

“Uhm...” Dexter was getting a little worried, but his curiosity got the better of him “O...Okay, I promise.”

“Great! Come over here.” He said, and went behind the counter. Dexter followed him slowly, as if approaching a snake.

Stan pulled a game casing from a private stash Dexter never knew existed, and showed it to Dexter. The casing was a canvas of pure white, with a silver spiral drawn on it. Above the spiral were the words “The Master Plan”, in pure gold.

“What's that?” Dexter asked “I've never heard of it? Is it new?”

“Relatively new, I'd say. Came out a couple years ago.” Stan answered.

“What's it about?” Dexter asked, completely forgetting Stan promised to help him with Tiffany. He was just curious about that game, at the moment.

“Well, it tells the story of how you can turn any woman into your willing and obedient fuck toy, if you give her this game to play. Or even better, if you play it with her.” Stan casually stated, but he stared at Dexter with piercing eyes, to gauge his reaction.

Dexter needed more than a few seconds to parse what he had just heard.

“Wait, what?” He asked incredulously.

“Exactly what you heard. I usually sell it to guys who want their wives and girlfriends to treat them better. Most women don't like games, but will agree to play a bit if their man nags them enough. And once they start, there's no hope for them to escape the reprogramming of their mind to be the game owner's sex slaves.”

Dexter still stared at him with wide eyes, blinking silently, not sure what to make of what he heard.

“Your hot neighbor girl already likes video games. I doubt it'd be hard for you to get her to play.” Stan added.

“So, what do you say?” Stan asked after a few more moments of silence “It's only two-hundred dollars. A bargain price if there ever was one.”

“What do I say?” Dexter finally found his voice.

“Well, there's not much to say, other than ask you where the nearest mental health facility is, and whether they know of your condition.” He said, looking at Stan as if he'd completely lost his mind.

“Oh, they know about my many conditions, no worries, but this isn't one of them.” Stan insisted.

“Perhaps you'd like a demonstration.”

Dexter stared at him, completely speechless. He didn't even know what Stan meant by “demonstration”.

Stan ignored him, and carried on.

“Hey, punk slut, flip the closed sign on the door, get down here, and blow me.” He told the hot young woman, still absentmindedly browsing the shelves of the nearly empty store, while unzipping his pants.

Dexter could think of at least three different ways she could have reacted to Stan's subtle invitation, two involved a law suit, and one involved murder. Her actual reaction was something he could never have guessed.

“Yes, master.” She said, and skipped over to close the store, before hurrying over to Stan, getting on her knees, and taking his semi-erect cock in her mouth. As Dexter looked at her, tenderly and expertly coaxing Stan's cock to a full blown hard-on, two things occurred to him. One was that he never wanted his relationship with Stan to reach a point where he felt comfortable unzipping, and getting head, right in front of him. And two, holy shit, this thing is fucking real.

“I...I was sure she was a dyke.” Dexter said, as she lifted her blouse to show her perky tits, which had the words 'Property of master Stan' tattooed on them. Dexter was extra glad she showed her tits, actually, because he was starting to feel weird looking at her, bobbing her head back and forth on Stan's cock. At least now he could focus on her boobs...

“She was.” Stan said “Her and her girlfriend came by to find a game for her nephew, and I offered to add the Master Plan to their purchase, free of charge. They said they don't have a gaming console, so I let them try it in the back office. They probably figured I was trying to push an expensive gaming console to their tab.”

He grabbed her head, and started pumping on his own. Her slurping and gagging was enough to make Dexter hard, as well.

“Honestly, I just wanted to see if the thing can turn lesbians into docile slaves for men.”

Stan said as he looked down at the former dyke.

“And this bitch sucked cock for the first time, that very day. And now, you love it more than you ever loved your girlfriend's pussy, don't you, bitch?”

He pulled her head back, and her lips plopped off his cock.

“Yes, master. I love sucking your cock. Nothing can ever compare to it.”

“Ahhh, this is even better when I remind myself she has never been with a man before me.” Stan said, and allowed her to lick his cock at her own pace. The smile on her face amazed Dexter. He never thought a woman would seem so happy while sucking cock.

“W...What about her girlfriend?” Dexter asked. He was surprised he had the presence of mind to actually think of asking that.

“Oh, she's at my apartment, cleaning and cooking for me. The great thing is they were new to the city, had no close family, and had yet to make any friends. I literally hit the lesbian fuck-meat jackpot.” He groaned in pleasure.

“I tell you, if you ever have the chance, get a blowjob from a girl with a tongue stud. If she uses it right, it's heavenly!”

One thing was certain, this perfectly explained why this woman was always at the gaming store, and why her attire kept turning more and more whorish.

Dexter was quite flustered. His cheeks were red from embarrassment and arousal, and his breathing was heavy and audible.

“Ehm...So...C-Can I have a go at her?” He asked. He has been dreaming of fucking the goth like beauty for ages.

“Of course not, man!” Stan said “This bitch is mine, just like her former girlfriend. I like the fact I'm the only guy who ever used them. I'm not going to give anyone a 'go'.” He fed her his balls to lick, and rubbed his chin.

“Well, at least for while. I wouldn't say no to making extra money off of their hot asses, once I'm tired of using them. After all, what are your hot asses for, huh?” He asked rhetorically.

She kissed his balls wetly, drooling all over them.

“Anything you wish, master” She said, and continued frenching her master's testicles.

“That's a good bitch.” Stan said, patting her.

“Besides, Dexter, don't you want to teach your competitive neighbor a lesson? Keep your eyes on the prize, my man!”

He picked The Master Plan from the counter, and handed it over to Dexter, pushing his cock in his obedient slave's wet mouth, the whole time. Dexter gave the kneeling slavegirl one final disbelieving glance, staring at her bare tits, and her sexy

thong peeking from beneath her skirt. He gulped a heavy load of nervousness, and slowly took his wallet out.

“You-You said two-hundred dollars, right?” He asked Stan.

“Ahh, yeah, that's right.” Stan confirmed, moaning in pleasure “I know it goes beyond the usual price of my wares, but I dare say it's worth every penny.”

“If it can really do...Well, that.” Dexter pointed at the kneeling woman “Then it definitely is.”

He placed the money on the counter.

Stan handed him the product. Dexter was getting increasingly uncomfortable, and not just due to the awkward situation. Watching Stan face fuck that girl made him throb in his pants

“You can go.” Stan said “I'll take the cash in, later. I'm a bit busy, now.” He chuckled and grabbed the former lesbian's head with both hands, driving his cock into her mouth, hard and strong.

“O-Okay...” Dexter was still a bit awe-struck “Bye, and...and thanks!” He finished, sounding a little more enthused than he wanted to.

Before he left, he looked back one last time, only to see Stan guide the hot goth-like beauty to the back room, with his cock already inside of her cunt, slowly banging her from behind as they walked to a place with slightly more privacy.

Dexter rushed home and sent Tiffany a message telling her he bought an amazing new game. He was incredibly nervous, and decided to just shut his critical thinking and doubts off, just for a bit. Otherwise, he would never have had the guts to send her that message, and actually go along with it.

He sat on the sofa and tried to find something, anything, that might pass his time until Tiffany swallowed the bait. He was still hard, but wanted to save his erection for when he shows her the game.

Sure, he didn't know how long it took for the game to turn her into his slave, and he might not get lucky that very day, but he could always jerk off after she's gone, like any other day. Besides,

he vaguely remembered Stan saying it's much more fun to actually play the game with the targeted girl. His memory was a bit hazy, though, so he wasn't quite sure.

“Can't blame me for being distracted at the time of the purchase, right?” He mumbled as he tried to focus on the TV, but couldn't get his mind off of his plans for the evening.

The door opened suddenly, as always, and Dexter was hardly surprised.

“Great, you're here. TV was starting to really bore me.” He said.

“Oh, poor baby, having five-hundred channels not enough for you?” She said with a smirk.

“Well, I'm happy to help you alleviate the boredom. Is this game really that good?.” She asked.

“Oh, it's supposed to be great, but I heard it's much better when two people play it.” Dexter knew he has a habit of sounding too enthusiastic, or erratic, when he tries to be spontaneous, so he carefully planned and prepared what he was gonna say.

He sounded rather casual, and a little skeptic, as if he hopes the game is really what it's hyped up to be. Which was true, obviously, but he wasn't about to tell Tiffany what his true expectations were. If it didn't work, and the game sucked, he could always claim he was misled.

“Get you something to drink?” He asked, out of habit.

“Nah, let's start the game. You got me all interested now.”

She sat her bouncy ass on the sofa, and her bra-less cleavage hopped. Dexter found he was noticing the curves of her body more than usual, probably due to him stalling his auto-erotic activities.

He started the game up, and the words “The Master Plan.” Showed almost immediately, in glowing gold. The butterfly in his stomach felt like raging raccoons.

“The master plan, huh? Sounds cool.” She said, folding her long legs on the sofa, and bracing herself to play her competitive

little ass off. The title faded away, and in its place came the introduction graphics that most games have these days.

A 3-D spiral appeared on screen, changing colors while action sequences and explosions played behind it. There was a depiction of a secret meeting of people with shadowed faces, and pretty much a scene for every theme one would expect from a mystery/action game. It ended with a low cress voice asking “Can you handle the truth? Will you uncover the...Master Plan?”

As the game's name was heard, the spiral title appeared again, and the start menu appeared a second later, in front of the spiral.

The starting graphics didn't seem special to Dexter. Just the usual teaser, nothing more.

Glancing over to Tiffany quickly changed his mind. Apparently it had a much more profound effect on her. She was staring into space for a few seconds, completely mesmerized. Dexter didn't know if he should get her attention, or not.

“Maybe it already star...” he started mumbling silently, but stopped when she shook her head and her eyes refocused.

“Whoa, this game has some crazy graphics.” She said with a radiant smile.

“Uhm...Yeah, it sure does.” Dexter figured it's best to agree. Seems it certainly did leave a much more profound impact on his sexy playmate.

“Well, come on!” She said, almost jumping from her cross legged sitting position “Let's start the game! I'm gonna own this thing!” And she clicked the start button on the menu with her controller, with more passion than he ever saw in her.

*--IS THE OWNER OF THE GAME PLAYING?--* Appeared on the screen.

Dexter clicked the 'Yes' button.

*--TWO PLAYERS DETECTED--*

*--GAME OWNER: PRESS X--* An instruction appeared. Dexter pressed 'X' without thinking, and almost immediately. He realized the game was making sure who was the target, and who

was the buyer. Tiffany sat in total silence, as if she wasn't even seeing the words on the screen.

After collecting the needed data, the screen sprung to life, and showed a collection of characters.

*--INITIATING RANDOM CHARACTER PICK--*

“What?” Tiffany suddenly asked “We don't get to pick our own characters?”

“Would you know who to pick, anyway?” Dexter defended the game.

“I guess not, but still...”

His character was chosen first. It was a muscular bald giant, at least six foot five inches tall, and looked like your generic night club bouncer. Tiffany's character was chosen to be a hot blonde, with perfect curves and big boobs. It actually kinda resembled her, and she smiled as she noticed that.

“Not bad.” She said happily. Her eyes had a strange glitter to them, and her gaze seemed transfixed on the screen.

Then, the game started. The first scene had the two main characters sitting in front of a screen with a big spiral on it, and a voice that said only one of them can call the shots, and the other will need to be obedient to the chosen commander.

Both parties vehemently argued that they should be the leaders of the duo, and Dexter noted that the woman sounded a lot like Tiffany, or at least said things he would expect from his extra competitive neighbor.

Her character argued that she was better in every aspect of their operations, and that all Dexter's character ever wants to do is get in her pants. Dexter wondered if that was what Tiffany actually thought of him, since it seemed like the game had a way of mirroring her demeanor perfectly.

*--THE COMMANDER WILL BE DECIDED VIA ONE-ON-ONE COMBAT--*

The dark figure decided, and the game moved to a wrestling ring, with both characters preparing to fight.

“Alright! I'm gonna kick your ass and call the shots. Easy peasy.” Tiffany said, and readied her controller to beat the crap out of him. Dexter was a little worried the game will flip on him, if Tiffany should win.

“Uh-oh...” He said, and braced himself for the onslaught he knew so well.

A few seconds later, he realized he had nothing to worry about. It seemed like no matter what he pressed, his character simply bested Tiffany's character, in every aspect.

“H-How are you doing that...” She cried out in desperation, frantically spamming the buttons on her controller. Dexter did the same, so it would appear like he was doing something, when in fact the game was playing for him.

“Guess I'm just better than you.” He said, just to sting her a bit. He expected her to give him a look of fiery determination and venomous anger, but instead she meekly stared down to her controller, and slowed her movements.

“I-I guess...” She said weakly, a vibe of solemn acceptance engulfing her. Dexter stared at her incredulously, for a few seconds. One thing was certain – The game already managed to profoundly change her.

Dexter won the skirmish in less than a minute, and the deep voice dubbed him the leader, commander, and master of the team. He will be the one calling the shots in their crime fighting duo, or perhaps they were assassins, or criminals. The game didn't really do much to actually specify their goal.

Tiffany's character was on her hands and knees, breathing heavily. His own character towered over her, looking strong and confident.

“First order of business,” His character said “You need to be punished for your rebellious attitude. Follow me.”

He left the room, and her character obediently followed him, on her hands and knees. Dexter kept glancing over to Tiffany, to see how she reacted to what happened in the game. She did have a slightly puzzled look on her face, but her eyes were wide, and her breathing seemed to match that of her character. Dexter

knew that normally she would have been much more vocal and energetic in her opposition.

The scene was cut, and the next thing they saw was Dexter's character sitting on a chair, waiting for his crawling subordinate to reach him. When she came to a stop, kneeling before him, Dexter's character grabbed her and bent her over his knee, lifting her skirt and exposing her bare ass. The 3-D animation of her nether region was surprisingly detailed, and it caused Dexter's cock to harden and throb.

The strong male character lifted his hand, and brought it down on her ass with force that made her buttocks shake tremendously. Tiffany jumped in her seat, as if she was feeling the spank on her own behind, and after a few spanks Dexter realized he was feeling it on his hand, as well.

He tore his eyes off of the screen, and watched Tiffany whimper as she took the spanking with no complaint, yelping and gasping in her seat beside him, completely accepting the fact she deserved the punishment she was receiving.

Her upper body tensed up with every spank. Her tits bounced and she jumped a bit, and with every spank her cheeks reddened, just as the ass cheeks of her character.

"This is just amazing..." Dexter whispered, unable to contain his astonishment.

Dexter was so enthralled by his confident, strong willed neighbor, feeling spank after sharp spank on her behind, that he failed to notice the message that had already appeared on the screen.

*--PRESS L2 TO CONTINUE--*

It took him a few minutes to get bored of the display and look away from Tiffany, wondering how long until the game moves on. Dexter chuckled as he understood it was his move to make the entire time, and he just didn't realize.

He pressed the button, and the scene faded with the female character saying "Thank you, sir."

“T-Thank you, sir.” Came a second voice. It took Dexter a few seconds to realize it was Tiffany who thanked him the second time. He looked at her, and she looked back at him, smiling and nodding in appreciation.

“I truly am grateful.” She added warmly, before fixing her gaze back to the screen, letting her mouth open, and her jaw slack.

Dexter did the same, and realized the 'story' had already continued. The male character took his subordinate home with him, and dressed her in sexy lingerie, telling her to clean his place and cook him dinner.

“*Mmm*, this is quite a raunchy game.” Tiffany said suddenly, sounding a little more like herself. There was no judgment or sarcasm in her tone, though, and she seemed to rather enjoy pressing the buttons needed to perform the imaginary house chores. Her eyes seemed distant, and yet clearly focused on the screen.

Dexter didn't have much to do, other than watching the half naked 3-D depiction of Tiffany work hard for her commander, and occasionally watching Tiffany herself, as the program took control of her mind, one step at a time.

After she was done cleaning the floor, Dexter did get to choose what her next chore shall be. Both Tiffany, and her character, silently stared at him with moist eyes, waiting for his decision. He chose to have her wash the dishes, probably because it was the chore he hated the most, and he always dreamed of outsourcing it to someone else.

He could also choose to either have her do it topless, or not. The choice seemed clear, and before he knew it the topless 3-D figure rubbed the dishes, while her tits swung and jiggled madly. He was hoping Tiffany would bare her chest as well, but she did not so much as loosen her firm grip on the controller. Her breasts did sway quite a bit, as she made sure to follow the game's instructions, not wanting to go through a second punishment so soon.

Dexter was starting to wonder when the chores phase will end, since it seemed like there were at least a dozen more of them. He was ready to make himself a snack and let the game work on her for a while, when all of a sudden she made an audible and long sigh of resignation. That made Dexter wonder if maybe the game was actually waiting for her to reach a certain point in her programming, rather than for a predetermined amount of 'chores' to be accomplished.

His speculation was confirmed as suddenly the two characters were assigned a mission to go steal something from a museum. Tiffany's character protested, but a strong word from Dexter's character and she quieted down. It was then Dexter's turn to choose how they will approach the mission.

He decided on a variety of details, from general tactics, to his subordinate's attire, with a selection of sexy and demeaning outfits to choose from.

He even chose the color of her lipstick, and the style of her makeup, ranging from cheap whore to loose tramp, and all the way to simply slutty, which seemed to be the most conservative option. With every choice he made, the game made a point of emphasizing how brilliant Tiffany's character found his decision, and Tiffany herself agreed with an audible moan.

“A latex body suit that leaves my ass exposed! That's brilliant, sir. That way the chill in the air can help cool my horny pussy down, and I can shake my bare ass to distract the guards!” She said after he chose her outfit, and Tiffany merrily mumbled “Horny pussy...”

“You're right, sir, pink lipstick is the best option. My lips will look so hot wrapped around your cock, sir. You are so smart.” The blonde droned on, praising her superior.

“Wrapped...around...your...cock...” Dexter heard Tiffany mumble.

“Yes, sir. The makeup of a high class prostitute will fit me best, sir. You are always right, and can never be wrong.” The

character in the game smiled and said, after he chose her makeup.

“...Always...right...” Tiffany droned.

The final question managed to surprise Dexter. He was asked to choose the blonde's breast size. Dexter was always a fan of big tits. Not anything grotesque, but he found double D tits to be extremely beneficial to his sexual fantasies.

“Of course, sir, having double D tits will only help with the mission. I will go have them enlarged as soon as possible.”

“As...soon...as...possible.” Tiffany repeated.

*--BREAST ENLARGEMENT: CONFIRMATION REQUIRED--*

The screen indicated to press 'X' to confirm, the circle to abort, and the triangle button for more info. Dexter was quite puzzled, and so he pressed the triangle.

*--CONFIRMING THE BREAST ENLARGEMENT WILL INSTALL THE COMMAND IN THE SUBJECT'S MIND, AS A PART OF HER PERMENANT PROGRAMMING--*

*--SHE WILL ADJUST HER BODY TO THE OWNER'S SPECIFICATIONS AS SOON AS HER MASTER DISMISSES HER--*

Dexter pressed the 'X' button to return, and the original question reappeared.

*--BREAST ENLARGEMENT: CONFIRMATION REQUIRED--*

He hesitated. This went much further than he thought it would, and he wasn't sure he had it in him to have Tiffany enlarge her tits, at his whim. His cock was hard, and so he wasn't thinking too clearly.

“Fuck it, I'm altering her mind to be my slave, might as well have her alter her body for me, as well.” He rationalized, and pressed the confirmation button.

“Yes, sir.” Came Tiffany's immediate reaction. Dexter found his current power over her unbelievable.

After all the important decisions were made, they embarked on the 'mission'. Both characters scouted the museum, and the game made sure to show Dexter's character touching his female subordinate in any way he pleased, fondling and squeezing as he laid out their options.

Of course, it fell to Dexter to make a final decision. He could choose between having his subordinate occupy the guards with her body, having her seduce a gang of street ruffians and convince them to act as a distraction, or ignore the mission and fuck his subordinate senseless instead.

Dexter figured it didn't matter what he chose, but the gamer in him still wanted to make a rational decision. He decided that having her use the street gang would be an over reach, especially if she can distract the security guards on her own.

The thought of giving up on the mission didn't even cross his mind - That was just not the kind of man he was. In the game, that is. In real life he would have fucked her nine ways to Sunday before breaking into a highly guarded museum.

As he expected, after making his decision the screen changed to show the hot blonde with her enlarged boobs, giving a blowjob to two security guards. Her voice narrated her thoughts as she served the two men, jerking one off while blowing the other.

“I must please these men, to benefit my superior.”

”My body is his to use for whatever purpose he desires. I will fuck and suck whoever my superior tells me to.”

“I'm an inferior piece of fuck-meat, and I must obey.”

As if the full blown 3-D porn on the screen wasn't enough to arouse Dexter, Tiffany also repeated the humiliating words on her own, meekly whispering words of infinite subservience, as the game programmed her subconscious.

Dexter could hardly contain himself, and he already sported quite a tent in his pants. He was starting to wonder if it was a

good idea to avoid masturbating, and whether he could go jerk off in his room, without her noticing.

Just before he decided to do so, the screen paused and new words appeared.

*--SENSING OWNER'S AROUSAL--*

Derek opened his eyes wide, quite surprised.

*--PAUSE SUBJECT FOR SEXUAL RELIEF PURPOSES?--*

Again, Dexter could either confirm, abort, or ask for more info, and like before, he chose the third option.

*--IF THE SUBJECT IS PAUSED, HER THOUGHT PROCESSES WILL BE HALTED, AND SHE WILL ONLY BE CAPABLE OF PERFORMING VERY SIMPLE MOTORIC TASKS--*

*--THE OWNER CAN SEXUALLY GRATIFY HIMSELF USING THE SUBJECT TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT, AND UNPAUSE HER ONCE HE IS DONE--*

*--ONCE UNPAUSED, THE SUBJECT'S THOUGHT PROCESSES WILL RESUME, AND SO WILL HER PROGRAMMING--*

*--WHILE IT IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY FOR THE SUBJECT TO REJECT THE PROCESS AFTER BEING UNPAUSED,*

*IT IS RECOMMENDED TO RETURN THE SUBJECT TO THE POSITION SHE WAS IN PRIOR TO BEING PAUSED, AND TO DISPOSE OF ANY SEXUAL EXERTIONS BEFORE UNPAUSING--*

Dexter was impressed at how well the game explained such details, considering how unorthodox those details were. He was already elated and anxious to move on, and the next line to appear made him even happier.

*--IF YOU WISH TO PAUSE THE SUBJECT, YOU CAN DO SO AT ANY POINT BY PRESSING THE Start BUTTON--*

“Brilliant.” He said as he realized his hot neighbor is already at his mercy - His to play with as he pleased.

He pressed the confirm button, and the pause screen appeared. The game informed him that he can give four commands for her to follow. Pressing 'X' will make her open her mouth, pressing the circle will make her swallow, the triangle will make her squeeze her tits, and the square will un-pause her.

He tried pressing X, and her mouth instantly opened. Her expression was blank, and her eyes dim. There was nothing differentiating her from a sex doll, at that moment.

He pressed the triangle, and she immediately unbuttoned her shirt and unclasped her bra.

Before he knew it, she was topless, and pressing her tits together.

“Wow...” He said, pinching her nipples hard. She didn't even flinch.

Dexter couldn't wait a single extra moment. He removed his pants and his throbbing hard-on sprung forward. He tickled and teased her lips for a moment, and his heart pounded ever quicker in his chest, as he felt her soft tongue under his shaft. He slowly inserted his cock into her mouth, still afraid he may wake her up, or wake himself up, from what had to be the best dream he ever had.

With a groan of pleasure, he pushed his entire rod into her mouth, arching his neck back and enjoying her receptive throat. He breathed heavily as he pushed into her more forcefully, feeling her nose mash against his lower belly, and her lips on her balls. Then, with one swift motion, he let go of her head and pulled back, so only his tip remained in her open mouth.

He looked down on her and saw her blank expression did not change one bit, and she was still pressing her tits together. She looked positively stunning like that.

What he did next was to be expected, considering the circumstances. He started fucking her face harder than he ever

fucked any woman before. He was always afraid of being too rough, but there was no need for that if the woman was just a living sex doll, existing only to please him. She wasn't even gagging, or drooling.

Her saliva wet his cock and offered a smooth and pleasant lubricant, allowing him to pierce her upper fuck-hole rapidly, and achieve pleasure he never thought possible.

He wanted to fuck her tits a bit, but didn't want to risk cumming all over her breasts. He preferred to follow the game's instruction, and dump his load down her hatch, where she won't be able to notice.

“Oh yeah, that's right, bitch!” He moaned as he fucked her “No more high and mighty bragging from your stupid cock sucking mouth.”

He was finally capable of saying everything he always wanted to tell her, whenever she showed off about beating him in games, and insulted his abilities.

“This, *Hrrm!* Is what you get for being so, *Ngh!* Fucking condescending.”

He knocked on her head as if knocking on a door.

“Anyone there, bitch? Heh, of course not.”

He grabbed the back of her head again, and rammed into her mouth hard.

“From now on, *Ungh!* I'm the top dog, *Unh* You stupid bitch!”

He felt his climax nearing, and went in for the thrill.

“This is how you should have been, all along. *Nng!*”

“Quiet. *Ngh!*”

“Obedient *Ahh!*”

“Doing everything I fucking want.”

Looking down at her was more than enough to drive him off the edge.

“Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum. Ohhh yeaaaahh!”

He instinctively pushed her head forward as the euphoric sensations of his climax engulfed him. It was the first time he ever came inside a woman's mouth, and he loved every moment of it.

His spunk slid down her slippery throat by the time he pulled out. Her mouth still open, he could see a pool of his semen gathered in her mouth, behind her lower teeth. He took his controller back in hand, and pressed the swallow button. Like the sex machine she now was, she gulped his entire load in one go.

“Out of sight, out of mind.” He said with a big, content smile on his face “Well, not like she has a mind.” He added with a smirk.

He lowered her own hands from her boobs back to the controller, and helped himself to a squeeze and a fondle, rubbing her tits like doh, before covering them back with her bra, and re-buttoning her shirt. After putting his pants back on, he sat back down and was about to unpause her.

“I can't believe I just did that” He said to himself, looking at Tiffany's still frozen body. He expected to feel shame after cumming, or perhaps bad for what he's done to her. It was a pleasant surprise for him that he just felt great, and even though the sexual tension subsided for now, he could not wait to have another go with her.

“And with the pause ability, I'm not gonna have to.” He said with a fiendish smile, and finally unpaused her.

As the game continued conditioning her, nothing in her behavior suggested she had a semblance of awareness to the fact he just fed his cum to her, and he definitely looked for such signs.

With his arousal tended to, he got increasingly bored with the game's graphics, especially once the so called “mission” was over, and Tiff's character returned to mindlessly doing house work. At some point, when he figured it can go on for a while, he just left the controller and caught the evening news on his laptop.

He continued playing some of his real games on his laptop, only stopping once to pause and have his way with her. Fucking her face did not get boring the second time, and he quickly climaxed and fed her another hot load of his spunk.

“At least I'm giving you dinner, bitch.” He told the frozen blonde below him.

He realized he didn't have anything to eat, either, so he defrosted some pizza and ate it with a side of yogurt and salad. By the time he was done, it was pretty late, and he had to go to sleep if he wanted to stay awake at work, the next day.

He wondered if he can just leave Tiffany in front of the TV like that, until he saw the message that must have been displayed on the screen for quite a while.

*--FIRST SESSSION ENDED--*

*--SUBJECT REQUIRES AT LEAST FOUR HOURS BEFORE THE NEXT SESSION CAN BEGIN--*

*--THE OWNER CAN TURN THE SYSTEM OFF, AND SEND HER TO REST--*

*--TWO MORE SESSIONS REQUIRED FOR THE PROCESS TO BE COMPLETED--*

“Prefect timing.” Dexter told himself.

He turned his gaming console off, and almost instantly the light returned to Tiffany's eyes.

“Wait...” She said quietly, and then jumped to her feet.

“No, wait! I wanna play some more!” She whined, gasping at him like a kid who had a toy taken away.

“Please! I won't make any noise! Please!”

She grabbed his shoulder and shook him.

“Uhm, Tiff...” Dexter said, a little shaken up “It's late. I have work tomorrow. You can play the...Uhm...Game, tomorrow.”

“No!” She cried “I wanna play now!”

“Get a hold of yourself!” Dexter said with an authoritative voice, making her blink a few times, and return to her senses.

“Wow...” She said, massaging her forehead “Sorry about that, I don't know what came over me.”

She looked at the screen with a frown.

“The game was just so much fun...” She said with a smile.

“Well, you can continue tomorrow.” Dexter told her.

“Okay, sir...”

“I-I mean, okay, Dex.” She corrected herself, wondering where the sudden urge to be respectful towards him came from.

She left, but Dexter could see the only thing she really wanted was to continue playing the game.

“Tomorrow, bitch.” He thought as he tucked himself in his bed “Tomorrow, we'll continue playing.”

And for the first time in a long time, he fell asleep without needing to jerk off first. His pleasure was already fully sated.

## Chapter Three

Dexter woke up to the sound of impatient knocking on his door. The events of the previous day gave him some very pleasant dreams, but also a raging morning wood. He walked to the door, and looked through the peep hole.

Smiling, he opened the door, still in his underwear.

“Hey, Tiffany. What's up?”

“I'll tell you what's up. I need to continue playing that game!” She said, rather assertively.

“Don't you have work today?” He asked.

“Called in sick. I'm gonna be here all day.” Her smile was so big and shiny it could blind an owl.

“Well, I actually do have work, though.” Dexter told her “And I can't call in sick.”

“That's okay.” She said “I can play without you. I promise I won't break anything.”

She looked really cute saying that, almost like she was trying not to beg.

“I don't know...” Dexter teased her, and she completely lost it.

“Oh please, please ,please!” She cried and dropped to her knees, pressing her hands together, and looking up at him with moist eyes.

“I couldn't sleep, I couldn't...” Her head was at his crotch level, and his morning erection was impossible to overlook.

“Oh my!” She said with smile, and started gently massaging his cock through his underwear.

“Whoa, Tiff!” Dexter said as she started kissing the bulge in his pants.

“Oh come on, Dex.” She said “I'm sure I can convince you to let me play the game while your at work.”

She looked up at him, and slowly removed his underwear, letting his hard cock spring and flick her nose.

“Oh, heh, well.” Dexter said as she kissed his tip “Maybe you can try.”

That was all the new submissive Tiffany needed to hear, before she gobbled his cock whole. Unlike the day before, he didn't need to do any work fucking her face. It was a whole different experience to have her suck him off on her own, and it made him realize how lazy his ex girlfriend really was.

“Maybe I should show her the game, and teach her a lesson...” He wondered aloud. Tiffany didn't even hear him. He never thought a woman can be so enthusiastic about sucking a guy off. She didn't just move her head back and forth, she used her hands to jerk him off, licked his balls, and occasionally slapped cheeks and tongue with his cock.

“Oh yeah, take your tongue out!” He said suddenly, and grabbed his dick.

“You like that? Huh?!” He asked her while slapping his cock across her face and tongue.

“Yesh, shir.” She said with a spark in her eyes.

“Oh yeah, that's right, bitch. Call me sir like the respectful little whore you are!” He said and thrust his own hips deep into her face.

“So, sir?” She asked as they reached another natural stopping point “May I please play the game today, while you're at work?”

“Hmm, I still don't know.” He said, looking down on her with a wicked smile, slapping her cheek with his dick.

“Please, sir.” She begged, and kissed his tip passionately.

“Well, maybe you can convince me with these.” He said, and slapped his cock on her tits.

“Oh, yes sir!” She exclaimed, and ripped her shirt off, letting her boobs jiggle wildly and freely. She grabbed her tits with both hands, and rubbed his cock between them, drooling on the valley between her big jugs, to lubricate the process.

It was the first titfuck Dexter had ever received. He groaned as he instinctively grabbed her shoulders and moved her upper

body back and forth on his cock. All she had to do was make sure to tightly hug his cock with her breasts, and look up at him seductively.

“Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!” He said, and started spraying his load all over her tits. He wished he could have lasted longer, but looking at her serving her tits up for him, like a target practice, made it all better.

She pushed her tits together, and up, so his load flowed right to the tightly held crevice between her fleshy mounds, and once he was done, she started lapping it up like a kitten would lap at a saucer of milk.

“So?” She asked between licks, looking up at him.

“So...What?” He asked, delirious.

“Can I stay here and play the game?”

“Ohh, right! Heh...” He said, landing back on Earth.

“Sure, sure you can.” He said with a pat on her perfect golden mane.

“Thank you sir!” She jumped up and rushed to turn the gaming console on, and then went to sit on the sofa, his cum now free to drizzle down her tits and onto her belly and eventually her thighs.

*--SUBJECT RECOGNIZED--*

*--INITIATING SECOND SESSION--*

Dexter stared at the scene with a now permanent smile on his face, as Tiffany sighed and returned to the same mesmerized state she was in the previous night, and the game continued training her mind and body in how to please her master to be.

“Well, guess I'll make breakfast.” Dexter said, noticing he had about three quarters of an hour before he had to leave for work. Luckily, it was just enough time for him to eat, brush his teeth, shower, and get dressed. He didn't even say goodbye to his sex doll in training, mainly cause he was pretty sure she won't be able to hear him.

Dexter tried his best to focus at work, but it didn't take much to notice how distracted he was. Luckily, most of his day was spent in his cubical, barely interacting with other people. He eventually managed to put the hot blonde in the back of his mind, only to suddenly get a phone call from her.

"I wonder why she's calling..." He pondered out loud, slightly concerned. He was sure she'd be out of commission until he returned from work.

"Uh...Hello?" He answered

"Hello, master. Is this slave interrupting?"

Hearing Tiffany's voice call him master really struck him in his crotch area.

"Umm...No, you're not. W...What is it?"

"Thank you, master. This slave finished the second session of her programming two hours ago." She said.

"This slave is ready to begin her third and final session, and the Master Plan game instructed her to contact you, and ask for your confirmation, as the owner of the game."

Dexter started rubbing his crotch without thinking, and donned a smile he rarely wore in his boring cubical office.

"Yeah, go ahead..." He looked around, making sure no one was in ear shot "...you stupid bitch."

"Yes master. This stupid bitch slave obeys." She said, and hung up.

Dexter spent the rest of the day barely capable of focusing on anything. He had to stay, because of a meeting he had to attend, but he was starting to consider pretending he's sick and going home early. The fact he actually made it to the meeting and finished all his tasks for the day made him strangely proud, and he even decided to stop by Gaming4Ever to visit Stan.

The store was closed, but Dexter had a weird feeling he could just barge in. He was right, sort of. Inside the store, Stan had two young beauties bent over the counter. One of them was the goth

lesbian who was always there, and the other was a hot brunette Dexter did not recognize.

“Dexter, my man!” Stan called out as he pumped into the brunette. The two women were interlocked in a hot lesbian french kiss.

“I believe you know this hot piece of ass.” He said, spanking the raven haired beauty.

“And this...” He said, spanking the other one “...Is her former lesbian lover, and current fellow sex slave.” He smiled at Dexter.

“As you can see, they can still suck face quite nicely.”

“Yeah, I can see that.” Dexter said, alternating between staring at the ceiling, and eying their naked tits.

“How's the neighborly competition going?” Stan asked him.

“That's actually why I came. I wanted to thank you, Stan. It's fucking amazing! I have a hot blonde waiting at my place, ready to serve me hand and foot. I..I'm almost speechless.”

“Hah! Well, I'm speechless too, kid!” Stan said, and Dexter gave him a puzzled look.

“If that's true, what the hell are you doing here? Go over there and get some!” He spanked his two slaves multiple times.

“When you're right, you're right. I'll see ya later.” Dexter said, and turned around to leave.

“Oh! And if she's so hot, that blonde of yours, maybe you can give me a test run with her? Seeing as you're so grateful, and all.”

“Only if you give me a run with those two.” Dexter called back, and left the store with a smile, hearing Stan laugh heartily.

By the time he got home, his cock was throbbing and ready to go. He wasn't even surprised to see Tiffany greet him on her knees, completely naked, with a soaking wet “Welcome home, master.”

“Yeah, yeah. “ He said dismissively as he locked the door, and closed in on her, squeezing her breasts.

“Who owns these tits, bitch?” He asked his new slave.

“You do, master. Thank you, master.” Her perfect response came, right when he stuck his cock in her face. She started

sucking him off with no hesitation.

“Crawl to the bedroom, whore.” He commanded her, and she wiggled her ass over to his bedroom.

“This is what I wanted to do from the moment we met, Tiff.” He said as she stuck her hips out, ready to have her hot ass pinned to the bed.

“I'm happy to please...Ah!... master.” She moaned as he entered her warm, tight snatch.

“Oh yeah! Fuck, your tight!” He moaned, humping her with no holding back.

“Thank you maaaaaster...Ah!”

He spent the next ten minutes testing the durability of his bed's springs, and of his new sex toy.

“I'm gonna cum inside, you slut!” He told her.

“I am your cum dump, master! Thank you so much! Ahhhh!” She moaned and writhed as she felt his load spray inside of her. Her pussy tightened around his cock, as if to suck his load into her.

“Wow, you really are just a cum dump now, huh?” He said, as he settled on top of her, sorting his breath back, and using her like a mere mattress.

“Yes, master. I am whatever you wish me to be, master.”

“You know,” He whispered in her ear “All those times when you beat me in games? I actually let you win.”

He smiled so wide his cheeks were starting to hurt. With her like this, he will never have to face the fact of the lie he just told.

“You're so considerate, master. This slave is eternally grateful you allowed her the pretense of being anything other than inferior fuck-meat.”

Somehow, her willing acknowledgment of that felt almost as good as cumming inside of her.

“Oh, this is going to be a long weekend, bitch.” He said, and rested on her naked and obedient body.

He didn't spend much of the night sleeping, mainly because his cock was permanently lodged in Tiffany's hot cunt. He would have erotic dreams that would harden his member, only to wake up and see the best dream is now his reality. He probably fucked her in every position possible on a bed, during that night, and filled her with so much cum he was starting to wonder if her birth control would hold.

He slept till noon, after he finally collapsed with utter exhaustion. There was no rest for the enslaved, though, and Tiffany took the time to clean her master's studio apartment spotless, and prepare a meal for him.

When he woke up, he found her in the kitchen wearing nothing but an apron, and gave her a very good morning fuck, before gobbling up the delicious meal she had prepared.

“Mm,mm, mm! It's been a while since I ate this well.” He said.

“I'm glad you are pleased, master.” She said, still breathing heavily from their last fuck, her tits slowly moving up and down.

“Care for a drink?” He asked the same question he always asked his guests.

“If it would please my master.” She responded.

“Well, go get it, then.” He said, and pointed under his desk. She looked down to where he pointed, and smiled as she understood what he meant.

“Yes, master.”

Getting a slow and tender blowjob while he ate was definitely one of the best perks of having a sex slave, Dexter decided as he folded his arms behind his head, and sighed a relaxed and happy sigh. He gave her a drink of his cock juice just as he took his last bite, and took her over to play some games.

And this time, not sexual games They played the old games they used to play, the ones Dexter always “pretended” to suck at. The only difference was that she was buck naked, and that he was winning almost every fight.

“*Nnh! Ah!*” She moaned as she lost another easy battle. Sure, the fact that half of the quaking controller was in her pussy may

have reduced her ability, but Dexter enjoyed the show, and that was all that mattered. She did still manage to win a few matches, or rather Dexter allowed her to win, so he could have an excuse to bend her over his knee and spank her, while listening to her beg for forgiveness.

After she had multiple orgasms from the constant stimulation in her wet snatch, Dexter ordered her to ride him while he played a solo game of Fist Judge, for the who knows how many times. It was his favorite game, after all, and playing it while Tiffany rode his throbbing erection gave playing it a whole new meaning for him.

The weekend passed all too fast for Dexter, but he did manage to put in a lot of fun games with his new toy. He even found it much easier to focus at work, now that his sexual hunger was so thoroughly sated. His place was perfectly clean, and he didn't even have to pay for it. Not to mention the fact his slave Tiffany was discovered to be quite the talented cook.

All of these things were still shadowed by what he saw as he returned from work on Monday.

After finishing all her chores, and since she had nothing to do, Tiffany found the time to complete the final phase of her programming. She went to a plastic surgeon and demanded to have her boobs enlarged to a double D size, as fast as possible. She even paid extra to have it done that very day.

“Are my new tits to your liking, master. They are yours to play with, as you please.” She said with a respectful tone, standing naked before him.

He looked at the woman that used to be argumentative, judgmental, and competitive, and couldn't help but smile.

“Well, I think I'll have to try them out, before I tell you what I think.” He said.

“Of course, master.” She dropped to her knees, her new tits bouncing heavily. She squeezed her tits together, and served them up for him.

“This slave is always ready to please, master.”

Dexter had a feeling he won't be playing video games as much as he used to, from now on...

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