

Under His Control

*A Collection
Of
Erotic Stories*

4



Will B. Gunn

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Office Rivalry

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The only sound in Mick's office came from the hands of his clock, slowly ticking the seconds away. He stared at it, noticing it was almost time for lunch, and sighed.

"I don't think I've ever been this bored..." He said, averting his eyes back to the instructions Brenda emailed him, regarding their recent project.

It was like someone poured an ocean upon the sands of time, making them run thick and slow as mud, almost reaching a crushing halt. Mick wasn't even sure how old he was, anymore.

“How many decades passed since this freaking morning...” He moaned begrudgingly, planting his face in his hands, and rubbing his eyes.

He jumped up in surprise as the door to his office swung open. Brenda stood at his doorstep, and glared at him.

“Are you sleeping?” She asked with a judgmental tone, berating her senior.

“No I'm not.” He said, in a way that made it clear that he does not approve of her sanctimonious demeanor.

“Are you done with what I gave you to do?” She asked, not backing down.

“No, not yet. I'm still in the planning phase.”

“What do you mean 'planning phase'?! You mean you haven't even started yet?”

“It means I started planning!” He said, getting annoyed.

She stomped into his office and slammed the door shut.

“Listen, you lazy idiot, I won't let you destroy my chances of getting that promotion, so either get off your fat ass and start working, or I'll do it all on my own and make sure the higher-ups know all about who did all the work, kapish?!” The vibrant and ambitious young blonde exploded, her angry face only making her look sexier.

Mick tried to stay calm, and sighed at her.

“Excuse me, you've worked here for how long? Two years?” He asked in a derisive manner “I've been here for eleven years, doing this job. So think twice before you get all huffy, and if you want to take this entire project on your own, go ahead!”

Mick knew she couldn't really finish it without his help. Her own plate was full to the brim with things she had to do. She had the habit of taking over a project, and do ninety percent of the

work, forcing her partner to cope with the most boring, and least important remainder of the workload.

Mick resented her for that fact. She was assigned to him as a new employee, and it was his job to teach her the ropes of her new job, which is why they ended up having to work on many projects together. He started avoiding any work with her when he realized how good she was at shutting him away from any real work, and taking all the credit for herself.

Her rise in the company was meteoric, and why not? Brenda had it all – The looks, the brains, and the tenacity that the higher ups liked so much. Mick was sure he saw two of the big execs blatantly stare at her breasts, as she presented a project they worked on.

He couldn't blame them – Brenda had big breasts that somehow seemed proportional on her lean, yet curvy body. Mick wasn't sure she was using her body to tease the bosses, until he noticed she always came to staff meetings with low-cut tops, and buttock-emphasizing tight bottoms.

She used everything she could to get ahead, and mercilessly trampled everyone who got in her way. Mick gritted his teeth, staring at his computer screen, and his so called 'planning' for his part of the project.

“Fuck that bitch!” He said, gathered his coat, and headed for lunch.

On his way out, he met Robert, another younger co-worker he mentored six years in the past. They stood for a few seconds in the hall, chatting and catching up on the day's affairs.

After discussing the loss of the sports team they were both fans of, they reached a certain pause in the conversation.

“So, how's working with Brenda again?” Robert asked with a smirk, knowing full well what Mick thought of the blonde bitch.

“Oh fantastic. Just fucking fantastic.” He said with bitter sarcasm.

“Hey, man, I know what you're going through. I did a few projects with her a couple of months ago. It was brutal. I hear

she's the top candidate for that promotion they've been dangling before our noses lately.”

“That's just unbelievable.” Mick said, shaking his head “I've worked here for eleven years, and Mr. Leland promised me that my loyalty and determination will be rewarded, three years ago!” He sighed.

“If anyone deserves that promotion, it's me, not some little blondie shaking her tits and ass for the guys in management. She should be under my desk wrapping her boobs around my cock, while Mr. Leland gives ME the promotion I fucking deserve!”

Robert stared at Mick with fear in his eyes.

“What?” Mick raised an eyebrow. He knew Robert hated Brenda as much as he did, so Robert's shock came as a surprise to him. Mick noticed Robert was looking over his shoulder, and turned around, only to see Brenda's fiery glare.

“B-Brenda...” Mick let out, immediately starting to wonder how much she heard.

“Oh, I'm sorry, did I surprise you?” She asked, seething “Should I go back below your desk and take my tits out?!”

“H-Hey. It was a joke...”

“A joke?! Yeah, right! Now you listen to me, I am not going to file a complaint against you, that will be way too easy.” She said, a sadistic expression on her face.

“I'm going to get this promotion, *Which I deserve*,” She raised her voice “and I'll be your boss, then we'll see who will be under who's desk!”

Mick's nostrils flared, seething with rage.

“Deserve?! Based on what? I've been working here for...”

“You're a lazy idiot!” She interrupted him.

He was about to respond, but then he saw they had company. A young blonde, no older than nineteen, walked to Brenda's side.

“Why are you yelling, Brenda, what's going on?” She asked, her voice drawn out, and oozing boredom.

“It's nothing. Didn't I tell you to stay in my office till I come get you.” Brenda told the younger blonde.

“I'm not a little kid. You think I'll just stay in your office all day and draw sunflowers? You promised to show me the place, so I can decide whether or not to apply for an internship.”

Mick lightened up almost immediately, young blonde hotties had a tendency of softening him up.

“Hey there, you must be Brenda's little sister. I'm Mick...”

“Oh, you're nobody.” Brenda interrupted him again.

“He's the reason you need to stay in my office. Come on, let's go somewhere else.” Brenda said, took her little sister by the hand, and pulled her away.

“Are you going to tell me what the hell happened over there, at any point?” Mick heard the young blonde ask Brenda, as they walked away, and out of sight.

Robert still stared ahead in shock.

“Oh, relax, Robert.”

“Relax?! Odds are she'll be our boss, soon!”

“If that actually happens, I'll be quitting faster than you can say french fries.”

“Not all of us can afford to quit...” Said the terrified Robert.

Mick didn't really want to quit, either. He had enough money saved up to handle a few months of unemployment, but the notion of ditching the place he invested eleven years of his life was hardly appealing to him. He looked at things realistically, though, and knew he may have no choice.

“Well, are you coming to lunch.” Robert asked. They usually had lunch in the company's cafeteria. It wasn't the best food, but it was covered by the company, so most employees ate there.

“Nah, I'm meeting an old college buddy at Larry's.” Mick told him.

“That little cafe downstairs?”

“Yeah, that's the one.”

“Okay, have a nice meal.” Robert said, and started walking away.

“Yeah, you too, Robby. And don't take what happened too hard!” Mick called out.

“He's a good kid...” He added quietly, and headed to the elevator.

Mick entered the coffee shop, and recognized his old friend almost immediately.

“Jim?! My man, you haven't changed a bit!” He said.

“You mean since the last photos I uploaded to my wall? It's only been a week, you know.” Jim jested.

Mick sat down, laughing.

“Your sense of humor hasn't changed either.”

They both ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and started reminiscing about the good old college days. It was always easy for them to talk, it was like they were always on the same wavelength.

They were the perfect match in college. Mick had the brains, but was less proficient in the social department. Jim, on the other hand, always knew how to become the light of the party, but when it came to school...

Well, let's just say he needed some assistance.

Together, with Mick's cerebral abilities, and Jim's social skills, they ruled their college. Mick finished his degree at the top of their class, and pulled Jim up to an above average grade. And honestly, Mick wouldn't have had a college social life without Jim.

“Yeah, those were the days.” Jim said.

“So, you're in real-estate now, right?” Mick asked.

“Yeah, commercial, so I can't really get you a deal on an apartment, I'm afraid.”

“Then why did I come to this crummy coffee shop for?!” Mick exclaimed jokingly.

“Ha! Are you still with that, what was that company again?” Jim asked

Mick sighed, fixating his eyes on his coffee mug.

“Yeah, I am...” He said in a very ominous manner.

“What's with the sudden long face?” Jim asked.

Mick raised his eyes from his coffee.

“Let's just say I might not continue with that company for very long.” He said.

“What? After all this time. I figured you'd be an executive, by now.”

“You and me both, Jim. You and me both.”

“Well, what happened?”

With another long drawn sigh, Mick started explaining the whole Brenda situation, telling Jim about the last two years, sharing details he could only ever trust Jim with.

“So, anyway, now she's up for this big promotion that I was supposed to get, and she hates my guts. Heck, we hate each other's guts, really. I won't have that little bitch as my boss, that's for sure.” He finished his story, and took an angry sip from his coffee cup.

Jim nodded in an understanding fashion, and took a sip of his own.

“You're not going to let her get away with this, right? You'll fight for this promotion, won't you?” Jim asked.

“What can I do? The execs love her!” Mick said desperately.

“So you're just giving up?! come on, Mick! Where's the ambitious genius that went to business school with me?”

“He's crushed under the tit-weight of a big boobed blonde, and not in a good way!” Mick said, half laughing, half complaining.

Jim shook his head with a slightly condescending smirk.

“You think it's funny, real-estate man?” Mick asked, a vain popping in his forehead.

“Yeah, I do, but that's not why I chuckle” Jim said “You know what, Mick, today is your lucky day.” Mick raised an eyebrow.

“What are you on about?”

“I think I can help you with your hot blonde bitch problems.” Jim said in a somewhat secretive tone.

Mick frowned.

“And how will you do that?”

Jim got up, took his wallet out, placed a crisp one hundred dollar bill on the table, and pocketed his wallet again.

“There you go, luv, keep the change.” He told the waitress, who's eyes widened in surprise.

“T-Thank you, sir!” She said, and took the money quickly, before he changes his mind.

“Come on, Mick. My apartment is two blocks away, I've got something to tell you, In private.” Jim said.

Mick got on his feet, and frowned again.

“What do you mean, your apartment? I've got to go back to work.”

“You mean the work you'll probably be quitting soon, anyway? Trust me, this will be worth it.” Jim ensured him.

Even though they've strayed away from one another, since college, Mick still trusted Jim more than most people, so with another exasperated sigh, he followed suit. Mick was surprised Jim's apartment was so close. They were in the commercial center of the city, he didn't even think people lived in that area.. He was even more surprised when he realized they were going up to the top floor of a sky scraping high-end apartment building.

“You live here?!” Mick asked, dumbfounded.

“At times. I have a larger place in the country.” Jim said.

“Larger place?! Are you shitting me?”

Jim just shook his head, smiled, opened the door to his top floor suite, and walked in.

“Come on in, Mick.”

“Sure, sure.” Mick said, still having a hard time believing his eyes.

“What the...” he suddenly gasped.

Two sexy young ladies rushed to greet the two respectable gentlemen. They were naked, fitted with a collar on their necks, attached to a metallic strand that ended in three, not so discrete, places on their nubile bodies – Their two nipples, and their clitoris. Anyone grasping at their leash could choose to pull them from either their necks, their tits, or their clits.

It didn't take Mick long to realize another thing about them. They were identical twins, the only thing differentiating them was their hair style , and the tattoo on their left breast. The one on the left had the number '1' tattooed, and smooth, long hair. She respectfully bowed before them and reached her hands out.

“Welcome home, master. May I take your coat?” She asked.

Her twin had the number '2' tattooed on her breast, and had shorter, puffier hair, giving her a slightly more glamorous look.

“How may this maid-slave please you, my lord?” She asked with meek submission, bowing her head.

Jim took his coat off and tossed it on one of the naked twins.

“Nothing, for now, keep cleaning.” he said, spanking their behinds.

“Yes master.” They said together.

Mick couldn't even blink, but he somehow had the presence of mind to take his coat off, and hand it over to the other twin. He sat on the sofa and watched the twins writhe their bodies as they cleaned the floor together. Their asses swayed and their tits swiveled.

With great effort, and an already hardened shaft, he tore his eyes from the nearly naked twins, and looked at Jim, who sat on the other sofa, wearing a big smile on his face.

“What is?...Who are these women?...Why are they so...? I mean...” Mick didn't know what to ask first.

“I'll explain.” Jim chuckled and said. Mick couldn't help but watch the young lewd female bodies before him, but he still tried to listen to his college friend's in depth explanation.

“Here's the thing, I'm not really working in real estate.” Jim said.

“Yeah, you're gonna have to give me much more than that.” Mick said “This apartment, not to mention the house in the country is unbelievable enough. But those two girls...”

He stared at them, salivating at the sight.

“Well, it's time I tell you what my company really does.” Jim continued.

“We are called MS housing solutions, which does sound like a real-estate firm, I admit. The truth is, however, that the MS stands for maid-slave.”

“Maid-slave?” Mick asked “That sounds a bit childish...”

“Be that as it may.” Jim said “It describes our trade in a very accurate manner.”

“You see, what we do is acquire women of certain physical attributes and age, from all around the world, and convince them they are better off dedicating their lives to the service of our clients.”

Mick stared at Jim again.

“By the time we are done with them, they are happy to work their pert, bubbly bottoms off, cleaning, cooking, and providing sexual service to their owners, for no payment what so ever.”

Mick's jaw dropped, not knowing how to respond.

“Any questions?” Jim asked.

Mick shifted in his chair, looking at twin number two's tits shake as she cleaned a nearby window.

“So, what you're saying is...” He said, his mouth dry “...Your company takes young, sexy babes, and brainwashes them to be servile, obedient maids, and sex slaves?” He asked.

“In laymen terms.” Jim said, and added “Number one, get me and my friend a drink.”

“Right away, master.” The nubile beauty got up from the floor, and ran to bring them a bottle of fine champagne, and two sparkling glasses.

Mick couldn't help but touch her tits as she poured his glass. She looked at him when he touched her, and he moved his hand

away curtly, in an apologetic manner.

“It's okay, master's friend.” She said, smiling “My body is master's property. His friends can enjoy me in anyway they want.”

Mick quenched his thirst, and continued touching her breasts with one hand. The other twin still worked on the window, moving her body lewdly as she rubbed the glass with a wet washcloth.

“So, my friend, what do you say?” Jim asked.

“About what?” Mick asked, the stiffness in his pants getting unbearable.

“About that bitch giving you issues at work.” Jim said “We usually cater to the wealthy and noble, but I'm sure you can afford our services, if I give you a little discount.”

Mick glared at his friend.

“What are you saying?” He said “I can understand you taking young hotties from poor countries and moving them across the world, but how do you expect to do this to a successful big city businesswoman? There's no way you can make someone like that just disappear, is there?”

“Oh, how you underestimate us, Mick.” Jim said “As long as our clients pay, we get anyone they wish, from any walk of life, and any status. Unless they ask for a woman who's related to another client, or belongs to another client, of course.”

He could see Mick was still skeptical.

“Twin one, tell me, what was your name before your maid-slave conditioning?” Jim asked, addressing the woman Mick was fondling. Mick left her alone, staring at her, awaiting her response.

“Penny Noble.” She answered, walking a step back, standing at attention before them.

“Tell me about your future plans, before you were taken and trained by MS housing solutions.”

“I just graduated high school, master. I planned on starting a veterinary degree in the university.” She said.

“She wanted to be an animal doctor, Mick.” Jim smiled at him.

“And how did you intend to pay for the degree?” He asked her.

“My parents had money saved up for me, master.” She said.

“And where did you live?” Jim asked.

“London, master.” She answered.

Mick's eyes widened in surprise.

“She wasn't poor, and she came from London, which you must admit, is a rather big city. I can assure you there were plenty of people to be aware of her disappearance.”

“Then how?” Mick asked.

“Sorry, trade secrets. Twin two, get your hot ass over here.” Jim said.

“Yes master.”

The other twin walked over to Jim, who immediately started touching and fondling her body, all over.

“For the record, what was it you planned to do with your future, before you became an object in my possession?” He asked the other twin.

“I wanted to be a professional chess player, master, and planned on starting a degree in political science.” She said.

“A politician and chessmaster. I bet you were a feminist too, before I owned your ass.” He said, gently spanking her behind.

“And they'll do everything?” Mick asked.

Jim smiled again, and turned to the first twin, still standing before them.

“Twin one, before I owned your tits, would you suck a stranger's cock?”

“No master. I never sucked cock before you owned me. I found the notion of placing my lips and tongue on a man's penis appalling.” She said.

“Suck my friend's cock.” He ordered.

She knelt before Mick, and placed her head between his legs.

“Yes master.”

Mick looked down at her, his cock hard as a brick, but all she did was stare up at him with a tender smile and moist eyes.

“She's waiting for you to let it out, unless you tell her otherwise.” Jim said “It's how I trained her to behave.”

“Oh...” Mick said “Uhm...You can take my cock out.”

“Yes master's friend, Mick.” She said, and her slender fingers worked his zipper, releasing his hard-on in a matter of seconds. The girl who found cock-sucking appalling took his entire cock down her throat with one gulp. She obviously had some experience with it.

“Tell me, twin two, how did you happen to belong to me.” Jim asked the other twin, still enjoying her slender, yet curvy physique.

“You were in London for business, and the company rewarded your good job by giving you two new maid-slaves. You spotted my sister's hot ass that very day, and then you discovered she had a twin.”

He started fingering her pussy.

“*Ahh!* We have always belonged to you, master. That was just the day we found out about it.” She said, welcoming his touch on her pristine lower lips.

Mick was in a world of his own, getting head from a hot young woman wasn't something he was used to.

“So, what do you say?” Jim asked, but noticed Mick wasn't listening.

“Yo, Mick!” He said spanking twin number two's ass.

“Wha” Mick said, dropping back to reality “Oh, right.”

“Well, if you say you can get Brenda, and I can afford the service...Ohh fuck!...How can I say no...Ahhh”

He grabbed her head, pushed her lips down his cock, and started cumming uncontrollably, his whole body jerking with

every spurt he deposited in her mouth.

“Ohh, fuck!” He moaned one last time when he was done.

“It's been a while, huh?” Jim asked.

“Oh, you have no idea...” Mick admitted.

The young woman slid her lips off his cock slowly, but kept her head between his legs.

“Whath ssould I dho wiz your loadh, math-ter's friendh?” She asked.

“How about you swallow it.” Mick tried. She nodded, and gulped loudly, downing his entire load at once.

“Thank you for the meal, master's friend, Mick.” She said.

Mick still couldn't believe it was all true, but unless his mind deceived him, there was no denying it.

“So how much would it cost?” Mick asked “Do you really think I could afford something like this?”

“Well, let's see.” Jim said, and took a pen from his shirt pocket.

“With the discount I can give you, I think it will be around...” Jim wrote something on the second twin girl's buttock, and turned her ass in Mick's direction.

“This amount.” He said, and spanked her hard.

Mick read the number written on her shapely behind, the red mark Jim's palm left on it making the black ink easier to read, and took a deep breath.

“It's not cheap.” He said “But you're right, it's quite affordable. And considering the service you claim to provide...”

He swallowed the spit that gathered from his salivating over the sexy twins.

“It certainly seems to be worth it.”

Jim smiled, and spanked the nubile young woman's ass again.

“Not to mention this way I'll get rid of that bitch Brenda.” Mick added, a wicked smile forming on his face.

“Excellent.” Jim said “I'll go get the paperwork. Usually, you'd have to come by our offices to place an order, but since you're such a good old friend of mine, we can just do it all here, in my humble abode.”

“Humble. Right...And you're sure you can get her?” Mick asked again, making Jim sigh.

“Yes, of course. Hey, did you hear about Trisha McMillan disappearing?” Jim asked.

“Wasn't she some kind of pop star?” Mick wondered. The name did sound awfully familiar.

Jim nodded slowly, smiling broadly.

“Yes, and today you don't hear from her anymore, do you?”

“You mean?!” Mick asked, astounded.

“Yeah.” Jim nodded again “One of our top paying clients ordered her, and to the rest of the world, she just went underground, sick of the fame.”

With that, Jim went to get some formal papers for Mick to sign, leaving his friend with his mouth open, still shocked at his recent realization.

Twin one, who claimed her previous name was Penny, still knelt between his legs, looking up at him with innocent, docile eyes, obviously waiting for further instruction.

“You can get on with your, hrrm, chores, I suppose.” He said, looking down at her.

“Yes, master's friend, Mick.”

“Mick is more than enough, now that you've eaten my cum, and all.” He said.

“Yes Mick.” She said.

“You know what? Master Mick is better.” He decided.

“Yes, master Mick.” She said, and continued cleaning the floor. Mick smiled wickedly, her words like music to his ears.

Jim returned after about two minutes with some formal papers, detailing their deal. There was no mention of the

kidnapping and brainwashing, but Jim explained what words were meant to mask their true intention under a legal guise.

“And under primary voucher, you need to put the name of that Brenda. We'll make sure she signs a document giving security for your purchase, so it would seem like a legit real estate purchase.” Jim said.

Mick nodded and wrote her name.

“Secondary voucher...” he read out loud.

“Can I get another one?” Mick asked.

“Heh, getting greedy, are we?” Jim asked with a chuckle “Yes, you certainly can, and I think I can give you a bigger discount on two maid-slaves. Of course, it would still be significantly more expensive.”

“Who did you have in mind?” Jim asked.

Mick took a second to think.

“Well, Brenda has a younger sister – Eighteen and freaking gorgeous.” Mick said.

“Oh, they're related? Well, that will actually be cheaper than just another random girl.” Jim said.

“Why's that?” Mick asked with a frown.

“Easier to cover up.” Jim explained.

“If the woman you order has no relatives or anyone who'll go looking for her, the price we charge is greatly diminished. Taking her sister means one less loose end to take care of. It's easier for us, so it's cheaper for you.”

“That's very fair.” Mick said, impressed and slightly surprised.

“We have no reason to be unfair towards our customers, do we?” Jim said, and wrote down a certain number on an empty sheet of paper he brought with him.

“This will be the price for the both of them.” He said.

“Wow.” Mick said “That's pretty reasonable. I'll take it!” He said, sounding a little more enthusiastic than he wanted to sound.

“I mean, you know, I'll take it.” he said more calmly.

Jim laughed and continued guiding his friend in the filling of the order form.

With the papers signed, Mick got up on his feet.

“Oh, wow, I really have to go back to work. Brenda will be furious if she notices the length of my lunch break.”

“I wouldn't worry about her. By this time tomorrow, she'll be more concerned with other lengths related to you.” Jim said with a wink.

“I still can't believe this is true, man, but I trust you. Plus, those perky twins provide quite the sexy piece of hot evidence.”

“Trust me, Mick, this is the first day of the rest of your life, and this isn't just the salesman in me telling you this.”

Not knowing how to possibly thank his friend, and feeling a little flustered, Mick just nodded, and left the high-rise apartment. By the time he was back on the street, he seriously wondered if it was all just an elaborate joke.

“Wait and see, I guess...” He figured.

He spent the rest of his day buried in his office, working on his part of the project, which he postponed for so long. He tried to ignore Brenda's constant emails, telling him he had to finish it by the end of the day, but eventually his anger rose too high.

It was already seven o'clock, anyway, and he figured he'd finish it the next morning. His day was eventful enough, and he didn't think he had much more to do before completing his work, anyway.

He called Jim from home, trying to understand when and where to expect something to happen, but Jim waved him off, telling him he can't talk. Mick got a little worried, but thought maybe Jim just couldn't discuss such matters on the phone, so blatantly. He did try using code words, like 'package' and such, but that didn't seem to help.

“Maybe I just shouldn't have called...” He mumbled to himself, alone in his bed, closing his eyes and trying to fall asleep.

Sleep didn't come easy that night. Mick kept going back and forth from replaying the events of the day, to anticipating the next day. And even while thinking of the next day, he kept going back and forth from thinking about his deal with Jim and his maid-slave company, and thinking about his and Brenda's big presentation in front of the top execs.

In the end, he got enough sleep to properly function during the day, and rushed over to his office to finish his half-assed part of the project. He got there so early that the night security person was still behind the front desk, and none of his co-workers were there, yet.

It was noon by the time he finished what he had to do. He sat on his chair, looking at his handiwork.

“Well, it's not anything to be proud of.” He said to himself “But considering the fact I worked on it for less than a day, it's not so bad.”

He was a bit surprised no emails from Brenda reached his inbox.

“Maybe she realized getting off my back would allow me to do some actual work...” He tried not to think about the other option, not wanting to get his hopes up.

Just then, a message he received on his phone made his heart leap. It was from someone called 'MS Housing Solutions SMS service'.

“We are happy to inform you that your acquisition has been processed, and is now being prepared for you. Come to our offices any time later than three p.m. today, to receive the keys and other miscellaneous items. Thank you for choosing MS. We aim to please.”

He read the message aloud, his face beaming.

“Holy shit. Does this mean they already have her.”

He rushed out of his office and started asking people if they saw Brenda.. As he expected, she apparently never showed up that morning. He didn't notice because he was so busy with his end of their project.

As his jubilation subsided, he realized another thing.

“Wait a second, if she's not here, that means I'll have to present our project alone.” He said, a bit worried.

His worrisome look was quickly replaced with a smile, though, once he understood the true meaning of such a thing. He rushed to Brenda's office, had the janitor open it for him, and started to rummage through her stuff, looking for what she prepared for their presentation.

It wasn't hard to find, Brenda was very well organized.

“You always were good with the presentation part, Brenda.” He said, finding her disc-on-key and locating the file containing her digital presentation.

He looked over all the papers she had, concerning their recent project, trying to study it all as fast as he could.

“See, blondie, this is where eleven years of seniority come into play.” He mumbled to himself as he worked harder than he did for over a year.

Mick certainly knew the ropes of the business, enough to gauge that Brenda did a hell of a job on her part. It was easily much better than what he did on his own portion of the project, and in fact he wasn't sure if he could have done her part of the project any better.

“Talk about sweet revenge.” He said to himself “Time for me to take the credit for her work, and dump my failures on her absent self.”

He started laughing at his good fortune, as he studied the material and planned how he will handle the presentation on his own.

It has been a long time since Mick felt so vibrant, ambitious excitement coursing through his veins, and the way their meeting started only served to amplify that feeling of his. The bosses said they all received an SMS from Brenda, saying that she won't be able to make it for personal reasons. One of their messages even

said that she might quit, because the job was getting too hard for her.

Those blowhards in management were dumbfounded by her message, probably expecting another show of smiles and cleavage from the young upstart. Mick could almost smell their disappointment and bruised egos. And Mick knew just how to capitalize on the situation.

He gave a perfect presentation, not forgetting to mention his seniority, and display his knowledge of the company. He made sure to take a believable amount of credit, stating that he had to work late, and come to work early, to cover for the frequently absent Brenda.

Of course, he also dumped all the bad parts which needed improvement on her slender shoulders, and considering her peculiar absence, none of them had reason to doubt the truth of his words.

The meeting ended with Mick reaping praise from all the attendees, and his direct manager insisting that he takes the rest of the day off, saying he deserved it after all the work he's put in. Mick was more than happy to oblige, especially since it was already after three p.m., and he had to get to the MS housing solutions building, where his purchase awaited.

He parked in the MS building's underground parking lot, and fumbled for his keys so he could lock his car, his hands were trembling with excitement. He walked to the front desk, where a busty redheaded receptionist stood, wearing what appeared to be an eternal smile. He stated his business, just like Jim told him to, and recited his order number.

A few seconds of her checking the front desk computer, and she verified his identity and his order.

“Yes, mister Mick Goodson, your order is ready and waiting on the fifth floor, room 509. That is Jim Palmer's office, the salesman who handled your purchase.”

She handed him a magnetic card

“This card will get you into the elevators. Please do not try and open doors your card is restricted from accessing, or security

personnel will be alerted. We are proud to provide our customers free range in the majority of the building, please feel free to wander about as you wait for your purchase to be finalized.”

Mick felt like he had cotton in his mouth, so he just stared at the always smiling young woman, and nodded.

She gave her screen one final glance.

“Also, Mr. Palmer wants to notify you that only half of your original order has been processed, and the other half shall be taken care of once your payment clears.”

Mick didn't like the sound of what he just heard.

“Wait, what does that mean?” He asked.

“I am not in liberty to discuss such matters, sir, please go in, and meet with your salesperson to discuss the matter.” She said in an automatic sorta way. It didn't take a genius to see the receptionist was not really herself, and Mick began to wonder just how extensive her own brainwashing had been.

He rushed to the fifth floor, even more nervous than before, and knocked on Jim's door. His card did seem to open most doors, and Mick even saw some of the other clients roaming around. One of them had a beautiful Russian blonde, crawling on the floor beside him. He had her on a leash, and seemed to enjoy humiliating her.

“Come on in.” he heard Jim's voice say. Mick took a deep breath, not wanting to divulge how insanely on edge he was, and went in.

“Hey, Jim. Why did the receptionist tell me only half my purchase was handled, and the other half is held until my payment is cleared?” Mick asked immediately.

Jim finished writing something on his notepad, and looked up,

“Damn, Mick, walk in a room guns a blazing. See, that's why you're such a great businessman.”

“Nice flattery.” Mick said, sitting on the chair opposite to Jim
“Now, what gives?”

“I told my bosses here that you're a friend, and that I vouch for you. However, since you are not really a, shall we say, typical

customer of ours, they felt it best to make sure you actually paid, first.”

“Which means?” Mick inquired.

“Well, I already have Brenda here for you, but her little sister will only be processed and provided to you once your payment is verified. It should be any moment now, so no worries.”

Mick sighed, a weight lifted from his chest.

“Hey, normally I would tell a customer like you that it's not a matter of mistrust, or anything, but we're friends, and both businessmen. The company has to cover its balls from fraud, like anyone else.”

“Oh, of course, of course! I understand completely. Come on, Jim, don't be ridiculous.” Mick said, smiling for the first time since he got out of his car.

Jim stared at him for a second, smiled, and then rose from his chair, and walked over to a side door in his office. He opened it, and through it walked the most amazing thing Mick never thought he would see. It was a fully nude Brenda, her huge tits defying gravity and convulsing with every step she made towards him.

Before he could even gasp in surprise, she knelt before him, and smiled like a horny bimbo.

“Hello, master.” She said in a serene, careless tone, so different from her usual, and she looked straight up at him with moist eyes.

“How may your new maid-slave serve?”

Mick breathed heavily, and rose to his feet, the bulge in his pants throbbing. He grabbed the hair of his former rival, and pushed her face to his crotch.

“You can shut the fuck up, bitch!” He said, unbuckling his belt and freeing his member before her face.

“Yes master. This bitch will shut the fuck up.” She said, and kissed the tip of his shaft. It was the best feeling of pleasure and triumph he has ever experienced.

And even that wonderful feeling was soon trumped as he shoved his cock into her mouth, roughly and violently gagging her

with it, enjoying the sensations as well as her complete and unwavering acceptance of his treatment of her.

“I've got some things to attend to. I'll leave you alone to enjoy your purchase.”

Normally, Mick would graciously thank his friend for leaving his own office, to provide Mick with some privacy, but in his present over-sexed condition, all he could do was grunt an approval and return to his brand new slave. In all honesty, it seemed like Jim was quite used to that.

Mick bent Brenda over the desk at Jim's office, spanking her, already red, behind in the process. He grabbed her long blonde hair and used it to arch her back towards him, and increased the speed of his movements.

“I can't believe they actually made you into my submissive little slave! Haha! Amazing!”

He said as the sound of his crotch forcefully hitting her curvy behind filled the room.

“Yes master! I'm your submissive slave-maid. Thank you for using me, master!” She said in between moans of docile pleasure.

Jim walked in and smiled at what he saw.

“Having fun, I see.” He said, and Mick gave him a nod of recognition, without slowing down on his banging of his former co-worker. Jim walked over to them, and clenched Brenda's face between his fingers, squishing her cheeks together.

“I tell you, the more willful and independent they are, the harder they fall.” Jim said.

He let go of her cheeks, and gently hit her face with the palm of his hand. Brenda reacted by trying to lick his fingers, but he just backed away, and sat on his chair.

“At least that's my experience, and I have quite a lot of it by now.” He said, and opened his laptop.

“Hey Jim...Ohh, fuck!...How did you get this job, anyway?” Mick asked.

“That's classified, I'm afraid.” Jim said coldly.

“Eh, whatever...” Mick moaned, and plastered his hips to Brenda's behind, making her squeal.

“You don't mind that I'm fucking this bitch on your desk, right?” He asked Jim.

“I must say that when we were friends in college, I didn't expect we would ever get this, shall we say, intimate.” Jim chuckled.

“However, it's company policy to grant clients access to their ordered merchandise, whenever, wherever, and however they wish. Trust me, it doesn't bother me, one bit.”

Mick turned his attention back to Brenda, pulled her by the hair again, and pressed himself to her back. He pulled her up so their heads met, and kissed her neck with carnal desire. Slowing his hips down, he moved his tongue up her neck, until he reached her ear.

“Did you really think I'd let a little bitch like you waltz in, shake your booty for the higher ups, and steal the promotion I've been trying to get for the past five years?” He whispered in her ear. All she could do was whimper regretfully, and attempt to wordlessly express how sorry she was.

He fiercely threw her head forward, grabbed her hips with a brutish grunt, and resumed fucking her at the same rapid pace as before.

“I'm gonna make sure to punish you for being so fucking arrogant, and impudent, and such a fucking bitch who thinks she's better than anyone else!”

He let out the aggressions he's been saving just for her, this whole time.

“You never deserved that fucking promotion!”

Spank

“Yes. *Ahhh!* Master! I only deserve to serve you, master! I'm your obedient *Nyaaa!* Maid-slave!”

“Haha!” Jim laughed “I'd say this demotion is a wonderful start to your punishment, slut. From an assistant exec to a worthless maid-slave.”

Mick spanked her again, and smiled at Jim.

"You're right, I didn't think of it that way." He pulled Brenda to him again.

"You should thank me for helping you fulfill your purpose, bitch!" He told her.

"Th-Thank you maaaaaasteer!" Brenda moaned as he picked up the pace, feeling his cock throb in her tight cunt.

"Good news, Mick." Jim said "Your payment cleared."

"Of course it did." Mick said, feeling his climax nearing.

"I would never try to skip on the payment, Jim, you know me. Especially now that I know what your company can do to people."

He stared at Brenda's reflection on Jim's office cabinet. She looked so defeated and lost, and actually happy to be that.

"Yeah, that usually helps motivate our customers to remain decent, and loyal."

Mick felt he was about to cum, and pulled out, intent on spraying his load all over Brenda's ass and lower back.

"*Ohh! Ahhh! Ohh, yeaahhhh!*" He moaned as spurts of cum shot from his cock, painting her ass white.

"Okay, that was awesome." He said, playfully slapping her cum-covered ass with his cock.

"Go kneel in that corner over there." He told Brenda, and pinched her nipple before sending her away. She quietly obeyed, and knelt in silence, letting the cum on her ass drizzle over to her ankles, while the men discussed their business.

Mick sat down on the chair opposite to Jim, and sighed contently.

"So, now that you've received the payment, when will I get my other order?" Mick wondered.

"Her little sister? Well, she's already on her way. She'll be done in two hours, tops."

"Fantastic." Mick said, unable to hide his excitement.

Brenda's nubile little sister was eighteen years old, and had the tight, lewd, and perfectly proportioned body only women of

her age group could have. Her name was Barbie, and no name could better describe her blonde doll-like physique.

Mick never thought a woman like her would ever look in his direction, let alone be his slave. Jim had to go prepare Barbie for what he called 'the process' in a place he called 'the white room', so he once again left Mick to enjoy his new slave in his office.

Mick decided to take Jim up on his offer, and watch the process being administered to Barbie. He took his sweet time, mainly because he adopted a certain habit from one of the other customers he saw in the building. He walked along the hallway with his cock inside of Brenda's obedient pussy, pumping into her from behind as he walked.

Brenda bent forward slightly, and walked every time she felt her master's crotch pushing her forward, gently moaning all the way. Every time he reached a corner, he picked up the pace and rammed into her with turbo speed, before making the turn.

“Ohh, fuck! This is the only way men should be walking!” He moaned, and spanked her ass.

“Sure, it's a little slow, but there's no rush, right, bitch?” He asked his slave rhetorically.

“Oh yes master! My cunt exists to smother your cock with love. I live for your *Ah!* Happiness!”

Mick eventually settled in a pace of one step per three thrusts into his new maid-slave, and reached the white room about ten minutes later.

He pushed Brenda into the door with a deep pump into her cunt, and she opened it for him. Jim stood before a complex control panel, and a one sided mirror, looking into a room that had pure white walls, a white floor, and a white ceiling. Barbie was naked, and strapped to a chair in the white room, her eyes unfocused, entranced, and fixated on a screen before her. Heavy subliminal messages pumped into the room.

Jim looked back, and greeted Mick with a nod of recognition.

“I see you adopted the 'fuck em as you go' trend.” Jim said with a smirk.

“Who wouldn't?” Mick replied, guiding Brenda over to lean on the glass separating the control room and the white room, fucking her bent-over figure, doggy style.

“Someone who actually has appointments to make?” Jim said.

“Heh, good point.” Mick admitted.

Mick looked into the white room, and at the hot blonde teen who will soon be his slave in every way.

“So, what happens now?” He asked Jim.

“Actually, you got here just in time.” Jim said.

“The first phase of the brainwashing is complete. She is fully receptive, now, and all I have to do is empty her out, and fill her up with new thoughts and priorities.”

“And how do you do that?” Mick asked.

“Here, I'll show you.” Jim said.

He pressed a few buttons, and then pressed a button that activated the microphone which rested on the control panel.

“What is your name?” He asked the mesmerized girl in the white room.

“Barbie Fletcher.” She answered sleepily.

“Now,” He released the microphone button, and spoke to Mick “I'll just wipe that information from her mind, and insert something else, like this.”

He pressed a few buttons, and spoke to the microphone again.

“You have no name. You are a maid-slave in the service of your master. He can name you whatever he wishes.” He said.

“No. Name.” Barbie echoed “Live. To serve. Master...can call...me...what...he pleases.”

“Good girl.” Jim said, and pressed another button, making the lewd teen writhe in pleasure.

Mick was still absentmindedly pumping into Brenda.

“What was that, just now?” He asked Jim.

“Some positive conditioning. I gave her a tiny orgasm.” Jim said, smiling.

“Remarkable.” Mick said, with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

“What do you do for a living?” Jim spoke to the microphone.

“I work part time at a local flower shop.” Barbie answered, with the same drowsy voice. Jim pressed the same buttons as before, wiping her answer out of her mind, and spoke to the microphone again.

“Your job is to be a maid-slave for your master. You are to cook, clean, serve him sexually, and obey his every command.” He said.

“Maid-slave. Cook. Clean. Serve. Obey.” She droned sleepily.

“Good girl.” Jim said, and pressed the button that made the innocent young blonde writhe in pleasure, on the chair.

Mick pressed Brenda's nose to the glass, and shoved his cock deep in her cunt.

“Look at that, bitch, your little sister is going to be just like you!” He said, mocking his former rival.

“Yes master.” Brenda said, her tongue idly hanging from her mouth, occasionally sticking to the glass “Thank you for making us into your maid-slaves, master.”

“Hehe, brilliant” Mick said “She doesn't even care about her sister anymore.”

“That's because little Barbie isn't her sister anymore, in her mind.” Jim said “To Brenda, her little sister is just another possession you purchased, and will now own. Nothing more, nothing less.”

Mick looked at the process for a few moments longer, until he got bored and took Brenda back to Jim's office, fucking her all the way. Mick had Brenda slowly ride him as he sat on the chair in Jim's office, while he drowsily squeezed her big tits, looking at her dumb, servile smile.

He turned around when he heard Jim walk in, and behind him walked a smiling eighteen year old blonde - Naked, nubile, smooth, and perfect.

“Ohh, yeah! She's ready, I see.” Mick said, failing to hide his excitement.

“Yep, she's all yours.” Jim said. Mick stood up and tossed Brenda to the floor, where she instinctively knelt, and patiently waited for further instructions. He walked over to Barbie and started fondling her luscious body, from her perky tits, to her pert ass, enjoying the young smooth body that now belonged to him.

“On your knees.” He said, and Barbie fell to the floor with a loud thump, her knees strongly hitting the hard surface. He rubbed his cock across her lips, and then told Brenda to crawl over to him.

“Kiss.” He told Brenda, putting his cock before her face.

“Yes master.” She said, and kissed his cock passionately. He turned to Barbie.

“Kiss.” He told the nubile teen.

“Yes master.” Barbie responded as her sister did, and gave his cock a french kiss filled with love and devotion.

Then, he had them kneel in front of each other, and placed his erection between their lips. They stared at each other with tears of joy in their eyes.

“Kiss.” He said, and nudged their heads forward.

Each girl kissed a side of his cock, making sweet slurping and licking sounds that filled the highly acoustic office. Mick started guiding their heads across the length of his shaft, while moving his cock back and forth between their luscious lips.

“Ohh, fuck!” He just finished fucking Brenda, and already he was getting hard again, thanks to their sloppy lips.

He Pushed Brenda aside, and shoved his cock deep into Barbie's mouth, thrusting into her throat a few times, before exploding in her mouth.

“Ohhh!” He moaned “Don't swallow it! Keep it in your mouth” When the last hot spurt left his cock, he pulled out and fed it to Brenda, so she could clean it. As a last act of degradation, he had Barbie share the load in her mouth with Brenda, having them share a steamy, cum-filled kiss, before ordering them to swallow.

Satisfied, Mick sat back in his chair, and turned to Jim.

“What now?” He asked.

“What do you mean?” Jim said “You have the products, and we have the money. You can go, and live your life with your new acquisitions.”

“Oh!” Mick jumped up, and got dressed quickly.

“Lovely doing business with you, Jim” He said.

“Likewise.” Jim said.

“Oh, stop by the front desk, they'll have brand new maid-slave outfits for those two. It's a part of the deal.”

“Oh, nice. Will do!” Mick said, and left Jim's office, with his slavegirls in tow. The slave-maid outfit comprised of a short skirt that didn't hide their cunts, and a vest that did nothing to cover their tits.

He watched his blonde beauties put the degrading clothes on, and took them to his car. He took a special elevator that took him to a private parking lot, where his car was already waiting. He wanted to ask how they moved it, and even knew which car was his, but figured he won't be getting an answer.

He was advised to travel with his acquisitions in his trunk, to avoid undue attention. He loved the idea of hauling Brenda's ass like some object he owned, but he preferred to take his chances with Barbie, and even had the young blonde suck his cock on a red light. Needless to say, she needed to jerk him off for the rest of the car ride, and make sure to lean over and gag on his member at every intersection, until he blew in her mouth.

“I'm starting to see the appeal of the road-head.” he said happily, as he parked in his garage.

He opened his trunk, and feasted his eyes with Brenda's pathetic image, curled in a fetal position in his trunk He ordered her out, and led his slavegirls to his house.

Mick stood between his two slave-maids, in his living room.

“Well, start working.” He told them, and with a hearty and submissive acknowledgment, the two blonde sisters moved to obey. Barbie grabbed a mop, filled a bucket with water and soap,

and washed the floor on her hands and knees, gyrating her hips sideways every time she moved the mop across the floor.

Mick decided it would be fun to fuck Brenda while she worked, so in one of the times she bent over to pick something up, he just creeped up behind her, and stuck his cock deep in her pussy.

She reacted with a surprised moan, but did not complain, nor object.

“Keep working, bitch.” He said, and started pumping in and out of her, at a steady pace.

“Yes master. My wet pussy is yours to enjoy.”

Brenda continued sorting out his junk - Arranging his belongings and throwing any trash that was lying around in the rubbish bin. This time, she was the one guiding their movement and direction, making sure his cock never slipped out of her cunt, while she worked.

She loaded his dirty clothes into the washing machine, and then Mick bent her over it, pumping into her hard and fast until he came. The trembling and vibrating machine grated against her hard nipples, assaulting her with pain and arousal from her front, while her master fucked her from behind.

After feeding his load to her cunt, Mick didn't even need to pull out. He had another erection almost immediately, and kept banging her leisurely as she moved to different chores. She cleaned his windows, shined his shoes on her hands and knees, with him behind her, pumping away, and even cleaned the filters of his air-conditioner.

Brenda was on her slow way to wash the dishes, being fucked and spanked all the way, when they walked next to Barbie.

“Wait a sec, stop.” Mick told her, and looked over to the nubile blonde, diligently working on the floor. Barbie moved the mop back and forth, wiggling her ass invitingly with each long wipe of the floor.

Mick's cock was throbbing in Brenda's cunt. He simply couldn't resist the wiles of the barely eighteen year old teen, and her fresh, moist cunt.

“Wait here.” He pulled out of Brenda with one quick motion, and said.

“Yes master.” Brenda said, not only staying put, but keeping the slight bend to her shapely behind, arching her back and pointing her ass in his direction, her pussy ready to take his cock again whenever he felt like it. She was like a lewd statue, waiting for her master to finish his business with her younger sister, Barbie.

When barbie felt his hands on her hips, she slowed her movements down until he could firmly grab her waist, and patiently waited for him to do as he pleased. Mick teased her pussy lips, running his cock across them a few times, and then secured the tip of his shaft in her cunt. He took a deep breath, smiled broadly, and shoved into her with full force.

“Ohh fuck, that's tight!” He groaned.

“Keep cleaning.” He told the whimpering, moaning teen while he fucked her.

“Yes. *Nnggh*. Master.” She said, and continued moving the mop across the floor, slowly crawling forward with him inside of her.

“Th-Thank you for popping my cherry, maaaaaster.” She said with a long moan, and Mick slowed down to a near halt.

“What?”

He looked down, and saw a trickle of blood sliding from the hole he was fucking.

“Holy shit, you really were a virgin! That's awesome!” He said, and spanked her enthusiastically.

He fucked her even deeper and harder than before, enjoying her compliance in the face of the obvious pain the deflowered teen was in.

“Your pleasure *Ahh!* Gives me pleasure, master!” She moaned when he asked her how it felt. Looking back at Brenda, still locked in her position like a statue, Mick noticed a trail of blood on the floor behind them.

“Oh, your virginal blood is mucking up the floor you've already cleaned.”

“*Ahhh!* I'm sorry, master!” She moaned.

“Brenda, follow us and wipe the blood off.”

“Of course, master.” Brenda said happily, completely ignoring her sister's rough deflowering.

After leisurely fucking Brenda through hours of menial work, Mick could only bang the young virgin for a few moments, before exploding. Barbie felt the throbbing of his cock in her moist, and slightly numb pussy, and tried tightening it around his shaft, increasing his pleasure.

“*Ohh! Ohhhhh!*”

He thrust as deep as he could, and let go in a numbing moment of extreme pleasure, shooting in Barbie's cunt with no relent, until he was done.

He got up to his feet, a little woozy, and told the deflowered teen to try and push his cum out, for her older sister to gobble. He buried it so deep inside of her tight snatch, though, that only a few drops of thick, white liquid made it out.

“Okay, I'm going to watch some TV in the living room, and maybe take a little nap. You two keep working.” He said, fully satisfied, and a little exhausted. Their work went much faster without him fucking them, but in their hearts, the two mind-fucked young women hoped their master will help himself to their bodies as much as possible.

He woke from his nap with his stomach growling, so he ordered his younger slave to cook a nice dinner for him. Brenda rode her master on a chair beside his dining table. He enjoyed fondling and squeezing her massive boobs as she bounced on him, and waited for Barbie to finish his dinner.

“See, bitch? Now you're putting these tits of yours to good use.” He mocked the woman who used to infuriate him so much.

“Yes master. Thank you for finding a proper use for my body” She said, happily grinding on his cock in a circular motion.

Barbie walked in, and placed a plate on the table next to Mick.

“Dinner is served, master.” She said. Mick looked at it, and smiled.

“Looks excellent. Lick my balls while I eat, Barbie doll.” He told her.

He waited until he felt the tender lips of the young blonde cupping his balls, and then told Brenda to start feeding him. She continued riding him at a pleasant pace, and stuck a fork in the food, picking up some of it.

“Open wide, master.” She said, just as she lowered her pussy on his cock. He took the bite, and rewarded her with a hearty squeeze of her nipple. The feeding went on for a while, only stopping occasionally so he could munch on her titties.

“Your place is on my cock, bitch.” He said, enjoying his food, and his new sex toy.

“Yes master.” She happily agreed with a nod, scooping more food up for her master to eat.

When Brenda felt he was about to cum, she tightened her well trained snatch, and moistened it up. “Ohh! Ohh!” He started convulsing, spraying his load into her. Barbie showered his balls with kisses and licks, and Brenda embraced his rod with her pussy, taking the creampie with an earnest sense of duty.

“Thank you for feeding my cunt, master.” She said.

Mick smirked.

“You're welcome, whore. Now, go ahead and keep feeding me.”

“Do you like your man-balls meal, Barbie?” He asked.

“Yes master.” The young blonde said, and kissed his tisticles with passion.

“Keep going, then, hehe.”

And so, Brenda fed dinner to the man she used to loathe, happily allowing his flaccid cock to idly rest in her pussy, while her little sister licked the sperm that drizzled from her cunt, and onto his balls.

“You can use me to pump your cock dry whenever you want, master.” She whispered in his ear.

After his meal was done, he felt about ready to turn in, so he showered and brushed his teeth while his slaves made his bed.

Mick lay on his bed, getting a nice double header from his two slaves. The two blondes were on their hands and knees, on his bed, with their asses in the air, and their faces in his crotch.

“Your teamwork is improving.” He said, laying his hands on both their asses.

“**Slurp**, thank you, master.” Barbie said, and kissed near his balls, while Brenda sucked half his length, twirling her tongue around the shaft.

His phone rang, so he spanked them, told them to go slower, and answered.

“Hello?”

“Oh, Mr. Leland, hey.”

“Yeah, it is weird what happened to her, isn't it?”

Brenda gagged on his cock, oblivious to the fact he was talking about her with their former boss.

“Tomorrow at ten? Sure, I can make it.”

“Thank you, sir. I'll see you tomorrow, sir.”

He hung up the phone, and grabbed his bitches by their lustrous blonde manes. Their tongues hung from their mouths, and they had a slutty expression on their faces.

“That was Mr. Leland, Brenda. I'm pretty sure I'll get my promotion tomorrow, finally.”

He told his former rival.

“You deserve it, master.” She said, and gave his cock a single lick.

“Okay, I'll need to get to work early tomorrow, time to go to sleep.” He told them. He pulled Barbie to him, lay on his side, and opened her legs, sticking his hard-on in her tight cunt.

“*Mm!*” She let out a yelp, as he groaned with a low hum, enjoying the sensations of penetrating her. He fucked Barbie on his side, slowly and sleepily. Brenda pressed herself on his back,

kissing the back of his neck and giving his back a comfy cushion to lean on.

“I never deserved that promotion, master.” Brenda admitted in his ear, with a sexy, breathy whisper.

“You were so right, calling me a pair of tits who should pipe down and crawl under your desk. I'm so sad I gave you such a hard time.”

Being between two hot babes, and fucking a nubile teen was more than enough for Mick to reach orgasm, but it was Brenda's words of servitude and self degradation which brought him to the edge.

“*Hrrm.*” He moaned, cuddled his teen slave, and shot his load in her pussy. Barbie smiled.

“Thank you for feeding my cunt, master.” She said, rubbing her nose to his.

“You're welcome.” Mick said, pulled her torso up a bit, and stuffed his face in her perky tits.

“Hmmm....” He made a muffled moan.

“Good night, master.” Barbie said, and then stared at Brenda.

“Good night, Brenda.” She told her sister with love in her eyes.

“Good night, Barbie.” Brenda said the same, gently patted her master's head, and lay her own head on the pillow next to him, tightly pressing her big tits on his back.

Their former ambitions and dreams be damned, Barbie and Brenda embraced their new lives, just as much as Barbie embraced her master with her legs, wrapping them around him, providing a warm place for his flaccid cock to settle for the night. At the very least, the two sisters were together.

Mick didn't know it, but Brenda wanted to have a closer relationship with her little sister, which is why she pushed her to accept an internship at their company. In the end, without knowing, Mick gave her what she truly pined for. All she needed to do was give up on everything else in her life, and vow eternal servitude to her bitter rival.

And she was happy to do so, with every fiber of her being.

###

Safe Harbor

* * * * *

Chapter One

Chloe woke up after another night of naughty dreams, and realized she was far from satisfied. She looked at the clock. It was seven-thirty in the morning.

“Okay, I have ten minutes to spare.” She decided, and went to work.

Her masturbatory ritual was pretty straight forward. She locked her door, took her dildo from the hiding place where she knew her mom would never look, and slowly put it inside of her, while rubbing her clit with her free hand.

With each slow pump, she inserted the dildo further into her wet pussy, until it was all the way in. After a couple of minutes, she was ramming it hard and fast into her, trying to climax quickly while stifling her moans, so her mom and sister wouldn't hear.

Her cheeks began to flush, and she was sweating significantly, when she finally reached an orgasm.

“Mmm! Nnn! mnnn...” She moaned into her pillow.

“Thanks for that, Dan” She addressed her dildo using the name she chose for it, which wasn't pathetic at all, and completely unrelated to Dan, the busboy in the restaurant where she worked. She always tried to gather the nerves to ask him out, but never got past the shyness. She was getting worried she'll never get a chance to, now that she got more serious in her college search.

She didn't feel all too pressured to go to college immediately. She just turned nineteen a month ago, and graduated high-school a little over six months prior. She just couldn't take her mom's badgering any longer. You would think anyone who didn't go to college before they were twenty was doomed to a life of a city-dump janitor, an occupation Chloe was quite sure never existed, not that her mother cared.

“Well, you never know.” She told Chloe “You wouldn't want to be the first, would you?”

Hard to argue with that ill-logic...

So she applied to four colleges she had her eyes on, and waited for a response. Two already flat out rejected her, which was great for her lack of self confidence, and a third put her on their waiting list. Just yesterday, she got an invitation to an interview at that fourth college, which was actually her number one choice, so the whole thing might have a silver lining after all. Especially if she can ask that busboy out before she quits her job.

She pushed those thoughts away, so she won't have to go another round with her trusty dildo.

“Oh, shit! Not again...” She cried, looking at her sheets, all moist from a night of erotic dreams. She didn't notice it because she was so horny when she woke up.

“I'm nineteen for fuck's sake, this shouldn't be happening...” She mumbled, and gathered her sheets into a bundle, to put in the laundry.

Chloe always had an over-active libido, which absurdly led her into being kind of a shy prude, because she was trying so hard not to get carried away. It's not like she was a virgin, but she was no wanton slut, even though she had to give herself some 'special attention' almost every morning, if she hoped to function properly during the day.

That's why she insisted on installing a lock on her door, and for her to have the only key, so she could have privacy and quiet in her studies, or so she told her mom. She figured her mom probably knew the real reason for the lock, but Chloe was just fine with a “don't ask, don't tell” policy, with regards to that matter.

After she showered and dressed, she joined her mom and Phoebe, her little sister, at the breakfast table.

“Good morning.” She said, all smiles.

“Good morning, sweetheart.” Her mom said. Phoebe raised her head from her book to nod once, and immediately went back to reading.

“And good morning to you too, book-zombie.” Chloe said, waving her hand in front of her younger sister's eyes.

“Stop it!” Phoebe said, pushing Chloe's hand away.

“Mom, we're losing her.” Chloe said with a half-smile and mocking concern.

Unlike Chloe, Phoebe didn't seem to focus on boys, or fun, that much. She was already obsessing about college. In fact, she took all of Chloe's college brochures to read, after Chloe was done with them.

Phoebe just turned eighteen. Chloe really hoped she would come out of her shell a little bit, and she wasn't the only one. Both her and Phoebe were graced with the kind of beauty people are used to seeing in the movies. They were both blonde, slender, and had the kind of smooth skin that women pay a fortune to have.

Chloe was certain plenty of boys in her sister's class wanted to get into her pants. Heck, plenty of her own guy friends asked about her younger sister when they were in high-school. Now it's not like Chloe wanted to whore her sister out or something, and she was protective of her, but she did feel like Phoebe was missing something by being so book-wormy and single-minded.

Their mom didn't mind, though, and encouraged Phoebe in her obsession with grades and nothing else. Phoebe didn't even try to sell her sexuality a bit with what she wore, and yet Chloe was sure her little sister got all the stares Chloe was used to, with her short, shoulder length, smooth blonde hair, and petite body whose hotness couldn't be concealed by fifty layers of her baggy clothes. Chloe usually wore tighter clothes, and grew her hair longer.

“At least say good morning. Don't be rude.” Chloe said, continuing to tease her younger sister, and having her hand shoved away by her increasingly annoyed younger sister.

“Fine! Good morning!” Phoebe snapped “Now leave me alone, I don't have time for this.” She said, and went back to reading.

When their mom finally put food on their plates, and after some prodding from her and Chloe, Phoebe decided to put her book down, and join the meal.

“I can't believe you're making me go on this stupid trip.” Phoebe said “If I flunk the exam it will be on you!” She told her mom.

“Yeah, mom!” Chloe joined in “If she gets a B instead of an A plus plus plus, how will you be able to live with yourself?!” She said sarcastically.

“It won't be easy...” Their mom played along, shaking her head.

“But I'm sure we can survive it. Together, as a family.” She said in a very melodramatic way.

“Very funny...” Phoebe said, rolling her eyes, “Are you sure I'm not adopted?” She asked.

“Actually, no!” Chloe responded “It would explain so many things, wouldn't it?”

Phoebe just made a face at her, and continued eating.

“You're not adopted, for the record.” Their mom told Phoebe in a serious tone.

“I know that! You think I'm stupid?!” Phoebe snapped.

“No! I just wanted to make sure...” Her mom started saying, realizing she made quite the mistake.

“Oh, I don't know, Phoebe. Mom seems to be denying it a little too passionately. I think that's quite suspicious.” Chloe added gasoline to the flame also known as her sister, awarding her with another nasty face, accompanied by a rude hand gesture.

“Seriously, mom! How can you even say something like that, as if I'm not old or smart enough to understand sarcasm! Come on...”

That went on for most of their breakfast, making even Chloe regret she ever teased her little sister. Her obsessive, short tempered, making-a-big-deal-out-of-every-little-thing, little sister.

“Are you done?” Their mom asked after Phoebe finished another rant “Do you want me to promise to never ask you if you know you're not adopted ever again, or something?”

“That's not the point...Oh, just forget it!” Phoebe said, frustrated.

“I'll do my best!” Chloe said, smiling at her little sister, and finishing her meal, which Phoebe didn't even touch yet.

“Eat.” Their mom told Phoebe “We have a long road ahead of us today.”

“And Chloe, we'll be gone for two days. You'll be fine, right?”

It was Chloe's turn to get too defensive.

“Seriously? I'm nineteen!” She said.

“Okay, okay, relax. I've had enough from this one, don't you start as well.” Her mom said.

“Just make sure to not open the door to just anyone.” She continued, making both girls roll their eyes “And emergency numbers are on the fridge. And if you need food...”

“Mom!” Chloe interrupted, “I can make my own food. And I know where the emergency contacts are because I helped you write them when I was ten, and I can handle myself on my own!”

“Then just make sure to not open the door to strangers.”

“What if they promise me candy?” Chloe joked.

“I'm being serious, honey.” Her mom insisted.

“Yeah, and I'm not!” Chloe said with sarcastic venom in her voice.

“That's what worries me. There are some creeps out there, and I don't want you to get hurt.”

Chloe wanted to tell her mom she was being paranoid, but an eight O'clock news report coming from the TV took her attention. They always had the TV on during breakfast.

“twenty-six year old Matt Kilroy escaped police custody after being charged with hypnotizing women to have sex with him.”

Chloe raised an eyebrow, and continued listening.

“The police requests everyone who may have any information of the whereabouts of this man to contact them immediately ” There was a picture of a young man on the screen, kinda geeky looking.

“The police warns that this man must not be approached, as he may be a very dangerous individual, even when unarmed.”

“Although police officials ensure the public a real crime has taken place, some are doubting the charges Mr. Kilroy is facing.” The reporter continued.

“According to Professor Sarah Tanner of the New Jersey Institute of Mental Health, claiming a man used hypnosis to force women to have sex with him against their will is absurd, and to call it a crime would be disastrous. She continued to say that hypnosis is a tool that helps people overcome their issues and problems, and this ridiculous notion will stop people from seeking professional help. I feel sorry for this young man, whether he is a professional hypnotist or not, to be persecuted as he is. I urge him to give himself in, so reasonable individuals like myself can help clear his name, professor Tanner said.”

Their mom turned the TV off when she saw how immersed her teen daughters were in the story.

“Eat.” She said again “We don't have much time before the bus arrives, and you have work to go to, missy.” She told Phoebe and Chloe.

“Do you have to join every school trip I go to, mom?” Phoebe asked, making Chloe chuckle.

“I don't have to.” Their mom said with a smile “I want to. How else will I have an excuse to go to all of those interesting museums, galleries, and natural wonders.”

“Not to mention make sure we can never have fun.” Chloe whispered so only her and Phoebe heard, remembering her own class trips, where she had to jump through hoops and cross the scorching planes of the nine hells just to sneak out at night.

She did succeed, and her mom still had no idea. Chloe was quite proud of that.

“Wow, I really need to get new stuff to be proud of...” Chloe mumbled to herself.

“Hey, Chloe” Phoebe said suddenly “Shouldn't you be going alrea--” She started.

“Fuck!” Chloe said when she saw the time “I've got to go to work.” She hurried to her feet, and grabbed her purse.

“If I'm late again I'm fired for sure.” She said.

“What would you do without me.” Phoebe said smugly.

“Okay, bye honey. Remember, if someone's at the door...” Her mom said.

“Don't open it, I know.” Chloe rolled her eyes “Unless it's that hypno-rapist. If it's him I'll open the door and hand him a pocket-watch!”

“Don't even joke about it!” Her mom said, aghast.

“Relax, mom.” Phoebe said, “You can't use hypnosis to force someone to do things they don't really want to do. That woman from the mental health place was totally right. These are probably sluts who found the worst possible way to blame a guy for rape and extort money from him.”

“You never know.” Their ever worried mom said.

“Right! And his day job was most likely a city dump janitor. You know, before he picked up on the hypnosis trick!” Chloe made a jab at her mom.

“Yeah yeah. Just be careful while you're alone here. Bye, honey.”

“I will.” Chloe assured her as she received a wet kiss on the cheek from her mom, and left for work.

“Bye!” She called out from outside, and rushed for the bus.

Chapter Two

Chloe wasn't late to work, and had an okay day all together. She was so happy to have the place to herself once she got home, she didn't even mind that creep who kept "accidentally" brushing his crotch on her on the bus.

She opened the door, and went straight to her room, to change. She undressed to her bra and panties, and opened her closet. She chose some comfy home clothes to wear as she lounges in her little fortress of solitude, and threw them on the bed. Then, she turned to look at her bed, and gasped.

In her bed, there was a sleeping man. Or rather, he wasn't sleeping anymore, and seemed quite perplexed at the clothes thrown at his face.

"Oh my god!" She yelled. She recognized him from somewhere.

"Uh, hey there." He said nervously. Chloe took a towel and covered herself up, feeling self conscious, being in her undies.

"Oh no!" She exclaimed, as she remembered where she saw him before. Just this morning, his face was on TV, and they said anyone who sees him should contact the police immediately. She rushed to the door, only to be blocked by him.

"Wait wait, please! Please, just hear me out!" He begged, pleading with his eyes.

Chloe quickly shut her own eyes and started waving her hands, blindly trying to swat at him.

"What the fuck are you doing?" She heard him say "Are you mental?"

"You won't get me with that hypno thing!" She said, determined not to open her eyes, even though she was as skeptic as her younger sister about this man's ability.

"You really believe that nonsense?!" He asked aloud "Please! You have to help me!"

"What do you mean help you?! How can I help you? Why would I even want to?! I don't know you!" She said, making sure to keep her eyes closed, and her focus up.

“Anyone willing to listen can help me at this point. I've been framed...”

“So go and clear your name. There's a horde of people who don't believe the charges against you, myself included. So just go.” Chloe hoped he would listen, though she greatly doubted it.

“They'll kill me if I do. Trust me.” The tone he used for those last two words, demanding her trust, somehow sounded more compelling, and gripping.

“Hold on, if you don't believe it, why are you closing your eyes?” He asked, and Chloe could somehow feel him raising an eyebrow.

“I'm not taking any chances. Why would they kill you? And who are 'they' anyway?” She asked.

“What's with the twenty questions? I can't tell you, it might put you in danger.” He asserted.

“Only if someone finds out I know.” She argued, “You told me to trust you. Go ahead and convince me.”

She couldn't see it, but the man was smiling broadly as she said that.

“Okay then.” He said, with a different rhythm to his voice “But you have to promise to *Trust Me*.” The unique rhythm to his voice continued, and the last two words were emphasized again. Chloe almost nodded instinctively.

“I-I'll decide on that when...” She started, feeling a little confused, but he cut her off, and began his story.

“I work at a secret government facility. A cold and dark lab with lots of sharp metallic instruments. Vials holding noxious toxins around every corner. A truly gloomy atmosphere.” He spoke like a movie narrator, his voice booming and moving. Chloe made a reviled face. She couldn't help imagining the dark and gloomy place he was describing, which was exactly what he wanted to see.

“Don't worry.” He said in a brighter tone “What I have to tell you happened at a sunny resort, at a pleasant trip my company sent me and my team to. It was a tropical paradise. The warm

gentle breeze slowly swayed the palm trees from side to side. The deep blue ocean, endless in its depth and beauty, was quiet and serene.”

He watched as Chloe's expression softened, as she saw the island paradise in her mind's eye.

“I sat there next to my boss. He was talking about our latest high-tech gizmo. But, do you know what I was focused on?” The man talked in a soft yet assertive voice, making Chloe feel very calm and assured.

“What?” Chloe asked curiously, her eyes still shut.

“Well, there was a beach volleyball game played right in front of us. I really love volleyball. Do you love volleyball?” He asked.

“Yes...” She answered slowly “I love it. I watch it all the time. I have a season ticket to the local league.” She said, reassured by the fact the intruder loved volleyball so much. She could relate to him, and she certainly didn't consider that he saw her season pass on her desk when he arrived.

“I watched as the yellow ball moved from side to side, never taking my eyes off of it. It was an incredibly long rally. Do you see it?” His voice suddenly became more powerful in her head.

“Do you see the ball moving from side to side, above the net, with the sun shining behind it, in the magnificent tropical beach. Do you see it, as it moves from side to side. From right to left, and then to right again. And left...” He framed his words as a question, but somehow it didn't sound like one. Chloe had to see it.

“Yeah...” She said quietly, smiling at the wonderful and mesmerizing view he painted in her head, fully guided by the man talking to her.

“Keep watching the volleyball, then, as it moves from side to side slowly, almost as if the players don't want to ever finish the rally. I didn't want them to, either, because it was so beautiful and relaxing, just lying there and watching the ball move from side to side like that. You never want them to stop, right?” That didn't sound like a question as well “Because you find it so relaxing and beautiful as well.”

“Don't stop...side to...side...”: She droned slowly, her eyes still firmly shut.

“I really needed to relax. Being a waitress is hard work after all, isn't it?” He continued.

Chloe nodded dreamily.

“And that's why you need to relax. You just have to lie there and watch the ball move from side to side, taking you into a relaxing trance, making you forget about your job, your family, and all of your worries and concerns.”

“Yeah. Relax. Forget worries. Forget everything...” Chloe echoed, not even noticing the man switched the subject from his story to her own work and life.

It made perfect sense to her. She was on a beach in an island paradise, and she was relaxing to the monotonous movement of a volleyball over a net. She needed that so much, she wondered why she didn't allow herself to relax like that before.

“As you watch the ball, you feel your breathing slowing down to it's pace. Breathe in, and out, every time you see the ball pass before your eyes.”

In....and out...

Chloe breathed in unison movement of the volleyball, and sank even deeper into her relaxed trance.

“Let's continue.” The man said, his voice strong and soft at the same time, “Chloe, you see the sun has turned blue, giving the magnificent beach a twilight shine, and you're surrounded by shades of calm blue, and the relaxing sound of the ocean.” He said.

“The ball is now shining gold, like the sun itself is moving from side to side above the net.”

He waited a few seconds for her mind to adjust.

“Do you see it? It's beautiful, isn't it?” He asked.

“Yeah... It's beautiful...” Chloe said, as she watched the shining golden volleyball move across a sky of twilight blue. The blue sun right behind it, mesmerizing and eerie.

“There's nothing wrong about what you're seeing. Everything is normal.” He said.

“Yes.” Chloe agreed. It did make perfect sense.

“Good girl.” The man said, seeing that she passed his suggestibility test with flying colors. Now he knew she was ready for the last push.

“Now, I want you to let everything other than the swinging golden globe vanish.” He said.

“You see the sun's blue light dimming, as you sink deeper and deeper into a hypnotic trance, until the sun vanishes completely, and everything other than that golden swinging globe remains.”

Chloe sighed calmly, as everything went dark, and all she could do was continue following the swinging and shimmering golden ball, and deepen her trance.

“Now, when I count to three, the golden volleyball will vanish completely, and you'll be in a deep hypnotic trance, completely receptive to my commands. Do you understand?” He asked.

“Yes. I understand.” Chloe said calmly.

“When I count to three, you will enter a deep, obedient trance. As deep as possible, and then even deeper.” He strengthened his last command.

“One. You're going deeper and deeper.” He said,

“Two. Feeling relaxed, obedient, and docile.”

“And three.” He said, and Chloe's mind sank into a pool of nothingness, ready to be filled.

“You can open your eyes now.” He said, and she obeyed immediately.

“Okay. Time for some ground rules.” He continued “When you are in this trance, I am your master, and you are my slave. Understand?”

“Yes...” She droned.

“Yes, what?” He demanded.

“Yes, master.” She corrected herself.

“Good.” He said “Now, because you're my slave, you must obey all of my commands to the letter, even if they offend you, or are uncomfortable, or even painful.” He said.

“In fact,” He added, “if it brings you discomfort, but makes me happy, it will make you feel good, because you know you're pleasing your master. It's your duty to please me, understand?”

“Yes, master.” She said again, soaking the man's words in like a sponge.

“It is your duty, and your number one desire, to obey me and make me feel good,” He told her.

“Yes, master.”

“One last thing.” He said “If you are out of this obedient and deep trance, in which you know your duty is to obey me, you will return to this deep trance whenever you hear me say the words 'Purple Dyed Oxymoron', Understand?”

“Yes, master.”

“Great. Lose the towel.” He ordered her, and she immediately removed the towel she used to cover up when she saw him.

“Fantastic. Great tits, beautiful eyes.” He said as he checked out the hot nineteen year old, in her bra and panties.

“And a great piece of ass.” He grabbed a handful of her tight perfect ass, and then stood before her again, grabbing her tits and massaging them at his leisure.

“What's your name?” He asked her, as he squeezed her luscious boobs. She didn't care, as long as her master got pleasure from it, her own discomfort was meaningless.

“Chloe, master.” She answered.

“Nice,” He said, giving her ass a light slap, “And who lives here with you? I've seen pictures of another hot teen, and a woman and a man. I assume your sister, mom, and dad?”

“Not exactly, master.” She responded.

“How so?” He asked, grabbing her tits from behind and rubbing his crotch on her shapely ass.

“I live here with my younger sister Phoebe and my mother. My dad died when I was three years old.”

“Oh?” He said, still playing with her sexy young body “I did notice the pictures with the man in them were old.” He smiled “That's not bad.” he slapped her ass again, making her jump slightly in surprise, but she didn't mind.

After inquiring more about Chloe's working hours, her mom and sister's daily routines, and when her mom and sister were expected back, he felt reassured that he found a safe haven, at least for a couple of days.

"I see you have a lock to your room. Does your mom or sis have a key?" He asked.

"No. Only I have one." She answered.

"Oh, that's just perfect." He said, standing before her again "It's been a few days since I had some fun, due of my arrest and all that, so I'm a little backed up. You don't mind if I use your nubile body for my sexual gratification, do you slave?" He asked rhetorically.

"Not at all, master. It is my duty to please you."

"Excellent. I might just have you properly tamed by the time the others return. Get on your knees, and open your mouth." He ordered, and she obeyed.

"I'm going to fuck your face now. Remember, I'm enjoying it, so even if you're uncomfortable with it, you're happy to please me." He said.

Before she could respond with an obedient yes master, Chloe's mouth was filled with his erect rod. She normally didn't like giving head, and did so only to return a similar favor. This was different, however. She was happy and willing to provide her master with whatever pleasure he required, not expecting anything in return.

"Yeah, that's good." He said, as he pumped into her mouth "I usually prefer a more interactive blowjob, but that will come later, no worries."

"Look up at me." He ordered, and she turned her deeply entranced and blank eyes to him.

"Much better, and move that tongue more." He said, and immediately she started spinning her tongue around his cock, in an obedient and monotone motion.

"This is what your mouth is for." He said "You are my sex doll. My fucktoy. Your hot desirable body belongs to me now."

He took his cock out of her mouth for a few moments, only to slap her face and lather her lips with the tip of his shaft. He continued dick slapping and running his cock on her face until it was all sticky with her saliva. Then, he shoved his cock back into her mouth.

Chloe knelt in her room before that strange man she came to call master, and looked at him with blank adoration, as he violated her mouth faster and rougher. She felt like gagging, but couldn't, because her master did not command it of her. Her mouth was made for this very purpose, and she wouldn't let her gag reflex come in the way of her master's pleasure.

"I'm gonna cum!" He finally said "Make sure to swallow it all."

Chloe never liked the taste of cum, so she usually had men put a condom on when she went down on them. Her own likes and dislikes were meaningless now, though. Her master wanted to pour his load down her throat and feed her his cum, and she could only comply with his wishes.

"Ahhhh!" He moaned, and she felt the warm jet of thick liquid running down her throat. Her gag reflex did not interfere with the duty of swallowing his load, as well, and she gulped it all down easily and smoothly.

"Good girl." He said, and patted her head "You make a great sex doll."

"Thank you, master." She said with a mind-numbed sense of accomplishment.

Later, he had her suck his cock again on the living room sofa, while he was watching TV. She was on the couch beside him, so as she bent over to give him head her ass pointed upwards, easily in his reach. He enjoyed alternating between fondling and spanking her ass, and squeezing her boobs, while using every chance he got to reinforce her new role in life, telling her what a worthless sex slave she was, and how she existed to please him.

"In other news, Matt Kilroy" The reporter of the evening news said, "the so called 'hypno rapist' is still at large, and the police requests anyone with information of his whereabouts to contact

them. This case is raising great controversy, with many experts insisting that claiming hypnosis can be used to force consent is ridiculous and harmful. Officer Julia Stevens from the SFPD insists they have enough evidence to prove their case, with the aid of their own hypnosis expert, who helped DE-program the victims.”

“Stupid bitches!” The man said as he spanked Chloe's ass harshly, and then immediately blew his load in her mouth. She swallowed, like any good slave girl should.

“They'll never find me here.” He laughed to himself “One day, I'll have my revenge, won't I, Chloe?” he asked.

“Anything you wish, master.” She said after popping his cock out of her mouth.

Chapter Three

It was ten PM and Chloe's master decided it was time for bed, and so she followed, on her hands and knees, to her bedroom.

"Stand up, slave." He said.

"Thank you, master." She said, expressing her gratitude for being allowed to stand on her feet.

"Put your sexiest underwear on." He commanded, and she immediately opened her closet and reached for her lacy black bra and thong.

She put it on, and stood at attention

"Nice." He said, giving her pert ass a squeeze.

"Now, when I snap my fingers, you will wake up from your trance, and you will not remember anything that happened while under. It will not seem weird to you that it's so late, and all you'll want to do is go to sleep for the night."

"Yes, master." She said.

"Also, you will feel you trust me more than anyone else, including your mother and sister. You will still have an urge to make me happy, even at the cost of your own discomfort, and you will be proud of yourself for harboring a fugitive. In your mind, you'll still be waiting patiently for me to share some big secret that would explain everything, but you won't push me to tell you, because you trust me to always do the right thing."

"Yes, master. I trust you, and will let you stay here for as long as you need."

"Good," He said, and snapped his fingers.

She blinked a few times, and then looked at him with slight confusion, which vanished quickly after a few seconds, as his instructions took their toll. Chloe smiled at him, knowing she can trust him completely. She didn't even mind that he was seeing her in her sexy thong and lacy bra.

"Okay," She said, "I'll put a mattress here for you to sleep on, and tomorrow morning we can..."

She paused. She really wanted him to tell her the real reason behind his incarceration.

“Well. You can stay here for now, until you feel ready to do something about your whole, uhm, situation.”

Chloe figured he has enough on his plate, and didn't want to badger him. He will tell her when he's good and ready.

“Hold on, now.” He said and made a crooked expression “You want me to sleep on some stinky, uncomfortable mattress? I'm your guest here, and I think I should be sleeping in your comfy bed, if you ask me.”

She made a face, and was obviously about to refuse, when he said “It would make me very happy.”

Chloe did want to make him happy, she realized. Maybe because of all the hardships he had to endure, running from the police and all.

“Okay.” She relented “I'll just go sleep in Phoebe's bed, then.”

She turned to go, but he stopped her.

“Wait!” He said immediately, making her stop in her tracks “I don't want to be alone in this room. I will feel much safer, and happier, if you stayed here with me. You can sleep on the mattress.”

“Umm...” She hesitated, although the more she thought about it, the more she liked the idea. Sure, she would be very uncomfortable, sleeping on that mattress, let alone sharing a room with a man she just met. On the other hand, she did trust him completely, and the notion of sacrificing her comfort for his happiness appealed to her somehow.

“Okay, sure.” She said, and prepared the mattress, as he undressed and got into her bed.

“Very comfy.” He said, when they were both lying down.

“I'm glad.” She said “Now go to sleep.”

They both dozed off, quite quickly in fact, after having a very active day. Of course, Chloe didn't really remember most of the 'work' she did that evening.

He woke up at about four a.m. with a raging hard on, so he kicked Chloe awake in her mattress.

“Hey, Chloe!” He said, nudging her with his foot.

“What is it?!” She asked sleepily, with a rather annoyed tone to her voice.

“What's with the snippy attitude?” He asked, getting angry as well.

“I was sleeping...” She said “It's the middle of the night.”

“Well my cock is hard, and you are being rude. I think I know how you can make it up to me.” He said.

“Not funny. Go back to sleep, please.” Chloe said and cuddled her pillow.

“Purple Dyed Oxymoron” He said, and Chloe slipped back into her obedient, deep trance, ready to follow her master's commands.

“Stand up, bitch.”

“Yes, master.” She said and stood up.

“Turn around and lightly bend over for me.”

“Yes, master.”

“You have a beautiful ass, bitch.” He said, ogling at her pristine, bubbly ass cheeks, split apart by her tiny thong.

“Now take your thong off slowly. Make it a nice show for me, bitch.”

”Yes, master.” She said.

She started removing her thong slowly, seductively wiggling her ass. He couldn't help but grab his cock when he saw her young tight pussy slowly unveil. A few seconds later, she was fully bent over, touching her feet., and her master had a full view of her pert ass and wet pussy, as she wiggled it for his pleasure.

“I'm starting to be happy I was arrested and had to hide here.” He chuckled “Come over here and ride my cock, bitch.”

“Yes, master.”

She left her panties on the floor and got on the bed. She positioned herself with her legs spread above his cock. She lathered saliva on her hand, and continued to lubricate his cock

for a smooth entry into her slave-pussy, giving him a short pleasant hand-job on the way.

Then, with one quick motion, she speared herself on him, and started shaking her hips, doing all the work herself.

He decided she deserved a punishment for being rude to him, so he grabbed her hard by the throat, and started pounding into her on his own, as hard and deep as he could.

“Your. Life. Is. In. My. Hands. Bitch.” He said, choking her out while making every one of his words a deep thrust into her cunt.

“Yes...Master...” She could barely get the words out of her choked out throat. Then, he took his hands off her throat.

“Hey!” He said, and slapped her hard across the cheek “You should be thankful to me for allowing you to breathe.”

Chloe was back to pumping her own pussy on his cock, and she immediately realized he was right. She looked at him with regretful, sorry eyes, and was just about to apologize when he grabbed her throat again.

“Here, I'll. Give. You. Another. Chance.” He said, using every word to pump his rod into her pussy again.

“Th...” She struggled harder this time, because his grip on her neck was tighter “Thank...you...master...” She ended quietly, and barely.

He released his grasp on her neck, and she knew exactly what to do.

“Thank you, master.” She said, even before she indulged in the breath he allowed her to take.

“Good girl. Now, keep riding me until I cum.” He said.

“As you wish, master.” She said, and continued moving up and down his rod, his pleasure being the only thing on her subdued mind.

“You're on the pill, right?” He asked.

“Yes, master.”

“Good, I don't feel like impregnating you, just yet.” He said with a smile.

“Ride me faster, bitch.” He ordered

“Yes, master.”

She picked up the pace, the constant sound of her ass hitting his crotch resonated throughout the room. He grabbed her tits, and told her to show more emotion while he's using her hole. She smiled, and looked at him adoringly, showing her devotion through wet eyes, as tears dropped on her cheeks. Tears of happiness, of course, at least as far as her conscious mind was concerned

“I'm cumming, bitch!” He said, squeezing her tits so hard that the pain made it harder for her to ride him properly. It didn't matter, though, since he was already shooting his load deep into her wet teen cunt. She arched her back and threw her head backwards, having her own orgasm, as she felt her master's cum spray inside of her.

Her tongue was out as she collapsed on top of him, kissing his shoulder passionately.

“Thank you, master.” She whispered in his ear.

He grabbed her ass and spanked her hard, making her yelp.

“Did I allow you to orgasm?” He asked.

With terrified shock she realized she received pleasure without getting her master's permission. She rose up again to give her master a view of her perky tits and opened her mouth to apologize, but he shoved two fingers into her mouth for her to suck on, instead. She was so grateful for that.

“Shh, it's okay, slave.” He said as she sucked on his fingers.

“From now on, make sure to ask permission before you orgasm.” He told her. She nodded obediently, licking his fingers with gusto.

“I have more orders for when you come out of this trance, Chloe.”

“Yes, master. I'm ready to accept your commands as my absolute truth.”

“From now on, you will refer to me as Sir, and be respectful to me at all times. You will never respond to me in a rude or short tempered manner. Understand?” He asked, resting his hands on

her legs, which were still spread over his lap, with his limp cock still resting comfortably in the warm depth of her wet cunt.

“I understand, master.”

“Also,” He continued, “You will find you are not capable of making any independent decision without consulting with me first. The only way you can make up your mind about *anything*, is to seek *my* approval. Without it, you'll go crazy trying to make the simplest decisions.” He finished.

“Yes, master, as you wish.”

“Good. I got hard again in your warm wet hole, ride me until I cum inside of you again, and you're not allowed to orgasm, as punishment for not asking permission before.”

“Yes, master. Thank you for punishing me, master.” She said, and started riding him again. After he came inside of her once more, he sent her back to sleep on her mattress with a slap on her ass, and brought her out of her trance after she put her black lingerie panties back on.

Chapter Four

Chloe woke up at six a.m., which was pretty early, especially since she only worked the noon shift that day, from twelve p.m. to four p.m. She tried going back to sleep, but couldn't, because of the uncomfortable mattress, and because she felt really horny and aroused, and needed to touch herself.

She tried to decide if she should get up and make breakfast, or stay and try sleeping, but for some reason felt blocked every time she actually got close to making a decision. Looking at her 'house guest', she decided to ask his advice. After all, he was super smart, and she trusted and respected him completely.

He was asleep, though, and she felt bad waking him up, but she just couldn't cope with her indecision.

"Sir..." She whispered cautiously "Please wake up, sir." She said.

She tried to decide whether to reach her hand to him to wake him up or not, but couldn't, so she continued pleading quietly for him to wake up.

After a few minutes, he woke up with a start, and looked at her. She worried he was mad at her, until he reassured her by smiling at her direction.

"Sorry to wake up, sir, but..." She couldn't figure out if it was weird to be asking someone such a question "should I get up right now and make breakfast, or continue sleeping.?"

"Breakfast sounds lovely." He said "I'd like a soft boiled egg and some toast." He told her.

"Of course, sir." She said "I'd be happy to, but..." She hesitated, feeling her next question was deeply inappropriate.

"But, what?" He inquired.

"Well.." She said, as she realized she won't be able to move until she made a decision "I feel really horny...Should I finger myself before I get up?"

Her cheeks became as red as tomatoes, and she lowered her head with embarrassment.

He chuckled a bit, knowing she probably felt that way because of her denied orgasm from earlier that night.

“Of course you should finger fuck yourself before you get up.” He said, ready for a show.

She still had another question to him, though.

“Should I ask you to leave, sir?” She asked.

“No.” He answered curtly, as if he was annoyed with the question.

“Okay.” She nodded.

Feeling no more hesitation, she took her panties off, spread her legs, and shoved two fingers into her horny cunt.

He watched with a smile as she writhed on the mattress while pumping her fingers in and out of her wet needy pussy.

“Should I play with my clit, sir?” She asked.

“Most definitely.” He answered, with an even bigger smile than before, as she immediately started prodding her clit slightly, and moan with her cute voice.

“*Ah! Mmm. Nyaaa*” She moaned louder and louder, spreading her legs wide, writhing and twisting while finger fucking her pussy and clit.

There was still something blocking her, that she simply couldn't decide.

“S-Sir...” She let out a barely audible whisper-like moan “Should I have an orgasm, now?” She asked, no longer caring how absurd it was to ask someone that question.

“In a bit.” He said, enjoying the show, and the fact she was now putty in his hands, even when out of trance. She continued to moan and whimper helplessly, pleading with her eyes to some force that apparently stopped her from climaxing.

“Now, sir?” She asked again, hopeful.

He considered it for a few seconds, and said “Yeah, now would be a good time.” He said.

“*Nyaaaaaaaaaaa Ahhhhhhhh*” She let out a loud moan as she climaxed, squirting her juices all over the mattress. Chloe couldn't believe how smart he was, knowing exactly when she should finger fuck herself, and when she should climax. She was

in awe of his brilliance, deepening her feelings of worthlessness compared to him.

“Should I make breakfast now, sir?” She asked.

“Yes, go ahead.” He told her. She put her thong back on, and went to the kitchen.

It was half past eight a.m. by the time she finished making breakfast, mainly because she had so many decisions to make while preparing the meal, that she had to ask his opinion about, obviously.

Before she knew it, it was eleven a.m.

Time just flew by, mostly because he put her in a trance again, and had her blow him while he ate, and then eat her own breakfast with no hands, after he came all over her plate. Then, he took about an hour to reinforce her conditioning.

“Should I go to work today, sir?” She asked, knowing she has to start preparing, otherwise she will be late, but she just couldn't decide if she should even go.

“I guess so.” He said, not in a very enthusiastic tone, and just so no one suspects anything happened to her.

She then remembered she didn't really do any of her usual morning routines, like brushing her teeth, combing her hair, and showering. She of course asked him if she should do those things, and he approved. She was getting quite used to seeking his approval for every little thing.

The only thing he changed was that he wanted to watch her shower, and that she should probably masturbate in the shower. It seemed quite reasonable to her.

After she got out of the shower, she picked her work clothes. She had two options that the owner of the restaurant accepted. The long dress skirt closed by a ribbon belt she wore the day before, and a pair of tight blue jeans with a yellow low cut top that had the restaurant's name on it. It didn't surprise Chloe that her guest chose the latter, but she asked for his approval anyway, just to be sure.

She stood there staring at the mirror. It's been a while since she wore this outfit to work, and she felt self-conscious. She never

had an issue with her perfectly proportioned body. She had a habit of looking at her reflection and being proud of her obvious assets. Now, though, she couldn't bring herself to decide that on her own.

“Sir?” She grabbed his attention while he was watching TV, and he looked at her.

“Yes? I thought you were getting ready for work.” He said.

“Do my tits look good in this blouse?” She asked, making him smile, and turn the TV off.

“Come closer, I'll take a look.” He said, and she did.

She sat next to him on the sofa, and pushed her tits out so he could have a good view. A view was apparently not enough for him, and he started grabbing and squeezing her tits. She didn't mind, she just wanted him to make the decision for her.

“Hmm.” He said, pinching one of her nipples “I think I know how to make my choice.”

He pushed her down to her knees before him, lowered his pants and panties, letting his cock out, took her tits out of the low cut blouse, and placed his cock between her breasts.

He started pumping his dick between her tits. She didn't understand how tit-fucking her helped him decide whether her tits looked good in the blouse or not, but she knew better than to question him. After using her mouth to lubricate his rod, and fucking her tits a little more, he told her that her tits looked great. In the blouse, that is.

She got up, and then remembered she had another question.

“Sir? Does my ass look good in this Jeans?” She asked, turning around and slightly bending over, to emphasize her pert booty.

“Let's see.” He said, and got up, his cock still hard and out of his pants.

Naturally, he started by grabbing her ass and smacking it a bit, making her whimper quietly.

Then, he grabbed her tits from behind and pushed his crotch into her ass, dry humping her.

She understood he needed to check how her ass felt on his cock, to decide if she had a good piece of ass.

in those Jeans, that is...

Eventually, he was outright dry-banging her Jeans covered ass, enjoying her body like he would a sex doll. He couldn't take it anymore, removed both her Jeans and panties, and started giving her a real pussy-pounding from behind, spanking her from time to time.

Chloe realized that if he didn't stop, she'll be late for work. But it didn't matter, she was determined to patiently wait for him to make his decision.

“Nnn...” She moaned silently, not wanting to be too loud and interfere with his decision making.

“Ohh, yeah!” He pulled out of her, and came right on her pink panties, which were still lower on her legs, above her knees.

“Hmm...” He moaned, taking a few steps back, looking at her still bent-over ass.

“Your ass is almost perfect, but I think it could be a little more on the pink side. Nothing a few dozen spanks wouldn't solve.”

“Oh. Okay, sir.” She said.

She immediately went to work, spanking her ass to achieve the required hue of pink.

SMACK

SPANK

SLAP* *SLAP* *SLAP

SPANK* *SMACK* *SWAT

She worked on both ass cheeks diligently.

“Is this good, sir?” She asked.

“I think the right one could use a few more.” He said, feeling sadistic.

“Okay, sir.”

After a few more minutes, when he was tired of watching her spank herself, he told her that her ass was fine. She put her pants and panties back on. Her panties were quite wet and

sticky, because of the cum he deposited there earlier. She didn't mind, though. At least her guest had fun, and was happy.

She went to continue getting ready for work, putting her makeup on, when she ran into another insurmountable decision she had to make. She approached him with a selection of her lipsticks.

“Which lipstick should I put on, sir?” She asked.

She wasn't surprised when he needed to see her lips on his cock to decide, pushing her to her knees, and shoving his cock into her throat, face fucking her after she applied her crimson colored lipstick. She did her best to emphasize her lips on his cock, and swirl her tongue around his shaft properly.

After four shades of lipstick, he couldn't take it anymore and came on her lips, marking it as his favorite color. Most of his load fell on her face and lips, although some dropped to the floor.

“Should I wash my face before going to work, sir?” She asked him, her face full of cum.

“Nah,” He said “just use your hands to wipe it off, and eat it off your hands.”

“You're right, sir. That makes much more sense.” She sincerely agreed.

After she finished licking all the cum off of her face, she asked him if she should wipe the cum that dripped on the floor, and he told her she should lick it off. He removed her pants and panties again, enjoying the view of her naked ass as she licked his cum off the floor.

After all her decisions were made by him, she finally left for work, almost an hour too late.

Chapter Five

Chloe's boss was furious at her for being late again, and she knew there was a good chance this was her last day working there, but she simply couldn't decide if she minded at all. Unfortunately, she didn't have time to call home and ask her special guest.

There were many other decisions she had to make in her day at work, and it wrecked her brain trying to make them. After three hours, she was so desperate she would kill someone if it meant she could ask her house guest what to do.

Her inability to make decisions damaged her work performance, as well, until her boss had no other choice but to fire her, and tell her to leave a half an hour before her shift ended. She wanted to call home and ask all the questions she had, but couldn't decide if she should just wait until she's back home to ask them.

Luckily, it didn't cripple her ability to start her way home. She frantically mumbled to herself while on the bus, going crazy with all the uncertainty in her head about every small thing. Other people avoided her, certain she was having a psychotic episode.

When she finally got to her stop, she almost burst into tears, and as she walked through the door, her heart was racing in a pace she never knew was possible.

"Sir!" She yelled, her voice shaking "Oh, I'm so happy to see you..." She started sobbing, and babbling incoherently about all the things she needed to ask him, making no real sense, but he understood the jest of it.

She dropped to her knees while whining and crying. He looked at her with a slight smile, and simply said "Purple Dyed Oxymoron"

For a few seconds, her pupils shook in her eyes, as her hysteria fought against the eternal calmness of her trance. It wasn't really a fair fight, of course. Quickly enough, she calmed

down, her eyes were dazed, and her face blank. She released an instinctive sigh of relief, as perfect relaxation washed over her, and she returned to a submissive and obedient state.

“That's better, isn't it, Chloe?” He asked her.

“Yes, master. Much better.” She smiled mindlessly.

“It's much better to just obey my commands. No need to think or make any decisions. It's much easier to be my slave, without any free will of your own.” He said.

“Yes, master. Much better to be your slave, with no free will.” She agreed.

“Not just slave.” He said “A sex slave. A fuck doll. My personal cum dump.”

“Yes, master. I'm your sex slave and fuck doll. I'm your personal cum dump.

“Not just while in trance, Chloe. When you wake up, you'll remember that I'm your master, and that you are my slave. The reason for your existence is my pleasure.”

“Yes, master, I exist to please you.”

“I am much more important than your mother and sister, and you will even harm them, if it pleases me.” He said.

“Yes, master. My mom and Phoebe are meaningless compared to your pleasure.” She agreed.

“By the way,” He said, suddenly remembering this was the day the other two women were supposed to return “When did you say your mom and sis are coming back?” He asked.

“Six p.m. master.” She said.

“Oh, that's an hour from now...” He realized.

“Okay, listen up, slave.” He said, and she looked up at him from the floor, like the obedient sex-doll she now was, listening intently.

“When I snap my fingers, you'll wake up from this trance, and remember that you are my obedient slave, with no free will of your own. However, when you don't see me anymore, you'll forget all about me, and everything we did over the last two days. Once you see me again, you'll become my sex slave again. Do you understand?” he asked.

“I understand, master.”

“And,” He continued “You must remember that your mom and sister cannot know about me being in your room. You must be quiet and discrete, as you serve me.”

“Yes, master.”

He snapped his fingers.

She blinked a few times, and regained her consciousness. She looked up at the man towering over her, from her proper place at his feet.

“Hello, master. I live to serve and please you.” She said, and lowered her head to kiss his feet.

“Good slave.” He said, making her moist simply by complimenting her.

She got wet, but she knew she couldn't orgasm without her master's permission.

Chloe knew he was looking at her perfect teen ass as she groveled before him, so she wiggled it a bit. She felt better and more complete than any other time in her life, and it was all thanks to this magnificent man in front of her. No, not man. The god standing before her, that she was meant to worship.

She didn't care about college, or that wimpy busboy, or her own family. She was so glad her master gave her a real purpose in life. To please and obey him.

“Stay here, and tidy up a bit. Oh, and make sure to come to your room as fast as possible without making your family suspicious. Knock gently, and I'll unlock the door.” He told her, and she remained on the floor, exactly where her master wanted her to be. He went to her room, and left her sight.

Suddenly, Chloe realized she was on the floor, and that the place was a little messy, probably because nobody sorted the mess for a couple of days. She shot up to her feet. She didn't care that she couldn't remember the last two days. In fact, she barely thought about it. She just knew she had to clean and put the house in order, so her mother won't even notice she was gone.

She just finished cleaning and drying the floor when her mom and sister walked in the door.

“Honey, we're hooome.” Phoebe said, with a cheer in her voice.

Chloe hugged her mother and her younger sister, Phoebe.

“Hey there, strangers” She said.

“I see you just finished washing all the evidence away, Chloe” Her mom said with a smile, noticing Chloe just finished her thorough cleaning.

“What evidence?” Chloe asked, feigning innocent, not that she even realized she actually had anything to hide.

“Relax, honey. I admit, you can handle yourself on your own. I mean, the place doesn't look like a hurricane just hit.” Her mom said.

“I'm glad you have faith in me, mom...” Chloe said, narrowing her eyes sarcastically.

“Well, I'll give this place a proper cleaning after we eat, of course.” Her mom added.

“Oh, please...” Chloe said, rolled her eyes, and went to the kitchen.

She listened to Phoebe tell her about the great trip she had. She was always like that. Reluctant to go at first, and then having the time of her life once she's there. She told Chloe every little detail of the trip, other than the things she managed to do without their mom noticing. They had a sign. Phoebe touched her ear when she wasn't telling the whole story, and Chloe knew to ask her about it when their mom couldn't hear.

Usually, Chloe would love seeing her sister gush out like this, because it was such a rare behavior for her. She always memorized every time Phoebe touched her ear, so she could get all the juicy details later.

This time, though, she felt like all she wanted was to get back to her room as fast as she could. She didn't even understand why. She tried not to show it, though, because she didn't want her sister to be offended.

Finally, their mom served Phoebe her dinner, and Chloe said she wasn't hungry yet and went to her room.

“You could have said that before I made your plate!” Her mom shrieked at her back as she left.

“Sorry!” Chloe yelled back.

She came to her door, and stopped before it for some reason. Instead of just going in, she knocked on the door quietly, in a way that her mom and little sister couldn't hear. She didn't understand why she did that, until she heard the key turn quietly, and the door opened.

Her master stood before her. She walked in, locked the door behind her, and knelt before him.

“I am your sex toy, master.” She whispered, and kissed his feet.

“Good,” He whispered back, hearing the two women in the kitchen chat loudly while eating. He knew he could have fun with his slave while they had their dinner.

“Bend over on the bed.” He said, and she obeyed. She could do nothing else. He undressed her pants and panties, and brought his cock to her face.

“Lubricate my cock with your mouth.” He said “And trust me, slave, you want my cock to be properly wet for this.”

She sucked her master's cock obediently, thankful to be given such an honor. She moved her tongue on the underside until she cupped his balls with her mouth, then went back to his tip, and started sucking again, looking up at him all the while, with adoring and submissive eyes.

Then, he pulled out of her accommodating mouth, and went to her backside. She felt him prod her anal entrance. With any other man, she would call out and complain that he is going for the wrong hole. But this was her master, and he could do no wrong, and make no mistake, so she kept quiet, and allowed him to do anything he wanted with his property.

In a few seconds her master's shaft was fully inside of her ass, and started pounding her. She whimpered, shoved her head in a

pillow, and tried her best not to make too much noise, as her master popped her anal cherry. She realized this is what she was now. She was just a piece of ass for him to enjoy, and she was completely fine with it. In fact, she couldn't be happier, being used as his sex toy.

She had to be as quiet as she could. No matter how much her first anal hurt. No matter how good it felt to give pleasure to her master. She had to be quiet, so her mother and sister won't catch wind of what was going on. If they did, they would try to take her away from her master, as if they had any right to do so, as if she had any right to deny him his pleasure.

He was her master, and she was his slave, forever and ever. With her resolve strong, she hung in there until her master blew his load all over her perfect cum-target ass, and had her lick it clean with her hands.

Hankering for some food, he told her to get dressed and go get a plate from her mom. As she got to the kitchen, all she knew was that she wanted a plate to eat in bed. She didn't know why, but she knew exactly what she wanted.

Which was good, because her ass was really sore for some reason. And sitting at the table would just hurt too much. She told her sister they'll talk later about her trip, and returned to her room, where she immediately remembered why she brought the plate.

She served her master the food, undressed, and gave him a blowjob while he ate, like any good slave girl should. After he finished eating, he gave her the meal she was working so hard for, in the shape of a mouthful of cum.

With the door locked, and both of them in her bed, her master embraced her like a child would embrace a teddy bear. She was just a night time squeeze toy for him, now.

“Tomorrow, bitch, we will get your mother in here, while your sister is at school, and you'll introduce her to me.” He told her, as he fingered her cunt a little bit, before putting his semi erect cock in.

“Yes, master.” She whispered.

Chloe was so happy her master slept using her body as a bedding accessory, and her pussy as a nightly cock glove.

As for her master, he started plotting how he'll expand his new hideout, and eventually turn it into the headquarters from which he will exact his vengeance upon those who wronged him.

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Free Labor

* * * * *

“We are heading out to our first commercial break.” Said the news anchor on TV “After the break, we will be speaking with Kevin Masterson, owner and CEO of Spiral Corp. about their brand new clothes manufacturing line. Stay tuned.”

Barbara muted the TV, and turned to her two daughters, Maria and Joan, who were watching the news with her.

“So, how was your day?” She asked, desperate to have a conversation with her two girls, after her long day at work.

“It was okay.” Maria said. Joan just responded with a shrug.

“That's it?” Barbara said, raising an eyebrow.

Her two daughters seemed completely uninterested, as they nodded in confirmation.

“Come on, there must be something you want to talk about. How was college today? Did you learn anything interesting, Joan?” She asked her older daughter, Joan, a twenty year old blonde, with blue eyes.

“Mom, that's, like, a question you ask a first grader! I'm in college, working on degree!”

“Speaking of your degree.” Her mom said, “given any thought on picking a major, yet?”

“Oh, mom, don't start!” Joan said, making a face.

“I think she's too busy having a major crush on her TA, Tom, to be picking a major!” Maria, the eighteen year old high-school senior teased her older sister with a mischievous smile. She had bright brown eyes, and dirty blonde hair.

Joan gasped at her younger sister.

“That's it! I'm not telling you anything!” She screeched at Maria.

“Good!” Barbara said “Maybe from now on you can share your secrets with me. So, how does he look like? Is he hot?”

“Mom!” Both girls gasped as one.

“Please don't do this to me, mom.” Joan said “I can't afford a therapist just yet.”

Barbara smiled at her daughter, trying not to show how offended she was at her daughter's 'joke'.

“Are students even allowed to date TA's” Maria asked with fake innocence, adding fuel to the flame.

“Oh wait, I didn't think of that. Joan, please don't get yourself expelled. It's not worth it to...”

“I know, mom! Gosh, I'm twenty years old, isn't it time you trusted me? I'm mature enough to know what not to do!” She said “Besides, I'm pretty sure he has a girlfriend...” She added, with a quiet mumble.

Barbara raised her eyebrow at her so called 'mature' daughter.

“But, you know,” Maria said coyly “He's a young man. He might be in for an illicit affair. I'm sure Joan thought about that.”

“I swear, I'm gonna punch you, you brat!” Joan screeched.

“Maria, please, we're trying to have a serious conversation.” Barbara was now in 'serious concerned mom' mode.

“No, we're not!” Joan insisted.

“But, you know...” Maria started, but Joan stopped her in her tracks.

“Hey, Maria, what about that homework assignment you have to hand in tomorrow? You know, the one you intended to avoid, by pretending to be sick.”

It was Maria's turn to gasp.

“Yeah!” Joan said, triumphant “It isn't fun when someone tells your secrets in front of your mom, is it?!”

Barbara didn't know if to be happy her daughters were at least sharing such important information with her, or sad she

opened such a can of worms.

“Okay, wait a second.” She raised her voice, as her daughters started screaming at each other.

“*Okay!*” She finally screamed, and her two girls quieted down.

“Now. What assignment?” She asked Maria.

“Nothing. She was kidding.” It was cute how Maria tried to lie, but Barbara knew all of her tells.

“Come on, honey. I practically raised you. I know when you're lying.” She said, as Joan made a funny face at her younger sister, from behind her mom's back.

“That's very 'mature adult' of you, Joan.” Barbara stung her older daughter, making her quiet down, and sulk on the sofa.

“Now, Maria.” Barbara insisted.

Maria sighed.

“Oh, fine!” She said “There's this history assignment I've got to hand in tomorrow, but I haven't started it, at all.”

“And why is that?”

“Well...” She looked at her mom, obviously trying to come up with an excuse she never tried before, that her mom will fall for.

“No excuses.” Barbara said, as a preemptive strike.

“Fine! It's boring, and I hate it!”

“It's school! You're not supposed to love it. You're supposed to do it!”

“But...”

“No buts! Go to your room right now, and finish it!” Barbara put her foot down, and pointed a finger to Maria's room.

“There's no way I'll finish it on time!”

“Then do what you can, and I'll speak with your teacher and see what can be done. No arguments. Go!”

“I hate you!” Maria screamed, and stormed to her room. Barbara collapsed back on the sofa, and sighed deeply.

“You know, I really thought this would end by the time you both turned eighteen.” She said to her older daughter, still there on the sofa.

“Yeah, well, Maria has some maturing to do.” Joan said, with a victorious smile.

“So, tell me about that TA.” Barbara said, wiping the smile off of Joan's face.

“Look. News is back.” Joan pointed at the TV, feeling saved by the end of the commercial break.

“I'm not done with you.” Barbara said.

“Oh, yes, you are.” Joan said, as her mom unmuted the TV.

“With us is the owner and CEO of the Spiral Corporation, Mr. Kevin Masterson.” The anchorman said.

“Helping me in this interview will be Emily Bennett, our economics correspondent. Thank you for joining, Emily“ He said, and received a nod from the brown eyed brunette sitting opposite to the CEO. She seemed to be in her late twenties.

The CEO and owner of the Spiral corporation sat in an expensive looking suit, and looked very respectable. He was relatively young, possibly in his mid thirties.

“Now, Mr Masterson, tell me – Why would a company that started out as a software franchise, and then became an electronics outlet, enter the clothing business? Why would a man who made his fortune via software innovation, in his early twenties, choose to take his company down this path?” The anchorman asked

“Well, first of all, because I can.” The Billionaire said with a smile “But, more than that. Because I see an opportunity here, to bring new things to this old and worn out market. Pun intended.”

“That's a bad pun...” Joan said out loud.

“Is there a lot of opportunity, though?” The young economics correspondent said “With so many strong, big companies, and many small retailers around the globe. Is there really a place for another clothing giant?” She asked.

“Of course.” He said smugly “I assure you, we will bring the same innovation to the textile world, that we brought to the world of technology. With our strong financial back, we can offer very

competitive prices, and I am sure a mere year from now, Spiral Clothing will be a leading outlet.”

“You talk of financial backing,” The anchorman said “But the existing major companies in the market have the same financial power, and they do not have a completely different branch of commerce to attend to, in addition to their clothing business. Will they not be able to match your prices, as low as they may be, until you're bankrupt?”

“Not only that,” The younger woman said “The clothing market, like the personal electronics market, is very loyalty based. Many customers will remain with the brands they're used to, simply because they're used to it. Not to mention, there's a lot of value to brand name, and companies that have been around for decades have a certain prestige your company will simply not have.”

“I completely disagree. No market is immune to new players, if they are determined enough. Changing the buying habits, and minds of consumers is never impossible.” The owner and CEO said, with a smile that almost appeared evil.

“I feel comfortable with this decision, and you will see our success with your very own eyes.” He said, with the confidence only a billionaire who built himself up from nothing can muster.

“Or perhaps it's because you intend to employ the same shady tactics you used, to get a foot hold in the electronics world. It is alleged you used threats, and other scare tactics to take over rivaling firms.”

“I will not pander to crazy, and unfounded rumors.” Was all he said in response.

“What does your company offer, that is different from the currently present retailers, then?” The anchorman said, in an obvious attempt to douse the fire that was lit by Emily's last question.

“For starters. All of our clothes will be hand made, and designed by our home designer, Shelly Tate, one of the most renown fashion designers in the world today.”

“Our prices will prove to consumers that quality material and design can be sold for a reasonable price.”

“And, perhaps most of all – Unlike other companies, we will not outsource our work to sweat shops in the far east. I do not compromise for cheap labor, and will not take part in such exploitation.”

“That is admirable, for sure. However, you're claiming you'll hire people to hand craft your merchandise, here in the US, and still charge an affordable price? I am sorry, but that is fictional.” The young reporter said brazenly.

The billionaire gave her the same wicked smile he did before, and said “I invite you to the opening of our manufacturing facility tomorrow, then, and you can see for yourself.”

“I will take you up on that, be sure.” She said confidently, obviously certain she may uncover some of the shady dealings she mentioned earlier.

“Seems we've got ourselves an expose on the working environment in the Spiral Corp clothing business.” The anchorman said with a smile, as the camera zoomed in on his face.

“This is all the time we have for today. I'd like to thank Mr Masterson and Ms. Bennett for joining us. Make sure you tune in tomorrow at eight p.m. for your evening news. I am Rob Greener, have a good one.” He finished with his signature phrase

With that, the news logo and theme music came on, and Barbara muted the TV, as the commercials started once more.

“Wow.” Joan said “That woman was really bitchy to him.”

“It's her job, honey. Besides, she's right about the shady rumors about Spiral.”

“Who cares? He's a freaking billionaire, and he just said he won't use cheap labor or exploit child labor, like all those other companies do.” Joan said.

“Yeah, but she's right. How can he compete with those other companies. If he said he'll use mass production machines it would make more sense, but he would need to hire dozens of workers for

hand craftsmanship, and pay them at least minimum wage, possibly more.”

“He's the billionaire. I'm sure he knows what he's doing...” Joan said.

“Are you taking his side because he's cute?” Barbara asked her daughter.

“What? No!”

“Speaking of you fancying people. That TA...”

“Oh, look! there's a party warming up. I've got to go!” Joan said, pretending to look at her phone.

“What? Now?”

“Yeah! I'll go get dressed.” Joan left to her room in a rush.

“You're not even trying to make it believable...”

“You know, it's really insulting that you'd rather get out of the house than talk to me!” Barbara yelled at her daughter.

A few minutes later, Joan walked to the door.

“You're seriously going? It's nine o'clock, and American Idol is starting. You love that show.”

“I'll watch it online. And nine is early!”

“You have classes tomorrow.”

“I'm twenty years old!” She said, and left the house.

“Yeah, I almost dread next year, when Maria starts doing this...” Barbara mumbled, alone on her sofa.

She unmuted the TV, and watched the show alone.

* * * *

A low hum resonated in their house, and woke Barbara up. It was five in the morning, and Barbara wasn't used to wake up at such an early time. The hum was like a deep bass line, and she felt it throughout her entire body. She couldn't ignore it, got up, and looked out of her window. Six black buses parked in the middle of the long suburban street. Each had dark tinted windows, and the Spiral corporation logo painted on the side.

Beside every bus stood two women, wearing latex body suits, and holding military style assault rifles. They wore black sunglasses, and stood at attention next to every door of each bus.

They looked like a professional mercenary security force, and it was a little scary.

For some reason, Barbara felt compelled to go outside, still in her night gown. In the hall, she was met with her two daughters, Joan and Maria, both in their tight cute pajamas.

She wanted to ask them why they're awake, but she knew the answer to that already. She wanted to ask them why they appeared to be going outside, but she figured they were feeling the same compulsion she was. She simply didn't feel like talking, and it was obvious her daughters felt the same.

The low hum shot tremors through their bodies, as they stood on the sidewalk outside their house. All across the street, their neighbors did the same. Well, their female neighbors, who were mostly housewives.

Among the older women, there were some younger girls – the daughters who were older than eighteen. Barbara felt a little fuzzy, but noticed there were no men, nor any person under the age of eighteen outside on the sidewalk.

As all the women of their neighborhood stood on the sidewalk, the humming stopped, and suddenly Barbara felt she could talk again.

“What's going on?” one of their neighbors said. A woman by the name of Rose.

“What is Spiral corp doing here? And why are these women armed?” Maria asked.

“I don't like it.” A woman they did not know said “I've heard a lot of bad stories about this company.”

“Nice kitty, Katy.” Maria said to her classmate and neighbor, Katy, who came out in an extremely short nighty that showed her neatly shaved pussy.

“Oh!” Katy gasped as she realized what she was wearing, and tried desperately to hide her 'kitty'.

Katy's identical twin sister, Carrie, giggled at that. Carrie was wearing pretty much the same thing the other younger women

wore. Short pajama pants with no panties, and a soft and comfy pajama top.

“I heard they only hire women. They are praised by women's movements worldwide, for that.” Rose, who was also a militant feminist, said.

“That's all nice and well, but this is still weird.” The unknown woman said. When they all stared at the woman skeptically, their neighbor Tina spoke up.

“Oh, this is my older sister, Heather. She's the CEO of BoxMart.”

They all looked at her, shocked.

“Your sister is the CEO of BoxMart?!”

That diverted the conversation a bit, to say the least.

Kevin Masterson, CEO and owner of Spiral, got out of his limousine with the young reporter from TV, Emily Bennett, and a woman carrying a camera, filming everything. He was wearing pitch black sun glasses, just like the armed women.

“What are we doing here? You promised me an expose on your new operations in the clothing business.” The young journalist said.

She looked around at the surreal situation before her. A row of women in their night clothes, standing on the sidewalk, with a row of black buses guarded by armed latex-clad young women.

“What's going on here?!” She asked the Billionaire beside her, making sure the camerawoman was filming the weird scenario.

“I'm giving you what you wanted. The expose you keep yammering about.” He said, and put plugs in his ears.

None of the women there noticed, but the armed guards also had earplugs in their ears, the whole time. Emily still gave him a puzzled look, as he gave the signal to his armed latex-babes, to activate the speakers in the buses, and the lights that were fitted on the roof of each bus. The first hum was meant to get the women out on the street. Now, it was time for the real deal.

Emily opened her mouth to protest, but the lights started their blinding dance, while the speakers let out a strong bass-like

hum, that was much more powerful than before. The women on the sidewalk had glazed eyes, and Emily the journalist received the full brunt of the conditioning, as well. Less than a minute later, the CEO took his glasses off, and his ear plugs out, and smiled as the women began to shuffle into the buses, at the direction of his sexy latex-clad employees.

“Okay, now we're cooking.” He said.

“Now, don't you feel silly.” He said, looking at the young, completely mesmerized reporter “I told you you'll get an exclusive look at our company's manufacturing process, and that's exactly what I intend to show you. By the by, you have very nice tits. It's one of the reasons I invited you today.”

“Thank you, sir.” Emily said, looking at him respectfully “I apologize for doubting you. I look forward to a very educational and informative day, sir.”

“Oh, I'm sure. Now, get back in the limo.” He said, giving her ass a sharp spank, to emphasize the command. She didn't gasp, or showed any negative reaction. She simply said “yes, sir.” and turned around to return to the limo.

“You, too, honey.” He said, pinching the camerawoman's nipple with one hand, and using it to move her towards the open car door. He spanked her ass as well, as she bent over to enter the car.

The CEO then walked towards one of the buses, and checked his new employees out. Most of them were in their thirties, with some younger women in the mix, probably daughters, younger sisters, and nieces of the rest.

Two of them caught his eye.

“You two, accompany me in the limo.” He said. Barbara and Joan beamed with happiness that their boss offered them to ride in his limo.

“Oh, of course, sir. Thank you!” Joan said.

“We are extremely grateful, sir.” Barbara added, as the two of them followed him to the limo, shaking their asses with every step.

He entered the limousine, and sat down between Barbara and Joan. Emily and her camerawoman sat on the opposite side. Without having to speak, he put his hands on Joan and Barbara's shoulders, and nudged them down towards his crotch. The two understood what was expected of them immediately. Joan used her teeth to unzip his fly, something her mom had no idea her daughter could do.

Barbara then removed his underwear, with her hand, and let his already erect member out. By the time her lips touched his cock, caressing the side of his shaft gently, Joan was already doing the same on the other side, giving their boss a nice steamy blowjob, with their full lips and hungry tongues. The two made soft kissing sounds, as they lathered his manhood with their tongues from tip to stem, occasionally giving his balls the needed attention.

“Mmm. You know, being a CEO of a multi billion dollar company isn't easy.” He said, grabbing the asses of the girls sucking him off.

“I have a lot of important responsibilities, and with one wrong decision, the company might tank. I mean, so many jobs are completely dependent on my every whim. Most companies don't give their CEO enough credit, and instead put too much focus on the simple minded employees. And it's still not enough for some people, complaining about CEO salaries, and such bullshit.”

His eyes were closed, and he enjoyed the service Barbara and Joan gave him.

“Luckily, I'm the owner of Spiral Corp, and I make sure my employees know their place.” He spanked Barbara's ass, and she responded by flicking her tongue on his balls faster.

“I find keeping my cock nice and wet really helps with the stress of having so many employees under my thumb.” He opened his eyes, and frowned at Emily. She was just sitting there staring at him, next to her hot blank camerawoman.

“Why aren't you writing this down? I thought you were here to document my work. Aren't you a journalist?” He said.

Emily looked both distraught, and a little disappointed that she's a journalist, and not an employee of Spiral as well.

“Oh, of course, sir. I apologize.” She said, and rummaged through her bag for a pen and paper. She found some, and wrote down what he said, emphasizing the CEO's need for stress relief, in the form of the female employees salivating on his erect member.

“Do you prefer it when your balls are licked, or when they suck your shaft, sir?” Emily asked a question that seemed important. She was determined to conduct a proper interview.

“Well, it really depends on the quality of the blowjob.” He said, completely serious “Tongue agility, and how sloppy and wet their mouths are. It really helps when they jerk me off while licking my balls.”

Emily wrote it all down, as if he was giving her government secrets that will win her a Pulitzer Prize.

“It also adds a lot when they move their tongues while deep throating. Ahhh...” He moaned deeply.

“You know, I haven't had such a great service in a while. This is great.” He said, looking at the two women, working hard to please him.

“They really work well together. Hmm...” He said “You know what, these two might be related. That would explain how they're so coordinated. Let's check...”

He casually grabbed Barbara by the hair, and picked her head up, while shoving Joan down on his cock, as deep as she could go. He held Barbara's head so he had a view of her face. She looked at him with plain eyes, waiting patiently for him to be done.

“Now, let's see.” He said, grabbing Joan's head with his other hand, pulling her up, and shoving Barbara on his crotch to replace her daughter. Barbara's throat was filled to the brim in mere seconds.

He looked at Joan's face as well, and eventually came to a conclusion.

“Yep, they're definitely related.” He said, pushing Joan's head back down, where she joined her mom in kissing his cock from both sides.

“From their looks, I'd say this one” He spanked Barbara “is this one's mother” He said, spanking Joan.

“You're so wise, sir.” Emily said, while her docile camerawoman nodded in agreement.

“Thank you. Now, where was I. Oh yes, ball licking Vs. Cock sucking. Well, I guess I'd rather be face fucking than shoving my balls in a woman's mouth, if I had to choose.”

“But hey, why would I need to choose?” He asked with a smile, while Barbara kissed his balls, and her daughter bobbed her head on his cock. Emily nodded as she wrote it down, treating his words like the wisdom of the ages.

“Do you prefer finishing a blowjob inside, or somewhere else?” Emily asked.

“Hmm, that's a good question” He said, making Emily blush at the compliment.

“While most people will say that it is a woman's duty to swallow, I sometimes find it more interesting to spray my load on their faces, or tits, or even their ass. But, well, that's usually after I fuck them. Here's the thing...”

He continued rambling on, answering Emily's well thought out questions, while enjoying the double header he got from Barbara and Joan. The two women barely let their lips leave his cock, until they pulled up at the factory.

“Okay then, out we go.” He said, letting Emily and the camerawoman exit the car first, and then telling Barbara and Joan they can stop their ministrations on his cock, and step out.

“Thank you so much for inviting us here, sir.” Joan said.

“Yes, no honor can ever be greater. Thank you, sir.” Barbara said.

He walked alongside Emily and her camerawoman, while Barbara and Joan rejoined the other employees. The factory was

guarded by more of those armed latex-clad women. The building looked new, and quite fancy.

In the entrance lobby, there were signs that read:

“Respect your employer. Never cover your tits.”

“From this point on, employees must crawl unless told otherwise.”

“Your job is to obey your superior's every instruction.”

“Shake your ass while crawling around. for the pleasure of your boss.”

“No unapproved orgasms in the work place.”

The women passing through the room quickly began crawling on their hands and knees, and removed their tops. Those wearing nighties either remained completely naked, or unfastened the top portion, and had the rest of their dress dangling from their hips.

When Emily entered the room, and read the signs, she began moving to a crawling position, but she was stopped by Kevin himself.

“No no, Emily. You're not an employee. You don't have to crawl here.” He said with a smile.

“I...” She said, looking a bit sad “I am truly grateful, sir. But, out of respect to you, may we at least remove our tops, to reveal our breasts?”

“Of course you may. In fact, I'd love that.” He told her, making her heart leap. Her heart wasn't the only thing leaping. As she and her camerawoman revealed their wonderful tits, Kevin Masterson's erection grew even bolder. t wasn't surprising. After all, he didn't really climax from the blowjob he received in the car.

“Hey, you two.” He found Barbara and Joan, and called them over. They crawled as fast as they could, wiggling their asses, their bare tits dangling as they moved.

“I want these two under my desk.” He told one of his latex-clad bunnies.

“Yes, sir.” The woman said “Come with me.” She told Barbara and Joan, and the two crawled after her.

Meanwhile, other latex-bunnies gathered the rest of the employees, asking them questions about their experience with sowing machines, and needlework.

“I certainly hope we found enough bored housewives – this day will be much longer if we'll have to train some of the employees.” The CEO said.

“Well,” He continued “Either way, it's gonna take a short while before the new employees get settled with their work, and I've got just the thing to do while we wait. Emily, suck my cock.” He said it calmly and casually, while unzipping his pants, and getting his hard on into the open air.

“Of course, sir.” Emily said, knelt before him, and started kissing his cock slowly and passionately.

“Nah, that won't do.” He said, making Emily worried “I feel like face fucking, actually.” He grabbed the back of her head, and started pumping into her mouth.

Emily gagged a bit, but made no attempt to back off or struggle. Emily remembered his answer to one of her questions in the limo, and started working her tongue around his shaft, as he pumped into her harder and faster. He had great stamina. What else would you expect from a man so used to having whatever he wanted, and whoever he wanted?

“Hey, film this.” He told the camerawoman, who was standing in attention. She was extremely drone like, which meant she was probably very weak minded to begin with. The programming washed over her like a tsunami. She obediently turned the camera on, and filmed her co-worker Emily being face fucked, as if she was filming a porno.

“Do it from this side.” He said, and the camerawoman moved to where he ordered, and filmed Emily's side profile, as she was being face fucked.

“Film her from the other side, and then keep filming from the side that looks better face-fucked.” He told her, and laughed maniacally. She stared at him blankly, having difficulty to parse

his request. In her state, she couldn't possibly asses which side of Emily's face looked better. The CEO noticed that.

“Never mind. Just keep the camera on her, stupid girl.” He said, looking amused rather than annoyed.

Emily kept diligently trying to please him, as the minutes went by. Her jaw became numb, but she actually got used to this treatment quite quickly. She could never consider trying to stop him, anyway.

After about ten minutes, a woman with red hair approached the three of them. She had a magic marker in her mouth, and the number '3' marked on her forehead, in what appeared to be very hard to remove ink, that probably came from the marker in her mouth. Her tits were bare, and connected with a chain and metallic clasps to one another. One of her tits had the number '7' on it.

She was wearing nothing but a short skirt, the hem of which barely stretching beyond her pussy lips, and she had a paper and pen in her hand. She stood silently and waited for her boss to finish playing with the young reporter.

“Wow, your head is surprisingly good!” He exclaimed, staring at the young journalist, who was suddenly very proud of herself.

“Give me that.” he took the magic marker out of the redhead's mouth, and made gestures as if he was thinking hard about something. Emily continued bobbing her head up and down his cock regardless. After a few seconds, he wrote the number '9' on Emily's forehead.

“Yeah, I think that's about it. You're great, but you can still improve.” He said, and placed the marker back in the redhead's mouth.

He grabbed Emily's head again, ramming into her hard.

“Oh,” He said, looking at the redhead “That's my personal assistant. I'd introduce her, but frankly, I don't even remember her name.”, and neither did he care. Emily stared at the personal assistant, trying to make some greeting gestures. Which wasn't easy, with her face stuffed as it was.

“Well, you may speak. What is it?” He told the redhead, seeming impatient, and a little annoyed that the face fucking session was interrupted. She took the marker out of her mouth again, and started her report.

“Thank you, sir. I'm sorry to interrupt you, sir” She said “We found enough experienced women to handle manufacturing, and the rest are enough to handle packaging, and loading. We should easily make the daily quota.”

“Ah, that's good news.” He said. Increasing the pace of his banging of Emily's sore throat, eliciting increasingly louder gagging sounds, as she tried to swirl her tongue as much as possible.

“Has the work begun?” He asked, and his assistant nodded at him.

“Excellent.” He said, and grunted as he thrust his hips extra strong a few times, and then unloaded his cum deep inside of Emily's throat.

After he finished, he pushed her head away, and started moving towards the next room. By the time she managed to swallow his entire load, he was already ten feet away from her, on his way to the manufacturing room.

“Well, are you coming? We can start our tour of the place, now.” He said, looking back at her kneeling form, with a wicked smile.

“Yes, sir.” She said, and rushed to her feet, her bare tits bouncing as she shot up to a standing position, and walked towards him, with a slither of his cum running from her lips. There was something about how he treated her, like an easily discarded tool, that truly charmed her.

The four of them walked into a large room filled with long tables. Each table seated about five topless women, and each woman had a sewing machine before her. The room was in complete silence, besides the sound of the machines, and the footsteps of the CEO and the three women walking behind him.

The suburban house wives could not be distracted, unless their boss spoke. They felt no need for banter. They had no need for lunch breaks. They simply worked, as diligently as humanly possible.

“This is where our clothes are manufactured.” Kevin Masterson bragged to the topless journalist beside him.

“Like I told you yesterday in the studio, it is all hand crafted, using just these simple, and incredibly cheap, sowing machines, and the sows who operate them.” He chuckled, prompting Emily and his assistant to laugh as well.

“I managed to cut costs in other ways as well. For example, because the employees are half naked, I didn't need to install air conditioning here. And, obviously, it worked brilliantly!” He said, pinching the erect nipple of the employee closest to him. She didn't even flinch

“Their work day is about fifteen hours, starting at six a.m., and ending at nine p.m.. They do get breaks, of sort. Every hour, ten of them get to go up to my office, and entertain me a bit, before going back to work. After all, it's very important to keep management happy, isn't it?” He asked.

“Yes, highly important.” Emily agreed with a smile.

He stopped before an extremely voluptuous woman, and whipped his cock out.

“Tits.” Was all he said, as he slapped her gigantic jugs with his dick.

“Yes sir.” She said, stopped her work, grabbed her tits with both hands, and hugged his cock with them.

The woman moved her entire upper body up and down, rubbing her sizable tits around his cock. He just stood there, enjoying himself.

“You see,” He told Emily “When you make sure your employees are truly subordinate to you, they understand the meaning of work.”

“Take these pair of tits, for instance. She knows she's the one who should be doing all the work. After all, she is the employee,

and I'm her boss. I shouldn't bother myself with such a menial task as fucking her big jugs on my own.”

The woman started licking his tip whenever his cock emerged from between her gigantic boobs. This went on for a while, but Emily showed no impatience, nor any discomfort, as she waited for him to be done.

“Okay, that's enough. I think I need a change of boobs.” He said, taking the marker from his assistant's mouth, and writing an '8' on the woman's tits. She looked proud for just a second, before returning to her Sisyphian sowing duties, with a blank face.

It didn't take him long to find another pair of tits that he wanted to try out, and had the woman attached to it give him the proper service. A couple of minutes into that second tit fuck, one of the latex chicks walked into the room. Her outfit was unzipped, so her perky tits were out, although she did not crawl around. She had smooth platinum blond hair.

“Sir, the background checks on...” She started.

“Hey!” He said “Can't you see I'm in the middle of a titfuck?!” He said angrily. Even behind her dark sunglasses, her horror was apparent.

“I-I'm so sorry, sir. Please, punish this bad employee any you wish.” She said, pleading with her voice.

“Bend over that table, and spank yourself. Hard.” He said, grabbing the tits which were fucking him forcefully, and pounding into them furiously, until he calmed down. The woman working on the table quickly moved her machine, so the blonde could bend over there.

The blond bombshell started spanking herself with cruel severity.

“Now,” he addressed the bent over woman “What did you want to say.”

“I'm sorry, sir. **Smack** for interrupting **Slap**. But, the background checks on today's employees **Spank** uncovered that one of them is the current CEO of BoxMart.”

He let go of the tits in his hand, leaving the woman to again move her own tits for his pleasure, and looked at the beautiful bent over latex-clad young woman.

“Really?! Well, that's a fantastic surprise, and an even better business opportunity!” He said with a big smile.

“You know what? I might fuck your pussy later, as reward for bringing me such great news.” He told the still self spanking employee.

“Thank you, sir. My pussy is always ready to serve as your accommodating fuck-hole.” She said, making even Emily Bennett smile broadly.

“You can stop spanking yourself.” He told her “And return to your normal duties.”

“Thank you, sir.” She said, and walked away.

“Hmm, this is an interesting turn of events indeed. Well, but I'll think about that later...”

With that, he started cumming on the boobs that were diligently pleasing his cock the whole while. After he shot his final spurt, he just turned around and led his entourage of three to his office, but not before he wrote a big '10' on that woman's tits. The nameless pair of tits then returned to her work, with a full load of cum dripping from her bare tits, as if nothing had happened.

“Let's take a little break here, and then continue the tour.” He said, as he motioned his three followers into his shiny, new, fully furnished, and air conditioned office.

“Take a sit, you two.” He said, pointing to two chairs in front of his desk. Both chairs had a big plastic dildo on them, making their true purpose quite obvious. Emily and her camerawoman both took their pants off, shifted their panties aside, and sat on the chairs, with the dildos deep in their pussies.

“Don't be shy, bounce up and down.” He told them, and Emily started moving up and down the dildo on her chair, giving him a full view of her pussy. The camerawoman did the same, only

without the smile that Emily had on her face. He sat down at his desk, with his assistant standing at attention beside him.

He exposed his dick again, and fed his limp rod to the two women under the desk, Barbara and Joan, who began giving him the same service they provided in his limo, only now his cock was after two climaxes in a row.

One of the walls of his office was clear glass, and through it he could see the full view of the manufacturing room. For a few seconds, he enjoyed the attention the mother daughter duo gave his cock, while watching his hard working topless employees work to create his new product.

“So,” He said, diverting his gaze back to Emily's tits, as she was bouncing on the chair dildo “anything else you wanted to ask, Ms Bennett?”

Emily was a little distracted by the plastic cock in her cunt, but he managed to get her attention immediately.

“Oh yes, sir.” She said “Thank you, sir.”

She tried hard to think of a question, feeling silly to be called a journalist, and embarrassed that she forgot everything she wanted to talk about. Well, she remembered some of it, but those issues hardly seemed important now. She didn't notice it took her five long minutes, but the CEO enjoyed the dumb look on the serious journalist's face, as she tried hard to think of something. So, he didn't say anything.

She tried thinking about what she's interested in, right now, and finally figured it out.

“Sir, I'm sure all of our female viewers would love nothing more than to work under you, considering the great conditions you provide your employees, that are perfect for us women.” She said, hoping her obvious flattery won her a few points with the billionaire sitting before her.

“What advice can you give to women hoping to apply for a job here? What do they need to do?”

“That's a great question, Emily.” He said, making her pussy moisten.

“Well, the truth is, there's nothing they can do in terms of applying for a job here. But, there's a good chance I will come to them, and on them.” He said with a winning smile, that made Emily's pussy lips tighten around the dildo.

“You see, every day the buses you saw this morning will visit a different neighborhood, and pick up all the eligible women to work here for a day. The children, and grown men will sink into a deep slumber, and never remember a thing.”

He casually guided Barbara's head to start licking his balls, as his cock slowly woke up from its own very short slumber.

“What you should ask is: how can aspiring female employees secure the reuse of their, well, resources.” He told her, and she was filled with interest and curiosity.

“Well, like any big corporation, we have performance reviews, and I do believe you've already witnessed a few. In fact, you even had one yourself.”

She looked at him, totally baffled, and said “Please, go on, sir.”

“I use this nearly irremovable magic marker to grade the important aspects of my employees. That is why I always keep...Whatever her name is...” He said, pointing to his assistant “Near me, with that marker in her mouth.”

“For example,” He said, opened his palm, and allowed the standing woman to drop the marker onto his hand “these two lovely ladies both deserve a very high grade on their heads, for this magnificent service they are giving me.”

He thought a little, and then graded Joan's head with a '10'.

“Yes, a definite ten.” He said, and watched the blonde twenty year old beam with happiness.

“And you,” He turned to Barbara “Well, if she's a ten, I'm afraid you'll have to suffice with a nine” He said, dotting the nine on the single mother's forehead. Her happiness was apparent as well.

“The grading is from one to ten, as you may have figured.” He said, turning back to Emily, and placing the marker back in his

assistant's mouth.

"Don't get the wrong idea, though, I'm not looking for perfect tens. That would be almost unrealistic, although a few women actually got close." He said.

"Here in Spiral, we understand that all employees have their downsides, and upsides, and I utilize them properly."

"Some have a great ass, others have fantastic tits. Some have fantastic blowjob skills, but are flat chested, while others have massively fuckable tits, but lack all tongue-lips co-ordination."

"Take my assistant here." He said, "You may have noticed her head has a '3' grade on it, and her tits a '7'. That doesn't mean I would get rid of her. On the contrary, I found a perfect use for her otherwise worthless mouth."

"She has the all important duty of holding the grading marker," his assistant had a submissive look on her face, resembling a docile dog with a bone "and also sometimes gives me some verbal reports." He waved his hands at that, as if that was hardly important in comparison.

"I'm not keeping her just for that, of course. Spread your legs on my table, honey." He told her. With the marker still in her mouth, she spread her legs and pointed her pussy at Emily's direction. Her inner thigh had a big '10' written on it, and an arrow pointing to her well used, and yet still tight snatch.

"She's amazing at having orgasms while on my cock, and it makes fucking her so much more fun, feeling her inner walls quiver around my dick is simply sublime." His compliment made the assistant blush hot red, and smile as wide as she could with a magic marker in her mouth.

Emily stared in awe at the cunt that was awarded a ten. She couldn't hide her envy.

"Don't worry." Kevin said "Looking at your pussy bouncing up and down on that dildo. I think I'll definitely want to grade it, at some point today."

"I'll be so grateful, sir." Emily said, feeling her own arousal heightening, after hearing his compliment.

“Nnnn” She moaned slightly, no longer capable of restraint
“May I orgasm, sir.”

“Go ahead. And show me how your pussy quivers.”

“Yes, sir.” She said, and erupted in orgasm. Her pussy clenched and quivered, and her body began to spasm wildly. She moaned loudly, and her head shot upwards instinctively. Her tits quivered with the rest of her body, and she squirted onto the chair a few times. This lasted a few seconds, and then she calmed down, and continued to dream of her pussy actually being sampled by him.

“Why don't you appreciate this 10 marked pussy, Emily. Eat her up.” He told Emily.

“Yes, sir.” She said, got off the dildo, walked over to the assistant, and planted a wet kiss on her ace lower lips.

She instantly understood what the CEO was talking about. The woman became wet almost immediately, and juices started flooding his desk. Emily, who had never done anything like this before, used her tongue to flick at the other woman's clit, between warm, wet kisses on her pussy lips.

Joan planted a wet kiss on Kevin's balls, while Emily planted a similar kiss on the pussy lips she was frenching. Barbara made sure to suck on his half flaccid cock, warming him up. Kevin laid back and enjoyed the ambiance of cock sucking, ball licking, and pussy eating.

“Ahhh, this is the life....” He sighed happily, and fell into a well deserved nap.

He woke up after about thirty minutes, with a smile on his face and two warm lips on his cock.

“Okay, my cock is hard again. Good job.” He said, smiling and patting Barbara and Joan's head, who never stopped servicing him during his happy nap. Emily was still busy licking the assistant's muff, and it was obvious the redhead was barely suppressing an orgasm for quite some time.

Kevin shoved Emily's face into his assistant's pussy, and ordered her to orgasm. He knew she was a squirter, and he

wasn't disappointed. The open legged woman gushed out like a waterfall. He had to move aside to not get hit, but Emily's face remained there. Like a rock in a river, Emily was showered with pussy juices.

By the time it was done, Emily had to gasp for air. She was completely overwhelmed by the experience, and breathed heavily on the floor.

“Shank you, Thir” the assistant said, with the magic marker still in her mouth.

“Come on, let's continue the tour.” He told Emily, enjoying the slight mental torture.

“Yes, sir.” She said coarsely, utterly exhausted, and crawled towards him.

“May I please crawl from now on, sir?” She said, obviously finding it easier after the physical exertion she just had.

“No.” He said with a cruel smile “I already told you. You're not an employee here, and I won't degrade you like one.”

“Yes sir.” She whimpered, and struggled back to her feet, wobbling after him shakily.

“Besides, she's the one who just had a pussy numbing orgasm, and she's walking beside me just fine, so don't be a baby, Emily.” He pointed at his assistant, who walked with even less steadiness than Emily, and still seemed quite shaken up from the thirty minute long orgasm suppression, and the explosion she finally had.

He lead them to the packing section, where all the women who couldn't sow stood topless before a makeshift assembly line, folded the clothes they received from the manufacturing room, and sorted them into cardboard containers. The average age in this room was certainly younger than the other one, since most young women don't learn sowing these days.

As they entered, they saw a women on her hands and knees, being loaded with a few full cardboard containers on her back. The latex-babe watching her spanked her to indicate she is to start crawling towards the trucks.

“Ah, you see.” He began explaining “These girls fill up the boxes. Then, they load it on the backs of those girls, who then crawl to the trucks. Once they get there, the containers are unloaded from their backs, and placed in a truck, ready to be shipped. Simple.”

“Why do they crawl, sir? Isn't it more time consuming than simply carrying?” Emily asked.

“Probably. But I like watching them do it, and we have all the time in the world here. They usually keep going until morning, anyway.” He said.

“Of course, sir, how silly of me.” Emily said, feeling stupid for questioning his decisions.

“Believe it or not, but with my other factories, which produced mainly electronic devices, it took even longer. The truck drivers kept fucking the women bringing the crates on their backs, and interfering with the work flow.”

“What did you do?” Emily asked.

“I hired female truck drivers of course. Took them from truck stops using our unique device, that you saw earlier “

He smiled at her apparent puzzlement, and continued.

“They're different, though, and I don't use them for what I use the other employees. I mean, most of them are really butch, and they have to remain clothed anyway, cause they have to drive the stuff to retailers.”

He seemed a little disappointed at himself for not coming up with a better solution.

“Stupid special truck driving license....” He mumbled quietly.

“Did you go to random suburban neighborhoods for your electronics factories as well?” Emily asked.

“Oh no, of course not. We went mostly to other high tech companies and snatched employees from them. Sometimes, we went to colleges and raided the sororities for students of electronics, and similar things, but only when I felt like boinking some young pussy.”

“I see.” Emily wrote it all down with a smile, seeing it as a perfect example of true entrepreneurship.

“Remove their pants and panties. I want to review their pussies.” He said, and immediately the latex-clad women in the room removed the bottoms of the working girls, who didn't let it interrupt their boxing duties.

“Okay, let's see. eenie meenie miney mo. “ He said, and chose Maria. He stood behind her, bent her slightly more, but not enough to stop her from working, and teased her vaginal opening with the tip of his cock.

He speared into her with one quick motion, and started ramming in and out of her tight pussy. He grabbed her tits from behind, and lightly slapped her ass with his other hand, before holding her throat and kissing her neck passionately. Maria just tried her best to keep working, as she was not ordered to stop. Soft moans escaped her lips, as a cock rammed into her, for the second ever time in her short life.

“Wow, this is a tight pussy.” He said “Let's check this hole.” He slipped out of her cunt, and slowly inserted his cock into her ass. She whimpered with every inch he put in, but never struggled against it.

“Ohh nice. You're an anal virgin, aren't you?” He asked her.

“Yes, nnnhh... sir.” Maria answered.

As he was fully in her tight hole, he pulled out, and she let a sigh of relief, only to moan hard when he rammed into her forcefully once more. The slapping sound of his waist hitting her ass filled the room, and she could no longer focus on working.

He held her neck with both hands, bent her all the way down on the surface of the assembly line, and fucked her so hard she couldn't help but scream, as pleasure mixed with pain. She made a sigh of relief as he pulled out, kissed her neck once more, and inserted his cock in her pussy for a few more pumps, before he decided to move on to the other girls.

He took the magic marker from his assistant's mouth, and graded the anally deflowered teen, with a spank on her well fucked ass.

“Thank you, sir.” She said, with a big smile, and tearful eyes “Thank you so much.”

That made Emily gasp, as she remembered something important.

“Oh, sir. I forgot to thank you for ramming your cock in my mouth earlier, and feeding me a full load of your cum. Thank you so much for face fucking me, and dumping your load in my mouth, sir.” She said, humble and apologetic.

“That's okay, and you're welcome.” He said “Although...” He started, when something caught his eye. Well, two somethings, to be exact.

“I didn't see you getting on the buses.” He said, noticing the identical twins, Katy and Carrie.

Katy had no panties to remove, and she still wore the tight nighty that left her pussy bare. The only difference was that her tits were properly exposed, now.

“That's a nice little dress.” He said, dipping his cock in Katy's inviting pussy “And a nice little snatch, too.”

“Wow, identical twins.” He said, comparing them to make sure, while they were still working hard to box the clothes.

“One of life's little happy surprises.” he said as he casually pumped into Katy.

“Let's see how identical you really are.” He said, and moved from Katy to Carrie.

He speared her pussy like he did the others, but felt some resistance, that he knew all too well.

“Oh, would you look at that.” He said, biting Carrie's lovely ear, and ramming hard into her tight cunt. She moaned lightly, but tried hard to keep working.

“You see, Emily. I care for my employees, in ways no other employer would.” He bragged, ramming into her with full force.

“Take these identical twins, for example. I bet they enjoy fooling their teachers by replacing one another, and taking each

other's tests. But!" He exclaimed, and spanked Carrie's ass, squeezing her erect nipple with his free hand.

"This one kept a secret from her sister, that made them not so identical."

He laughed suddenly, and then continued enjoying himself.

"Luckily for them, I would never let a single cherry come in the way of sisterly bond." He said, as strands of blood from Carrie's torn hymen reached all the way to her knee.

"And now, they're identical again, and don't have to worry about their teachers bending them over, and validating their pussies!" He said, and spanked Carrie's ass again. By now, she was moaning so hard she beat Maria's moans from before.

"You see, the trick is to enjoy your work. And there's nothing I enjoy more than popping a tight cherry! It's the best!"

"*Ahh!* Thank you, sir." Carrie said, honored by his kind words "I aim to please, sir!"

"Ohh, I know." He said, leaned into her, and grabbed her perky tits with both hands.

He couldn't take it anymore, and started shooting his load right into her pussy.

"*Ahhh!*" She moaned happily, feeling jets of semen shooting into her.

"Orgasm for me." He whispered in her ear, and she did. The way she tightened around him as she climaxed made him squirt a few extra drops into her eager-to-please fuck hole.

"Thank you so much, sir." She said weakly, and collapsed to the floor as he backed away from her. He graded the two identical pussies, with the same grade obviously, since they were twins, and made a mental note to try the rest of their holes later in the day.

"Come on, I have one last place to show you." He told Emily and her camerawoman, and they started walking away, leaving Carrie to stumble back to her feet in a feeble attempt to keep working.

The next room he led them to was small and dark. There was one woman there, fully naked, drawing designs on a large sheet

of thick paper.

“Meet Shelly Tate, our home designer.” He said proudly. The woman had a few artistic tattoos drawn on her body, making her look like a work of art. She had short, blond hair, and green eyes.

She was practically oozing shik and style, a fact that was completely contrasted by her tired eyes, and complete nakedness.

“You'll have to forgive her - I sometimes forget to let her rest, so she ends up working a few days straight.” He said, casually sliding his cock into her gaping asshole, which was shaped to fit his cock by now, after all the anal fucking he gave her.

“Thank you for using me, sir.” She said weakly, obviously exhausted.

“Ohh, I think I'll let you take a nap after this. You seem really worn out.” he said, still pumping into her. Her eyes were puffy, and popping out of their sockets, giving her a slightly deranged look.

“Meh, this is depressing. Emily, spread your legs on the table. Shelly, go to sleep.”

“Oh, thank you sir!” Shelly said with a happy sigh, dropped her pencil, and rushed to the little doggie bed on the floor. She assumed a fetal position on it, and immediately fell asleep.

“Poor thing, she was exhausted.” He said, as Emily obeyed his command, and spread her legs on the design table.

“Good thing I always have spare pussies to use.” He said, and rammed into Emily.

“Time to see if this pussy is as fun as I hoped it would be.”

Emily was a smart girl, and she pieced the information he so gracefully bestowed upon her throughout the day, to make sure hers was the best pussy he ever had. She moaned gently with every thrust, and complimented on his masculinity. She did her best clench and tighten her pussy whenever he was fully inside of her, and loosen it up when he pulled out, so he could easily pump his cock back in.

She squeezed her tits together, inviting him to suck on the nipples, and he definitely bit on that bate, literally. And, when he

allowed her to orgasm, she did her best to make him feel as if his cock was in the middle of an earth-quaking tsunami.

“Oh, wow!” He said, pulled out of her, and sat on the only chair in the room “That's one amazing pussy. I definitely want to try it again. I might even have you quit your job for this.”

“Anything for you, sir.”

Emily stood up with a sweet smile on her face, and a glimmer in her eyes.

“You. Ride me.” He told the camerawoman. The still extremely blank woman walked over to him, and mindlessly speared herself on him. Her humping was mechanical and monotonous. He did enjoy it, to some extent. He squeezed her tits and ass, bit her nipples and kissed her neck, without getting any response from her.

He clenched his teeth on her nipple tightly, and told her to orgasm. He felt her orgasm on his cock, but saw it nowhere on her face.

“Wow, this is pretty rare.” He said “I don't think you'll be able to return to your old life, so I guess we'll need an alibi for you. Can you handle that, Emily?”

“Of course, sir.” She said, dropping to her hands and knees, kissing his feet.

“Oh, that's nice. I like women who think outside the box.” He said, as she kissed the sole of his foot “Hmm, this feels surprisingly good.”

He was a little bored with the camerawoman, so he told his assistant to ride his cock with her magnificent pussy. Emily was so amazed at the display that she almost forgot to kiss and lick his feet passionately. Only almost, luckily for her.

It took him about thirty seconds to explode inside of his assistant's warm snatch, and as they both reached an orgasm together, the assistant actually squirted some juices on the floor, for Emily to lap up, before cleaning the CEO's cock with her tongue.

“You're a great cock sucker, Emily. I'm starting to think your forehead deserves more than a nine.” He said, and blew another small load down her throat. Lastly, he went to grade her pussy. After seeing his assistant ride his cock, she fully understood why she received a nine instead of a ten. She enjoyed the fact she could still improve, before the next time he evaluates her performance.

The rest of the day wasn't as eventful as the tour. Every hour or so, ten ladies from the floor below came to his office, and he played with their bodies a bit. Fucking some tits, ramming some pussies, getting some head. Emily watched from her seat, bouncing on the plastic dildo the whole time.

She salivated as she watched him eat his lunch, so he allowed her to replace Barbara and Joan under his table, and eat some more of his cum. She felt a bit spoiled, receiving her third meal of the day, when she knew most of the other women in the building haven't even had one.

It was 10 at night when they finally reached their quota, and Kevin Masterson gathered all of the day's employees in the entrance hall. Well, except some of the women who still had to haul the boxes to the trucks. Those workers still had a busy night ahead of them.

A mass of women on their hands and knees wiggled their asses before him, willing to work the entire night, if he only requested.

“I had fun fucking all your pussies and titties, young and old.” He told them, soliciting happy moans and wide smiles from the mind fucked women.

“I've chosen to keep some of you. The rest can go back to their lives, after my obedient bodyguards are finished with your reprogramming. Don't worry, your neighborhood will be chosen to work for me in plenty of days to come.”

“Now, get those sexy asses and tits out of my sight.” He said, and watched the women crawl away to the buses, sighing sadly.

“I hope you learned something today, Emily.”

“Oh, I did, sir. Thank you so much.” Said the kneeling journalist, before kissing his crotch with pleading eyes, hoping for just one more meal before the day ends.

“You can go.” He said, and walked towards his limo.

“Umm, sir, I came here in your limo. I have no way home, and buses aren't running this late at night.”

“Oh, I'm sure you'll find a way. If everything fails, you can offer up your snatch to men for driving you home.”

“Yes, sir. I understand.” She said, and walked away to the dark street of the empty industrial district.

The limousine almost left, when Kevin noticed the camerawoman, still standing blank faced outside the factory entrance, not even following Emily.

“Stop!” He said “I completely forgot about that catatonic cunt over there.”

“Hey! Get in the car, I'll find some use for you.” He called out to her, and she walked like a zombie-towards the car, and stepped in.

“Let's hope Emily can cover for your disappearance believably. I'll need to debug this issue, wouldn't want this to happen too frequently.” He said, pushed her head on his cock, and enjoyed a slow, mindless, and mechanic blowjob, as he was driven back to his mansion.

* * * *

Barbara had a weird day at work. She was constantly asked about the '9' drawn on her forehead. She had no idea what it meant, but she felt strangely proud of it, and never attempted to remove it. She also noticed the number 7 on her left breast, and the number 5 on her left butt cheek, as she was showering.

For some reason, she felt really good about those as well. Another weird thing was that she felt disappointed to not have a similar digit on any of her inner thighs, adjacent to her vagina. She kinda felt like she missed something, though she couldn't figure out what.

She met her neighbor Kelly and her daughter Katy in the grocery store, and she had a weird feeling when she saw Katy's reflection in the mirror. She couldn't quite put her finger on what it was, though.

As she returned home, she was greeted by her only daughter, Maria, who was over enthusiastic about something.

“Look mom!” She said, dropped her knickers and raised her skirt, to reveal the number 10 drawn on one of her ass cheeks, and another 10 on the other cheek, each pointing to her ass and pussy respectively.

“Wow, honey! I'm so proud of you!” Barbara said, though she had no idea what made her so proud.

“I showed it to some boys at school, and they fucked me senseless” Her eighteen year old daughter said “I have a couple of them in my room, now. So don't barge in, okay?”

“Of course, honey.” Barbara reassured her daughter.

It felt a little weird to her, since she had no idea Maria was so sexually active, but she decided to let it go. Her daughter will soon go to college anyway, so she should get used to being with men.

“Wow, I'm going to have a college girl living under my roof.” She mumbled quietly “That should be quite interesting...”

She was dreading her daughter's college debut, and was worried since she had no idea what it was like to send your own child to college. Somehow, though, she longed for it. In a very weird way, almost nostalgic. That was ridiculous, though. How could she be nostalgic about something that still didn't happen?

She turned the TV on, and caught the evening news. Emily Bennet was talking about her day in Spiral corp.

“Without going too much into detail. I can assure the viewers that Spiral's work ethics are perfect, and that I would recommend any young woman to apply for a job there. It was a truly amazing experience, that reminded me what it means to be a woman.

“Wow, that's a big change from the other day.” the anchorman said “Have you found anything about the rumors about shady conduct?”

“All crazy conspiracy theories looking to slander a great company. Nothing more to be said.”

“What about that number on your forehead. What does that mean.”

“Oh that?” She sighed happily “Nothing.” She said, with a dumbified look on her face.

“What about footage from the factory. We did send you with a camera crew, didn't we?”

“Actually, you sent me with one camerawoman that decided to vanish into thin air, probably going to sell the footage as corporate secrets!”

“Really? Well, we might get a scoop out of this yet, then!” He laughed.

“Hmm, it seems Joan was right about that reporter being unnecessarily mean to that CEO.” Barbara thought to herself.

“Wait, who's Joan?” She mumbled, with a puzzled frown.

“Wow, I need some coffee. I'm starting to imagine things.” She said, and went to the kitchen to make a pot of strong coffee.

* * * *

In the billionaire's mansion, outside his bedroom, stood two latex-clad young women, wearing dark sun glasses. Under the glasses, one of them had blue eyes. She also had blonde hair, and her name used to be Joan, but her recollection of her old life was even slimmer than her mother's recollection of her. The girl beside her used to be known as Carrie, and used to have a twin sister. None of that mattered now, though.

What mattered was the man inside the bedroom, slowly pounding into the wet cunt of Heather Riley, the CEO of one of the biggest supermarket franchises, BoxMart. He was fucking her doggy style on the bed, enjoying her sizable and soft ass with every thrust.

“So, I can expect to own BoxMart by the end of the year, right?”

“Of course, sir. Anything to make you happy.”

“I love taking female CEOs down a peg, and then bend them over, and take them even lower - To their knees, with my cock in

their mouths”

“I'm happy to please, sir.”

“Oh, I know you are.” He said, and sprayed his load all over her ass.

“Come clean her up, you two, whatever your names are.”

“Yes, sir.” Said the two women formerly known as Joan and Carrie, and obeyed their boss like good employees.

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Safe Harbor – M.I.L.F

* * * * *

Chapter One

The bright and warm rays of the sun pierced through the drapes in Chloe's room. She was laying atop her master, with his rigid morning wood in her enslaved cunt. She wasn't functioning as a fellow human being on that bed, she was a part of his blanket, and she was happy and content with her place.

In the week that passed since her enslavement, she made sure to bring her master all the food he wants, and he, in turn, almost always fed her cum, as he ate.

She was so grateful.

In fact, Chloe has never had so much cum sprayed on her, fed to her fuck holes, and shot on the floor for her to lick, as she did during the past week. She never thought being a subservient cum gulper could be so rewarding.

She smiled as she thought of how happy she became, when she felt her master start moving inside of her. Without uttering a single word, or making a single sound, she rose up to a sitting position, and started riding her master at a comfortable pace. He opened his eyes and sleepily squeezed her tits, and she smiled submissively in response, staring at her god with moist eyes, filled with worship and adoration.

Her mornings were much quieter since she became her master's sex slave. She always used to wake up late in the morning, and stay in bed for at least thirty minutes afterward. By the time she got up from bed, the world around her was buzzing with activity. For the past week, however, her master's cock woke her up early in the morning. At such an early time of day, even the birds rarely chirped.

The only sounds in the world were those her wet pussy made, as it gulped her master's manhood, and his quiet moans of pleasure. Chloe's mother and younger sister were sleeping soundly in their rooms.

She gently moved her hips in perfect circles, bringing his hand to her breast, to squeeze. She already knew exactly what he liked, when he liked it, and where he liked it. When she felt the veins on his shaft popping, and his cock starting to throb, she began bouncing on him at a quicker pace. He placed his hand on her perfectly slender behind, fondling playfully, and started cumming, with no holding back.

When he was done painting the insides of her pussy white, she lay back down on him, and pulled her blanket to cover them again. Her rigid nipples poked his chest, and she lay her head on his shoulder.

“Thank you, master.” She whispered, so only he could hear, and he went back to sleep.

Chloe couldn't sleep after that, so she just lay on top of him, with eyes wide open, and a smile on her lips. She was willing to stay like that forever, and only move on occasion to take care of another of her master's erections.

Unfortunately, life always got in the way, and slowly and surely the world began waking up. It wasn't long before she heard the commotion of cars outside, of people starting their daily commute to work, and she also heard her mother and sister getting up, and getting ready for school and work.

The uninitiated, as she preferred to think of them, while she lay naked atop her master. Her master promised her it won't be long before they too will realize their life's purpose is to serve him.

She couldn't wait.

They were used to Chloe staying in bed longer, so they didn't bother her until breakfast time. She was happy about that, and dreaded the time she had to leave her perfect master.

Alas, there was no way of stopping time, and before she knew it came a knock on her door, that woke her master up.

“Chloe, honey,” Came the voice of her mother “Get up, it's morning.”

“I-I'll be right there, mom...” She said, trying to sound groggy, as if she just woke up.

Hearing her mother walk away, Chloe cuddled her master, as if begging him to let her stay.

“You'd better get dressed, doll.” He said, kissing her hair.

“Yes, master.” She said. Even if she wanted to, she couldn't argue with him. Besides, she was instrumental to his plans for her mom. She will have to brave this time away from him, for the sake of his future endeavors.

She dressed in her night time attire, and put on a short pair of pants, to create the illusion that she actually slept in her clothes, and then dressed a bit more, for breakfast. She unlocked her door, opened it, and stood still, taking a long breath.

It was the hardest thing for her, every morning. Leaving her room didn't simply mean stepping through the door, it meant leaving behind all the important things in her life. Her master, his happiness, his pleasure, and the fact her purpose in life was to obey him. All will be forgotten the moment she passes into the hallway.

Chloe knew it was necessary, to make sure her mom and sis don't suspect anything, but that knowledge did not help her dread. Every time she forgot her place in life was on her knees, at her master's feet, she felt she had committed the worst kind of betrayal. She had to, though. For his sake, she had to. She felt her master touch her ass, and took the step forward.

The door slammed behind her, and was locked from the inside. Chloe blinked a few times, a bit disoriented. She turned around to stare at her door.

“Did my door just lock on its own?” She mumbled to herself.

“Nah, that's crazy.” She shook her head and smiled “I must have had quite some night.”

She started walking towards the nice smell of pancakes coming from the kitchen.

“Gooooood morning, mom. Good morning, pancakes.” She told her mom, and the plate she was holding, lifting the burden from her mother's hands. She sat down next to her sister, who was totally focused on some study book, barely giving her breakfast any attention.

“Good morning, bookworm.” Chloe greeted her sister.

“Yeah, yeah, good morning.” Phoebe waved her off. Chloe knew that was the best she'll get from her, so she concentrated on her meal.

“She's not even looking at what she's eating.” Chloe said to her mom “We can put roaches on her plate, and she'll eat it.”

Her mom smirked at that, but also made a face, as if notifying Chloe that she will not approve.

“I still have ears, you know.” Phoebe said “Plus, roaches are a delicacy in some places in the far east.”

Chloe just stared at her, not sure how to respond to that.

“I miss my little sister...” She said eventually “...You know, before she became indistinguishable from a pile of boring books.”

Phoebe suddenly got up, and looked at her watch.

“Nice chatting with you sis, but I got to head to school.”

“What?” Chloe raised an eyebrow “It's only seven. Is it because of what I said? You know I'm kidding.”

“Don't be stupid, Chloe.” Phoebe said “I've got a big exam in two days, we're meeting up to study before school.”

“Didn't you just have a big exam, like, a few days ago?” Chloe asked her.

“Yeah,” Phoebe narrowed her eyes “you have more than one exam when you're in the advanced class.”

“Not that you'd know...” She added

She left before Chloe could respond.

“Bitch...” Chloe gritted through her teeth.

“Chloe! That's your sister you're talking about.” Her mother scorned her.

“Your point being?” Chloe asked innocently.

Her mother just gave a sigh of exasperation and shook her head sideways.

“I hope you two get along better, after I'm gone...”

“Well, I wouldn't rush to find out, if I were you.” Chloe said, trying to cope with the morbid spin her mom put on the conversation.

Suddenly, Chloe stopped eating, dropped her fork, and looked at one of the kitchen cabinets. The one they rarely opened, because it had the expensive 'guest china' in it.

“She barely touched her food.” Her mom said “I'm telling you, they work them too hard in those advanced classes...”

Chloe wasn't really listening. She was fixated on that cabinet. For some reason, she had an inexplicable urge to open it. One that became increasingly impossible to fight.

Her mother was still whining about Phoebe's school pressure when Chloe got up, and walked to the cabinet.

“What is it, honey?” Her mother asked. Chloe didn't answer - She just kept walking, and opened it. In it, other than the expensive china, was a rolled up newspaper. Chloe frowned, and took it out.

“Weird.” She said “What is a newspaper doing in there?”

“Beats me.” Her mother said, as Chloe returned to her seat at the kitchen table.

Chloe lay the paper on the table, and noticed her mother was staring at it weirdly, as if she was bothered by something on the cover. Again, as if controlled by some outside force, Chloe got up, and brought a candle and a lighter, from another cabinet.

“What are you doing, honey?” her mother asked, no longer staring at the picture on the cover. Matt Kilroy, the so called 'hypno rapist' was on the cover. He was a man who supposedly hypnotized women into becoming his willing slaves, and used his power over them for sexual favors.

“Lighting the candle.” Chloe said automatically, not telling her mother how weird it all felt to her. Chloe lit the candle, and her

eyes became glassy and entranced.

“O-Okay...” Her mom droned, as her eyes focused on the dancing, flickering light.

“Watch the light.” Chloe said casually.

“Watch...the...light...” Her mother repeated.

“Let it guide you into a deep, relaxing trance.” Chloe said.

“A deep, relaxing...trance...” Her mother droned.

Chloe felt as if she was having an out of body experience. She was aware of what she was doing, but had no idea why she was doing it.

“That's right.” She said “When I reach five. You will be in a deep, receptive trance. Completely relaxed, and compliant.”

“Relaxed...Compliant...” Her mother echoed after her.

“One. Two. Three. Four. Five.” She counted slowly, and when she hit five, her mother's head slumped forward.

Chloe still didn't understand what was happening. Her actions were completely detached from her thoughts, like they were someone else's.

“Who is Matt Kilroy?” Chloe asked.

“We knew each other in high school.” Her mother droned “We weren't extremely close, but he was a good kid. Very honest, and nice.”

“Was he a trouble maker?” Chloe asked.

“Not at all. Never.” Her mom answered.

“Would he ever do the things the newspaper claims? Hypnotize women, and use them for sexual relief?”

“No,” her mother responded “He would never do anything like that. Matt is a good, honest, and caring man.”

Chloe waited a few seconds.

“So, he must have been framed, right?” She finally said, when she saw her mom wasn't going to say anything.

“Yes. He must have.” Her mother agreed.

Chloe smiled contently, though she didn't know why.

“Good. Your programming is going very good, mom. You can be very happy.” She said, and her mother sighed a happy sigh, and smiled.

“I am going to count down from five to one, this time, and when I get to one, you'll wake up and remember nothing of what just happened. You will remember that Matt Kilroy was a student in your high school, and that he was a good, honest man who would never hurt a fly. Okay?”

“Okay.” Her mom said.

As she counted backwards from five to one, Chloe blew the candle out, put the newspaper back in the rich china cabinet, and sat back in her place.

“And one.” She said.

Her mother blinked a few times, and resumed her meal.

“I mean, I get that she needs to work hard, if she wants to get a scholarship to an ivy league university, but a blooming young woman needs her own time, too!” Chloe's mom said, continuing her rant about Phoebe, as if nothing had happened. Chloe also blinked, and the light returned to her previously glassy eyes. She forgot everything she did in the last few minutes.

“What?” She asked her mom dumbly. Her mom just stared at her, shaking her head.

“On the other hand, at least Phoebe has something that resembles an attention span.” She joked.

“Or maybe she just inherited your ability to put people in a boredom induced coma.” Chloe said with a big smile, sure she just gave the knockout punch in their little banter.

“You're funny.” Her mom said sarcastically

“You want to talk about something interesting? How is your college hunt going?” She asked Chloe, wiping the smile off of her daughter's smug face, almost instantly. It was her mom's turn to laugh.

“You still have a lot to learn, young grasshopper.” She mocked.

Chloe didn't have to take this. She grabbed her plate, and got up.

"I'm going to eat in my room." She said.

"Again?" Her mom asked "Is it because of what I said? We don't have to talk about college, if you don't..."

"It's fine, mom. I just want to eat in my room."

"Okay, honey, but if you want to talk, about anything, you know that..."

"Yeah, yeah, I know." Chloe called from the hallway.

Chloe still couldn't bring herself to tell her mom she lost her job, and that she decided she didn't want to go to college. She knocked on her room's door gently, with her usual frown, wondering why she was doing such a weird thing.

The door opened, and Matt Kilroy appeared on the other side. She smiled, entered her room, locked the door behind her, and disrobed of all her clothes. Her master sat on her chair, with her plate in his hand. She knelt with her head between his legs, sucking him off, eager to receive her real breakfast. Her mom was still in the house, so they couldn't freely talk.

"Okay, Chloe, I'm heading out. Do you need a lift to work?" Her mom's voice was heard from beyond the door. She plopped her wet lips from her master's cock, gave it a gentle peck, and called out to her mom.

"No, that's fine."

"Are you sure? You'll be late." Her mom insisted.

"*Slurp* They changed my shifts, mom. *Suck* I have the noon shift, today. *Kiss*"

"Oh. Well, why didn't you say so? Give me your new schedule when I get back, okay?"

"Sure." Chloe said, and took her master's cock deep in her throat, making him clutch his plate tightly as she gagged on him.

Her master finished eating just as they heard Chloe's mom leave the apartment. He placed his plate on the desk, stood up,

grabbed the back of her head, and started pumping his hips into her face.

“Oh, yeah, that's a good bitch.” He said as she made subtle gagging sounds. She got a lot better at deep throating, in the past week.

“Stand up.” he said, and pulled her up by the arm, quickly bending her over the small desk in her room. He rubbed his cock across her ass, and then teased her by rubbing it up and down her tight pussy lips.

“Please fuck me, master. I am your fuckdoll.” She wiggled her ass, inviting him to spank it hard.

Spank

“Ah!” She moaned “Thank you, master!” She was so happy to finally be able to scream her devotion to him.

He thrust himself inside of her with one quick motion, grabbed her hair, and held her face next to his.

“How is your mom's programming doing?” He asked as he pumped into her, and squeezed her tits.

“Will she recognize me?”

“Yes, master.” Chloe said between whimpers of joy “She showed the perfect reaction, when I put your picture on the table today, and she answered all the questions perfectly.” She paused, worried about what she had to say next.

“She needed me to remind her that you'd never do what they claim you did, master. She still didn't say that on her own”

Spank

An angry smack came down on her well fucked behind.

“That means you did it wrong, bitch.” He told her.

“I'm so sorry, master!” She said, moving her own hips back and forth, trying to appease him by doing more of the work.

“Heh, I guess it's okay. You're not a skilled hypnotist, after all.” He paused to breathe.

“I think waiting a week was a good idea, all in all.” He said, grabbed her hips, and increased the speed in which he was

banging her.

Her master actually planned to introduce himself to her mom, on the very first morning after she and Phoebe returned. He quickly changed his mind, however, and decided to use Chloe to do some initial preparation on her mother. She was so proud he gave her such an important task.

He told her to wait till Phoebe was gone. He told her how to approach her mom, and how to convince her to let her daughter hypnotize her. He said people usually find it much easier to agree to such a thing, if it's coming from someone they know. He told her what to implant in her mother's mind, and instructed her to strengthen it every morning, when they had breakfast.

"Hrrm! Ohh Yeah. So fucking good!" He moaned and grunted as he fucked her.

"Waiting time is over, though," he said "I'll soon reveal myself to your mom."

Chloe smiled as he said that, until he pulled his cock out of her. Her smile returned when she realized he pulled out in order to cum all over her smooth teen ass. She wiggled it from side to side, and accepted the jets of thick, white liquid landing on her ass-cheeks.

When he was done, he slapped her ass cheeks with his dick a few times, and then fed it to her, for cleaning.

"Before I face your mother, I believe I instructed you to ask her some questions during this week, in her trance."

Chloe was now giving him a sexy nude dance, flexibly writhing and shaking her lewd and nubile body.

"Yes, master. You did."

"Good. Now, let's see." She spread her legs and slowly twerked her ass for him, before spinning around and squeezing her tits in circles.

"Who were her best friends in high school? Just the first names."

“Dana and Hillary.” Chloe said while dancing “Dana was ginger, and Hillary was blonde. Both were bad students, and so was my mom.”

“Were they sluts?” He asked.

“Hillary was, or at least she told a lot of stories. Mom had a boyfriend in the last two years.”

“Your father?”

“Yes.” Chloe said, and spanked herself cutely.

“What's her least favorite sex position?” He asked.

“Doggy style.” Chloe said, which was ironic, since she was bending over and wiggling her ass, at that very moment

“Interesting.” He said.

Chloe knelt and spread her legs, fiddling with her lower lips in front of her owner.

“Does she spit or swallow?” He asked.

“Neither. She never allowed men to cum on her.” Said the young nineteen years old, who still had some cum glazing her behind.

“Pfft, what a fucking prude.” He said “What were her hobbies?”

“She was a cheerleader, and she liked photography.” Chloe answered.

“Photography and cheerleading? What an unusual combination.” He pointed out.

“Okay, I think I've got enough info, for now. Let's go watch some TV.”

He started walking to the living room, treating their vacant apartment as his own.

“Yes, master.” Chloe obediently crawled after her master. Of course, when he said 'watch TV', he meant he will lounge on the sofa with his feet resting on her back, and occasionally allow her to straddle and ride him, until he came in her tight cunt.

Chloe couldn't think of a better way to spend her time...

Chapter Two

Janice came back to a quiet and empty home. She knew her younger daughter, Phoebe, was probably at a friend's house, studying hard. Her other daughter, Chloe, said she had the evening shift, so it made sense to her that she was alone.

"Chloe? Phoebe?" She called out, just to make sure, and sighed calmly. She loved her girls, but having a bit of time for herself was always nice. She took her shoes off, made herself a cup of coffee, and sat on the sofa with a magazine.

"Time to unwind a bit." She mumbled as she blew on her coffee.

Little did she know, Chloe was actually still in her room, along with a man who was a stranger to her, not too long ago. He instructed Chloe to stay in her room until the next morning, to give him time to bring her mother around to his way of thinking. Seeing as she was a slave to both him, and his way of thinking, Chloe did not hesitate to obey.

The man who brought her daughter to her knees left Chloe's bedroom, and stood in the hallway. He walked slowly and silently until he saw the blonde MILF lounging on the sofa, sipping coffee, and reading a fashion magazine. She was sitting on the very spot her daughter Chloe sat on, a few hours back, although at that time, there was a naked man sitting under her, enjoying the young woman's cock riding abilities.

He took a deep breath, getting the details of his act together, knowing that if any of his plans foiled, he'll be back in police custody before he could cum in Chloe's sopping wet fuck-hole, one more time.

"Now or never..." He murmured, and showed himself to her.

Janice heard footsteps from the hallway, and lifted her eyes, only to see a man she has never met before. She gasped, and got to her feet, dropping her cup of coffee on the floor, spilling it. Luckily, the cup didn't break.

She took a few steps back, stared at the man, and blinked a few times. Just when he thought he was doomed, her initial shock subsided, and the programming her daughter labored so hard on, kicked in.

“M-Matt?” She asked hesitantly. All he did was nod nervously, like he was almost afraid of her. The pretense was important for his goals.

“I-I don't...understand...” She said, confused.

“What are you doing here?” She demanded. He almost started to talk, but then began erratically pacing back and forth.

“You have to help me, Janice.” He finally said, after selling how nervous and upset he was.

“I'm in big, big trouble...”

“I heard.” Janice said “I saw on the news. They said you used hypnosis to molest women.”

“You can't possibly believe that, Janice!” He was aghast. Well, he pretended to be.

“I didn't.” She admitted, and deep down he smiled “When I first saw it, I almost couldn't hide the shock from my daughters.”

“I mean, “ She continued “You were always so nice, and calm. Like you couldn't hurt a fly.” She frowned.

“Well, right now I can hardly remember any time I even heard you speak.”

“Oh, I spoke. I even spoke to you on occasion. But I guess I have a natural ability to be conspicuous. Probably what got me in this mess, in the first place...” He whined a bit, looking like he was about to cry.

“I can't believe this is happening!” He exclaimed

Janice couldn't help but feel bad for the poor, slightly pathetic looking man before her. Somehow, she knew there had to be something more to this whole story. Seriously, Matt Kilroy? He would never do something like what they claim. She was certain of that.

“Okay, listen. I'll wipe the coffee off the floor, get us both fresh cups, and you can tell me what happened.” She said.

“Oh thank you! Thank you so much!” He hugged her tightly.

Janice started having doubts, as she prepared their coffee. She was actually harboring a fugitive, and could get in big trouble, if she wasn't careful.

“There you go.” She said, and handed him the cup.

“Now, what is this nonsense about you hypnotizing women for sex?”

“Thank you!” He exclaimed “It IS nonsense! I couldn't believe that's how they chose to frame me. I was sure no one would believe them.” He sighed.

“I guess that goes to show, the government can make the people believe in anything.” In this day and age, Matt found it was easy to make people believe the government was capable of pretty much anything. A combination of Hollywood movies and actual reality made it quite a simple story to sell.

“What are you talking about, the government?” Janice asked.

He sighed again.

“Listen, if I tell you this, there's no going back.”

“Whoa, whoa! Then don't say a word.” She blurted out quickly. That managed to surprise Matt. Most people would've been unable to fight their curiosity.

“Uhm, you don't want me to?” He asked.

“I have two daughters to take of. If this is some kind of government conspiracy that will put us all in danger, I want nothing of it.”

“I don't know why you came here,” She added “but if you want my help, you won't get it.”

“B-But. Janice! You've got to believe me!”

“I believe you, Matt! I'm sorry, but I can't put my girls in danger!”

Matt put his coffee on the table, appearing flustered.

“O-Okay.” He said “Can I just stay here for a few days. I've got to sort some...”

“No way!” Janice said loudly “I told you, I will not have you put us in danger!”

“I will die, Janice!” He cried out “They'll kill me!”

That made her pause. She didn't want to get involved, but she certainly didn't want his death on her conscience.

“Why did you come to me?! We barely knew each other, back in high school!”

“I'm on the run, how many options do you think I have?! You always were a great judge of character, Janice. I knew you'll believe me!” He stroked her ego, a bit.

“You might feel we weren't so close,” he continued “but I remember you. Even though all the other cheerleaders mocked me, you always stuck up for me, and defended me. You even took a picture of me once, and gave it to me, do you remember what you said?” He asked, using a very strong suggestion technique, building on the programming her daughter put in her head, trying to enhance their so called high school acquaintance.

He waited for her brain to catch on, and make something up.

“Here, anyone who looks so cute in black and white, can't be so bad.” They said together. Well, she said it, and he repeated it at the same time, to make her think he remembered it, too, when in fact, her mind was just filling the blank he created. He could almost hear the wheels turning in her head. Her common sense fighting against her manufactured compassion toward him. Eventually, he knew he would win.

She stared at him, and sighed.

“Okay, fine.” She relented “You can stay. But only for a few hours, and then you have to go.” She said sternly, but deep inside she hoped a few hours would be enough for him to sort something out and save his life, from whoever it was that wanted him dead.

“Oh thank you! Thank you so much!” He said, hugging her again. A few hours was much more than he needed.

“My daughters aren't here, right now. You have to leave by the time they return, okay?” She asked. He nodded in agreement, and tried not to burst in laughter, considering the fact she actually believed Chloe was at work.

He promised he would leave in a few hours, and they returned to their cups, chatting about high school memories they never

really shared. She didn't want to talk about his issues with the government, for fear it might harm her, or her daughters, and appreciated the fact he focused on more casual chitchat.

They gossiped about people from her old high school, sharing a laugh, when he decided to change the subject.

“So, wait, explain to me this” He said.

“What?” She asked.

“Why did you take so many black and white pictures, back in high school?” He asked with a chuckle “I mean, it was the late eighties, not the forties!” He laughed. She laughed alongside him.

“Oh it was a thing for pro photographers, which I actually wanted to become. Black and white is more artistic, and color is pedestrian.” She said.

He raised an eyebrow.

“I don't get it.” He said.

“That's the thing, you have to be an artist to get it.” She winked.

“Oh I see! How convenient!” he retorted, laughing.

He was having a good time, but he never took his mind off of his real goal, especially when matters calmed enough for him to gauge her assets. She had an awesome body, considering she was after two births. She was well toned, had surprisingly smooth skin, and one of the biggest pair of tits he ever had the pleasure of seeing.

“So, did you make it as a professional photographer?” He asked.

“Nah,” She said “Never really tried.”

“So, professional cheerleading?” He jested.

“No, not really.” She said, giggling.

“Why didn't you become a photographer?” He asked. She stayed silent for a few seconds. He obviously hit a nerve

“You know how it is, life gets in the way.”

“Your daughters?” He asked with an understanding expression.

“In part. Don't get me wrong, I have no regrets.”

“Everyone has regrets.” He said “It's what separates us from the animals.”

They laughed again, until it died off, and she sighed, staring into nothingness.

“How old are your daughters?” He asked, as if he didn't know.

“Eighteen and nineteen.” She told him.

“They're almost ready to fly away, then. Maybe you can get back to Photography. You know, a second chance for the career you really wanted. You've got time.” He smiled at her, compassionately.

“I thought about that, actually” She admitted. He was so nice to her, even in his time of great distress, and actual fear for his life. She couldn't tell him how much she appreciated that.

“Don't let them kill you, okay?” She said, with a concerned look in her eyes.

“Wow, that was sudden.” He said, and quickly attempted to change the subject back to her.

“Let's not talk about such dark things. Let's talk about your dream, Janice.” He said. Janice realized how stupid and unnerving the thing she said was, and she felt really bad about it.

“You're right, sorry. I mean...”

He didn't wait for her to continue. It was time to discuss her dream, and more importantly, his dream for her.

“I mean, think about it.” He said, his voice becoming dreamy, as he stared in the distance.

“You, with a camera, and the most perfect meadow before you. Night time, the cool air gently brushes your hair. The moonlight shines upon the trees and flowers with its rays of twilight.”

“Wow,” She said, slowly “you can be a poet...”

“Yes, I can.” He said, and continued.

“Wouldn't it be nice if we both did what we really wanted? You could hold your camera before your eyes, aiming at the beautiful meadow, click the button, and let it *Flash*.” He emphasized the word flash, and could almost see it in her eyes.

“Wait for it to recharge, and then, *Flash*, again.” She made a long drawn sigh, and placed her cup on the table, giving herself to the imagery he was painting.

“Every time you see the *Flash*, another part of the world is drawn inside your camera. A perfectly still echo of the world in front of you.”

“It's so relaxing, isn't it? To just lie still in a green, moonlit meadow, and allow the camera to capture its beauty.”

“Relaxing...”

“You don't even have to do anything. It happens perfectly naturally. You can just relax.”

“Can. Just. Relax.” her eyes were starting to close.

“And you could use some relaxation, right, Janice?” He asked “A little time without worrying about your daughters, their future, and your own missed opportunities.”

“Yes.” She echoed “Need to relax. No worries.”

“I can help guide you, Janice. You will be so happy.” He told her.

“So. Happy. ”

“That's right, Janice. Why don't you close your eyes, and see the meadow, and the camera.” She closed her eyes, and listened to him attentively.

“The camera is floating in front of you, flying in mid air and taking pictures, can you see it?” He asked.

“Yes...”

He smiled. She went down so deep, and so quickly, probably because Chloe put her in light trances, all throughout the week. The fact she was just fine with the camera floating around, taking pictures on her own, told him she was already ready for the last phase.

“She may be the easiest to control bitch I've ever met.” He mumbled.

“The camera is taking pictures with the biggest *Flash* you've every seen, Janice, and every time it *Flashes*, a part of the

meadow disappears into a pitch black canvas.”

He knew she could see it, because she flinched every time he said the word 'flash', and frowned when the moonlit greenery disappeared.

“Why...?” She droned.

“Well, because the camera draws everything it *Flashes* into it, creating an unmoving echo of life, that will later be turned into a photograph.”

“*Ohhh.*” She said in an understanding tone, as if it was the most reasonable thing she'd ever heard.

“Let the camera *Flash* in your eyes, Janice, and every time it *Flashes*, feel yourself becoming more and more relaxed, as it pierces into your mind.”

“More. Relaxed.”

“*Flash .*” He said.

“*Flash .*” again and again.

“The meadow is gone now, Janice. You are in a deep, blank trance.”

“Yes...” She agreed, as if she had a choice, at that point.

“You are relaxed, receptive, and obedient.” He said.

“Yes....”

“Repeat it. Relaxed. Receptive. Obedient.”

“Relaxed...Receptive....Obedient...”

“Good girl. No need for worries and fears. No need to think about anything. Completely blank.”

“Completely...Blank...”

“I am going to count to three. When I reach three, the last of your mind will sink into nothingness, and you will obey all of my commands, with no exception, understand?”

“Yes, I understand.” She said.

“Good. One. Two. Three.” He counted slowly, and watched her sink into a dark and empty void.

“Open your eyes.” He told her, and she did. Her eyes were glassy, and distant.

“While in this trance, you are my obedient slave, and I am your master, do you understand?”

“Yes, master.” She said immediately.

“Because of that, I can do whatever I want with you, and you cannot resist, or object. Do you understand?”

“I understand, master.”

“Even if my instructions and actions offend or revile you, you will obey with no complaint, or hesitation.”

“Yes, master.”

He smiled, and grabbed her tits, squeezing them hard. She didn't even flinch.

“I can do this, because your body and mind belong to me.” He said, as he squeezed and fondled.

“Yes, master. My tits belong to you.” She easily agreed.

“Stand up, and show me those big tits.” He told her. She stood up, lowered her shirt, and removed her bra.

“Jiggle them a bit.” He commanded, and she obeyed, heavily swaying her tits from side to side.

“Lovely. I usually go for younger bitches, but those tits definitely make up for the lack of freshness.”

“Thank you, master.”

After a few seconds of watching her, he realized it has been a while since he last used her hot daughter, Chloe.

“Offer your tits for me to fuck, bitch.” he said, and lowered his pants, getting his cock out.

“Yes, master.” she knelt before him, and held her tits up with both hands.

“Would you like to fuck my tits, master?” She asked, offering her tits on a silver platter.

He smirked, and pinched both her nipples.

“Don't mind, if I do.” He pulled her tits towards his cock, and manipulated them like play-doh, squeezing his manhood between them, and moving her upper body up and down. Her arms hung limply at her sides, allowing her master to fuck her boobs as he pleased.

“On your own, now.” He told her, once he got tired of moving her tits on his own.

“Yes, master.” She grabbed her tits on both sides, and started moving each tit in opposite direction. When one of her big boobs went up, the other had gone down to meet his balls. It was the softest, most amazing tit fuck he had ever felt.

“*Ohhh yeah! Fuck!*” He shouted as he came all over her. Her tits took most of his load, but her face and hair were not spared. Completely oblivious to the man juice he just sprayed on her, Janice returned to a rested kneeling position, and held her tits up for him, obeying the last command he gave her.

“Clean my cum with your tongue.” He told her, crossed his hands behind his head, and sighed deeply.

She first made sure his cock was clean, which felt wonderful on his, now tender, shaft. After that, she started licking her own tits clean. They were so big, she could lift them all the way to her mouth. The last thing she cleaned was the floor, lapping her master's load up while he joyously spanked her bent over ass. After his fun was done, he told her to dress back up, and sit beside him.

“Well that was fun.” He said “You'll be a good little sex toy for me.”

“Yes, master. Thank you, master.” She said with a mindless smile.

“Now, when I wake you up, you will remember that we were really good friends in high school. We knew each other well, and I was the only one you could trust with your darkest secrets. You always had great respect for me, and you know I could never do anything bad.”

“Yes, master.”

“You'll realize you can't just throw your best friend out on the street like this. You'll offer that I stay, sleep in your bed, and try your best to make sure your daughters don't find out.”

“Yes, master.”

“After I wake up, if you hear the words 'Orange flavored Allegory' you'll return to this deep trance, and be my eternally

obedient slave, understand?"

"Yes, master."

"Excellent. When I clap my hands, you'll wake up."

He looked at her, gave her tits one last squeeze, and clapped his hands. Her eyes refocused after a few blinks, and she looked at him. The change in her attitude was obvious.

"Anyway, I think I've put you in enough risk, as it is. I better get going." He said and stood up, trying his best not to snicker.

"No, wait!" she suddenly said.

"I can't let you go like that. I-If you need a place to stay until you can sort things out, you can stay here."

He sat back down.

"You mean it!?" He asked, staring deep in her eyes.

"Of course I mean it! I can't just throw you to the streets." She bit her lip, mad at herself for even considering it.

"You'll sleep in my room." She told him.

"You mean, in the same bed?" He asked, with a slight smirk.

"Don't be a child, Matt. My bed is large enough, you just make sure to stay on your side, or I may be the one who'll kill you!" He laughed a bit, but then donned a solemn frown.

"I wish you scared me more than the people after me..." He said sadly.

"Oh, poor baby!" She said "Sit tight, I'll make you something to eat, you must be starving."

"Nah, being on the run from the government AND the police - I ate like a king! People gave me free food!" He joked. The truth is, he actually ate all of Chloe's meals, and fed her his cum, so he was definitely not malnourished. Still, cumming on Janice's tits and having her lap it up, all this after chatting her up and entrancing her, it did make him quite hungry.

He watched her hot ass sway as she worked, and smiled. Things were going smoother than he could have ever hoped.

Chapter Three

As if things weren't good enough, Phoebe had called to say she'll be staying at a friend's place, to study for their test, meaning she'll probably only be back two days later, giving him more than enough time to work on her mother.

As the hours passed, Janice got increasingly worried about Chloe, not knowing the young blonde was in her room the whole time, obeying her master's orders. He put Janice back in trance, and told her not to worry for Chloe, and assume she went partying, or something.

It wasn't long before he was in her bed, waiting for her to join.

"Thank you so much for letting me stay here." He said graciously. She smiled.

"You're welcome, Matt. Now, turn around, and cover your eyes."

"What?" he asked, confused.

"I want to change for bed. Turn around."

"Ohh." He said "So I need to both turn around, AND close my eyes, for that?"

"Close them, gouge them. Your pick."

"Heh, I'm really starting to wonder who's more dangerous. You, or the people after me."

As he visioned her changing her clothes, his cock woke up for some night time fun.

"I can't believe Chloe didn't even call. She's lucky I already know her shenanigans, all too well." She said, and he felt her chime into bed.

"Right..." He said, turning around to face her.

"Good night, Matt." She said.

"Yeah, about that. You know, I didn't really get to have a lot of...uhm, well, fun, on the run, if you know what I mean."

"Go to sleep." She said blatantly, facing away from him.

“Come on! You can't say you've never thought about it.” He ran his hand up her thigh, making her gasp.

“Your daughters aren't around, your husband is dead, what's the harm?” His hand nearly reached her ass.

“When a lady says *NO*.” She started saying, grabbing his hand, and pushing it off of her.

“She means...” Janice continued raising her voice.

“Orange flavored Allegory” He said before she could finish. She let go of his hand, and he landed a harsh spank on her ass, punishing her for her insolence.

Spank

“Now, bitch,” He said, pressing his crotch on her ass, dry humping her with the bulge in his underpants “When you said 'no', what exactly did you mean?”

“I'm sorry, master.” She said “I meant to say that you can use me in any way you please, master.”

“That's what I thought.” He said, triumphant.

Meanwhile, Chloe lay on her bed, in her room, fucking herself with her dildo, in complete silence. Knowing that her master was just in the next room, playing with her mom, his newest sex toy, was killing her. She wanted so badly to help please him. She had to obey her master, though, and he told her to stay in her room till morning. Besides, she knew she'll forget all about him, if she left her room.

So, she settled for staying in her room, diddling herself in complete silence. Her body was glistening with sweat and her pussy was wet and tingling.

“*Uhh*. Master. Use me.” She whispered to herself. Chloe used to call her dildo Dan, after a busboy working in the restaurant she was recently fired from. Now, Dan, and every other man she ever laid eyes on, were like small candles in the face of the shining sun that was her master.

She closed her eyes, imagining it was her master deeply penetrating her, while pinching her perky tits and gently

spanking her ass. She whimpered ever so weakly as she neared an orgasm, and then stopped, breathing heavily.

Chloe could only climax with her master's permission, so she was locked in a loop of fucking herself with her dildo, pleasing it like she would her master, stopping right before she could orgasm, and then starting all over again.

Back in Janice's bedroom, her master had one hand finger fucking her, while sucking and fondling her big tits, with his other hand.

"I don't like it when bitches like you refuse me, Janice." he said, adding another spank on her ass "You'll have to make it up to me."

"Yes. *Ah!* Master! How may I. *Ahhh.* Please you?"

He let go of her, and lay on his back.

"Get on top, and ride me till I blow in your loose cunt, bitch."
He said

"Yes, master."

She positioned herself on top of him, took hold of his hard erection, and guided it to touch her meaty pussy lips. With a single thrust that made her naked tits bounce, she lowered herself on him until her pussy lips kissed his balls. With not even a smidgen of hesitation, she started bouncing on him as if she was riding a mechanical bull.

Chloe heard her mother's moans, and tried to pump the dildo into her wet snatch accordingly, fantasizing that it was her he was enjoying. She knew her master was fucking her mother like the sex toy she now was, and the deliriously aroused smile on her face could not be wider.

"We are yours, master." She whimpered weakly, nearly reaching an orgasm again, and stopping in her tracks.

In the master bedroom, Matt watched Janice's boobs bounce as she rode him, and started slapping them from side to side, grabbing the tit he slapped after every strong smack.

Slap

“Yeah, ride me, you whore!” He shouted, squeezing her tits.

Spank

She yelped when he spanked her ass.

“Give me those tits to munch on, bitch.” He told her

“I live to serve, master.” She said, lowering herself so her tits were in his face. He started suckling and biting them to his heart's content.

“*Mm! Mh! Mmh!*” His muffled moans came as he drowned in her big jugs, freshly washed after the soapy shower he had her take.

Spank

“Ah! My tits are yours, master!”

Spank

“Spank my ass, master! Thank you, master!”

She brought her hand back to his balls, gently fondling them as she rode him, his pleasure being the only thing that could ever matter to her.

He enjoyed her interactive dirty talking for a while, but got tired of it eventually.

“Bitch, just ride me quietly and let me focus on getting as much pleasure out of your luscious body as I want.”

She immediately quieted down, and rode him in complete silence. Her face frozen, her eyes distant, and her pussy fully penetrated.

“That's better.” He said, squeezing her tits.

“Quiet, obedient, bouncy, and spankable.”

Spank

He smacked the piece of ass he owned a few more times, drumming on her body in the silent night.

“I'm gonna cum!” He said, almost immediately letting go of his load, with no inhibitions.

She continued mindlessly riding him as he shot his load in her cunt, in streams. She didn't even stop fondling his balls, squeezing all the sperm that he gathered in them into her needy twat.

“May this worthless slave show her gratitude, master?” She asked.

“Go ahead, but spank yourself for speaking without permission.”

She smacked her own ass, got off of him, and lowered her head to kiss his balls.

“Thank you, master.” She said, and spanked herself again.

“You're welcome, bitch.” He said, fully pleased.

He told her to put her nighty back on, and proceeded to give her a few last minute commands, before waking her up.

“You didn't just like me in high school, Janice, you adored me.”

“Yes master.”

“I was the biggest crush of your life. You dreamed of going out with me, and the fact you never had the nerves to ask me out always ate you up.”

“Always ate me up, master.”

“Now that your husband is dead, and your daughters are all grown up, it's a stroke of pure fortune that I appeared on your door step. It's been so long since you had someone, after all.”

“Yes master.”

“Good girl.”

Spank

“Wake up, bitch.” He told her.

She blinked a few times, and turned around to face him, with a smile.

“You know, I think I may have been a little too blunt, before.” she ran her finger across his chest, her smile filled with sex and seduction.

“Is that so?” He asked her with a coy smile.

“Yeah.” She nodded slowly, nearing in for a kiss “What do you say we have some fun, love, for old time's sake. Its been so long since I had a real man in my bed.”

“You know, I always had a bit of a crush on you.” She admitted

“Is that so?” He asked, lightly touching her breasts, that he harshly sucked on, just five minutes before, so they were pretty delicate at the moment.

“Y...Yeaaaah...” She moaned. She didn't get to orgasm when he fucked her, because he did not command her to, so now she was really wound up.

“Well, I got to go to sleep.” He suddenly said, and turned around, sleeping with his back to her.

“What?”

“Sorry, honey, it's been a rough day.” He said, apathetically.

He already had his fun with her, after all, and blasted in her wet cunt, to boot.

“O-Okay.” The disappointment was oozing from her voice, and he could barely keep himself from chuckling at the irony of her present state.

He fell asleep to the ambiance of Janice fiddling herself quietly, trying to climax without him noticing how needy and horny she really was. She didn't want to seem too desperate, after all. Chloe was still slowly pumping the dildo into her twat, when she deduced from the silence that her master was done with her mom.

Her snatch was sore from overuse, and she was exhausted and sexually frustrated, from hours upon hours of consecutively denied orgasms. She decided it was time for her to go to sleep, as well, and left the dildo in her pussy.

She found it hard to sleep without her master's cock sheathed in her cunt, but her dildo will just have to suffice.

Chapter Four

He woke up to the sound of foot steps in his room, followed by the opening of a drawer. Already used to waking up with his morning wood tended to by the young and lewd Chloe, the tent beneath his covers was impossible to hide. He groggily opened his eyes, and looked around the room, until he saw Janice next to the closet, picking out her clothes for the morning.

She was wearing a pair of black panties she took out from her underwear drawer, and was just putting her bra on. He lay there staring at her, and started leisurely stroking his cock. When she turned around, he had a gut reaction to quickly pull his hand back. All she did was give a radiant smile, as she put her pants on.

“Good morning, luv.” She said.

“Good morning, Janice.” He replied.

“I thought you didn't want me looking.” He added, feasting his eyes on her half naked body.

“Oh, I was just being shy.” She told him “It's not every day, that I get a chance to be in bed with my high school crush, right?”

“I guess not.” He said “I thought your husband was your high school crush.”

“Rick? Well yeah, I guess.” She blinked “Well, can't a girl have two crushes?” She said with a giggle.

“Well, you know, I was a bit over worn yesterday” He said “But if you want to have some fun now I'll...”

“Shush!” She put a finger to her mouth “My daughter is probably back by now, and I don't want her to hear you. And we're definitely not having sex with her here.” She felt perfectly natural being almost naked before him, and even tried to be alluring, perhaps to get back at him for shooting her down, the night before.

“Come on, we can be quiet!” He tried, and pulled her towards him.

“Maybe you can!” She whispered.

“Look, I promise you that if you stay here long enough, we'll have our chance, okay?” She said, with great meaning, and brought his hand to feel her sizable chest.

“You won't be able to take your hands off of me, huh?” He said. She kissed his neck, and whispered in his ear.

“You know it, tiger.”

“Orange flavored Allegory” He said, and casually guided her head to his morning wood.

“I need some morning relief, bitch, but you should indeed do it quietly.”

“Yes, master.” She said, and gobbled his manhood up, moving her head up and down, at a steady pace. He lay back on bed, placed one hand on her ass, and sighed contently.

Only after he unloaded in her mouth, and had her swallow it, did he allow her to awaken and continue with her day. She made sure to tell him to be quiet, and stay in her room, before getting started on breakfast. He wasn't going to listen, though. He was done with hiding in one room or another, at least as long as only Chloe and Janice were around.

He put his underpants on, and walked to the kitchen, grabbing Janice's ass playfully as she worked the stove.

“Are you crazy?!” She gasped “I'm working with boiling hot pans here!”

“Not as boiling hot as you.” he said, and kissed her neck, enjoying the slight crush he imposed on her, and the new privileges it brought him.

She got a bit flustered from his kiss, so it took her a few seconds to realize the most obvious thing.

“Besides, you can't be here, Matt!” She said “My daughter, Chloe! She might be here, any second! Go back to my room!”

It was too late, not that he cared.

“M-Mom...?” Chloe's groggy voice came from behind them “Who is that man...Oh my god!”

She gasped, and covered her mouth with her hands.

“Oh, no no no, Chloe.” Janice forgot the stove, and rushed to her daughter.

“What the fuck is going on?!” Chloe asked, outraged “Isn't that the hypno guy from the news? Mom, did he hypnotize you?!”

It was fun for him to see Chloe's reaction, not remembering she was the first he entranced.

“No, no, Chloe, of course not. Just listen!” Janice tried fervently to calm her daughter down.

“Was he kissing your neck??!” Chloe asked, becoming more and more distraught “I...Maybe I should call the police.”

Matt wasn't concerned, even a bit, but he was ready with Chloe's trigger word, in case Janice failed to calm her daughter down.

“No, Chloe! Let me explain!” Janice cried “Me and Matt went to high school together!”

That made the young blonde pause.

“What?!” She said with a shrill.

“I didn't tell you and Phoebe because, well you can see why I would hide it, right?”

“The fact you were harboring a fugitive? Yeah, I can see why you'd want to hide that!” Chloe retorted.

“No, no, he only showed up here yesterday. He asked me to hide him for a few days, till he can work something out.”

“And you agreed?! How close were you in high school?” Chloe asked.

“We were...close.” Janice blushed a bit.

“Look, the point is, I know he would never do the things they claim he's done. He's not that kind of man.” Janice said in the most reassuring tone she could muster. Chloe gave him a piercing and meaningful look, very different from when she looked up at him while sucking him off.

“Hey,” He responded to her stare “I don't even know hypnosis.”

“Why should I believe you?” Chloe was still suspicious “Maybe you hypnotized her to think you went to school together.”

“Maybe you did?” He asked back, which was of course both absurd, and entirely accurate.

“Don't be ridiculous, Chloe.” Her mom took her hand “Trust me. He's a good person, and he deserves our protection, okay?”

Chloe took a few seconds, but finally relented. She trusted her mother, After all.

“Okay, fine,” She said reluctantly “but one wrong move from you, and I'll...”

“Hey, so far your mom did more than...” He started

“Matt!” Janice stopped him, her eyes popping.

“Eww...” Chloe said “I'm not hungry anymore.” All Matt could think was “Well, of course, I fed you my cum for a week, and you thanked me for it. Why would you be hungry? You little bitch...” Of course, he didn't say quite that, at the time.

“And not a word about this to Phoebe” Janice added “He will stay in my room, so she doesn't need to know a thing, okay?”

“Are you kidding?” Chloe said “If Phoebe found out, she'll have us all thrown in jail. I'm insulted you felt the need to tell me...”

“Don't be so harsh on your sister, Chloe. I just don't want her to have even more stress, with her exams and all. I'm certain she would be just as reasonable about this as you.”

“Yeah, you sound really sure of it...” Chloe jabbed.

That day, Chloe ate a full solid breakfast, that didn't involve any cum, for the first time in over a week. After chowing their meal down, the three of them sat before the TV. Chloe and Janice occasionally stared at Matt. Chloe did so suspiciously, while Janice did so lovingly.

Holding the remote, Matt started browsing the channels. The girls allowed him control of the remote because he was a guest. Well, as far as they knew, that was the reason. Of course, as far as they knew, they were also not his hypnotized sex slaves, so they didn't know much.

There was something Matt has been meaning to discuss with Janice, since the day he first entered their home, and fucked Chloe senseless.

“Say, why are the porn channels locked, anyway?” He asked casually.

Chloe just stared at him, her eyes popping in shock.

“Matt, stop joking around...” Janice waved him off.

“Who's joking? I want some porn in here. What's the password?”

There was a way to open those channels with the remote, but Chloe never knew the code. Janice realized he was seriously asking, and was aghast.

“I'm not giving you the code!” She screamed.

“Why?!” He screamed back.

“Oh, let's see! Because it's *My* money! Because my daughters live here, and maybe, and I can't stress this enough, because I don't want to!” She was almost ready to kick him out. She couldn't believe he had the gall to demand such a thing, especially after she took such a risk, letting him stay in the first place.

“Ohh, well, let's see.” He said with a snide tone “Orange flavored Allegory.” Her eyes immediately became cloudy, and then glassy, as she re-entered her deep, obedient trance.

“The code, bitch.” He demanded. Chloe was staring from the side, speechless and immobile.

“Certainly, master. It's eight-one-seven-six-nine.” Janice said calmly, and added “I'm sorry I failed to provide it earlier, master.”

Chloe shot to her feet with a horrified look on her face.

“I knew it!” She yelled.

“Purple Dyed Oxymoron.” Was all he needed to say to calm her down.

“Now, my little sex toy, what exactly did you know?” He smugly asked her.

“That I am your obedient and willing sex slave, master.” Chloe said with a smile “Thank you for using this worthless cunt, and her bitch mother, master.”

He opened the porn channels, and enjoyed alternating between watching it, and watching Janice and Chloe dance together, taking each other's clothes off. Chloe was already prancing around fully naked for a few moments, when she used her teeth to untie her mother's bra, and then bent her wiggling slender ass to take off her mother's panties.

At his commands, both of them bent over next to the TV screen, and moved their asses from side to side, their cheeks slapping one another every time their butts swung towards each other.

"You were a little too opinionated today, Chloe. I didn't like that." He told his young slave, as she wiggled her behind for him.

"And rightfully so, my master. A stupid cunt like me exists to obey, not to think and have opinions. I am so sorry, master." He glanced to the TV, where a full blown orgy was taking place.

"Well, sorry isn't going to be enough, bitch." He said.

"Janice, spank her for me." He commanded.

"Yes master." Janice stood straight, rubbed Chloe's pert ass a bit, and then pulled her arm back as high as she could.

Spank

"Ah! Thank you master!" Chloe squealed as her mother's hand landed strongly on her ass, and took off again to prepare a similar smack on Chloe's other cheek.

Spank

"Ah!"

"Did you ever spank her when she was younger, Janice?" He asked.

Spank

"Mm!"

"No master, I never did."

"Hah! Well, it's about time, isn't it?"

Spank

"Ohhh!"

"It is, master." Janice agreed, and prepared to dish a particularly sharp spank on her daughter's ass.

“Thank you, master.” She said, and brought her hand down.

Spank

“Ee!”

Chloe's ass had taken a lovely shade of pink, and he decided a slight change in scenery was in order.

“You know, I didn't like your attitude before, as well, Janice.” He said “Change positions. Chloe, you spank Janice's ass a bit.

“Yes master.” Both naked women said, and sexily moved to fulfill his whims, smiling alluringly and putting a lewd show for him.

Chloe seemed to almost enjoy returning the favor, and spanking her mother's ass red, and when the porn channel went to commercials, their master stood up and whipped his cock out.

“Commercials in the middle of porn, who would've thought...” He mumbled, and told Chloe to stop smacking her mother's ass. He positioned himself behind Janice's bent over form, and teased her clit with his cock. Chloe stood next to them, her perky breasts defying gravity, and eager to be squeezed.

He didn't let her wait long, and grabbed her sweet tits just as he rammed into her mother's cunt. As he settled into a nice, banging rhythm, he reached around Chloe and grabbed her cute ass, pulling her close to him, smothering her tight, soft, nubile body to his own.

“Your daughter told me your least favorite position was doggy style, bitch, why is that?” He asked, and added a sharp spank on Chloe's pink butt cheeks, to which she responded with a moist moan, and started rubbing her pussy lips on his thigh, and her tits on his arm.

“I. *Ah!* Always felt like. I'm giving away control. When I just bent over forward, and allowed the man do me. *Mmm!* Anyway he pleases.” Janice said while her master fucked her. Her daughter was now moving her entire body up and down her master's side, humping him like a bitch in heat, her pussy warm

and wet on his upper thigh. The young bitch stared at him with loving and moist eyes.

“It. *Ahh!* Doggy style also always made men feel like spanking me, and made me feel like a bitch...” Janice added.

Spank

Came a strong smack on her ass, making her whimper.

“So? what's wrong with your hot butt being properly smacked around, bitch!?” He asked with a wicked smile on his face.

“I never liked it, master.” She said “But, you have absolute and total control over me, master. My body is yours to bend over whenever you wish, and my. *Ah!* Ass is yours to spank!”

“So you like it when I smack your worthless ass, correct?!”

Smack

“*Ahh!* Yes master!”

He picked up the pace, and pushed Chloe to her knees, stopping the younger woman's horny humping, and guiding her between his legs, to lick his balls while he fucked her mother.

“Oh yeah!” He groaned as he felt Chloe's tongue flick against his balls, gently and lovingly. He pulled out, and Janice immediately wiggled her ass for him, begging for more.

“I bet there's another thing you never liked doing.” He said, and poked her ass with his member.

“*Ahhh!*” She moaned loudly “Yes, master! I never agreed to anal before, master!”

He spanked her repeatedly, tenderizing her ass further as he inserted his cock in her ass, inch by inch. She screamed in pain, but stayed put and happily pushed her ass back towards his cock, his pleasure being her one and only concern.

A few moments, and quite a few spanks later, he was giving her the fiercest anal fucking she could have ever dreamed of. The sounds of his crotch slapping against her behind filled the room, drowning Chloe's licks and gasps, as the young blonde tried her best to kiss her master's balls.

“*Ohh* fuck, your daughter's mouth is great, bitch!”

“I'm. *Ahh!*. I'm glad. *Nnnn*. M-Master!” She could barely speak.

He was pounding into her at a hectic speed, and she felt his cock throb and vibrate in her sore, freshly popped ass.

“Your ass is much tighter than your cunt!” He said, and Janice found herself hoping for the honor of giving her tight anal hole to her master, even more than her pussy, just so she could provide him with the proper tightness.

“My ass is yours, master!” She cried out.

At the very last moment, he pulled out of her ass and started spraying his load outside. Chloe, who was right under his balls, took most of his load squarely on her pristine face, while some of it landed on Janice's ass.

Janice wiggled her cum covered ass, and Chloe started tenderly and diligently cleaning her master's cock with her mouth, the cum on her face dropping to her lips, her tongue, and the floor.

“Lick her ass clean, now.” He told his young slave, once his cock was sufficiently clean.

“Yes mashter.” She droned, drunk on cum, and started licking the cum off of Janice's ass, using long and wide tongue strokes.

“I figured you didn't get your morning load of cum, during breakfast, so you might as well get it now.”

“Thank **Lick** you master **Slurp**” She said, and continued cleaning her mother's cum-covered ass. Because her face was filled with cum, it kept dropping on Janice's ass, giving Chloe more to lick and gulp, until both her face and Janice's behind were clean as a whistle.

It was then that the two slaves were told to lick and lap the cum that dripped on the floor, making sure to lift their asses in the air.

“Okay, that was nice.” He said, sitting back on the sofa, and alternating between watching the hardcore sex scene on TV, and watching his two slaves shine the floor with their mouths.

“Janice, I have new instructions for you.” He said.

“Yes **Lick** Master.” She said between hungry licks, lapping at the floor.

“You always had the biggest crush on me, Janice. I have always been the man of your dreams, ever since high school. You just always thought your stupid ass wasn't good enough for me, otherwise you'd have stripped down and begged me to mount you, on a daily basis.”

“*Mmm.*Slurp**” She took his words into her heart, and continued to listen intently.

“Your husband was always the compromise. Every time you had sex with him, you pretended it was me, it was the only way you could ever orgasm. You are so in love with me, that the thought of not being with me makes your skin crawl. You need me more than drug addicts need their fix.”

“*Ohhh.* Yes, master.” She said, her pussy moistening as she continued to lap his cum off the floor.

“You still don't think you're good enough, but you'll do absolutely anything to appease me, and win me over.”

She moaned, nodded, and continued scrubbing the floor, with her ass aimed high. He had one very simple command for Chloe, his devoted little sex doll.

“Chloe, when I wake you up, you'll remember everything, just like in your room. You'll remember you are nothing more than my devoted slave-cunt.

“*Ohh. *Slurp**. Thank you, master!” She said happily.

“Okay. Wake up, whores.” He said. They both blinked, and smiled as they woke up from their trance. Chloe, still her master's devoted slave, continued licking the floor and shaking her ass. Janice, on the other hand, rose to her knees, and fixated her gaze on him. She blushed crimson red, not because of her nakedness, but because of the rush of emotions she felt, as she looked at the love of her life.

In fact, she didn't even notice she was naked until she skipped to his side, and when she did notice, she figured it was better that way.

“Do you like my tits, Matt?” She asked with a sexy purr.

“Oh definitely.” He said, casually squeezing her boobs, making her moan.

“You know, I always wanted to show them to you, but I was afraid you wouldn't like them.” She admitted, lewdly biting her lower lip.

“Well, let's see you bounce them, bitch.” He told her. His insulting words didn't even register in her mind, as she giggled a giddy “Okay!”, and bounced her tits for him, like a bimbo.

“Is this good, Matt?” She sought validation.

“It's okay, bitch.” He said dismissively.

“Don't you think you should call me 'sir', considering the difference in class and stature, between us?” He asked coyly.

She almost teared up as she realized how rude and disrespectful she was.

“Oh yes sir! I'm so sorry!” She dumbly squeezed her tits together, desperately wanting to make it up to the man she loved more than anything.

“That's okay.” He said, and she nearly squealed in delight, staring at him with bright, watery eyes.

“Chloe, that's enough. The floor is clean.” He told his teen slave.

“Yes master.” She said, and crawled up to kneel at his feet. He stared at Janice, checking if she's bothered by her daughter's behavior. It was like she didn't even notice.

“Go get me a drink, Janice.” He said, spanking her behind, to hasten her.

“Yes sir!” She jumped to obey, shaking her naked booty as she rushed to the kitchen, to get a cool beverage for him. She returned with a bottle of cool carbonated drink, that she fished from the fridge.

“Hmm, it's pretty cold.” He said “Warm it up between your tits for me.”

“Yes, sir!”

Eager to please, and hoping to win his affection, Janice placed the nearly freezing bottle in the valley between her tits, and squeezed around it, holding it still.

“Mmm. Ahmm.”

The bottle was full, so it kept slipping and requiring her to reposition it. Not to mention it was so cold between her tits, that it almost made her nipples burst. The love of her life enjoyed watching her struggle with her task, while slowly patting her daughter's head, like a pet.

“Your mom is a pretty good beer holder.” He told Chloe “If only this was beer...”

“I'm glad you found a use for her, master.” Chloe said as he tickled her below the chin.

“Okay, I think it's cool enough.” He told Janice after a while.

“Yes, sir!” She said and happily handed the bottle to him.

“What the fuck? You want me to drink it from the bottle?!” He asked, astounded.

“Oh, oh no, sir! I'm so sorry, sir! I'll go get you a glass!” She hurried back to the kitchen, but not before he could land another disciplinary smack on her ass. She returned swiftly, and knelt on the sofa, beside him.

“There you go, sir.” She said.

“Pour it for me.” He ordered, gave her the bottle, and placed his hand on her bare buttocks, still patting Chloe with his other hand.

“Of course, sir!”

“I would do anything to be with you, sir. You know that, right?” She made a desperate attempt at seducing him, batting her eyelashes as she poured him the drink.

She didn't just pour the drink, but also held the glass as he drank, leaning it towards his mouth, so he could enjoy touching her body, while quenching his thirst.

“Okay, that's enough.” He said, and she stopped “Put the bottle in your cunt.” He said that in such an offhanded fashion, that she was certain she misheard him.

“W-What, sir?” She asked.

“Put the fucking bottle...” He pinched her nipple hard “...in your fucking cunt.” He said.

She almost asked why, but stopped herself, afraid he might dump her, if she did.

“Yes sir.” The bottle was still rather cold, and about half full, which meant it was easy for her to keep it steady, but was rather uncomfortable in her sloppy pussy.

She stopped once the bottle was nearly fully inside of her cunt.

“Bounce on it a bit.” He told her.

“Yes. *Mmmmm*. Sir!” She bounced slowly and carefully, her pussy juices dripping into the open bottle, mixing with the carbonated drink inside.

“You have a pretty loose cunt.” he told her, pinching her clit.

“Sorry, sir.”

“I don't think you're tight enough for me to fuck.” He said with a devilish grin.

“Oh, sir! Please! I'm sure I can please you, sir. I have other...Assets.” She smiled as she begged, being as alluring and arousing as she can, while pushing her boobs forward, and bouncing on the glass bottle.

“Well, at least I can bend you over and fuck you up the ass, right?” That didn't sound like something Janice liked doing, so she hesitated, but only for a split second. If that was what it took to be with him, she would gladly pawn her ass for his usage.

“Yes, sir, of course!” She said.

“Great.” He said “Now orgasm, and then share that bottle with your lovely daughter.” He added nonchalantly, tickling Chloe's young tits. Janice stared at Chloe, possibly noticing her for the first time since they were awoken.

There was a twitch of uncertainty, but it was squashed as her first and foremost priority took over. Being his lover was the most important thing, even if she had to share him with her daughter.

“Yes sir!”

She started humping the bottle much faster than before, bringing herself closer and closer to an orgasm.

“Ahhhh! Ahhhhhhhhh!”

When she finally succeeded, her happy shrills were heard in the entire neighborhood, and she squirted enough pussy juices to nearly fill the bottle back up. She took it out of her twat, and ran it across her tits, and then face, before drinking a few big gulps of sizzling juice, mixed with pussy juice.

“*Mmm*, it's delicious, sir. Thank you, sir.” She said, hoping to please him.

When Janice had her fill, she handed it over to Chloe, and the young slave happily gulped the rest.

He sighed, and turned the TV off, taking a bit of a nap.

“S-Sir?” Janice asked after about thirty minutes of patiently waiting for him to wake up.

“What?” He said, opening his eyes.

“I bet we can have some fun, in the bedroom.” She said with a low, seductive whisper, biting her lower lip.

“Hmm,” He smiled “only if your daughter joins in.” He said.

“Anything you wish, sir.” Janice said, in that same lewd voice.

“Yes, master.” Chloe said, and started crawling to her mom's bedroom.

“Crawl after her, bitch.” He said, and spanked Janice's behind.

He got up after a few seconds, following his crawling slaves to the bedroom, ready for the fun to follow.

Chapter Five

Chloe and Janice's master lay on the bed. They faced each other, with his cock between their heads, their lips a mere inch away from it, ready to be given the command to kiss.

“Orange flavored Allegory. Purple Dyed Oxymoron.” He said, and they sank into a trance, in an instant.

“I have a fun idea.” He said “When I wake you up, you'll start sucking my cock together, but you won't realize I'm even here, and talk casually. Understand?”

“Yes, master.” They said together.

“Wake up.” He said.

They woke from their trance, and immediately kissed his cock from both sides.

“So **Lick** how's work?” Janice asked and kissed his balls. Chloe still didn't tell her mom she lost her job, so she decided to deflect the question, while licking the cock before her like ice cream.

“Is that really **Slurp** what you wanna talk about, mom? Not a word about **Lick** our surprise house guest?”

Janice plopped her head off of his cock, and stared at her daughter, who replaced her in wrapping his shaft with her lips.

“Okay, I get it **Kiss**, you don't want to talk about it.” She said, and kissed and licked the parts of his shaft Chloe's throat couldn't reach. Chloe wetly plopped her mouth off his member, and they started surrounding it with kisses and lengthy tongue strokes.

“Why do you trust him so much, anyway?” Chloe asked, oblivious to the fact he was right there, and that they were giving his junk a full tongue bath.

“Oh, Chloe **Slurp**, you have no idea what a crush I always had on him **Kiss**” Janice said.

“Seriously? **Lick**”

“Whenever I'm around him **Slurp** I feel like I want to tear my clothes off and hump him to death!”

“Mom!” Chloe gasped, and continued to lick “Are you even vaguely familiar **Lick** with the term 'too much information'?!” She pumped her face on his cock twice, and allowed her mother to replace her.

“I never even heard you talk that way about dad. **Kiss**” Chloe said.

“I never felt that way about your father, honey **Suck**” Janice admitted.

“Wow **Slurp** Really? **Suck**”

“Yeah...” Janice said, ravaging his balls “He is so amazing, and good, and trustworthy **Slurp** He is the perfect man! **Suck**”

“I had no idea **Lick** you felt that way about him.” Chloe said, and started face fucking herself on his rod.

“Okay, that's enough. Orange flavored Allegory. Purple Dyed Oxymoron.” He said, grabbed Chloe's head, and pumped his cock into her entranced face. It was time to put the finishing touches on Janice.

“You love me more than anything, right, Janice?”

“Yes master.”

“You would give anything to serve me, for the rest of your life.”

“Yes master.”

“There is only one way you can do that, Janice.” He told her.

“What is it, master?” She asked, her tongue lulling out of her mouth, drooling on his crotch.

“You need to become my obedient slave. My fuck toy, my sex doll, and my personal cum dump.”

He paused.

“And you will do so happily, Janice.”

“Yes, master.” She said with a smile “I will be happy to be your slave, fuck toy, sex doll, and cum dump.”

“Your tits, ass, cunt, and mouth exist to please my cock. I can do whatever I want with your body.”

“Yes, master. I am your sex toy, my body belongs to you.” She happily agreed.

“When I awaken you, you'll remember everything that happened when you were entranced, and happily devote your life to me.”

“Yes, master.”

“Once Phoebe is back, both of you will forget about me, and your true purpose in life, whenever you are out of this room, and Chloe's room, and remember everything the moment you enter this room, or Chloe's room.”

“Yes, master.” They said together.

He gave them the command to wake up, and both mother and daughter awoke as docile sex slaves.

“Ohh **Suck**” Janice took his cock in her mouth, again.

“I wuv you tho much, math-ter!” She said, with her mouth full. To show their gratitude and devotion, the two cum whores spread their legs, and pressed their cunts to the sides of their master's raging hard-on, smothering it with kisses from their lower lips. They stared into each other's eyes, and smiled as they moved their hips up and down, sliding their wet pussy lips along the length of his cock.

The tender embrace of their two cunts, engulfing his shaft with pleasant warmth, was one of the very best things he has ever experienced. The slutty smiles on their obedient faces made it even better, as he reached over to touch and fondle their owned bodies.

“Kiss each other with your pussies, bitches!” He said, and they mashed their cunts together around his tip, eager to obey every word that leaves his mouth.

It wasn't easy to raise their hips, lean back on their arms, and move their sloppy twats around his shaft, pressing against each other, and providing each other with much needed balance. Their muscles were aching, their hips were numb, and their cunts ready to explode, but all of that didn't matter one bit. They were

willing to push their bodies to the very limit, and beyond, for his sake.

“Oh, fuck, it's so great when slave-cunts properly cooperate!” He moaned, and Chloe struggled to stifle her impending orgasm, as she heard his gracious compliment. She noticed her mother was getting dangerously tired of rubbing her cunt on their master's cock. Janice was older, after all, and didn't have the vibrant youthful energy Chloe could use, to better please the owner of her tight twat.

The concern she felt was not directed to her mother, constricting her muscles and possibly causing herself long term physical damage. No, she was only concerned about her master's pleasure diminishing, if Janice failed to deliver due to exhaustion. To Chloe, both her and her mother were nothing but tools, and if they lacked the vitality to serve their purpose, they truly were less than worthless.

Janice felt the same, and pushed herself hard to please her master, finding reservoirs of spirit and energy she did not know existed within her.

“My. Master. Gives me. Purpose...” She mumbled quietly while moving her cunt lips up and down the side of his shaft, feeling Chloe's lips kiss her own whenever they reached the tip. It was amazing, how they could synchronize their movements so perfectly, making it feel so heavenly on his dick. He started wondering how it would feel like when Phoebe, the eighteen-year-old virgin, would add her own tight pussy lips to the mix.

“I might die of pleasure...” He concluded with a smile.

He didn't expect to come so close to cumming, without even properly fucking one of his slaves, but at that point he realized he could explode at any second.

“I'm about to cum, bitches!” He announced “I wanna fill one of your cunts.” He phrased it like an obvious challenge, bringing them to a sequence of whimpering moans, as each woman began begging him to choose her pussy over the other's.

“Master, please! I'm your cum dump! Please fill my tight twat with your load. I live for your pleasure!” Chloe cried out, pleading with all her might.

“Master. Please...” Janice tried to marshal the last of her energy, but she was so exhausted she could barely make audible sounds.

“Cum..in...me...” She managed to whisper, but her plea was drowned in Chloe's loud begging.

“Oh, Janice, a bitch who can't even beg properly doesn't deserve any rewards!” He said, and Chloe happily squealed. The tight teen quickly pushed her mother back, and speared herself on her master's cock, shaking her hips on top of him like a pro.

Barely a second passed and she felt his load shoot in her hungry pussy. She continued to rock back and forth, taking him so deep inside of her, that she almost felt him in her womb.

“Thank you, master.” She said, and waited for her master's rod to calm in the warm embrace of her willing cunt.

Once he was done, he told Chloe to get off of him, and spread her legs, pushing his load back to her lips. When the white liquid started dripping from her tight snatch, he told his two bitches to kiss with their pussies one last time, as a final humiliation. Janice reveled in her master's generosity, allowing her cunt to taste his cum, even though she failed him so miserably, when he demanded they beg for it.

The two sluts pressed their pussy lips together, allowing the portion of their master's load, that actually made it out to the open, to lather between their hungry cunts, while their master watched with a broad smile.

With another blessed act of kindness, their master allowed them to scissor each other until they both orgasm. They ground their hips against each other, kissing with their sore pussies, and occasionally having their still tender and pinkish asses spanked. They did not forget to thank their master after their climax, and shower his flaccid cock with more wet kisses.

The rest of the day passed with the two slavegirls happily watching porn with their master, learning how to please him better, as a duo. After preparing a royal feast for his dinner, and serving it to him in the expensive china that was reserved only for special guests, the naked slaves crawled under the table, and shared their master's cock.

They licked along the length of his shaft until he exploded, and shared their dinner of cum on the floor. Nothing made more sense to them. They labored for hours, preparing the best meal, to the man who owned their lives, and he graced them with the only meal bitches deserved, right out of his cock.

The day ended with the three of them in Janice's bed, as he took turns pinning them to the mattress, with his last erection of the day.

“When Phoebe gets back, you'll have to make sure to visit me occasionally, to see if I require something.” He told Janice, who still wasn't as used to hiding him, as Chloe was. Every command he gave them went straight to their subconscious, and they obeyed it, even when their conscious mind remembered nothing.

“Yes. *Ah!* Master!”

He started thinking of that final tight cunt he had to tap, and decided he wanted a little preview.

“I want the both of you to take some sexy pics of Phoebe, so I can assess my next piece of property.” He said.

They had no issue with the fact their master wanted to turn the dazzling young beauty into a slave like them. In their eyes, her ambitions and desires be damned – The master wanted her, and both her mom and older sister will do everything to snare her for him.

“Yes master.” They both said, and began thinking of places and times to take the hottest pictures of the virgin eighteen years old.

He fell asleep hugging Janice from behind, with his floppy penis holstered in her cunt, squeezing her big tits. His slave-

bitches fell asleep shortly thereafter, exhausted and content.

Chapter Six

Janice woke up first, and found herself in the same position she fell asleep in, only now her master's morning wood hardened in her twat. He was still snoring, and fast asleep, hugging her naked form.

She would've stayed there forever, or at least until he woke up and told her to move, but then she saw her phone vibrate on the night stand. She slowly and gently stretched her arm, trying her best not to wake her master up, and took it in her hand.

“Uh-oh” She said as she read the message she had received. It was from Phoebe, saying she's on her way home. She didn't specify why she was coming back early, but Janice was hardly concerned about that. All she cared about was the discomfort it may put on her master.

“Psst...” She tried calling, hoping to wake her daughter up, rather than her master.

“Chloe!” She hissed.

She was sure Chloe couldn't hear her, when suddenly the young blonde came crawling to her side of the bed.

“You rang?” She whispered in jest.

“No time for jokes, honey, I need you to take my place as master's bed warmer.”

Chloe's eyes lit up.

“happily!” She said enthusiastically .

“Shh, be quiet!” Janice calmed her down “We'll have to do this carefully.”

As they slowly and gently moved to replace Janice's curvacious body with Chloe's petite and young one, Chloe frowned.

“Why do you want to be replaced, mom?” She asked, her mind couldn't fathom a world where she would ever willingly leave her master's embrace.

“Phoebe's coming back soon. I gotta prepare.” Janice said.

“Ohh.” Chloe understood.

It wasn't easy, but Janice managed to leave her master's embrace, and replace herself with Chloe. The devoted slaves made sure to sheathe his hardened cock in Chloe's tight cunt, and he instinctively tightened his embrace on her, still in his sleep.

“Sweet dreams, master.” Chloe whispered as she settled in her place. Janice dressed up silently, and then turned to look at her daughter. Chloe stared up at her, with wide eyes, and Janice couldn't help but smile.

“Oh, sweetie.” She said, and bent down to kiss Chloe's forehead lovingly.

“I'm so proud of you.” She patted her daughter's cheek “You are such a good, obedient sex toy for our master, you're a dream come true for any mother.”

Chloe was elated. Her mom never told her she was proud of her, at least not while sounding sincere. She was always the poor, under achieving student. Now, her mother had more pride in her eyes than anytime Phoebe aced a test, or came at the top of her class.

“Thanks, mom.” She whispered with a smile, and gently pushed her ass towards her master. She knew what he liked – She was his night-time fun-cushion longer than her mom, after all.

Janice took a foreboding breath, and left her room. She expected to forget everything, but then realized she will only forget once Phoebe returns. Unfortunately, she didn't have much time to feel good about that. Just as she sighed in relief, her younger daughter opened the door, and slammed it behind her. Being outside of her room, Janice blinked a few times, forgot everything, and walked to her daughter.

“Honey, what's wrong?” She asked Phoebe, who has obviously been crying.

“What do you mean?” Phoebe asked “Nothing is wrong. When is breakfast ready?”

“Phoebe, you've been crying.” Janice said.

“What?!” Phoebe exclaimed “No, I haven't.”

She quickly brushed her face, wiping the moistness away.

“I'm fine, mom, really.” She said, trying to seem as plain as she could.

Janice realized her daughter didn't want to talk about whatever it was that happened, and decided she might as well feed her, before she gets too snoopy. Phoebe was a proud girl, and very ambitious, but Janice was always scared real life will hit her too hard, because she was so used to success.

“Is everything going okay with your studies, honey?” She asked while Phoebe ate the breakfast she made her.

“Because you know, you don't have to ace every test. I bet you'll find not a single person ever aced every test, even the most brilliant people in history!”

Phoebe rolled her eyes, and ignored her mom.

“You know, I remember the first test I flunked...”

“Oh, come on, mom! That's not it, just leave me alone.” Janice was sure she had the right idea, before. Now that she realized she was wrong, she was even more curious.

“Well, but there *is* something, right?” She prodded.

“I don't want to talk about it.” Phoebe said flatly.

“Oh honey, I might be able to help. I...”

“No!” Phoebe screamed. Janice stared at her in shock. She was never this rude, and rarely this pissed off.

Phoebe quickly regained her composure.

“Look, I'm not that hungry...” She said “I'm gonna shower, and then take a nap.”

“Okay...” Janice said worriedly, trying to think of a way to get her daughter to open up about what was bothering her. When she heard the water gush from the bathroom, a switch suddenly

flicked in her mind. She got up, grabbed her phone, and slowly walked toward the shower.

She opened the door gently, trying her best to not arouse her daughter's suspicion, and entered the bathroom. Phoebe was behind the curtain, under the shower-head, letting the water wash her pristine, untouched body.

Janice had only one thought in her mind, and that was to take a picture of her naked daughter. She didn't even understand why, and she didn't need to. She stretched her hand beyond the curtain for a split second, pressed the button, and took the picture.

She stayed put for a second, to see if her daughter noticed her, and then checked the image she took, while still in the bathroom, in case it wasn't hot enough. It was, in fact, hotter than she expected, and not just because a naked, wet, nubile, slender, and smooth eighteen year old virgin always looks hot.

Phoebe was silently engaged in a bit of “frustration handling”. She had one hand rubbing her crotch, and another squeezing her perky tits. Her hands didn't cover her nipples, nor her pure shaven honeypot, and the pic turned out to be something that wouldn't shame a racy magazine cover.

Janice left the room with a smile on her face, though she didn't know why. She was actually quite surprised to catch her daughter in the act.

“I mean, Chloe, sure” She mumbled “But for some reason, I could never imagine Phoebe doing that...”

She stared at her phone, and wondered what had possessed her to do what she just did. Well, whatever it was, it was now telling her to go to her bedroom.

Back inside her master's domain, Janice remembered everything, and again had her priorities straight. Her master, who was now casually banging Chloe from behind, in a spooning position, was the only important thing in her universe. Whatever was bothering her other daughter was meaningless, and would only be bothering her until she was enslaved, anyway.

“Good morning, bitch.” He said to Janice “Your little Phoebe woke me up with her screams.”

“Oh, I'm so sorry, master!” She said, wishing she could spank Phoebe, for being such a bad girl.

“I have something that might make you feel better, master.” She said, and showed him the nude picture of Phoebe, that she took. He pulled out of Chloe, pushed her off the bed, rose up to his knees, and took the phone from Janice. Chloe only whimpered a little as she fell, not wanting Phoebe to hear a commotion.

“Fuck, she's hot!” Was all he could say, drooling on the gorgeous blonde in the picture.

“She's looks even better than that cunt down there,” He pointed to Chloe “And that's a damn big achievement.”

“You've really made some impressive fuck toys.” He told Janice.

“Thank you, master. They are all yours, master.” She swore to him.

“Well, not yet.” he said “But soon.” His words saddened her. She hoped he would take Phoebe as soon as possible. Having such a ripe cunt so near, and not using it to please their master, it seemed like such a waste.

“Until then, well...” He said, and started rubbing his cock to Phoebe's sexy nude photo.

“Wait, what the fuck am I doing?” He asked himself, and grabbed Janice by the hair, guiding her down to his erection, and shoving it in her face.

“*Ohh yeah!* Fuck! You cute, little, nubile slut!” He said quietly, while pumping into Janice's throat. Chloe knelt by the bed frame, looking up at her cock sucking mother. To anyone else, it would've seemed quite surreal – He was using Janice's mouth to jerk off to her daughter's naked image. To Janice and Chloe, nothing seemed more natural.

When they heard Phoebe leaving the shower, Chloe was sent to keep her busy, while their master continued masturbating to her image.

“More tongue, bitch!” he told Janice, and she immediately started twirling her tongue around his cock, as he rammed into her face.

“*Ohh* yeah, you fucking, lewd little bitch.” He kept talking to the mental image of Phoebe, ignoring the actual woman on her knees, sucking him off.

“I'm gonna cum!” He said, and made true to his word, squirting a huge load down Janice's throat, and telling her to swallow it all.

“Thank you **Gasp**. For the meal, master!” She said, while breathing heavily, before he sent her away with a gentle, inaudible spank.

Phoebe went straight to bed after finishing her shower, exhausted after a long night of studying, or so Chloe assumed. Chloe and Janice sat on the sofa, watching TV, not even bothered by the fact it was set on a porn channel.

“I'm worried about her...” Janice shook her head.

“Yeah, she seems to be going through something.” Chloe agreed, both of them had no memories of their master, at the time, and so focused on such trivial matters, instead of their master's happiness.

“What do you think I should do about it?” Janice asked.

“I'm sorry, are you asking me for parenting advice, regarding my little sister, who's only a year younger than me?” Chloe asked mockingly.

“How would you have wanted me to approach the issue?” Janice asked.

“Well, since I have no idea what 'the issue' is, it's hard for me to tell. But more often than not, I'd probably prefer you to butt out, and mind your own business.” Chloe blatantly stated.

“The two of you *Are* my business.” Janice said “But maybe you're right. I'm just not used to Phoebe keeping secrets from me...”

She looked at Chloe.

“I mean, I expect that from you, not her.”

“Hey, mom, I'm just as upset as you are about this. Don't be mean.”

“Why are you so upset?” Janice asked, raising an eyebrow.

“It makes perfect sense that she doesn't want to tell you, you're her mom, but I'm her big sister! She should share everything with me...”

Janice didn't even respond. She just rolled her eyes, and continued watching TV.

Chloe's mind suddenly switched off. She got up with her phone, and started sneaking into Phoebe's room. Janice completely ignored her daughter, as she crept through the hallway, and silently opened Phoebe's door. For a reason she did not understand, what she saw made Chloe very happy.

Phoebe was lying in a fetal position, with no blanket, wearing nothing but a loose pink top, tight pink panties, and cute tube socks.

“Seriously, if only she allowed herself to look this sexy while conscious, her life would have been so much happier.” Chloe mumbled, and aimed her phone camera at her sister's sleeping form, hoping for Phoebe to slut up, just a little bit. She took a few pics of her younger sister, emphasizing her cute ass, and the treasure hiding between her legs. The features of her young pussy were fully visible through her tight pink panties. Having enough sexy pics, she returned to her mother's bedroom, and fell under her master's power once again.

A few minutes later, Janice decided she needs to wear some socks, against the cold, so she entered her bedroom, as well. She found her master fucking Chloe doggy style, holding a pic of Phoebe before his eyes, essentially using Chloe's pussy to masturbate to Phoebe's hot sleeping pic.

“Oh, good thing you're here.” He said quietly “hold this for me.”

“Yes master.” Janice said, and took Chloe's phone from his hand, holding it before him so he could enjoy fucking one of her daughters, while fantasizing about the other.

“Ohh fuck, she's so hot in those cute panties, curled up like that. It gives her ass such a cute bend.” He said. In all honesty, Chloe was just as slender, bendy, and beautiful as her younger sister, if only a bit more experienced in the sex department. The only reason he was so obsessed with Phoebe, was because he still did not own her.

It was yet another surreal experience – Janice standing by, and waiting for her master to finish jerking off in her older daughter's slippery cunt. When he was done, he came all over Chloe's ass, and told Janice to lick it clean, while he watched. As he was watching, he tried coming up with the best plan to take Phoebe.

“The problem is she's smart, although probably naive, too. If only she wouldn't recognize me from the fucking news, as the fucking 'hypno rapist'.”

He clenched his fists, thinking out loud.

“I'm gonna get that fucking cop, one day, and her bitch prosecutor friend.”

“Master...” Janice said between licks “Maybe you can use whatever happened that made her so upset? **Slurp** She came back really exhausted this morning, and clearly all cried out.”

“Maybe you can pretend to be a therapist, master.” Chloe said dumbly, moaned, and wiggled her cum-covered ass, out of instinct. The two slaves heard their master try to decide on a course of action, and tried their best to help, not caring about Phoebe's own issues in the slightest.

He was about to tell Chloe how dumb her idea was, since Phoebe would still recognize him from the news, but decided not to. She couldn't be blamed for being stupid, anyway, it's not like she was capable of very intricate thoughts, in her present state. Besides, within the bad advice from his worthless slaves, lay one small and important detail that they were just too ignorant to see.

“Hold on, you said she was exhausted?” He asked.

“Yes master.” Janice said.

“How exhausted, exactly?”

“Her eyes were red and puffed out, probably mostly from crying, but I know my daughter **Lick**. I've never seen her so tired.” Janice said.

“She's sleeping like a rock, now.” Chloe added.

A big smile stretched across his face.

“Excellent. I can use that to my advantage. It's lucky you noticed. It gives me a relatively small window of opportunity. Good slaves.”

His praise almost made them quiver with a small orgasm.

“Does this mean you'll take her now, master?” Janice asked.

“Yeah. I'm sick and tired of having to hide in one small room, all day.”

“I'm glad, master.” Janice said, and finished cleaning the cum from Chloe's ass “She's so upset and obsessed about school all the time, it's time she learns about what's really important in life.”

With that, they resolved to teach the young, barely legal teen all about sexual slavery, and about her need to obey.

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Writing Encouragement

* * * * *

Mick bent Brenda over the desk at Jim's office, spanking her, already red, behind in the process. He grabbed her long blonde hair and used it to arch her back towards him, and increased the speed of his movements.

“I can't believe they actually made you into my submissive little slave! Haha! Amazing!” He said as the sound of his crotch forcefully hitting her curvy behind filled the room.

“Yes master! I'm your submissive slave-maid. Thank you for using me, master!” She said in between moans of docile pleasure.

Jim walked in and smiled at what he saw.

“Having fun, I see.” He said, and Mick gave him a nod of recognition, without slowing down on his banging of his former

co-worker. Jim walked over to them, and clenched Brenda's face between his fingers, squishing her cheeks together.

"I tell you, the more willful and independent they are, the harder they fall." Jim said.

He let go of her cheeks, and gently hit her face with the palm of his hand. Brenda reacted by trying to lick his fingers, but he just backed away, and sat on his chair.

"At least that's my experience, and I have quite a lot of it by now." He said, and opened his laptop.

"Hey Jim...Ohh, fuck!...How did you get this job, anyway?" Mick asked.

"That's classified, I'm afraid." Jim said coldly.

"Eh, whatever..." Mick moaned, and plastered his hips to Brenda's behind, making her squeal.

"You don't mind that I'm fucking this bitch on your desk, right?" He asked Jim.

"Well, I must say that when we were friends in college, I didn't expect we would ever get this, shall we say, intimate." Jim chuckled.

"However, it's company policy to grant clients access to their ordered merchandise, whenever, wherever, and however they wish. Trust me, it doesn't bother me, one bit."

Mick turned his attention back to Brenda, pulled her by the hair again, and pressed himself to her back. He pulled her up so their heads met, and kissed her neck with carnal desire. Slowing his hips down, he moved his tongue up her neck, until he reached her ear.

"Did you really think I'd let a little bitch like you waltz in, shake your booty for the higher ups, and steal the promotion I've been trying to get for the past five years?" He whispered in her ear. All she could do was whimper regretfully, and attempt to wordlessly express how sorry she was.

He fiercely threw her head forward, grabbed her hips with a brutish grunt, and resumed fucking her at the same rapid pace as before.

“I'm gonna make sure to punish you for being so fucking arrogant, and impudent, and such a fucking bitch who thinks she's better than anyone else!”

He let out the aggressions he's been saving just for her, this whole time.

“You never deserved that fucking promotion!”

Spank

“Yes...Ahhh!...Master! I only deserve to serve you, master! I'm your obedient....Ngggyaaa!...Maid-slave!”

“Haha!” Jim laughed “I'd say this demotion is a wonderful start to your punishment, slut. From an assistant exec to a worthless maid-slave.”

Mick spanked her again, and smiled at Jim.

“You're right, I didn't think of it that way.” He pulled Brenda to him again.

“You should thank me for helping you fulfill your purpose, bitch!” He told her.

“Th-Thank you maaaaaasteer!” Brenda moaned as he picked up the pace, feeling his cock throb in her tight cunt.

“Good news, Mick.” Jim said “Your payment cleared.”

“Of course it did.” Mick said, feeling his climax nearing.

“I would never try to skip on the payment, Jim, you know me. Especially now that I know what your company can do to people.” He stared at Brenda's reflection on Jim's office cabinet. She looked so defeated and lost, and actually happy to be that.

“Yeah, that usually helps motivate our customers to remain decent, and loyal.”

Mick felt he was about to cum, and pulled out, intent on spraying his load all over Brenda's ass and lower back.

“*Ohh! Ahhh! Ohh, yeaahhhh!*” He moaned as spurts of cum shot from his cock, painting her ass white.

“Okay, that was awesome.” He said, playfully slapping her cum-covered ass with his cock.

“Go kneel in that corner over there.” He told Brenda, and pinched her nipple before sending her away. She quietly obeyed, and knelt in silence, letting the cum on her ass drizzle over to her ankles, while the men discussed their business.

Mick sat down on the chair opposite to Jim, and sighed contently.

“So, now that you've received the payment, when will I get my other order?” Mick wondered.

“Her little sister? Well, she's already on her way. She'll be done in two hours, tops.”

“Fantastic.” Mick said, unable to hide his excitement.

Brenda's nubile little sister was eighteen years old, and had the tight, lewd, and perfectly proportioned body only women of her age group could have.

Her name was...

Well, her name was...

* * * *

“Damn it!” Ben bashed his keyboard, and grabbed his hair in frustration.

“I hate getting stuck like this. And I was on a roll, too...”

He sat at his desk, in his small, yet luxurious apartment, with his laptop open before him. He was busy writing his next erotic release, when he got a little stuck.

“Brenda's little sister...” He said aloud.

“How about...Jasmine?...No...”

“Mi-ka-e-la?” He said slowly, pronouncing every syllable.

“Oh, don't be ridiculous...”

“Fuck! At this pace there's no way I'll finish this today...” Ben promised himself he'd finish this next story of his by the day's end, and he was starting to doubt if he'll be able to. He stood up and walked over to the window, resting his elbow on the windowsill, and his chin on the palm of his hand. He stared at the world below him, trying to relax, hoping it will help the flow of his proverbial juices.

“Maybe what I need is a good incentive...” He considered.

“Yeah, something that will motivate me to tackle this thing, head on, and finish today, no matter what.”

He took a deep breath.

“What can I use, though?” He asked himself.

He looked down, and saw his answer waiting at the bus stop. It was as if the fates conspired to oblige to his wishes.

She was young, and obviously still in college. She had silky smooth auburn hair, and the nubile, slender body of a super model. She wore a white blouse, covering her C-cup tits, and a pair of tight, pink jeans, which were practically painted on her lewd, thin waist. Her ass was curvy and bubbly, but not big, perfectly fitting her petite physique.

“Oh, yeah, now that is some writing incentive.” He said to himself, and rushed to put some clothes on. He placed a unique looking pen in his pocket, locked his door behind him, and called the lift. It was taking its sweet time, and Ben hoped his nubile motivation won't run off by the time he gets to her.

He didn't even wait for the elevator's doors to fully open, when he reached the ground floor. Instead, he simply waited for a human sized gap in the doors, and ran forward as fast as he could. When he reached the bus stop, a little out of breath, he was happy to see her still standing there.

The young beauty probably figured he was running to make the same bus she was waiting for, and paid him no extra mind. Up close, Ben could see her beautiful light brown eyes, sparkling in the morning sun like a pair of expensive gemstones.

“Hey there, lovely,” He said after catching his breath “What's your name?”

She frowned at him, as if he just fell from the moon. She probably figured he wasn't in her league, and judging by her looks, she was most likely correct.

“Sorry, mister, I don't give my name to random strangers at bus stops.” She sneered at him coldly. Ben enjoyed her arrogance greatly, knowing it was to be so short lived.

“You'll tell me later, then.” He said, with his own, rather justified, arrogance.

“For now, there's something we need to discuss.” He told her.

“I don't think so...” She said, getting annoyed.

“I know I can change your mind.” Ben said, and she probably had no idea how literally she should have taken his words.

“You see, I'm an author, of sorts, and I have set a certain goal for myself – To finish my next piece before the day comes to a timely demise.” He spoke theatrically, loving every second of the exchange.

“And, luckily for you, I decided you will be the best way to motivate me to meet my goal.”

He paused.

“And by that, I of course mean: You, fully nude, on my bed, with my cock deep inside your fresh cunt.” He said.

She stared at him with a mix of venom and shock in her eyes.

“How dare you?!” She shrieked “I don't know who you think you are, but you had better look away if you value your eyes! And if you think I'm joking, just try me!”

“Oh, I intend to try you, trust me.” He gritted through his teeth, and took his pen out of his pocket. Its tip had a red glow to it.

“I think it would be better if you looked right here, honey.” He said, and placed the glowing tip of the pen between her eyes.

She went silent almost immediately, and her eyes became glassy - Lost in the red light emanating from the pen.

“I suppose you would assume this pen to be a tool for writing, especially in the hands of a self proclaimed author, like myself. Your assumption would be wrong, however, as your silly mind is now quickly learning.”

“Learning...” She mumbled, staring deep into the light.

“Yeah, precisely.” He said, stealing a squeeze of her gravity defying cleavage “As good as I am with words, I know the limits of what I can get with speech, quite well. In order to get a young

hottie like you to become my obedient sex slave, mind alteration really is the only way.”

“Obedient...Sex slave...” She droned out, as her mind was being trained.

The tip of the pen turned green, and Ben placed it back in his pocket.

“Now, where were we? Oh yes, your name?” He asked, placing a hand on her hips. Opposed to every instinct she used to have, she stared at his hand, and smiled at him.

“Nicole, master.” She said, her eyes shining “And I'm so sorry for being so rude to you, before. I just never realized my life's purpose is to serve your every whim, and make you happy, until now.”

She placed her own hand on his, gently greeting his touch on her lewd body, tenderly patting the back of his hand, which rested on her slender hips.

He pinched her nipples through her blouse one last time, and then backed off.

“Now, my sweetie, I live right in this building” He pointed over to his apartment building.

“You'll come with me, and I'll be using you as an incentive for my writing.”

“Lead the way, master.” She said.

“I just hope it won't take you too long to use me, I'm anxious to have my life's purpose fulfilled, master.” She added with an alluring smile, clearly trying to seduce him.

“You are very forward...” Ben said, wondering if maybe he enlisted a distraction, rather than an incentive.

“You'd better take your bag.” He told her, and she gave him an incredulous look.

“There's nothing in the bag that I need, in order to serve you, master. The stuff in there are a part of my old life, and no longer have any significance”

“I don't want it to seem like you were kidnapped, now come on, chop chop.” He said, lightly spanking her pert behind.

“Yes master. Of course, master.” She jumped up, and rushed to obey.

He couldn't help but fondle her nubile body a bit, on their way up, but when they entered his apartment, he decided to follow through with his previous resolve, no matter what, and sat at his desk. Nicole looked around, checking out her master's studio apartment.

“Hmm, I would have thought a man who can so easily turn young college coeds into his docile sex slaves would have a bigger place.” She said.

“What do I need a bigger place for?” He responded “I've got myself a kitchen corner, a king sized bed, and a desk to work on. I have a big screen TV hanging on the wall, and the latest gaming consoles. Plus, with the help of women just like you, this place is always squeaky clean, and I always have good food cooked for me.”

She looked at him, and nodded.

“I guess that makes sense.

“Not to mention that this building has a private pool, just for the residents.” He added “It's pretty upscale.”

He sat on his chair, and unlocked his laptop.

“Make yourself comfortable, Nicole.” He told her.

“When you say 'comfortable', do you mean naked, master?” She asked, ready to peel her clothes off the moment he answered.

“No no.” Ben said “I fear that would be a little too distracting, for the moment.”

“Oh...” She said, her disappointment audible in her voice.

She looked around, and noticed her master was sitting on the only chair. She jumped on the bed, and lay comfortably on her side, bending her legs forward and gently patting her thighs. Ben

placed his fingers on the keyboard, and was about to start writing again, when Nicole interrupted him.

“What are you writing, anyway?” She asked.

He looked back at her, and smiled.

“I suppose you deserve to know that, at least.” He said with a chuckle.

“I write short erotica books centering around mind control. I'm currently working on a tale involving a man, his female rival, her eighteen year old sister, and a company specializing in brainwashing women into being maid-slaves.”

Nicole stared at him with doe-like eyes, probably too far gone to realize the irony of what he just said.

“That sounds so hot, master.” She said, still rubbing her hips sexily.

Ben tried enjoying her compliment, ignoring the fact she only said it because she was hard wired to please him, no matter what.

“Hey, Nicole, What do you think a good name for a young hot blonde, about your age, would be?” He asked.

“Uhm...” Nicole tried to think “How about...”

“Oh!” She suddenly said, having a light bulb moment “How about Barbie? She's a blonde.”

“Hmm...” He said, rubbing his chin “Brenda and her little sister, Barbie. That would work.”

“I'm happy to help, master.” Nicole said, feeling tremendous joy in her heart, for assisting her master.

Ben continued writing, and Nicole lay on the bed, staring at the wall. The cute little sex slave got bored after about two minutes, more or less.

“Umm, master?” She asked.

The sound of constant typing stopped, and Ben sighed with an exasperated face palm.

“Yes?” He said, sounding irritated.

“Can I read a magazine till you finish?” She asked.

“I don't have any magazines...” He said, rubbing his forehead.

“I have one.” Nicole said “I usually read a fashion magazine on the bus.”

“Oh, well, sure, go ahead.” Ben said.

“Thank you, master!” She said, and grabbed her bag “I'm here for you to fuck me, whenever you wish.”

Nicole added, and almost started rubbing one out, with immense anticipation.

* * * *

With his slavegirl finally silent, lying on his bed, browsing a fashion magazine, Ben could get back to his writing.

Mick decided to take Jim's offer, and watch the process being administered to Barbie. He took his sweet time, mainly because he adopted a certain habit from one of the other customers he saw in the building. He walked along the hallway with his cock inside of Brenda's obedient pussy, pumping into her from behind as he walked.

Brenda bent forward slightly, and walked every time she felt her master's crotch pushing her forward, gently moaning all the way. Every time he reached a corner, he picked up the pace and rammed into her with turbo speed, before making the turn.

“Ohh, fuck! This is the only way men should be walking!” He moaned, and spanked her ass.

“Sure, it's a little slow, but there's no rush, right, bitch?” He asked his slave rhetorically.

“Oh, yes, master! My cunt exists to smother your cock with love. I live for your. *Ah!* Happiness!”

Mick eventually settled in a pace of one step per three thrusts into his new maid-slave, and reached the white room about ten minutes later.

He pushed Brenda into the door with a deep pump into her cunt, and she opened it for him. Jim stood before a complex control panel, and a one sided mirror, looking into a room that had pure white walls, a white floor, and a white ceiling. Barbie was naked, and strapped to a chair in the white room, her eyes

unfocused, entranced, and fixated on a screen before her. Heavy subliminal messages pumped into the room.

Jim looked back, and greeted Mick with a nod of recognition.

“I see you adopted the 'fuck em as you go' trend.” Jim said with a smirk.

“Who wouldn't?” Mick replied, guiding Brenda over to lean on the glass separating the control room and the white room, fucking her bent-over figure, doggy style.

“Someone who actually has appointments to make?” Jim said.

“Heh, good point.” Mick admitted.

Mick looked into the white room, and at the hot blonde teen who will soon be his slave in every way.

“So, what happens now?” He asked Jim.

“Actually, you got here just in time.” Jim said.

“The first phase of the brainwashing is complete. She is fully receptive, now, and all I have to do is empty her out, and fill her up with new thoughts and priorities.”

“And how do you do that?” Mick asked.

“Here, I'll show you.” Jim said.

He pressed a few buttons, and then pressed a button that activated the microphone which rested on the control panel.

“What is your name?” He asked the mesmerized girl in the white room.

“Barbie Fletcher.” She answered sleepily.

“Now,” He released the microphone button, and spoke to Mick “I'll just wipe that information from her mind, and insert something else, like this.”

He pressed a few buttons, and spoke to the microphone again.

“You have no name. You are a maid-slave in the service of your master. He can name you whatever he wishes.” He said.

“No. Name.” Barbie echoed “Live. To serve. Master. Can call. Me. What he pleases.”

“Good girl.” Jim said, and pressed another button, making the lewd teen writhe in pleasure..

Mick was still absentmindedly pumping into Brenda.

“What was that, just now?” He asked Jim.

“Some positive conditioning. I gave her a tiny orgasm.” Jim said, smiling.

“Remarkable.” Mick said, with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

“What do you do for a living?” Jim spoke to the microphone.

* * * *

Ben paused again, trying to come up with something proper.

“Gah!” He let out an irritated cry.

“What's wrong, master?” Nicole asked.

Ben looked at her.

“What do you do for a living?” He asked her.

“I'm doing quality analysis for software which tests the performance of graphic cards.” Nicole said. Ben blinked a few times, staring at her.

“Seriously?” He said, dumbfounded.

“Well, that won't do...”

“Sorry, master...”

Ben forced himself to think, and came up with an answer a few seconds later. He took a deep breath, placed his fingers on the keyboard, and continued his story...

* * * *

“What do you do for a living?” Jim spoke to the microphone.

“I work part time at a local flower shop.” Barbie answered, with the same drowsy voice. Jim pressed the same buttons as before, wiping her answer out of her mind, and spoke to the microphone again.

“Your job is to be a maid-slave for your master. You are to cook, clean, serve him sexually, and obey his every command.” He said.

“Maid-slave...Cook... Clean...Serve...Obey...” She droned sleepily.

“Good girl.” Jim said, and pressed the button that made the innocent young blonde writhe in pleasure, on the chair.

Mick pressed Brenda's nose to the glass, and shoved his cock deep in her cunt.

“Look at that, bitch, your little sister is going to be just like you!” He said, mocking his former rival.

“Yes master.” Brenda said, her tongue idly hanging from her mouth, occasionally sticking to the glass “Thank you for making us into your maid-slaves, master.”

“Hehe, brilliant” Mick said “She doesn't even care about her sister anymore.”

“That's because little Barbie isn't her sister anymore, in her mind.” Jim said “To Brenda, her little sister is just another possession you purchased, and will now own. Nothing more, nothing less.”

Mick looked at the process for a few moments longer, until he got bored and took Brenda back to Jim's office, fucking her all the way. Mick had Brenda slowly ride him as he sat on the chair in Jim's office, while he drowsily squeezed her big tits, looking at her dumb, servile smile. He turned around when he heard Jim walk in, and behind him walked a smiling eighteen year old blonde - Naked, nubile, smooth, and perfect.

“Ohh, yeah! She's ready, I see.” Mick said, failing to hide his excitement.

“Yep, she's all yours.” Jim said. Mick stood up and tossed Brenda to the floor, where she instinctively knelt, and patiently waited for further instructions. He walked over to Barbie and started fondling her luscious body, from her perky tits, to her pert ass, enjoying the young smooth body that now belonged to him.

“On your knees.” He said, and Barbie fell to the floor with a loud thump, her knees strongly hitting the hard surface. He rubbed his cock across her lips, and then told Brenda to crawl over to him.

“Kiss.” He told Brenda, putting his cock before her face.

“Yes master.” She said, and kissed his cock passionately. He turned to Barbie.

“Kiss.” He told the nubile teen.

“Yes master.” Barbie responded as her sister did, and gave his cock a french kiss filled with love and devotion.

Then, he had them kneel in front of each other, and placed his erection between their lips. They stared at each other with tears of joy in their eyes.

“Kiss.” He said, and nudged their heads forward. Each girl kissed a side of his cock, making sweet slurping and licking sounds that filled the highly acoustic office. Mick started guiding their heads across the length of his shaft, while moving his cock back and forth between their full lips.

“Ohh fuck!” He just finished fucking Brenda extensively, and this exercise was enough to bring him to the edge.

He Pushed Brenda aside, and shoved his cock deep into Barbie's mouth, thrusting into her throat a few times, before exploding in her mouth.

“Ohhh!” He moaned “Don't swallow it! Keep it in your mouth”

When the last hot spurt left his cock, he pulled out and fed it to Brenda, so she could clean it. As a last act of degradation, he had Barbie share the load in her mouth with Brenda, having them share a steamy, cum-filled kiss, before ordering them to swallow.

Satisfied, Mick sat back in his chair, and turned to Jim.

“What now?” He asked.

“What do you mean?” Jim said “You have the products, and we have the money. You can go, and live your life with your new acquisitions.”

“Oh!” Mick jumped up, and got dressed quickly.

“Lovely doing business with you, Jim” He said

“Likewise.” Jim said.

“Oh, stop by the front desk, they'll have brand new maid-slave outfits for those two. It's a part of the deal.”

“Oh, nice. Will do!” Mick said, and left Jim's office, with his slavegirls in tow. The slave-maid outfit comprised of a short skirt

that didn't hide their cunts, and a vest that did nothing to cover their tits.

* * * *

Ring

Ring

A phone rang in Ben's apartment, distracting him from his story. Nicole rushed to answer her phone.

"Hello?" She said. Ben tried to ignore her, and keep writing.

"Oh, yeah, sorry. I won't be coming to work today. Something much more important came up." She said, still flipping the pages of her magazine.

"I don't think I'll be there tomorrow, either." She said "In fact, I'm pretty sure I'll be too busy in the foreseeable future. Ben stopped typing again, and looked at her. Nicole smiled at him, and waved cutely, still trying to beg her master to fuck her, with her puppy eyes, sweet smile, and pretty face.

"Well, I'm sorry you feel that way, buddy." She said.

Ben cleared his throat.

"Do you mind?" He said.

"Oh! Sorry, master." Nicole whispered.

"I have to go, bye." She said curtly, and hung up the phone.

"Was that your boss?" Ben asked.

"I thought you were trying to write." Nicole said, coyly.

"You're a little too mouthy for a slave." He told her.

"I know one thing you can do to shut my mouth up." She said, holding an invisible cock in her hand, and stuffing her tongue in her cheek, pretending to blow it. He gave her a stern look, and she almost teared up.

"I-I'm sorry, master!" She said "I didn't mean to upset you, I swear."

"It's just that I feel so useless just lying here..."

She lowered her head in disgrace.

"See, now that is showing the proper respect." Ben said with an arrogant grin.

"Yes master. Sorry, master."

“So, who was it?” He asked again.

“It was my boss, master. I probably got fired.”

“Oh...” He said “Well, sorry about that.”

“There's no need for you to be sorry, master!” She cried out “I was wasting precious time at that job. Time I should have spent catering to your every need. I am here for your pleasure, whenever you need.”

“Good girl.” He smiled at her.

“So you'll fuck me now?” She asked, the sexy and coy smile returning to her face, as she started rubbing her legs seductively.

“Once I'm done.” He said, putting his foot down

Nicole sighed, gave a begrudging “Okay...”, and returned to her magazine. Ben cracked his knuckles, and continued his story...

* * * *

Mick stood between his two slave-maids, in his living room.

“Well, start working.” He told them, and with a hearty and submissive acknowledgment, the two blonde sisters moved to obey. Barbie grabbed a mop, filled a bucket with water and soap, and washed the floor on her hands and knees, gyrating her hips sideways every time she moved the mop across the floor. Mick decided it would be fun to fuck Brenda while she worked, so in one of the times she bent over to pick something up, he just crept up behind her, and stuck his cock deep in her pussy.

She reacted with a surprised moan, but did not complain, nor object.

“Keep working, bitch.” He said, and started pumping in and out of her, at a steady pace.

“Yes master. My wet pussy is yours to enjoy.”

Brenda continued sorting out his junk - Arranging his belongings and throwing any trash that was lying around in the rubbish bin.

This time, she was the one guiding their movement and direction, making sure his cock never slipped out of her cunt, while she worked. She loaded his dirty clothes into the washing machine, and then Mick bent her over it, pumping into her hard

and fast until he came. The trembling and vibrating machine grated against her hard nipples, assaulting her with pain and arousal from her front, while her master fucked her from behind.

After feeding his load to her cunt, Mick didn't even need to pull out. He had another erection almost immediately, and kept banging her leisurely as she moved to different chores. She cleaned his windows, shined his shoes on her hands and knees, with him behind her, pumping away, and even cleaned the filters of his air-conditioner.

Brenda was on her slow way to wash the dishes, being fucked and spanked all the way, when they walked next to Barbie.

“Wait a sec, stop.” Mick told her, and looked over to the nubile blonde, diligently working on the floor. Barbie moved the mop back and forth, wiggling her ass invitingly with each long wipe of the floor.

Mick's cock was throbbing in Brenda's cunt. He simply couldn't resist the wiles of the barely eighteen year old teen, and her fresh, moist cunt.

“Wait here.” He pulled out of Brenda with one quick motion, and said.

“Yes master.” Brenda said, not only staying put, but keeping the slight bend to her shapely behind, arching her back and pointing her ass in his direction, her pussy ready to take his cock again whenever he felt like it. She was like a lewd statue, waiting for her master to finish his business with her younger sister, Barbie.

When barbie felt his hands on her hips, she slowed her movements down until he could firmly grab her waist, and patiently waited for him to do as he pleased. Mick teased her pussy lips, running his cock across them a few times, and then secured the tip of his shaft in her cunt. He took a deep breath, smiled broadly, and shoved into her with full force.

“Ohh fuck, that's tight!” He groaned.

“Keep cleaning.” He told the whimpering, moaning teen while he fucked her.

“Yes...Nnggh...Master.” She said, and continued moving the mop across the floor, slowly crawling forward with him inside of her.

“Th-Thank you for popping my cherry, maaaaaster.” She said with a long moan, and Mick slowed down to a near halt.

“What?”

He looked down, and saw a trickle of blood sliding from the hole he was fucking.

“Holy shit, you really were a virgin! That's awesome!” He said, and spanked her enthusiastically.

He fucked her even deeper and harder than before, enjoying her compliance in the face of the obvious pain the deflowered teen was in.

“Your pleasure...Ahh!...Gives me pleasure, master!” She moaned when he asked her how it felt. Looking back at Brenda, still locked in her position like a statue, Mick noticed a trail of blood on the floor behind them.

“Oh,your virginal blood is mucking up the floor you've already cleaned.”

“Ahhh!...I'm sorry, master!” She moaned.

“Brenda, follow us and wipe the blood off.”

“Of course, master.” Brenda said happily, completely ignoring her sister's rough deflowering.

After leisurely fucking Brenda through hours of menial work, Mick could only bang the young virgin for a few moments, before exploding. Barbie felt the throbbing of his cock in her moist, and slightly numb pussy, and tried tightening it around his shaft, increasing his pleasure.

“*Ohh! Ohhhhh!*”

He thrust as deep as he could, and let go in a numbing moment of extreme pleasure, shooting in Barbie's cunt with no relent, until he was done.

He got up to his feet,a little woozy, and told the deflowered teen to try and push his cum out, for her older sister to gobble. He

buried it so deep inside of her tight snatch, though, that only a few drops of thick, white liquid made it out.

“Okay, I'm going to watch some TV in the living room, and maybe take a little nap. You two keep working.” He said, fully satisfied, and a little exhausted. Their work went much faster without him fucking them, but in their hearts, the two mind-fucked young women hoped their master will help himself to their bodies as much as possible...

* * * *

Ben stared at the screen, raising an eyebrow. He was beginning to have doubts about the plausibility of his writings.

“Hey, Nicole?” He said. Nicole jumped up like a hyper active puppy, and threw her magazine away.

“Yes master? Is it time for me to fulfill my purpose?” She asked enthusiastically, probably misled by the sudden lack of her master's incessant typing.

He shook his head negatively, but smiled at how thrilled she seemed to be.

“Trust me, you'll know when the time comes.” He said.

“I have a question for you.”

She blinked twice, and then gave her response.

“You can fuck any of my holes you'd like, master. I live to make you happy.” She said, assuming she knew what he wanted to ask.

“That's...Great.” Ben said, raising an eyebrow “But that's not what I meant. I need an opinion.”

“O-Opinion?” She repeated, in a disbelieving way. Nicole didn't think her opinions would ever be sought anymore.

“Yeah.” He said casually “I'm writing about these slave-maids, doing house work, and their master is fucking them while they do it.”

“What does that mean?” She asked.

“You know, the woman is vacuuming, or wiping the floor, and her master is walking behind her, pumping into her the entire time.”

“Oh, okay.” Nicole said “What's the issue?”

“Well, do you think that's actually believable? For a woman to focus on housework while being banged from behind?”

Nicole smiled, and got up from bed like a lightning bolt.

“Of course it is, master!” She squeezed her tits hard “Want me to show you?”

Before he could even utter a single word, she removed her tight jeans and her panties. She stood in front of him, wearing just her shirt, and started fiddling with her already moist pussy, obviously still on her crusade to allure him.

“I can make this place as squeaky clean as my tight little fuck-hole.” She said, placing one leg on his chair, and gyrating her hips flexibly.

“What do you say, master?”

He stared at her, his cock already hard. He's been avoiding sex since that morning, just to finish the story he was writing.

“Uhm...” He said, unsure of what he should do.

“Oh, please, master! I'm aching to feel useful!” Nicole begged. He sighed, closed his eyes, and tried to calm himself down.

“Sure, go ahead.” He finally decided.

“Oh, thank you, master!” She bounced up and down giddily, and shook her cute little ass to the bathroom, to fetch some cleaning tools.

“Just do it quietly, okay?” He called out to her.

“Yes master. Of course, master.” She was already back in the main room, popping her ass out as she walked, gently rubbing it in a circular motion. Her sopping wet pussy peeked from between her butt cheeks, and her long legs were perfectly smooth. She took a wet mop, and squeezed it over her ass, allowing the water to trickle down her bare legs.

Ben exhaled curtly, staring at her, and felt his arousal build.

“I better finish this quickly.” He told himself.

Trying to focus back on his story, Ben took a few deep breaths, and kept on writing...

* * * *

Brenda rode her master on a chair beside his dining table. He enjoyed fondling and squeezing her massive boobs as she bounced

on him, and waited for Barbie to finish his dinner.

“See, bitch? Now you're putting these tits of yours to good use.” He mocked the woman who used to infuriate him so much.

“Yes master. Thank you for finding a proper use for my body” She said, happily grinding on his cock in a circular motion.

Barbie walked in, and placed a plate on the table next to Mick.

“Dinner is served, master.” She said.

Mick looked at it, and smiled.

“Looks excellent. Lick my balls while I eat, Barbie doll.” He told her.

He waited until he felt the tender lips of the young blonde cupping his balls, and then told Brenda to start feeding him. She continued riding him at a pleasant pace, and stuck a fork in the food, picking up some of it.

“Open wide, master.” She said, just as she lowered her pussy on his cock.

He took the bite, and rewarded her with a hearty squeeze of her nipple. The feeding went on for a while, only stopping occasionally so he could munch on her titties.

“Your place is on my cock, bitch.” He said, enjoying his food, and his new sex toy.

“Yes master.” She happily agreed with a nod, scooping more food up for her master to eat.

When Brenda felt he was about to cum, she tightened her well trained snatch, and moistened it up. “Ohh! Ohh!” He started convulsing, spraying his load into her. Barbie showered his balls with kisses and licks, and Brenda embraced his rod with her pussy, taking the creampie with an earnest sense of duty.

“Thank you for feeding my cunt, master.” She said.
Mick smirked.

“You're welcome, whore. Now, go ahead and keep feeding me.”

“Do you like your man-balls meal, Barbie?” He asked.

“Yes master.” The young blonde said, and kissed his testicles with passion.

“Keep going, then, hehe.”

And so, Brenda fed dinner to the man she used to loathe, happily allowing his flaccid cock to idly rest in her pussy, while her little sister licked the sperm that drizzled from her cunt, and onto his balls.

“You can use me to pump your cock dry whenever you want, master.” She whispered in his ear.

After his meal was done...

* * * *

Ben stopped typing again. As much as he wanted to keep writing, his own throbbing hard-on would not relent, or subside, and the semi nude Nicole, running around and shaking her perfect behind while cleaning his apartment, only served to heighten his arousal.

“Are you done, master?” She asked, leaning on the broom, sexily popping her booty out, and wrapping her tits around the shaft of the broom, nearly tearing the sides of her tight blouse.

He took a deep breath through his nose.

“Noooo...” He let out a long, drawn out, moan of exasperation.

“Oh, okay.” She said, twirling around the broom, wearing a cute smile on her pretty face. She winked at him, and turned around to keep working. It was at that moment that he simply lost control.

“Hrrmm!” He growled, grabbed her tits from behind, and forcefully pressed the bulge in his pants on her naked butt.

Ben couldn't think straight anymore. He attacked her like a wild boar and dry humped her like a hopped up teenager, hitting her do fiercely with every hump, that the front of his pants actually penetrated her.

“Oh! Ahh, master! Thank you, master!” Nicole managed to say, with a slutty smile on her face.

“I'm your obedient little bimbo! Ahh!”

“Argh!” Ben grunted again. It took him less than thirty seconds to cream in his pants, as worked up and backed up as he was.

“Mmh! Ahhhh...” He plastered his crotch to her ass with bestial ferocity, held her tightly by the tits, and breathed down her neck, moaning as he released his load. After he finished, he staggered back a step, sweating bullets, and shook his head sideways. Nicole collapsed to her knees once he let go of her, physically overwhelmed by the violent treatment, though still smiling happily, her eyes shiny and joyful.

He frowned as he looked down on Nicole.

“Fuck! This is really not what I wanted to happen.” He said. Nicole turned around to kneel facing him, and looked up at her master.

“It's okay, master! I truly don't mind. You can be as rough as you wish with me. I will take any degradation if it increases your pleasure. I...”

“Oh, shut up already.” He interrupted her stream of submissive, self-humiliating statements.

“It's not that.” He said.

“What's wrong, master?” She asked, upset that her master seemed unhappy.

“You mean other than the fact I just creamed in my pants like an over sexed teenager?” He asked sarcastically.

“You were dry humping a hot, willing, and half-naked college coed, master.” Nicole reassured him “And that's after avoiding it for nearly a full day. There's nothing to be ashamed of.”

She smiled again.

“Especially since the only other person here is mindlessly devoted to you, master.”

Cum started oozing out from his pants, and Nicole wrapped her lips around it, took it in her mouth, and gulped.

Ben still frowned at her.

“You are being very flirty, even though I told you to wait till I was done. This wouldn't have happened if you weren't gambling about half naked.”

Nicole teared up, nearly crying.

“I-I'm sorry, master! It's just that, I saw how uncomfortable you were – It's my most basic instinct to try and make you feel better! I was just trying to make you happy!”

She made a sad puppy face, and Ben patted her cheek.

“I guess it's okay. Your mind WAS reprogrammed to please me, regardless of the circumstances.”

He could see she was still upset.

“I forgive you.” He said, and the sweet smile finally returned to her beautiful face.

“I fucking ruined my underpants and pants, though...”

“Well, master.” Nicole resumed her coy, slutty slavegirl demeanor, whispering sexily.

“I'm sure I can help with that. I did promise to clean for you, master...”

She removed his pants with her gentle touch, and then hooked her dainty fingers in his underpants. Nicole removed his underwear, and started kissing his cock, licking it clean. Her soft tongue danced around his shaft, wiping the sticky load into her mouth, while gently caressing his legs with her cool, tender hands.

“Mmmm...” Ben moaned. It felt amazing.

After cleaning his cock, she dove to his underpants, lapping at the cum stain, and eventually clasping the fabric between her lips, sucking it dry like a tootsie roll. She lowered his underpants and pants all the way, and placed them in the laundry basket, before going to kiss his balls. Sounds of wet kissing filled the room, while she slowly jerked his nearly flaccid shaft.

“Do you like it, master?” She asked.

“Yeaaaahhh...” He said, closing his eyes. Nicole smiled, finally feeling useful.

“Ohh, fuck, I promised to finish the story before I use you.” He said.

“That's okay, master.” Nicole said “I'm pretty sure you said you'd fuck my cunt when you're done with the story. A blowjob

should be just fine.”

“Oh that's what I said, huh?” Ben asked, looking down at his crafty new slave “Are you sure about that? Because I don't think you were even around when I made my decision about you. You were downstairs at the bus stop.”

“Oh, I'm positive, master. Do you want me to suck you off while you write, until you're done? Nothing will make me happier.”

“Hehe, what a selfish little slave.” Ben said, but was more than happy to abuse the made up loophole she found in his promise to himself.

“Well, if that's what I said, then I guess it's alright. And you keeping your mouth busy under my desk is a very good idea.” He said, sitting back down.

“A chatty slave like you comes about quite rarely...”

“Thank you, master.” Nicole said, and crawled to take her place under the desk. He felt her tender lips embrace his cock, sighed contently, and began writing the last portion of his story.

* * * *

Mick lay on his bed, getting a nice double header from his two slaves. The two blondes were on their hands and knees, on his bed, with their asses in the air, and their faces in his crotch.

“Your teamwork is improving.” He said, laying his hands on both their asses.

“**Slurp**, thank you, master.” Barbie said, and kissed near his balls, while Brenda sucked half his length, twirling her tongue around the shaft.

His phone rang, so he spanked them, told them to go slower, and answered.

“Hello?”

“Oh, Mr. Leland, hey.”

“Yeah, it is weird what happened to her, isn't it?” Brenda gagged on his cock, oblivious to the fact he was talking about her with their former boss.

“Tomorrow at ten? Sure, I can make it.”

“Thank you, sir. I'll see you tomorrow, sir.”

He hung up the phone, and grabbed his bitches by their lustrous blonde manes. Their tongues hung from their mouths, and they had a slutty expression on their faces.

“That was Mr. Leland, Brenda. I'm pretty sure I'll get my promotion tomorrow, finally.”

He told his former rival.

“You deserve it, master.” She said, and gave his cock a single lick.

“Okay, I'll need to get to work early tomorrow, time to go to sleep.” He told them. He pulled Barbie to him, lay on his side, and opened her legs, sticking his hard-on in her tight cunt.

“Mm!” She let out a yelp, as he groaned with a low hum, enjoying the sensations of penetrating her. He fucked Barbie on his side, slowly and sleepily. Brenda pressed herself on his back, kissing the back of his neck and giving his back a comfy cushion to lean on.

“I never deserved that promotion, master.” Brenda admitted in his ear, with a sexy, breathy whisper.

“You were so right, calling me a pair of tits who should pipe down and crawl under your desk. I'm so sad I gave you such a hard time.”

Being between two hot babes, and fucking a nubile teen was more than enough for Mick to reach orgasm, but it was Brenda's words of servitude and self degradation which brought him to the edge.

“*Hrrm!*” He moaned, cuddled his teen slave, and shot his load in her pussy. Barbie smiled.

“Thank you for feeding my cunt, master.” She said, rubbing her nose to his.

“You're welcome.” Mick said, pulled her torso up a bit, and stuffed his face in her perky tits.

“Hmmm....” He made a muffled moan.

“Good night, master.” Barbie said, and then stared at Brenda.

“Good night, Brenda.” She told her sister with love in her eyes.

“Good night, Barbie.” Brenda said the same, gently patted her master's head, and lay her own head on the pillow next to him.

Their former ambitions and dreams be damned, Barbie and Brenda embraced their new lives, just as much as Barbie embraced her master with her legs, wrapping them around him, providing a warm place for his flaccid cock to settle for the night. At the very least, the two sisters were together. And they would serve their master, forever...

* * * *

“Okay, done!” Ben said, tossing his hands in the air triumphantly, and bringing them to a fold behind his head. He looked down at Nicole, still diligently working between his legs. She plopped her lips from his shaft with a loud smack, and smiled.

“Does that mean you'll fuck me nombhh! Mmm! Mbhh!”

Ben didn't even let her finish the sentence, grabbed her head, and started pumping her face on his cock, fast and fierce. Nicole willingly accepted her master using her face like a masturbation toy, and only made constant gulping, choking, and slurping sounds.

“*Mbh! Mbh! Mhhh!*” He used both hands to fuck her face like no hole of hers was ever fucked before. So deep and quick, that she couldn't find a time to swallow her own saliva, and it made a sloppy mess on the floor.

When Nicole felt his cock throb in her sore throat, all she could think was how happy she was, to have pleased her master so extensively.

“Ahhhhh...” He exploded in her mouth, and smiled happily in his chair.

“Make sure to swallow it all. You'll have to clean what you spill.” He said.

Nicole tried to mouth a 'yes, master', but found it quite impossible. So, she just looked up at her master submissively,

thanking him with her sparkling eyes, moist and tearful from the hard face fucking she had just received.

She swallowed his load in full, gulping it down with devotion and adoration.

“I guess this means you'll be fucking me later, then?” She said with her usual coyness. He smirked, and patted her.

“Go make me something to eat. I have some stuff to do on my laptop.”

“Yes master.” She said happily, and stood up, accepting a spank on her behind, meant to prod her forward to his small electric stove. She went on to perform her duty with a spring in her step, and a smile on her face.

“Can't believe I skipped lunch today.” He said “Well, at least now that she feels like she's doing something for me, she's behaving more like a docile slave, rather than a pushy and horny little bimbo.”

He curled his lip in a devious smile.

“Not that horny bimbos are bad, of course, heh.”

It didn't take her long to learn what her master likes to eat, and serve him the most delicious meal she could.

“This is pretty good.” He told her, as she stood beside him, waiting for instructions.

“I might add you to my stable of regular cooks.”

“I would be honored, master.”

He looked her up and down while eating.

“I think it's high time for you to take that shirt off.” He told her.

“Yes master!”

Nicole peeled her shirt off so fast, she was fully nude before Ben could even blink. He stared at her chest for a few seconds. Nicole thrust her tits out proudly, happy to be her master's eye candy.

She moaned in despair when he returned to focus on his plate.

“M...Master? Is there anything I can do for you, while you're eating?” She asked, the need to please burning in her bones. He

looked at Nicole, almost pitying her.

“Yeah, I have something for you.” He said, stood up, and rolled his chair away.

“Go ahead.” he said, pointing to where his chair was, expecting Nicole to understand his meaning on her own.

It took her a few seconds to understand, and her pupils shook in her eyes while she struggled to decipher her master's meaning. A weight lifted from her chest when she finally realized what he wanted from her. Nicole gently and gracefully fell to the floor, settled on her hands and knees, and arched her back.

“Good girl.” He said, and walked over to her.

He sighed, and took a seat, wiggling on her back to find a comfortable position. Once he settled in his place, and spent a bit of time on fondling and lightly spanking her ass, he continued eating. Nicole's slender body didn't support her master's weight with ease, but her submission and obedience to him knew no bounds of physical strain.

“I'm happy to be your furniture, master.” She whispered to herself, not wanting to bother her master's meal. He did hear her, and spanked her in response. She didn't even know if the spanking she received was a reward, a punishment, or just her master having fun, and she almost didn't care.

He had a few more bites, and decided to change things up a bit, and try something he actually wrote earlier. He was getting hard again, anyway.

“Hey, Nicole.” He said, and got up from her back “Ride me while feeding me.”

Nicole rose to her feet as he rolled his chair back to place, and sat down. She was so wet and ready, after hours of begging him to use her, that she didn't even need to touch her pussy to know she was ready to impale herself on his cock.

She moved her hips down and took his erection whole, with one quick motion. Her eyes widened as a blissful smile formed on

her face. She started riding him at a pleasant pace, grabbed the fork, and fed him the last bites of his meal.

With his plate clean as a whistle, he embraced her tightly, and smiled while looking deep in her eyes.

“It's time for my reward, I reckon.” He said.

“Oh yeah?” Nicole said with her usual coyness “Go ahead and take it then, master.”

She placed her hands on his shoulders, and prepared for him to make his move.

He managed to take her by surprise as he quickly rose to his feet, hauling her up with him, and started bouncing her on his cock in a standing position.

“I guess you live around here, huh, Nicole?” He asked, grabbing her ass and using it to move her up and down on his cock.

“Yes master. I live on the other end of the street.”

“I'm surprised I didn't enslave your hot ass earlier. Well, you'll do your best to make up for that lost time, won't you?”

He said, burying his face in her tits, biting her nipple.

“*Nyaa!* Yes, master! I'll serve you for as long as you wish!”

His hands were getting tired, so he positioned himself before his bed, and fell forward. Nicole hit the soft mattress with a fluffy thump, and her master fell on her own soft and comfy body, his cock sticking deep into her with the force of their fall.

“*Mmh! Ahh!*” She moaned as she got used to the new position, her on her back with her legs open wide, and her master pounding away above her.

Nicole wrapped her legs around him and hugged him with her hands, faintly moaning in his ear.

“*Hrrmm!* I've been waiting to bang this tight snatch all day!” He grunted, and ravaged her neck with with passionate kisses.

“I've been waiting, too, master! I couldn't even read my magazine, I just stared at the words and tried not to touch myself! I'm so happy to be your slave, master!”

“Well, You're making me feel bad for having you wait so long, bitch!”

“Oh, master, that's the last thing I want, master! Please, feel good and be happy using me, master!”

He chuckled, said “No problem. Fuck-slave.”, and rose to tower above her, his cock slipping out of her wet cunt.

He knelt on the bed, grabbed her legs, and re-aligned her fuck-hole to his cock. With a single pump, he pushed all the way into her, and started thrusting rapidly, making her perky tits bounce back and forth with every stroke.

“I'm sure you have some hot friends and family that I'll enjoy.” He said, panting heavily “You'll make sure to arrange for me to meet them, and own them. All the young, tight pussies in your life belong to me!”

He finished by grabbing her tits, and going down for a passionate kiss.

“Yes master!” Nicole agreed instantly “The young, tight women in my life are nothing but your unclaimed property. It's my duty and honor to aid you in taking them!”

He arched his head back, drowning in the sea of his own pleasure.

“Turn around, ass in the air.” He said, suddenly pulling out of her.

“Yes master!” Nicole smiled, and did as she was told with a flare of enthusiasm. He entered her from behind just as easily as before, and started practically drumming on her ass cheeks while fucking her lovely twat.

He leaned more of his weight into her with every powerful thrust, until she lay flat on her front, her ass pinned down to the mattress.

“I'm going to have fun with your hot cunt until I'm bored with you, and then throw you away like yesterday's garbage!” He told her, panting heavily as he banged her.

“I feel so fortunate, master! Being your sex toy for as long as you want me is the best thing a worthless piece of ass like me could have hoped for, master!”

He was about to cum anyway, and hearing the young college coed, who was willful and independent just that morning, declare her devotion to him and fully accept the new purpose to her life so completely, drove him over the edge, and he wasn't about to hold back or postpone his climax, any longer.

He started shooting his load deep into her pussy, lying atop her like a mattress, and grunted with every pleasurable spurt.

Once he was done, he adjusted himself to lie on his side, with his head on the pillow next to hers, and his flaccid shaft still inside of her. He pulled the covers over the both of them, turned off the light, and sighed contently, ready to fall asleep.

“Good night, whore.” He whispered in her ear.

“Good night, master. Thank you for cumming in me, master.” Nicole said, snuggling the pillow and softly moving her ass towards her master's crotch, to make him feel better.

Ben cuddled his slave's smooth, soft body, and tried to doze off. A few minutes later, he made an audible sigh.

“Having trouble sleeping, master?” Nicole asked, her eyes wide open, ready to do what she can to help her master.

“Well, I just started wondering about what I'd write next.”

Nicole was quiet for a few seconds, and then had an idea.

“You could write a story about me.” She said, a little anxious, hoping she did not cross a line that a slavegirl like her shouldn't cross.

He frowned, his eyes half closed.

“What do you mean?” He asked.

“Well, the story of a young, ambitious college coed, working as an intern at a high-tech company.” She said.

“When one day, an author of erotica spies her at a bus stop, and decides to brainwash her into being his willing sex slave, and use her as motivation for the completion of his next book.”

She paused, and tried re-adjusting her hips a bit. Her master's cock woke up and got a little hard, all of a sudden.

“It's sure to turn a few heads, if you know what I mean.” She added with a giggle.

He curled his lip uncertainly.

“Won't it be a little suspicious?” He wondered.

“Oh, nobody would actually believe such a story is true, master.” She said. He shook his head slightly, in a pondering kind of way.

“Heh, I suppose that's true.” Ben eventually said with a smirk “You're a very good slave, Nicole.”

Hearing her master's praise warmed Nicole's heart, and her happiness magnified when she felt his cock begin to slowly and gently move in her pussy.

“Thank you so much, master. No words or actions could ever express my gratitude for your kind words of praise.” She said, shedding tears of joy on the pillow.

Ben finally managed to find some sleep, knowing exactly what he'll start writing the next day.

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